

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 929

Rosalie got into the car with the kids and slowly drove away from the manor.

At the same time, from a big tree at the entrance of the manor, a thin man jumped down from the tree with a camera in his hand.

As he watched Rosalie's car drive away, the man walked unhurriedly to the car parked in the corner. He started the engine and opened his phone.

Half an hour later, Wendy woke up from her sleep and grabbed her phone habitually.

As soon as she turned on the phone, she saw a message on the screen.

It was sent by the private detective she had assigned to monitor Rosalie.

Wendy woke up immediately, got up from the bed, and opened the message.

Several photos taken from a top-down perspective came into view.

In the photo, Rosalie came out of the villa with a small suitcase, and the three little kids followed her obediently.

The suitcase was pink. One would not need to think much to know it was Estie's. However, the contents were hard to guess.

In the next photo, the few of them walked to the side of the car, and Rosalie opened the trunk to reveal the contents.

Wendy enlarged the photo and refused to let go of a single detail.

After a long while, she discovered something that looked like a tent in the photo. She then looked at the items, all of which seemed to be equipment needed for camping.

Wendy frowned and asked the private detective: [What are they going to do?]

The detective replied while driving: [I seem to have heard something about camping.]

Seeing his reply, Wendy's face sank abruptly.

'It seems that the bacteria last time did not teach that little b*tch any lessons at all.

'How dare this little b*tch be so close to Rosalie?!

Wendy's face became uglier as she looked at the smiling faces of the people in the photo.

[Follow them and tell me where they are when you know.]

The private detective quickly agreed.

Wendy's eyes were abnormally cold as she looked at the photos over and over again.

Byron was not in the photos. However, that did not mean Byron would not be with them.

Perhaps Byron would just be taking separate routes from them.

Wendy had no doubts that Byron attached great importance to Estie, as well as his feelings for that b*tch, Rosalie!

The thought of how the five of them were camping happily, the expression on Wendy's face became crazy.

'Btch! Rosalie and Estie, this mother and daughter, are both wretched b tches!

'If it weren't for them, I would've been Mrs. Lawrence long ago!

'I must teach these two sl*ts a good lesson!' 1

This thought made Wendy unconsciously clench the phone so tightly that even her hands trembled.

After a while, Wendy reluctantly put away her thoughts and glanced at her sweaty cell phone. She dialed a number expressionlessly.

After she gave some instructions to the person on the other end, Wendy hung up the phone and got up to go out.

Downstairs, Magdalene saw her daughter come down and was about to call her for breakfast, but her daughter did not seem to hear her voice and went straight out of the front gate.

Magdalene felt a little uneasy in her heart as she looked at her daughter's back.

Wendy coldly started the car and sped toward the agreed meeting place.

On the way, the phone she put aside lit up.

Wendy raised her eyes and glanced at the address sent by a private detective.

After she saw the address, Wendy's frantic look became even more obvious, and the speed of her car increased.

Within half an hour, Wendy's car suddenly stopped at a remote intersection.

Wendy got out of the car, took a small bottle from the man at the intersection, returned to her car, and drove toward the address sent by the private detective.

