

# Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 11 -

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## Chapter 11

The Jane from five years ago had undergone a profound transformation. Jane's current life included her two children, Zane and Zoe, who brought her a sense of renewal.

Even after five years, she couldn't bring herself to set foot in the place that felt like the worst years of her life.

Drake looked at the current Jane, her eyes cold and devoid of the previous gentle and virtuous demeanour. He suddenly felt a twinge of pain in his heart.

Narrowing his eyes, he opened them again, resembling an awakened beast.

He exuded an oppressive aura, threateningly saying, "Jane, don't forget, you are still my wife. We are legally married. Do you think the accusation of adultery within the marriage will bring you and your children any good?"

After Jane died five years ago, Drake had never gone through the formalities to dissolve their marriage. Later, due to being too busy with work, he had forgotten about it, never expecting it would come in handy now.

Jane's pupils shrank, biting her lower lip tightly, her eyes filled with anger.

She never expected Drake to play this card!

And to threaten her with such despicable means!

Anger surged through her entire body, but suddenly she laughed, her laughter trembling like a blossoming flower, yet her voice was icy cold. "Drake, aren't you afraid that Annie will know everything?"

Drake's lips curled slightly as he calmly unbuttoned the first button of his shirt, and said leisurely, "Do you think I should be afraid?"

“Then aren’t you afraid that I’ll also go after your child? We can go down together in flames!”

“Feel free to try. I won’t stop you.”

Truly a lunatic!

Jane squinted her eyes, took a deep breath, and dug her nails into her palms to prevent herself from erupting.

Drake lit a cigarette, his eyes dim and unclear as he silently looked at Jane.

Then, he took a **step** forward and **hoarsely** said, “Jane, go and tutor Zac. You have only one night. If I don’t see **you** tomorrow, you will exactly of what **I** am capable of.”

**His body** approached, his face **aggressively** almost touching Jane’s forehead.

**Jane stared back** at him **with** bloodshot eyes, anger surging within her.

“**Drake**, five years have **passed**, and you’re **still** shamelessly **despicable! Besides threatening** people, what else **are you capable of?**”

**Drake** showed no signs of **anger**. **He took a few steps** back, **casually adjusted his** cuffs, **raised** an **arrogant** eyebrow, and **chuckled**, “I’m a businessman. **As long as I achieve my**

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goals, it’s enough.”

The familiar **scent** of mint **and** a hint **of tobacco lingered** in the air between **them**. **Jane’s back** was **already** against the wall.

**Having** liked Drake for so many **years**, **Jane** knew his character well. If **she truly disagreed**, he would definitely stop **at** nothing.

Five years had passed, and she had become a stronger and more confident woman who wouldn’t be bullied.

She took a deep breath and said coldly and fiercely, "I can agree to your request, but you must also agree to my conditions. Otherwise, I won't hold back, and we'll go down together in flames!"

Drake lowered his gaze, making it difficult to discern his thoughts. After a long pause, he spoke softly, "What are your conditions?"

"First, I will only teach for three months. As for what your son will become during and after my tenure, it will depend on his own fate. Second, whether it's during my employment or after it ends, you must not disturb me or my family's life in any way. Our relationship is strictly limited to employer and employee. Third, all of this must **be** clearly stated in the contract, written in black and white, with two copies!"

Jane struggled to finish stating these conditions, for some reason, she always felt an inexplicable fear in front of this man. But she was worried **that** Drake would go back on his word, so she had to make secure preparations.

Drake's eyes flickered with a cold light as he listened to Jane's conditions, making him seem as though he could consume life itself.

But in just a moment, his clenched fist suddenly relaxed, his lips curled upward, and his tone was incredibly cold, "Alright."

"And you must not send anyone to monitor me and my pupil, even if I haven't noticed!" Jane suddenly thought **of** something and frowned at Drake.

Drake's brows furrowed even more intensely.

He didn't **expect** Jane to say such words.

In the past, wasn't Jane obedient to his every command?

Thinking about Zac still running a high fever at home, Drake's icy eyes revealed a hint of concern. Finally, he nodded, his voice still as cold as ice, "I will send someone to pick you up tomorrow."

"**Now** that the time has **been** set, **Mr** Bentley, please leave. No need to escort me," Jane said calmly and expressionlessly.

However, **as** soon as Drake left, Jane suddenly slid down the wall to the **ground**.

She held her head, **tears** falling involuntarily.

**The scenes from** five years **ago** kept playing **in** her mind.

**Why!**

**Why!**

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Mr Warner. **Your** Ex-wife is

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**Why**, after so **many years**, was **Drake** still **not** letting her **go**?

**Worried that her children** would come out and see her in this ghostly state, Jane quickly **wiped away her tears** and took **the trash** downstairs.

**Due** to her constantly high-strung nerves, she didn't notice that her own door was **slightly ajar**.

**After** Jane left, Zane **finally** closed the door. However, his brows were filled with anger, and his small **face** was expressionless.

This scumbag father had a child with another woman, which was bad enough! But he didn't even want to divorce Mommy. Moreover, he used this matter to threaten Mommy, making her go and be a private tutor for his child with another woman!

Zane angrily returned to his room and locked the door behind him. Then, he skillfully turned on the computer.

He opened a black and minimalist interface and manipulated the computer with an expressionless face, watching the blinking red dot on the screen. Zane's eyes grew colder and colder.

After fifteen minutes, he copied his scumbag father's whereabouts to his smartwatch.

Just then, he heard the sound of the doorknob turning. Zane quickly switched the page to a cartoon and turned to look at the person, sighing in relief.

“Brother, why don’t you turn on the lights?” Zoe turned on the lights while holding a robot model, then sat down next to Zane.

They had been playing with robots together in her room. But when Zane didn’t return after so long, she felt bored, so she came to his room to find him.

“It doesn’t create the right atmosphere with the lights on.” Although Zane had a cold personality, he was patient with Zoe. **“Are you hungry?”**

“Yes.” Zoe rubbed her stomach. “Mommy is making noodles in the kitchen. She said she’ll be in the living room in ten minutes.”

Thinking about Jane, a layer of frost covered Zane’s pupils.

**If** it wasn’t for them, Mommy wouldn’t have been manipulated by the scumbag father!

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