

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 241 -

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“What about that organization you mentioned before?” The one you encountered during **our** mission in **the military?”** Jane couldn’t **help** but ask.

Drake **nodded, his** expression serious. “It’s them.”

“What **kind of** existence are **they**, and why do they instill such fear in you?” Jane had never been in contact with this organization, so she didn’t understand why Drake was so apprehensive about it.

“I don’t know much about the origins of this organization, but I do know that they have existed for a long time. They even played a role in the outbreak of the war back then. They are persistent and intend to disrupt peace once again,” Drake said coldly.

Listening to Drake’s words, Jane was filled with disbelief. She never imagined that there would be such an organization in this world, even strong enough to influence a country.

“What should we do now? They won’t harm the children again, will they?” Jane said worriedly.

Drake shared the same worries for Jane. The current problem was how to protect Jane and the children.

“I will have 303 secretly protect the three children. As for you, stay with me from now on. It’s best to stay close to each other,” Drake said.

“But I still have to take care of matters in my studio,” Jane said.

“I will have a floor in the Warner Group’s building cleared out for you. You can move your studio there, and it will be convenient for us to commute together,” Drake declared generously.

Upon hearing this, Jane couldn’t help but be amazed.

After all, the building where the Warner Corporation was located was in the most luxurious area of Silverbourne, almost considered prime real estate.

Even with Jane's current financial capacity, it wouldn't be easy to have her own studio in such a prime location. However, coming **from** Drake, it wasn't surprising at all. After all, he's known as the richest man in Silverbourne.

For her own safety, Jane could only agree to Drake's request and temporarily move to the Warner Crest Estate.

However, Drake's decision to move her studio was met with an objection from Jasper.

"Jane, **are** you really surrendering to Drake like this? Have you forgotten what you said before? You said *you* would never bow **down** to him!" Jasper protested.

Jasper was already feeling uncomfortable because Jane and Drake openly lived together, using the **excuse** of the children. Now, Jane was even moving her studio to the same place as Drake's, which made it even more difficult for him to accept.

Jane understood Jasper's objection, but she couldn't tell him about the issue with the organization.

"Jasper, I have my own reasons *for* doing this, and I hope you can support me," Jane said.

Upon hearing **this**, Jasper's expression remained sour. He changed the **topic** and continued **speaking**.

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Jane, **tell me** honestly, are you still not **over Drake**?"

Upon **hearing this question**, Jane hesitated **for** a moment **and didn't** immediately give an answer. Jasper **understood** the silence, **and** it meant **that** he was right.

For a moment, Jasper felt uneasy, unable to understand what made him inferior to Drake

*Jane, what is so good about Drake that makes you repeatedly throw yourself into the fire, knowing it's a bottomless pit? Why do you keep throwing yourself in?" Jasper asked with a hint of anger.

Upon hearing this, Jane snapped out of her thoughts, looking at Jasper's angry expression. She didn't know what to say for a moment, and could only sigh and respond.

"I won't let myself fall into it again."

Upon hearing Jane's words, Jasper felt like a deflated balloon. It meant that she had decided to give Drake another chance.

"Jane, you will regret this. Drake is not a good person. Why don't you take a look at the person who has been by your side, protecting and accompanying you?" Jasper said helplessly.

After hearing Jasper's words, Jane wasn't a fool. She understood what he meant, but she couldn't respond.

However, now that Jasper had been honest, Jane decided to clarify things with him. She solemnly expressed her thoughts.

"Jasper, I understand your feelings, and I appreciate your companionship and help all these years. But... some things cannot be based solely on gratitude."

"All this time, you pretended not to know, and I pretended not to see your feelings, because I was afraid. I was afraid that if we made things too clear, we wouldn't even be able to remain friends."

Upon hearing Jane's words, Jasper looked up at her. His eyes no longer carried the usual nonchalant demeanor but instead showed maturity and steadiness befitting a man.

"So, you knew about my feelings all along, and you were just pretending not to know?" Jasper felt a heavy weight in his heart as the words were laid out.

“We’ve always been good friends, haven’t we? Besides, we met when I already had a child. I never thought you would have different feelings for me,” Jane honestly replied.

After hearing Jane’s words, Jasper lowered his gaze again, full of disappointment.

“Okay, I understand!”

After saying these words, Jasper turned around and walked away.

Jane watched him leave with a heavy heart. From the beginning, she hadn’t wanted to confront these feelings, afraid that it would jeopardize their friendship.

Given the current situation, it seemed unlikely that Jasper would continue to stay in the studio.

Jane sighed and ultimately decided not to message Jasper again.

With Drake’s intervention, the studio was quickly relocated to the building of the Warner Group. After the move, Jane planned to inform Drake, but upon reaching his office, she discovered that he wasn’t there.

Just as Daniel, Drake’s assistant, **passed by**, Jane pulled him to inquire **about** Drake’s whereabouts.

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“Mr. **Warner** went to the hospital,” Daniel, the assistant, replied.

“**The hospital?**” Jane was **slightly puzzled, not** understanding **why** Drake would go **to the hospital**. Could **it** be related **to Annie?**

“**Ma’am**, Mr. Warner **went to see** Miss Annie,” Daniel quickly answered, confirming **Jane’s** suspicion.

“**What** happened to Annie again?” Jane’s voice turned cold.

“I don’t know. Mr. Warner **didn’t** say,” Daniel shook his head, becoming slightly concerned seeing **Jane’s cold** expression. **He** hoped that Drake wouldn’t blame him for revealing the information.

While Daniel was worrying for himself, Jane had already turned around and left. She left the Warner Group and headed straight to the hospital.

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Right as **Jane reached the hospital entrance**, she found herself face to face with **Drake as he exited the building**.

Upon seeing Jane, Drake **paused for** a moment before striding over and getting into her **car**. **“Why are you here?” Drake’s** voice was calm.

“Hmph! **Didn’t** you **say** I should **be** with you at all times for safety? Yet, you left me behind,” Jane replied **with a** hint of complaint.

Listening to Jane’s accusatory words, Drake smiled lightly, his expression full of indulgent kindness. Extending his hand, Drake gently pinched Jane’s face, displaying his affection. “I was wrong today. It won’t happen again next time.”

Drake’s intimate gesture made Jane’s heart race.

Snapping back to reality, she looked at Drake with a slight frown and asked, “What has Annie done this time to make you come personally?”

Facing Jane’s question, Drake didn’t conceal anything and directly replied, “She’s emotionally unstable and keeps claiming that someone wants to harm her.”

“I came here personally to try and learn more information about that organization from her.”

“Annie knows about that organization?” Jane was slightly surprised.

Drake nodded and proceeded to explain the relationship between Annie and the organization to

Jane.

“Back then, I was injured during a mission in the **military** while attempting to wipe out that organization. However, it turned out that we only destroyed one of their hideouts. I also suffered an eye injury during the mission and received treatment at the hospital.”

“It was during that time that I met Annie. She stayed by my side, offering me comfort and a different kind of affection. But after I regained my eyesight, she didn’t show up as promised until after we got married.”

“It was then that I learned the truth. Annie didn’t fulfill our agreement because she was kidnapped by the organization. She managed to escape after a near-death experience but sustained severe injuries. Her parents took her abroad, and as a result, she lost her ability to conceive.”

