

## **My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 607**

Andrius talked the entire night; Byron just frowned and agreed.

Byron kept recalling what Andrius said while on the way back.

He should lower his stance in front of Rosalie. It was not that he did not want to, but he could not control himself every time the woman made him angry.

Often when he thought about it afterwards, he would regret it.

Now it seemed that he had to control my emotions.

After all, it was indeed because of him that they became what they were now.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he returned to Lawrence Manor.

At this time usually, Estie should have already been sleeping.

However, the moment Byron opened the door to the villa, he heard the little girl's room door opening upstairs.

Looking up, he saw the little guy standing on her tiptoes. Her lips were pursed as he stared at him.

Meeting the little girl's gaze, Byron frowned slightly. He put away his thoughts about Rosalie and changed his shoes before striding upstairs toward the little girl.

"Why aren't you asleep yet?"

Estie looked up at her daddy, her big, watery eyes, looking innocent and naive, "When are we going to see auntie again?"

Lisa came to pick up the two boys after school today.

Miss Leigh Ann knew about Rosalie's injury, and when she saw Lisa, she asked about her well-being with concern.

Their conversation fell on Estie's ears. The little girl originally wanted to go see auntie with her daddy in two days, but when she thought about her auntie being injured, she anxiously wanted to go and accompany her.

She had wanted to ask her daddy to accompany her when she was waiting for him to come pick her up, but she did not expect to see him at all.

The little girl had been waiting for Byron to come back so that she could urge him to bring her to go see Rosalie.

Hearing the little girl's words, Byron was silent for a few seconds and there was a faint trace of intolerance flashed through his eyes. "I'll take you there when I'm done with work."

The little girl pursed his lips and looked at him reluctantly. "But auntie's injury will be healed by the time you're done."

Thinking of the woman's injury, Byron's heart sank slightly, and his expression became a little more serious.

The woman had gotten so mad today that he wondered if it would affect the recovery of her wound.

"Daddy..." The little girl tugged the corner of his clothes carefully. It was rare to see her acting so spoiled toward him.

Byron reached out and caressed the little girl's head, "Does Estelle trust daddy?"

The little girl was silent for a while before she nodded slowly.

Seeing this, Byron secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

"Auntie needs to rest the next two days to take care of the brothers. Auntie is already very tired. If we go again, it will only affect her rest. If Estelle really wants auntie to get well soon, listen to daddy, we'll go together when daddy is done with work." 1

The little girl nodded doubtfully, but her heart was still hung up on Rosalie and her little face wrinkled with grievance.

Byron touched the little girl's fleshy cheeks. He leaned over and held her little hand. "If you are really worried, Estelle can also ask the brothers."

After he said, Byron added something that he did not even believe in order to reassure the little girl. "Besides, auntie won't avoid US anymore and when daddy is done with work, and if Estelle wants to see Auntie, we can go whenever."

Hearing this, the little girl believed him completely and nodded obediently.

Byron watched the little girl as she went to sleep. After she fell asleep, his expression slowly sank.



