

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 91 –

Chapter 91 She'd Be More Than Happy After dinner, the Old Master went upstairs to rest.

Rosalie followed him upstairs and gave him another check-up. Once she came back downstairs, she bid everyone goodbye. Andrius said, "It's late. Why don't I send you home?" Rosalie declined with a smile. "It's alright. You have other guests, so you should stay and keep them company. Andrius did not continue to insist. He simply said, "In that case, have a safe trip home. Oh, and don't take my grandfather's words to heart. He's getting older now, so he's always worried about these pointless things." Rosalie smiled, then turned and left.

"It's late and I still have work to take care of. I have to take my leave too," Byron said in his low voice as he watched Rosalie walk out of the villa.

Alarms rang in Wendy's head, and she quickly stood up to leave as well. "I was just going to head out myself. Let's go together." Byron rejected her calmly. "No, it's fine. We're heading in opposite directions. See you." He turned and left without giving her the time to say another word. Wendy watched his cold and distant back, her body frozen on the spot and her expression stiff.

Andrius could not help but frown. For some reason, ever since their meal earlier, he had the feeling that something was up between Byron and those two women.

However, he could not figure out what it was. "Wendy?" Andrea called out to her in confusion when she saw Wendy frozen in place. Her voice brought Wendy back to her senses abruptly. Wendy forced a smile and said, "I have work to take care of too, so I'll get out of your hair now." Andrius and Andrea could tell that there was something not quite right with her, but they did not press the matter. After exchanging a few pleasantries, they saw her off. Back at the villa, Andrius could not help but ask his little sister, "How did you know Dr. Jacobs has kids?"

Andrea pouted. "I saw them last time when I went out for a meal with Wendy. I also know that she's Byron's ex-wife! Seriously, I can't believe the nerve of her, coming back like this!"

Andrius was completely taken aback at first, but he gradually began to process that information. No wonder he kept feeling like there was something between Byron and Dr. Jacobs.

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Turns out Dr. Jacobs was that woman from six years ago!

After leaving the villa and getting into her car, Rosalie thought back to their conversation over the dinner table, still feeling a little disorientated.

She took a moment to compose herself and settle down in the car before she slowly started up the engine. Suddenly, someone tapped on her car window twice. She turned around to look at them, perplexed. When she saw the person outside, she immediately pulled her gaze away again and pretended not to see him.

The person outside did not give up, however. He knocked on her window two more times and even bent down to peek inside.

Although she knew that he could not see her from outside, Rosalie's heart tightened in her chest. After some hesitation, she wound down her window. "Is something the matter?" Byron stood tall next to her car, raising a brow composedly at her question. "I didn't drive here. If it's convenient for you, mind if I hitch a ride?"

As he spoke, he reached out for the handle.

Rosalie could not react in time, so she simply watched as he opened the door and got into the passenger's seat. "Let's go." Byron fastened his seatbelt, cool as a cucumber. Rosalie finally returned to her senses, asking grudgingly, "Where's your driver?"

Byron replied coolly, "It's already this late. Since you're heading in the same direction, why should I bother my driver to come all the way out here."

Rosalie was at a loss for words. She paused for a while longer before saying, "If I'm not mistaken, Miss Fuller hasn't left yet, either. I'm sure she'd be more than happy to send you home."

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92 –

Chapter 92 Estie Isn't Feeling Well As soon as she said that, a silence fell over the car.

Rosalie realized what she had just said and regretted it, so she lowered her gaze and stayed silent.

Byron stared at her side profile intently, an unreadable look in his eyes. Was she really so averse to him? How could she blatantly try to push him onto Wendy like that? After a

moment, he said coldly, "She's busy, so she won't be leaving any time soon." Rosalie gripped the steering wheel angrily. Wendy was too busy to send him home, so why was she obligated to?

Still, the person next to her would not be moved. No matter what she said, he would not get out of the car so easily.

Rosalie had no choice but to start up the car again and drive away from the Quirk's villa.

