

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 798

Byron stretched out his hand and grabbed Rosalie's other arm before pulling her into his arms.

Xander was still a little courteous. Although he supported Rosalie, he was not strongly grabbing her arm. When Byron pulled slightly, the woman in his arms fell toward Byron and straight into his arms.

Xander frowned and asked him, "why are you doing this, President Lawrence? I'm sending Dr. Jacobs home with her consent. If Dr. Jacobs wakes up tomorrow and remembers that I passed her to you, how should I explain it to her?"

The elevator opened slowly in the lobby on the first floor.

Byron walked out of the elevator without looking back while holding the person in his arms. "Rosalie is my ex-wife. With our relationship, I can send her home without her consent."

Speaking of which, Byron's footsteps paused, and his tone was dangerous. "Young Master Xander, if you have some self-awareness, please stay away from my ex-wife."

Xander was still standing in the elevator. After hearing these words, his eyes flashed differently. He pursed his lip and retorted. "Really? If that's the case, then I'll have to hand over Dr. Jacobs to you, Mr. Ex-husband."

The sarcasm in his words was obvious.

Byron stopped and glanced back at him coldly. "It's not your place to talk about the relationship between US."

After that, he strode away without looking back.

Looking at the backs of the two leaving, Xander's heart was full of puzzlement.

Ever since he found out about the relationship between the two, he had been puzzled, why did they divorce back then, and why did Rosalie go abroad for six years after the divorce?

He thought that the problem was with Byron, but now seeing Byron's attitude toward Rosalie, he doubted himself.

Hotel entrance, night breeze.

Although Rosalie was so drunk that she lost consciousness, she was being blown by the night wind, she could not help but shiver and instinctively looked for a source of warmth, thus shrinking deeper into the man's arms.

He noticed the movement of the person in his arms, frowned sharply, suppressed the anger in his heart, took off his jacket, and draped it over her shoulders. Then, he hugged her arm tightly.

Rosalie felt warm and sniffled comfortably. She drilled into his arms again and even took the initiative to reach back and hug his neck.

Different from the resistance she had when she was awake, she was meekly nestled in Byron's arms now.

As this woman rarely took the initiative to get close to him, Byron was slightly moved by her gesture. In front of everyone, he leaned over and cradled her in his arms. Then, they walked to the side of his car.

Soon, an attendant stepped forward and opened the door for him. Byron put her in the front passenger seat, helped her fasten her seat belt, then turned to get in the car. He started the car and drove slowly toward Rosalie's house.

There was a strong smell of alcohol in the vehicle, but Byron did not open the window.

The woman beside him was still asleep. If he opened the window, she might catch a cold.

There were only the two of them in the car. Byron was silent all the way. He could clearly hear the woman's rhythmically even breathing.

It seemed that Rosalie was not sleeping very well as she would occasionally make a few dissatisfied babbles.

Byron glanced at the woman beside him through the rearview mirror. The anger in his heart faded a little, but he felt a burst of irony.

'Since this woman returned to Somerland, only when she's tired will she stay by my side so peacefully.'

When he came back to his senses, he frowned deeply and slowly increased the speed of the car.

