

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 421

Back to the room, Byron looked up only to see that Estie had rolled to the edge of the big bed and was sleeping soundly.

Seeing the little girl's appearance, Byron's eyes darkened.

When the little girl slept at home, she was always orderly and practically did not move the entire night.

Perhaps it was because of the change in environment, or maybe the child was relaxed around Rosalie, but her movements were this much more.

Byron gently put Rosalie on the bed. He then walked to the side of the bed and carried the little girl back into the middle of the bed.

"Daddy..." The little girl woke up for a bit in a daze and when she saw her daddy, she thought that she was dreaming and called out to him vaguely.

Byron caressed the little girl's cheek and watched her fall asleep again.

After the little girl fell asleep, he glanced at Rosalie to the side and got up to pour her a glass of water.

Sitting up on the bed in a daze, Rosalie opened her eyes and saw Byron frowning at her.

"Get up and drink some water so you don't get a hangover." The man's low voice sounded in her ear.

For a moment, Rosalie was in a trance.

Was she... in a dream?

Hangover? Was she drunk?

"Byron?" she called out with uncertainty.

Byron replied in a deep voice, "Yes."

Hearing that it was really him, Rosalie narrowed her eyes and the expression on her face gradually became somewhat aggrieved.

Seeing the change in her expression, Byron furrowed his brow incomprehensibly.

In the next second, he noticed the woman burrowing into his arms, even rubbing herself against him affectionately.

Byron abruptly froze. He looked down at the woman in his arms, for a while did not dare move.

Ever since their reunion, he never thought that this woman would do such an intimate gesture to him.

The woman was clearly like this today because she drank too much.

He was, however, sober and knew the woman's attitude toward him.

He should have restrained himself and pulled away.

Facing the woman like this, however, Byron could not bear to leave. He wanted to hug the woman even tighter.

He was, however, afraid that he would really wake her up.

Realizing what he was thinking, Byron felt a flash of irony.

When had he ever treated someone like this all these years?

Yet this woman was avoiding him.

"Byron..." Rosalie's bleary voice sounded in his ear; she sounded hurt.

Byron snapped back to his senses. He clenched his arms subconsciously and wanted to tell her that he was by her side.

Rosalie raised her head in his arms, she looked at him in confusion, and murmured, "why are you so cruel? Am I not good enough? why don't you ever see what's good with me? I like you so much, yet you don't like me at all..."

Hearing the woman's questions, Byron felt as if he was stabbed by a needle in his heart and the prickle was dense.

He could not speak because of the pain.

Rosalie was still asking him more questions, "why? What's wrong with me? Tell me, I can change, why are you ignoring me?"

Not waiting for his answer, Rosalie touched his face anxiously, "Tell me, what should I do so that you will like me?"

Byron frowned. Conflicted, he held the woman's wrist, his eyes filled with guilt and regret. In the end, he could only say in a deep voice, "You're drunk, Rosalie."

Hearing him address her, Rosalie squinted her eyes and smiled, looking wholly satisfied.