

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 261 -

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When Jane came out of the room, Drake was still guarding the door, looking up slightly once he saw

her.

“How was it?”

“To Berlin,” Jane merely said those three words.

Drake mused for a moment, then took Jane out of the hotel into the car, going straight towards Berlin.

On the highway, Drake passed a black car in front of him. He glanced at it and was stunned.

Jane saw his expression and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Drake returned to his senses and shook his head, “It’s fine, I must have misread it.”

Hearing this, Jane did not pry further, and the car they passed got on another expressway bound for Silverbourne.

Three people were in the car. Apart from the driver, a good-looking man was in the back seat with a child next to him.

If it was Jane, she would have been able to tell that the child was Zane from a single glance.

Once the car was on the highway, the man closed the car window and his gaze fell upon Zane who was seated beside him.

Zane sat in the car. Although he was awake, he did not say a word, his eyes blankly staring out the window. Recognizing the road back to Silverbourne, Zane breathed a sigh of relief.

After he was out the forest, he wanted **to** find a place where he could call his Mommy. He did not want to be taken **away** by **the** man in front of him before he could even call Jane.

He thought it was the same person who had thrown him deep into **the** mountains before, but the person claimed that he wanted to bring him **back** to Silverbourne.

Zane was **always cautious**. Of course it was impossible to trust the man completely, but this time, he **relaxed** seeing that the man was indeed bringing him back.

Leaving aside whether or not he could escape under the **man's** nose when he returns **to** Silverbourne, **he could come up with a plan once he's** back.

"Kids – always with a straight face. They're not **cute at all. Here, have some snacks."**

The **man handed** Zane a bag of **chips**. **He** did not take it and **just stared at him**.

The **man** grinned and stared back at him as he added, "What, afraid **I'll poison you?"**

After saying that, the man **opened the** bag and started eating **them** himself – with a blissed **expression, which had Zane speechless**.

The man in **front of him** seemed **to be in** his twenties **yet he had** a childish look, much like **Zachary**.

Thinking of Zachary, Zane realized that the man in front really had similar **eyes** as him.

"It's delicious. Do you want to try it?" **The** man **offered with a smile and handed the** snack over **to Zane** once **again**.

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Zane **hesitated** for a moment before finally accepting. He had been starving in the mountains and the wild fruits he found were not able to keep him full.

Besides, his Mommy told him that the best way to escape is to **keep** oneself physically strong.

The corners of the man's mouth curled into a smile after Zane took the chips and ate them.

The child **still kept** an eye on the stranger's every move and **seeing** that the man did not intend to harm him, he slowly lowered his guard.

After eating, Zane turned to the man and **talked** to him, hoping to gain information.

"Are you going to send me home?" he asked with caution."

Hearing the question, the man grinned and looked at him. **"No."**

Zane was stunned by the man's bluntness, though expecting the answer nonetheless.

Although the man meant no harm, he will definitely not send him back. The reason, as Zane guessed, might be the same as how his Mommy was captured before. It was either his scum father's competitor or love rival.

You know Drake Warner, don't you?" Zane raised his brows and asked slowly.

"How did you know?" The man was slightly stunned. He didn't say that he knew Drake Warner, **so** how did he guess?

"You're not the first person to use me in order to threaten him, and you most likely won't be the last," Zane replied flatly.

Hearing his answer, the man was a little startled.

"Tell me your name. I don't want to say later on that I have **been** caught without any idea who my **captor** was."

Zane spoke **so** casually, but he was in fact nervous. He was trying to **get** useful information from the man's **words** and was **scared** of being found out.

The man **was** not aware **of** Zane's thoughts. **After** his question, **he** pondered for a while and **spoke**.

"River."

The short word stunned **Zane**, **and** he murmured.

"River, what a strange name."

Catching Zane's words, **River's** mouth curled into a cold smile.

"Flowing alone, what is it if not a River??" Zane noticed **the solemn** tone and thought **for a while**.

"Are you unmarried or **single?"**

River was **taken aback by the** sudden **question but** still **nodded**.

"No wonder!" Zane **nodded thoughtfully**.

Seeing the **look** on his face, River could **not help but** ask, **"No wonder what?"**

"No wonder you don't want to take me back home. After **all**, you're lonely **without a wife nor children**. You must want **to** keep me **around**."

"But, uh, I still suggest you **have your own**. Even if you **capture** me, I **won't** **treat you as family**. **It's**

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entirely different if **you have a son** who **shares your** blood."

"And besides, my mom **gave birth to three** in one **breath**. You're not **so** **ba**d, it would not be impossible **to** have **six, six** babies in **one** birth."

Zane rambled on, subtly trying to make the man let him go.

River listened to his chatter. He was stiff at first, but soon he looked amused and turned to him with

a smile.

“From what you said, your mommy seems to be capable of giving birth. Why don’t I get her as well and take your advice to have six?”

Zane went quiet with those words.

Just kidding. How could her mother have children with other men?

The smile on River’s face deepened when he saw the kid’s deflated appearance.

“What’s wrong? **Is** it a bad idea?”

“It’s not good.” Zane stared at him coldly, tensing. The man in front of him was *not* easy to fool.

The man felt pleased with himself, yet there was **a** touch of envy in his heart.

If he had not been abandoned in the first place, would he have married and have such smart and cute kids now too?

That being said, he quite **liked kids**. It was a shame he ended up **being** abandoned and sacrificed, and was destined to not have a beautiful life.

With these thoughts, the smile **faded** on River’s **face** faded as he turned grim.

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Back in Silverbourne, he brought **Zane to a fancy villa**. Inside were **servants and people solemnly dressed in black**. **Seeing the** man, each of them nodded **in** respect.

Zane's eyes narrowed slightly as he scanned the area.

It was then discovered **that the** entire villa was equipped with the heaviest surveillance equipment. Although there were not a lot of people in **the** house, it still was not easy to escape from such a **precisely laid out** place.

Realizing this, he frowned.

River took in Zane's expression and a small grin appeared on his face.

"Don't bother looking, you can't escape."

Zane, who was aware of his inner thoughts, raised his face and stared at River, but he did not panic.

Hmph. No matter how difficult it was, he would still find a way to escape.

With **a** light snort, he turned **away** from River and **let** him lead him to a room.

He called out to River as he was about to leave.

"You're just going to leave me like that?"

River looked up slightly, as if a little puzzled. Then he heard Zane say, "The reason why you kept me was not to threaten my parents. Now that I'm already in your hands, why don't you call my parents and give them a threat?"

His words surprised River, the corners of his mouth in a smirk. He looked at Zane's eyes, trying to read what he was thinking.

The kid looked back at him without flinching.

"You're **right**. You should **call your** parents," River nodded in agreement.

"138.." Zane gave **a** string of numbers.