While Jane already knew of the situation between Drake and Annie, this was the first time she heard the details from Drake himself. Particularly striking were Drake’s words describing the previous Annie as a kind and lively girl.

It **was** difficult *for* Jane to reconcile the image **of** the present Annie with the girl in Drake’s memories. And upon learning from Drake that Annie had lost her ability to conceive, Jane was truly shocked.

No wonder Annie had initially requested **Drake** to let her be a surrogate mother for their child. It was fortunate that the surgery was not successful; otherwise, the three children would not **be Jane’s** biological children.

“**Do you still** have **feelings for Annie** from the **past?**” Jane **suddenly felt** a tinge **of** jealousy. Drake and Annie had such **a** profound and **unforgettable** past **together, which explained why** he **always** showed **so** much tolerance **towards Annie**.

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“**I don’t deny that there were feelings when we** were **young**, but **now my heart** belongs **only to you**. **As for her... if there are** any lingering emotions, it

is mainly guilt. **After** all, she lost her ability to **become a mother because** of me, and she will **never be able to** experience motherhood in this lifetime.”

Upon hearing **Drake’s** words, Jane couldn’t **help but** feel a heaviness in her heart. “So, how do you **plan to make it up to** her?”

Jane was **concerned that in** order **to** compensate Annie, Drake would continue to indulge her in various ways without boundaries.

“I have **already talked** to Dr. Harrington **about** this matter, and I asked him to find ways to treat her condition. With the advancement of medical technology today, there should **still** be a chance for her to be saved,” Drake explained. He reached out and held Jane’s hand, giving her a solemn assurance.

“Rest assured, I won’t let you down again, and I won’t let you lose me either.”

Hearing Drake’s sincere confession, Jane’s face blushed slightly. “Hmph, who knows if you’re just using sweet words.” She turned her head, avoiding the **to pic.**

“You mentioned going to talk to her and learn more about that organization. How did it go?”

“I couldn’t get any information from her. Her emotions are unstable, and whenever I bring up this matter, she becomes agitated and unable to answer anything,” Drake expressed his concern **about** the situation.

Meanwhile, inside the hospital room, Annie anxiously looked at her mother and asked, “Mom, what should we do now? Drake is losing patience with me. He doesn’t believe that I would die for him. He even asked me about that organization, but I don’t know how to respond. I can only play dumb.”

Hearing Annie’s words, Mildred softly comforted her, “Don’t worry too much for now. Whether he comes to see you because of you or because he wants to know about that matter, at least he still comes. Our current goal is to find a way to keep him when he does come.”

“As for that organization, didn’t you overhear their conversation about wanting to harm him back then? Just make up something based on what you heard from

m those people. After all, he doesn't know the truth," Mildred suggested quietly, offering a solution to Annie.

"Will that really work?" Annie frowned. It had been so long since those events, and she could barely remember them.

"It has to **work**. If you **want to marry** Drake, **you** have to listen to me," Mildred encouraged Annie.

Reluctantly, Annie had no choice but to follow her mother's advice for now.

The conversation between the two women was overheard clearly by Charles, who entered the hospital room. Seeing Annie, who showed no signs of weakness and instead was plotting how to marry **into** the Warner family, Charles' expression turned extremely unpleasant.

"I **can't** believe it. Can't you two see that Drake has no interest in you anymore? Yet here you are scheming **to** become the Lady of the Warner family," Charles scolded them.

"**Dad...**" Annie **felt guilty** upon **seeing his father** suddenly appear.

"Honey, why are **you** here?" **Mildred** also looked at Charles, feeling uneasy.

Charles was furious, glaring at both of them. "Tell me, **what** exactly **are** you planning?"

"Dad, I'm not planning anything. I **just** want **to marry** Drake," Annie confessed, her heart hardened.

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"Marriage? **Can't you see that he has no feelings for you anymore? He doesn't** even care **about** your life or **death**. What are **you** **thinking, wanting to marry someone** like him? I **advise you to stop dreaming.**"

“Dad, I’m not daydreaming. I want to marry Drake,” Annie insisted firmly.

“Hmph, don’t fool yourself. Do you know the consequences of provoking him ? Do you want the entire family to suffer because of you?”

“I advise you to give up on this idea and stop pestering him. Otherwise, if you anger him, our family will only meet a miserable fate.”

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“Enough!” called out Mildred, raising her voice to silence the escalating tension. She turned her attention to her daughter, seeing the distress in her eyes. “Charles, please stop saying those things. Annie is thinking of our family’s well-being. If she marries Drake, it would benefit our family, wouldn’t it?”

“Think about the past, how Annie and Drake being together brought advantages to our family. If she becomes his wife, the Carlton family will thrive, and you won’t have to work as hard as before,” Mildred added, trying to reason with her husband.

Mildred spoke the truth, but Charles didn’t see it that way. He believed that the favors their family received from Drake in the past were driven by his affection for Annie. However, now, Drake no longer had any feelings for her, and continuing to pursue this relationship would only make him resent the Carlton family.

“You all mentioned the past, what attitude did Drake have towards Annie back then, and what is his attitude now? Can’t you see it for yourselves?” Charles asked coldly.

“It’s all because of that slut, Jane,” Annie cursed fiercely upon hearing her father’s words. Charles also thought of Jane’s beautiful face with a familiar feeling. Then he looked coldly at his own daughter.

“It’s because you’re incompetent, yet you blame others. You’ve been with Drake for so many years and still couldn’t marry him. Now you’re talking about all these things.”

“From now on, focus on recovering from your injuries. Once you’re healed, I will find a suitable person for you to consider. You’re old enough to get married.” Charles said coldly. Upon hearing her father telling her to consider someone else, Annie’s face turned extremely

ugly. "Dad, I don't want to. I won't marry anyone other than Drake."

"Honey, how can you say that? Our daughter is meant to become Drake's wife. How can she consider other men? If this gets out, it will damage our daughter's reputation," Mildred anxiously added.

"The matter is settled, and none of you need to say more," Charles declared firmly.

"No, I won't accept it! Dad!" Annie's emotions became agitated, and Mildred was equally angry. "Why do you say you have decided, so many years, you just know to busy yourself with your own business outside, you don't even care about your daughter and me, and now you come to dictate what to do, I'm telling you, my daughter must marry Drake, it's not your turn to decide. Mildred took out her temper and directly argued with Charles

"You both..." Charles was infuriated by the two and glared fiercely at the two.

"You both just stick to yourselves, there will be a time when you regret it." After saying that, Charles left.

Unaware of the Carlton family's big fight in the hospital, Drake and Jane, after getting the three children, went back to Maplewood Mansion.

After giving the three kids some homework, it was time for bed.

Afterward, she was also preparing to go back to her room to take a bath and sleep. To her surprise,

as soon as she entered the room, she saw Drake inside, holding a book and leaning against her bed.

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"Why are you in my room?" Jane looked puzzled when she saw Drake.

She thought Drake had something to discuss with her, so she didn't get too excited.

"Come here!"

Putting down the book, Drake waved at Jane. Perplexed, Jane walked over.

Just as she reached Drake, he swiftly reached out his long arm, and before Jane could react, she was already sitting on Drake's lap, with him embracing her from behind..

