

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 12 -

Mr Warner Your Exa

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Chapter 12

The next day, before dawn, Jane was preparing breakfast **in** the kitchen when she **heard a knock at the** door.

You guys are a bit too early,” **Jane’s** calm tone was mixed with anger. Three **well-dressed** men stood at the door. There was no need to guess; they were obviously sent by Drake.

‘I apologise, **Ms Bentley**. Our young master requests your presence now. Are you **ready to go?**’ **The** leader of the men in the grey suit asked politely.

Jane glanced at him and then at the two tall men behind him. This wasn’t an invitation; it **was** a blatant threat!

‘At least let me finish making breakfast for my children!’ Jane showed no weakness. Regardless **of** who it was, no one was allowed to affect her two treasures.

The two tall men were about to take action, but the man in the **grey** suit raised his hand to stop them.

Jane hurriedly finished making breakfast and went to the bedroom to talk to her two children.

“Mommy has some work to take care of at the company today, so I might come back very late. You two go to sleep early at home and don’t wait for Mommy to come back, okay?”

Upon hearing this, Zane squeezed Jane’s hand. He knew that Mommy was definitely going to the scumbag father’s house to be a private tutor for the child he had with another

woman.

Zoe didn't know the details but nodded obediently, "Okay, Mommy, you should try to come back early."

Jane touched Zoe's head, her eyes filled with tenderness, and her voice was incredibly gentle, "Don't worry, my baby."

She then touched Zane's fluffy head, "Mommy won't be home, so take care of your sister."

Zane usually didn't like others touching his head, but he oddly felt comfortable when Mommy did it. He nodded expressionlessly.

After instructing her two children, Jane followed the three men in suits.

As soon as she got into the car, Jane felt the air pressure drop. Subconsciously, she looked to her **side**. There were long legs and a cold profile. Drake sat with his hands clasped together and his **eyes** closed.

"So, he came too." Jane looked at the man who seemed as **cold** as ice and instinctively moved away.

"Drive."

With Drake's command, **the** luxurious **and** imposing Rolls-Royce smoothly started and gradually **accelerated** forward.

Throughout the **journey**, Drake did not **utter** a **single** word. The **spacious** cabin **was** so quiet that **you** could **hear** a pin drop, and **the** stifling **atmosphere** **was** suffocating.

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Jane touched her **slightly** throbbing temple, **hugged** her arms **tightly**, and **turned** her head **to** look **at** the **scenery** outside the window, which was moving **backward**.

Despite the blazing summer **day**, she **felt** a bit cold.

Twenty minutes later, the Rolls-Royce came to a steady stop, and the assistant **respectfully** said, "**Mr Bentley**, we have arrived."

“Hmm.” The man slowly opened his previously closed black eyes, resembling an awakened lion.

Jane flung open the car door, got out, and headed straight for the entrance.

“Teacher Bentley.” Miss Lea hurried over when she heard the car horn.

She took two pairs of slippers from the shoe rack and meekly placed one pair in front of Jane.

She knew who Jane was. **For** the past few days, Zac’s high fever had not subsided due to missing Jane.

After working in the Bentleys for so many years, Miss Lea had never seen such an impressive woman. Not only did she make the mischievous young heir obedient, but she even had to be personally invited several times before returning.

Jane nodded and changed her shoes, saying, “Thank you.”

She hadn’t been inside for long when a man wearing a black suit entered from outside, exuding a cold aura and a restless expression on his face.

“Drake, Zac’s fever still hasn’t subsided.” Miss Lea looked concerned. Zac was raised by her since he was young, and although others said he had a mischievous nature, he never showed any disobedience to her.

“Alright, you go rest,” Drake put on slippers and frowned.

“Jane?” Dr Harrington had just removed the intravenous drip from Zac when he

encountered Jane, who was wearing a white shirt and denim shorts. He instinctively took a step back and swallowed, “Are you a ghost or a human?”

Jane took a step forward, a teasing smile playing at the corner of her mouth. “Dare I say it. you’re one brave soul, eh?”

