

## Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 16 -

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Chapter 16

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Jane marveled at **Zachary's** cleverness. He effortlessly answered middle school questions, making them seem like child's play. Impressed by his genius mind, she decided to challenge him with high school material.

Zachary's remarkable intelligence reminded her of his father, Drake, despite the terrible character of the latter. Drake may have been a scumbag, but his exceptional brilliance was undeniable. It was no surprise that his child displayed such high intellectual capabilities.

Just then, a knock at the door interrupted Jane's thoughts. Assuming it was Drake checking their progress, she responded reluctantly, "Come in."

Annie entered, barely acknowledging Jane. **She** walked towards Zachary, her face softening into a maternal smile. "Darling, I made rock-sugar snow pear, especially for you. It's your favorite. Give it a try," she cooed affectionately.

Although Zachary did not care much for Annie, he acknowledged her as his father's fiancée and biological mother. He politely accepted the treat, causing Annie to glance triumphantly at Jane.

However, her triumph quickly turned to shock when Zachary unexpectedly offered the treat to Jane, saying, "You've been teaching tirelessly, beautiful teacher. You should have it first."

Zachary's gesture surprised and moved Jane, but she politely declined, "No, it's all right. You should have it."

Since Annie had made it herself, Jane naturally refrained from drinking. She was wary it might taint her palate.

Observing their cordial interaction, Annie bristled with envy. Sure enough, they were mother and son. Even though she had played the role of his stepmother for five years, Zac – seemed to share a closer bond with Jane. This realization stoked her fear that Jane was here to take Drake away from her.

Her insecurities bloomed, painting Jane as a rival. She couldn't help but blurt out, "Half a day with you, and he's already eating out of your hand. And that pear was meant for my son. You're not allowed to **have** it!"

What tricks **did** this woman use to make Zachary listen to her so obediently? Annie's suspicions **grew** with **every** word. Jane had returned **to** compete with her for Drake!

Despite **Zachary's** biological connection to Annie, he **felt** no affinity toward her. On the contrary, **he even** felt some disgust. In an ideal world, he would have preferred Jane as **his** mother.

Deep in **thought**, his **eyes** darkened, emitting a chilling aura despite his young age. His **expression resembled** Drake's, albeit slightly softer with his baby fats. "Mother, could you please refrain from disturbing **us during** class?" His sugary voice masked **the underlying icy**

**tone.**

**Caught in** the tension, Jane was unsure how **to** intervene. After all, she was just a tutor. **But something** felt off **about** Zac and **Annie's** relationship. It was as **though they weren't** related.

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With Jane **still** standing **there**, Annie became the target **of** Zachary's **scorn**. Annie tried to **salvage** her dignity, hiding her annoyance behind a forced smile. "**Zac, how** should we **address** Mommy? You should be polite to Mommy, remember?"

If only she had strangled this child to death back then!

Zachary carefully lifted the glass, and instantly, the scent wafted into his nostrils. Although he liked rock-sugar snow pear, he only enjoyed the one made by Aunt Lea. He was entirely convinced that the rock sugar and snow pear brew in his hand possessed less

than a tenth of the delightful flavor of Miss Lea's exceptional mix. Ignoring her, Zachary set the pear aside and focused on his lesson, his young face wearing a grave expression.

"Teacher Jane is in the middle of teaching. Can you please leave? You're not helping!" he declared, a hint of impatience lacing his words.

He was dressed in a little black suit, and with arms crossed, he exuded an air of pride. Despite living in the villa, he had been raised by his grandmother in the old mansion long before, which instilled a fearless character in him. At this moment, he held little respect for Annie, and his tone betrayed his impatience.

Annie was taken aback by his words. Her wrath ignited as she shot back, "What did you say? Do you believe I'll tear your mouth apart?" Annie couldn't believe that kid was speaking up for that wretched woman! She was instantly furious, staring fiercely at Zachary.

Unfazed by her rage, Zachary met her gaze unwaveringly.

Observing

this, Jane felt the need to intervene. With her background in psychology, she recognized the signs of trouble. Initially, Jane had attributed Zachary's aloofness to Drake's busy schedule. But now she realized that Annie was part of the problem. She pulled Zachary behind her and confronted Annie. "He's your son. How can you speak to him like that?"

Behind Jane, Zachary felt an unfamiliar tug in his heart. He liked facing things alone, but right now, he found solace in Jane's shadow. It was a comforting familiarity, stirring an emotion he couldn't name – could this be... love?

Annie could sense Zachary's thoughts. Fueled by **her** fury, she **redirected her** anger towards Jane, her rage boiling over. "**Stay** out of our family matters!"

Jane stood her ground. She replied, "I **can't** control your family matters and don't **wish** to. But I am Zachary's tutor, hired by his father to help him with his studies. You **have** no right to interfere during class. **If** you have any complaints, you should address them with Drake."

"**You!**" **Cornered**, Annie looked **at** Zachary hiding behind Jane, her **rage** festering. **She** had to bite her tongue, remembering Zachary's status in the Warner family. **He** was **the** little young **master** of the

Warner's, and despite Drake's fondness for **her**, his preference clearly lay with Zachary, the future **heir**. Left with **no** choice, she **exited** the room, **the despicable** pear in her **hand**.

**Curious about** the commotion, Drake **arrived** only **to** find a **tear-**streaked Annie. "**What happened?**"

"**It's my** fault..." Annie **began**, **her voice** cracking.

**As** she **continued**, her voice wavered, tears **streaming down** her face like a broken necklace.

**Concerned**, Drake **wiped her tears**, **his expression** a blend **of** confusion and worry. "What **happened?** Did **Zac misbehave** again?"

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