Jane was startled and struggled to get up. "Drake, what are you doing!"

"Don't move!" Scorching breath swept across Jane's neck as Drake's voice carried a seductive tone.

Hearing his words, Jane instinctively stopped struggling but still insisted, "Drake, let me go!"

"The three-month deadline has already arrived. The chance you promised me, shouldn't you fulfill your promise as well?" Drake's words carried a burning breath, whispering in her ear.

"What promise? I only said that if you could prove your sincerity to me within three months, I would give you another chance. I never promised you anything," Jane defended herself.

"Have you proven it now?" Drake pressed on.

Feeling his breath on her neck, tickling sensation overwhelmed Jane, making her unable to

bear it.

"Drake, let me go, it's too ticklish," Jane struggled once again.

"If you don't say it, then I won't let go," Drake tightened his grip, making it impossible for Jane to break free from his embrace.

Helplessly, she could only offer a half-hearted response to Drake's question, "Yes, yes, you've proven it. Now, please let me go."

Hearing her response, Drake released his grip. However, before Jane could leave his embrace, everything spun around, and she found herself pinned down on the bed by Drake. Jane glanced up, locking eyes with Drake, and a subtle, mysterious tension surged between them.

"Drake, get off!" Jane hesitated for a moment, blushing as she softly urged Drake to get up.

"Shh, don't speak!" Drake placed his finger on Jane's lips, then slowly lowered his head, planting a gentle kiss.

The sudden kiss caught Jane off guard.

This feeling was entirely different!

As the kiss deepened, Jane didn't resist. Slowly, she found herself sinking into it, willingly succumbing to the moment.

And just when the two were deeply engrossed in their passionate kiss, there was a creaking sound, and the door opened. Shortly after, the voice of little Zachary came through.

"Mommy..."

The kiss between the two was abruptly interrupted as they turned their heads towards the sudden intrusion of Zac. Their eyes carried a hint of embarrassment.

Zac, upon witnessing such an exciting scene, quickly covered his eyes with his hands.

However, his

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wide-opened fingers still allowed him a clear view, appearing comical and amusing.

"Mommy, Daddy, I didn't mean to. You can continue."

With that, Zac slowly moved sideways like a little crab and disappeared from Jane and Drake's sight.

Just when Jane breathed a sigh of relief, Zac's little head poked out again, "Daddy, cheer up!"

Facing Drake, Zac made a cheering gesture, then quickly ran away, thoughtfully closing the door for the two of them once again.

"Really, next time I absolutely can't disturb Daddy and Mommy kissing. I should let them kiss more." Zac muttered regretfully when he reached the door.

Unexpectedly, his voice clearly reached the ears of Drake and Jane inside the room.

Jane's face and ears turned red, feeling extremely embarrassed...

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The next day, Jane woke up to find the three children huddled together, whispering to each other, but she couldn't make out what they were saying. Just as she approached them, Zac covered his mouth, smiling mischievously and remained silent.

That expression was just too suspicious, and Jane couldn't help but think of the scene from last night when Zac caught them. Could it be that he was telling Zane and Zoe about what happened last night?

As Jane suspected, Zac was indeed explaining the intimate relationship between her and Drake to Zane and Zoe.

While Zoe had softened her attitude towards Drake after the Ferris wheel incident, Zane remained stubborn and refused to acknowledge Drake as their father.

In such a situation, Zac had no choice but to exaggerate what he had seen last night and convey the message to Zane and Zoe. He wanted Zane to know that their mother's relationship with their father was already a certainty.

Even if Zane didn't want to acknowledge their father's identity, it wouldn't work. After hearing Zac's words, Zane clearly didn't believe it and wanted to directly ask their mother if it was true when he saw Jane approaching.

Seeing this, Zac quickly held him back and whispered in his ear, "Don't ask Mommy. If you don't believe it, wait for me to show you with your own eyes."

Zane was skeptical but ultimately didn't go ask Jane. As for Jane, she felt awkward approaching Zac because of what happened last night. She was afraid that he would ask her about it in front of everyone.

After being caught by Zac last night, Jane forcefully sent Drake away, not letting his thoughts take hold. Although he was unhappy, he knew that Jane was sensitive and forcing her after being caught by Zac would only make her unhappy, so he didn't insist.

However, he also thought to himself that he would never allow such a thing to happen again. It seemed that in the future, if he wanted to be intimate with Jane, he would have to find a different place.

After finishing breakfast, Drake called Grandma Courtney and asked her to take the three kids back to the old mansion for a while. Courtney was more than happy to do so and picked up the three little ones that afternoon. With only half a month left until the New Year

and both Drake and Jane being busy with work, they truly didn't have time to take care of the children.

When the children were picked up, they were particularly unhappy, especially Zac. He murmured to Zane and Zoe in the car, "Daddy must be afraid that we would disturb their alone time, so he had Grandma bring us back to the old mansion."

Upon hearing this, Zane glanced at him with a complicated expression.

When Grandma Courtney came to pick them up, Zane secretly sent Zoe to talk to Jane, clearly indicating that they didn't want to go to the old mansion. However, considering the organization issue mentioned by Drake, Jane hesitated and ultimately decided to let the kids stay with Courtney at the old mansion. With the protection of Team 303, the kids would be safer.

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Of course, Jane couldn't tell Zoe the real reason and simply comforted both her and Zane, saying that they could play at the old mansion for a while. She promised to bring them back once she was done with some tasks.

Jane's words gave Zane a hint of a different meaning. He couldn't help but have doubts in his heart. Could it be that what Zac said was true? Had Mommy already forgiven the scumbag dad and even wanted to continue a sweet relationship with him?

This realization left Zane feeling conflicted. He didn't know how to treat Drake in the future. Did he really have to acknowledge this scumbag dad?

Zane, who returned to the old mansion, was filled with turmoil and didn't notice that Grandma Courtney's gaze towards him was somewhat different.

After seeing off the children, Drake cleared out the villa that evening. When Jane finished work, she didn't come back with Drake. He said he had an important dinner appointment and had the driver

take her home.

Jane didn't think much about it and went straight back to mansion after work. However, when she opened the door and entered the living room, she was stunned.

The entire living room was bathed in warm-colored lights. Roses and candles created a romantic atmosphere. A long red carpet stretched all the way to the staircase, and a man stood at the top, slowly walking down.

Dressed in black pants and a white shirt, he lazily unbuttoned the top two buttons, revealing his slender neck and beautiful collarbone. His exceptionally handsome face seemed as if it had been carefully crafted by the heavens, captivating anyone who laid eyes on him.

Combined with his enchanting smile, Jane couldn't help but steal a few more glances. She had to

admit that Drake was the most handsome man she had ever encountered.

"Didn't you say you were having a meal with an important person?" Jane quickly spoke up,

trying to conceal her blushing face caused by her inner struggle.

Drake approached her step by step, his seemingly casual footsteps appearing meticulously designed, causing her heart to once again skip a beat. Locking her gaze onto his handsome face, Jane recalled an article she had read. In the natural world, male creatures were often more beautiful

and charming than females, to attract the attention and admiration of the females.

Previously, Jane hadn't thought much of it, but looking at Drake at this moment, she agreed with that statement. The man in front of her was simply... dazzling.

