

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

Chapter 4

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Chapter 4 My Sweetheart

For these past three days, he had sent people to trace her whereabouts, but no matter what methods were employed, not a trace of her could be found.

He had initially thought that Lillian, who had selflessly cared for him for three years, should be compensated in some way after the divorce, but now...

Zachary glanced at the man beside Lillian, and a hint of irony flashed in his eyes.

Zachary thought, "No wonder I couldn't find her. Turns out she's taken up with another man. Someone who went to such lengths to marry into the Sinclair family couldn't possibly be that naive."

The crowd was captivated by Lillian's beauty, even more so than by Beatrice's earlier appearance. Beatrice couldn't help but show a hint of unease.

appearance.

Beatrice glanced at Zachary beside her, but she saw that his gaze had been fixed on Lillian. Beatrice smiled with an apologetic expression. "Sorry, Zachary, my feet are hurting quite a bit. Could you take me for a walk over there?"

He glanced down at Beatrice's slightly reddened heels and nodded in agreement, supporting her as they walked towards the dessert area.

Ashton, who had been closely watching the two closely, noticed them leaving and nudged Lillian's

arm.

Lillian glanced casually, not paying much attention, and began conversing with the people around

her.

Ashton sighed, thinking, “Lillian is perfect in every way but can be a bit lazy. If it were me, I’d make sure to stir things up when I see them here.”

Someone recognized Ashton and enthusiastically squeezed through the crowd with a microphone, his voice trembling with excitement.

“Excuse me, are you Ashton Wilson, the CEO of the Fels Group? What’s your relationship with this young lady...”

“Is it true that you’re the newly appointed CEO of the Regal Group? Could you please share

more...”

“I’m sorry...”

Ashton had initially intended to decline to answer these questions, but when he looked up and saw the gaze Zachary was directing at him, his tone suddenly changed, and he looked at Zachary provocatively.

“**Naturally, the** lovely lady by my side is my

sweetheart.

“Some **may** consider her **a** cast-off, but to me, she’s the apple of my eye.”

He said **this** for Zachary to hear.

After Ashton finished speaking, the crowd started screaming.

Some people, moved by this **sweet** confession, shouted excitedly.

“If I’m **guilty**, **let** the **law** punish me instead of making me witness public displays of affection...”

The commotion **in** the crowd **caught** Lillian’s attention. She turned her head to look at Ashton, **asking** casually, “What’s going on?”

Ashton rubbed **his** nose awkwardly and said, “It’s nothing. I just told them that you’re my

sweetheart!”

Hearing this, Lillian pinched Ashton’s waist. “How could you really say that...?”

Ashton winced and rubbed his back, looking somewhat aggrieved.

Zachary, seeing the intimate interaction between the two, grew increasingly grim.

Feeling resentful

that the crowd’s attention was still on Lillian, Beatrice waved her hand and accidentally knocked over a glass of wine.

The crisp sound rang out among the people, and everyone turned to look at Beatrice. However, they saw her with a smile as she gently spoke, “I’m sorry. I accidentally broke the glass.”

Upon hearing Beatrice’s words, Zachary furrowed his brow and let go of her hand, quickly inspecting her from head to toe.

“Did you get hurt anywhere?”

“Zachary, I’m fine. But the broken glass...”

Beatrice bit her lip, feeling somewhat aggrieved, but there was a hint of satisfaction in her eyes as she glanced towards Lillian with a hint of provocation.

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