At the same time, Wendy strode out of the door. When she caught a glimpse of Byron's face in the rearview mirror, her expression immediately turned ugly. As Rosalie's car disappeared into the distance, she hurriedly jumped into her car and followed them.

Once they reached the main road, Rosalie belatedly remembered to ask, "Where are you headed?"

Byron had indeed worked for the entire day before rushing over here to have dinner with the Old Master. Now that he finally had a moment of peace to himself, he felt the weariness catching up to him.

He massaged his brow to wake himself up. "Take me to the office. If I remember correctly, it's along the way for you." Rosalie frowned slightly and turned to look at him. "It's already this late, and you're still going back to work?" Byron gave a grunt to the affirmative, a little too lazy to actually say anything in response.

For some reason, he instinctively relaxed when he was by her side. Since he did not seem inclined to talk, Rosalie fell silent as well, driving them there without a word.

Still, the mere thought that he was sitting next to her right now filled her mind with a ton of uncontrollable thoughts.

She remembered that, back before they got divorced, Byron had told her that Wendy was the only one who deserved to marry him. Her presence had thrown a wrench into their marriage arrangements.

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93 –

Chapter 93 She'll Feel Better If She Sees You Rosalie had vaguely overheard Mrs. Zora's words over the phone. She was a little worried to hear that Estie was not feeling well too. As soon as she heard Byron's request, she turned the car around and sped up toward Lawrence Manor.

Twenty minutes later, the car came to a gradual stop outside Lawrence Manor. Rosalie was worried about the little girl, so she looked at the man beside her rather anxiously. "Take care of Estie, and feel free to call me anytime if you need me."

Byron looked at her meaningfully. "If you're so worried, why don't you come in with me? Besides, Estie obviously adores you. She's unwell now, but she'll probably feel better if she sees you." With that, he opened the door and stepped out of the car, heading toward the manor on his own.

He seemed to be telling her that it was up to her whether she wanted to go inside or not. He would not force her either way.

Rosalie frowned slightly as she watched him walk away. If Estie was feeling unwell, shouldn't he ask her mother to visit her? No matter how busy Wendy was, she would not abandon her sick child.

Then again, Rosalie could not stand the thought of that little girl lying sick in bed right now, so she got out of the car and followed Byron into the manor.

As soon as Byron stepped through the door, Mrs. Zora greeted him with Estie in her arms.

"You're finally home, Master! The Little Lady is feeling so sick, and I told her to rest in bed, but she insisted on waiting for you to come home. I had no choice but to wait here with her."

Estie's face was bright red, and there was a cooling patch on her forehead. She looked very weak.

When she saw her Daddy, she immediately held out her hands for a hug.

Byron took her into his arms and touched her to gauge her temperature. He frowned slightly. "How did she come down with a fever all of a sudden?"

Mrs. Zora looked at the Little Lady in his arms worriedly. "When she returned home from kindergarten at night, she already looked a little out of sorts. She didn't eat too much for dinner, either. I thought she was just sleepy, and it was only when I brought her upstairs for her bath that I realized she was running a low fever. I called the family doctor over and got her a prescription, but she still insisted on waiting for you to come home before she would go to bed."

Byron nodded and patted Estie's back, asking concernedly, "Do you still feel unwell?" Estie hugged her Daddy's neck with both her arms, burying her face in his shoulder and

She'll Feel Better If She Sees You

nodding pitifully. Byron rubbed her head to comfort her. "Since you're back, Master, please take her upstairs to rest," Mrs. Zora said, hurrying him. Byron hesitated for a moment. "Wait just a bit longer." Mrs. Zora looked at him, puzzled. She did not know what he was waiting for. As she was growing anxious and impatient, she heard some more footsteps coming from the door.