Drake had already reached Jane's side, looking directly into her eyes. He could clearly see the love and admiration in her eyes, and a deeper smile appeared on his lips.

Very well, that's the feeling. It seems that his face still holds a lot of attraction for Jane.

"You are that important person!" Drake's thin lips parted, and his deep, magnetic voice slowly spoke.

This blatant seduction made Jane blush and her heart race, but she didn't want Drake to have the upper hand and control the situation.

Then, Jane lightly chuckled, intentionally showing a hint of teasing. "Did you dress up like a peacock just to seduce me?"

Upon hearing her words, Drake's lips twitched. Seducing her was indeed the intention, but what did a

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peacock have to do with anything?

"So what if I did? Don't you like it?" Drake lowered his lips and directly approached Jane, wrapping his arms around her waist, pulling her closer to him. He then asked mischievously.

"Well, it's alright. Your figure is indeed quite good. Compared to the male models I've met before, you're definitely up there," Jane replied objectively, her hand unabashedly landing on Drake's collarbone as she felt it. She then surveyed the muscles on his chest before giving her answer.

Upon hearing her words, Drake's face darkened. Through gritted teeth, he growled, "Male models? I didn't expect you to have that kind of preference!"

"What are you thinking? I said male models, not that I have a preference for them. Because of my work, I've naturally seen many male models who are shirtless. What's so strange about that?" Jane

clarified.

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Although Jane had indeed encountered male models who specialized in serving women in those crowded places, commonly known as "ducks," she would never tell Drake about it. Otherwise, his handsome face would surely turn even more terrifying.

After hearing Jane's explanation, Drake's expression softened slightly, but he couldn't help but ask in a low voice again, "So, how do I compare to those so-called male models?"

"Well, you're great!" Jane replied from a professional perspective.

Some people are naturally born to be clothes hangers, and Drake was one of them.

With that answer, Drake's expression improved a bit. He then took Jane's hand and led her to the dining table.

On the table was a romantic and beautiful candlelit dinner, a perfect setting for their first romantic date. Jane couldn't help but feel excited.

As for the details of their after-dinner exercise, there's no need to mention them!

The next morning, Jane was woken up by the ringing of Drake's phone. As she opened her eyes, she didn't see him on the bed. The sound of running water could be heard from the bathroom, so she picked up his phone.

She looked at the screen and saw that it was a call from Annie. Jane hesitated for a moment, then

decided to answer the call.

"Drake, can you come to the hospital? I have something to tell you," came Annie's soft and gentle voice from the other end of the phone.

Annie's phone call disrupted Jane's good mood for the day, and she naturally didn't have a good attitude towards this woman.

"He's busy," Jane coldly responded to Annie on the other end of the line.

Hearing Jane's voice, Annie immediately exploded on the phone. "Jane, why is it you? Where's Drake?"

"Your Drake is taking a shower in the bathroom," Jane replied truthfully.

After hearing her response, Annie's voice immediately turned furious. Even without seeing it with her own eyes, Jane could imagine how angry Annie must be at this moment.

"Jane, you shameless person."

"The shameless one is you, constantly pestering someone else's husband, Jane retorted coldly.

"Drake loves me, don't forget that. Remember how he treated you back then because of me."

"Of course, I won't forget. But don't forget, fortunes change. Now, you're the one he doesn't care about," Jane continued unapologetically, bringing up all the grievances she had suffered from Annie in the past.

Annie was successfully provoked by Jane's words, but she soon let out a cold laugh. "Jane,

don't be too complacent. Drake won't give up on me that easily. After all, I have sacrificed so much for him."

After saying that, Annie hung up the phone, leaving Jane holding the phone, recalling what Drake had

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said before.

Annie had once mentioned that she couldn't conceive due to him, and that alone was enough for Annie to hold onto Drake.

When Drake came out of the bathroom, Jane was still holding the phone, lost in thought.

Drake walked up to her and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Jane snapped out of her daze and looked at Drake.

"It's nothing. Annie just called you," Jane said directly, without hiding anything.

However, Drake seemed completely unconcerned. He took the phone and set it aside, instead placing a gentle morning kiss on her forehead.

"Get up. I'll go downstairs and make breakfast for you."

"What about the servants!" Jane couldn't understand. Although Drake was a skilled cook, as the high and mighty CEO of the Warner Corporation, wouldn't it be a waste for him to make breakfast for her?

"I gave them two days off. Don't worry, I'll take care of you for two days." Drake reached up and ruffled her hair, his eyes filled with doting affection.

After Drake left, Jane lifted the covers and got out of bed, only to feel a dull pain all over her body. When she looked at herself, bruises covered her skin.

His way of taking care of her seemed a bit too much.

After finishing breakfast, Drake took Jane to the car, ready to go to the company. However, at that moment, Drake received a text message on his phone.

After reading the message, he started the car slowly, but instead of heading towards the company, he went in a different direction.

Before Jane could ask what was happening, Drake explained, "We're going to the hospital."

Hearing this, Jane was a bit puzzled. "What happened?"

The only thing she could think of was that Annie had started causing trouble again.

Drake quickly provided an explanation, saying, "Something happened to Annie. She has been kidnapped."

Hearing this, Jane was somewhat surprised but also suspicious. Could this be Annie's plan?

They soon arrived at the hospital and met Mildred, but Charles was nowhere to be seen. As soon as she saw Drake, Mildred immediately rushed over, clutching his hand and tearfully pleading. "Drake, you must save our Annie. She has been kidnapped, and we don't know by whom. Please, you have to find a way to help us."

Observing Mildred's distraught appearance, Jane was somewhat taken aback. Mildred didn't seem like she was pretending.

"What exactly happened? Tell me," Drake said, restraining his impatience and not letting go of Mildred's hand. His voice was cold and stern.

Mildred proceeded to explain the situation to Drake. It turned out that after Annie received a call from Drake in the morning, hospital staff came to take her for an examination. Mildred didn't pay much attention at the time. However, after waiting for a long time without Annie's return, Mildred

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asked the doctors and discovered that she never went for the examination. This caused Mildred to become worried.

"Did they check the surveillance footage?" Drake asked coldly.

"We did, but the footage doesn't show anything. We only saw a person wearing a mask and a doctor's attire taking Annie away," Mildred said, her tears intensifying.

"Show me the surveillance footage."

Mildred immediately handed the copied surveillance footage to Drake, who wasted no time and opened it to view.

As expected, in the video, a tall figure dressed as a doctor was seen pushing a wheelchair with Annie away from the hospital. There were no apparent loopholes in the footage. Drake furrowed his brows and looked up at Mildred, asking again.

"What about her phone? Did she have it with her?"

Mildred nodded immediately. "Yes, she had it with her."

Upon hearing that, Drake took out his phone again and looked at the contents of the message Annie had sent him. The message was simple, consisting of a few short words: "

Drake, save me. They've appeared!"

The moment he saw this message, Drake immediately thought of that organization. After all, it was because of them that Annie had been involved in the car accident. But now, why would they take Annie away? What was their purpose?

Unable to make sense of it all, Drake could only leave with Jane. However, just as they reached the entrance of the hospital, they saw a suspicious vehicle. Initially, Drake didn't pay much attention to the car, but after making eye contact with the person inside, he froze in place.