Under **River's** surprised **gaze**, he **stated** blankly, "**My jerk of a father's number.**"

He **didn't give** out his Mommy's number because he was **suspicious** of the man in front of him. After

all, this man had **just** thought **of** capturing his mother; he **definitely** could not **expose her**

whereabouts.

River was still in **shock** when Zane continued, "What, **didn't** you **get that?** I'll call it out **again.**"

"No need," River returned to his senses and **shook his head,** his eyes **deep.**

Zane was **not intimidated,** so he just stood **there quietly** waiting for **River's** next move.

In the end, the man **slowly took out** his phone and dialed the number.

It took **a while for the** phone **to connect before** a **cold voice** was heard.

River would **recognize it** even if **he turned to** ashes. **Hearing the voice start** led him.

"Who?" On the **phone,** Drake **Warner's voice** was **icy** and even **carries** out a little **impatience.**

After regaining his senses, River **said stonily,** "**Your son is in my hands.**"

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Upon hearing his words, Drake on the other **end of the** phone **immediately** asked, "**Who are you?**"

"You don't need to know who I am. If you want to **save your son,** you should..." **River faltered,** unable **to think of what** he should demand **for Zane** in **return.**"

"Who the hell are you?" Drake asked **again,** anger evident in **his tone.**

"You jerk, save me!" Zane called out at that moment.

Jane heard **his** voice from the other line and snatched the phone from Drake's hand.

"Zane, is **that** you? Where are you?" she asked frantically.

Hearing his Mommy's voice, he answered immediately, "Mommy I'm fine, don't worry."

"Zane, where are you? Mommy will look for you right away."

"Mommy, I'm in Silver-"

Before he could finish his sentence, River hung up the phone and his sharp gaze fell on him.

Zane felt a chill behind his back. He has a really strong aura, he thought to himself.

"Kid, you almost fooled me." River said coldly.

Zane shrugged casually. "How could I have tricked you? How else would they believe that I am really in your hands? Now **that** they **do**? **They'll** surely agree **to** the demands you make."

Hearing his sophistry, River's brows twitched, and he actually felt that what **he** said **made** sense.

However, he would not dare believe the little trickster in front of him.

"Hmph. You're talking nonsense."

"**Hey**, this is your fault. Why do you mean by nonsense, is what I said so unreasonable? If you do not believe me, call them again and make a demand. They will definitely negotiate with you."

Although Zane said those, he was not entirely **certain**.

If it was his Mommy, she would **definitely save** him **no** matter what. However, **that** would not **be** the **case with that scummy father**, Drake Warner. He probably would not be taken seriously even if it touched his greatest interests.

After all, he **still has** another son – Zachary.

River did **not plan on calling** Jane and Drake anymore. **After** Zane spoke, he **just gave a cold reply**.

“Just stay put. Don’t get your head in the clouds.”

With that, he walked away, leaving Zane alone in the room.

Drake Warner, who **had been** hung up on the **other side**, **tried calling the number** again **but** it would **not get through**.

However, they heard Zane’s **voice** on the phone so of course **they would** not just let it pass.

Drake directly called **his** assistant Daniel Turner, **reported the** number, **and** asked **him to trace it**.

Their car shortly reached **the highway intersection in the city**. **The two of them drove off the highway and went to a parking lot**.

“Just now, Zane said that he is **somewhere in Silver**. We should check **online and find out** which

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places in the **city have** the word ‘Silver’ on **them**. **Let’s go and see first.**”

Jane did not **object**. **The top** priority was to find **Zane**.

The two **then scoured** the internet **for** names **of places** starting with ‘Silver’ and after doing **so**, found out **that** **there were** three **places** that match what they were looking for. They immediately went **to**

look.

The **first** place was a huge park named Silverton Park. They both circled around and got to know the **people** nearby, but found nothing. They **had to go** drive to another place.

The **second place** was a river. Once they reached the place, they only took note of the bridge over **the** river but could not find anything **else**.

In the end, they could only go to one last place. Upon arrival, they found out that it was a luxury villa, connected to a forest behind. Not only **did** the mountain carry the word 'Silver, the villa area also began with the same word.

The villa was large and heavily guarded. Facial recognition was needed to get in and out, otherwise only the occupants inside can bring people in.

The two parked in front of the door and observed the area carefully. The **so-**called Alliance headquarters would most likely be here.

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“What do we do now?” Jane looked at the entrance **of the** strictly surveilled area and turned to face **Drake**, concern in her **eyes**.

“Let’s wait and see first, I’ll have someone check.” Drake took out his phone and dialed **a** number. **After the call**, he **put** down the phone and simply waited.

Jane **did not** urge him and also waited patiently.

After a certain amount of time, Drake's phone finally rang. He accepted the call, and could not help

but frown.

"How did **it** go?" Jane asked anxiously once the call ended.

The situation might be more serious than we thought," Drake spoke.

"What happened?" From those words, Jane tensed up.

"The higher-ups already know that we are pursuing Zane, yet has advised us to stay out of the

matter – otherwise, the Warner family name will be implicated.

Upon **hearing** the seriousness of the situation, Jane's brows furrowed.

"Could it be that you just don't care about Zane's life?"

"Of course that's not the case, I will definitely bring Zane back." The persistence in Drake's eyes made Jane relax. She **really** feared that Drake would abandon Zane for the sake of the Warners.

At nightfall, Drake and Jane sneaked **into** the area, the two of them careful not to **be** caught.

Once they reached the **very** end of the villa, Drake stopped in his tracks. His intuition told him that **they** were now **at** the place they were looking for.

"Wait **for** me here. I'll go in and **take** a look." Although there **were no** guards outside the door, the security system was not bad at all, and he was not even sure that he could accomplish sneaking **inside**.

However, Jane did not **agree** with Drake's words. "I'll go with you," she insisted instead.

Drake could not **argue back with** her **and in** the end brought her along.

Surprisingly, **the two** of them managed to infiltrate the villa and managed **to** arrive at the secret base

The smooth flow made Drake uneasy. Just when he **sensed that something** was **wrong** and was about to lead Jane back, a figure blocked the **two** of the m from doing so.

“As expected of the person I **once** valued the most. **You’re** still as **good** as ever.” **An old** and calm voice was heard, startling **both** Jane and **Drake**.

Once he saw **the person’s face** clearly, Drakes expression went **darker**.

“Falcon, I trust that you are **safe and sound since** we last saw each **other.**”

“Master,” **Seeing the old man with his hair turning white** but is still **in high spirits, mixed emotions flashed in Drake’s eyes.**

The old man slowly approached them, his pace **steady, stance straight.**

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“You should not **have come here,**” he sighed.

“I’m sorry, but I have to bring my child **back.”** **Drake** was not afraid **of the m an and** bluntly **stated his purpose.**

“Doing this will **implicate** the entire family. You know that, don’t you?” the old man said slowly.

