

# When EX-wife's Identities are Revealed by Natalie Wilson

## Chapter 23

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Lesson

### Chapter 23 Teach a Lesson

Lillian was drowsily asleep. **Her** voice was soft. "What?"

Zachary felt softhearted for a moment but then sarcastically said, "Stop pretending to be stupid here!"

"What pretending? Zachary, if you are sick, go and get treatment! Don't go crazy with me here. If it doesn't work, I will send you to the Central Hospital!" After saying that, she hung up the phone with a bang.

Lillian was about to take another nap, but she couldn't fall asleep again after being woken up. She tossed and turned for a while, sat up angrily, and scolded Zachary.

Ashton knocked on the door and then came in with breakfast. "Dear Lillian, are you awake? Try the breakfast specially made for you by the chef."

When placing the dining plates on the table, Ashton diligently arranged them.

Lillian looked at the pink dining plates, baking bowl, and spoon, feeling speechless. She was no longer a three-year-old child. Why was her brother still like this?

Ashton set the plates and looked at her with a smile. "Would you like me to carry you to the bathroom?"

Lillian, rubbing her eyes, immediately jumped up and said, "No, I'll go there myself."

She washed up quickly and came out of the bathroom. She took out a pink hairband from the drawer. Although she felt a little disgusted, she still put it on.

Under Ashton's kind smile, she was eating breakfast and watching the news. "Ashton, did someone to hit Zachary?"

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Ashton was a little embarrassed but more of a guilty conscience. He touched his nose. "Ahem, Lillian, it was my impulsiveness. Mainly because that bitch Beatrice actually found someone to hunt you down. In the end, it is all Zachary's fault. Of course, I will avenge you." Lillian was scrolling through news pictures and couldn't help laughing when she saw Zachary's unlucky look standing among the rotten watermelons on the ground.

She grabbed Ashton's arm and smiled. "Ashton, why did you find a watermelon truck to hit Zachary? You should have found a manure truck. It's better to pour shit all over him."

Ashton was originally worried that Lillian would be angry, but seeing Lillian so happy, he breathed a sigh of relief and sat down with Lillian.

"Why don't we pour shit all over him another day?"

"Okay, Ashton. When did you become so childish?" Lillian felt helpless.

"This is **the** first time, and he **was** unprepared. But the second time, aren't you afraid of being caught by Zachary and going to jail?"

"I want you to be happy. Actually, I know that **you** have been unhappy these days," Ashton looked **at** Lillian worriedly.

Lillian

finally finished her breakfast and wiped the corners of her mouth. "**It's** nothing. Don't worry about **me** so much. I'm not that **weak**."

Of course, Ashton knew that Lillian **was** not that **weak**. **He** just felt **sorry** for her **and couldn't help but want to teach** Zachary and **Beatrice a lesson**.

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**“I already** called the police about someone trying to kill you yesterday. It’s not difficult to track down Beatrice. Zachary, that stupid fool, knows Beatrice’s true identity. Isn’t this a slap in his **face?**”

Lillian lay on the chair and shook her head. “It’s useless. Even if **the** evidence is placed in front of him, it will be useless.”

“Really? Zachary is **so** stupid. Wouldn’t the Sinclair family’s property be completely destroyed in his hands?” Ashton sneered.

“Lillian, I don’t think Zachary is that blind. You are too pessimistic.”

Meanwhile, Beatrice was standing in the hospital, looking at Zachary with teary eyes.

Zachary was wearing a hospital gown and lying on the hospital bed. Although he was extremely exhausted, he still comforted Beatrice gently. “I’m fine. I was just hit by a pile of watermelons.” He felt a little depressed in his heart. If it were Lillian, she would have followed the doctor back and forth to ask about his symptoms, but Beatrice would just lie beside the bed and cry.

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