

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 685

On the other side, Byron drove Wendy away from the Fuller household.

Wendy sat in the passenger's seat, she was still acting, gaze lowered as she wiped her tears. She was sobbing as she hoped to gain Byron's attention.

Byron, of course, noticed the sobbing individual beside him, but he was not prepared to say anything.

After all, he already knew the reason for Wendy's fight with Henry. If he really were to say something, it was likely that Wendy would only cry more.

Seeing that she had not gotten a word of concern out of Byron after crying for so long, Wendy's heart gradually cooled down and she stopped sobbing, she turned her head and looked out the car window, pretending to be upset.

Seeing the scenery outside the window, Wendy's expression suddenly changed, she turned back and there was still tearfulness in her voice. "Byron, it's late, aren't we going home yet?"

Hearing this, he replied without changing his expression, "I'll reserve a suite for you. You can stay there for two days first."

The implication was that he had no plans on taking her back to Lawrence Manor.

Hearing this, Wendy felt her heart cool down even more. She bit the bullet and tried to fight for herself, "Will I be staying in the hotel alone?"

Byron raised a brow and affirmed noncommittally.

According to Magdalene, Wendy just needed a temporary residence. That he arranged this was already based on the Fuller's previous kindness toward him.

Hearing his affirmation, Wendy's expression froze slightly, and she was speechless for a while.

When she left the Fuller household, be it her or her parents, they all thought that the plan had been a success.

Who would have thought, however, that while Byron did promise to take her away, he did not promise to take her back to Lawrence Manor. Instead, he booked her a hotel outside.

What the heck was this? If she needed to stay in a hotel, could she not have booked it herself?

Wendy's heart was filled with anger, but she could not show it on her face. She could only suppress her anger and keep silent.

Soon, Byron's car gradually came to a stop at the entrance of a five- star hotel.

Byron opened the car door first and got out of the car. He looked back wondering just what Wendy was thinking about that she was still sitting still in the car.

“We’re here,” Byron informed her in a deep voice.

Hearing this, Wendy suddenly came back to her senses, she forced a grateful smile and turned to get out of the car.

The moment she got out of the car, a shadow flashed past Wendy’s face.

The two entered the hotel one after the other.

Byron had directly booked her the presidential suite for the next three days. After booking the room, he handed her the room card and wanted to turn and leave.

When, unexpectedly, Wendy sobbed imperceptibly.

Byron frowned somewhat impatiently and looked back at the woman behind him. “what else is there?”

Wendy looked up at him timidly and pleaded softly, “I’ve never liked staying in hotels alone and it’s already so late that I’m a little scared by myself. Can you bring me up?”

Hearing this, Byron frowned and scrutinized her but did not see anything out of the ordinary. Thinking that she had just quarreled with Henry and that it was normal for her mental state to be fragile, he agreed. “Let’s go.”

Seeing him agree, Wendy smiled with some difficulty before lowering her head timidly and following him.

From an unseen angle, a calculative look passed over Wendy’s face.

The two of them entered the elevator one after the other. Wendy remained silent the whole time.

Byron had labored the entire day. Now that it was getting late, he was somewhat tired, so he frowned and let himself go.

