

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 211 -

Jane Bentley's **gaze** fell on **Charles** Holbrook coldly, then he got into the **car**.

However, Drake Warner had a gloomy face. He dared to yell at his people and then blamed him for making Holbrook Corporation disappear faster.

As Charles Holbrook's car drove away, Drake Warner's gloomy eyes continued to watch. Mary stepped forward and softly recalled the other party's thoughts.

"Drake..."

Drake lowered his head and looked at the face that was exactly the same as Jane's.

"Let's go home," Drake said indifferently.

Mary happily followed Drake into the car, her eyes staring at Drake's handsome face. Her mind couldn't help but come to mind her first meeting with him.

Yes, Mary had known Drake a long time ago, as well as Annie Carlton and Jane Bentley.

Mary's mother was the nanny of the Warner family, and she often went to the Warner family to help. so she knew about Drake.

But when Annie appeared **to** be considerate, she was actually a scheming b*tch. In front of Drake, she was euphemistic and kind. When she was in front of others, she was a grumpy lady.

During the years she spent helping at the Warner household, she bore the brunt of Annie's temper. She was even humiliated by Annie in various ways. In addition, her family was poor, and she had always had an inferiority complex. Even if she was humiliated by Annie, she did not dare to refuse it.

Once, she helped her mother to buy vegetables. When she came back, she fell and scattered all the vegetables and seasonings she bought. When she returned to the Warner family villa, she was humiliated and insulted by Annie's mother and Annie.

Annie even slapped her. After Drake arrived, Annie immediately pretended to be euphemistic and generous and even passed the responsibility of hitting her to her mother, Mildred.

Even after a long time, Mary still clearly remembered the scene of that year. Annie affectedly threw herself into Drake's arms and kindly and justly said to Mildred,

"Mom, don't blame her. Maybe she didn't do it on purpose. She was just a little bit of food. The big deal is that I'll have to buy it again."

To fake Annie's kindness and generosity in front of Drake, Mildred pretended with Annie.

"Hmph, since she's here to *do* this job, she can't even do such a little thing well. What's the use? Get out of my house now, don't even think about entering our house again, and your mother. Let's get out of **here**."

"Ma, for the poor mother and daughter's sake, don't be angry anymore. It's just a small matter. Drake, help me."

At that time, Mary could only stand there, her head lowered, and she said nothing.

Because she knew that Annie was just pretending to be kind and generous, and she didn't really want to intercede for her.

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At this moment, Drake spoke. Although the words were **very** brief, **at** that moment, Mary felt a different feeling.

"Madam, she really didn't mean it. I'm here today to invite you to dinner. You don't have to bother at **home**."

With Drake's words, Mildred was naturally unable to say anything else.

In the eyes of others, these short words were just following Annie's words. She did not really want to intercede for her at all. But Mary still had a different feeling for Drake because of this sentence.

She also knew that this relationship was impossible from the beginning, but she still held this hope in her heart.

She was hoped that one day, Drake would be able to look at her directly, until later, she learned from Annie that Drake already had a wife.

It was Jane Bentley. From then on, Mary's thoughts toward Drake became even deeper. She hoped that one day, she would be able to marry Drake, even if she could not get his love and stay by his side forever.

It was because of this obsession that she chose Jane's face when she had plastic surgery.

Because Mary knew very well that Annie's pretense could not always deceive Drake's eyes. One day, he would know what kind of woman Annie was. At that time, he would definitely abandon Annie completely.

Sure enough, she predicted it correctly. In the end, Drake abandoned Annie.

In Mary's opinion, Annie was abandoned as she deserved what she got. A woman like her was not worthy of keeping out the cold.

In the beginning, she had plastic surgery to look like Jane, but it was not exactly the same.

By chance, she met Charles. Charles was also interested in her face and even paid a lot of money to make her exactly like Jane.

Because of this, He used drugs to control her.

The car stopped at Nashville. Only then did Mary recover from her memories and follow Drake out of the car.

After

entering the room, Mary realized that the room was quiet and strange. After thinking for a while, she remembered that she had not seen Drake's children in Nashville today.

To pretend to be more like Jane, Mary pretended to care and asked

“What about the three little kids?”

Drake did not look back and walked upstairs. Hearing her words, he replied coldly.

“My mother took the children back to the old house.”

“Back to the old house? Why?” Mary was puzzled, but she was very happy. Without the kids, she could get along with Drake alone, and it would be better to grab this opportunity to conceive his child..

“In the future, my mother will take care of the children, so you don’t have to worry about it,” Drake spoke indifferently still.

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Hearing that, Mary was even happier. After what happened to Zane, one of his kids last time, she didn’t want to have **any** contact **with any of his** children at all, so that she would not be exposed

again.

Just as **Mary** was thinking about how to successfully conceive Drake’s child in the absence of his children, Drake had already returned to his room and closed the door loudly.

Mary didn’t notice the slightest difference. She wanted to follow Drake up, but she felt that it would make him suspicious. Afterward, she went downstairs and made a cup of coffee for him.

Drake, opened his door, saw Mary outside the door, and said coldly, “Anything else?”

“I made you coffee, try it“, she responded.

Looking at the freshly brewed coffee in Mary’s hand, Drake hesitated but finally took it, although he did not intend to let Mary in.

No matter how slow Mary's reaction was, she could see that Drake did not want any mishap to happen to her. She was disappointed and also confused.

From Charles's briefing, Drake's attitude towards Jane would be that of concern, but now he was very cold towards her, which was strange.

"Drake dear... What are we doing now?" She asked.

He could immediately guess what Mary wanted to say. In order not to arouse any suspicion on her part, he slowed down his tone.

"Go back home and rest well. I will take you to a place tomorrow."

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Jetti Garden was another high-end villa area in Johnsonville. Although it was not as good as the location of South Maple Garden and had beautiful scenery, it was also a luxurious location that countless rich people wanted to buy.

When Drake brought Jane back to the villa, the lights were on, which made him a bit puzzled.

After both of them entered the room, they saw that the atmosphere in the room was odd, and the servants were also trembling.

As they sighted him, one of the servants whispered back to Charles,

"Sir, Mr Holbrook is back!"

Hearing this, Charles' already gloomy face became even darker. He paused, then looked at Jane and said lightly, "You go upstairs first!"

Jane is also a discerning person and understands that Charles does not want her to know about the conversation between him and his father. Nevertheless, she is not particularly interested in knowing.

She had heard about the Holbrook family's situation before. It's a mess.

The current leader of this family, Henry Holbrook, was a cruel person. When he was young, he was in multiple romantic relationships and had countless mistresses. Unfortunately, his wife ruled with strictness.

But after his wife died, Henry let himself loose. At this time, many of his mistresses came to him, and naturally, they brought his illegitimate children.

Among them, Charles Holbrook was the most famous.