Dr Harrington was Drake’s brother and the family doctor. Five years ago, when she was confined to a room by Drake, Dr Harrington had taken care of her during all her illnesses, big and small.

“Don’t talk nonsense!” Realising how embarrassing he was, Dr Harrington stood up straight, pretending to adjust **his** cuffs. He cleared his throat and said, “So, **you’re** the family tutor who **caused** the young heir to have a fever?”

Jane didn’t expect Zac to have a **fever**. Her heart twitched inexplicably for a moment, **but** she quickly **calmed** down and **lightly** parted her red lips. “That’s **right, it’s** me.”

“**Where have** you **been** these past few years...?”

Dr Harrington wanted to continue the conversation, but suddenly **felt the** air around him turn cold. It was as if a penetrating **gaze** was fixed **on him**. He **instinctively** raised his **eyes**

and saw a tall **man** standing not far away.

You two can continue talking. I’ll leave first to avoid someone getting jealous!
” **Dr**

Harrington chuckled awkwardly, rubbing **his** chin, and inexplicably winked at Drake before quickly leaving.

Jane understood what Dr Harrington meant, but she found it irritating. After asking **Miss** **ea** where **Zac’s** room was, she went straight upstairs.

Drake was about to follow, but Dr Harrington held him back. “Drake, let Jane and Zac be

alone for a while.”

The man’s eyes darkened, a gloomy expression on his face. He took out a cigarette from the

case and lit it, sitting motionless on the sofa. His cold gaze swept over Dr Harrington, who was sitting on the other side, and his voice turned icy.

‘Aren’t you leaving yet?’”

Dr Harrington suddenly shivered, raising an eyebrow as he looked at the restrained man **in** front of him. “What’s the matter? Did you get beaten by Jane and want to take it out on **me**?

won’t take the blame for that!”

Drake raised his hand and pinched his furrowed brow, his low voice turning even colder. ‘Get lost!’

Dr Harrington quickly stood up. “Hmph, still as stubborn as five years ago!”

‘What are you saying?’ Drake pressed down on his throbbing veins, glaring fiercely at Dr Harrington.

“Nothing.” After saying that, Dr Harrington swiftly ran away.

On the other side, upon hearing the sound outside the door, Zac hurriedly climbed onto the bed and covered himself with the blanket.

When Jane entered, he purposely furrowed his brow, his tone filled with disdain. “What are you doing here?”

Jane saw Zac’s expression of both grievance and feigned indifference. But instead of responding immediately, she sat on the edge of the bed and pointed at the two upturned slippers, letting out a light laugh with an exceptionally serious tone.

“Oh, Miss Lea is really careless. She just casually placed your slippers like this?”

Zac followed Jane’s gaze and glanced over. Jane withdrew her gaze and chuckled softly “Aren’t you having a headache? Let me see if you still have a fever.”

Jane reached out to touch Zac’s forehead. Zac furrowed his brow and spoke with disdain, “Don’t touch me!”

Despite his attempts to hide his emotions, his body betrayed him and leaned towards Jane.

Jane was **already** familiar with Zac’s haughty personality from their previous interaction. But seeing Zac, who complained while appearing serious, she couldn’t **help but curl up the** corners of her mouth.

“Get away, **don’t** stay in my **house!** **You** don’t keep **your** promises. **You** said **you** would be my teacher, **but you** ran away when I came **out!** I know I’ve driven away many teachers

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before, but I really like...”

Zac couldn't bring himself to say the last few words and pouted **his small** mouth.

Jane had run **away on** her **own that day**, so she definitely didn't like him. **This** was a fact **that Zac had** been unwilling to admit these past few **days** but couldn't come up **with** any **other reasons**.

Looking at **Zac's** pouting face, Jane couldn't help but tap his little head gently, her heart softening. “**I** will be your family tutor for three months, but you can't be as mischievous **as** before. You must listen to me.”

As soon as the words fell, Zac's eyes instantly lit up, and he asked excitedly, “Really?”

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