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Almost without thinking, Drake walked towards the car. As he took a step forward, the car window slowly rolled up, and then it started moving away. Drake tried to catch up, but he couldn't get a clear look at the person inside. Jane immediately caught up with Drake and looked at him with confusion.

"What's wrong? Did you see something?"

"I didn't see clearly, but it felt like someone familiar," Drake shook his head, his brows furrowed.

"Do you want to chase after them and take a closer look?" Jane asked tentatively.

"It's useless, we won't catch up," Drake shook his head. Although they only exchanged a glance, he could tell that the person was very cautious. It would be impossible for them to catch up

"Let's go back to the company first," Drake said to Jane.

She didn't say anything further and followed him back to the company.

After entering the office, Drake immediately dialed a mysterious phone number and asked the person on the other end to help him check the license plate number he had just taken down.

After giving the instructions, Drake finally opened his computer screen and accessed a confidential document. The mouse hovered over it for a while, but ultimately he didn't click on it.

Meanwhile, in a dimly lit room, Annie slowly woke up and found herself still sitting in a wheelchair, with her hands bound. As for her feet, they were immobilized due to her lack of recovery.

Taking in the entire room, Annie realized that her current situation was not right.

Just as she hesitated whether to shout and call out the person who had kidnapped her, the door slowly opened.

Looking at the figure that suddenly appeared in the room, tall and dressed in a proper silver-gray suit, the person exuded an air of dignity.

For a moment, Annie thought the person before her was Drake. However, when her gaze fell on the person's face, she slightly froze.

Because this man was wearing a half-face mask, concealing his features, but even with that half-revealed countenance, Annie found him strangely familiar.

After the initial surprise, Annie restrained her voice and questioned the person,

"Who are you, and why did you kidnap me?"

"Don't you already know?" Upon hearing Annie's question, the man's lips curled into a cold smile. Slowly, he took out Annie's phone and shook it. On the screen was the message she had sent to Drake

Confused by his response, Annie was taken aback. Everything was supposed to go according to plan. Her mother had orchestrated a scheme where she would

pretend to be kidnapped by the organization that Drake feared, and then she would send a message to him, prompting him to come and find her.

At first, everything went as planned. She was successfully kidnapped, and she sent the message to Drake. However, the unexpected happened right after she sent the message. The person who kidnapped her immediately snatched her phone away, and when she questioned them, they knocked

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her out cold.

When Annie woke up, she realized that everything did not go according to plan, and the man before her was the unexpected twist. Hearing his words, Annie's eyes twitched, finding it hard to believe her own suspicions.

"I don't understand what you're talking about!" Annie forced herself to appear calm.

But the cold smirk on the man's lips deepened, and he spoke icily, "I heard that you've been acting in the name of our Reincarnation Path organization, and all those actions were deceitful and manipulative, weren't they?"

With a single sentence, the man tore apart the truth that Annie had desperately tried to conceal. And because of his words, her expression changed drastically, filled with shock and disbelief.

"You're a member of that organization?"

This was Annie's first direct encounter with the organization, and she never expected it to happen under these circumstances. In this moment, panic overwhelmed Annie. All this time, she had been deceiving Drake, using the organization as an excuse. Whether it was when she returned to Drake's side years ago, or the recent car accident incident, even Michelle's matter, she had used the organization as a reason.

She had always believed that this organization was so mysterious, almost legendary, and never thought it would actually materialize and kidnap her.

Annie was truly panicked, afraid of what this mysterious organization might do to her.

Seeing Annie's fear, the man let out a cold laugh. "Ha, you're so timid, yet you dared to act in the name of the organization. Truly overestimating yourself."

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Hearing his words, Annie hastily pleaded, "I'm sorry, I was wrong. I won't dare to do it again. Please spare me."

Listening to Annie's begging, a cold disdain appeared in the man's eyes. "Hmph, I thought he set his eyes on someone remarkable, but it seems she's nothing more than this—a brainless and cowardly woman."

Hearing the man's muttered insults, a thought sparked in Annie's mind, and she immediately said, "Are you talking about Drake? I'm no longer his woman. He doesn't care about me anymore. It's useless to threaten him with me. If you let me go, I can tell you about the woman he cares about now."

Annie's survival instinct surged, and her mind started working. She remembered overhearing discussions about this organization wanting to harm Drake. They must have appeared this time specifically targeting him. Watching Annie desperately trying to distance herself from Drake, the man's face remained indifferent.

"Do you think I will believe your words?"

"What I said is true. Drake doesn't love me anymore and doesn't care about me at all. If you don't believe me, you can search online. Even when I tried to threaten him by jumping off a building, he was determined to cut ties with me," Annie insisted.

Seeing that Annie didn't seem like she was lying, the man hesitated and took out his phone to check the recent news. As expected, he found the connection between Drake and Annie. Just as Annie had claimed, her suicide attempt couldn't salvage Drake's feelings for her. Moreover, he hadn't come out

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to clarify the online discussions and comments about him.

The man continued to search for more information about Drake online, but apart from the recent incident of Annie's suicide attempt, there was a blank space regarding other events involving him. It seemed like someone had intentionally erased the traces.

But it made sense. As the top leader of the Warner Corporation, if he didn't have this ability, how could he maintain control over the entire corporation and become the richest man in Silverbourne?

Regretfully, the man had rushed here right after completing a task and hadn't had a chance to update himself on the latest information about Drake.

"Tell me everything you know, and I might consider letting you go," the man said coldly, his icy gaze fixed on Annie.

Annie shivered under his intense gaze, realizing that the man was even colder than Drake.

"Alright, as long as you promise to let me go, I'll tell you everything I know about him."

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The Warner Corporation's assistant, Daniel, quickly obtained the **information about the car and** handed it over to Drake. After seeing the information about the vehicle and its current location, Drake decided to personally go and investigate the situation.

Because he was worried about the potential danger, he didn't bring Jane along and went alone. Upon reaching the place, Drake found the suspicious vehicle parked in front of an abandoned building. He carefully examined it but did not find any problems. His gaze then focused on the dilapidated building, but again, he couldn't find any immediate problems. However, his experience from his time in the military told him that something was definitely amiss.

Drake cautiously entered the building, intending to investigate the situation. As he walked into the ground floor, he heard whimpering sounds. Following the sound, he quickly found Annie, her hands and feet bound, and her mouth gagged, only able to make sobbing noises.

Seeing Drake, Annie's eyes filled with excitement. Drake immediately approached her and tore off the tape from her face.

Drake... save me..." Annie immediately burst into tears, looking pitifully at Drake.

Drake scanned his surroundings before focusing his gaze on Annie. "Where are the people who kidnapped you?"

According to the message Annie had sent, she should have been kidnapped by the Reincarnation Path organization. However, there was no one here except her. Naturally, Drake had his doubts.

"They're gone!" Annie cried out.

After untying Annie, Drake couldn't help but feel suspicious. "They didn't do anything to you at all?"

The more Drake thought about it, the more something felt off. It was too easy for him to find Annie, and she was completely unharmed. Something didn't add up. If there was no conspiracy or ulterior motive, then what was the point of going through the trouble of kidnapping Annie?

Of course, Annie wouldn't tell Drake that she had secured her safety by exchanging information about him and Jane. She continued to play the role of a frightened and helpless victim, crying and pleading, "Drake, I'm so scared. Please take me away quickly."