Charles was very competent. Not long after he returned to the Holbrook family, he joined the Holbrook Group. With his own efforts, he gradually reached the position of CFO of the company.

Fame could also be poison. Now that he had reached this peak, it naturally attracted the attention of the rest of the Holbrook family.

Everyone outside said that he had made it through and became the family's most likely successor of the Holbrook Corporation. However, he alone knew that at this point, he was walking on thin ice about his future.

Recalling the past, Charles slowly walked into the living room. In the living room, Henry, the current leader of the Holbrook Family, was sitting on the sofa.

"Dad..." Charles walked closer, suppressed his breath, and called out.

"Come here!" His father's voice was even lower and indifferent.

Charles slowly walked to Henry's side and lowered his head.

Henry slowly stood up. Then, just before Charles could react, a slap landed on his face.

With all his might, Henry delivered a single slap that caused Charles to turn his head. When he faced forward again, a drop of blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Surprisingly, Charles still stood there straight with his head lowered, and he did not complain.

Henry's ruthless eyes slowly fell on him, with a cold look and scrutiny, and then slowly spit out a word

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from his mouth.

"You are so disappointing!"

"I'm sorry," Charles said, but it was only three words short.

However, this answer did not satisfy his father as he still stared at him fiercely.

"Did I warn you not to provoke that kid from the Warner family? Look at what you have done. Now that the Holbrook Corporation has been suppressed by the Warner Corporation, countless suppliers have been cut off. Do you know the loss of my Corporation? How much it is?"

"Dad, I'll find a way to save the Holbrook Corporation's losses." Charles lowered his head and replied.

"Save? How do you save? Do you think Drake Warner can only do this? Let me tell you, this is just the beginning. That kid in the Warner family is just like his father. He has great ambitions. The idea of wanting our Corporation to disappear from Johnsonville forever, coupled with the Holbrook Corporation's current situation, it is impossible to compete with Warner Corporation. How do you plan to salvage things?"

Henry's aggressive questioning drowned Charles' **words**.

“In the future, you don’t need to worry about the company’s affairs,” Henry said coldly.

Hearing this, Charles raised his head in disbelief and looked at his so-called father before him.

“Dad, this is not good. Without my presence in the company, it would be even more impossible to compete with Warner Corp.”

“Oh, you are too arrogant to say this. Do you think that you are the only one supporting the Holbrook Corporation? I think that if it wasn’t for your silly mistake, the Holbrook Corporation would not be suppressed by the Warner Corporation. Without you, I’ll be able to turn the corner.”

At this moment, another man sitting on the other side of the sofa laughed lightly and spoke slowly.

The person who spoke was the eldest son of the Holbrook family from the legal wife of the Holbrook family. Hector Holbrook **was** even more famous in the city.

If it weren’t for Hector’s dissolute, the other illegitimate children of the Holbrook family would not have had the chance to enter the family’s gate, **or** even hold important positions in the family.

However, *no matter* how reckless he was, Hector was the eldest son of the family and his mother’s rightful position could not be underestimated. He still held a strong spot in Henry’s heart.

Compared to the other Holbrook family members who were also born illegitimately, Hector was Charles’s worst enemy, and the two have never been on good terms.

Charles’ eyes darkened as he saw that Hector was about to stir up trouble.

“I can just stand by and watch. I just don’t know if brother has a solution in the face of the Warner Corporation’s suppression. Charles also responded coldly to his brother’s words.

Hearing this, Hector looked indifferent as he slowly stood up and walked to Henry’s side with a provocative smile **on** his face.

“Dad, my uncle said that when the Holbrook Corporation is in such a big crisis, as my mother’s family. they can’t just die in this crisis. Thus, they deliberately transferred five million to me, allowing me to temporarily alleviate our crisis by giving it to you.”

Hearing this, Henry looked at **Hector with** his gloomy eyes, revealing a somewhat satisfied expression.

“Well, thank **your** uncle. When the Holbrook Corporation’s crisis is over, I’ll treat them as a thank *you*.”

“Don’t worry, Dad. I’ll pass it on to your uncle.”

Charles’ eyes had long since turned darkened. Hector’s background was no match for him. The only person he could rely on was himself.

“Dad, why don’t you let me go to the Holbrook Corporation to reverse the crisis? I have learned a lot from my uncle over the years, so I don’t think I can turn the crisis around for the Holbrook Corporation.”

Henry pondered for a moment, then took a deep look at Charles and finally nodded.

“Mmm.”

Hearing Henry’s agreement, Charles’ heart sank to the bottom.

This was his so-called father. He was unwilling to even look at him when he was worthless.

“Dad, you agreed, but I don’t think someone agrees.” Hector coldly glanced at Charles and saw the gloom in his eyes.

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“Hmph, who would dare to question **my words?**” Henry snorted coldly and said coldly.

With Henry’s words, Hector looked at Charles even more provocatively.

Charles pursed his lips and did not say a word until Henry and Hector left.

After the two of them left, Charles immediately picked up a bottle of red wine from the rack, opened it, and poured it down.

He hoped that the pain in his heart would be relieved once, and then because he drank too fast. And because he held his breath in his heart, the strong wine rushed directly into the intake pipe, causing a worrisome cough.

Afterward, Charles laughed again. His smile was filled with despair and grief. The laughter caused another round of coughing.

“Good wine isn’t something to waste like this.”

With that, Jane walked over to the wine cabinet and took out a pair of glasses. Then, she walked over to Charles’ side and snatched the wine from his hand. He poured a glass and handed it to him.

Charles slowly raised his eyes and looked at Jane, who had regained her locs .

After pondering for a while, Charles slowly accepted the wine from Jane and

“Do you think I’m very pitiful?” Charles’s words carried a bit of sadness and a self-deprecating tone.

Jane was startled, then shook her head and said indifferently, “There’s nothing this is your own choice. With your talent, even if you’re not in the Holbrook C have a good life. Home, maybe, won’t suffer from all of this.”

Jane was telling the truth. In this world, there were only a few people who we Most of them were people who were struggling in their lives.

After Jane's words, Charles smiled bitterly, "If I hadn't gone back to the Holbro probably just be an ordinary person. All of my talents are based on money."

Jane did not refute this but did not respond.

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Charles did not say much. He directly raised his head and took a sip of the wine in his hand.

Jane looked at his low expression with a trace of pity. Even though she knew that he had nothing to do with her, she couldn't help but **feel** sympathy in his heart.

"Don't think about it too much, just sleep." Jane could only comfort him.

"Mmm," Charles replied, then returned to his room.

Jane watched him leave, sighed deeply, and finally returned to her room.

The next day, **when** Jane woke up, she found that the entire villa was empty. **After** looking at it for a while, she realized that something was wrong.

There was not a single servant in the entire villa. There was only a sound from the kitchen. She walked in and saw Charles busy in the kitchen.

