

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

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Seeing Lillian standing not far away, Harris quickly stepped on the brakes and opened the door. Zachary moved his legs and strode to Lillian.

"Why are you here?"

Lillian turned around and saw Zachary again after hearing the familiar voice!

A trace of helplessness appeared on her delicate face. "It is not strange for me to be here. But why is Mr. Sinclair here, too?"

"Sure. After all, you are just like the canary raised by Ashton."

Zachary smiled bitterly, with interesting meaning in his eyes and some soreness in his throat.

Seeing the cooperation case in Zachary's hand with gloomy eyes, Lillian smiled. "Mr. Sinclair is always bugging me. So it is for cooperation, right?" She looked at him thoughtfully and slightly teasingly.

"Cooperation is none of your business. But you had better explain to me the hot search."

Zachary stared straight at Lillian with a cold face.

Putting aside her hair from her forehead, Lillian folded her hands on her chest, leaned lazily on the car, and looked at him with interest. "Mr. Sinclair, I almost forgot without you reminding me."

"By the way, I question your vision in choosing women." She smiled. "Go back to tell Beatrice to stop doing these tricks as a clown!"

Zachary was sullen with a gloomy face. "What do you mean?"

"Doesn't Mr. Sinclair know?"

Lillian chuckled, raising her eyebrows. "You should go back to ask Beatrice."

Zachary was a little shocked. "Was the hot search relevant with Beatrice?"

"Well, you are not too stupid." After speaking, Lillian unlocked the car and prepared to take a test drive of her new car. But she was unexpected that Zachary would catch her wrists and press her in front of the car after she turned around.

Zachary was breathing quickly. His handsome face was like an artificial sculpture, sharp and angular. And he was staring straight at her with his deep eyes. With only a few centimeters between them, they even could hear each other's breathing.

Lillian's heartbeat instinctively skipped a beat.

"Lillian, you keep speaking ill of Beatrice. Are you jealous? Or do you regret divorcing me?" Zachary coldly looked at her without any warmth in his eyes. If it weren't for the eyes that reminded her, Lillian might **have** almost lost herself.

Lillian smiled, glancing at the handheld by Zachary

"Mr. Sinclair, anyone will think you still love me after seeing such a scene."

Seeing Lillian's **teasing** eyes, Zachary suddenly withdrew his hand as if he was electrocuted.

Turning **his** back to Lillian, Zachary straightened his clothes. And frowned slightly. “What is wrong with me? Why am I so abnormal?”

Lillian also came back to her senses, breathing in relief. Then, she focused **on** the cooperation **case** in Zachary’s hand once again.

She chuckled **lightly**, “**Mr.** Sinclair, **you** can go back now. The president of **the** Regal Group will not

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see you.”

Hearing her words, Zachary suddenly turned to glare at her. “Well, how did “Do you know the president?”

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