

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

Chapter 21

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Chapter 21 **Deliberately Approaching Me?**

"You!" Zachary's chest felt a little clogged.

Soon, Donny carefully brought over a full glass of Bloody Mary.

Lillian took a sip and shook it at Zachary. "You are not my husband now. Whether I drink, dance, or find a man, it has nothing to do with you!"

Zachary looked at Lillian with a complicated expression. At this moment, in this bustling club, he clearly realized for the first time that he had really lost Lillian.

But he naturally refused to admit it and sneered and taunted, "Are you so willing to degenerate?"

Lillian's eyes were already tinged with drunkenness. She wagged her finger and shook her head. "Stop provoking me! You don't deserve to care or discuss whether I am degenerated. If you care

about me..."

She stood up, slowly leaned over to Zachary, and stretched out her hand to touch Zachary's chin. Her voice was hoarse. "If you care about me, you will be just like me for the past three years. You are a bitch!"

The distance between the two was only a stone's throw away, and when they were talking, Lillian's breath hit Zachary's face in longer or shorter intervals.

Her bright red lips almost touched Zachary's cold face. After speaking, she picked up the Bloody Mary and fed the remaining drink to Zachary, with bright red lip marks on the glass.

Zachary frowned but did not avoid it.

She smiled and fed all the remaining drink to Zachary, then dropped the glass and clapped her hands like a child.

“Haha! I hope that you and Beatrice will never separate! You two scumbags are a perfect match!” She looked at Zachary hatefully and said the cruelest words in the most innocent tone as much as possible.

Zachary looked at her steadily for a while. In just a few moments, he thought a lot.

Beatrice was fragile and needed support and comfort.

Lillian, who was charming and powerful, had a heroic style, and her life experience was a mystery. The CEO of the Regal Group behind her and the owner of this club both treated her with the utmost respect.

She covered

up too much and remained mysterious, which was indeed suspicious.

Lowering his head, Zachary picked up the remaining wine on the table one by one, drinking it in one gulp each time.

There were wine glasses scattered on the table. Zachary wiped the corners of his mouth and straightened his tie. “Thank you for your blessing. I’m leaving!”

When he reached the door, he stopped. After struggling for a while, he turned his head and spoke with a warning, “Don’t slander Beatrice through public opinions anymore, let alone do anything to

hurt her.”

Lillian leaned lazily **on** the **chair** as if drunk from the drink.

Her **eyes** were slightly lowered, and her curly hair lay on her cheeks, making her even more beautiful.

“Did **you hear me?**” Zachary had a bad **temper** for some reason.

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She lay **lazily** and blinked her long eyelashes after a long time. “Oh, I didn’t **hear** that.”

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