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Jane was a little surprised. She didn't expect him to be able to cook. The current CEO was so down-to-earth.

As the only person in power in the Warner Group, Drake could also cook, and now Charles could

cook too.

"Are you up?" Hearing footsteps behind him, Charles turned around and looked at Jane.

Jane looked at his face without a trace of other emotions and was a little puzzled. In one night, he had adjusted himself?

"I made pasta. How about you try it later!"

After he finished speaking, Charles turned around and continued the movements in his hands while speaking to her in a relaxed tone.

"I can only do this. If I don't do it well, please don't dislike it."

"Charles, are you alright?" Jane was still a little worried and asked softly.

Hearing that, Charles was stunned for a moment, then he replied in a relaxed tone.

"It's not like you said, just get some sleep. I think it's useful. It's much better already."

Jane had wanted to say something, but Charles had already poured the noodles out of the pot.

"It's ready, you can eat it. Go to the table and wait. It's a little hot. I'll bring it to you."

After the two of them were seated at the table, Jane looked at the steaming face in front of her and thought for a while.

The noodles were very simple, just plain tomato pasta, sprinkled with chopped green onion, and they looked pretty good.

While Jane hesitated, Charles had already started using his fork. After taking a bite, Charles sighed.

“It’s not delicious. It’s not as good as what my mother made.”

Jane also tasted it. There was nothing particularly amazing about it. She could only say that it was ordinary. However, his words made her a little curious. She had never seen or heard of Charles’ mother.

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He took another bite of the noodles, and then slowly said, “Since my mother passed away, I haven’t eaten my mother’s noodles again.”

Hearing this, Jane realized that his mother had passed away.

Her mother had also passed away. From this point of view, they were still sympathetic to each other.

“Jane, I haven’t told you our first meeting yet, right?”

Hearing this, she looked up at Charles, waiting for his next words.

“I’ve said it before. We’ve known each other for a long time. Back then, you were the exalted Miss Bentley, and I was but a fleck of dust struggling through life. The two of us were worlds apart”

“If it wasn’t for my mother’s serious illness, I might never have returned to the Holbrook family. However, I need money, a better life, and a better identity, so that I can meet you again. Then, bravely told *you* my feeling. I don’t even dare to tell you when you’re asking my name.”

Jane had never thought that she and Charles would have known each other for so long.

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“Even if you tell me, I still don’t remember.” She said lightly.

“**It’s** alright, as long as I remember.” Charles shook his head lightly, his expression still indifferent.

Immediately, **Jane** also revealed a secret that had been buried **in** her heart for a long time, “**Although** I don’t remember **what** happened when I was sixteen, I always have a feeling that I seem to have forgotten something very important. A very important person.”

Jane did not forget about the events of her sixteenth year. Occasionally, a vague figure would appear in her dreams and keep asking her why she had not kept her promise. She only vaguely remembered being a teenager.

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Ten **years** ago, at **Hospital**, a young Jane walked into the hospital **with** a pair of ponytails and a bouquet **of** flowers in her hands.

Today was the day her mother **was hospitalized** for appendicitis. Jane was very happy. Moreover, her mother did not leave **any** sequelae after the operation.

She had specially bought flowers to give her mother a sense of ceremony.

As soon as he **entered** the hospital hall, she saw a young man with a woman on his back, begging the doctor for help.

The nurse quickly pushed the mobile bed over and pushed the person into the emergency room. In no time, the doctor made a diagnosis, indicating that the woman had a heart attack. He urged the young man who brought the woman to quickly go and pay the medical fees, and then wait **at** the entrance of the operating room.

Hearing the doctor's words, the young man stood frozen in place, not moving. The nurse, seeing this, could only urge him again.

"Why are you still standing there? Didn't I tell you to go and pay the fees **quickly**? We can only proceed with the surgery after you pay."

Hearing this, the young man slowly raised his head, revealing a modest and elegant face. He looked at the nurse and said carefully.

"Doctor, can I have an operation first? I don't have the money."

Hearing the boy's words, the nurse was stunned for a moment. She did not expect this to happen, but she could only speak.

"Sir, if you don't have the money, you can quickly find a way to borrow it. You must pay the fee to our hospital before you can operate on your mother."

Hearing that, the young man's face showed a look of hardship. He hesitated for a while, then walked to the front desk and asked for the landline, and made a call.

But he did not know what was said on the phone. After the call was hung up, the young man's face turned pale and desperate.

Jane witnessed the entire incident, and a bit **of** sympathy rose in his heart as **he** walked towards the

young man.

Immediately, he took out all his money from his pocket and handed it to the young man.

"Sir, don't be discouraged. I'll give you all my money. If it's not enough, I'll go and ask my father for some more. Let's get your mother's surgery done first."

Jane really sympathized with each other. Her mother was just undergoing a simple appendix operation. She was **very** worried, for fear that something would happen.

But for the young man in front of him, his mother's illness seemed to be more serious.

Jane did not want the young man to lose his mother, so he tried his best to help him.

Looking at the money in his hand, the young man hesitated for a while, then looked up at Jane, a flash of light in his eyes.

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It was as if a ray of light suddenly shone in from the depths of the abyss.

After giving

all the money to the young man, Jane hurriedly went to the ward, wanting to ask her father for some money to give the young man's mother some money for the operation.

But she was still young at the time. Although Andrew Bentley treated her well, the Bentley family had just made a fortune at that time. How could he use the money to save someone who had nothing to do with him?

Jane was very disappointed that she could not get the money, but the pocket money she had accumulated since she was a child was not enough for him to do the surgery.

But in the end, she was still a tad late. Before she could be pushed into the operating room, the boy's mother died of a severe heart attack.

Jane was **very** sad and sympathized with the young man, but there was nothing she could do. She could only comfort the young man.

"Sir, I'm sorry I couldn't help you."

The young man raised his eyes and stared blankly at the beautiful girl in front of him. She was young and lively, with tears in her eyes. She was sincerely sad for him.

At that moment, the young man swore that one day, he would repay **this** kindness.

"What's your name, Sir?"

Jane asked the boy's name again, but when he thought about his background, the boy was silent.

The girl in front of him was **so** pure and beautiful, and he was just an illegitimate child hiding in the dark.

In the end, the young man did not tell Jane that his name was Charles Holbrook.

The years forwarded to Charles' mansion. After the two of them finished eating the pasta, Charles let Jane go upstairs to change her appearance and plan to take her out.

"Where are you taking me?" Jane hesitated, not knowing where Charles wanted her to take her.

"You'll know when you go," Charles said indifferently.

Jane finally went out with Charles. What she did not expect was that Charles would actually take her to the beach.

The two of them stood on the expanse of the beach, facing the endless ocean.

Even Jane felt a little relaxed in the face of such a vast expanse.

Charles looked at Jane like this, feeling the relief brought by the sea breeze.

