

## My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 6

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### Chapter 6

The Drunken Divine's Dwelling was the largest private restaurant in Coast City. Their service was excellent, and their dishes were full of color and flavor. It was only open to exclusive customers and reservations needed to be made a month in advance.

Mary had managed to pull a few strings to get their number yesterday.

The layout of the restaurant was also very elegant. Each seat was separated by a screen and a small wooden door had been constructed in the front. The top was not sealed so that when dinner was underway, the chandelier at the top would create a full atmosphere. The imagery was quite like when people of the olden days partook in drinking under the moon.

They pushed opened the door and entered before taking a seat at once at the round table.

The waiter soon arrived with the menu.

Rosalie was afraid that the little girl beside her would not be able to relax and completely focused her attention on her. She would give her some food from time to time and wipe her mouth.

Sitting on the other side, Lucian and Nox watched the little girl eating with bulging cheeks and found her incredibly adorable. They graciously deshelled shrimps for her.

The little girl could not stop chewing as they fed her nonstop. She was absorbed in getting through the little hill that was piling higher and higher in front of her.

"Have you heard that the little princess of the Lawrence family has gone missing? The Lawrences have sent a large group of people to search through Coast City, but they haven't found her yet!"

A faint voice of discussion sounded from the seat next door just then.

Then another voice which was a little more cautious, "Is it possible that she has been kidnapped? The perpetrator sure is bold. The little princess of the Lawrence family is Byron Lawrence's pearl, he had always adored her to death, yet they dared make a move on her. They're really asking for it..."

Hearing Byron's name, Rosalie's movement slowed down unconsciously, and she was distracted.

The discussion next door continued, "Don't I know it. Although the little princess is nonverbal and hasn't spoken ever despite her age, you can't deny her luck, she was still born into such a good life!"

Nonverbal?

There was a touch of surprise in Rosalie's eyes, and she stopped completely.

Byron's pearl of a little princess was nonverbal.

The little girl she found had not said anything at all the entire time.

The way she was dressed, and her temperament was really fitting of that of the Lawrences' status.

And, just now on the phone, the man's voice...

Thinking of this, Rosalie forcefully suppressed their shock and looked at the child sitting on her left.

The little girl seemed to have sensed something and she raised her gaze to look at her. Her big eyes were full of doubts.

Their gazes met and Rosalie felt like a bolt from the blue had hit her on the head.

"This little girl... Isn't she Byron Lawrence's daughter?"

Mary's cutleries also paused midair, and she stared at the little girl for a few seconds. Her heart sank, hoping it was a fluke, she asked, "Could things really be that coincidental?"

As Rosalie's closest friend, Mary knew intimately what had transpired six years ago.

The little girl looked only five or six years old and was about the same age as Lucian and Nox.

If she was really Byron's daughter, it would only mean that after her best friend had divorced him, the man had turned around and sired a daughter with his dream woman!

Had he been that impatient?

Mary really felt the unfairness on behalf of her best friend.

Rosalie did not know what to think. However, after mulling over everything that happened after she found the little girl, the more she was convinced that she was Byron's daughter.

Her expression turned ugly for a moment. "I think, things have been just that coincidental."

Seeing that she was so sure, Mary's heart sank all the way to the bottom. She glanced at the confused little girl and asked Rosalie in a lowered voice, "What should we do now? Byron would be on his way."

Rosalie looked frightened.

After a moment, she fished out her mobile phone and pushed it into Mary's hand. "Take my phone and say it's you. I'll take Lucian and Nox and wait for you in the parking lot first."

Mary nodded clearly.

Looked at the little girl beside her who has not responded to her, Rosalie still could not help but feel soft, "I'll leave the little girl to you."

Saying that, she turned to look at her two little boys and said, "Let's go."

Lucian and Nox did not ask any questions, they got up obediently and followed her.

When passing by the little girl, a small hand grabbed Rosalie's clothes.

Rosalie looked back at her with a complicated gaze.

The little girl tugged at the corners of her clothes stubbornly, her big eyes filled with confusion.

Seeing her pitiful appearance, Rosalie was not able to be so blatantly heartless.

Regardless of what happened between her and Byron, the child was innocent.

Finally, Rosalie reassured her, "I need to leave first to handle something. This lady will take care of you. Just wait here like a good girl, your father will be here in a minute."

Saying this, she pried the little girl's hand off her somewhat cruelly and left the box seat. She dared not look back while doing so.

At the same time, Mary hurriedly had someone take away the three sets of dishes and cutleries.

Not long after the waiter removed the dishes and chopsticks, the wooden door was pushed open.

A group of well-dressed bodyguards in black were lined up in two rows, leaving a pathway in the middle.

Seeing this display, Mary unconsciously straightened herself and looked at the door calmly.

Only to see Byron and his cold visage striding in from the outside on long legs.

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