

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 609

Seeing the children enter the kindergarten, Byron then turned around and left. He went to the flower shop yesterday.

“President Lawrence...”

After what happened yesterday, the clerk already knew his identity, and when he saw him appear, he couldn't help but call out.

Byron frowned slightly. Thinking about the bouquet that had been returned yesterday, he more or less figured out how this person found out about his identity, and he nodded to the florist slightly.

Seeing his response, the florist was very nervous. “Do you need anything else? What did you think of the flowers yesterday?”

The moment she said that, she recalled how the flowers yesterday had been returned.

Realizing that she had said the wrong thing, the florist closed their mouth awkwardly and was filled with anxiety, she even wondered if Byron had come to get payback from them.

At the mention of the flowers from yesterday, Byron also froze for a moment and his eyes swept across the florist lightly.

The florist bowed their head guiltily and dared not speak any more.

“Starting today, send a bunch of flowers to that address every day. I want the freshest flowers. You can decide how to match them.”

Since he had already been recognized, Byron no longer restrained his aura as he instructed the florist in a deep voice.

Hearing this, the florist suddenly heaved a sigh of relief. This was followed by a burst of surprise.

The flowers from yesterday had been returned yet President Lawrence did not hold them accountable for it. Instead, he ordered more flowers from them!

Did this also mean that the flowers from their flower shop have been recognized by President Lawrence?

Thinking of this, the florist nodded again and again, flattered. “Got it! We will definitely guarantee the quality of the bouquets!”

Byron nodded and then scanned the code to pay.

“Uhm, President Lawrence...” The florist suddenly thought of something and raised their gaze to look at Byron. Their expression was as if she were walking on thin ice, “What should we do if the receiver returns them again?”

There was a chill in the air after he said that.

Byron's expression gradually sank.

He almost forgot that this woman might continue to refuse them.

If she insisted on returning them...

"Then, do as she asks," Byron responded coldly after a moment of pondering.

The florist quickly complied, and she felt a burst of emotion in their heart, she wondered which ethereal beauty had earned President Lawrence's adoration.

Forget being sent flowers every day, it did not even matter if they were rejected.

"Then..." The florist carefully confirmed things with him again, " Do you want to attach a card to these flowers? If you would like to attach one, do you write it yourself, or have US write it for you?" If Byron was going to write them himself, then would she have to see his astoundingly pretty face every day?

Byron's brows furrowed slightly. "No need for that."

Besides, the woman did not care about the card the last time.

He also really did not know what to write.

After what happened yesterday, the woman should know that he was the one who sent the flowers when she received them.

The florist's expectations were all in vain and she nodded grumpily, "Okay."

Seeing that it was almost time, Byron did not remain any longer and turned around and left.

Back at the company, Luther was already waiting at the door of the office.

Seeing Byron coming out of the elevator, he immediately greeted him and reported the day's itinerary to him.

As the two talked, they entered the office.

The moment they entered the door, the fiery red roses on the sofa caught Luther's eyes. So much so that Luther's attention had been errant in the subsequent reports.

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