

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 766

Byron finished his work late at night and came out of the study.

The lights on the first floor had been turned off, and only the lights in the corridor on the second floor were still on.

When passing by Estie's room, Byron vaguely heard what seemed to be movement inside. His heart sank.

He was reminded of the little girl's aversion toward Wendy. Byron was deeply worried that this little one was crying secretly because he still had not sent Wendy away.

Thinking of this, Byron gently opened the little girl's bedroom door, walked over to her bed, and checked on her.

As he walked along the lights in the corridor, he saw that the little girl must have fallen asleep but not very peacefully at all. The little girl tossed and turned in bed, her little hands scratching her body. Her pajamas lifted up from all the scratching.

Byron's eyebrows twitched sharply at this sight.

He thought his little girl was having a nightmare, but her actions seemed strange.

The scratching never stopped.

Byron frowned and grabbed the little girl's wrist, trying to stop her.

Unexpectedly, the little girl actually struggled in her sleep and let out a dissatisfied sob. Her body kept rubbing against the bed.

She was having a terrible itch.

Byron gently let go of the little girl's hand and saw that she started scratching again with a little more strength this time.

"Estie?" Byron called out her name.

The little girl did not wake up.

After waiting for a while, Byron's face completely sank. He strode to the door and turned on the lights in the little girl's bedroom.

The bedroom suddenly brightened.

The moment Byron turned around, the red dots on the little girl's exposed skin were in full view.

All he could see was the little red dots splashed across her arms and neck. The scratching made the spots redder and angrier.

“Estie!” Byron saw that the little girl was having an allergy-like symptom and feared that she would hurt herself badly from the incessant scratching. Hence, regardless of the little girl’s struggles, he grabbed her little hand.

Estie was itching badly in her sleep, but she could not scratch her skin, so she opened her eyes in deep discomfort.

When she saw Daddy standing by the bed, the little girl was still stunned for a few seconds, then she felt itchy all over again. She wanted to stretch out her other hand to scratch herself, but Daddy caught her other hand too.

“No more scratching.” Byron looked at the little girl sternly.

Hearing this, the little girl looked at her daddy aggrievedly. “But it’s so itchy like many mosquitoes have bitten me.”

After that, the little girl lowered her head naively to see if there really were mosquitoes on her body.

Aware of the little girl’s intentions, he quickly reached out and covered the little girl’s eyes. “Maybe it’s an allergy. Don’t look at it. I’ll take you to Auntie Rosalie to have a look.”

This was the first time Estie had experienced this. The red spots on her body were shocking, and he was afraid they might scare her.

At this hour, there may not be a reliable doctor if they went to the hospital. Byron could only think of that woman.

‘Come to think of it, with her treating the little girl, the little girl should feel a little more secure.’

Everything turned dark in front of her suddenly, and her body was itchy again. The little girl’s eyes were red with dissatisfaction, and she choked back tears. “Daddy, this feels terrible.”

Byron pulled the little girl into his arms, pressed her two wrists with one hand, and took out his mobile phone with the other. He called Rosalie.

