

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 420

Seeing how distant she was, Byron's face sank slightly.

"Since President Lawrence is not done with his work, I shan't bother you. I'll simply drink something, don't need to mind me."

Rosalie nodded to him before turning around and heading to the bar.

As expected of the presidential suite, there were quite a few expensive alcohols at the bar. The several bottles of red wine were also some years old.

Rosalie did not know much about alcohol either; she only knew that red wine helps with sleep. After taking a look around, she opened one bottle.

Byron heard the bottle cap opening and turned to look at Rosalie's back. He could not see which bottle of wine she had opened and could only remind in a deep voice, "The aftereffects of red wine are strong, just drink a little."

Rosalie complied calmly.

The living room was quiet, only the sound of Rosalie pouring herself wine could be heard.

Byron's attention had also been shifted over and he practically could not process the content of the email.

Rosalie took one sip after another and quickly finished one glass. She did not feel any sleepiness after a few seconds.

Helpless, Rosalie could only pour herself another glass of wine.

Before she knew it, she had drunk four to five glasses.

When Rosalie came to, she was already a little drunk.

Knowing that she could not drink any more, Rosalie simply tidied up the bar and got up, wanting to head back upstairs to the room to rest.

Unexpectedly, she felt her legs go weak the moment she got up.

"Ohh..." Rosalie snorted dully, footsteps staggering.

Just when she thought that she was about to fall, a large hand suddenly supported her waist, and then, Byron's scent filled the tip of her nose.

"I told you; you can't drink too much red wine." There was some displeasure in Byron's voice.

If he had not been paying attention here, who knows how much this woman would have discomfited herself.

Rosalie was already somewhat dazed and for a moment, did not react when she heard his voice. She just felt the embrace to be very reliable and unconsciously shrank into it.

Aware of her movements, Byron's eyes suddenly darkened and his arms around her waist tightened.

"How are you? Can you walk by yourself?"

Rosalie nodded dazedly as she picked up her feet, wanting to walk forward.

Her two legs turned into jelly, and she could not muster up any strength. The moment she lifted her feet, her entire person almost slipped out of Byron's arms.

Seeing this, Byron frowned and pulled the person back into his arms.

Before Rosalie could react, her entire body was lifted up into the air as she was hugged by Byron.

"I can manage myself..." Rosalie's remaining consciousness was still trying to put on a semblance of strength.

Byron looked down at her. "Be quiet, I'll take you back. Don't wake Estelle up."

Estelle...

Rosalie still subconsciously remembered the little girl and recalled that she was sleeping with her.

Hearing what Byron said, she calmed down obediently.

Byron carried the person and took two steps when he suddenly felt the woman in his arms seemingly tilt her head to put it on his shoulder.

Looking down, he saw that the woman had fallen asleep in a daze and her face was flushed from her drinking.

Seeing Rosalie's appearance, Byron's heart softened, and he slowed his pace down a lot more.

"Nox..."

As he was heading upstairs, the woman suddenly started talking in her sleep. She sounded very sad.

Byron felt a slight tingling in his heart knowing that the woman was dreaming about the moment when the boy had gone missing.

He knew that the incident had frightened Rosalie, but he did not expect it to be so bad.

The woman in his arms was still murmuring.

Byron tightened his arms and comforted her in a deep voice, "Nox is back, it's all right."