

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 949

Tm going to decoct the herbs.”

Rosalie came back to her senses.

However, as soon as she moved, Estelle, who had dozed off, subconsciously held onto her clothes.

When little ones were ill, they would subconsciously hold onto someone who could make them feel secure.

Apparently, Rosalie made Estelle feel secure.

Aware of the little one’s grip, Rosalie was shocked. She did not put Estelle down. With Estelle in her arms, she took the herbs and got out of the car.

“Please help me look after Nox, President Lawrence.”

Then, Rosalie glanced at the little one leaning against the backseat with a worried look.

Before Byron could agree, Lucian promised with his cute voice, i’ll take good care of my brother!”

Rosalie smiled at Luciana and carried Estelle to the tent.

All their equipment was still there. It was the only place she could make medicine.

Byron looked at Rosalie, who had walked away. Then, the little one in the car caught his attention.

“Mommy...”

The little one was in pain and unconscious.

He murmured in pain when he sensed that his mommy was gone.

As he muttered, his little hand stretched out to where Rosalie had been sitting, but he touched nothing.

The little one sniffled pitifully and covered his tummy, feeling wronged.

Seeing the little one in pain, Byron frowned. After hesitating for a moment, he carried the little one.

Instinctively, Nox reached out his hands and grabbed his shirt.

The little one’s action melted Byron’s heart.

Lucian was a little envious when he saw Byron carrying his brother. He looked at them longingly.

He wanted to be carried like this too...

Byron carried the little one and looked at the tent. Rosalie had already started boiling the herbs. Then, he looked at Lucian and said, “Let’s go.”

Lucian was still lost in his thoughts and did not hear Byron's call.

Thinking that Lucian was worried about his brother, Byron touched the little one head and held his hand.

The little one snapped out of his thought. Looking at his hand in Byron's hand, his eyes lit up with joy, and he followed Byron obediently.

Rosalie held Estelle and sat by the tent. Estelle was trembling, but Rosalie could not be sure if it was because of the pain or the cold.

Rosalie got up, wanting to look for some clothes for Estelle to put on.

As soon as she got up, she saw Byron walking toward them with the two little boys.

"Are the herbs boiling?"

Rosalie was startled for a while. Then, she answered gently. "It needs to boil for another half an hour."

Then, she looked at the little one in Byron's arms with concern.

She felt her heart skip a beat when she saw Nox gripping Byron's expensive shirt.

For the little one to make such a dependent gesture, Byron must give him a great sense of security.

Now being held in a man's arms, would the little one long to have a daddy?

For a moment, Rosalie had the urge to tell Byron the truth.

While she was in a trance, Nox's voice broke the silence.

"Daddy..."

The little boy tightened his grip on Byron's shirt.

He could feel that he was in Byron's embrace.

The little one was unconscious due to the pain, unaware of the impact his twittering had on the two adults.

