

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 983

Chapter 983 Estie's Turn To Look After Daddy

"Sir."

Mrs. Zora had already prepared dinner. She saw Byron walking in and greeted them politely, "Dinner is ready..."

Before Mrs. Zora could finish her words, Byron interrupted her with his exhausted voice, "I'm not having dinner. I'll take a nap upstairs, and I'll leave Estie to you."

Estelle walked into the house after Byron said that.

Mrs. Zora realized Byron was not feeling well and said nothing more. She watched Byron walking upstairs, and she prepared lunch for Estelle.

Estelle looked upstairs with concern. "Daddy is not well."

Mrs. Zora stroked Estelle's hair, trying to comfort her. "Grandma Zora will go up and see if Master is fine in a while. Little Lady, have your lunch while it's still hot."

However, Estelle still could not remain calm and had been absent-minded during her meal.

When she had finished eating, she immediately wanted to run upstairs.

Mrs. Zora followed her quickly.

The bedroom door was closed.

The little one knocked on the door cautiously, but no response came from inside.

"Daddy?" Estelle called out.

There was no movement inside either.

The little one looked at Mrs. Zora anxiously.

Mrs. Zora was also worried.

She noticed Byron was not looking well.

However, thinking that he should be able to look after himself and that she had little ones to look after, she did not immediately look after him.

To her surprise, Byron's condition seemed severe.

Mrs. Zora and Estelle looked at each other and hesitated while slowly pushing open the door.

Fortunately, Byron did not have the habit of locking his door. So, they opened the door soon and saw the scene inside.

Byron lay on the bed, falling deeply asleep under his blanket.

He seemed fine.

However, they saw the unusual flush on Byron's face and puckered forehead.

"Daddy!" Estelle quickly approached the bed, trying to check her Daddy's condition.

Mrs. Zora knew what was wrong and quickly called their family doctor.

As soon as she hung up the call, Byron also woke up because of the noise.

Byron frowned and glanced at his bedside. He retracted his gaze as soon as he saw it was the little one.

"Estie, Daddy is unwell, and it might be contagious."

The little one shook her head.

Daddy's voice sounded hoarse, and the little one knew he was seriously ill.

"Estie will take care of Daddy!" Estelle spoke in her cute voice.

Byron was unmoved. "Mrs. Zora, take Estie out."

Mrs. Zora quickly approached and agreed. "Sir, I've called Dr. Miller."

Byron nodded. "Take Estie out."

"No! I want to look after Daddy!" The little one ran away from Mrs. Zora.

Mrs. Zora did not dare to grab Estelle forcefully. She could only call out helplessly, "Little Lady..."

The little one said thoughtfully, "Daddy has been looking after Estie when Estie is ill. It's Estie's turn to look after Daddy!"

Mrs. Zora turned around and looked at Byron helplessly.

"Do you want to look after Daddy?" Byron looked at Estelle meaningfully.

The little one nodded her head hard.

Byron said, "Why don't you go downstairs and get Daddy a glass of water?"

The little one turned around and headed downstairs without hesitation.

Then, Byron spoke to Mrs. Zora, "You take care of Estie. Ask Dr. Miller to come upstairs when he arrives."

Mrs. Zora agreed and walked out of the room.

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