"When I was young, my mother told me that if you encounter something troublesome, just come and blow the sea breeze. **The** sea can accommodate everything."

"Indeed, the sea is open to all rivers. The sea breeze is also a pleasant thing." Jane closed her eyes and felt the **sea** breeze **blowing** across her face as she answered Charles' words.

"Jane, if you didn't have Drake, would you like me?" Suddenly, Charles looked at her affectionately and asked affectionately.

Hearing Charles' words, Jane hesitated for a while, then turned to look at him.

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Before she could organize her words, Charles' phone suddenly rang, breaking the atmosphere between the two of them.

Charles picked **up his phone** and saw that it was his father **calling**.

He answered the phone with a low breath, and when he put down the phone, his face became much ugly.

"Let's go, accompany me to the Holbrook Corporation," Charles said..

Jane **did** not know what had happened, but she could only go with Charles to the Holbrook Corporation.

After arriving at the Holbrook Corporation, the two of them went straight to Charles' previous office. The moment they entered, they saw a man sitting in the office.

When he saw Charles' arrival, a cold expression appeared on the corner of Hector's mouth.

"You are really late. Father can't wait for you. He has already gone back."

With that, Hector's gaze fell on Jane, who was following behind Charles.

Although Jane changed her appearance, she remained stunningly beautiful. Hector, a well-known womanizer, was naturally drawn to the gorgeous Jane at first sight.

A pair of eyes fell directly on Jane, and his saliva was about to flow down.

"No wonder you came so late. It turned out **that** Charles was on a date with the beauty. Are you my brother's new girlfriend?"

With that, Hector stood up and slowly walked in front of the two of them, his eyes staring at Jane.

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“What did Dad ask me to do?” Realizing Hector’s coveting of Jane, Charles replied coldly.

His words finally caught Hector’s gaze.

“Hmph, you’ve made the company into such a mess, why don’t you come to clean it up!” Hector said. angrily.

“Didn’t you say that it’s up to you to take over the company and turn it around?” Charles replied rudely

Yesterday, Hector had taken away his rights. Hector did not say anything. Even with Hector’s ability, it was impossible to bring the company back to life.

“Hmph, I’m going to take over the company, but I don’t plan to help you deal with this mess. You should find a way to solve your own mess. Anyway, all these cooperations are related to you.” Hector hugged his arms. His chest was cold.

“Since you didn’t plan to deal with it at all, why would you say something big and take my place?” Charles snorted coldly, ignoring Hector in the slightest.

“Be polite to me. Don’t forget, I’m the rightful heir to this family. If you want to stay in the Holbrook family, you’d better be obedient and deal with the mess you made.”

Charles finally understood Hector’s plan.

From the very beginning, Hector’s goal was to be the CEO of the Holbrook Corporation.

Having obtained the rights he wanted, Hector turned around and threatened him to deal with the company’s crisis.

After he understood this, Charles' expression darkened.

"Since you're the rightful heir, then you can find a way to solve the company's problems. Let's go."

Charles didn't want to talk to Hector, so he turned around and left.

When Hector saw this, he reached out and grabbed Charles' collar.

"Ow!" With a cry of pain, Hector was already struggling on the ground and wailing in pain.

"Charles, if you dare to attack me, I want you to die."

Hector got up angrily and threw a punch at Charles. A fight began instantly.

Jane did not expect that the two of them would suddenly fight, so she quickly stepped aside to avoid being affected by the two of them.

Both of them fought more and more fiercely, and the movement immediately attracted the attention of others in the company.

An hour later, both of them lowered their eyes and stood in front of Henry, who was sitting on the leather sofa.

Henry's wrinkled face trembled slightly, and his eyes filled with vicissitudes of life.

His eyes swept over the two people standing in front of him, and his body exuded a low air pressure, especially when they were both covered in blood stains.

"Why are both of you fighting?" Henry said with unbearable pressure.

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The moment he opened his mouth, Hector immediately hurriedly said, "**Dad**, it's all his fault. I kindly asked him to go back to the company to help, but he didn't appreciate it, and dared to yell at me, and then he did it to me first.

Hearing that, Henry's **gaze** shifted **to** Charles with a deep sense of disappointment.

"Is what your elder brother said true?"

Facing his father's pressing question, Charles raised his eyes slightly and looked indifferent. "Since you believe him, why bother to ask me?"

"What's your attitude?" Henry was enraged by his answer, and so he stood up angrily and stared at him coldly.

"Am I wrong? You asked me like that. Didn't you already believe him? If that's the case, why ask me?"

Charles was still rebellious. At this moment, all of his pride was unleashed.

"Dad, look at his attitude towards you. He doesn't take you seriously. He's not worthy of being your son at all." Hector fanned the flames.

Charles looked coldly at Hector, his eyes filled with indifference.

Henry didn't care about this son at first, because his mother was just an ordinary woman. After so many years, Henry could not even remember what she looked like.

Charles was also the first person to ask for money. Henry was naturally even more displeased.

But in the end, he was the most outstanding of all his children. He had forbearance and courage, and his ability was not low.

However, due to his status as an illegitimate child, Henry still held some grudge against him.

"Apologize to your brother," Henry said coldly, exuding pressure from his entire body.

Of course, Charles couldn't apologize.

And the more he acted like this, the more Henry wanted to suppress him.

"Can't you hear what I said?" Henry asked coldly.

Charles raised his eyes and looked at him. His eyes were full of scarlet pride. Jane watched from the side and suddenly had a different attitude towards Charles.

But even so, it wouldn't change the things that Charles had done to her. She still wouldn't forgive him.

"You dare to disobey me!" His attitude was really angry, and he raised his hand. A slap was about to land on Charles' face again.

When Jane saw this, she finally couldn't help but say, "You didn't know the truth before hitting someone?"

Jane watched the entire process and naturally knew that Charles' attack was because of Hector's provocation.

Jane's words caused Henry's gloomy eyes to look over coldly. When he saw Jane's stunning appearance, there was a hint of desire in his eyes.

When Jane saw this expression, she couldn't help but sneer in her heart. It was indeed the rumored cruel man.

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"Who are you? You dare to care about my family's affairs." Although he was shocked, Henry soon became angry with Jane. A woman dared to challenge him.

"I'm not **anyone**, I'm **just a** bystander," Jane replied coldly.

"Dad, she's Charles' woman," Hector said from the side.

"Oh, you're **so** courageous. Even he didn't dare to refute me. How dare you yell at me? Believe it or not, I'll make you unable to see the sun tomorrow." Henry slowly spat out his cold words.

"What? Director Holbrook still wants to kill people." Jane disagreed. Although Henry was scary, compared to Drake, he was not afraid.

Jane had become accustomed to this unpredictable atmosphere at Drake's place for many years.

