

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

Chapter 12

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Reborn Team **up** with the CEO for Revenge!

Chapter 12 Watch **Your Mouth**

Hearing his sarcastic voice, Lillian leaned back and folded her slender legs together, looking lazy

and noble.

She was a little naughty, full of teasing in her charming eyes. "Are you reluctant to leave me?"

"You're overthinking." Zachary frowned, with his expression changing slightly. Then he picked up the coffee before him, taking a sip.

"Oh?" Lillian changed her posture, holding her forehead with her slender fingers and staring closely at him. "Then I can't understand what Mr. Sinclair was thinking.

"If it is not missing me, what else could it be?"

Lillian was naturally charming, and even different charms of her frown and smile.

With a strange feeling in his mind, Zachary was a guilty look for no reason.

His deep eyes suddenly turned cold for fear that she would find he was abnormal.

"Lillian, why are you narcissistic? Have you not known I never liked you during these years?"

Hearing his words, Lillian was slightly stunned for a moment.

Although she had long since given up the man before, she was aching in her heart as she thought of the past.

But the more was unworthy.

Quickly recovering, Lillian retorted sarcastically, "I know it well. So it is come down for you to make a real effort to meet you."

After finishing this sentence word by word, Lillian was even more bored and disdainful, without any emotion in her eyes.

With anger filling his eyes, Zachary couldn't help tightening his hand on the cup. The sudden ringtone of Lillian's phone interrupted him before he was about to speak.

And the words he wanted to say suddenly got stuck in his throat.

Taking out her phone, Lillian saw the word 'Ashton' on the screen. Then she smiled, the coldness on her face suddenly disappearing.

"Hello?"

"**My** Princess, I come to pick you up for lunch."

Hearing Ashton's words, Lillian couldn't **help** bursting into laughter.

And the lovable and happy expression appeared on her delicate face. "Okay, I'm in Mexic Café." "Wait for me five minutes. **I'll** be there soon!"

"Okay."

Hearing **the** conversations and Ashton's spoiled tone, Zachary's **face** was increasingly gloomy, so the air **almost congealed**.

"**Lillian**, why didn't I know **you were** so dissolute?"

"**I'm really** curious about what **tricks you played** to have hooked Ashton, the director of Fels **Group**."

Zachary said in **a** cold **tone**, **but** a sourness that even **he didn't** notice mingled.

Lillian was angry!

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She could tolerate him humiliating her once or twice but couldn't tolerate more!

"Zachary, watch your mouth! I have divorced you. Even if you found me appearing in someone **else's** bed the next second, you have no right to judge me here!"

"Well, didn't you divorce me? After all, Mr. Sinclair is more powerful. You broke up with your wife without hesitation after Beatrice came back. As far as the means are concerned, who can bear comparison with you?"

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