

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 889

Mrs. Zora quickly appeased Estelle. "It's okay, Little Lady. Rest well. I'll help you make the swelling go away."

Estelle nodded her head and buried her face in her daddy's shoulder.

Byron looked at Estelle in his arms, and his gaze gradually turned gloomy.

It took some time for Estelle to fully awake from her sleep and recall what had happened before she dozed off.

"Daddy," Estelle tugged her Daddy's shirt. "Where's Auntie?"

She remembered that Lucas had told her Rosalie would visit her soon when she was falling asleep.

Byron never expected Estelle to mention Rosalie so abruptly. He looked away and did not know how to answer his daughter.

If the little one knew Rosalie was not here because he had stopped Rosalie from visiting her, the little one would feel sad. She might even cry again.

However, he could not lie to the little girl.

"Auntie hasn't come yet?" Estelle looked at Mrs. Zora naively.

Mrs. Zora recalled Rosalie's attempts to visit Estelle and subconsciously glanced at Byron.

Byron's face was as expressionless as always.

Mrs. Zora hesitated for a while and shook her head. "Miss Jacobs must be busy. Why don't you wait for a while more, Little Lady?"

Estelle felt disappointed when she heard Mrs. Zora's words.

She thought she would see Rosalie as soon as she woke up.

"Daddy." The little one tugged Byron's shirt cautiously.

Byron's eyes met hers.

Estelle looked at Byron innocently and said, "Daddy, why don't you give Auntie a call and ask if she can come sooner?"

Byron's gaze turned displeased, and he remained silent.

"I want to see Auntie," Estelle muttered, feeling wronged.

Byron stroked the little one's hair and said, "I know."

When the little girl saw that her daddy had not answered her question, she knew that he might still be angry with Auntie and could not help worrying.

“Are you still angry with Auntie? Daddy, please don’t be mad at her, okay? I’ll be sad...”

With that, Estelle sniffled.

Estelle thought her father was angry at Rosalie because of what happened yesterday.

Byron frowned and said nothing.

When he saw tears rolling in Estelle’s eyes, he recalled what Lucas had reminded him of. He quickly agreed. “I’m not angry anymore.”

The little one seemed to not believe in him. “You don’t look happy.”

Byron faked a smile and said, “I’m worried about you.”

The little one did not overthink and comforted Byron instead. “Don’t worry, Daddy. I’m fine.”

Then, she muttered, “All I want is to see Auntie, Lucian, and Nox. Can you take me to Auntie’s house? I can wait if Auntie is busy.”

She would feel better waiting for Rosalie in her place.

At least she knew she would see Rosalie when Rosalie finished her work.

“Do you like Auntie that much?” Byron could not help himself from asking.

The little girl nodded seriously. “I like her as much as I like you, Daddy.”

Byron frowned and asked, “Why?”

The little girl was so puzzled by this question that she thought hard for a long time with a frown. She finally shook his head in frustration. “I don’t know.”

Estelle felt Rosalie was kind to her, and Rosalie’s scent made her feel at ease.

