

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 986

Chapter 986 Let Her Be

At the same time, Dr. Miller told Melody that Byron had gotten ill.

When Melody heard that her son was sick, despite their past quarrels and differences, she made a trip to see him in person.

"Good day to you, Madam."

Once Melody entered the door, Mrs. Zora could not help but think of the last quarrel between the mother and son and hesitated whether to let her go upstairs.

As usual, Melody ignored her hesitation, is Byron in the room?"

Mrs. Zora nodded, "Young master is ill and resting now, how about..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Melody interrupted impatiently. "My son is ill, I'm his mother, of course, I must see him."

After speaking, she strode upstairs.

Mrs. Zora dared not stop her, but just followed behind her helplessly.

In the bedroom.

Byron heard a knock on the door and thought it was Mrs. Zora, and responded for her to come in.

The door burst open.

"Dr. Miller told me that you are sick, how are you feeling now?"

His mother's voice filled the space.

Byron frowned and turned his head sharply in the direction from where the voice came.

A frowning Melody hurried to his bedside, dragged a chair, and sat down.

"Dr. Miller said that you are overworked, and you have worries on your mind."

Melody's face was completely confused when she spoke. "Is it because of that Jacobs woman? What is there to worry about her? It's been six years since she left without a word, has she ever considered your feelings?"

Byron did not bother to argue with her, he just said, "You are overthinking it, I'm a little tired and I want to sleep."

After that, he shut his eyelids.

Melody felt another burst of anger when she saw that he was trying to avoid the topic.

"It's not that I don't care about your health, I just really can't accept the reason you're sick!"

Byron opened his eyelids and glanced at her again. "Since you care so much about me, let me rest."

Melody still wanted to vent her irritation but held back as she saw her son's sickly state.

She stared at him for a few seconds then stood up, expressionless. "I'll get Wendy to come over and take care of you, you'd better not send her away."

After that, she turned and strode away.

Mrs. Zora felt helpless for a while as she watched the mother and son drawing swords at each other again.

When Melody went downstairs, she had to respectfully follow and send her out.

Afterward, Mrs. Zora turned around and went back upstairs.

She wanted to advise her Young Master that this was the best opportunity to reconcile since his mother made a special trip to see him now that he is ill.

However, she considered that Madam wanted to break Young Master and Young Madam apart, she held her tongue again.

In the bedroom, Byron had already sat up from the bed and leaned on the headboard to do his work.

Upon seeing her young master like this, Mrs. Zora's heart ached. "Master, you should rest for a bit."

Byron looked up at her. "No, that's okay. I've slept for so long, that's enough.

Mrs. Zora knew she was unable to persuade him, so she kept quiet helplessly.

After a while, she remembered again, and said hesitantly, "Madam said she will ask Miss Fuller to come over, so..."

'Do I let her in or send her away?'

Byron knew exactly what she wanted to ask, frowned for a few seconds, and said, "Just let her be."

Obviously, his mother was annoyed by his attitude.

'If I don't give in to her whims, I'm afraid she will find trouble with that little woman again.'

Mrs. Zora got a clear answer, heaved a sigh of relief, turned, and left the room.

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