

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 19 -

1730

Chapter 19

Zachary, bearing an uncanny resemblance to Drake, positioned himself protectively in front of Jane. His young face portrayed a glacial sternness as he faced off against Annie. **“Get** out of here!” he demanded.

“She stole my necklace. Are you really siding with a thief against your own mother?” Annie’s voice grated with pent-up rage, her hands twitching with the urge **to** tear her son away.

Zachary’s defiance only grew stronger. “Leave!” he repeated, raising his voice .

Standing behind Zachary, Jane felt a wave of shock wash over her. The Warner heir was locking horns with his own mother on her behalf?

Annie’s fury reached its boiling point as she witnessed Zachary’s obstinacy. So much for playing the nurturing mother! “Drag him away!” she commanded fiercely.

No sooner had the words left her than a servant swiftly whisked Zachary to the side while another approached Jane, intending to frisk her.

Jane hadn’t anticipated such outrageous behavior from Annie. She struggled against the servant’s grip, but the maid held on tightly, refusing to let go.

Amidst the struggle, a low and hoarse voice cut through the tension. “What’s going on here?”

It was Drake, his voice resonating with indisputable authority, causing the servants to lower their heads in apprehension.

Exhausted from a night battling hackers, he hadn’t expected to encounter such a scene upon his arrival home. He had intended to return home and rest, but upon hearing the commotion, he couldn’t ignore it.

Upon hearing the voice, Annie seemed to regain her confidence. The ferocity that had marked her face moments ago dissipated, replaced by a veneer of **tears**. She clung onto Drake, projecting an image of a fragile, wronged woman.

“Drake! The limited—
edition necklace you gave me is missing. I’ve searched the entire house, even the servants and their rooms, but it’s nowhere to be found. I’ve known Miss Bentley for the past five years. She may have a difficult life, but Jane **doesn’t** need to resort to such actions. She could have told me **if** she liked it, and I would have given it to her.” **Her faux** sobs escalated as she ranted, her body draped onto **Drake’s**.

Drake subtly **edged** away from her touch, his brows knitting **in slight** discomfort.

Jane, who observed the **display** from a distance, turned to him with her **ruby**—red lips **slightly** parted. “**Mr. Warner**, I **won’t** tolerate false accusations. **You personally** hired me as a tutor, **and I have no desire to create unnecessary discord.**”

“**And you think a few words will prove** your innocence?” **Annie fired** back **after detecting a trace of** hesitation in **Drake’s** constantly **impassive eyes**.

Five years ago, Drake **had** shown no interest in Jane. But Annie, **with her woman’s** intuition, sensed **that** Drake now **saw Jane** in a **different** light. She had **worked so hard for** so many **years** and **wouldn’t allow** Drake to be **taken away by another** woman, **especially this**

wretched Jane!

17644

Annie’s **grip tightened** on the **lapels** of **Drake’s suit**, **her eyes** shimmering with frantic **desperation**, **tears** trailing down **her** cheeks. She was a **hair’s breadth** from falling to her knees before him.

Drake’s brow furrowed **at** the sight. **He’d** given that necklace to Annie **on** the day they’d **made** their relationship official. **It** pained him to witness her **in** such agony.

His head lifted in a subtle yet precise gesture. "Show her," he uttered, his voice echoing coldly across the room.

A hush swept over the room, the atmospheric pressure plummeting to a chilling stillness. Annie's sobs stilled.

Standing aloof with her hands loosely clasped behind her, Jane stared indifferently at Annie. Her eyes were a barren landscape of emotion, their icy stares sending shivers down Drake's spine.

"Very well, if President Warner insists," she replied, her voice as bleak as a winter, leaving an icy desolation in the air.

Drake couldn't put his finger on it, but his heart sank like an anchor into the depths of his

chest.

Sharing a knowing look with a servant, Annie prompted a thorough inspection of Jane.

Jane stood, impassive as a lifeless puppet, hands hanging loosely by her sides as the servants conducted their invasive search. **Yet** her eyes remained glued to Drake.

Drake's brows furrowed deeper, his discomfort intensifying. He suddenly regretted his decision. Looking down at Annie, still sobbing in his arms, he felt an inexplicable repulsion, leaving him reeling. His dark eyes narrowed back onto Jane, regaining his composure.

A servant's gasp of surprise pierced the **silence**. "Madam, I found it!"

The servant pulled an exquisite necklace from Jane's pocket.

The necklace was an art piece laden with nine lush emeralds, each encircled by a halo of meticulously set diamonds, all linked by a delicate white gold chain forming an elegant pattern. It radiated sophistication and class, an epitome **of** grace and charm.

Annie sprang up from Drake's arms, her voice maliciously triumphant. "How do you explain this, Miss Bentley?"

Drake, too, wore a puzzled expression.

On the other **hand**, Jane remained unfazed, her composure contrasting starkly **with** the incriminating **evidence**. She shrugged nonchalantly, **her** countenance unscathed. “Oh, so this is the locket in question. What a coincidence.”

“Coincidence? **You’re** caught **red**—handed, **yet** you dare to be **so cocky**?” Annie **seethed with disdain**.

Jane asked **casually**, devoid of warmth, “**Are you** certain this necklace belongs to **you**?” “If it’s **not** mine, it **must** be **yours**, right? Even after **being caught, you still** act **so self**—righteous. **To** think that a teacher **would** stoop **so** low. How shameful,” Annie sneered. **Meanwhile**, Zachary, observing **the scene**, scrunched up his **delicate** brows. **It couldn’t be**.

Teacher Jane **wouldn’t** do something like this. **She** had been **in** his room since she arrived. But then, how **could** the locket turn up in her pocket?

At that moment, Jane let out a cold **scoff**, locking her gaze with Annie’s livid eyes. **Her** voice was frosty and imposing. “Annie, if you weren’t so oblivious, you would know that each gem on this locket is inscribed with the buyer’s initials. Look at the gemstones and see if it bears your name.”

“Bring it here!” Drake ordered his servant, aware that each gemstone had an engraving.

With a tremor, the servant handed the necklace to Drake.

Annie’s expression wavered, but she shook her head, determined not to be intimidated by this woman. She couldn’t let this ordinary woman escape without consequence.

Drake and Annie scrutinized the necklace together.

Their gazes met over the gleaming gemstones. To their surprise, each emerald bore the initials “JB,” not “AN.”