

## **Read My Ex-Wife And Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 1839**

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 1839-Rosalie drank two bowls and could not finish the rest of it.

However, there was still a little left, so she finally drank it all.

After she finished tidying up the study room, Melody was delighted to find that Rosalie had finished the stew.

“Auntie Melody, the stew is really delicious.”

Rosalie praised her again leaving Melody feeling embarrassed.

Suddenly, Rosalie’s lower abdomen began to cramp and hurt once more. So, she planned to go upstairs and lie down.

“There are still some ingredients in the kitchen. If you like it, I’ll make some more later. You can drink it either at noon or night.”

Rosalie could not refuse Melody’s kind gesture, so she had an idea and quickly changed her target.

“Auntie Melody, this is such a good stew. Why don’t you give some to Byron too? He’s been tired and hasn’t been eating well lately.”

‘True enough,’ Melody thought.

Rosalie took advantage of the time and went back to her room to rest, while Melody was tinkering in the kitchen.

More than an hour later, Rosalie was almost asleep. Melody came upstairs suddenly and knocked on the door. “Rosalie,

Rosalie...”

She called out in a whisper, afraid of startling Rosalie.

“Auntie Melody, what’s wrong?”

“Oh, my car broke down suddenly. I don’t know what happened. I have called the auto-mechanic workshop to check it out. However, my stew is ready, and I want to send it to Byron while it’s hot. Those cars in the garage bought by Byron are either hard to sit in, or they are too big for me to maneuver. So, can I borrow your car?”

'The car keys are placed in the hall. There's no need for her to request personally for such a small matter,' Rosalie thought.

However, her reply was courteous. "Sure, no problem. The key is hanging in the hall. Auntie Melody, drive safe!"

Melody heard, nodded, and went ahead.

She went downstairs, picked up the car keys, and left.

The housekeeper wanted to arrange for a driver to send her, but Melody was not willing. "I will deliver it myself, and it makes sense for me to deliver it myself. If I let you do everything for me, I would be a useless mom."

The housekeeper couldn't refute her. He could only nod his head and reminded her to drive slowly.

Half an hour later.

"Traffic information reports. Fellow drivers on the road, please pay attention. There is currently serious congestion on the Second Ring Road. A car crashed into the guardrail due to an auto breakdown. The body of the car obstructed two lanes, causing congestion. Currently, the traffic police department and the ambulance have arrived. Due to the serious impact, all the airbags were deployed. The victim was a woman who fell unconscious after the collision. Kind Samaritans are already helping her..."

When Byron received a call from the hospital that his mother, Melody was in a car accident, his brain paused for two seconds. Then, he asked eagerly, "What about her? Is she alright? I am Byron Lawrence from Lawrence

Corporation, that Byron! Please help my mother as soon as possible! I'll be right there!"

He pushed away his anxiousness and waited for a reply from the other end of the phone.

"Madam is fine, but her brain had a concussion, and she passed out. Her vital signs are all normal, and there is no other trauma or fracture. Please rest assured, Mr. Lawrence. Our hospital will do our best to save her, everything will be fine!"

The doctor on the other end of the phone came to his senses upon hearing Byron's name and hurriedly made a solemn promise.

Only then did Byron feel reassured.

Immediately, he ordered Luther to prepare the car and head to the hospital.

As Byron took the dedicated elevator downstairs at lightning speed, he quickly notified his father.

When Benedict heard that his wife was in a car accident, he panicked. Byron hurriedly reiterated what the doctor said to him.

“Son, I’m going to that hospital right away. You’re closer, get there quickly! How could this happen? Just before she set off, your mother was still showing off to me and bringing you stew! How could this be...”

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