

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 604

After finally getting off work at night, Luther secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

As expected, his master seemed to have consumed gunpowder after he saw the bunch of flowers. The air pressure in the office was terrifyingly low the entire afternoon.

Fortunately, he had been by his master's side for a long time and did not step on a landmine. However, the expression his master gave him was none too good-looking either.

It was only those high-level executives who had gone in to report who had suffered, they all got their heads chewed out.

When they came out of the office, all the blood had practically left their face.

He even thought he would be working overtime today and did not expect to get off work on time.

"Please go and pick up Estelle." Byron had instructed him coldly before he left.

Luther saw his master striding into the elevator and then only he reacted abruptly. He responded repeatedly toward the elevator door.

It was just that, his master was obviously after getting off work so early so why was he not going to pick up Estelle on his own?

Luther cautiously glanced inside the office just as he was feeling suspicious.

Only to see that the flowers he had brought in with his own hands that afternoon were still intact and in place.

When he thought about it, the reason why his master was not going to pick up the little lady likely had something to do with this bouquet of flowers...

Byron left the company and drove straight to Quirke Enterprises.

Since Andrius was the one who came up with this idea, he naturally wanted to ask him to clarify now that there was a problem.

Quirke Enterprises.

Andrius had just finished work. He exited the company and was ready to drive straight home.

Unexpectedly, he saw a Grand Cherokee parked at the company's gate at a glance the moment he walked out of the company's door.

If he remembered correctly, this seemed to be one of Byron's cars.

What was he doing here at this time?

Andrius was puzzled and knocked on the car window.

Very quickly, the car window slowly lowered, revealing Byron's expressionless face.

"Byron, what are you...?" Seeing his brother's expression, Andrius's heart constricted.

Byron frowned and said, "Get in the car, we're going drinking."

Hearing this, Andrius felt even more puzzled.

Byron had actually asked him to go drinking two times in a row in just two days.

In the past, this was simply an impossibility.

Unless...he had a conflict with Rosalie again.

Thinking of this, Andrius felt like he had an epiphany and did not ask any more questions. He opened the car door and got in.

The moment he sat down, the car sped out and Andrius almost hurt himself.

"What happened again today? Didn't I give you an idea? How did you get into trouble so quickly?"

Andrius fastened his seat belt silently and asked inexplicably.

Displeasure flashed through Byron at the mention of this and his voice was frighteningly cold, "I did as you said, it didn't work at all. II

Andrius frowned. "That's not right..."

When had Andrea not been smiling when she received roses?

Even if she did not accept the person who gave her the flowers, her attitude would somewhat soften when she received the roses.

Was Rosalie so different from other women?

"Didn't you attach a card when you sent the flowers? Didn't you write a confession?" Andrius asked, confused.

Byron's expression became even darker. "I attached it. I even wrote it myself."

Hearing this, Andrius frowned slightly and sighed again, "This shouldn't be the case then!"

As far as he knew, the cards in those bouquets were more or less written by the florists.

Byron, however, had written them himself.

To this extent, he had put his heart in. No matter how hard-hearted, Rosalie should loosen up...

Was there something wrong with what Byron wrote?