Unable to extract any useful information, Drake could only take Annie with him for now. However, as soon as they got into the car, Drake's phone rang. He picked it up and saw an unfamiliar number.

Frowning, Drake answered the call, and a cold voice filled with a hint of mockery came through. "I've prepared a surprise for you. You'll definitely like it."

Hearing the chilling voice on the phone, Yu Mohan's brow furrowed. He had a premonition that something bad was about to happen. "Who are you?" he asked in a cold tone, interrogating the person over the phone.

However, there was no response from the person. He simply replied coldly, "If you want to stay alive, I'll tell you."

With **that**, the call was abruptly ended. Drake realized the gravity of the situation and immediately looked inside the car. Suddenly, a different sound came from inside the vehicle.

That familiar sensation, Drake could never forget it in his lifetime.

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Without any hesitation, Drake opened the car **door** **and** pushed Annie **out**, then swiftly **rushed out** of **the** vehicle himself. **In** the blink **of** an eye, **as the final “ding”** sound resounded, the car burst **into** flames , exploding in a fiery spectacle.

The force of the explosion propelled Drake and **Annie** several meters away , **with** Drake sustaining **injuries to** his back from shielding Annie.

Upon learning of Drake’s injuries, Jane immediately rushed to the hospital.

On the hospital bed, Drake’s wounds had been treated. Due to the injury on his back, he could only lie face down on the bed. When Jane arrived, she saw Drake with gauze wrapped around his back, faintly stained with blood. Beside the bed, Dr. William Harrington was administering medication to

Drake.

Jane hurried to the bedside, her eyes filled with concern as she looked at Drake lying on the bed.

“What happened? How did **you** suddenly get injured? What were you doing?” Jane bombarded him with questions.

Feeling Jane’s care for him, Drake gently reassured her, “I’m fine, just a minor injury.”

“This is nothing? Can’t you see that your back is burnt?” Dr. Harrington couldn’t help but add in a grumpy tone. He earned a glare from Drake, warning him not to frighten Jane with his words.

Seeing Drake’s warning gaze, Dr. Harrington obediently closed his mouth and refrained from saying

more.

“What exactly happened?” Jane glared at Drake, not pleased with his response, and continued to press for an explanation of what had transpired.

Drake hesitated for a moment but ultimately decided to tell Jane about the situation. When she learned that Drake got injured while going to find Annie, she f

elt a bit uncomfortable, but she paid more attention to the mention of the organization in Drake's words.

"It's that organization again. What do they want?" Jane's expression turned cold and grim.

"We don't know their exact motives yet, but one thing is certain—they are after me." Drake replied in a low, chilling voice.

Courtney also received news of Drake's injury and quickly rushed over. Seeing Drake lying on the hospital bed, her heart filled with worry.

"How did this happen?" Tears welled up in Courtney's eyes. She only had this one son, and yet he had

gotten into trouble once again.

"Mom, I'm fine." Unable to bear seeing her mother in tears, the typically cold Drake rarely spoke to comfort her.

"Who did this?" Courtney's voice became sharp and agitated.

Drake initially didn't want to reveal the truth to his mother as not to worry her. However, he also feared that the organization would turn their attention to her. With her safety in mind, he briefly explained the involvement of the Reincarnation Path and advised her to prioritize her safety when going out, especially in taking care of their three children.

Upon hearing the words "Reincarnation Path," Courtney's expression turned gloomy.

"It's them again. Could this be the inescapable fate of the Warner family?" Courtney said desolately

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and **sorrowfully**.

Jane, **observing** Courtney's expression, felt that something was **off** and grew curious. Could there be some other connection between **the** Warner family and this organization?

However, Courtney didn't **say** anything more. After understanding the situation, she urged Drake to rest **before leaving the** hospital.

Once Courtney left, Jane looked at Drake with confusion and asked, "What did your mother mean by those words? Is there some other connection between your family and this organization?"

Hearing this, Drake didn't conceal anything and told Jane what he knew. "My father died because of this organization as well."

Hearing this, Jane's doubts were finally resolved. She had never met **Drake's** father. When she married Drake, he was already the high-ranking leader of the Warner Corporation. At that time, she still believed that he was a promising young man.

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"That organization is so mysterious, isn't there any way to get rid of them?" Jane was equally concerned about this secretive organization. They were so powerful that they could be considered terrorists, and the country should be actively suppressing this kind of existence. Guessing Jane's thoughts, Drake provided an explanation. "Of course, the country doesn't like their existence, but they have been around for a long time, possibly even becoming incredibly powerful during times of war. It is impossible to uproot them all at once."

"Before I retired, I only managed to eliminate one of their minions within the country. Later, the country conducted a special operation specifically targeting them, and it temporarily forced them into hiding."

"Once they choose to hide, it becomes difficult to find them."

Jane couldn't help but furrow her brow. She was just an ordinary person and had never imagined that one day she would be involved in such highly classified matters.

As Courtney left the hospital, her mind in turmoil, she didn't pay attention while descending the stairs and lightly bumped into a tall figure.

As
sir!"

Courtney was the one who bumped into the other person, she instinctively apologized, "I'm sorry,

Just as Courtney finished apologizing and was about to leave, she received a response from the other person, "It's okay."

However, it was those two simple words that made Courtney freeze in place. She immediately turned around to look at the figure she had bumped into.

The person had already taken big strides away, and Courtney could only see his back. Yet, it was this back view that filled Courtney's eyes with tears.

"Wait!" Without thinking, Courtney called out to the figure and quickly caught up to him. After she ran in front of the person, Courtney immediately looked up and, after clearly seeing the person's face, her eyes were filled with disappointment once again.

Indeed, she had been delusional.

Yes, that child had already passed away, so how could he appear? She truly had gone mad.

"I'm sorry, I mistook you for someone else!" With a sense of dejection, Courtney withdrew her gaze and walked away slowly.

However, the man's gaze followed the woman as she left, his eyes filled with complex emotions-longing, pain, and eventually turning into intense resentment.

Leaving the hospital, Courtney remained absent-minded. As she saw the driver about to drive back to the old residence, she stopped the car and provided a new address, instructing the driver to take
her there.

After a while, Courtney arrived at the old residence with an elderly man. When they reached the entrance, she respectfully opened the door for him.

"Chief Sinclair, please come inside!" Courtney said respectfully.

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The servants in the old residence were all puzzled, not understanding what kind of person could receive such respectful treatment from Mrs. Courtney Philips.

Before they could fulfill their duties as servants, the head housekeeper stepped forward and dispersed them, personally serving tea to the two individuals.

The servants became even more curious about the person who returned with Mrs. Philips.

"Easton, go and bring Zane here!" After serving the hot tea, Courtney instructed the housekeeper,

Easton.

Upon hearing Mrs. Philips' words, Easton hesitated for a moment, his gaze filled with shock as he

looked at her.

Courtney reiterated, "I said go and bring Zane here!"

After a brief moment of hesitation, Easton had no choice but to follow Mrs. Philips' orders. Once Easton left, Courtney immediately turned to the elderly man across from her. He had white hair and a beard, but he still appeared spirited. His eyes, though filled with the weight of experience, carried an imposing and stern aura that made it difficult for anyone to meet his gaze.