It sounded like a woman. The three of them turned to look at the doorway in unison. When Byron saw who it was, his gaze grew a few shades warmer. Mrs. Zora was completely taken aback, however. She could barely believe her eyes. Rosalie met their three gazes as soon as she set foot in the manor. She paused mid-step. When she realized that the interior did not look that different from when she left, her feelings became even more complicated. Six years ago, she called this place home. She had lived here for a few years, after all. Although Byron was indifferent to her the entire time, he closed one eye to everything else she did outside of their relationship. Throughout the years she had lived here, she had left her mark on the decor around the manor. She had assumed that he would remove all traces of her presence once she left, but now that she was back here after six long years, she was surprised to find those things exactly where she left them.

She looked around briefly and then pulled her gaze back somewhat self-deprecatingly. She could not believe she actually felt nostalgic for those old things. Perhaps Byron never changed them because he never paid them any heed in the first place.

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Chapter 94 What On Earth Did He See In Her

Her thoughts coming back to the present, Rosalie suppressed the strange feeling in her chest and approached the three people in the manor. Estie had a fever right now, but her eyes were still bright. When she saw Rosalie, her eyes seemed to sparkle as she stared intently at Rosalie.

Rosalie gave her a concerned look.

Estie immediately held out her hands for Rosalie.

The latter instinctively glanced at Byron.

Seriously, this little girl... She was sick, but she wanted a stranger to hold her over her father's embrace.

Rosalie wondered what Byron would think. The man simply offered Estie to her calmly. Rosalie hesitated for a second before taking the little girl from him. As soon as she held her, she could feel the girl's warmth. Estie felt like a tiny heater in her arms.

Estie plastered her face against the pretty auntie's. Rosalie felt nice and cool, and Estie narrowed her eyes happily. "Her fever's pretty high." Rosalie held the little girl a bit tighter and asked her gently, "Do you feel really bad, Estie?"

Estie nodded.

Rosalie saw that her eyes were slightly red from the fever, and her heart ached for the girl. She turned to ask Mrs. Zora, "Has she taken her medicine?" Mrs. Zora finally returned to the present, nodding hastily. "Yes, she has." She then gave Rosalie a timid look. "When did you get back, Ma'am?" She had been staying with the Lawrences for some time, and she had served Rosalie for a while when the latter married into the family too. Back then, she truly respected Rosalie.

She had even been somewhat surprised when she found out Rosalie had left without a word.

She never expected Rosalie to return.

The way she addressed her made Rosalie pause, but then she smiled and said, "I came back a while ago, but please don't call me that anymore. It's been six years since I left the Lawrences."

Mrs. Zora understood and said with feeling, "You haven't changed at all. And here I thought... It's nothing. I'll make sure to remember next time."

Rosalie nodded.

"Are you here... to visit the Little Lady?" Mrs. Zora asked again.

What On Earth Did He See In Her

Rosalie explained, "I bumped into Byron at a patient's house. When I heard that Estie wasn't feeling well, I dropped by to pay her a visit." Mrs. Zora's heart twisted in her chest, and she mumbled, "That's good. I'm sure the Little Lady will recover quickly if you're here."

Rosalie was on a completely different page. She simply assumed that Mrs. Zora thought she could take better care of Estie because she was a doctor and could treat illnesses, so she nodded with a smile. "Don't worry. I'll help Estie however I can."

Mrs. Zora could not help but feel a little surprised at that. The Madam was making it sound like she was an outsider. The Little Lady was her daughter, and now that she

was sick, shouldn't Ma'am stay by her side to take care of her? Besides, the Little Lady would feel better having her mother with her, and Mrs. Zora knew how amazing a doctor Rosalie was. Back then, Rosalie was the one who treated her whenever she had any headaches or fevers.

The Little Lady's fever should be nothing to her. Thinking back on the time Ma'am stayed with them, Mrs. Zora could not help but feel a wave of pity. Ma'am was beautiful and capable, but she never put up any airs around the servants. She had treated them like family.

Miss Fuller, on the other hand, would drop by every so often. Whenever the Master was not around, she would behave like the mistress of the household, looking down on them and barking orders at them. She barely treated them like human beings.

Who knew what the Master saw in her...