“The Warner family has already **sacrificed** too many people. **Isn’t** that enough to make up for it?” **Drake spoke in** a cold tone.

“If

you

don’t have to sacrifice, how else are you going to maintain the stability of this country? You **have** already indulged the many riches and wealth that ordinary people cannot enjoy. Sacrifice is **inevitable.**”

Hearing this, **Drake's eyes** further darkened. "Even if I don't want this wealth, I want my child safe and **sound.**"

"Such a woman's benevolence," the old man seemed to **be** very displeased and could not agree with

Drake's words.

Sensing **this**, Drake continued, "Please, Master. Return my child to me."

"I'm sorry, I cannot." The man shook his head, indicating that he could not grant their request.

Drake's expression instantly turned grim, his entire **body** emanating a cold aura. The air around them was so intense, **it felt** like it was about to explode.

Jane was standing at the side and could feel the strong aura emanating from Drake, not at all inferior to the old man facing **him**.

A pistol appeared in **Drake's** hand, **the** hole aimed **at** the man in front.

The old man was aware of his actions **but** did not panic in the slightest, though there was disappointment evident **in** his eyes.

"You shouldn't **have** done **that.**" As the old man uttered those words, **a sound** of footsteps rang out followed by **a** group of fully-armed soldiers, each with guns in their hands.

Jane could **tell at** a glance how **prepared these people were**, and there **was** no comparison at all between them and Drake with his pistol.

The man **walked closer to** the two of them, and his **eyes** fell upon Jane's **figure**.

Then, seeing the necklace **around** her **neck**, he **froze**.

"Your **necklace..where did you** get that from?" **He** asked **with a trembling voice**.

Jane stroked **the** necklace on her neck. It was an heirloom left to her **by** her mother, saying that it **was also** given to **her by her grandfather**.

Back then, **Andrew** tried to snatch **the** necklace through various **means**, all of **which were repaired by**

Drake.

Because the necklace **held** sentimental **value to her**, **she had** always worn it around her neck.

Unexpectedly, a small necklace **actually** captured **the** attention **of the old man**.

“This was an heirloom left to me by my mother,” Jane answered truthfully.

The look **on the old man’s** face **shifted upon hearing her**, then he **sighed deeply** and **looked at** the two.

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“You should go. Today’s incident – let’s just pretend none of this ever happened. Don’t ever come back here anytime in the future. It is impossible to save the children who have entered the alliance unless they make it to the end.” There was sadness in the old man’s words.

Drake did not drop the gun and was still about to confront them, but all of a sudden Jane received **a message from her** phone.

A smile was threatening to appear on her face once she read the message, but she did not dare show it due to the situation they were in.

She merely tugged on Drake’s sleeve, whispering, “Let’s leave first.”

Drake was puzzled at her words. However, after looking at the opposite team once more, he decided to follow Jane, dropping the gun and leaving with her.

As they were leaving, Jane caught sight of children in a room. Doctors in white coats were injecting them with medication.

Jane, who was overflowing with a mother's love, could not bear to see it.

Most of the children were about the same age as Zane. They were all being subjected to this kind of inhuman torture, possibly losing their lives in the process.

Jane wanted to save these children from the unacceptable situation

However, she also knew that with their current condition, she could not save anyone at all. The best she could do was to leave with Drake.

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When they finally returned to the car, Jane told Drake how **heartbreaking** the **children's** situation was and **that** she **wanted to** help them.

Drake went silent for **a** while before saying, "Jane, dear, we cannot control everything in this world, understand?"

Jane considered Drake's words, her heart feeling slightly heavy.

Yes, they cannot change the rules of the world. They can only live under them with desperate struggle.

As a **result**, **Jane's** mood dampened. Drake then remembered what happened while they were inside, and asked her.

"Why did you pull me away earlier?" Hearing Drake's question, Jane replied, "I received a message from Zane saying that he is currently safe, and is in Silverbourne.

Drake froze upon hearing this. "Show me the text message."

Jane handed the phone to him, pressing the message. It contained a few short messages; the first part where he explained who he was, and then about his current situation.

Staring at the unfamiliar number, Drake thought for a moment before using Jane's phone to give it a call. His brows furrowed after it said that the phone was turned off.

"**Is this** message even real?" He asked. After all, it was an unfamiliar number and the call cannot be reached.

Jane was **skeptical at first** but when she noticed **the** symbols following the message, she nodded affirmatively.

"**Zane** really must have sent **the text** message. I don't know whose phone he took, but these are only symbols that I, Zoe, and Zane know. I'm sure he's the one who sent this."

Drake looked at the **message once** more and sure enough, there were two strange combinations of symbols. In the end, he chose to believe in Jane.

"In that case, let's **go back to** Silverbourne first."

"**Okay**," Jane nodded. **They** have **already** checked **at place** and it **was clear** that they **did** not find Zane inside.

Afterwards, they **started the** car **again and prepared** to return to Silverbourne.

However just as **the lights turned on and before they** moved, **a figure** crashed **into the** car. The car instantly **stalled**.

The figure that bumped into the car started hitting the car window hard, eyes constantly looking around in panic.

Because of the tint, people outside could not see the inside of the car. Sitting on the passenger side, Jane saw the person on outside and recognized it as Marina James.

Drake recognized her as well, but he had no intentions of opening the door.

However, Jane noticed where Marina had just ran out. There were several men in black running

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towards her direction.

“Let her in the car,” Jane said after hesitation.

Drake was surprised but still opened the car door as Jane wished.

Marina immediately opened the car and sat down, speaking hurriedly.

“Drive...drive...”

Drake was still for a moment and then immediately started the car, the black Bugatti rushing like an

arrow off the string.

The men watched as the car drove away with Marina inside, faces very displeased.

Marina, who had barely escaped, slumped in the car seat and breathed a sigh of relief. It was then she realized who the two people in front of her were.

“It’s you..” she was surprised.

The car drove for a while away from the place. Seeing as there were no other vehicles chasing them behind, Drake turned the car and parked in a remote place. He then turned to the back seat.

“Get off!”

Because of the incident at the hotel, Drake did not have a good impression of Marina James. One could even say that he despises her.

If Jane had not spoken, he would not even unlock the car and help Marina.

Marina did not expect that the people who would save him would be Drake Warner and Jane Bentley

either.

But since she was already in the car, she would not **be** getting off **as** easy as that.

“Where are you going? Can you take me with you?”

“Saving you is purely *due* to the information you **provided**. **Otherwise**, if it were based on your character, *you* are not worth saving at all,” Drake said stonily.

Marina cringed upon hearing him speak, but with her current situation, she could endure all the unpleasanties. “I apologize **to the** both you regarding **that time**. I was desperate. I’m **sorry please** forgive me.”

