

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

## Chapter 19

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### Chapter 19 Pole Dance

Hearing everyone's complaints, Zachary, sitting in the corner, turned gloomy and drank all the whiskey in his hand.

However, in the next second, the stage suddenly lit up, and a spotlight shone on the stage curtain. Lillian was wearing a black fringed dance dress. The tight-fitting design wrapped her exquisite and graceful figure. Her snow-white and slender legs were looming in the slit skirt. Lillian smiled. Her brows and eyes looked elegant in motion. Her frown and smile were graceful, her charm was natural, and her every move exuded ultimate temptation.

She hovered on the pole. Her movements followed the music. Her body was light, her arms were as soft as boneless, and her dancing posture was like a blossom, step by step. Every beat was extremely stable.

Those beautiful eyes were so breathtaking that no one could look away!

Zachary frowned slightly and stared at the exquisite woman in front of him for a long time before he realized that this was Lillian!

His thick eyebrows wrinkled rapidly, and he held the wine glass in front of him tightly with his palm.

When did this woman learn how to pole dance?

His eyes turned gloomy, and a man's instinct made it impossible for him to look away. Then, some trivial sounds came.

"Oh my god! Who is she? Her figure is so good!"

“Not only does she have a good figure, but her dancing is also amazing! It’s completely different from the previous pole dancing. It’s simply a work of art!”

“That’s right! I would spend all my money if I could get a woman like this!”

“You’re daydreaming. If I could just say a word to her, I would trade it with ten years of my life!” Zachary kept hearing those compliments. He looked at Lillian, who was releasing her charm on the stage. His deep eyes now glowing with cold light, like unmelted glaciers in Antarctica. Zachary felt strange in his heart for some reason. As Lillian finished dancing, he threw the wine glass vigorously on the table, got up, and walked in her direction.

Unexpectedly, Lillian was blocked by the gangster, Brad, when she just stepped down to the stage. Brad had a wretched look on his face. He held a wine glass, looking up and down at Lillian with a squinting look. His fat and flushed face showed that he was drunk.

“Beauty, I didn’t expect you to dance so well! Are you a new pole dancer?”

Lillian stepped back, distanced herself from him, and smiled. “I’m just an amateur. Meeting customers’ needs has been **the** purpose of our Moonlight Club all along. Just have fun.”

Lillian finished **this** sentence calmly and politely.

But who would have thought that after Brad drank all the wine in his hand, he **joked** and said, “**Beauty, since you** said so, how about **going** to have a drink with me?”

Lillian frowned **slightly**. It turned out that this person was here to cause **trouble!**

“Sorry, we **don’t** have that kind of service in our club,” Lillian’s face turned gloomy, **her**

**Brad** directly **grabbed** Lillian’s **arm**, “That’s not up to you!”

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**eyes cold.**

“Get your dirty **hands off!**” At that moment, the man’s deep voice came from behind Lillian!

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