When Byron heard how Mrs. Zora addressed Rosalie, he felt disorientated for a second as well. When Rosalia corrected her the very next second, he felt somewhat conflicted.

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Chapter 95 Don't Go, Auntie Seeing Rosalie, Byron, and Estie together, Mrs. Zora grew even more nostalgic for the good old days. Thinking she wanted to give them some time alone, she exchanged a few pleasantries with them before quietly stepping away. All of a sudden, the three of them were alone in the living room. Byron looked at Rosalie and Estie, his gaze dark. Sensing his eyes on her, Rosalie turned away and carried Estie to the couch, trying to put her down.

Estie could tell what she was planning to do, and her large eyes screamed her displeasure. She held on tight to Rosalie's shoulders, refusing to let go. Rosalie had no choice but to sit down on the couch, comforting her gently, "Estie, good girl, you're sick. You should sleep early. I'll tuck you in, okay?"

Estie buried her face in the crook of Rosalie's neck and shook her head wordlessly.

Rosalie frowned slightly. "Do you not want to sleep?" The girl in her arms nodded and turned around in her embrace, reaching out her hand for a little notebook on the table. Rosalie reached over and picked up the notebook, putting it into her hands. She watched as the little girl wrote something in the book. "After I fall asleep, you'll leave. I don't want you to leave." Estie wrote every word clearly and then pursed her lips, looking extremely reluctant. Rosalie was surprised to read those words. Was the little girl really so attached to her? Next to her, Byron read the girl's words and then glanced

at Rosalie, saying sternly, "Auntie has to go home. Go to sleep, like a good girl." Estie pouted at her father's words and turned to seek confirmation from Rosalie.

Rosalie nodded.

Those two boys were still waiting for her at home. Lisa was watching over them, but she still felt a little worried.

Upset, Estie lowered her gaze. Her little hands kept tugging at the hem of Rosalie's clothes, crumpling it up. Rosalie could not bear to see her look so upset.

After a moment, Estie finally let go of Rosalie's hem.

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her notebook again.

"Ask Daddy to bring those boys here. Don't go, Auntie." Don't Go, Auntie

Estie then turned around and hugged Rosalie's neck pitifully, refusing to let go. Her high temperature left Rosalie unable to refuse. After a moment, Rosalie sighed inwardly and gave in. "Alright, I won't go. Don't worry and just go to sleep, okay?" The little girl finally raised her head at those words, but there was still a hint of suspicion in her teary eyes. Rosalie rubbed her head. "I'll stay here with you. Go on, go to sleep." Finally, the little girl settled even deeper into her embrace and fell asleep on her shoulder. Even after she was sound asleep, her little hands still gripped Rosalie's clothes tightly, as though she was worried someone would steal her away. Rosalie looked at the little girl in her arms, her heart melting into a puddle. Byron's gaze darkened as he looked at the two of them on the couch. He took a seat on the single-seater couch next to Rosalie and asked the butler to bring them two cups of tea. After that, he picked up his phone and began to work remotely. He had not been lying when he said he needed to work overtime. He was truly swamped with work right now. With that, a silence fell over the living room again. Listening to the girl's rhythmic breathing, Rosalie whispered at the butler to bring a small blanket so she could wrap the girl up cozily.

Estie must have felt too warm even in her sleep because she tossed and turned in Rosalie's arms. Rosalie carefully wiped the sweat from her brow, her eyes filled with warmth.

Chapter 96 The Age Difference Of The Kids Just when she started taking care of Estie, the phone in her bag rang. Rosalie Jacobs instinctively covered the little girl's ears afraid of waking her up. She was about to get her bag but noticed that the man had already stood up and brought her mobile phone. "Thank you," Rosalie whispered. She glanced at the caller ID and felt vexed. She was so preoccupied with the little one in her arms and actually forgotten about the two boys at home. "Mommy!" As soon as the call was connected, the voices of the twins rang out, "When are you coming back?" Rosalie lowered her voice, "There is a delay tonight, I will be late tonight. Now, have you had dinner?"