"Chief Sinclair, thank you for taking care of the Warner family all these years."

"This is what your family deserves. Also, your son has talent. Speaking of Drake, if it weren't for that accident, I would never have let him leave the team no matter what. He is exceptional."

When mentioning Drake, the old man's face revealed a satisfied expression, clearly indicating his recognition and approval of Drake.

However, upon hearing this praise, Courtney did not display any joy on her face.

Soon, during their conversation, Easton brought Zane over. Zane was curious about why Grandma Courtney wanted to speak with him alone, not understanding what she had to say. However, when he saw the elderly man sitting across from her, his expression instantly became serious. His first impression of the old man was that he was not an ordinary person.

"Grandma Philips, did you need something from me?" Zane still referred to Courtney as "Grandma Philips, indicating that he had not fully accepted her as his biological grandmother. Hearing Zane's address, Courtney felt a slight sense of relief, knowing that Zane had not yet considered her his true grandmother. Pushing Zane away would have only deepened her guilt.

"Zane, come here!" Courtney beckoned to Zane.

"Chief Sinclair, what do you think of this child?"

The old man's gaze fell upon Zane. Observing his clear and determined eyes, as well as his intelligence, the old man nodded in satisfaction.

"Not bad, he's a promising young talent. I just wonder about his character," the old man remarked.

"Chief Sinclair, you can rest assured. My grandson is intelligent," Courtney assured him.

Then, the old man reached out and pinched Zane's bones, feeling even more satisfied.

"Good, very good. I can take him with me now. Don't worry, if he's truly like Drake, he will definitely become a member of the team," the old man said slowly.

Hearing this, a complex expression appeared on Courtney's face, but in the end, she nodded.

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Zane also sensed that something was wrong. This old man wanted to take him away, and his grandmother was personally sending him off.

"I don't want to go with you," Zane immediately realized that the situation was amiss and

distanced himself, warily watching his grandma and the old man.

The old man, witnessing this, didn't get angry. He simply said calmly, "Little boy, don't you want to become stronger and bring honor to your family? As long as you come with me, I guarantee your future will be no worse than your father's."

Hearing the old man's words, especially the part about becoming stronger, Zane's expression wavered slightly. Of course, he wanted to become stronger so he could protect his mommy and little sister. However, he couldn't possibly leave his mommy.

After a brief moment of wavering, Zane quickly regained his composure and coldly stared at the old man.

"Hmph, don't even think about fooling me. I don't have the surname Warner, so why should I fight for the glory of the Warner family?"

Hearing this, the old man looked at Courtney with a puzzled expression, clearly not understanding why Zane would say such things.

Courtney immediately provided an explanation, "Chief Sinclair, this child takes his mother's surname, but he is still a member of our Warner family."

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Hearing **this explanation**, the old man's expression **softened** slightly, and **he proceeded** to forcefully take Zane away.

Upon receiving the news that Zane had been taken, Drake immediately jumped up from the bed, aggravating his back injury and causing fresh blood to seep through the bandages.

Jane noticed Drake's movement and quickly tried to stop him. "Why are you moving around recklessly? Your wound is bleeding again!"

Ignoring his injury, Drake looked at Jane and said, "Something happened to Zane."

Jane became even more anxious than Drake.

“What happened? How could something happen to Zane? What happened?”

“Don’t ask now, come back to the old residence with me immediately.”

Drake grabbed a nearby coat and put it on without caring about his injury. He took Jane and hurried back to the old residence.

Inside the car, Jane was deeply concerned about Zane’s situation and asked Drake what had happened. Faced with Jane’s questions, Drake hesitated for a while, unsure if he should tell her.

Seeing Drake’s hesitant expression, Jane grew irritated and sternly demanded, “Drake, what happened? Just tell me!”

“Jane, calm down first. Here’s what happened: my mom sent Zane away.”

“Sent him away?” Jane was puzzled, not understanding the meaning behind “sent him away.” Did she give Zane away to someone?

“On what grounds does your mother have the right to send Zane away? He’s my child,” Jane sternly rebuked, feeling anxious.

The reason they allowed Zane and Zoe to have contact with Courtney was simply because the children had Drake’s blood, an unchangeable fact. And if the children were willing to recognize Courtney, Jane had no objection. However, it didn’t mean that Courtney could arbitrarily decide the

whereabouts of her child.

*Jane, please calm down and listen to me. My mom didn’t give Zane away to someone. She sent him to a special place.”

“A special place?” Jane became even more confused.

However, it didn’t take long for Drake to provide an explanation. The so-called special place referred to a specialized security department established after the founding of the country to counter any factors and obstacles that could disrupt the country’s development and stability. It was a special security dep

artment, and Drake had previously served there before retiring due to an eye injury.

“So your mom sent Zane to the military?” Jane exclaimed. “But Zane is still so young!”

“More accurately, it’s not exactly the military, but an alliance. Only those who pass the training and tests can become members,” Drake said with a serious expression.

But the most important point that Drake didn’t mention was that this alliance could cost lives....

Due to the specialized nature of army, it required exceptional individuals, and the training was

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beyond the imagination of ordinary people. Injuries and deaths were **common** occurrences. Only those who were truly strong and mentally resilient could survive and emerge from there. In **the** Warner family, one person had already stayed there and never returned.

Thinking about this, Drake’s **face** became darker, filled with worry. Although he knew that those who emerged from there could become incredibly strong, including himself, he had never imagined sending his **own** child there. Because... he didn’t want to lose someone important *to* him again. **Upon** their return to the old mansion, Drake and Jane were just a step too late. The old man had already taken Zane and left. In the living room, only Courtney sat alone, while Easton stood guard.

from a distance

Seeing Drake and Jane come back, Easton respectfully looked at Drake and said, “Sir Warner!”

“Where are they?” Drake’s words were cold, exuding an intimidating chill.

Easton lowered his gaze in helplessness and replied, "Sir Warner, Zane has already been taken away

Upon hearing this response, Drake's face turned terrifyingly dark, and Jane walked directly to Courtney, questioning her as she sat on the sofa.

"Where is Zane? What have you done to him?" Jane demanded.

Courtney slowly raised her head, looking at Jane, and coldly uttered her words. "He will come back, carrying the glory of the Warner family!"

Jane grew even angrier upon hearing Courtney's reply, her gaze fixed on her. "What does the glory of the Warner family have to do with Zane? He doesn't believe in the Warner family; he bears the Bentley surname. Give Zane back to me."

"You understand nothing!" Courtney was also provoked by Jane's words and raised her eyes to meet Jane's gaze.

"Even if he doesn't bear the Warner surname, he is still a child of the Warner family and should live and die together with the Warner family."

Upon hearing Courtney's words, Jane suddenly felt that the Courtney in front of her was so unfamiliar, as if she had never known her.

And she understood one thing: from the beginning, Courtney's intention to bring back Zane and Zoe was driven by ulterior motives.

"From the very beginning, you had a purpose in mind when you wanted Zane and Zoe to return to the Warner family, didn't **you**?" Jane questioned.

Facing Jane's accusation, Courtney denied it, saying, "No, Zane is also my grandson. I treat them both equally."

