

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 24 -

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Chapter 24

“Beautiful teacher, could **you** swing by earlier tomorrow?” Zachary’s tone was earnest, his usual aloof **exterior** melting into the air of a keen learner. “I’m **struggling** with a concept, and I want to tackle it tonight, then ask you about it.”

“Of course. You can count on me, Zachary,” Jane answered. The more time she spent with him, the more she realized that his peculiar demeanor was likely rooted in the absence of stable parental guidance. **Just** like any other child, he yearned for love and, when given, would reciprocate with obedience and charm.

Drake, who had been quietly observing from the corner of the room, rose to his feet. Zane’s gaze tracked Drake’s every action as he remained seated on the couch. What was their absentee father cooking up?

Jane paid no mind to the advancing Drake, focusing instead on Zane. “Zane, would you like to come home with Auntie?”

“Sure,” Zane replied enthusiastically, hopping off the couch.

Before he could reach Jane, Drake had already intercepted, positioning himself as a barrier. “How is Zac faring in his studies?” He asked, his casual gray attire and softened voice radiating an unfamiliar warmth.

“Zac is a bright, courteous kid. His sporadic tantrums are likely due to the absence of a steady parental figure.” Jane’s expression towards Drake remained neutral, her tone respectful. “Regardless of circumstances, Zac is your son, and as a CEO, I believe you understand the responsibilities that come with parenthood. I am merely his tutor. The task of imparting life lessons falls to you as his parent.”

Feeling the night stretching thin, she added, “I should leave you all to your evening.” With that, she gestured for Zane to join her.

“Miss Bentley, would you consider joining us for dinner?” Drake’s invitation came surprisingly gentle, his eyes flickering with myriads of unspoken emotions.

Politely declining with a warm smile, Jane responded, “That’s a kind offer, but I find the Warner family’s food not to my taste.”

From the sidelines, Zachary observed this interchange with brows knitted together in a frown. “Beautiful teacher, you put in so much effort to guide me. Wouldn’t you stay for dinner?” He nudged his father aside, playfully pulling **on** Jane’s sleeve. “My good friend Zane is also here.”

Observing Zachary’s charming display, an **unexpected** warmth bloomed in Jane’s heart. She wondered **if** she was becoming too attached to the boy, the same feelings **she** had for Zane and Zoe surfacing more than once. **She** chalked it up to her general fondness **for** children. Crouching down to Zachary’s **level**, **she** gently patted his head. “It’s getting late, and I have two little ones waiting for dinner at home. How about we spend more time **together** some other **day**?”

Mention **of the two children caused Drake’s demeanor** to darken. Zane, **ob servant as always, noticed this** subtle change. Could this deadbeat father **still harbor feelings** for his mother? However, **if his heart** still **clung** to his Mommy, **why the constant pursuit of other**

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women?

A **sudden** understanding flickered **in** his mind – could it be that Drake was unsettled by witnessing his Mommy thrive without him? **Upon** considering this, Zane’s gaze intensified immediately, acquiring a razor–sharp focus.

As Jane was about to leave, Annie had just returned.

“Isn’t it getting late, Miss Bentley?” Annie’s voice dripped with insincere sweetness. “Wouldn’t you like to join us for dinner?”

Upon seeing Annie, hostility flashed in Zane’s eyes.

Entering the room, Annie caught the two piercing stares. Her eyes narrowed, and she glanced at Zachary. A flicker

of disdain passed over her face, unseen by Drake. Her gaze finally settled on Zane.

“Who’s this kid?

One of yours?” She asked flippantly, sarcasm lacing her words.

Ignoring her provocation, Zane shot back in a frosty tone, “Who is this woman, Zac? Is she your mother?”

Annie moved closer to Drake, looping her arm with his, a triumphant smile spreading across her face. “Miss Bentley, feel free to join us for dinner,” she cooed, her voice dripping with feigned politeness.

“We could use an extra hand in the kitchen, though. We have quite a few mouths to feed tonight.” As the lady of the house, Annie couldn’t hide her evident disdain.

Zane was ready to confront Annie, but Jane signaled him to stay calm. She responded coolly, “No need to worry, Miss Carlton. The Warner’s home is large indeed, but I don’t count myself fortunate enough to dine here.”

Eager to follow her lead, Zane inquired, “Aunt Jane, who is this lady? And why does her nose appear so crooked?”

“Mind your language!” Upon hearing Zane’s words, Annie’s face twisted in anger. She couldn’t stand it when people commented on her appearance!

“Zane, don’t say such things. Her nose isn’t off. It’s her mouth,” Jane corrected.

Anne’s fury escalated to a boiling point. She possessed a heightened sensitivity towards her appearance, having invested a considerable sum in cosmetic procedures and countless revisions.

“Get out!” She ordered, her face flushed with anger, **her** finger jabbing towards the door.

From the corner, Zachary had been observing the entire drama. Listening to Zane and Jane criticize the woman he was supposed to call Mommy didn’t sadden him. Instead, his expression hardened.

“**In** this family, I make the decisions. They’re my guests. If they’re not welcome, you aren’t either!” he proclaimed.

His words stung Annie, a wave of resentment washing over her. **She** had taken **him in** as her own, and yet, he **was** proving to be ungrateful. He was undoubtedly Jane Bentley’s child! Rage simmered within **Annie, yet** she **suppressed** it. She had **spent** ample time with **Drake**, witnessing his **profound affection** for the child. The anger **on** her face vanished

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instantly, replaced by **a blend of** compassion **and** sorrow.

“**Why** do **you speak** to your **mother** like that, **Zac?**” she **cried**, swallowing her rage.

Drake **fixed** an **icy** glare **on Zachary**. “**Is** this how you address your **elders**? Didn’t **Ms. Bentley** **teach you** manners? **Is this** your level of respect?”

Zachary was left speechless, disbelief stirring within him.

Drake lifted his **gaze** to meet Jane’s. An unexpected pang ran through him. He quickly averted his eyes, masking his emotions, but a chill entered his gaze.

“Apologize **to** your mother, now!” he demanded.

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