

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 683

Byron still wanted to refuse after she said that, but his mother had hung up the phone.

The darkened mobile phone screen reflected Byron's furrowed brows.

After a long pause, Byron put away the phone before picking up his feet and walking downstairs.

Although he was reluctant, his mother had spoken to such a point that he had no choice.

"Sir?" Downstairs, Mrs. Zora looked puzzled when she saw him going out at night.

Byron nodded to her. "I'll be heading out, watch over Estelle."

Mrs. Zora agreed and watched him exit the gates of the villa.

Half an hour later, Byron appeared at the door of the Fuller's villa. He lifted his hand and knocked on the door.

He thought that they were quarreling inside and that it would take a while before someone came to open the door.

Unexpectedly, someone inside opened the door practically immediately after the doorbell rang.

"Byron, why are you here?" Magdalene looked at the person at the door, her expression somewhat stunned but also a little

embarrassed. "It's so late, I won't be inviting you in..."

Before she could finish, there was the abrupt sound of glass breaking, followed by Henry's roar, "Get out of here if you won't obey me! Do not remain at the Fuller household! You're no daughter of mine! "

Hearing this, shame flashed past Magdalene's face and she tried to close the door, "You heard it too, your uncle and Wendy are arguing, you better leave..."

Byron came here for this. Hearing that they are arguing so badly, he naturally could not leave just like this.

"I know, my mother asked me to come and have a look." Byron said calmly, "I'll go in and have a look."

Saying that, he picked up his feet and walked in.

Magdalene hesitated for a few seconds before turning sideways to make way for him.

Looking at Byron's back as he headed upstairs, a smile of success flashed across Magdalene's gaze, she picked up her feet leisurely and went upstairs behind him.

The two of them stood at the door to the study room.

The door to the study room was wide open and the room was a mess. Documents, pens, and inks that were originally on the desk had fallen to the ground. There were even shattered vases.

Wendy stood in the corner with tears on her face, her expression filled with stubbornness.

On the other side, Henry was standing behind the desk as he looked at his daughter furiously. "How many times have I said it! If you had listened to me earlier, would you still be like this now!

Byron..."

"Henry!" Magdalene pretended to be anxious as she came out from behind Byron. She frowned and stopped him from saying the rest. " Stop talking, Byron is here!"

Hearing this, Henry's face was filled with anger. He turned to glance at the door. Meeting Byron's gaze, he then frowned and stopped talking.

Wendy, who was to the side, also looked up subconsciously and glanced over. Seeing that it really was Byron, a fleeting surprise flashed across her eyes. She then turned her head away and wiped her tears while pretending to be aggrieved.

"Byron, it's late, what are you doing here?" Henry cleared his throat and asked him with an ugly expression.

Byron looked at Wendy who was in the corner, slightly frowning. " I heard from my mother that you and Wendy got into a fight, so I came over to have a look. What's going on here?"

Henry glared at Wendy who was in the corner angrily, his brows pinching. "It's nothing, it's just about your marriage with Wendy. Seeing that there haven't been any outcomes after so many years, I want her to give it up but she just won't listen."

Magdalene and Wendy were both embarrassed when they heard Henry say this so easily.

There was a hint of surprise in Byron's eyes.

Regarding his marriage to Wendy, the Fullers had always tried every means to make the marriage a reality in the past. What was it today?

