

## Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 14 -

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### Chapter 14

**Zac's face** contorted **with anger** as he threw the cup to **the** ground with **force**.

His small **face** wrinkled up, and the tender features seemed to spell out a word—**suffering!**

**He** was **already** irritable, but being fooled by a child twice made his temper boil over.

Zane **was** ecstatic inside, **but** his aggrieved little face twisted into a knot, appearing very **sad**. 'I'm sorry, it's my fault. I accidentally shook my hand when I added the coffee just now.'

Having just recovered from the chaos, Drake opened the bathroom door and found himself face-to-face with the unexpected scene.

"What's **the** matter?" he asked, his voice dropping to a low, cold tone as he frowned.

Seeing the man's **face**, Zane clenched his fist in anger, but he was good at controlling his facial expressions. Although he was clearly furious, he appeared extremely wronged at the

moment.

Trembling, he spoke with a pitiful tone, "It's all my fault. I accidentally put too much coffee, causing him to drink bitter coffee."

He seemed genuinely remorseful.

Zac, who was in an angry state, was slightly taken aback, and an inexplicable softness filled his heart. He opened **his** mouth, turned **his** head away, and his soft **voice**, although cold, became much gentler.

“I forgive you.”

Drake witnessed this scene and raised an unexpected eyebrow.

Although he had been busy with work and sometimes neglected Zac’s upbringing, as a father, he knew his son better than anyone else.

Now he could actually let it go. Who was this child? He felt so unfamiliar.

“Who **are** you?” Drake sat down next to Zac, furrowing his brows.

“I am the nanny’s son. It’s my first time here today, so I’m not very familiar with the place.”

Despite the disgust he felt, Zane politely responded while looking at the person with disdain in his eyes.

Seeing Zane, Drake unexpectedly felt a sense of familiarity in his heart. He only thought that this child was about the same age **as** Zac, so he sympathised a little, but he didn’t think much of it. He raised his lips and asked, “Who is your mother?”

Zane’s breathing quickened as a sudden wave **of** panic hit him. Since it was his first day at the villa, he had no way of knowing the names of the other people there.

But his **scumbag** father had been staring at him with a strange look all along. He instinctively spoke, “Um, the person who brought you the **coffee just now**.”

**Miss Lea?**

**Drake’s face immediately darkened.**

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**“So, you played a trick with the coffee?”**

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I was wrong. I didn’t know that was the coffee meant for you. I just thought it would be fun...”

Zane nervously apologised, his big eyes looking at Drake with a mix of fear and sincerity, his little hands tightly clasped together in anxiety.

Drake looked at his flickering big eyes and inexplicably felt annoyed. He was reminded of that woman; their eyes were so similar. When he had interrogated her about why she harmed Annie, she had also looked at him with the same fear and sincerity.

“Alright, hurry home now. Don’t play pranks again next time!” Drake said irritably.

“Thank you, thank you. I promise there won’t be a next time.” Zane slipped out of the Bentleys’ villa as if granted amnesty. And in his heart, he was truly convinced that there wouldn’t be a next time because next time, he would find a different way to teach that scumbag of a father a lesson!

Seeing that his dad had let the kid go so easily after being pranked by him as well, Zac felt unwilling and shouted at the security guards to stop Zane.

But before he could finish shouting, Drake sternly stopped him.

“Zac!”

Drake’s voice was cold, low, and unquestionable.

No matter how rebellious Zac was, he knew that Drake was truly angry this time.

He snorted angrily and went back to his room, slamming the door shut.

Drake returned to the study with a furrowed brow. He had intended to continue dealing with his work, but he couldn’t get the image of the child from earlier out of his mind.

As he pondered, he suddenly felt that something was off.

Miss Lea’s child?

He remembered that Miss Lea had once told him she only had one daughter, and she lived in the countryside.

Then **who** was **that** child?!

Bang!

**Drake** slammed his fist hard on the **table**. “Bring me the surveillance footage immediately!”

The housekeeper promptly understood and immediately retrieved the surveillance footage. However, **all** they could see was a series **of** black screens. On top of them, four big characters were flashing:

Unfaithful and shallow!

