

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

Chapter 8

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Reborn. Team up with the CEO for Revenge!

Chapter 8 Figure It Out

Zachary patted Beatrice's back and comforted her in a low voice, "I won't let them get you wrong." Finishing speaking, he walked towards the computer. But a woman was one step ahead of him. After taking the computer and manipulating it, she connected it to the projector in the hotel lobby.

Beatrice stiffened with a complexionless face. Then she stared at the projector in the hall.

The fact that Beatrice used the money to provoke Lillian but was humiliated by Lillian was in a loop playback in the projector.

Zachary looked more and more terrible like a storm coming.

Seeing Zachary's gloomy expression, Beatrice was in a complete tizzy. And before she could speak, Zachary turned around and left after glancing at her sullenly.

Without time to care about others, she quickly picked up her skirt to catch up with Zachary.

"Zachary, wait for me. It is not what you think..."

Beatrice was a little anxious, so she accidentally stepped on the hem of her skirt, making her fall. Moreover, she landed face-first.

Then, the crowd burst into thunderous laughter.

Beatrice was angry and ashamed. But seeing that Zachary had left the hotel door, she quickly stood up and limped after him.

Lillian sneered after seeing that.

It was the retribution.

Everyone left after the farce ended.

But Lillian was in no mood to go shopping continuously. With keen insight, Ashton noticed Lillian's spirit. Then he lowered his head and said, "This party is boring. How about going home?" Seeing Lillian nod lightly, Ashton pulled Lillian to turn and leave the hotel.

A low-key Rolls-Royce slowly drove out from the darkness after they left.

It was Zachary in the car, with the window lowered.

Zachary looked at the direction Lillian left, with full anger in his deep eyes.

"Mr. Sinclair, follow it or not?"

Zachary didn't answer. After removing a pack of cigars from the interlining, he lit it and put it in his mouth. Suddenly, something hit him. He took the cigar from his mouth and held it between **his** fingers.

The man didn't speak until the cigar burnt out.

"Return to the Sinclair Villa."

"Yes. Then **Ms.** Young..."

Secretly

looking **at Zachary in** the rearview mirror, Harris didn't understand what Zachary was **thinking**.

"Arrange her at the hotel first and send several clean and careful men to protect her."

"Yes." Harris nodded. Then he started **the car**.

Soon, they arrived at the Sinclair Villa.

Seeing the room was dark and cold after he opened the door, Zachary felt a little complicated.

He divorced Lillian now and would marry Beatrice soon. But for some reason, Lillian's voice and **appearance** always appeared in his mind.

Rubbing the center of his brows hard, Zachary groped blindly to turn on the light.

The phone rang, it was Harris.

"Mr. Sinclair, we didn't find Ms. Wilson's... address."

"Our men once tried to hack into Ms. Wilson's phone but failed..."

Zachary frowned and pondered with an elusory expression.

He thought, "Someone was helping Lillian hide her address. Is it Ashton, the president of Fels Group, whom I met at the banquet today?"

Ashton Wilson, Lillian Wilson...

They had the same last name, Wilson...

After thinking for a while, Zachary said, "Continue to investigate Lillian, including the men around her, especially Ashton. No matter what method you use, you must figure it out!"

In the Wilson Villa, Lillian wanted to sleep after finishing washing but couldn't.

After tossing and turning, she jumped out of the bed.

Remembering Ashton's words, she would assume office in the Regal Group tomorrow. As a newly appointed company president, she needed to know some information about the Regal Group. Then, turning on her computer, she searched for information about the Regal Group on the Wilson family's Internal official website.

She looked the whole night.

The next day, Ashton was shocked by Lillian's two dark circles under her eyes.

"Did you... stay up all night?"

Ashton felt a little funny. And it was the first time **he** saw Lillian in such an embarrassing state. Lillian glared at Ashton fiercely. If she had known the Regal Group was like this, she would never agree with Ashton, no matter what he said.

Lillian was angry but helpless. And it was too late to say anything now. So she could only accept it.

After driving **Lillian to** the downstairs of the Regal Group, Ashton took off his sunglasses and put them on Lillian's eyes naturally.

"Be good. You had better wear **them**. Otherwise, your employees will laugh at you.

"I won't go in with you. Something happened in my company, so I must solve it in person. And I'll pick you **up** after work later."

Lillian nodded obediently. But she slammed the car door hard after getting out of the car, leaving **gracefully**.

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