Jane did not **really know what to say**, hearing those **words uttered by** the beautiful woman. Some **people say that** women **get** more **excited than** men. Jane did not **feel that way before but now**, she completely understood.

“**Please** take me **with** you. If **you leave me**, I might die,” Marina said **miserably**.

Jane could not **afford to** have **the** least amount **of sympathy towards as** his stare **hardened**.

“What? You **don’t want to get** down **by** yourself, **do** you want **me to** do it **again?**”

Marina’s **expression changed** again, looking **back** at **what happened** before

Her instinct to survive however, **completely** overcame **her fear**. She continued, “**Please, don’t drive** me away. I’ll really die.”

Jane was already getting impatient and wanted to get out of the car and pull Marina out herself.

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Right at this moment, car lights lit up behind their own, and several black cars were going directly to

them.

“Sit still.”

Drake could immediately tell that something was off and spoke to Jane, starting the car again and speeding away.

Several cars followed closely behind, chasing after them from afar.

Marina knew that those cars were after her. Pale with fear, she could only think of Drake and Jane as her saviors.

“Hurry, hurry, don’t let them catch up.”

Hearing Marina’s screams at the back, the veins on Drake’s forehead bulged, and he let out a cold

roar.

“Be quiet!”

Marina was frightened and did not dare to speak further, but her eyes kept looking back nervously at the vehicle following closely behind.

Jane glanced at the speed of the car; it was already over the limit. Luckily it was late at night and there were no other vehicles on the streets. Otherwise Jane would not even dare guarantee that they would be free from any accident.

Drake’s car had good speed. Although they were not yet able to get rid of the cars chasing them, they also could not be caught.

Seeing that, Drake directly drove towards the intersection and went straight to the highway.

On the highway, there were even fewer cars and the road was smooth. He slammed on the pedal, treating the highway as a race track. He drove straight, finally leaving the cars behind.

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In the end, Jane and Drake could only bring Marina **back to** Silverbourne..

After arriving in Silverbourne, **Drake** found a remote **place** to park **the** car, and told **Marina to get** outside **the** vehicle.

“Now, get lost!”

Marina **was** aware that she was not treated well by Jane and Drake, but she was now penniless and **had** no **place to** go. She needs to be thick-skinned so she can ask help from the two.

“Miss

Bentley, please just let me stay. I knew what I did was wrong. I really have no place to go now. I’m penniless and I have no documents. I can’t go anywhere. I will be dead if you guys won’t help me.”

Despite hearing her words with of desperation, Jane blankly replied,: **“We don’t care whether you live or die.”**

Marina paled with her words.

“You don’t care if I die? What about your children? Don’t you care about them either?”

Hearing those, Jane turned back and glowered at Marina in the back seat.

“Don’t ever let me **hear** you threaten me once again. Otherwise, don’t blame me for being rude to you.”

Marina was once again shaken **with** fear. How **could** she forget that Jane was not one to be messed **with**?

“I’m sorry, Miss **Bentley**. I didn’t mean it like that. I just wanted to say that I know a lot about that one place. Please don’t leave me behind. **Don’t** worry, I can still **provide** you with other information.” Li Jiahui said, changing her tone.

Jane hesitated for a moment **before** finally deciding to keep her.

Although **Zane** had already sent her a message, they still could not pinpoint his **exact** location and **where not sure about his** situation.

“It’s not impossible to let you **stay**. **But** I’m **warning you**, you better not stir up any trouble,” Jane said coldly.

“Thank *you*, **Miss Bentley**. **Not to** worry, I certainly **won’t repeat the things** I did before,” Marina promised with conviction.

Later **on**, **Jane took Marina back to Maplewood** Mansion.

At the same moment, **Zane, who** was missed **by Jane, stood in front of an angry River**.

River was holding a phone in his hand, which turned **out to be the** servant’s.

When he grabbed **ahold of the** phone, Zane’s message was **already sent and deleted**.

“Tell **me the truth**. **To who did** you **send** the message **to**?” River asked furiously.

Zane was **not** at all **scared**. **Instead, he** calmly **responded**, “**You stole my phone before I could send it.**”

He refused to admit that he sent his mother a message saying he was safe.

River **stared at him, searching for any trace of dishonesty in his eyes.** Zane **however, was calm and**

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did not have a single **ounce of panic** that River almost **believed** him.

An icy smile formed on River's face. "I was **almost tricked by you,** kid. Do you **expect me to believe you?**"

"You can either believe me or not, but I said what I said." Zane shrugged and answered **nonchalantly.**"

"Then tell me, how did you get the phone?" River asked him again.

"It wasn't that easy. While he's bringing me food, I just reached out and grabbed it." Zane said casually as **River** frowns.

He really underestimated this child. He was smarter than he thought.

Seeing that he could not get any answers, he thought that there was no time to waste. "Hmph. You are indeed smarter than I imagined, but...don't think that you can escape just because of this."

"If I don't try, how else would I know?"

"We'll see." River was slightly irked as he got up and left.

As soon as he reached the door, his phone rang. He picked it up and glanced at the number, hesitating for a second before answering.

There was a deep and magnetic voice over the phone. "I heard that you captured the heir of the Warner Group?"

"Yes." River was silent for a moment before answering dryly.

"Good, send the child over and I'll train it myself." The man said, sounding pleased.

However, after his reply, he was met **with** River's refusal. "I have my own plans for this child."

The person over the phone was stunned at the rejection, and he replied in a low tone.

"Are you trying to disobey me?"

"This is not disobedience, it's just that he's useful to me. You have already promised me full control **over** the situation here, and now you have **come** to ask for someone. It's you who did not follow your word." River responded coldly.

The man on the other line was silent for a while.

"Fine. **Since you want** to do **it yourself**, I can not interfere. Although, you better do as I say and tell me **what you have** done **behind my back**. You are **aware of the** consequences."

With **that**, he hung up.

Still **holding the** phone, River **pondered briefly before** putting it **away** and heading downstairs.

Jane and Drake returned to **Maplewood** Mansion as Drake **received a** call from his assistant Daniel Turner stating that there was **a problem with** the company that required **his** immediate attention.

He could only remind **Jane** to be **careful** Marina before heading to the **company**.

Jane handed Marina **over to the housekeeper**, asking for a room to **be arranged**. She left to see **the kids, but not before** **hinting that she should** keep an **eye** on **Marina James and forbid her from leaving outside**.

The two children had not seen her for a few days, and they missed her deeply.

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After **pouring out their feelings**, Zachary talked about Zane's **situation**, **asking** if Jane had brought

him **back**.

Jane felt **saddened at the mention of** his name, shaking her head. "Mommy **is useless**. I could not **bring him back**."

"**It's not Mommy's fault**, he **will be fine**." Zoe reached and **gently** wiped the tears from her mother's

eyes.