The two little boys sounded very concerned, "We've eaten, how about you, Mommy? Don't just think about work, you have to take care of yourself too!" Rosalie's heart was moved by their concern. She smiled, "Don't worry, I've eaten too. Don't wait for me, go rest early." "Alright, Mommy. Come back early, don't exhaust yourself too much!" The twins affectionately agreed, their voices like cotton candy. Rosalie had a few more motherly exchanges with the boys before hanging up.

On the side, Byron Lawrence vaguely heard the voices of the twins as he put aside his work. The man looked at Rosalie and wanted to ask her if she needed to go back to take care of the two little boys. When he attempted to speak, her soft eyes made him change his tone. "If you're usually busy, what about the two of them? Are you at home, or have you got someone else to take care of them?" Rosalie nodded, "My friend will help take care of them, and now we also have Lisa."

Byron relented, "What about when you were abroad?"

Rosalie did not know why he was obsessed with this question, but she answered, "I also found someone to take care of them. Otherwise, I'll take them to my workplace, all my colleagues adore them anyway." After the exchange, the living room fell silent again. Rosalie Jacobs lowered her eyes and continued to check on the sleeping little girl. "The boys have grown so much now, it's easy to take care of them. It wasn't always this easy when they were younger, right?" Byron spoke suddenly. His eyes fell heavily on her and asked unintentionally, "How old are the two of them this year? They seem to be about the same height as Estie, they should be about the same age."

This sudden question made Rosalie's heart tense.

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Chapter 96 The Age Difference Of The Kids

Every time Byron hung around the two little boys, she would worry about what he would find out. For this reason, she also warned the twins to not let anything slip. She never thought that he would be so forthcoming to ask her this. Rosalie lowered her eyes and took a breather for a moment before she calmly replied, "They are four years old, it's normal for boys to grow up a little faster." This was the answer she had discussed with Lucian and Nox before in order to avoid Byron's suspicions. The age of the two little boys would most definitely remind him of that night six years ago Rosalie waited anxiously for the man's response. After seemingly forever, she heard the man acknowledge with a deep "Um". Seeing that he didn't ask any more questions, Rosalie Jacobs breathed a sigh of relief. Byron narrowed his eyes to look at the work email on his phone, but he couldn't concentrate. The two little boys were four years old, only a year younger than Estie. This means, that after the woman gave birth to Estie, she was with other men and gave birth to the two little boys. As he connected the dots, Byron's deep features turned cold, and his heart felt uneasy. Just when the two had different thoughts, little Estie in Rosalie's arms suddenly moved. Rosalie Jacobs looked down immediately, only to see the little girl's delicate brows frowned, then her little face wrinkled into a ball as she wept pitifully.

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97 –

Chapter 97 I Can Only Sleep Peacefully By Your Side When Byron heard the little one's cries, he raised his head and looked over. Rosalie Jacobs tried to soothe Estie by patting her gently on the back soothingly, but her sobbing became louder. Her tiny figure broke free from the blanket and crawled into Rosalie's arms, her two little hands tightly clutching the woman's clothing. Estella continued crying. Then with tears blurring her sight, she opened her eyes and stared at Rosalie's face. When Estie was sure that Rosalie Jacobs was still there, her sobbing gradually eased. Seeing the little girl's already flushed face becomes redder from crying, Rosalie Jacobs felt a pang of heartache, as if she saw her twins through Estie's tearful face.

"Estie, I'm here. Don't cry anymore, your pretty eyes will swell, and it will hurt." Rosalie Jacobs reassured her softly and gently wiped the tears from the little girl's face.

Estella cried too hard and couldn't stop her chest from heaving, her tears continued to flow. She held on to Rosalie's blouse and refused to let go.