"My child, I **advise** you not to meddle in your own business." Henry scolded coldly.

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Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 216 -

Mr Warner, Your **Ex**-wife is #nilliant

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Chapter 216

Chapter 216

"I'll handle **this** matter today," Jane responded icily. She had initially wanted to stay out of the Holbrook family mess, but the sight of the current Peterson was unbearable.

"**Mr.** Holbrook is a respected figure in Silverbourne with a significant reputation. Why are you didn't have any ability of **discernment**?"

"If your eldest son was capable of managing the Holbrook Corporation, why did you pass the reins to Charles before? You must also believe your eldest son isn't up to the task. And if that's the case, how could he resolve the **crisis** facing the Holbrook Corporation now?"

"Furthermore, even if Charles is the cause of this crisis, he has previously brought substantial benefits to the corporation. Don't those achievements balance out his current shortcomings?"

"I don't need a woman meddling in my family's affairs," Corper retorted, seething.

“I also don’t want to care about your family matters. I simply disapprove of your readiness to resort to violence,” Jane shot back.

“I have every right to discipline my own son. And as you seem to need a lesson, I’d be glad to oblige,” Corper spat, his anger reaching a boiling **point**.

With that, he advanced on Jane.

Stunned, Jane could scarcely believe that Corper was really the type to resort to physical violence, even towards women.

Peterson, however, watched the unfolding drama **with** interest. He knew Corper’s tendencies all too well. It was a shame, he thought, that **such a** beautiful woman was about to be beaten blue.

As Corper’s hand shot out to strike Jane, she braced herself for a counterstrike. However, a firm hand seized Corper’s arm before he could land a blow.

The room fell silent as all eyes turned to Charles, the unexpected savior.

“Charles, let go of me!” Corper bellowed.

“Dad, do you see now? Charles doesn’t respect you. He even dares **to defy** you openly. What’s to stop him from resorting to violence against you?” Peterson added fuel to the fire.

Jane watched in shock at the unfolding spectacle, particularly unnerved by the dangerous glint in Charles’s eyes.

“I said, let go of me!” Corper attempted to wrench his arm free from Charles’s grip. But age had slowed him, and he was unable to match Charles’s strength. He could only roar in protest.

“You can strike me, but no one could touch her,” Charles growled, his words almost grinding out between his teeth.

“Hah! Good! Good! Just wait and see,” Corper exclaimed, repeating the word for emphasis. Then, he ordered Peterson to call security.

Ever eager for a spectacle and unconcerned with consequences, Peterson dialed the security room, commanding the guards to come upstairs.

Seeing the situation escalating, Jane signaled Charles, urging him to **keep** his cool and not to act impulsively.

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Chapter 216

Charles then released Corper's arm, took Jane by the hand, and started to leave.

"If you dare to step through that door, consider yourself no longer my son!" Corper bellowed, halting them in their tracks.

Upon hearing Corper's threat, Charles momentarily paused. However, he soon resumed walking, leading Jane away.

The two of them left the Holbrook Corporation like that. Once inside the car, Jane looked at Charles, who seemed despondent. Her heart felt a mix of emotions.

"Are you okay?" she asked, unable to hide her concern.

Charles snapped himself out of his thoughts, met Jane's gaze, and shook his head. "You stood up for me because you're after the antidote, right?" he said softly.

Jane didn't deny it. The antidote was indeed her primary goal. But she had also felt a surge of genuine sympathy for Charles, with his heavy family burdens and complicated past.

Her silence was the most telling response. Charles drew a deep breath before continuing. "I can give you the antidote."

Jane stared at him, disbelief in her eyes. But before she could respond, Charles spoke again, his voice tinged with emotion.

"I can give you the antidote, but I want you to come with me on a short vacation. When we return, I'll give you the antidote, and you can go back to your child."

Initially, Jane felt a spark of hope at Charles's words, but it was quickly extinguished. Trust, once broken, is hard to rebuild. She wasn't sure if she could believe Charles would actually let her go.

She knew that Charles's upbringing had been tough and that he'd been treated unfairly, which had shaped his somewhat twisted character. Hence, she couldn't fully trust his words.

"Do you really want to give me the antidote and let me go?" she asked, uncertainty lacing her voice. Charles didn't respond, which only heightened Jane's anxiety. She knew it wouldn't be as simple as it seemed.

"Jane," Charles began, his voice hoarse with emotion. "I can't bear the thought of parting with you. You have no idea how much I feel for you. I'd hoped you'd choose me. But you chose Drake instead, and it broke my heart. When I heard you were suffering, I wanted to find and take you away, but I was powerless. When I heard you were dead, it was like a part of me died too. Then I learned you'd gone abroad and hoped to meet you again. Why can you bare your heart to Ash but not me?"

Charles bared his soul once more. Yet, as Jane listened, her heart sank even deeper. As she had suspected, it wouldn't be so easy for Charles to let her go.

"I'll go with you for a while, but I have one condition. I need to see my children first," Jane said, sidestepping Charles's heartfelt confession to make her request.

Charles hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Alright. But you must not let Drake or the children notice anything amiss," he finally said.

Hearing this, Jane couldn't help but scoff inwardly. As if Drake and the kids hadn't noticed something was already wrong.

The next day, Charles brought news to Jane. He had arranged for her to see her three children.

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“You can ask Drake to bring the kids on the trip, too. That way, you can take a break, spend time with me, and be **with** your children at the same time,” he offered.

Jane’s heart lurched at his words. She couldn’t shake off a sense of unease. Was Charles planning to

make her **take** the kids and then never return?

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Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 217 -

Mr Warner Your Ex–wife is

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Chapter 217

Chapter 217

When Jane found her three children, they were happily dining at a KFC restaurant. And, of course, the one who brought them there was Mary. Initially, Mary was opposed to Charles’s arrangement, but she relented to uphold Jane’s reputation in front of the children.

When Mary tried to take the kids away, Zane adamantly refused to leave. Zoe, who was often inseparable from Zane, stayed put as well. In stark contrast, young Zachary, who was promised a trip to KFC, readily agreed to Mary’s proposal.

“Fine! We won’t go. It’s just Mommy and me then, hmph!” Zachary said, completely oblivious that the woman standing before him wasn’t his real mother. He hadn’t spent much time with Jane, **hence** his inability to detect anything unusual.

Upon seeing Zachary's enthusiasm, Zane couldn't help but think his younger brother was an idiot. However, he decided to tag along with Zoe to ensure Zachary's safety. Zane knew that if anything were to happen to Zachary, Jane would blame herself for not being there during his childhood. The last thing he wanted was for his mother to feel more remorse than she already did.

When Jane arrived at the KFC restaurant, she found her three children sitting together. "Mommy, you're back! You've come at the right time. The food we ordered just arrived," an excited Zachary ran

towards Jane.

