

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 988

Chapter 988 Just Wait And See

The two women came downstairs one after the other.

Mrs. Zora took Wendy's thermal ask and placed it on the dining table. She looked back as if to say something.

"Since Byron can't drink this, then you can do it for him and drink the chicken soup."

Wendy's cold voice sounded behind her.

Mrs. Zora was stunned for a few seconds before she reacted.

Wendy was enraged with her for speaking up just now.

Mrs. Zora suppressed the helplessness in her heart as she realized this and replied respectfully. "Thank you for your kindness, Miss Fuller."

Wendy glanced at the old lady coldly. The more she looked at her, her resentment builds.

In the morning, as soon as she received Melody's call, she immediately asked the servants at home to prepare the chicken soup.

'I waited so long for the soup to be ready before I could bring it over.'

'My efforts to be diligent in front of Byron, so I can win his favor.'

'But I didn't expect that all these efforts would be ruined by such a servant!'

'Moreover, if I remembered correctly when Rosalie Jacobs was in Lawrence Manor, Mrs. Zora seemed to be close to her...'

Thinking of this, Wendy's face became more and more ugly, "You also want that woman back?!"

This question came abruptly, Mrs. Zora needed a few seconds before she could reply. "This is Young Master's private matter. I am just a servant, so I don't dare to comment much."

With that said, she heard Wendy snort coldly. "Ah, you know that too! So, next time I talk to Byron, you'd better stay the hell away!" 1

Mrs. Zora nodded with a wry smile, missing Rosalie even more dearly in her heart.

Initially, she thought that if Young Master ignored her, she would leave.

Unexpectedly, she had been here all afternoon.

The two were relatively speechless.

It was not until Estie nished school, that Mrs. Zora felt that she could be relieved of this.

"Miss Fuller, I'm going to pick up Little Lady from school, you..."

She wanted to ask if Wendy wanted to leave the manor at the same time as her.

However, before she nished, Wendy took over the conversation. 'No need, since I'm here, I should pick her up.'

As she spoke, she stood up with her handbag in tow.

Mrs. Zora was lled with reluctance as she clearly knew Estie's rejection of this woman.

However, the difference in their identities made it difficult for her to say anything.

She could only watch Wendy go out the door.

Upstairs, Byron felt so con ned in the room that he wanted to go downstairs for a walk.

As soon as he came downstairs, he saw a troubled Mrs. Zora.

"Why are you still here? Isn't school time already ended for Estie?" Byron frowned.

Mrs. Zora looked back at her Young Master with a con icted expression." Master, Miss Fuller... I can't stop her."

The crease between Byron's brows deepened. He also knew that if Wendy insisted, it would be hard for Mrs. Zora to refuse.

After all, this was his negligence.

"I'll go pick her up myself."

If Wendy picked the little one up, the latter would probably come back crying.

Hearing this, Mrs. Zora could not help but worry. "Master, your fever..."

Byron waved simply. "It's not that serious, I'll let the driver take me there.'

Only then did Mrs. Zora feel relieved and quickly called the driver.

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the kindergarten.

The little children queued up in the garden, waiting for their parents to pick them up.

The three little ones gathered together, Estie's little face was full of worry, and her eyes were still red.

Lucian and Nox stayed by their little sister's side and assured her in their impish voice.

"Don't worry little sister, we will soon take Mommy to treat Uncle's illness, you just wait and see!"

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