

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 966

However, before Kevin was relieved, he was keenly aware of the abnormality.

His profession was to follow people, and naturally, he immediately noticed that he was being followed.

He knew that Byron would not let him go so easily. It seemed that President Lawrence still wanted to get some clues from him.

Realizing this, Kevin pulled his lower lip inexplicably, glanced back in the direction where the few people were hiding, turned around, and left as if nothing had happened. Now that he has discovered it, instinctively, he will not reveal his secrets.

Moreover, with that photo in hand, he was not afraid that Wendy would dare not pay him money. To prevent being discovered by Byron's men, Kevin stopped initiating contact with Wendy for several days.

On the other hand, Wendy had not received any news from the private detective since the day Rosalie and others were at camp. She took the initiative to call him a few times, but the lines were out of service.

Even Wendy noticed the difference.

She looked for a top private detective in the industry who was notoriously greedy for money. Therefore, it was impossible to be missing in action without getting paid.

The only possibility was that he was found.

Wendy shrank abruptly as she realized this, gritted her teeth, hung up the phone, and deleted the number from her phone.

She did not think Rosalie could uncover private detectives.

'It can only be Byron.'

'If Byron finds out about my involvement as he traced this lead...'

Wendy dared not imagine what would happen to her if Byron found out.

After being out of contact for a long time, Wendy became restless and could not sit still. She does not know to what extent Byron has found out, but she knew that she cannot just do nothing like this!

That afternoon, Wendy came downstairs with a bag.

"Wendy, where are you going?" Magdalene was sitting downstairs, and she was concerned for her daughter as she saw her coming down.

Wendy stopped, "I'm going to meet Auntie Melody."

Magdalene nodded with satisfaction, "It's time you go. Ever since you came back from the Lawrence Manor, you've been spending less time with them, how can you go on like this?"

Then, Magdalene got up again and took a bunch of large and small bags and put them in the car. "These gifts are for Auntie Melody, I've prepared them a long time ago, just waiting for you to bring them to her."

With her mother sucking up to the Lawrence family, a trace of insult flashed across Wendy's eyes.

Magdalene's advice continued, "When you are there, remember to have a good chat with your Auntie Melody, make her happy, that's your only hope for a marriage with Byron."

"Yeah, got it!" Wendy did not want to listen anymore, got into the car impatiently, and slammed the door.

As her daughter's car slowly drove away, Magdalene was still a little puzzled why she was mad for no reason.

Wendy's car drove straight to the Lawrence Family Mansion.

On the way, Wendy's mind was racing as she thought about how she was going to tell Melody about Rosalie.

She knew that Melody was on her side. But, if she did not take the initiative to mention it, Melody would not do much for her.

The last time Melody made a move at Rosalie, she had hinted in every possible way.

'This time, I don't know what I have to say to provoke Melody's dissatisfaction with Rosalie...'

Until the car stopped at the entrance of the mansion, Wendy still had not come up with good rhetoric.

The housekeeper had already greeted her, helped her carry all her bags, and led her into the mansion.

Wendy followed behind him, her eyes darkened.

