

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 978

Chapter 978 Looks Pitiful

Byron noticed the guilty look on his mother's face and his face turned gloomy as he warned the last time.

"Whether it is Estie or my marriage, I will take care of it. What you think is good for me may not be the correct choice for me."

What he meant was to ask her to stay out of the matter.

Melody was both angry and guilty. "I'm doing this for you."

Byron said nothing more.

His mother was so obstinate that whatever he said was pointless.

"Estie is my granddaughter. Of course, I care about her. I wanted to take her back to my side, but she was crying for you, so I sent her here!"

Melody regained her composure and said, "Even if Estie accepted Rosalie, she has two other kids. How about the two children if you are planning to marry her again? Are you going to hand over the Lawrence family's property to two unknown... children?"

She tried hard not to use the word 'brats'.

Melody had not considered so much before this.

However, now it worried her to see Byron care so much about that Jacobs woman.

What about the two brats if Rosalie married Byron again?

Would she have to watch them join the Lawrence family and share their wealth with the two boys in the future?

Melody could not accept that.

Therefore, she had decided that her daughter-in-law could only be Wendy.

At least Wendy's life was cleaner than Rosalie's.

Even if Byron and Wendy did not have their child in the future, Estelle was still a descendant of the Lawrence family.

Byron did not answer any of Wendy's words.

All Byron responded was a frown and nothing more, even after what Melody had said.

Looking at her stubborn son, Melody raised up.

"I can do nothing if you want to delay your marriage with Wendy, but I'll never let Rosalie marry you as long as I'm alive!"

Then, she strode away without looking back.

Byron did not get up to see Melody off.

"Sir," Mrs. Zora had been waiting upstairs. She got down only after Melody left.

Only then did Byron respond. "How's Estie?"

Mrs. Zora looked at the room upstairs, feeling sorry for Estelle. "She is still crying."

She had failed to coax Estelle, so she came looking for Byron.

Byron nodded and headed upstairs to the little one's bedroom.

As usual, when the little one began to cry, she would hide by the bed, with her arms hugging her legs and her face buried between her knees.

It was like she was trying to isolate herself from the outside world.

Byron stopped approaching Estelle for a few seconds when he saw her in that state. Then, he put on a calm expression before he spoke to her.

"All right, Estie. Stop crying."

Estelle lifted her head and glanced at him upon hearing his voice.

Tears smudged the little one's face, and she looked pitiful.

Byron felt heartbroken to see her like that.

Wiping off the little one's tears, Byron spoke in a deep voice, "What did grandma say to you?"

The little one sobbed as she said, "Grandma doesn't let Estie play with Lucian and Nox..."

Her grandma even forbade her to address them as brothers.

Byron stroked Estelle's hair and said, "Grandma is just saying. You can still play with them whenever you want."

"Really?" The little one looked at Byron doubtfully.

Byron nodded. "Daddy is in charge."

Estelle finally stopped sobbing gradually after hearing that answer.

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