

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 19 –

Chapter 19 Kiss The man's hot lips covered hers and their breaths intertwined.

Rosalie's mind instantly went blank. She did not expect Byron to do this! The man gripped her chin in his hand, trying to force her mouth open. Rosalie suddenly came to her senses and began struggling. "Byron Lawrence, let go of me! Have you gone mad? This is a public booth! Anyone could come in at any time!" Byron retreated some distance due to her struggling. Hearing this, he said coldly, "So what? Weren't you the one who said you were going to compensate me? Are you scared now?". Rosalie was slightly shocked. Recalling the experience that night, she felt a burst of resistance. Byron had no consciousness at all that night, likely due to the drug she had given him. Now, the man's scent lingered and was even mixed with the faint smell of alcohol. Hearing what he said, Rosalie even began to tremble imperceptibly. Noting that she was not responding, Byron's gaze turned dark. He leaned over and kissed her again.

It was even more forceful compared to before. Rosalie could not move one bit in his shackles, but she was gradually feeling flustered.

It had been six years, yet her body still had not developed any resistance toward this man!

If he was to realize her reaction, what difference would there be between her present self and her from six years ago?

Thinking of this, Rosalie's eyes instantly cleared.

Noticing the man's movements, she took advantage of the situation and bit his lips.

The taste of blood spread quickly between the cavern of their mouths.

The man's movements instantly paused and in the next second, his attack was even more forceful!

Rosalie was almost breathless from his kiss. Her body gradually softened, and it was all because the man was pressing against that hand of hers that she did not slip.

After a while, Byron stopped. Lips practically touching hers, he said, "Didn't you say you had no feelings? Rosalie, your body's so much more honest than that mouth of yours!" The man's voice was really hoarse. Rosalie gasped for breath. Just as she was about to refute, she felt a large hand exploring her waist all of a sudden!

Sensing his actions, Rosalie was like a startled cat. With a sudden burst of strength, she shoved

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the man away, even gave him a slap!

“Byron, weren't you the one who said you wanted to go to Wendy Fuller? I gave myself up for that and now you're doing this? Are you getting revenge on me? If yes, then you've indeed succeeded!

“Back then, it was I who had been ignorant and used such drastic means against you, but I did as you wished, I stopped pestering you, and I won't bother you anymore from today on! So, let us end here today!”

After saying that, Rosalie glared at him fiercely before opening the door and running out without looking back. Luther, who had dealt with the few scumbags, was at the door of the booth, guarding the entrance for his master. Seeing the former lady run out all of a sudden, he was stunned for a few seconds before coming to his senses. He immediately rushed in to check on his master's condition.

The moment he entered, he noticed it was pitch black inside. His master was standing in the corner not far from the entrance. His head was turned to the side and his face was somewhat flushed. His lips were also bleeding and the hostility surrounding him was practically solidifying “Master, are you...alright?”

Luther trembled as he stepped forward cautiously with worry.

Byron's expression was gloomy, he raised his hand to touch his cheek. He rubbed the corner of his mouth with his thumb, and he felt wetness. The woman had bit him hard, she was as ruthless as ever. Looking at the bloodstains on his fingertips, he gritted his teeth and responded, “I'm fine.” With that, he got up and walked out of the booth. ‘Rosalie Jacobs, run, you better run! ‘Now that you're back in Coast City, I'm going to see where else you run off to!’ When they left the booth, the drunken man and his subordinates were still on the ground, hugging themselves as they moaned pitifully. Byron's gaze swept across the people on the floor coldly. He turned around and ordered Luther, “I want whichever hand that came in contact with her crippled.”

Luther felt the low pressure surrounding his master's body and bowed his head without hesitation, “Yes!” Byron said nothing more and immediately turned to leave.

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