

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 8

Chapter 8

“Mommy, who is that person Byron Lawrence? Why are we hiding from him?”

When Lucian and Nox saw their Mommy in a trance, they shook her hand and asked.

Rosalie slowly came back to her senses. She caressed their heads and smiled as if nothing had happened. “He’s no one important, he just has a little bit of a grudge with mommy since last time. If you two hear this name in the future, you must stay away, understand?”

The two nodded obediently. “We got it, Mommy.”

After their mommy looked away, the two met gazes and their big eyes were full of curiosity.

Whatever happened between their mommy and daddy back then, it looked like it was not some small misunderstanding!

Rosalie bowed her head slightly; she was still wondering about the situation at Mary’s side when the two little boys’ voices sounded again.

“Mommy, with how hurriedly we ran away just now, if that person suspects us, it will be easy for them to find us by checking the surveillance cameras,” Lucian informed kindly.

Panic flashed through Rosalie’s eyes. “Oh no, I forgot about this. What should we do?”

She had just run away, forgetting that the restaurant was monitored. Maybe Byron was already hurrying over with his people now...

Thinking about this possibility, Rosalie felt a greater urge to rush home immediately with the boys.

Seeing their mommy’s flustered appearance, the two little boys turned away with a smile. After suppressing their smiles, they turned back to comfort her.

“Don’t panic, Mommy. I’ll handle this.”

Saying this, Nox grabbed the computer he left in the car and his little hand began flying across the keyboard.

Not long after, he hacked into the restaurant's surveillance system and wiped all relevant footage without a trace.

"It's settled!"

After wiping the surveillance, Nox looked up, his eyes shining as he looked toward his mommy. His expression yearning for praise.

Rosalie let out a long sigh of relief. She hugged the two little ones into her arms. "Luckily I have you guys to settle this big problem."

The little ones knew that she was still panicky and obediently let her hug them for a while.

When their mommy finally let them go, Lucian said, "Mommy, should we leave now? Or do we still wait for godmother to come out?"

Rosalie had calmed down. Looking at the empty entrance to the parking lot, she said, "Let's wait a bit more."

The two nodded obediently.

Meanwhile, in the dining booth.

Noting that he would not be able to get any other answers from her despite pressing her further, Byron could only suppress his anger. He replied indifferently, "I had been presumptuous... Thank you for helping me find my daughter. Since there's nothing else, we'll take our leave first. I won't disturb your dinner with your friends."

With that, he turned to look at the little girl at the table. "Estelle, come here."

The little girl pouted reluctantly. She turned back and bowed politely to Mary before striding past her father.

Byron's brows raised slightly but he did not say anything as he followed the little girl with the others.

On their way out of the restaurant, Byron reached out, wanting to carry the girl into the car but the little girl avoided him angrily.

Seeing this, Luther hurried forward and pick the little lady up into the car.

The car slowly started.

Byron was seated at the back. Reaching his long arm out, he carried his daughter over onto his lap.

The little girl could not hide away anymore and could only let herself be hugged by him like a doll. She lowered her head out of spite and did not look at him.

“Tell me, was there another lady with you two apart from the one from just now?”

Byron asked warmly.

The little girl looked at him and thought of the beautiful lady who had left because of him and was even angrier.

Seeing that she was pouting so hard that one could soon hang an oil can from her lower lip, Byron smiled and pinched her small face. “You ran away from home and daddy didn’t settle accounts with you about that, on the contrary, you’re mad at me? Did you know how worried daddy was? Tell daddy, why did you run away from home?”

The little girl dodged his big hand and looked away, ignoring him.

From the looks of things, she was rather furious.

Byron parted his lips helplessly, wondering if there was nothing he could do for his daughter. “It’s alright if you don’t want to say it. Daddy won’t force you but promise daddy that you won’t run away from home next time!”

With that, he looked up at Luther who was sitting in front of him, and said in a low voice, “Go and check the restaurant’s surveillance.”

It looked like he still had not given up on her!

Luther was helpless and could only heed his orders. “As you wish, master!”

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