The wrinkled spot around Rosalie's shoulders was soaked by Little Estie's sweaty palms, but she didn't mind and just comforted her patiently. Not long after, the little girl got tired from sobbing and fell asleep again, gently twitching from her cries in her sleep. Rosalie Jacobs carefully wrapped her in a small blanket, leaving only her hands stretched out, still clutching her blouse. Seeing the intimacy between the two, Byron's eyes darkened. Yet, he just remained silent. Mrs. Zora couldn't help but worry about the

Little Lady, so she came over to check-in. Imagine her relief when she saw Little Lady was sleeping soundly in Young Madam's arms, "Sure enough, Little Lady can only sleep peacefully by Young Madam's side. She throws a huge fit whenever she is sick, nobody can coax her. Sometimes even the Young Master is at his wit's end about her."

Rosalie Jacobs was stunned for a moment. She had so many questions. What about Wendy Fuller? As Little Estie's mother, can't you coax the little girl?

Moreover, this time Estie was sick, where the heck is this woman? Could it be that she doesn't care about her child? Just when she was about to ask, Byron's deep voice rang out. "She might wake up tonight. Why don't you take her up to the guest room to rest? You can catch some sleep for a while."

Mrs. Zora also echoed, "Yes Madam, it's already late. You came just after work with the young master, you must be tired too. Come on, go get some rest with the Little Lady." Rosalie held back the questions she wanted so badly to ask and hesitantly glanced up the stairs. Memories from six years ago shot through her mind, and a touch of bitterness appeared in her heart. Rosalie shook her head and refused, "It's alright, I'll just rest here for a while."

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Chapter 98 Perfect Match For a long while, it was complete silence in the living room. Byron Lawrence took a glance at the sofa and saw the young woman was holding little Estie in her arms. She leaned on the back of the sofa, asleep.

The young woman was cradling Estie in her arms, hence her upper body posture was awkward. She slumped unsteadily, drifting in and out of sleep. However, every time she was half asleep and half awake, she would subconsciously hug the little child tightly. Byron's heart was touched slightly looking at them.

Mrs. Zora came to check on Little Lady again. As soon as she approached the sofa, Young Master gestured for her to keep silent by putting his finger to his lips. Seeing this, Mrs. Zora slowed down and cautiously leaned over and glanced at the two of them. She couldn't help but smile at their sleeping faces.

Sure enough, the mother-daughter bond between Young Madam and Little Lady can never be severed.

Although Estelle hasn't seen Rosalie for several years, the Little Lady is instinctively close to the Young Madam, and Young Madam is also very fond of Little Lady. Mrs. Zora frowned at the small blanket draped over the two of them, and gently pushed it

away from them. After a while, she came back with a bigger blanket and handed it to Byron.

Byron frowned slightly as he hesitated for a moment but got up and took the blanket. He leaned over and carefully covered them and tucked the blanket ends under Rosalie Jacobs.

He was about to get up after this act of service, he stopped to glance at Rosalie's sleeping face. Byron could not help but stopped in his tracks, and at this dubious distance, his eyes lingered on the young woman's face. This was the first time he looked at her at such a close distance.

Rosalie does not look like she was sound asleep. Her curled eyelashes fluttered from time to time as if she would wake up at any time.

Byron kept trying to guess when she would wake up. Suddenly, the young woman frowned in her sleep, her body slumped against the sofa as her head slowly slipped toward the floor.

Seeing that she was about to fall, Byron instinctively stretched out his arm to protect her head, almost half holding her in his arms.

The young woman's tender cheeks pressed against his hand, and a soft and delicate touch was felt from his palm.

Byron's deep eyes widened for fear of waking the person in his arms, he held still and did not

move.

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On the side, Mrs. Zora watched the Young Master holding the Young Madam, while the Young Madam is cradling the little lady in her arms, a thought came to her. Although the Young Madam has been away for six years, it is not impossible if she is allowed to come back

Thinking of this, Mrs. Zora smiled when she saw the three of them.

