

## **My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 590**

"I would have asked you to stay for a meal, but Lisa isn't back yet and things are inconvenient for me due to my foot, so never mind."

Rosalie steeled herself and continued to chase him away. "I reckon you're also very busy, since you have other things to attend to, don't waste your time with me here."

As soon as she said that, she felt the anger in the man's eyes about to materialize, she felt her heart tense and did not know what he would do in the next second.

Byron just stared at her for a long time before sneering inexplicably, "Did you see it?"

As for what she saw, they both knew it very well.

Rosalie's eyes narrowed slightly, she was silent for a moment and then said bluntly, "It must be something important since Miss Fuller is looking for you at this hour. You should go quickly."

"What will you do if I go look for her?" Byron asked in a deep voice.

Rosalie felt a strange feeling in her heart.

Wendy was Byron's fiancée and someone he had liked for so many years.

How could she compare herself to her?

These harsh words made her find it ironic.

Thinking of this, Rosalie took a few seconds to calm down before responding calmly, "My injury is no longer serious, and I'm in my home now. I can sit here and wait for Lisa to come back. You don't need to worry, President Lawrence."

She had already spoken up till this point, yet the person in front of her still had no intention of leaving.

Rosalie frowned, trying to keep her tone calm. "Also, it would be inappropriate for you to keep your fiancée waiting, nor is remaining in my home alone with me appropriate."

Hearing this, he frowned slightly. After a while, the anger in his eyes gradually faded. He raised his brow inexplicably and asked, "Are you... jealous, Miss Jacobs?"

Rosalie did not expect him to say this and was stunned.

Jealous?

Did this man hear what he was saying?

Just what was their relationship in his eyes?

Did he remember what she said when she was drunk...

Thinking of this, Rosalie looked at the person in front of her with mixed feelings. "Are you mocking me, President Lawrence?"

Byron frowned sharply, not knowing why she said that all of a sudden.

The two stared at each other for a long time, and the image of Rosalie drunk that night came to Byron's mind.

The woman had misunderstood him again.

There was a strange feeling in his heart when he thought about what had happened that night. He did not want to continue this topic anymore.

"The point is, I won't be leaving. Estelle is clamoring to see you, and I've asked Luther to pick her up. I'll wait for her here."

Byron retracted his gaze before getting up and sitting down on the single-seat sofa beside her. He took out his mobile phone and started working. He behaved as if he did not intend to continue talking with Rosalie anymore.

He was afraid that the woman would bring up what had happened six years ago if they were to speak further.

That time was also the time the woman loved him the most.

At the same time, it was the time he least wanted to remember.

Rosalie wanted to say something more. Then, she heard that Estie was coming over. Seeing his posture, she swallowed the words in her mouth and kept silent, but her emotions were complicated.

The two remained silent with their own concerns.

For a moment, the living room fell into silence.

On the other end.

Wendy looked at the call that had been hung up and speculations ran through her mind. Her expression was horrendous.

In the past, even if Byron rejected her, he would still answer her calls.

Why did he reject her call today, though?

Was he with that wh\*re?!

Thinking of this possibility, Wendy's expression turned hideous.



