

## My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 582

“The situation is really strange.”

Luther slowly explained, “According to our investigation, the perpetrators are just rambunctious gangsters who have nothing to do with the Lawrence family or the Fuller family. There’s no reason for them to seek revenge on Madam and Miss Fuller.”

Although Byron had his own conjecture, his face darkened when he heard this, “where are they now?”

Luther said, “Those kids are very vigilant. Recently, there are some unknown people wandering in some entertainment places in the southern district. They should be the suspects who are hiding from US.”

Byron frowned and instructed. “Since they’re still in Coast City, find them as soon as possible.”

During this time, his mother had been using the matter of the car accident to force him to maintain the engagement.

Byron did not want to be held ransom by this matter anymore.

He desperately needed the truth!

On the other end, Luther responded without hesitation, “Yes, I’ll send more people immediately, and we’ll get them in the shortest possible time!”

Byron nodded deeply, gave a few words, and then hung up the phone.

Somehow, he knew that the accident was just a ruse for something else.

However, as for how it happened exactly, he would have to wait until the perpetrators were caught before the truth came out.

After hanging up the phone, Byron stayed in the study for a while, suppressed his emotions, and then got up to go upstairs. He knocked on Estie’s room door.

Mrs. Zora was still there with the little girl. As soon as she heard the knock on the door, she knew that was Byron. She immediately got up and opened the door. “ Master.”

Byron glanced at the little girl in the room and said solemnly, “You can go down first.”

Mrs. Zora responded, carefully exited the room, and closed the door for them.

Byron stood at the door for a few seconds, and when he saw that the little one on the bed did not respond at all to his arrival, he frowned and walked forward.

“You’re angry because you’re worried about Aunt Rosalie, right?” Byron sat down beside the little girl’s bed and touched her plump cheeks, trying to attract her attention.

The little girl snorted angrily and turned her back away from him.

'It's all because of Daddy!

'Auntie clearly likes me very much, but she hides from me all because she doesn't like Daddy!

'Even when Auntie was injured, she didn't let me take care of her.

'I wonder how Auntie is doing now...'

Thinking of this, the little one pursed her mouth, and her eyes turned red.

Byron felt helpless with the little one. He was afraid that he would say the wrong thing and cause her condition to worsen.

The little one had finally progressed from the pen and paper and was able to communicate with them verbally. He did not want to go back to square one.

After being silent for a while, Byron sighed deeply. "Are you blaming me?"

Estie's silence was an unspoken agreement.

Seeing this, there was a burst of helplessness in Byron's heart.

This little one truly was the woman's daughter. Even if she was unaware of the relationship between the two of them, she still shared the same animosity toward him as Rosalie.

If the woman wanted to distance herself from him, he would have relented. However, the little one he raised by himself was also rejecting him now.

"Auntie... is still injured." The little girl squeaked, her voice muffled as if she was about to cry.

Hearing the little girl speak, the helplessness in Byron's eyes turned into distress again. He patiently comforted her. "I know you're worried about Auntie, but... there's still some misunderstanding between me and Auntie. It can't be solved overnight. It'll take some time."

The little one came back to her senses and looked at Daddy in confusion.

Byron did not elaborate more to Estie and said, "I'll solve this matter by myself. You should rest early too. In two days, I'll take you to see Auntie."

The little one hesitated for a while. In the end, she decided to still trust her Daddy and nodded obediently.