"Master, take Young Madam and Little Lady up to have a rest. If just you let her be like this tonight, Young Madam will have backache when she wakes up tomorrow. Plus, she has to work

Byron Lawrence frowned while looking at the sleeping face in his arms. After a while, he nodded noncommittally. Seeing his promise, Mrs. Zora stepped forward and picked up Little Estie from Rosalie's arms. Fortunately, Little Estie was fast asleep. So when she

was picked up by Mrs Zora, she just tilted her head and didn't wake up. Mrs. Zora carrying Little Lady, then turned to Byron with a smile, "I will need your help with Young Madam." Then she stood aside, patiently waiting for the Young Master to get in action. Master Lawrence hesitated for a while. After a long time, he carefully leaned over and carried Rosalie Jacobs like a princess The young woman nestled in his arms with her head resting on his shoulder and didn't wake up even as he straightened up. Byron Lawrence looked at the person in his arms. His brows furrowed and his eyes were a little unhappy. This woman seemed weightless in his arms. How did she take care of herself all these years?

Mrs. Zora looked at her Young Master holding the Young Madam, her eyes filled with a gratifying smile. No matter how you look at it, the Young Master and the Young Lady truly are a perfect match!

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Chapter 99 I Won't Like You Even If I Die Rosalie Jacobs was indeed exhausted. She usually sleeps lightly, but today she slept so soundly that she was carried into the guest room upstairs without realizing it. Byron Lawrence walked to the edge of the bed, leaned over, and lowered the young woman on the bed. He placed her head gently and then slowly got up. Mrs. Zora followed them all the way. Watching the Young Master take care of Rosalie, the smile in her eyes grew brighter. She stepped forward and put Little Estie next to Rosalie. She covered the two with a quilt, then quietly got up and stepped aside.

Noticing that her Young Master's gaze was still on Young Madam's face, Mrs. Zora said with concern, "Young master, you should also go and rest. I'll be here. Don't you have to work tomorrow?"

The Young Master frowned in response, shaking his head, "It's alright, I'm not tired. Estie is still unwell and I'm worried. You get some rest."

Mrs. Zora's eyes twinkled knowingly.

The Young Master said he was worried about the little one, but his eyes were fixed on Young Madam's face.

However, it is better to let them stay together as a family of three. Maybe, the relationship might just blossom.

Thinking so, Mrs. Zora didn't insist further and quietly withdrew.

There was only a dim night light in the room. Byron turned on the light and looked at Rosalie's face.

Her face was the same as six years ago, but as soon as these eyes opened, this person was very different from the woman from six years ago.

She is even more attractive now than six years ago.

He had no idea how this woman got here in the past six years.

After watching Rosalie for a while, the young woman suddenly frowned in slumber.

Byron Lawrence couldn't help but frown along with her, wondering what she was dreaming about that made her uneasy in her sleep. Rosalie was in a daze as if she had returned to six years ago. In front of her were Byron's elegant features on a heavenly crafted face twisted into a smirk of disgust. Although he hadn't opened his mouth, Rosalie seemed to be able to guess what he was going to say. She kept backing away, hands clasping over her ears, fighting to block out his words. Though despite this, the man's ruthless voice still echoed in her mind. "I won't like you even if I die!" I Won't Like You Even If I Die

Rosalie Jacobs felt suffocated for a while, struggled painfully for a long time, and then suddenly woke up.

All she saw was darkness around her as if she was still in that awful dream.

Rosalie Jacobs could not help but feel a heavy heart. "What's wrong? Had a nightmare?" Byron's deep voice sounded in her ear. The familiar voice almost coincided with the dream. Rosalie Jacobs's heart tightened once more. She instinctively raised her eyes to see his expression. The man stood in the dark with an unseen expression on his face. Without waiting for her answer, he frowned and took a step forward.

Rosalie Jacobs was still half-awake from her dream. When she saw him move, panic flashed across her face as she instinctively held on to the bed for support and stepped backward. Byron was puzzled. He stopped and stood on the spot, his voice softer than before, "What did you dream of?"

This made him come out of the darkness, and she could see the concern on his face.

Rosalie was in a trance for a moment and stared at him for a few seconds. She finally came out of the dream. Then, she took a moment to gather herself and said, "It's nothing, just a nightmare."

