

## My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 740

After hanging up the call, what Byron had done for Rosalie filled Wendy's mind.

At the same time, she felt relieved that she had not done anything yet.

If she had interfered and Byron found it out, she felt she might end up like Stacy.

However, Wendy could not stand it when she thought of what Byron had done for that woman. If that continued, Wendy might someday lose her position as Byron's fiancée.

She had to do something!

Wendy sat in her room all day, yet she could think of nothing.

When the waitress brought her food at noon, Wendy got up to answer the door.

Looking at the food brought in by the waitress, Wendy frowned. An idea popped into her mind.

The waitress took the tray from the dining car and placed it on the table. Suddenly, a hand reached out from behind her.

"It's all right. I'll serve myself," Wendy's voice sounded gentle.

The waitress was startled and realized Wendy wanted her to leave the food on the truck. So, she subconsciously refused and said, "This is part of my job, please..."

Before the waitress could finish her words, someone bumped into her from behind.

"Ah!" Wendy screamed dramatically and stumbled forward. She fell to the ground on her arm and looked like she was in great pain.

The waitress did not realize what had happened. All she knew were those who could stay in the presidential suite were wealthy or of reputable status. She couldn't afford to offend them.

Even if it had nothing to do with her, if the customer fell while delivering the food, she would have to be responsible for it.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault. Are you all right?" The waitress apologized instantly.

Wendy frowned as she held onto her arm. "My arm hurts..."

The waitress panicked and quickly suggested, "I will send you to the hospital!"

As she spoke, she helped Wendy get up.

Wendy had another plan in mind. So, she quickly shook her head and said, "It's alright. I'll call someone."

Hearing that Wendy was about to make a phone call, the waitress panicked.

Wendy did not ask her to leave, so she could do nothing but stand there and wait.

After a while, Wendy dialed Byron's number. Byron only answered it after some time.

"What's the matter?" Byron had just finished working all morning and was about to have lunch. However, he received a call from Wendy, so his tone was cold when he answered it.

Listening to Byron's cold voice, Wendy's gaze turned cold, yet her voice still sounded pitiful when she said, "Byron, my arm hurts..." Byron frowned and said, "Go to the hospital then."

Recalling that his mother had asked him to take care of Wendy, Byron added. "I'll call someone to take you there if you need a driver."

Wendy's expression turned gloomy as she said, "Never mind. It's not that serious, but it hurts. It will be inconvenient for me to stay in the hotel alone with an injured arm. So, can I stay with you for a few days?"

The waitress nearby felt strange when she heard Wendy's tone and saw the expression on her face. However, a warning glare from Wendy scared her so much that she did not dare to say a word.

On the other end of the call, Byron frowned and did not intend to agree.

Rosalie was keeping a distance from him because of his fiancée, Wendy. She hesitated to accept his love because of that.

Now, Rosalie had finally changed her mind about him. If he let Wendy stay in his house, all his effort to prove to Rosalie that he only cared about her would go to waste.



