

## **My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 802**

Rosalie's face was pale after she vomited. Byron frowned and leaned over to look into her eyes. "How are you feeling? Do you feel better now?"

Rosalie was not able to hear his voice at all. After she threw up, she fell back on the bed weakly, still muttering unconsciously. "Ugh, it's so uncomfortable..."

Hearing this, there was a hint of distress in the bottom of Byron's eyes. He got up and took off his vomit-covered shirt, went into the bathroom, and washed his hands. He then went out to pour her a glass of water, wanting her to rinse her mouth.

As soon as he came back and walked into the bedroom door, Byron saw Rosalie standing on the floor and taking off her clothes as if no one else was beside her. She muttered as she peeled off her clothes, "Shower... I want to shower..."

As the woman gradually took off each piece of clothing, Byron suddenly came back to his senses. He walked quickly to Rosalie's side and tried to stop her. "Don't take off any more."

Rosalie was very unhappy as she glanced at him, and her tone was also a little annoyed. "I want to take a shower. You get out of my way!"

When speaking, Rosalie reached out and unbuckled her bra.

Byron froze suddenly and subconsciously looked away.

When he turned around again, the woman who was still beside him was walking to the bathroom door.

The woman's graceful body was clearly imprinted into Byron's eyes.

For a while, Byron was a little stunned.

'I haven't seen her for six years, and this woman's figure seems to have gotten better...'

Rosalie was really drunk and confused, she entered the bathroom, then into the shower cubicle but forgot to close the door, she turned on the shower on her own and started bathing.

In the bedroom, Byron watched the woman's series of actions with his brows tightly furrowed, and his eyes darkened fiercely.

Looking at her drunken appearance, Byron sighed, stepped forward to help her close the shower cubicle door, and turned around to clean up the mess in the bedroom.

After tidying up the bedroom, Rosalie had not come out yet.

Byron looked down at the vomit on his body, frowned, and walked out of the room, wanting to take advantage of this moment while the woman was showering to clean himself up.

Once Byron stepped out of Rosalie's bedroom, Rosalie came out of the bathroom right after.

After showering, she had sobered up a lot.

When she came out, Rosalie was still a little confused when she saw the changed sheets and blanket.

The strange feeling in her throat let her know that she must have vomited.

'But why is there no trace of it in the room? My room is still very clean..?'

In a daze, Byron's shadow appeared in Rosalie's mind.

When she was drunk, she seemed to hear Byron's voice. 'Could it be that the man helped me...?'

Thinking of this possibility, Rosalie shook her head vigorously, expelling the idea from her mind.

'How is it possible that Byron would take care of me like this? He even helped me change the sheets and blanket?'

She could not even imagine the scene of Byron changing his own sheets and blanket.

Thinking of this, Rosalie completely denied this possibility.

She could not figure out who was taking care of her just now.

After a long while, Rosalie gave up speculating.

After drinking so much alcohol, her headache was heavy, and she just wanted to fall asleep quickly.

Under the influence of intense sleepiness, Rosalie turned off the lights in the room and went to bed.

Byron came out of the bathroom and saw that the lights in Rosalie's room had been turned off. He went in and took a look just to be sure, when he saw that the woman was already asleep, he quietly retreated.