Rosalie then turned to glance at the little girl sleeping beside her. She reached out to check Estie's body temperature. It was much better than last night. When she wakes up, she should be fine. Rosalie withdrew her hand, got off the bed, straightened up her

clothes, and said softly, "Little Estie will be fine after a good sleep. Just watch over her, don't let her catch a cold. I should go back now."

She got up and head to the door. Just two steps away, a large hand grabbed her wrist.

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My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 100 –

Chapter 100 Won't Let Her Disturb Your Life Rosalie Jacobs paused and looked back in confusion.

Byron Lawrence frowned deeply, "It's four o'clock in the morning, you've barely slept. I wouldn't dare let you drive back like this. Besides, if you leave now, I can't possibly explain to Estie. You promised her that you won't leave, if she wakes up tomorrow and can't find you, she will throw a fit. She might even run directly to your house. Estie has not fully recovered, what if she gets sick again?"

Rosalie Jacobs frowned at his request. The dream just now had made her uneasy and she didn't want to stay any longer around this man. However, she did promise the little girl that she would not leave... Seeing her dismayed look, his face darkened, and his tone became cold, "Don't worry, the only time that Estie can trouble you is now. In the future, if it's okay, I won't let her disturb your life again."

After that, he released his grip around her wrist.

Rosalie felt that his words sounded a little thorny and strange, which made her feel a little uncomfortable.

Little Estie on the bed seemed to sense that the other side of the bed was empty. She turned over, felt around the bed, and let out a few snuffles.

The two of them responded to Estie's movement and looked over at the same time.

Rosalie had no heart to be ruthless towards the little girl. She hesitated for a few seconds, and said, "I will accompany Little Estie, but, President Lawrence, due to the relationship between the two of us now, it isn't appropriate for you to be in the room when I fall asleep." This is a clear order to evict him.

Byron's eyes sank. After a few seconds, he agreed in a cold voice, "Fine. I'll leave Estie with

you."

Then, he turned around and strode away.

Once the door of the room closed, Rosalie breathed a sigh of relief. She turned around and lay down beside little Estie.

Little Estie scrambled close to her as if looking for a source of warmth.

Rosalie's heart softened. She reached out and pulled the little girl into her arms.

Little Estie snuggled into her arms comfortably, with a faint smile on the corner of her mouth. Seeing this, Rosalie Jacobs felt that her heart melted. The anxiety from the nightmare had just now disappeared, and in a daze, she soon fell asleep. Early the next morning, Estie woke up in Rosalie's arms.

She saw the pretty lady as soon as she opened her eyes. Her eyes twinkled bright, and her heart Wont Let Her Disturb Your Life

was full of joy. Oh wow, the pretty lady actually stayed, she even accompanied me to sleep! If only it were like this every day!

Rosalie was barely awake and felt the little girl's laser-like sight. So she lowered her head and was met with Estie's bright little eyes looking up at her. Rosalie couldn't help but smile, "Good morning, are you still feeling sick?" Little Estie grinned and shook her head. Rosalie Jacobs smiled reassuringly, "That's good, it's time to get up." After speaking, she sat up from the bed. Mrs. Zora knocked on the door and brought Estie's clothes. Rosalie helped the little girl get changed. After changing her clothes, Mrs. Zora was about to take Estie to wash up, but she held her hands behind her back and wouldn't let the housekeeper hold her.

"Young Madam, why don't you take the Little Lady instead," Mrs. Zora read the Little Lady's thoughts and entrusted the little girl to Rosalie Jacobs. Rosalie took care of the twins, so she had enough practice to be handy with kids. She nodded and took Little Estie into the bathroom.

After washing up, she put the little girl's hair into braids.

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Just halfway through, Little Estie's eyes lit up, staring at the mirror expectantly, and sat obediently on the small chair.

At the bathroom door, Byron wore a shirt and fitted trousers, the shirt was not fully buttoned. He looked as if he had just taken a shower, quietly watching the woman braid his daughter's hair.

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