

## My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 856

When Byron was back at Lawrence Manor, he did not see Estelle or Mrs. Zora in the living room.

“Sir.”

When Byron was about to make a call, Mrs. Zora rushed down the stairs and looked worried.

Byron frowned and asked, “Where’s Estie?”

Mrs. Zora pointed at Estelle’s room upstairs as she said with concern, “Little Lady locked herself up in her room again. I can’t make her open the door...”

Estie had been crying non-stop after hanging up the call with Byron. She kept sobbing.

No matter how Mrs. Zora coaxed Estelle, Estelle turned a deaf ear to it.

After crying, the little one suddenly got up and ran back upstairs.

Mrs. Zora could not run as fast as Estelle, when she was upstairs, Estelle had already locked herself in her room, she would not open the door no matter what Mrs. Zora said.

At first, Mrs. Zora could still hear Estelle’s faint whimpering from the room.

However, it became quiet after a while.

Mrs. Zora was so anxious that she called Byron countless times.

However, no one picked up the call. She had no idea where Byron had kept Estelle’s room key.

Fortunately, just as she was desperate, she heard someone opening the door downstairs.

Mrs. Zora went downstairs to check out, hoping it was Byron, she was slightly relieved when she saw Byron.

Byron’s forehead creased upon hearing the situation. He even forgot to change his shoes. He quickly headed upstairs.

Mrs. Zora followed behind him and was back at Estelle’s door.

“Estie, open the door. I’m back,” Byron suppressed the anxiousness rising in him and knocked on Estelle’s room door.

There was no response from Estelle.

Noticing that, Byron frowned and glanced at Mrs. Zora.

Mrs. Zora looked anxious. “Little Lady has been like this for some time. Sir, why don’t we open the door with the key?”

The little girl seemed to hear her. As soon as Mrs. Zora suggested that, they heard something being thrown at the door.

Obviously, the little girl did not want them to enter her room.

Mrs. Zora was distressed and worried. "Little Lady, please calm down. Talk things out with your father. He loves you very much."

There was another dull thud on the door.

Byron's forehead was creased, without a word, he went to the study to get the key to the little one's room.

As soon as Byron opened the door, a doll flew toward him.

Byron dodged the doll, and it flew past his shoulder, dropping by Mrs. Zora's legs.

Mrs. Zora glanced at the doll and felt sorry for Estelle.

It was Estelle's favorite doll, she had never thrown a tantrum on it, even when she was angry during her sick days.

She must be furious today.

Byron walked into the room and saw the little one curling herself up by the edge of the bed.

Seeing Byron opening her door and walking in, the little one buried her head between her knees unhappily, not wanting to let him see her.

At first glance, it seemed as though Estelle was back to her old self.

Byron felt sorry for his daughter. He approached and sat beside her.

"I know you're angry because I didn't listen to you when you were speaking, but I'm busy these days. Can you forgive me?"

The little girl shook her head silently.

Not only did her daddy not listen to her, but he also did not keep his word just now!

He had promised to make Rosalie her mommy, yet he was now saying he might find her another mommy.

To Estelle, her daddy was now a bad person!



