

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 27

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A nondescript van had dogged her path for what felt like an eternity. At **first**, it was an inconsequential **presence**. **But** as the minutes mounted into a persistent twenty, **it** lurked closer, its silhouette mimicking her every move, threatening to devour her bumper any

second.

Jane's brows knotted into tight knots, her fingers white—knuckling the steering wheel. The engine growled as she stabbed the accelerator, **her** speedometer needle leaping with her heart's pace.

Yet, the van clung to her, a dark, menacing shadow refusing to recede.

It appeared escape wasn't an option.

A dead—

end loomed ahead, whispering a daredevil scheme into her ear. Jane could lead the relentless beast to the trap, and slither away while it was trapped. But as she swerved towards the deceptive alley, the van revved and blocked her path, slamming sideways.

The shriek of tires against gravel cut through, an unnatural scream under the broad daylight.

Jane's expression tightened, her complexion losing a fraction of its color. Yet, she remained an ocean of calm.

After all, the past five years had seasoned her in tempests far stormier.

Hunkered in her car, she surveyed the van that had halted her progress. The side door swung open, and a horde of burly men stumbled out. Five? Six? The number seemed insignificant to her

With the flicker of an eyebrow, **icy** defiance blazing in her gaze, Jane slipped from her vehicle with poise. The door clicked shut behind her as she tilted **her** chin, her eyes shooting daggers at the men, a hint of disdain dancing in their depths.

“You can do it together.” Her voice remained placid, untouched by fear.

The men exchanged puzzled glances before their bewilderment disintegrated into laughter.

“Look who’s itching for a funeral! Your wish is our command, sweetheart!” The ir leader retorted, his voice deep and gnarled. At his signal, the men lunged at Jane from all directions.

Clenching her fists, **Jane** was a blur of movement. She seized a collar and delivered a precise punch to the **gut**, followed by a well-aimed kick to the knee.

Her strikes were swift, pinpoint, and ruthless.

Before long, the men littered **the** ground, groaning and nursing their **injuries**. **Jane’s high** heel bore down on the leader’s hand, the **weight** increasing incrementally. Breath **hitching slightly**, she looked down at **him with** contempt etched into every line **of her face**.

“**Who sent you?**” Her voice, as cold as winter’s chill, **seemed to** freeze the air around **them**.

Grimacing, the leader refused to yield, **his pride stung** by **his defeat** at a **woman’s hands**. “**I ain’t** no snitch, lady. **You won’t hear a peep** out of me!”

A challenging smirk pulled **at the corner of** Jane’s mouth. Lightly tapping the man’s cheek, **she delivered her** ultimatum, her voice a soft menace. “Carefully consider your options. No cameras are watching, and it would be easy **to** cripple you. The police would only **see** your botched robbery attempt and my act of self-defense.”

The menacing undertone didn’t **go** unnoticed, and the men regretted their foolhardy decision.

But Jane wasn’t done. Raising her voice slightly, she suggested, “I’ll triple your salary. Simply **execute** the strategy you devised for me, and depart. Deal?”

She retracted her foot, a deceptive smile playing on her lips.

Chills ran down their spines, their relief quickly morphing into dread. The leader bobbed his head in frantic agreement, survival being his priority. As for the rest... It didn't matter! Satisfied, Jane commanded, her tone indifferent. "Up on your feet, gentlemen."

Grimacing in pain, they helped each other up.

"A gentle thrashing will fine, do not cause any fatalities.," she instructed.

Despite the surprise flashing across their faces, they dared not question her leniency. Not when her expression was still laced with a dark promise. This woman was a nightmare come alive! Nursing their wounds, the men piled into the van.

Alone again, Jane slipped into her car, her slender fingers tapping a rhythm on the steering wheel, her eyes darkening with every second.

Who dared to hire hitmen against **her**?

Annie? No, she lacked the guts.

Her grip on the wheel tightened, her mind racing with possibilities until a face surfaced. Could it be her?

Pushing the thought away, Jane reignited the engine, steering her car back to her company. At the Warner Crest Estate, Zachary sprawled on the sofa, a fruit skewer in one hand, the other navigating through lines of code on his laptop. Sensing a presence, he quickly toggled screens, a game popping up instead.

"Zac, where's your father?" Annie's voice was sugary sweet, her resentment hidden beneath her smile. Zachary's impudence towards her was a scar she wouldn't forget.

Zachary spared her a glance, his voice was frosty. "He's at work. What do you need?" Annie flinched, her painted nails digging into her palms. "Why are you being so cold **to** Mommy?" Despite **her** simmering anger, she maintained a **fixed** smile, **her** voice emanating the warmth of a devoted mother. "Also, a friend of mine **is** hosting a mountain climbing competition for children. The prize is a robot."

“A robot?” Zachary became intrigued.

“Yes!” Annie **produced a picture of the robot on her phone.**

Zachary’s eyes shimmered with an undeniable light. “**When’s the competition? Where?**” **A sense of accomplishment crept** into her gaze, but Annie quickly masked it. “**Tomorrow**

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morning, 8 o’clock. **If you’re interested, I’ll sign you up.**”

Zachary nodded, **already picturing** the robot in his **arms.**

As they **sat there**, their minds were **busy** spinning webs.

Deceiving **Zachary** into mountain climbing turned out to be smoother for Annie than **expected.**

Unbeknownst to him, she already put traps on his way.

Annie had never imagined herself to be this ruthless, especially towards a child. But Zachary’s very existence was a thorn in her side. Because of him, Drake was adamant about not wanting another child.

As the age-old adage goes, a mother’s stature depends on her children.

Without **a** child of her own with Drake, what position did she hold? If, or when, Drake lost interest in her, where would she **go?** She had nothing and nobody else.

Moreover, this little brat, Zachary, had consistently pushed her boundaries. Leaving him to grow and potentially cause more problems in the future was a disaster waiting to happen!

Meanwhile, Jane had just parked at her company when her assistant rushed over, panic written across his face. “**Miss Bentley, that female celebrity is back!**”

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