Jane **felt pleased** looking at her **two** compassionate children. Just as she was **about** to spend time **with them** both, a **servant** walked **in**.

"**Madam, a Miss Bentley** is looking for **you** outside the **door**."

Jane immediately thought of Amy Bentley. Apart from her, there is no other Bentley who would come look **for** her.

"That will not **be** impossible!" Jane said harshly. She had only just returned. Since he **wanted** to spend time with his kids properly, she did not want to **see** anyone.

"Understood," the servant spoke. Soon **after**, Jane heard cursing from outside the *door*.

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Amy Bentley **spoke** with loud **and unpleasant profanities**. Jane listened for **a** few moments, but **could not stand** it **any longer and asked the** servant to bring her in. The people around **M** **Applewood** Mansion **were all wealthy** and **well-** known. Letting Amy throw a fit outside would be laughable.

Once **Amy** was inside **and** spotted Jane, she started speaking angrily.

“Why don’t you meet with me?”

“Why do I have to meet with you? Jane sneered. It was sort of strange hearing **Amy** ask this kind of question.

Who did she **think** she was? If she wanted to see her, she must approach Jane herself.

“I...I...but I’m your sister. We are both Bentleys. Moreover, you are from the Bentley family yet you **don’t even spare us a glance**. Have you no **courtesy?**” Amy argued.

Jane glowered and coldly replied, “I’m afraid you haven’t been paid enough attention lately. I do not want anything to do with you, nor the Bentley family.”

“Fine then. Since you said so, best return the company’s shares.” Amy said quickly.

“You’re here...simply for the shares?” Jane raised an eyebrow, puzzled by the fact that Amy came all the way here for that matter.

It was pointless. There was no way she would give away the shares. Besides, by **the** end of the year, it was time for her to go and receive the dividends.

Being reminded by that, Jane thought about finding some time to ask Andrew Bentley for the money.

In regards to the money, she would not spend it for herself since she planned to give it all to charity. The Bentley money belonged to her mother. She would not let the Bentleys have it, nor would she use it selfishly.

“Of course **not**. **Dad has** asked me to ask **you what** happened **to** that construction **site**. Because of that incident, our stocks plummeted and the family is suffering.”

“**He** also said he wanted to withdraw his **shares**. **He’s** asking **you** to talk to Drake Warner and return **the**

money back to him,” **Amy finally relayed** the purpose **of** her visit.

Jane **gave a bitter smile** hearing her **speak**. Even when **the family is begging her, they were still arrogant**.

Why did **they** even **think that** she would **help them**?

“The matter **of being** a shareholder **has already been discussed**. Regardless of whether the project **gains** or loses money, **you cannot go back**,” **Jane said coldly**.

Hearing this, Amy lost it. “**Why can’t** we quit? **The project has come to a standstill**. **Even** if it will work out in the future, **who would** buy a house there? **This is an obvious loss**.”

“So **what** about the loss? I made it clear **when we discussed** about the **shares**. It can **not be** returned,” **Jane** became **impatient**.

“Hmph. You **are not Drake** Warner’s wife. **Does he not care about** this? **This is simply not just a matter of your words**. **Or, maybe he doesn’t** treat **you** well and **you just won’t dare make such a request**.”

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Since Jane could **not be** persuaded, **Amy** changed **her** tactics.

Either way, Jane was not at all **affected** and **simply scoffed**, “**Even if he does, I will not say it**.”

“**Why you...you’re not making sense**. The **loss of the Bentley Corporation** would **be a loss for you**, wouldn’t it?” You hold **a huge** share of Bentley. Once the com

pany loses, wouldn't it also affect your money? **For** your **own** sake, shouldn't you stop that from happening?"

Amy kept persuading her, wanting to get Jane to agree and talk to Drake about the money.

"Hmph. In business, how can you not lose money? If the Bentleys' company cannot even afford to lose this much, just what kind of business do they have?" Jane said flatly.

Amy was stunned, **and** she knew that she could not persuade her at all.

"Hmph. Anyway, I have already relayed Dad's words. If you don't listen, I don't care. Dad will come for you, just you wait."

Amy let out her cruel words and made a move to walk out. At the same time, Marina walked into the room. She just took a shower and was only in a towel, looking at Jane.

"Miss Bentley, can I ask you to find me some clothes? I have nothing to wear."

Jane faced her, seeing how she was merely wrapped in a towel and walking around shamelessly. Jane was slightly annoyed.

If she had known Marina would be like this, she should not have brought her with them.

There were children at home. Having them see her like this would be bad.

Amy also turned her attention to Marina, looking at her with her bath towel and her attractive **face**. She then gave Jane a **look**.

"I told *you* why you were **so** against speaking to Drake Warner, and I was right. He does not treat you **well** at all. Otherwise, he **wouldn't** bring another woman home.

Hearing those words, Jane realized **that** Amy mistook Marina as Drake's **mistress**.

"It has nothing to do **with** you. You can **now leave**," she **stated** blankly.

"Hmph. In **the** end, **it** all falls back on you. If you brought me here and made me Drake Warner's mistress **as well**, **we** can be sisters and **coexist peacefully**. Now you have to **share** him **with** another woman. **It's really** not any better," Amy **added**.

Jane tensed, her sharp eyes glaring at Amy.

"You **can** get **out of** here now. Do not make **me** say it **again**."

"Hmph. **There will be a time** when you'll come **to** me **begging**," Amy jeered and did not leave before **glaring** at **Marina**.

Marina did not play along with her and instead **gave** a mocking smile.

After

she left, **Marina** walked **over to Jane** and **said with a grin**, "Miss **Bentley**, w as **that** your sister just **now**? You two look **nothing alike**."

Jane scowled, **glancing** at the towel **on Marina's body**. "**Shameless!**"

She thought **Jane was** clueless. What **was she thinking**? If **wanted to take a shower**, **she could go and search** for clothes **first before** getting in. But **no**, **she comes** out **wrapped in a towel**, **just to**

seduce Drake.

It was only wishful **thinking**. **Drake** was at **the** company, **and Jane**, seeing her **like** this, **felt** disgusted.

Marina's face stiffened hearing **Jane** curse like Drake did.

Jane asked a servant to **bring** some clothes to Marina.

If she wanted **to wear her** clothes, she was not worthy of it!

Once **Marina was** given the clothes, her face stiffened harder. The servant brought her a servant's uniform. **Black top, black trousers**. Simple and convenient, but far from attractive.

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Marina glanced at the clothes and spoke with disdain, “I don’t want to wear these.”

Jane gave her a look and deadpanned, “You can leave if you **don’t** want to wear it. No **one is** stopping **you.**”

Although Jane wanted **to** know more about what Marina was referring to, it did not mean tolerating

her tricks.

