

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 25 -

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Chapter 25

As Zane mused over Zachary's upbringing, his earlier antipathy towards the boy seemed to dissolve. His lips were pursed into a severe line, a stormy spark lighting his childish voice. "How **can** you raise a kid like this when you do not even know the simple stuff about being a **parent? If anyone can win after** crying, what does fairness even mean?"

His words dripped with disdain, his eyes rolling in a theatrical display of contempt. Here was the man who abandoned him, his sister, and their mother. And now, he couldn't even muster simple regard for the boy he was supposed to be raising!

Taken by surprise, Drake recoiled as if struck by the abrupt verbal onslaught, his brows knitting in confusion. His face clouded over, a storm brewing in his thoughts. Who knew a five-year-old could lecture him?

Anxiety

nibbled at the edges of her composure as Annie watched Drake, seeing a flicker of hesitation in his eyes. She quickly gathered herself, swiping away a tear with a trembling hand. "Am I wrong to teach my own child?"

"It's clear that you don't grasp the essence of motherhood. What sort of mother thrusts her child into the harsh glare of the limelight?" Zane retorted, his bitter past and her actions against his mother stoking the embers of resentment within him. For a brief moment, it appeared as if he was seeking retribution aside from defending Zachary.

"Y-You!" Annie spluttered, rendered speechless.

"Although you are my parents, you have never demonstrated genuine care for me. You want perfection, but my teacher says I don't have to be perfect. I just need to be myself!" Zachary, a spitfire from the start, grabbed the closest flowerpot in retaliation and let it fly. "I'm tired of being in your shadows. I want to go live with my teacher!"

“No.” The single word from Drake reverberated around the room, laden with an iron-clad determination.

“Why would she allow you **to** spend the night at her **place?**” Annie added, standing in **staunch** opposition. Zachary was always sharp for his age. His maternal connection to her **felt** insincere, almost fake. If he were to reconnect with Jane, his biological mother, he would undoubtedly recognize the genuine motherly love Jane exuded.

Coddled **by** his grandmother and Miss Lea from infancy, Zachary was strong-willed and defiant. “If anyone dares to obstruct me today, I’ll report to Grandma, and your wedding dreams will be up in smoke!”

The color drained from Annie’s face, frozen mid-**step**, her expression a complicated mix of fear, anger, and desperation. **She** reached for Drake’s arm, shaking her head in a wordless plea. Their wedding was **already** on a precarious footing due to Grandma’s objections, and a word of dissent from Zachary could break the delicate balance **entirely! Nothing was** going to **stand** in **the** way of her **wedding!**

“Fine! If you’re **so desperate to leave**, then leave!” Annie defiantly lifted her chin, her neck resembling **a graceful swan**, symbolizing **her** exquisite beauty.

Drake understood **the depth** of Annie’s fear. He had already wasted a significant portion of **her life and couldn’t bear to let** her down any **further. He** maintained silence, **keeping his**

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gaze lowered. **Perhaps, Jane** could **indeed** shape Zachary’s **character** better. The boy **was, after all, their** biological child.

“**Go, but remember to behave yourself.**” **Drake’s** voice was a low rumble, like distant

thunder.

Jane had **always** harbored a soft **spot** for Zachary. Afraid of stifling the boy's spirit, she didn't, **object** either. She gave Zane a signal, which he understood instantly.

"**Zachary**, Uncle, I'll take my **leave** first." They couldn't leave together, or it might arouse **Drake's** suspicion. Caution was the key.

Once Zane had left, Jane held Zachary's hand, her eyes icy as they rested on Drake and Annie. "Since you both consent, I'll escort Zac home." She ignored **the** sinister glare from Annie and led Zachary out of the mansion towards her humble apartment.

As they stepped into the apartment, Zachary's eyes widened in wonder. "Why ... Why are

you

here?" he stuttered, taken aback.

Was it the closeness between Zane and his teacher that brought them here so often?

"Surprised?" Zane asked with a teasing smile, handing Zoe a robot to tinker with as he rose and strolled toward the entrance.

"How can I not be?" Zachary accepted the slippers offered by Zane, his forehead creasing with confusion.

Zane guided Zachary to the sofa, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Your tutor happens to be my mom, but this needs to be our secret."

"Why can't my dad know?" Zachary's brows knit together in curiosity.

Jane quietly slipped into the kitchen, leaving Zane to deal with their unexpected guest.

"Your dad, the **CEO** of Warner Corp, might exploit her vulnerability if he discovers she isn't tutoring you anymore, right?" **Zane** explained, carefully crafting a story Zachary could accept.

"**And** if **he** threatens my mom..."

“I promise to keep it a secret.” Zachary nodded, although he wasn’t entirely convinced his **father** could be **so** menacing.

“**Brother**, where does **this** part **go**?” A delicate voice piped up from a corner.

Zachary turned to see a tiny girl dressed in a pale yellow dress approaching them with a headless robot held tightly in her delicate hands. Her greeting was a shy smile, and Zachary responded with a nod, a strange **sense** of kinship dulling his usual sharp edges.

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Zachary felt **peculiar** as he watched the little **girl**. **He** usually found **children** **his** age or

younger **annoying**. **But with Zane and his sister, he** felt an **inexplicable** bond **with** them.

“Like **this**, you just attach **this** part **here**.” **With** an amused look, Zane showed **Zoe** where the piece fit.

“**She’s really into** robots, huh?” Zachary **noted**, fascinated by **Zoe’s** **focused** expression.

Zane **nodded**, a touch **of admiration** in his **voice**. “**My sister** has **been captivated** by robots from a young **age**. **She** can deconstruct and reconstruct a robot in **no time**.”

Mr. Warner. Your **Ex** wife is Brilliant

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“**Seriously?**” Zachary **couldn’t help** but **express** his **surprise**.

“**Absolutely.**”

Engrossed in her mechanical **project**, **Zoe** barely registered their conversation.

Fascinated, Zachary suggested, “How about a little robot building **competition?**”

Zane **responded** with a casual shrug. “That’s up to **Zoe**.”

Zachary crouched on a cushion, looking directly at Zoe with unusual patience.
“Would you like **to** have a robot–building competition, little one?”

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