Zane was momentarily stunned upon seeing Jane, but he quickly realized it was the real her. He was overjoyed **and** started to exclaim, "Mommy..." But he stopped short as he saw Jane press a finger to her lips, indicating for him to remain quiet and glancing around the restaurant. He understood the signal and refrained from saying anything more.

After she sat down, Jane gently stroked her children's heads, overwhelmed by longing. After making sure that they were all fine and that Courtney had taken good care of them in her absence, Jane felt a sense of relief. It seemed that her nominal mother-in-law treated the three kids well and fairly.

"Mommy, why did **you** bring us to KFC today?" With oil stains around his mouth and a chicken leg in his hand, Zachary looked at Jane.

"Because Mommy was craving KFC too!" Jane replied with a smile.

The group enjoyed their KFC meal happily. Several times, Zane tried to find an opportunity to ask Jane what had happened, but she interrupted him every time, which made him even more anxious.

"Mommy, can you not leave later?" Zane finally asked carefully.

Feeling the heaviness behind Zane's words, Jane sighed deeply. She longed to stay, but she was still under the effects of **the** poison and feared what Charles might do if she remained. She couldn't risk their safety.

“Zane, be a good boy. We’ll spend lots of time together as soon as Mommy finishes her business. How about we go on a trip?” Jane tried her best to reassure him.

Despite her comforting words, Zane could tell that Jane still had to leave, that they would soon have to face the impostor mother **again**. This filled him with a sense of dread.

Soon, it was time for Jane to leave, and she once again **used** the excuse of needing to use the restroom.

As Jane’s figure receded, Zane’s eyes welled up with tears. Zachary, thoroughly confused, exclaimed,

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Chapter 217

“Mommy’s just going to the restroom! Why are you acting like it’s a life-or-death farewell?”

“What would you know?!” Zane retorted coldly, frustration and sorrow evident in his voice.

“**What** should **I know**? Hmp! Forget it,” Zachary retorted, unwilling to back down.

Mary returned to find Zane and Zachary locked in a standoff, arms crossed, giving each other the cold shoulder. “**Are** you quarreling with Zachary again?” she asked immediately.

Mary had a distinct bias towards Zachary as he was the son of Zachary. To her, Zane was nothing more than a child out of wedlock. She was trying to stay close to Drake while keeping her real identity hidden and having Zachary on her side was of immense help.

However, unbeknownst to her, Zane and Zoe were also Zachary's children. Her strategy of appeasing only Zachary was flawed.

On hearing Mary's question, Zane snorted dismissively, didn't even spare her a second look, and left hand in hand with Zoe.

Mary seethed with anger but could do nothing about it. She could only watch Zane's retreating figure with profound loathing.

Zachary noticed this interaction and was left puzzled. Why did Mommy display such intense revulsion towards Zane, even if they were at odds? A mother's expression shouldn't be filled with such loathing, even when her children argue.

At this moment, Zachary was beginning to share Zane's suspicion—that the woman in front of them was not their real mother. Just as he was pondering this, 'Mommy' kneeled down and said, clearly showing favoritism, "Zachary, let's go. If Zane argues with you again, don't be afraid. Mommy will always support you."

This statement only further reinforced Zachary's suspicions. Mommy was acting really strange. Back home, Zane wore a cold, silent expression. Their despicable father, Drake, was also present. Recalling his hollow promise to bring their real mother back, Zane's young face darkened further.

Noticing the children's solemn return, Drake looked up from the sofa. His gaze fell on Mary, and he quickly stood up.

He rushed over to the kids, asking nervously, "Why are you back? Wasn't Granny supposed to pick you up?"

Zane didn't reply, so Zachary spoke up, "Mommy came to pick us up."

Drake's eyes

immediately snapped towards Mary, his face hardening. "Why did you pick up the kids? Where did you take them?"

Mary shuddered under

Drake's intense stare. She felt like a small animal caught in the gaze of a predatory eagle, fear causing her to tremble.

**“I... I took them to KFC, Mary stammered, finally man Mr. Warner
Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 218 -**

Chapter 218

**Seeing Zane’s retreating figure, Drake had a good sense of what was both
erasing his son, so he didn’t say anything.**

Zachary **quickly** followed **his** brother, taking Zoe’s other hand.

“Drake...” **Mary** attempted to initiate a private conversation with Drake, but he interrupted her. “I’ll go check on the **kids**,” he said, promptly leaving the room

Feeling thwarted, Mary stamped her foot in frustration. She realized she could n’t just continue to sit idly by. She had to devise a plan to get pregnant with Drake’s child, securing her position in his life.

Contemplating this, Mary began to strategize about how to seduce Drake into bed.

Meanwhile, Drake, who was unknowingly the target of Mary’s ploy, entered the kids’ playroom and sought out Zane.

Zane’s expression remained sour, especially at the sight of his reprehensible father.

“Did you only go to KFC?” Drake asked, voicing his doubts about Mary’s account and seeking confirmation from Zane.

“As if there’s anything else?” Zane retorted, clearly irritated.

“Nothing else happened?” Drake probed further, not entirely convinced by Mary’s version of events.

Zane maintained his calm demeanor, contemplating for a moment before deciding to tell Drake about his encounter with their mother.

“I also saw Mommy,” Zane shared nonchalantly.

Drake was taken aback at first but soon felt a wave of relief. If Zane had been able to see Jane, it suggested that her situation wasn't as perilous as he feared. His ongoing efforts to disrupt the Holbrook family seemed to be yielding results, leaving Charles with less time to focus on Jane.

Despite knowing that Jane was relatively safe with Charles, Drake still had a burning desire to find the antidote as soon as possible and bring her back home.

"Did Mommy say anything to you?" Drake inquired further.

Zane thought for a moment before shaking his head. Every time he had tried to strike up a conversation with Jane during the meal, she had cut him off, leaving him unable to ask what he wanted.

Seeing Zane's disappointed expression, Drake reached out to embrace him, offering gentle comfort. "Don't overthink it. I promise I'll find a way to bring your Mommy back."

As he spoke, Drake noticed a piece of paper sticking out of Zane's pocket. He pulled it out, curious. "What's this?"

Zane glanced at the paper in his father's hand and responded with certainty. "It's not mine." He **was** sure he didn't have anything like that in his pocket and didn't know where it had come from.

Upon unfolding the paper, Drake recognized Jane's familiar handwriting. It contained a time and an address. **The** time indicated was the following evening, and the location was a small harbor in Silverbourne, **a less** frequented **area**.

éviewing the contents of the note, Drake felt confident that Jane must have **slipped** it into Zane's pocket. **However**, the significance of the time and location she had noted remained **unclear** to **him**.

lost in his thoughts, Drake's phone **buzzed**, **interrupting** his musings. Looking at the **caller ID**, he **saw** **was** **Daniel** calling.

Returning **to** his study, Drake stashed away the note and shifted his attention to Daniel.