Seeing that Jane **was** firm **about it,** Marina could only take the clothes reluctantly and returned to the

room.

After sending her away, Jane sighed, not knowing what was going on with Drake’s situation.

Drake, who was worried by Jane, was sitting in the office listening to all levels of executives debriefing **with** him.

The incident at the construction site had a large effect. Although he came forward to clarify that the people were not killed by accident, the public view still has not changed.

However, after all, people died on the site which still left a bad impression on the area.

No one wanted to buy a house in a place where lives were lost.

Now the house had reached the roof, the construction period was still stagnant and all sorts of **problems** kept piling up one after the other.

Of course, the Warner family would not collapse with just a piece of land, but the impact afterward would be huge with someone behind the scenes pushing for it.

Drake had been **away** for a **few** days because he went to find Zane. Many things have not been dealt **with** and the backlogs were **piled** on top of each other.

Mr. Warner, should we continue to cap the Berlin project? So far, we have put in six billion dollars. If **we give** up on this now, Warner Group's loss will be incalculable." Daniel Turner reported to him.

Drake frowned. After contemplating, he slowly spoke. "The **project** continues."

"But...Mr. **Warner**, there was a murder **case**. **Even if the** building **was** finished, **it** may not be able to sell. Warner Group's loss will only worsen. Moreover, the company's other properties **have** been

affected. How could **this** be?"

"**With that said** Sir, **we cannot** continue to work **on this** land, **else the company's** losses will be even **greater**."

"Mr. **Warner**, **I think** it would **be** better to sell the land at a low price. We might not **be** able to save **some of** our losses." **Executives kept voicing their opinions**.

For a moment, discussions continued **in the conference** room. Drake sat **on a high** seat, his face solemn, **quietly listening to** each **take**.

They kept talking for a while until **they noticed** that sitting on **the chair**, **he has** not **uttered a word**. **They all quieted down and turned to face** him.

Drake gaze swept **around the** crowd **before firmly speaking**. "**Do** as I **instruct** you: the **project continues**."

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Hearing this, the crowd was in an uproar, but they did not dare go against Drake Warner's words and could only murmur.

After the meeting, he returned to his office and looked at the pile of documents on the table that needed his attention. He sat down and started going through them.

Nighttime came and Jane accompanied her children for dinner at home. She waited for Drake and she still has not come back.

After dinner, she took the two kids upstairs for a bath. Marina, who had eaten in her room, slowly walked out and looked around.

Jane lived at a luxury apartment in the city. Because of her identity, although the owner was not bad to her, she kept a low profile and did not go out to the public.

So much so that her dream of living in a big villa never came true. She thought she could be a mother to her children, but now, not only did she lose her child, but she also lost her money and was once captured.

Thinking of this, Marina felt as uncomfortable as a cat scratching her head. When she looked at Jane, not only did she live in such a nice house, but she also has two children – three babies in one, and a handsome and rich husband.

The more she compares, the more unhappy she felt. In terms of beauty, she was not that bad, even more appealing than Jane. Why could she not have such a life?

Marina could not help but go upstairs.

The room arranged for her was downstairs and next to the servant's quarters. To put it simply, it was where the servants lived.

Walking upstairs, seeing the even more **luxurious** design made her more **excited** as she **went** straight

to Jane's room.

Jane

was bathing **with** Zoe at that moment. She was not in her room and so was unaware that **Marina** sneaked in.

Marina entered the **room** and **glanced at** the huge and soft bed. She opened the **walk-**

in closet and saw all kinds of **expensive** clothes. She looked at her own clothes through the floor-to-

ceiling mirror **and** her **resentment** towards Jane **deepened**.

Seeing the **entire** closet, she could not hold back any longer **and** found a **beautiful** skirt, **admiring** herself in the mirror.

Marina felt **very** proud looking **at** her **attractive** features. Although she had **already given birth** to a **child**, she was still fit. Her **skin** shows no signs **of** sagging and **her** figure was well-maintained.

As she **was** immersed **in her** beauty, **there came the** sound **of footsteps outside the** door. **She** was -

startled **and quickly** turned **off the light** in **the** closet, **trying to** hide.

Before she could **find a place to** hide, the **footsteps had already** walked **in**. Through **the** mirror, she saw **Drake's** figure.

He was frowning **and** looked exhausted. After **entering the room**, he also **found** a silhouette **in the** closet. **Thinking it** was **Jane**, he **called out softly**.

"Darling!"

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Marina was frightened, but **started thinking**. **Drake Warner** **did not see who** she was. **Could she take the opportunity to pounce on him?**

With that thought in mind, she became excited. She lowered her head and walked fast towards Drake, thinking of making close contact and throwing herself into his arms

The idea was beautiful, but the reality was cruel Marina failed to rush into him as she wished Drake dodged and she fell straight to the ground

“Ah!”

With her cry of pain, the lights in the room turned on again Drake looked down at her wearing Jamers clothes, his expression gloomy and terrifying

He took out his phone and called the butler As soon as the butler entered the room, he found Drake along with Marina still lying on the ground

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“Young Master!” The butler stepped forward with a trembling heart, glancing at Drake’s face.

Jane told him to keep an eye on Marina but she seemed to take advantage of her and ran upstairs, even wearing her clothes. No wonder the Young Master’s face was so stiff.

“Drag her out.” Drake ordered coldly, anger welling up in his eyes and looking at Marina as if she was trash.

The woman had fell to the ground and hit her knee, swollen and painful. She could not get up at all. When she heard Drake’s words, she paled.

“No, I was wrong... Please don’t do this to me! She begged.

However, Drake did not want to hear another word form her and left the butler to it.

The butler did not beat around the bush and **asked** two servants to drag Marina away.

When Jane heard the noise, **Marina** was already holding on to the handrails and refused *to* leave.

She even shamelessly asked Jane to plead for her.

Although Jane did not know what happened, she saw Drake standing aside with a cold expression. Seeing Marina wearing her clothes made her understand the situation a little. She looked at her but did not speak up.

She was originally reluctant to keep her, but now that she was acting wickedly and shamelessly, Jane thought she must have lost her mind thinking about letting her stay.

Without Jane's help, Marina was dragged **out** of the villa. The housekeeper knew that just leaving her **at** the door would not make her go away and sent her to a street far **away from** Maplewood Mansion.

Marina was ruthlessly thrown out of the car. It was still at night, and she was still wearing Jane's suspender **dress**, which felt fine at the villa. Now, out in the street, the cold wind blew from all directions making her shiver with cold.

In an **unfamiliar city**, she **was** penniless. She could only walk up and **down** the **street hoping** to find a **place to stay**.

After walking for **a while**, **Marina realized** that someone was following her. **She looked** back and saw **two** drunk men **staring** at her with lust.

