

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 13 -

11.5%

Chapter 13

Feeling that he had **been** too excited and had **damaged** his own image, he cleared his throat and his little **face** returned to its expressionless state. "I understand."

Jane didn't **expect** Zac to have two **different** faces, but she quickly realised **that** it was **because** he lacked love that he displayed such a dominant demeanor, which made her feel a bit sorry for him deep down.

"**You focus** on getting better first. I'll take your leave for now." Jane tucked in Zac, her face filled with tenderness.

Zac held onto Jane's hand, reluctant to let go, but his tone was haughty. "You are the woman **I've** set my sights on. Since you've agreed, you must come, but you can't go back on your word again!"

Zac couldn't shake off the memory of the beautiful teacher who promised to stay but vanished suddenly, so he feared that history would repeat itself.

"All right, I know." Jane couldn't help but laugh, patting Zac's head before leaving.

She **went** downstairs and found that Dr Harrington was no longer in the living room. Drake, however, was sitting on the sofa in a black shirt, with two buttons undone, revealing his s*xxy collarbone.

Jane reached into her bag and pulled out the contract that she had prepared earlier.

"This is a three-month contract. **If** I might trouble you, Mr Bentley, please sign it here." The kindness and sophistication that once radiated from Jane's expression had disappeared, replaced by an icy aloofness. With a quick motion of her slender fingers, she indicated the spot where he should sign his name.

A strange emotion flickered in Drake's heart. His handsome face remained cold, his voice low and icy. "How have you been these past **few** years?"

To him, it was evident that Jane had evolved considerably. **Her face** remained unchanged, but everything else had undergone a complete metamorphosis.

"It probably has nothing to do with you, Mr Bentley."

Jane's eyes narrowed and turned icy as she met the man's dark, chilling gaze. Her mouth may have curled up, but there was a frigid atmosphere around her

Raising an eyebrow, she deftly steered the conversation in a different direction.

"I **hope Mr** Bentley hasn't forgotten what we discussed before. We **are** only in an employer–**employee** relationship."

Despite **his** smile, a hint **of** sadness flickered in Drake's **eyes**. Jane's cold and distant behaviour made it abundantly clear where they stood in their relationship, and he should have felt a **sense** of contentment. But he couldn't shake **off** the heavy feeling **of** pain in his **heart**.

Despite the circumstances, he **managed** to uphold his **superior** demeanour, and his handsome **face betrayed** no emotion, **while his voice remained** steady and **calm**.

"**That** would be for the best."

11:37

Mr. Warner, **Your** Ex wife is Brilliant

11.8%

He signed the **document with** swift and **precise** movements.

Jane **didn't linger** for long, **either**. **After** putting away the contract, she left the **Bentleys' villa**.

Even a **second longer** in **Drake's presence** was unbearable for her, as she felt a strong **sense of repulsion**.

ane **walked** out of the **villa's** gate, **oblivious** to the little child peeking out from behind a nearby **tree**. **His** small, round face betrayed a hint of childishness, despite his indifferent expression.

He had silently crouched by the living room window earlier and observed the entire interaction between his mother and worthless father.

He didn't expect his worthless father to be **so** obviously despicable. Not only did he show no remorse in front of his mommy, but he also acted superior!

As a result, Zane's heart ached even more for his mommy.

He planned to go in and personally teach his worthless father a lesson.

He sneaked into the villa and, within half an hour, thoroughly familiarised himself with the layout of each room.

As the mischievous child **stood** outside, he couldn't help but think about his father sitting upstairs in the study, completely unaware that the servant who was meant to bring coffee had been lured away by the sound of the doorbell.

He concealed himself in a quiet corner, waited for the servant to depart, then hurried to the kitchen to mix various condiments into the prepared coffee.

Three minutes later, Miss Lea returned and unknowingly carried the coffee upstairs.

Ten, nine, eight...

