

## **My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 440**

As the little girl insisted, Rosalie smiled awkwardly at the man and reached out to hand him the conch.

Unexpectedly, as soon as she stretched out her hand, the man grabbed her wrist instead, took her hand, and put the conch next to his ear.

Rosalie's hand was only a few millimeters away from his face. As long as she relaxed her arm a little, the palm of her hand would touch the man's face.

Realizing this, Rosalie's expression was slightly stiff. She gritted her teeth and maintained the angle of her wrist.

After a while, the man finally let go of her hand.

"How is it? Did you hear that?" Estie looked at her father expectantly.

Byron glanced at Rosalie inexplicably, then raised his eyebrows in response. "I heard it."

Hearing Daddy's affirmation, the little girl became even more excited.

Rosalie noticed the man's glances, and ripples appeared in her heart.

After a few seconds of delay, she smiled at the little girl as if nothing had happened, "okay, let's continue to look for more conches, or the brothers will gather them all!"

The little girl took the conch handed over by Rosalie and nodded obediently, she held Rosalie's hand and kept walking forward again.

The other two little boys had already run out excitedly in search of their own conch after they heard the sound in the conch.

Rosalie walked behind the two little ones with Estie, glancing at them from time to time just to make sure they were safe.

Suddenly, the little boys stopped, squatted on the ground, and looked at something intently.

Rosalie could not help but be a little curious. She caught up with the boys with Estie.

"Mommy, look!" The little guys gestured to Rosalie to come look at the little crab on the ground.

She saw that the crab was only the size of the pinky finger. It was timidly scurrying inside a milky white conch.

Seemingly frightened by them, the little creature covered its eyes with its two plier-like claws and wanted to hide deeper inside the shell.

"How do we make the crab come out?" Nox looked at the conch in distress.

They managed to find one, but there was a crab in it, so they could not even take it away.

Rosalie shook her head at the little ones. "This is called a hermit crab. This conch is its home. Let's not disturb it. Let's look for another conch!"

Hearing her say this, the kids stared curiously at the creature again. After looking at the conch for a long time, they tapped the conch carefully and said in sweet, impish voices, "Hello, little hermit crab. Let's play together!"

The hermit crab was frightened by them, and its small body emerged from out of the shell before quickly scurrying away.

Seeing the hermit crab leave, the little ones looked up at Rosalie, their faces remorseful.

They just wanted to play with the hermit crab, but they did not expect it to be so scared.

Rosalie smiled and comforted the little ones. "Let's go. Maybe if we leave, it'll come back."

Hearing this, the children nodded obediently, got up, and walked forward again, while walking, they kept turning back in the direction of the conch, hoping to see if the hermit crab had returned.

However, until they lost sight of the conch, they did not see the hermit crab again.

The little ones were sad for a while, but their attention was quickly drawn to something else.

Rosalie walked along with the children. From time to time, she leaned over to pick up some beautiful shells, thinking of making a shell necklace for Estie.

Byron just followed behind them. He was never too far away. His eyes glistened from the rare warmth as he watched the mother and children frolicking on the beach.