

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 10 -

Chapter 10

Standing on the rooftop, Jane's arms were **crossed**, and her gaze was cold and indifferent, as she **adopted** an official tone. "Did the **CEO** bring me here to discuss a contract?"

Drake was convinced that **Jane** was dead, and he had even visited her grave several times.

Naturally, she wouldn't be foolish enough to reveal her identity.

"You are Jane," he stated, not asking but affirming.

Jane's pupils contracted for a moment, but she quickly regained her composure. With delicate makeup on her small face, she replied, "Yes, I am Jane. Does the mighty Mr Bentley know me?"

Drake's hand beside him clenched tightly, the veins on his temples bulging. He suppressed his anger with a deep voice.

"And you're still pretending now?"

He slammed his fist into the wall, and the metallic smell of blood filled the air. Suddenly, he approached Jane, his pitch-black eyes tinged with red, questioning, "Jane, how are you still alive?"

As she took a step back, Jane's heart was pounding in her chest.

As she lowered her gaze, her expression turned solemn and brooding.

So what? Shouldn't she be alive?

Shouldn't she have died five years ago?

Then, she lifted her head expressionlessly, locking eyes with the man. Her voice was calm yet razor-sharp, "Drake, do you know how much I've wanted to kill you every minute of these past five years?"

Drake was already aware of the truth. She could finally drop the charade.

“Drake, every scene from five years ago replays in my mind every night. I thought that by escaping from you, I would find relief, but that’s not the case!” Jane clenched her teeth tightly, speaking in a calm tone.

“You brought it upon yourself back then! It was your calculated scheme to frame Annie. You wanted to be by my side, and I granted your wish!” Drake looked at Jane, expressionless and indifferent, feeling lost for a moment. Jane’s transformation hit him all at once he finally understood that she was no longer under **his sway**.

“Heh...” Jane sneered, acknowledging that it was all her own doing. “I wish you and her a hundred years of happiness. Don’t bother me anymore. I have my own life and no spare energy to **deal with** you.”

Drake’s **anger** simmered as he grabbed Jane’s arm **just** as she was about to **leave**, **suppressing** his frustration as he spoke in a **measured tone**.

“**Go see** Zac. He **really misses you**.”

“**Go see** Zac?” Jane’s eyes were filled with irony, “**Why** should I go **see the child you had** with

Annie?”

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the looked at him, **her eyes** flashing **daggers**, “**Drake, do you really think everyone has to obey you?** I am no **longer** the Jane from five **years ago**.”

“Jane, are you okay?” **Jasper** panted heavily as he approached Jane and naturally **held** her hand, his **gaze** glaring at Drake.

“I’m fine. **Let’s** go.” Perhaps as a form of retaliation from within, Jane **didn’t** shake off Jasper’s hand but turned around and walked away.

Drake furrowed his brows as he watched Jane and another man leaving together, his **heart** feeling a slight pang for the first time in years. But it quickly returned to normal.

Back at the Bentleys' villa, Dr Harrington heard the sound of a car horn outside the door and hurried to the entrance. **He** saw Drake getting out of the car and going straight into the house without anyone else behind him. Dr Harrington frowned, "Drake, what's going on? Where's the pretty teacher you went **out** looking **for**?"

As Drake glanced at Dr Harrington, his eyes betrayed **a** coldness **that** sent chills down his spine.

Dr Harrington shivered but continued, "What kind of person couldn't even be persuaded by you personally? Also, Zac didn't **see** anyone today and kept complaining! The fever is getting worse now."

"Why aren't you treating him then? Did I bring you here to eat for free?" Drake exuded a low pressure, grabbing Dr Harrington's collar directly, his eyes filled with killing intent.

Dr Harrington remained unperturbed and spoke calmly, "Drake, get it straight. Your son has a heart condition, and I'm just a doctor. I'm not a psychiatrist."

The next day, Jane carried the garbage out and as soon as she opened the door, she saw a tall figure standing outside. She frowned and instinctively tried to close the door, but the man moved quickly, and in an instant, the door was blocked by a pair of black shoes. No matter how hard Jane tried, she couldn't close it.

She clenched her fingers, anger evident on her clean face. Worried about disturbing Zane and Zoe, she lowered her voice.

"Drake! What do you want? I've already told you, I won't go see Zac. You and Annie are his parents. As parents, you should be **able** to handle your own problems. What can an outsider like me do?"

"Jane, **don't** push me." Drake's patience was gradually wearing thin.

Jane had changed a lot in the past **five** years; she was now rebellious and untamed, which he never expected.

"You should think about yourself and also think about your two children!" The **key** piece of evidence came from Matthew **in** the form of a clue.

Drake clenched his teeth, his **anger** gradually emanating. Jane was **his** woman, **after** all! **Yet** she dared to **secretly give** birth to a pair of twins with another man **behind his back!**

“Drake, you’re despicable!” Jane’s action of pushing against the **door** halted. **She never** **expected Drake to stoop** so low **and** resort to **such despicable tactics.**

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Drake let **out a** cold laugh, his pitch–black **pupils devoid** of warmth. **The** corners of his **mouth** lifted, and a chilling intent **flickered** in **his eyes.** “Jane, you’ve **been** by **my** side **for so** many years. You should have known my methods. **Don’t** let your stubbornness make your children **pay** the **price** for you!”

Jane tightened her **fingers**, her knuckles turning white. She suppressed her anger deep within **and** opened **the door** to **face** Drake directly. “Drake, you’re truly despicable.”

“I’m despicable?” Drake’s mouth curled into a cold smile. The black shirt he wore made him appear distant from human emotions, exuding a chilling aura. Suddenly, he grabbed both of Jane’s hands and effortlessly restrained her. “Jane, I advise you not to challenge my patience!”

Inside the room, Zane was playing with robots alongside Zoe. When he saw the text message from mommy on his smartwatch, his little eyebrows furrowed.

“Sis, I’ll go to the bathroom first. You stay in the room and don’t come out.” After speaking, Zane opened the door and tiptoed to the living room.

He was too mature for his age and understood Jane very well. Under normal circumstances, mommy would have come to call them to wash their hands and eat by this time, but today it took her so long just to take out the trash. Mommy must have encountered something.

As expected, a fierce argument suddenly erupted outside the door. Zane frowned, and a sense of maturity and composure not typical of his age appeared on his chubby face.

He stood on tiptoe and carefully opened a slit in the door.

Outside, the man and mommy were standing face to face. The man had a gloomy expression, a touch of darkness between his brows. “Jane, I’ll give you five million as a monthly salary to be Zac’s private tutor.”

“Say it as many times as you want, I won’t teach your child!”

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