She **already had** **a nice** figure, **and** wearing a **dress made** the **two men salivate** at her more.

Aware of their malicious intent, **Marina** turned around and ran.

The two **men instantly caught** up and within a short **while trapped** her in a **secluded** alley with full **intentions of harming** her.

Marina **was** so **frightened and** shouted **for help**. In such a **remote place**, **no one noticed** at all.

When she thought it was all over, **a bright light shone** in the **alley causing the three people to close their eyes** at the **same time**.

She took the **opportunity to run out of the place, opening the car door and sitting inside**.

The driver **did have the intention of saving her. As soon as she got in the car, the person immediately drove away from the area**.

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After **she was safe, Marina looked at the driver and** was stunned; it was **a good-looking man**.

Unlike Drake Warner's appeal, the man in front of her had slightly upturned eyes and a somewhat feminine face – his aura however, was similar to Drake's.

"Thank you for saving me," Marina turned **to the man and thanked** him charmingly.

No wonder she was tempted when she saw him. It was because the man she was with was indescribable, and she's a face reader.

Because she was forced to give her money to an ugly man, seeing an attractive man once again made Marina want to spent a night with him.

She had qualms before. After all, in the city, she had to rely on the paymaster and did not get too far. Now that she had nothing, there was nothing else to be afraid of.

The man naturally felt her charm, but his face was still frosty. Instead, he chose to warn Marina.

"If you value your life, sit quietly for me."

Marina did not **dare move**. She had just been kicked out by Drake Warner and her innocence was almost stained. This time, **it** was best to be quiet.

The **car drove all the way to a villa**.

The man got out of **the** car before she followed. As soon as she stepped out, she felt the sheer cold and hugged her arms tight.

Seeing the man already entering the villa, Marina rushed after him.

“Sir, wait for me!”

The **two** walked inside, and **Marina** noticed **that** the villa was not at all inferior to Drake Warner’s. A **hint of greed** rose in her **eyes** again.

At that moment, a man slowly **came** downstairs. **Beside him** was a boy.

Seeing the man, River’s **expression** shifted slightly and **subconsciously pulled** Zane **behind** him, not wanting **the** man to **notice** the child.

However, **the man’s** gaze **fell directly** on Zane. Seeing his movements, he turned to Zane and **narrowed** his **eyes**, releasing a **somewhat** dangerous aura.

River walked in front **of the man**. “**Master, why are you here?**”

Hearing River’s **words**, **the man’s** thin **lips** moved.

“**I came to see** you. Why, **do you not want to see me?**”

“**No.**” **River cringed** and **did** not look **directly into the** other **man’s** eyes.

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Zane **followed** River **downstairs**, his **eyes falling on the man** who **suddenly appeared**.

He was surprised **when the man** turned **out to be prettier than his scumbag father**.

Sensing his gaze, **the man** once **again turned to Zane** and a cold smile formed **in his lips**.

“Is this **the** child?”

“Yes.” **River did not want** to admit it, **but he had to tell the truth**.

“Yes...it **does** somewhat **resemble** you.” The man’s **grin widened and hid a deep** meaning.

ver’s **face** turned pale and he did **not** say a **word**.

an walked **straight** to the **sofa** and sat down, telling **River**, “Set **her up**.”

River then realized that there was a woman in the room.

His eyes fell upon Marina, looking surprised.

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“**Who is she?**” River opened his **dry lips** and asked stiffly.

“Her **identity is not important**. You **just need to** do as I **say**,” The man **replied**.

Although River was still confused, he did not ask any more questions, and the **three of** them took to

Marina.

“Which room do you stay **in?**” **After** Marina left, the man turned to River.

River **was** stunned **before** answering truthfully. The man then got up and made **a** beeline to his room.

The man’s actions made his expression darken. Zane also watched the man go upstairs, thought for **a** while, and looked at River.

“Is that person your boss?”

River looked down at Zane and instead spoke, “Kids should **not** pay attention to grown-ups and their **business.**”

“Tch. Do **you** think I care about you? I’m not worried about you. You’re not even married yet and you don’t have children. If you hang out with such a feminine man, you’ll find it even harder to have a **wife.**” Zane looked like he was worrying about River.

Hearing the kid’s words, River frowned.

“Hmph. **Next** time if you **talk** too much, I’ll tie your Mommy up and ask her to give me **six** kids.” He **threatened.**

“Hmph!” Zane was indeed threatened and he huffed, not saying **anything** further.

After sending Zane **back to** his room, River headed to his own **with a** feeling of uneasiness.

He found out his entire **room was dark.**

He made a move to walk **in.** Just **as** he **reached** the window, the light turned on. A tall figure appeared **at** the bathroom door, **body** wrapped in a **towel,** **revealing** a strong torso.

“**Master, you** rest.”

River lowered his eyes and avoided looking at **the** man.

The **man’s mouth formed a** sneer. “Come **here!**”

His deep magnetic **voice was** full of bewitching intent.

At the Maplewood Mansion, after Marina was chased **away Drake** took **Jane to his room.**

“**In the future, you and I** will **share** a room.”

Hearing his overbearing words, Jane did know why **he said that, but...**

“**No, we will** still live **separately.**”

Although she had already agreed to give him a chance, it did not mean she would accept him so easily.

Whether they could live in harmony depended on Drake's attitude.

"Why? Didn't you promise to give me a chance?" Drake asked exasperated.

"I did promise you, but it's not time for us to sleep together." Jane said.

"Are you still resisting me?" Drake was not satisfied with Jane's words, his face darkening.

"No." Jane denied that if she really resisted him, she would not forgive him at all.

"Then why can't we live together?" Drake was confused.

"Because..." You have not given me a legitimate identity yet.

Of course, Jane did not say that. She hoped to be with Drake and that he would make up for a real wedding.

She no longer wanted Drake to be forced to give her anything or give her what ever she wanted.

She wanted him to give to her willingly.

"Anyway, we cannot live together yet," Jane stood up, rejecting Drake.

"If you think that room is not clean, I will sleep with Zoe."

In all honesty, she was quite reluctant to approach the room. After all, who knew what Marina did in that room.

Jane went to go to Zoe's but Drake grabbed her and pushed her onto the bed.

"Tonight, do not go anywhere. Stay with me!" He spoke domineeringly.

Jane was pinned down, feeling the man's warmth on her body. Her ears were red, and the man's expression was lustful. Of course, she was aware of what Drake was trying to do.

The two of them **already** had **s*x** several times, but not enough, certainly not enough for a man in his prime.

Now that she planned to give him a chance, Jane was not holding back, **it's** just that... she was a little unprepared.

As she was in a **daze**, Drake's kiss had already landed on her lips **in a** breathtaking movement.

The next **day**, Jane naturally woke up **late** and Drake was no longer **with** her.

