

## My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 987

Chapter 987 Auntie Asked Me To Take Care Of You

Melody did what she said.

That afternoon, Wendy appeared at the front door of the Lawrence Manor.

Mrs. Zora looked at the woman on the video doorbell, thought about her Young Master's orders, and let her in.

Wendy carried a thermal ask in her hand and walked upstairs as soon as she entered the door.

"Miss Fuller..."

Mrs. Zora wanted to tell her that Young Master was working and not to disturb him.

However, this woman brushed past her and went upstairs, as if she didn't exist.

As she looked at the arrogant Wendy from the back, Mrs. Zora could not help thinking of Young Madam.

'Compared to her, our Young Madam is still way better...'

Mrs. Zora sighed, then she quickly followed after.

Wendy sashayed to Byron's bedroom door, knocked on the door, and walked in without waiting for a response.

"Byron dear..."

Wendy muted when she saw him sitting up, working. "Why are you up?"

Didn't Auntie say you were resting?"

Byron was checking his inbox. He heard this and glanced at her with slight impatience.

"So? Does that mean you can barge in my room if I'm resting?"

Wendy was dumbfounded, and after a while, she explained with a guilty conscience. "I heard from Auntie that you were sick, I was just worried about you..."

Then, she quickly adjusted her expression, walked to Byron with a concerned look, and opened the thermal ask.

"I know you're not feeling well, I specially made some chicken soup at noon. Have some."

After that, she wanted to serve it to him.

Byron did not even look at her. "No need, I've had lunch."

Wendy slowed down. "It's just a little soup, it won't ill you up much."

Whenever I'm sick, my mother always made me chicken soup."

Byron looked at the chicken soup that had been handed to him, and a trace of displeasure crossed his eyes.

At the door, Mrs. Zora was slower than Wendy by a few moments. As soon as she entered the door, she saw what was going on.

Mrs. Zora coughed helplessly. "Ahem...Miss Fuller, Young Master has a fever, it's better not to take greasy food."

She was telling the truth.

On the other hand, she saw that her young master was reluctant to pay attention to Wendy.

'If this continues, I am afraid the atmosphere will be very awkward.'

Hearing this, Wendy stopped completely.

Byron raised his eyes and glanced at her atly, then reached out and brushed her hand away. "It's the thought that counts, however, you don't have to do this."

Wendy's expression was not pretty at all. "I overlooked this. Well then, HI help with dinner and cook some plain porridge for you."

"Mrs. Zora got this, don't worry about it."

Byron's tone did not waver at all.

Wendy frowned and pretended to be at a loss. "But... Auntie asked me to take care of you."

Byron noticed that she had used his mother as leverage for this to matter, and his face darkened.

Wendy noticed the change in the man's demeanor and shut her mouth sheepishly.

"I'm tired, I'm going to bed now." Byron put down his phone, raised his eyes, and glanced at the two people who were still in the room.

Mrs. Zora hurriedly said, ' Miss Fuller, let me take you downstairs to rest."

Of course, Wendy would not want to leave so easily.

However, Byron already laid down on his side with his back to them. He made it clear that this was the end of the conversation.

Wendy had no choice but to accept it and followed Mrs. Zora out of the room.

After coming out of the room, Mrs. Zora respectfully waited by the side, letting Wendy walk in front of her.

When Wendy passed by her, Mrs. Zora felt the former give her a death stare.

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