

## **My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 774**

Thankfully, the spray they invented did not take long to show its effects.

The little ones stopped feeling the itch almost immediately after getting sprayed. Now, they were only running fevers that had them feeling dazed.

After spraying down the little ones, Rosalie turned to look at the man standing behind her as she handed the spray bottle to him and said, "Why don't you deal with this in the bathroom, President Lawrence?"

Byron nodded and took the spray bottle from her before heading into the bathroom.

Rosalie unsealed another bottle and sprayed herself down while standing in the bedroom.

Once she had taken care of herself, she sprayed the medicine in various areas of the bedroom and then sanitized the room with alcohol.

Byron walked out of the bathroom just as she finished the sanitization process.

When he saw Rosalie bustling about the bedroom, he frowned and walked forward to assist her.

"You should take the kids out of here. No one should be in this bedroom for the next two days," Rosalie said when she realized what he wanted to do.

Upon hearing that, Byron immediately turned and carried the little ones downstairs one by one. He placed them on the couch for the time being and turned so he could return to Rosalie's bedroom.

It was late at night, and Rosalie was feeling dazed after she finished bustling around, she wanted to head downstairs to check in on the little guys but bumped into the man's firm chest the minute she turned around.

Before she regained her senses, the man reached out and held her waist to steady her.

Rosalie was stunned for a good few minutes before abruptly returning to her senses. She backed away from the man while asking, "What are you doing back here?"

"The kids are all asleep, and I came upstairs to see if there was anything you needed help with," Byron replied in his deep voice.

When Rosalie heard that, she nodded slightly and lifted the spray bottle she was holding as she said, "I've finished taking care of this area. We should sanitize your car as well now."

Byron agreed.

The two walked down the stairs and sanitized Byron's car.

"Do you have anything expensive in the car?" Rosalie turned and asked for confirmation once they completed the sanitization process. "Leave the windows down for the night so the air can flow, and you'll be able to use the car again tomorrow."

Byron shook his head.

Rosalie lowered all four windows. When she was done, she instructed, "Remember to sanitize your home as well tomorrow. This bacteria is highly transmittable."

Byron conceded in his deep voice and re-entered the mansion languidly.

The children's symptoms had decreased greatly after using the spray, and all they had to do now was to wait for their fevers to go down.

However, the couch was not a comfortable place to sleep, and the three kids were not sleeping well.

"Mommy, Daddy..." Nox mumbled sleepily when he opened his eyes and saw the two entering the room.

Rosalie thought the little guy was just talking in his sleep when she heard what he said, but her heart skipped a beat as she instinctively turned to look at the man beside her.

Byron frowned. He thought the little guy was dreaming of the man who had abandoned him and his mom.

When that thought occurred to him, the man directed his solemn gaze to the woman next to him.

However, Rosalie did not know the thoughts running through his mind and felt nothing but her guilty conscience when their gazes met. She was afraid the man might figure out the two boys' identities.

The gloomy look in Byron's eyes intensified when he saw the look on her face.

Different thoughts ran through their minds as they stood and stared at each other for a long while. Finally, Rosalie broke their gaze and said nonchalantly, "Let's bring them to the guest room on the first floor. That room is still inhabitable."

Byron retracted his gaze and bent down to pick up the little guys before he turned and headed toward the guest room.

Meanwhile, Rosalie picked Estie up carefully before heading after him.