've compiled all the information on Charles's recent activities, as per your request. It has been sent to your computer." Daniel's voice rang from the other end of the line.

've scrutinized Charles's recent maneuvers," Daniel continued, "The most significant being his acquisition of a pharmaceutical company situated on the Silverbourne Peninsula. The company garnered media attention due to a lethal incident caused by one of their products, and Charles recovered it afterward."

Upon hearing this, Drake rushed to his computer to investigate the files Daniel had sent him. His suspicion mounted as he delved deeper into the pharmaceutical company's activities.

Charles's acquisition remained separate from the Holbrook Corporation, operating as a personal venture. Furthermore, since the acquisition, the company had ceased production. Drake found it increasingly suspicious. It dawned on him that the peculiar poison Charles had used, which induced pain but was not fatal, could have originated from this pharmaceutical factory.

Driven by his suspicion, Drake initiated a thorough investigation of the company.

The next day was a weekend, and his three children were home. Drake had instructed Daniel to employ a third party to investigate the pharmaceutical company, hoping to find an antidote.

Simultaneously, Mary had received orders from Charles to shadow Drake closely. Having meticulously planned this day, she knew it was pivotal for winning Drake over.

Early in the morning, Jane contacted Courtney to pick up the **kids**. By the time Zachary caught wind of this, Courtney had already whisked the children away.

Nonetheless, Drake allowed this to occur, aware of the day's agenda.

"Dre, today we have the house to ourselves. I'll accompany you in whatever you want to do," Mary proposed, her voice brimming with anticipation.

Observing her eagerness, Drake's expression iced over. His frosty gaze held Mary captive. "You claimed you wouldn't forgive me, that you wouldn't interfere in my **life** anymore. Why the sudden interest?"

His response took Mary aback, and she **realized** she had shown her intention too quickly. She hadn't taken into consideration that Drake and Jane's relationship was still tense and that Jane still didn't care much for him.

"I honestly didn't plan on forgiving you, but my feelings for you remain after giving it some thought. I **can't just forget** about our past. So, I'm hoping we can start anew, Dre. Will you accept me again?" Mary asked, her **eyes** pleading for a positive answer.

Drake found himself momentarily **entranced** by **her** face, identical to **Jane's**. It would **be great** if Jane really said such things **to him!**

But he **snapped back to reality, remembering** that **the** woman **before** him was not **Jane**. His **eyes regained their** icy demeanor as he inquired, "**Are your feelings** for me **that profound? Or are there**

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Mr Warner, Your Ex-wife is Philliant

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ulterior **motives?**"

Despite **knowing she** wasn't **Jane**, Drake detected **sincerity In Mary's eyes, suggesting** her love **for** him might **be** genuine.

"Drake, **I gotta be honest with you. I love you. I'm totally into you,**" **Mary** said, her voice **shaking slightly with nervousness.**

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,” Mary replied, clearly intimidated by his cold stare.

Satisfied that the children were safe, Drake’s stern demeanor gradually eased

“In the future, don’t take the kids out alone,” he said curtly.

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Chapter 217

“Uh... okay!” Mary was left baffled by Drake’s shifting moods.

Upon hearing Drake’s words, Zane scoffed and led Zoe away. Their father was truly indecisive. He

still hadn’t managed to bring their real mother back after all this time, and yet he continued to show fake affection for this impostor claiming to be their mother.

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Chapter 219

Drake was overcome with a wave of déjà vu. Jane had expressed similar sentiments to him once, but at that time, he had felt indifference, maybe even disgust. Looking back, all he felt now was regret.

As the day wore on, Mary prepared a feast of delightful dishes accentuated by an exquisite bottle of red wine.

Keeping a vigilant eye on Mary’s every action, Drake was aware of her intentions with the wine. Without touching the drugged beverage himself, he swiftly replaced it when Mary was distracted. Drake watched as Mary succumbed to the effects of the wine and passed out.

The servants escorted her to her room at his instruction, and he left Maplewood Mansion.

Later, as the sun started to dip, Jane and Charles arrived at the pier. The setting sun painted the solitary luxury yacht docked at the port in a warm glow. Jane’s expression was a blend of

emotions.

"What are you thinking?" Charles gently probed.

Snapping back to reality, Jane responded, "Nothing in particular. Let's get going. I trust you'll uphold your end of the deal and hand over the antidote when we return."

Charles fell silent upon hearing Jane's words, then heaved a sigh. Regardless, he managed to say, "You should have brought your children. I assure you I would have accepted them as my own."

Jane felt a chill upon hearing this, confirming her suspicions. Charles never intended to let her go. Inviting her to bring the children was just another manipulative scheme. "You had no intentions of releasing me from the start, did you?" Jane's tone was icy, laced with an air of nonchalance. Charles didn't refute, thereby affirming Jane's suspicion.

"I fail to comprehend, Jane," he began, "Drake has wronged you so many times. During your absence, he even became involved with Annie. If not for your return, Annie might have been his lawful wife by now. What sees you cling to such a man?" Locking his gaze onto her, Charles assured her, his tone sincere. "I promise to treat you right as long as you are with me."

Hearing his vows, Jane gave a light, bitter laugh. "Were it not for the debacle at Holbrook Corporation, you losing your CEO position, and being stripped of your power, would you be willing to abandon everything to elope with me? I highly doubt that."

Charles felt a sting of humiliation at her mocking laughter. He knew she was right. Before all of this unfolded, he wouldn't have entertained the thought of forsaking everything he had painstakingly achieved for Jane.

Only after Corper's actions inflicted pain upon him did he consider leaving.

"Regardless, my affections for you are real. At least I am more committed than Drake. I won't entertain thoughts about other women. I won't play the field like him," Charles defended himself, taking a jab at Drake.

"Your observations about Drake are accurate. He has caused me immense pain, yet I continue to harbor feelings for him. That's a reality that cannot be altered, not even by me," Jane confessed, her voice teetering on a growl, the weight of her suppressed emotions palpable. Despite restraining her feelings for Drake, her heart remained steadfastly his a fact she could not alter.

Chapter 219

Jane, forget him. I will make you fall for me gradually. Trust me," Charles implored, clasping her hand.

"Some love is not worth pursuing forcefully. Your persistence not only causes me pain but also makes you unhappy. Loving someone who doesn't love you back is extremely painful, and I deeply understand that. So, please stop seeking love that won't be returned," Jane calmly replied.

"No! I promise I will make you love me. Just please give me a chance!" Charles still refused

to give up, pleading persistently.

Jane sighed but said nothing more. Encouraged by his grip, she got out of the car and walked towards the yacht at the harbor. Just as they were about to board, a figure emerged from the shadows.

The moment Charles saw Drake, his nerves tightened, and he reflexively tightened his grip on Jane's hand.

