

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Twenty minutes later.

The car came to a slow halt in front of the Lawrence Manor.

Estie did not let anyone carry her down. She propped against the seat, got out of the car slowly, and walked ahead without saying a word.

Byron followed her silently.

The moment father and daughter entered through the doors; they heard a call...

"Estie!"

Wendy was in the living area swiping on her mobile phone leisurely. She had looked up for a glance when she heard someone come in.

Seeing that it was Estie, she immediately ran over pretentiously and hugged the little girl enthusiastically. "You're finally back! Why did you run away without saying anything? I was scared! Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

She even looked over the little girl's body nervously as she said this.

Caught off guard by her hug, Estie was stunned for a moment.

Wendy's hypocritical voice sounded in her ear and the little girl gradually recovered the coldness in her eyes.

Did this woman really not know, why she ran away from home?

If she had not told her that morning that daddy would dislike her in the future, even scaring her, she would not have secretly run away.

Thinking of the disingenuous face of the person in front of her, she then recalled the beautiful lady she had met today...

Comparing the two, that lady had been more concerned about her.

However, Wendy who was in front of her was pretending and the little girl immediately felt disgusted.

She could not help but began struggling.

“What’s wrong, Estie? Don’t move, let me see if you’re hurt.”

Wendy sensed that the little girl was resisting her and quietly exerted more strength whilst letting her voice sound helpless.

Estie felt the pain from being pinched by her and struggled harder and harder. Her resistance was becoming more and more obvious.

An undetectable impatience flashed across Wendy’s gaze.

When she used to lecture this little nonverbal privately in the past, she would shrink back entirely and say nothing.

This was the first time she dared resist her!

If Bryon was not present, Wendy would not have allowed her impudence!

Afraid of Byron noticing, a light flashed through Wendy’s eyes, and she released the force in her hand before falling to the ground.

She looked at Estie flabbergasted and said, “Estie...I know, you’ve never really liked me, but I was really worried about you, how could you...”

Saying that, her voice choked up a little and her eyes went red.

Byron took off his coat and looked back at the scene. His brows furrowed and he pulled the little girl to his side. “Estie, daddy knows you’re unhappy and it’s alright for you to vent on daddy, but you can’t do this to other people because it’s very impolite, you know?”

Hearing this, Estie was stubborn and felt wronged.

Daddy always spoke for this bad woman!

She was so angry that she shook off his big hand. She grabbed the doll in her arms tightly and ran upstairs.

Seeing that the little nonverbal had left, Wendy got up from the ground slowly and said softly, “We have just found Estie, she must have been scared outside. Don’t blame her...”

Byron interrupted her carelessly, “Why don’t you head home, Estie is still angry. I don’t think she wants to see you.”

The expression on Wendy's face went stiff but she smiled sheepishly after a while.
"Alright, I'll come over another day to see her."

With that, she lowered her head and left quickly.

Exiting the Lawrence Manor, Wendy's expression abruptly changed.

The little b*tch had actually been found and brought back! And she dared give her an attitude!

Why did she not just die out there!

What a pity!

...

At Drunken Divine's Dwelling.

After Byron had left, Mary deliberately stayed for a bit.

She only left after some time.

She fast walked to the car.

"Are you alright?"

Seeing her arrive, Rosalie immediately opened the door for her. "They left?"

Mary got into the car and let out a sigh of relief. "They left. You didn't see the kind of look he gave me, it's like he could see through me... I almost buckled at the pressure and sold you out."

Rosalie laughed gratuitously. "Sorry to trouble you. Let's go somewhere else to eat. My treat."

Mary waved her hand. "No need, I packed the remaining to go. Since we got to dine in a restaurant like this with reservations that are so hard to get, we ought to savor it properly."

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