Zane silently counted in his mind, a slow smile forming at the corner of his mouth. A triumphant expression appeared in his innocent, large eyes.

Three, two, one, go.

With a look of urgency, Drake set aside his notebook and made a beeline for the bathroom, his face turning grim. Subsequently, the sound of retching echoed through the bathroom.

walls.

He **was** just a child, after all, with innocence in his eyes. Seeing his worthless father suffer, **Zane** couldn't help but laugh, clutching his stomach.

But just as he was about to slip out the front door, **he** was stopped by a young voice.

“Who are you? How did you end up in our house?”

Zane paused for **a** moment, turned slightly, and saw a child about his height looking at him with a cold, **gloomy** expression, hands **in his pockets**.

Was **this** the child **his** worthless father had with another woman? Did **his worthless father** force **his** mommy **because** of him?

Hmph! Thinking this, Zane clenched **his** little **fists**.

He lifted his chin, glaring at **Zac** with **fierce** eyes, and **confidently** said, “I’m the servant’s

11-17

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

12.0%

child!”

Confirm whether it’s... [\[email protected\]](#)

“**Oh? Is that so?** Then why haven’t I seen you before?” Zac’s gaze was **cold**, **unyielding**. “Then **go** make a **cup of** hot **coffee** for me.”

Zac felt **that** Zane **was** somewhat off, but **he** couldn’t pinpoint exactly what was **wrong**. He had no choice but to instruct Zane to fetch him something.

Zane reluctantly headed to the kitchen, forcing himself to appear calm and collected

Not long after, **he** came **back**, and Zac could smell the rich aroma of hot coffee wafting towards him.

Zac didn't expect **Zane** to act so quickly and stared at him suspiciously. "You didn't use instant coffee, did you?"

"No," Zane quickly replied.

"Then take a sip first," Zac ordered.

Zane rolled his eyes and took a small sip before handing it to Zac.

"Take it, I won't drink something others have touched!" Zac pushed it away with a disgusted expression.

"I could tell just **by** smelling it that you used instant **coffee!** Tell me, who is your mother? I'm going to fire her for raising such a dishonest child!"

Zac was particular about the taste of his coffee and always had it manually ground by Miss Lea. He wrinkled his nose at the smell and realised that something was off.

Zane frowned, feeling displeased.

He had inherited his father's worthless traits, and now he tormented people like this.

"If you don't like it, then make it yourself," Zane retorted disdainfully.

Zac stood up angrily. "What do you mean? You made a mistake and yet you act so self-righteous? **Tell** me, who **is** your mother? Who let you in here?"

Upon hearing this, Zane's expressionless face showed a hint of apology, although his eyes remained cold.

"Don't be angry. I'll go make another cup."

After saying that, Zane picked up the coffee on the table and ran back to the kitchen, silently mocking Zac's theatrics in his mind.

Isn't instant coffee still coffee? **His** demands were too much!

He suddenly **felt** sorry for the servants in the Bentleys. They had to serve such an irritable child. But he also felt fortunate that his mommy had left the **Bentleys** back then. Otherwise, she would definitely be suffering from their mistreatment now.

In the kitchen, he poured all the instant **coffee** from the cup into the sink, preparing to do the same trick again.

But then he thought, **if** that drama **queen** got sick from drinking **it**, maybe **his** mommy would suffer too. So he **gave up** on adding anything **to** it.

11:37

1. Warner Van Bo della in

illiant

12.39%

being so don

offee, right?

Whether it... jammark3481@g

simply make him a **cup** of

With this in mind, **he** carefully scooped a **spoonful** of hand-ground **coffee** into the cup, then **added several** spoonfuls of **coffee powder**. **After a thorough** stirring, **he carried the coffee to**

the living room.

he aroma of the **coffee** wafted out, and Zac squinted his eyes, enjoying **the scent**.

he took a big sip, but **in** the next moment, he spit it all out.

Have you **lost** your mind?"

11:17

(

