

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 7

Chapter 7

There were only two people in the booth.

Byron scanned the booth once before his gaze finally landed on his daughter.

The little girl was feeling wronged after Rosalie upped and left all of a sudden just now but seeing her own daddy now, not only was she fearful, she even sunk her head grumpily.

Byron's gaze sunk slightly.

"Little lady, are you all right?"

Both father and daughter were sullen, and this was where Luther, the assistant came in handy.

The little girl glanced at him and turned away angrily, ignoring him.

Luther scrutinized her carefully. Noting that she was safe and sound, he was relieved and turned back to report to Byron.

Byron nodded and his eyes narrowed slightly as he looked at the woman sitting next to his daughter.

When their gazes met, Mary's heart constricted and pinched the palm of her hand, only then did she manage to keep her expression steady.

"Where is Rosalie?"

Byron glanced over Mary's face. Seeing her clearly, his expression sank slightly.

He recognized Rosalie!

Mary was shocked on behalf of her best friend and was glad that she got away in time.

The man was so imposing that she found it a little tough to breathe.

If Rosalie had been here, who knows what would have happened!

"I don't know what you're talking about! Who are you people? Why didn't you knock before you enter?"

Mary collected her thoughts and put on her best acting skills to use. She hugged the girl into her arms and looked at the people in front of her with vigilance.

Byron frowned. "The one in your arms is my daughter. Were you the one who called me just now?"

Mary was stunned for a moment, steeling herself, she said, "That's me."

Byron stared at her expressionlessly and his eyes slowly swept through every detail in the compartment.

The voice of the woman in front of him was similar to the voice on the phone.

It did not fool him, however.

Moreover, the compartment's camouflage had obviously been hastily put together.

There were indeed two sets of dishes and cutleries on the table but the third seat next to them was slightly askew.

A waiter of the Drunken Divine's Dwelling would not make such a mistake, only someone else would have done it.

The table was filled with dishes that were not equivalent to the portion that would be taken by a woman and a child.

Byron's eyes circled around the compartment and then landed on Mary again.

Mary's heart sank inexplicably at his gaze.

In the next second, the man asked his assistant for his mobile phone. His bony fingers swiped twice on the screen, and then he looked up at her.

On the table, the mobile phone that Rosalie had left her just now rang.

Mary was unprepared and she almost trembled at the sound. She lowered her head and pretended to look at the caller ID. After a few seconds, she raised her hand to hang up the call before meeting the man's gaze as if nothing had happened. "Since you are the father of the child, take her away."

With that, she caressed the little girl's head and helped her to the ground before nudging her in Byron's direction.

Byron's brow raised slightly, and he took two steps to the table.

Mary thought he was coming to pick up the little girl. Just as she was about to breathe a sigh of relief, she heard a suspicious voice from the man in her ear.

“Miss, you have quite the appetite. You ordered a tableful of dishes for yourself and a little girl.”

Byron seemed to stop at the table casually and his tone was implying.

Mary, “...”

Breathing out halfway, her breath caught. Mary lifted her eyes and held back a smile. “Whether my appetite is big or not is of no concern to you. I ordered so many dishes because I have an appointment with friends. They just haven’t arrived yet.”

Byron’s brow raised slightly. “You were so ready to dig in before your friends even arrive?”

Saying this, the man scanned several of the dishes that have been touched one by one.

Mary almost suffocated.

After a long period of silence, she adjusted her expression and gave him an alienating smile, “The friends I’ve invited are people who I have a very good relationship with. They are used to this kind of little thing.”

With that, before Byron could ask further questions, Mary took a deep breath. “Sir, I found your daughter and kindly called you. I sheltered your daughter and brought her to have a meal. I’m fine if you do not thank me but you’re treating me like a criminal. Just what did I do to offend you?”

Her tone was filled with dissatisfaction from being offended but internally, she was crying from the tension.

Could he stop asking questions?

She was about to blurt the truth if he continued...

Just who could stand such imposition!

Parking Lot.

Rosalie held onto her boys with each hand. She glanced at the time occasionally, her heart filled with unease.

She could not understand Byron’s character any more than she did. If there were any telltale signs, it was enough for the man to spot an abnormality.

She did not know how long Mary could last.

If she were to be exposed...

If she were to be exposed, what would happen?

After contemplating a long time, she still could come up with an answer.

After a while, she smiled mockingly.

What the hell was she afraid of?

After the way she treated Byron that year, it was likely that the man would never want to see her again in this lifetime.

Even if they did meet, he might just pretend he did not know her and or hate her for sullyng his vision.

On the other hand, she had already scared herself like this even when they have not met...

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