The **housekeeper’s expression** was **guilty** as she looked at Drake. Drake’s **face** was **so gloomy** that it **looked** like a dark cloud hovering **over** him.

**Meanwhile, on the other** side, **Zane**, who believed **he** had **returned** triumphantly, went back to his apartment **after** gathering some information. **His** original plan was **to** enter **discreetly**, **but** the **sight of** Jane sitting on **the sofa**, **looking** straight at him, made him **freeze**.

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**Mommy...**”

**Guilt washed over Zane** as he **stood** at **the** door, causing him to hesitate **before finally** **unning over**.

The sun had long set, and the sky outside was now a deep shade of black.

At the sight of Zane coming home, Jane’s tension melted away, but she still wore an unpleasant expression.

She had come back home wanting to see if her two little darlings were sleeping soundly. However, Zoe was snoring away, but there was no trace of Zane. She

He asked Jasper, but he wasn't with him either, which made her even more worried. She was on the verge of calling the police.

'Where were you?' Jane had a dark face, and her gaze was cold. It wasn't that she

deliberately put on such a fierce appearance, but in recent years, human traffickers had been rampant, and she couldn't help but worry.

Zane felt a bit guilty, recalling the hurt in her voice. He had always been brave, but when it came to Jane, he was terrified. His young and tender features were marked with a hint of apology as he ran up to Jane.

"Mummy, I'm sorry for making you worry. I just couldn't resist my craving for ice cream,

so..."

"

Zane produced an ice cream from behind his back as he spoke. The tears threatened to spill over from his big, shimmering eyes as he looked pitiful.

Fortunately, on his way back, worried that Mummy would be angry, Zane bought some ice cream, intending to deceive her.

Jane finally let out a faint sigh of relief but still had a stern face. Her voice was serious as she taught him, "If you want to eat ice cream in the future and Mummy isn't at home, call Uncle Jasper and ask him to accompany you. You're still so young, and if something dangerous happens when you're out alone, what will Mummy do?"

"I understand." Zane pouted and sat next to Jane.

Just then, the doorbell suddenly rang urgently.

Jane glanced at the sulky Zane, stood up, and walked towards the door. When she opened it, Jasper's anxious and flamboyant voice sounded.

"Janey, have you found Zane?"

Zane, sitting on the sofa, frowned even more.

It was bad enough that he was pursuing his mommy with a flamboyant demeanor, but now he was using the excuse of being worried about him to chase after **his** mommy.

**Zane** held a **deep-seated** disdain for Jasper.

“Found **him.**” Jane **gave** Zane a stern look. She didn’t **expect** this guy to be eating **ice** cream. **She** had been so **worried** about him!

Jasper also **breathed a** sigh of **relief** and lowered his **voice**, sounding like a woman, “It’s good that **he’s** back.”

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**He** came over and **sat** beside Zane, disregarding the disgust in Zane’s eyes. “**Come** on, **Zane**, **give Uncle** Jasper a bite.”

“**Don’t you** want me **to** call **you** Auntie Janine anymore?” Zane sarcastically remarked.

**Jasper** showed no shame on his face; instead, he smiled. “If you want to call me Auntie Janine, **it’s** not a problem at all!”

“No need.”

Zane turned his head away, refusing to look at Jasper. He had long seen through Jasper’s intentions, his expression proud.

Jane took out a plate of watermelon from the refrigerator and placed it on the coffee table. “I might stay in Willowshire for a while longer.”

She had already signed a three-month contract with Drake, and she couldn’t easily back out now. Jane felt a weight on her shoulders, knowing there were many things she needed **to** make up for.

Jasper's expression didn't change much. He took a bite of ice cream and picked up a piece of cut watermelon. "Coincidentally, my work here has also been extended."

Hearing this, Zane rolled his eyes.

His mommy was kind and naive, not understanding Jasper's dirty thoughts. Did he still not understand? It was nothing more than wanting to stay by his mommy's side.

"Because I just returned to the country, there are many things Chic Affair needs me to personally handle." Jane continued speaking but suddenly seemed to remember something

Oh no, she was so busy that she forgot to go to the Bentleys to tutor Zac!

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