She **slowly** got up. **After** washing up, she went downstairs and found out that Courtney **Philips** was in **the** living room, and she **really** wanted to argue **with** Drake.

"You **two** are **really** fooling **around**. Zane **has already** been sent **to that** place. **How** else **can** you find him and **take** him **away**?"

Jane heard Courtney speaking to Drake **and** could not help but **feel puzzled**.

They went to look for Zane but could **not bring** him back. How **could Courtney say such things?**

"Hurry and **get Zane** back **while** you still **have** the **chance**. **Otherwise, do** not count on **the Alliance's protection in the** future."

Drake sensed **something wrong** from **her words and frowned**, "**We** went to look for **him but we could** not bring **him back**."

Courtney was stunned. She felt that **Drake was lying to her and simply did** not want to **hand Zane**

over.

"**Dray, Jane...she** doesn't **know. Don't** you know? I did this **not** only for **the family, but also for Zane's**

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being. Once he comes back safe and sound, the **company will** be his from now on, just **like you now,**” his mother said earnestly.

Drake naturally found her words to be true. He also came down from that path, but he had no intention to have his child do the same.

“**Mom, the company is already strong enough.** If you **are** still dissatisfied, why would **you** think of sending your grandson to such a dangerous place?”

Drake sighed **deeply. He, too, felt helpless.**

If the **company wants to excel** in Silverbourne, this must be done. Don’t you understand? Without the protection of the Alliance, the company cannot flourish for long,” Courtney disagreed with his son’s words.

“**Not** to mention the **future** of the Warner Group. You have offended that organization. Without their protection, do you think they would easily let **the company go?**”

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Drake **fell into** silence and did not argue, although he still did not **agree with** his mother’s actions.

Seeing that his son had nothing **to say, she** thought that she had persuaded him as **she** slowed down **and spoke softly.**

“**Dray, sending Zane away is** hard on me too. However, I hope you can understand my painstaking **efforts. Let** him participate **in this** selection.”

Drake finally understood what she meant. He raised his eyes and looked at her in disbelief and shock.

“We didn’t bring him back.”

Hearing this, Courtney paused, thinking that he was still lying to her.

“Drake, I’m serious. Why don’t you understand?”

“Mom, I’m telling you the truth. Jane and I didn’t bring him back.”

Drake was really confused. Although he and Jane went to the headquarters, they did not see their child.

Later, they received a **message** from Zane saying that he was in Silverbourne and the two would be coming back.

Drake had a feeling **that** his son should have been in that special place, but now his mother’s words made him realize **a** terrible situation.

Zane... he was no longer in that place.

Realizing **that** Drake was not lying, Courtney was at **a loss**. “If you did not bring him back, why did the Master **say** he was missing? Did you really not take him away?”

“No.” Drake said, feeling ashamed.

Jane **heard** the entire conversation and **was** also surprised. She hurried her steps and approached **the** two.

She turned to Drake, asking anxiously.

“What is going on, Isn’t Zane **taken** away **by** the Alliance? Why do you **keep** saying he’s not there?”

After she **previously received** the **message that** Zane was **safe**, she had **already** calmed down.

Although he was in a dangerous situation, it was **after** all high-security area. **As** long as Zane **remained** strong, **his safety** would **not be a problem**.

But now **she found out** that **her son was not there** all this time. **How** could **she** **not worry?**

'Drake could **not respond** and **instead turned to** his mother, looking for an answer.

Courtney did not understand as well. **She then** told **her what** she knew.

"The leader told **me that you already took Zane** and **so he is no longer in the selection.** **What's more,**

there is another child **who was** taken away. **He has already been** found."

"I was told that you should **send him back at once,** and **the Alliance will for** get the matter."

Hearing this, the other two's hearts sank.

1274

Chapter 270

Looking back to when they ran into Marina again, it could be **assumed that the other child was** her son. **No wonder she was** being chased.

But they really did **not have** Zane.

Not knowing who took him away, **Jane felt distressed** and **slumped down** the sofa.

She **pondered for a while** before suddenly looking up and turning to Drake.

"Don't tell me. Could he have been **taken away by that Road** to Rebirth organization?

As soon as Jane's words left her lips, Drake's eyebrows furrowed as he felt that it was possible.

"No, no, I sent Zane to the leader myself. How could that be true?"

Before Drake could **say** anything, Courtney shook her head, her **face** drained of color.

It was obvious that she too thought of the **possibility**.

“This is **all your** fault. Why did you send my child away? You give Zane back to me. Give him back.”

Jane glared at Courtney. If she had any respect for her elders before, now what is left is only hatred.

Zane was her child. **Why** did she have **to** send him away? Now he was in danger.

With the accusation, **Courtney could** not argue and just paled. She did not know what she was thinking and looked down as if she recalled something horrible.

“If something happens to Zane, I will never forgive **you**.” Jane spoke with a fierce **tone** and turned to leave from the place.

Drake wanted to hold her **back** but she **was** determined to leave. When he **tried to** chase after **her**, she

already drove away.

Speeding on the road, she soon calmed down and parked the car at the side. She touched the tears as they pour down **from her eyes**.

She could **not** cry nor give up. She had **to** find Zane.

With that in mind, Jane took out her phone and **called** April’s number.

The phone rang **for** a long **time before** it connected. Then, a **deep voice** came from the phone.

“Something happened.”

“**Where is April?**” Jane **quickly realized** that it **was** Matthew.

“**Wait for** a moment,” **the voice replied roughly, and then there came footsteps. He** must have called **April**.

After a while, April’s voice came over the phone, for some reason sounding a little weak.

“Hello, love!”

Hearing his frail tone, **Jane** was **alarmed**.

“April, what’s **wrong? Why** do you sound so weak?”

With that, there was silence **on the other line** before he **replied**.

“I’m fine, honey. **Why did you call?**”

Hearing that **he** was **fine**, Jane **did** not ask further as **she** was overcome with worry **for** Zane’s **safety**.

12:36

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“**April**, I want **you to help me investigate an organization called Road to Rebirth.**”

“**Road to Rebirth?**” **He** repeated her words, **obviously having** no **idea** of the organization.

Before they could **discuss** further, Matthew’s cautious tone replaced April’s.

“**You want to investigate Road to Rebirth? It’s** best if you don’t.”

Jane was **perplexed** and **immediately** followed up. “Mr. Hughes, do you perhaps **know something about this organization?**”

Matthew chose not **to respond** and stayed silent.

“Hughes, since **you** have **an** idea, **just** tell her properly. What’s the point of pretending?”

April’s irritated voice was heard through the other line.

However after **he** spoke, Matthew replied gravely.

“Knowing too much won’t do her any good. It will only put her in trouble.”

“Hmph. **Stop** messing around. It’s just an organization, what’s the big deal? If you don’t talk, believe it **or** not...”

