

## **My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 747**

In the study, Byron was burying himself in all the unfinished work from the day. Suddenly, he heard footsteps coming from the door.

A moment later, there was a loud knock on the door.

He looked away from the computer screen, frowning at the door.

The servants of Lawrence Manor would already be resting at this time. No one would come to the study to disturb his work that easily.

'Not to mention knocking on the door so loudly.

'Come to think of it, the person at the door can only be Wendy.

'I don't know what the hell is going on with that woman.'

The knocking on the door continued. Byron had finally coaxed Estie to sleep and did not want the little one to be woken up by the noise, so he got up and opened the door in the end.

As soon as he opened the door, he saw a drunk woman at the door.

It was uncertain how much she drank, but the alcohol stench hit his face and wafted into the study.

Byron frowned in displeasure at the sight of her and said solemnly, "You've drunk too much. Go back and rest."

After speaking, he planned to turn around and close the door.

Unexpectedly, as he turned around, Wendy reached out and wrapped her arms around his waist.

Byron's footsteps stopped abruptly, and he looked down at the arms around his waist. His face tensed. "Let go."

Wendy was confused. "I don't... Byron, I love you. Please don't cancel our engagement, okay? What's so great about Rosalie? She just left you like that, but I waited for you for six years..."

These words were exactly the same as Melody's words.

Wendy's words were emotional and sincere, but he was not moved at all. There was even a hint of disgust in his eyes.

For six years, this woman put on an act in front of him and bullied Estie behind his back.

'The audacity for her to speak of this!'

"Byron..." Wendy slithered around from behind softly, her breath containing a strong smell of alcohol. It sprayed on Byron's side.

Aware of her movement, Byron's eyebrows twitched sharply as he unceremoniously reached out and grabbed her wrist.

"Ouch..." Wendy let out a cry, pulled out her wrist subconsciously, and staggered two steps back while clutching her injured wrist. Her face was full of hurt.

Expressionless, Byron turned around and looked down at the woman in front of him condescendingly. His cold voice was frightening. "I'm letting you stay only for my mother's sake. If you watch your behavior, I'll allow you to stay until the day you can go home. But if you're still aloof and do as you please, don't blame me for getting someone else to take you out of here now!"

Wendy became a little sober because of the pain, when she heard Byron's words, her eyes were full of fear, she instinctively apologized, "Byron, I was wrong. I drank too much just now.

Please don't drive me away..."

Byron glanced at her coldly. "Go back to your own room!"

Wendy still struggled to try her luck and looked at the person in front of her pitifully. "My legs are so weak. Can you send me back?"

She requested, only to see the eyebrows of the man in front of her slightly arched. He did not respond to her immediately.

Wendy felt a burst of joy in her heart, thinking that he would agree.

In the next second, she did not expect to see Byron look downstairs. He called the servant to come up and asked the servant to take her back to her room.

Wendy was extremely embarrassed that she was seen by a servant in such a terrible state, but looking at Byron's expression, she did not dare to say anything, she could only let the servant help her back to her room.

Byron did not stop to watch her leave. He turned around and went back to the study. He frowned in displeasure from the stench of alcohol inside. He got up and opened the window to get rid of the smell.

