

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 773

Rosalie's phone rang an hour later. Yves had arrived.

Rosalie headed downstairs so she could open the door.

Byron and the little guys had been beside her, and they all heard a man's voice on the other end of the line. Before Byron even said anything, the little guys took the initiative and urged him to go downstairs to take a look.

Chapter 772 We Will Take Care of Estie

"What's wrong, Dr. Jacobs?"

Yves had only fallen asleep when Rosalie's call woke him up again. He answered the phone the minute he saw who was calling.

Rosalie heaved a secret sigh of relief when she heard his voice. She did not even have the time to spare for small talk and cut straight to the chase. "Are you okay with heading to the research institute now?"

Upon hearing that, Yves said up in bed and asked, "Is it for an important reason?"

As he spoke, Yves did not even bother waiting for Rosalie to respond as he began changing.

There had to be an important reason if she was calling him at this hour. However, he wanted to know the specifics of what had happened.

Rosalie glanced at the three little ones inside the room and said somberly, "The children with me now are showing signs of allergic reactions caused by bacteria. The spray we created might help, but I can't leave the kids now. I was wondering if you could help me out here."

Then, she added, "It's alright if it's inconvenient for you. I can head over myself too."

Yves had already thrown a jacket on, and he walked downstairs as he said, "I've already left the house. I'll be right there."

Rosalie thanked him gratefully. "I know it's late, so thank you so much."

When Yves heard that, he laughed and said, "It's no big deal. The kids' health is important. I recall that such allergic reactions have pretty severe symptoms, so go take care of them now. I'll rush over as quickly as I can."

Rosalie agreed and thanked him once more before she hung up the phone.

When she returned to the room, Estie's little face had turned bright red, and the red bumps on Lucian and Nox's bodies had already spread to their necks.

It was the first time the little guys had fallen so ill, and though they were staying strong, they could not help but feel slightly afraid too.

Rosalie felt terrible when she saw the little ones, but she gritted her teeth and said comfortingly, "Don't be scared. It's just an allergic reaction. I've asked someone to send some medication over, so just hang in there for a bit more."

The little ones did not want her to worry and nodded obediently.

Rosalie turned and sighed soundlessly.

Yves had said he would arrive as quickly as possible, but she still could not keep her impatience at bay. she decided to wait for him downstairs.

Byron frowned as he gazed at her retreating figure, then turned to the bed, where the three children were.

Lucian and Nox figured out what their dad was thinking and immediately thumped their chests as they promised, "We'll take care of Little Estie!"

Upon hearing that, Byron nodded and left the room too.

When he arrived downstairs, he bumped into Rosalie, who was about to head back upstairs with a basin of warm water.

Byron took the basin from her and asked, "What on earth is this disease?"

Rosalie did not bother with any formalities and turned to get several brand-new towels from the bathroom as she walked after him and said, "It's an allergy reaction caused by bacteria. We, adults, can withstand it, but kids have weaker immune systems. If not treated in time, it'll cause a whole host of symptoms like high fevers and swollen throats. Those with more severe cases might even experience suffocation..."

Byron's heart sank when he heard that.

Estie was already in the stage where she was running a high fever. If this continued...

"I've already sent someone to retrieve the medication, and they should be arriving soon. We can apply warm towels on them now so they won't feel the itch as strongly."

Rosalie felt equally somber.

She had been planning to wait for Yves to arrive downstairs, but the method occurred to her when she arrived on the lower floor.

Byron had no knowledge of the disease and could only do as she instructed.

Upon seeing how the little guys seemed to be in an even greater panic than he was, Byron nodded slowly and strode downstairs.

"Thank you," Rosalie said as she stood in the garden and took the spray from Yves.

The disease was transmittable, and Rosalie was doing her best to maintain her distance from him. However, Yves had brought over quite a few sprays, and Rosalie was finding it difficult to hold them all.

"I'll help you bring them inside," Yves suggested gently when he noticed her struggling.

Rosalie turned his offer down without hesitation. "I'm sure you know too how highly transmittable this bacteria is. I already feel super guilty for asking you to make such a long trip this late at night. I'm afraid you'll get infected too, so I don't think you should go inside."

Yves was a doctor too, and he had also participated in the research that went into creating the spray. Naturally, he knew how transmittable the bacteria was.

He did not insist further upon hearing what Rosalie had to say.

Just as he was trying to figure out a way to help Rosalie carry the sprays into the mansion, another person appeared at the entrance.

Yves looked up instinctively.

A surprised look flashed in Yves' eyes when he saw the person standing at the door.

Byron Lawrence? What was he doing here at this hour?

He was still puzzled over that when Byron strode over to him and stared at him expressionlessly as he asked, "Are you... Dr.

Graham?"

Byron had met Yves for a brief moment the last time he picked Rosalie up from the research institute.

Although he had only met the man with her once, Byron recalled him clearly.

Yves returned to his senses and extended a hand as he said politely, "Hello, President Lawrence."

Byron frowned slightly and did not extend his hand in return as he said, "I apologize, but I'm infected as well. I won't be shaking your hand for your benefit, Dr. Graham."

Another wave of shock washed over Yves when he heard that.

Rosalie had mentioned infected children when she asked him to retrieve the medication from the research institute, and Yves had instinctually thought that she had meant her two little boys.

However, if it was them, what was Byron doing here? Also, how did he get infected too?

What sort of relationship did they have?

An equally gloomy look was present in Byron's eyes.

He remembered that the woman had left the research institute with this man the last time they met.

Now, she was asking for his help again during an urgent situation like this.

What sort of relationship did they have?

A tense atmosphere formed between the two in an instant.

Rosalie was thinking of her two little boys and did not sense the tension between the two. She merely said, "It's late, and now's not exactly the best time, so I won't be inviting you in."

Yves returned to his senses and nodded in understanding. Before leaving, he also gently reminded Rosalie, "Watch your health.

Don't tire yourself out."

Rosalie smiled.

A short while later, Yves got back into his car and drove off.

Rosalie and Byron stood in the garden and waited until they could no longer see his car before turning and heading back into the mansion.

They both had two large spray bottles in their arms.

When they returned to the bedroom, they were met with the sight of the three children lying sickly on the bed. Estie was already starting to become dazed from her fever.

"Mommy..." Lucian and Nox were still alert enough to call out to her when they saw them walking in.

Rosalie hurried forth and placed her hands on their foreheads, which were warm to the touch.

Upon realizing that, Rosalie hurriedly retrieved the spray bottle and sprayed its contents all over the little ones' bodies.

