

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 615

Byron's eyes turned even darker at the darkened mobile phone screen.

It was uncertain how much time had passed but Byron dug out the flower shop's contact number and called.

"Don't send the flowers tomorrow. From next week onward, help me send them to Virus Research Institute."

The receiver on the other end quickly agreed.

On the other hand, although Rosalie had already made things very clear to Byron, she was still worried that he would be adamant in his ways.

The next morning, Rosalie got up early and sat in the living room.

The boys seemed to have the same idea as her as they went downstairs early and sat beside her.

The three were anticipating a delivery.

Rosalie's heart was even tenser.

Fortunately, after waiting all morning, the doorbell never rang.

As the doubts on the boys' little faces gradually faded away, Rosalie breathed a sigh of relief. She believed that Byron had really listened to her words.

The next day, after resting at home for nearly half a month, Rosalie could not take it any longer.

In addition, the wound on her foot has also scabbed over and no longer affected her walking.

With much effort, Rosalie managed to persuade Lisa and the little boys. She finally returned to the research institute.

It took some time to persuade Lisa, when Rosalie arrived at the institute, it was nearly 10 in the morning.

For some reason, the researchers were looking at her strangely as she made her way over.

While she was walking to the door of her office, she saw Yves coming out of her office.

"Dr. Jacobs." Seeing her, Yves' expression became complicated for a moment.

Rosalie felt increasingly uneasy. "Did something happen this morning?"

Why was everyone looking at her so strangely?

Besides, why did Yves come out of her office?

Yves just looked at her with concern. "Why did you suddenly come to work? Is the injury on your foot healed?"

Rosalie said, "Yup, it's almost healed."

Then, she continued, puzzled, "What's going on here? Why do I feel that everyone is looking at me weird?"

Yves knew he could not hide things, so he forced a calm smile. "This morning, someone sent a bouquet of roses to you. I thought you wouldn't be here, so I left it in the office for you."

This morning, when Yves arrived at the research institute, he happened to bump into the runner who came to deliver flowers.

The person came up and asked him if he knew Rosalie.

Seeing the flowers in his hand, Yves was stunned for a long time before responding. He then brought the flowers in for Rosalie.

Along the way, the atmosphere in the institute was indescribable.

Other employees saw the scene and news of it quickly spread in the institute. It was all everyone talked about all morning.

At least, it was until Rosalie appeared.

Hearing Yves' words, Rosalie's expression froze instantly. She quickly walked into the office to take a look.

All she saw was a handful of fancy red roses placed on her desk.

Behind her, Yves' voice continued, "I didn't manage to ask who the sender was. Perhaps you would know."

Rosalie pinched her palm hard because she could barely calm down. She looked back at Yves with a smile. "I understand. Thanks for the trouble. Also, if anyone asks, please explain it to them and just say it's a wrong delivery."

She did not want this to affect her work.

Hearing this, Yves could not help but be stunned for a moment. He did not understand what Rosalie meant.

'So did she accept the person who sent flowers or not..?'

Rosalie just nodded to him nonchalantly, returned to her desk, and sat down.

Seeing this, Yves knew that she did not want to say more. He suppressed the confusion in his heart and nodded in agreement.

