

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 890

The little one drooped her eyes and buried herself in her daddy's arms. She thought that Auntie's scent was more comfortable compared to her Daddy's.

Byron sneered deep inside him.

The little girl was so fond of Rosalie because she was her biological mother, and they had some connections pulling them together.

He wondered if Rosalie had the same feelings for the little girl.

However, he denied that thought. Rosalie would not have chosen work instead of Estelle if she cared about Estelle.

"Can you not regret it, Daddy?" Estelle thought of the call that made her feel sad and carefully requested, "I want Auntie to be my mommy."

When the little one mentioned this, it reminded Byron of the call.

Hearing the little girl asking the same question again, Byron fell into deep silence for a few seconds.

The anger in him made him want to reject Estelle's request, but recalling what Lucas had reminded him of, he calmed down.

Finally, after suppressing his anger, he answered vaguely, "I won't marry someone you don't like, and I have no plan of getting married for the time being."

Estelle's eyes lit up. "I only like Auntie!"

Estelle meant that she would not accept anyone except Rosalie to be her mommy.

Byron could only marry Rosalie.

Byron did not expect Estelle to react quickly, and a complicated look flashed through his eyes.

The little girl looked at her daddy cunningly.

Byron frowned and answered reluctantly, "I know."

That was tactically acknowledging that he agreed to Estelle's request.

Estelle finally smiled and tugged her daddy's clothes. "Daddy, you have to win Auntie's heart quickly, then."

Byron nodded, agreeing with Estelle. However, he could not help himself from recalling the photo of Rosalie with Xander.

As much as he hated to admit it, he had to.

Rosalie was not the same as she was six years ago.

She was more stunning than she was before and had more charisma.

Byron was not the only person she cared about anymore.

Estelle continued pestering Byron. 'What do you mean by you know?'

The little girl did not plan to stop until she got a clear answer from her daddy.

Byron snapped out of his thoughts and sighed helplessly. "I'll try again."

The little girl nodded, satisfied. Then, she slowly got up from her daddy's embrace as she looked into her daddy's eyes and cheered for him.

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However, Estelle was awake and staring at the door longingly.

Byron had to nod to Mrs. Zora, beckoning her to answer the door.

If that woman came, he would let her in.

Mrs. Zora felt relieved and quickly answered the intercom.

At the same time, the intercom bell rang again.

Byron, Mrs. Zora, and Estelle looked at the door and thought it was Rosalie again.

Mrs. Zora subconsciously headed to the door and turned around to get Byron's permission.

Byron's brows furrowed.

If the little one were still asleep, he would not hesitate to order Mrs. Zora to ignore it.

However, Estelle was awake and staring at the door longingly.

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