

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 612

In the following days, it was Lisa who sent the little boys home. She would see the same runner delivering flowers every day.

Even though Rosalie had informed her to return the flowers, she would still bring them to Rosalie so that she could have a look first.

In Lisa's eyes, the flowers were Byron's token of affection. Thus, although Rosalie was reluctant to accept them, she should be aware of their existence.

After going through this a few times, the runner concluded that it would be better to wait at the doorstep so that there was no need for Lisa to drop by the flower shop to return the flowers later.

Since it was the weekend, Rosalie assumed that Bryon would stop sending flowers. However, to her surprise, the doorbell rang early in the morning.

Rosalie did not work during the weekends, so there were only the three of them at home at the moment. No one was there to open the door.

Prying open her drowsy eyes, Rosalie heard the non-stop ringing and had mixed feelings about it.

It was the time when the runner was here to send the flowers every day.

She figured that the runner would be able to grasp the situation if no one opened the door.

Still, she could hear the doorbell ringing from the living room in the very next second.

Ding-dong. Ding-dong. Ding-dong.

Then, the ringing stopped. Rosalie could vaguely hear the little boys' voices.

"Hello, is there anything we can help you with?"

They had woken up long ago, but they were worried that they might wake their mother up, so they stayed in their room.

When they heard the doorbell, which might wake her up, they dashed to the door. They opened it without even taking a peek at who the person at the door was.

Staring at the bouquet of roses, the little boys were nonplussed.

In spite of their tender age, they knew exactly what it meant.

'Someone gave Mommy roses!'

They exchanged glances in suspicion as they shared the same notion. 'Are we getting ourselves a new daddy?'

As an afterthought, they looked at the person at the door. They were about to ask about the person who sent the flowers.

Still, before they could even ask about it, their mother's voice resounded behind them. "Please return the flowers."

Hearing that, the little boys were stunned.

'Why is Mommy returning the flowers without looking at them?'

Rosalie dared not look at their reaction as she strode toward the door and flashed a polite smile at the runner. "Thank you."

The runner, who was holding the bouquet, was mesmerized by her beauty.

It had been a week since he started delivering flowers here, yet this was his first time seeing the lady before him.

She was dressed in a plain silk nightdress, and her hair flowed down casually. Even though there was not a layer of make-up on her face, her features were so surreal that he could not avert his eyes from her.

Just a single glance at her was enough for him to understand the reason behind Mr. Lawrence's persistence in sending flowers every single day.

"Sir, I have a question, who sent this?" Nox piped up.

The runner returned to his senses and gazed at the two little boys beside him. Right when he was going to answer, Rosalie interrupted.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be bringing the kids in. Sorry."

Having said that, she closed the door instantly.

She did not wish for them to know that it was Bryon who was sending her flowers.

"Mommy?" Now that the door was suddenly closed, the little boys turned their heads to look at her in confusion.

She caressed their heads as though nothing had happened. "I don't know who the sender is either, but I'm not going to accept the flowers."

The little boys looked at each other dubiously.

They knew her all too well. Judging from her reaction, it did not seem like it was her first time receiving the flowers.

Moreover, she seemed a little scared.

Just what was she afraid of?