"Why did you send Zane away? Why?" Jane was infuriated to the extreme. If she had known that bringing Zane back to the Warner family would result in him being sent to such a dangerous place, she would never have brought the child back.

"You should be happy. If I didn't consider Zane my own grandson, why would I send him to that place? As long as he returns safely, the entire Warner family

will be his. He will inherit his father's position and govern the entire Warner family," Courtney explained with a sense of righteousness. But her words did not pacify Jane's anger, instead, it fueled her rage even more.

"We don't want Zane to inherit anything from the Warner family. I just want him to be safe and sound

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Give **me** back my Zane," Jane demanded.

"Ignorant," Courtney responded disdainfully to Jane's **words**.

At that moment, Drake approached, his voice cold. "Mother, **tell me** where Zane is right now. I will take responsibility for the future of the Warner family. There's no need **for** anyone else to make **sacrifices**."

"What can you take responsibility for? Do you think the prosperity of the Warner family over the years is solely because of you? Yes, you are talented and capable, but do you think that with your abilities alone, you can ensure the eternal prosperity of the family?" his mother retorted.

"I am doing this for **the** sake of our family. She doesn't understand. Don't you understand my efforts?" Courtney said coldly to Drake.

"But Zane is still so young. How can you bear to do this? And you know how dangerous that place is. What if something happens to Zane?" Drake coldly countered.

"What could possibly happen? You came back safely, didn't you? Zane is your son. Don't you have faith in him?"

"But there's always the unexpected. Do you still want to lose another close blood relative?" Drake's words made his mother tremble all over.

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“Mom, tell me, where **is** Zane?” Looking at the **stunned** expression **on Courtney’s face**, Drake pressed

for an **answer**.

After **Drake’s** question, Courtney hesitated for a moment.

“He was taken away by the Chief,” Courtney replied.

Upon hearing this, Drake furrowed his brows. He knew that his mother had sent Zane to that special place, but he didn’t expect that it was the Chief who personally took him away.

“The Chief? Who is this Chief?” Jane asked coldly.

Seeing Jane’s agitated state, Drake quickly held her hand and said, “Jane, don’t worry, I will bring Zane back. Let’s go back first.”

Knowing who took Zane, Drake didn’t stay any longer and prepared to take Jane away, and then retrieve Zane.

However, Jane looked coldly at Courtney and said, “What about Zoe and Zac? I want to take them

with me.”

Upon hearing this, Courtney’s face changed, and she immediately objected, “No, you can’t take them away.”

“If I don’t take them away, do you expect me to leave them here for you to send away?” Jane retorted unhappily.

“Hmph, you know nothing.”

“Yes, I don’t need to understand. They are my children, and I have the right to take care of them. Today, I’m taking them away, and you can’t stop m

e. If you want to control someone, you can control the ones you gave birth to. I won't say a word about that." Jane coldly retorted.

Her words were a bit harsh, but Jane was also driven by anger and didn't care much about it.

"You... you..." Courtney pointed her finger at Jane in anger.

Jane didn't bother with Courtney's fury and went straight into the old residence to find the remaining two children.

Zac was reminiscing about their childhood memories and sharing stories from their past.

Zac didn't pay much attention to the fact that Zane was taken away, thinking that Grandma had something to discuss privately with Zane.

It also gave him the opportunity to spend some alone time with his sister, which made him happy.

When Jane found the two children, Zac was a bit puzzled.

"Mommy, why are *you* here?" Zac happily approached Jane and asked.

But he noticed that Jane's expression was not good, so he immediately became concerned.

"Mommy, what happened? Did Daddy make you upset again?"

"Come with Mommy." Jane didn't say much and held the hands of the two children, ready to leave. The children, despite their confusion about Jane's unusual mood, obediently followed along.

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Meanwhile, **Courtney** was **stopped by** Drake and **paid** no attention **to** Jane's actions.

Once they were in the **car**, Zac asked with confusion, "Mommy, what about Zane? **Aren't** we **taking** him **with** us?"

Upon hearing Zac's words, Jane's eyes immediately turned red.

Since accepting Zac as her own, she had always treated the three children equally. Even though she might have shown slight favoritism towards Zac occasionally due to the years they had missed together, she was fair and just in important matters.

But now Zane had been taken away, and she didn't even know where he was being taken.

Just thinking about it, Jane couldn't control her emotions, and tears were welling up in her eyes.

Zac also sensed that something was wrong and immediately asked, "Mommy, did something happen to Zane?"

Jane didn't answer Zac's question; instead, she sniffled and tried hard to restrain her emotions.

"Mommy will definitely bring Zane back," she said.

As soon as he finished speaking, Drake came out of the old house and got into the car. He started the car and drove away.

Jane saw Courtney chasing after them, but she coldly averted her gaze, still filled with anger.

Back at the mansion, Jane kept the two children by her side, not daring to leave them even for a moment, afraid that they would disappear in the next second.

Without Zane, Zac felt a bit uncomfortable and obediently relied on Jane's embrace.

Drake had been making phone calls all along, and from the conversations, it could be inferred that he was tracing Zane's whereabouts.

This alliance was very secretive, and its establishment was already little known, let alone providing talents for that special department. Therefore, strict confidentiality measures were in place, including frequent address changes.

Even though Drake had come out from that place, it was not certain that he could find Zane immediately.

Jane understood the difficulty *of* the situation and didn't press Drake, silently waiting for news.

While Drake was on the phone, Jane's phone received a call from Daniel. Jane glanced at it and saw that it was an urgent call from Drake's assistant.

Jane quickly answered the call, and Daniel's anxious voice came through the phone. "Miss Bentley, where is Mr. Warner?"

"He's here. What's wrong?" Jane sensed the urgency in Daniel's voice and her heart tightened.

"I've been trying to reach Mr. Warner, but his line has been busy. Please let him know that something has happened."

"What happened?" Jane's anxiety increased upon hearing that something had happened.

"There has been a fatal incident at the construction site developed by the Warner Corporation." Daniel explained.

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Upon hearing **this**, **not** only **did** Jane feel her **heart** tighten, but her head also started to **ache**. **She** knew **that** the construction project mentioned by Daniel was the one where her father, Andrew Bentley, had approached her and asked her to help coordinate, convincing Drake to collaborate with him on the project. Andrew had succeeded in getting a share and even threatened Jane with their cooperation, taking away 20% of the Bentley family's shares.

The construction on that piece of land should have been nearing completion. How could there be a **fatal** incident?

Daniel couldn't provide clear details over the phone and urged Jane to pass the call to Drake.

Coincidentally, Drake had just finished his call and noticed Jane's unusual expression. He walked over and asked, "What's wrong?"

Jane handed him the phone and briefly explained what Daniel had told her. Drake's express

ion changed abruptly, and he immediately took the phone, communicating with Daniel on the other end.

After the call ended, Drake's face turned ominously dark. He spoke with a controlled tone to Jane, "Stay at home. I'm going to the accident site."

Jane understood the urgency of the situation and nodded, allowing Drake to leave with a heavy heart. Drake didn't return for the entire night, and Jane couldn't sleep well due to her worry for Zane

At dawn, she received another call from Daniel. "Miss Bentley, Mr. Warner has fainted!"

Upon hearing this news, Jane became even more anxious, realizing that Drake still had injuries on his body.

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