"Drake!" he hissed through gritted teeth, his eyes hard on the arrival of his nemesis. Despite his careful plans, Drake had still found his way here.

Drake's gaze fell on Charles's hand entwined with Jane's, and he directed a frosty glare at Charles. "Let go of her," he demanded, his voice as icy as his gaze.

Hearing this, Charles's face darkened. "And why should I? What right do you have to claim her? You can take everything from me, but I won't let you have her."

"I don't need to compete. You've already lost." Drake smirked, his tone dismissive.

Charles remembered Jane's earlier words, acknowledging her feelings for Drake. His face twisted in anger at the memory, and in a fit of rashness, he pulled out a gun from his waist, pointing it directly at Drake.

Jane was caught off guard. She hadn't expected Charles to carry a gun, and her immediate reaction was to shield Drake.

Freeing herself from Charles's grip, she positioned herself between the two men, her eyes wide with shock. "Charles, have you gone mad? Don't you know this is a serious crime?" She didn't love Charles but she also didn't want to witness a confrontation between them. Regardless of the outcome, it wouldn't end well.

Charles's expression hardened at Jane's plea, and he retorted, "Are you saying that to protect him or because you're worried about me?"

"Will

you please calm down? Think about your future. Is this really the path you want to take?"

Jane's non-committal response only served to agitate Charles further. In his mind, her silence confirmed that she cared more about Drake.

Silently watching the exchange, Drake suddenly drew a gun from his waist and aimed it at Charles. "Since you're so eager to play, I'll humor you," he said, his tone eerily calm.

"What are you doing? Can you stop escalating the situation? Is this really necessary?" Jane's exasperation reached its peak.

Ignoring her plea, Drake refused to lower his gun. "Step aside, Jane. This is between him and me, and it's not something you would understand."

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Chapter 220

“If **neither of you puts down** your guns right **now**, I swear I’ll **sever** all ties **with both of you!**” Jane **finally threatened, hoping that this** would bring them **to their** senses.

However, the **men were** too entrenched in **their** anger, so much so that they entirely ignored **her ultimatum**.

“**Drake, are you willing to** gamble with me?” Charles’s voice was icy with defiance.

Drake, nonchalant, raised an eyebrow. “Why wouldn’t I?”

“Good. I’ll count to three. **We’ll both** shoot and dodge. Whoever avoids getting hit takes Jane and leaves,” Charles **declared**.

Without any hesitation, Drake accepted.

Watching their reckless exchange, Jane’s fury escalated. She turned a fierce glare onto them. “Neither of you is taking me seriously, are you? You think I won’t just leave right now and make sure neither of you ever finds me again?”

As she moved to walk away, two gunshots rang out simultaneously.

Alarmed, Jane didn’t look back but sprinted toward Drake.

Charles watched as Jane dashed towards Drake, his face falling. A sense of despair washed over him.

Reaching Drake’s side, Jane saw him clutching his bleeding arm, his face contorted with pain. She immediately reached out to support him. “Drake, are you alright?”

Seeing the worry in her eyes, Drake managed a small smile. Despite everything, she still cared about him.

Charles slowly approached them, his gaze heavy with mixed emotions. After a moment, he asked in a barely audible whisper, "Why didn't your gun have bullets?"

Drake's gaze slowly lifted and fell on Charles. He hesitated for a moment before replying, "I didn't want to end up in jail."

As he said this, he dropped the gun to the ground. Charles finally realized that Drake had been holding a fake gun all along.

At that moment, they heard the **distant** wailing of police sirens. They were closing in.

Hearing the sirens, realization dawned on Charles. A bitter smile crossed his face. He felt both hopeless and resigned.

"**You win,**" he **conceded**. He then turned his **gaze to Jane**, his eyes full of regret and sorrow.

"Jane, thank you for once saving me. I guess meeting you in the **first** place was my **mistake**. You should **never have pulled** me out of the **abyss**. If you hadn't, maybe I wouldn't **be** standing at **the** edge of an even **deeper one** right now."

Charles's **dejected** smile **moved Jane slightly**. She might not **have** liked **him**, but she had **never** intended **for** him to **end up** in jail.

However, the situation made it **clear** there **was no escaping for Charles, and all of** this was **part of**

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Chapter 220

Drake's design.

“Charles, thank you for your **affection**, but love can’t be forced,” Jane could **only reply**.

Hearing her **words**, **Charles** smiled sadly, slowly raising the gun in his hand. Jane **gasped** in surprise, and **in the next** instant, Drake moved **to** shield her.

Fear gripped Jane at the thought that Charles might pull the trigger again. Zachary shared the same **sentiment** and instinctively put himself between Jane and Charles.

They braced themselves, but despite the echoing gunshot, they felt no pain. Instead, Charles’s figure slowly collapsed to the ground.

Jane broke free from Zachary’s hold and rushed to Charles, now lying on the ground with blood trickling from his mouth. His once gentle and refined features were now a mask of despair and disdain.

“Why did you do this, Charles?” Jane asked, bewildered.

“So you’ll always remember me,” Charles whispered.

His words filled Jane with sorrow.

“Charles, hold on, I’ll get you to a hospital right away.” Jane was relieved to see Charles had shot himself in the chest, not the head. It could have been so much worse.

But as Jane struggled to help Charles, the police arrived. Drake pulled her away, insisting, “He won’t die. The police will handle everything.”

He led Jane into the car and locked the doors, ignoring her attempts to exit. From the car window, she watched Drake negotiate with the police before he drove away with her.

“Drake, how could you leave him there alone? He’s hurt, **don’t** you see?” Jane was incensed.

Hearing her words, jealousy flared in Drake. He shot her a stern look, retorting, “I’m hurt too. Didn’t you notice?”

“But he’s seriously injured!” Jane shot back.

“So what if he’s seriously injured? He did this to himself. I didn’t hurt him. Besides, if he really wanted to die, he would have shot himself in the head, not elsewhere.”

“He did it to make you feel guilty, to make you care. If you stay, you’re just playing into his hands,” Drake stated coldly.

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Jane wanted to argue, but as she thought back to her time with Charles his prior pretense and his subsequent madness – she couldn’t find the words.

Drake’s argument **made** sense, but it still didn’t sit right with her to leave Charles there.

Luckily, **Charles** didn’t die. The police got him to a hospital, and he was treated in time to save his life.

“Now, what about the poison in my body?” Jane asked Drake.

She hadn’t found the antidote, and if the poison progressed, it could **be fatal**. **She** wasn’t **ready to die with a promising career and** a child to love.

“**Don’t worry. Remember the woman Charles set up?**” **Zachary responded** dismissively.

But when they returned to Maplewood Mansion, they discovered Mary had escaped. Zachary’s face

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darkened with anger.

He had thought the **drug** he’d **slipped her would** keep her **unconscious** for a while **longer, but it seemed to have worn off** too soon.

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