

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 30 -

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Chapter 30

“Zane...”

“Silence.”

No sooner had their **voices** resonated in the space when a deep, worried **voice** echoed from outside, churning the tension into an air of anticipation.

“Zac...”

That familiar voice instantly softened the stark lines of worry on Zachary’s **face** into a radiant smile as he responded in a voice laced with relief.

“Dad, over here!”

At that response, Drake stooped low to navigate the claustrophobic half-height cave and caught sight of Zachary. Surprise overlaid with a glimmer of anger danced in his gaze.

“Why did you take an eternity to arrive? Do you know that if you come later, the Warner family offspring was on the brink of being extinguished!”

While worry had held Drake captive, Zachary’s words cut through it, replacing it with stern gravity. Striding forward, Drake lightly ruffled Zachary’s hair in a familiar gesture.

“What nonsense are you talking about?” With that terse dismissal, he swiveled around, presenting his back to Zachary.

Zachary found himself unceremoniously hoisted up for a piggyback ride, a gesture that left him reeling with surprise. It was a cherished memory from his early childhood, long-forgotten until that moment. His astonishment, however, quickly gave way to unadulterated joy.

With a feigned air of reluctance, he countered,

“Hmph! If it weren’t for this injury, I wouldn’t need your assistance.”

With that, **he** scrambled onto his father’s back, his face a portrait **of** pure delight.

As Zane watched Zachary perched high on Drake’s back, an acerbic sensation seeped into his heart. He pivoted away, a sharp sniff hiding the slight quiver of sadness that momentarily seized him. Hmph! **He** had no need for a father who carried him around like a toddler!

Upon noticing **Zane’s presence**, Drake’s attention shifted. While one hand **steadied** Zachary on **his** back, the other reached out to clasp Zane’s hand.

The **unexpected gesture** made Zane **stiffen**. **By** the time he could **process it**, he was **being** led out **of the cave by** Drake.

The trio **embarked** on their **descent** down the mountain. **They hadn’t traversed much** when **they stumbled upon** Jane, **who** had **ventured** in **their** search.

The harsh glare of the flashlight revealed **them** to Jane. **A** sigh **escaped her**, her face **a mirror** reflecting a **vast sea** of **relief**. **She** rushed towards **Zane**, **encasing** him in a **fierce hug**, her **tears cascading** unchecked.

“**Zane, you had me worried sick...**”

“**Aunt Jane, I’m alright. Thank you for seeking us out. Can we please head home now? I need to see my mom.**”

Zane cut Jane off before **she** could spill more words.

Regaining her composure, Jane glanced up at Drake but chose to stay silent. Lifting Zane, she began the journey down the mountain.

Down the descending trail, Annie’s expression depicted a blend of suppressed anger as she witnessed Jane embracing Zane and Drake carrying Zachary. Abruptly, her hardened features softened into a mask of concern.

“Drake, is **Zac** all right?” she questioned, her voice shaky.

Drake lifted his gaze, his indifferent eyes meeting Annie’s.

“We’ll discuss it at home,” he replied tersely.

“Yes, let’s prioritize getting home,” Annie masked her discontent, trailing behind Drake toward the awaiting vehicle.

However, upon reaching the car, Drake addressed Annie in an icy tone.

“Ride in that car. This one’s full.”

Jane owned **a** car. **But** because of the urgency **of** the matter, she opted to leave it in the underground parking. Left with no choice, she hailed a taxi.

Witnessing this, Drake promptly directed Annie to use the car they had arrived in that morning, with the chauffeur at the wheel.

“But Drake...”

Annie started, her voice betraying dissatisfaction. She was Drake’s fiancée, after all. Why should she be distanced?

However, Drake sidestepped Annie’s voiced displeasure. Striding over to Jane, he gently took her hand, guiding her in his wake.

“What are **you** doing?” Nudged aside by Drake, Jane looked on, face clouded with

annoyance.

“**Pretty** teacher, could **you** ride with me, please?”

Zachary, already settled in the back seat, peeked out **of** the **car** window, his **plea** aimed at Jane. He was oblivious to Annie’s hardened gaze **fixed** on him.

Beneath the gaze of his dewy **eyes**, akin to those of a young deer, Jane could not decline.

Throwing a **glance at Annie**, whose face had taken on a stormy expression, Jane made her decision. **With** Zane **cradled** in her arms, **she** slid into the car.

She wasn’t going to stand idly by. It was late, and there was uncertainty **over** hailing **a** cab. Besides, **seeing** Annie discomposd brought a wicked thrill.

Jane **sat** in the car, sandwiched between **two children** in **the** backseat. The driver **occupied** the front, while Drake **occupied the** passenger seat.

Having **just ended** his call with Dr. William, **where he'd** instructed him to stand **by** at **the** villa to **treat Zachary's injury**, **Drake's** gaze **found** the trio in the backseat **via the rear-view**

mirror.

For some unfathomable reason, the **sight** of them together, despite their differing **personalities**, exuded an aura of harmony.

“Zane's mother, **are you** close with **her?** Zane had such an ordeal, yet she's absent. **Instead**, she **dispatched** you,” Drake's tone was even, devoid of emotion.

At his inquiry, warning bells sounded in Jane's mind. She collected her thoughts before responding, her tone frosted over.

“What's it to you? Why the sudden interest, Mr. Warner? You've been indifferent all this while, and now you're keen on investigating even those in my life?”

Jane's icy retort darkened Drake's countenance, his aura suddenly frigid.

Fortunately, all three were accustomed to his chilly demeanor, avoiding a commotion.

Noticing Jane being antagonized by her ex, Zane jumped to her defense.

“Uncle, you can park here. I need to hurry back or else my mom will worry,” said Zane.

“Why don't you come to my house instead?” Zane's words prompted Zac to look at him curiously from the passenger seat.

“No thanks, I need to get home. Otherwise, my mom will worry,” Zane replied, using the same excuse he had given to Drake earlier. However, Zac already knew that Zane and Jane were mother and son.

“It's okay. Your mom won't worry if you're with the pretty teacher. Come to my house for a bit,” Zac insisted. Today's events had improved Zac and Zane's relationship a bit, and Zac didn't want his fun companion to leave so soon.

“No, it’s too late, and I still have to put away my robot. I need to go home,” Zane persisted, deliberately mentioning the robot to let Zac know that Zoe was at home.

Sure enough, **as** soon as Zane mentioned the robot, Zac thought of the cute and delicate Zoe and suppressed his slight disappointment.

“Okay then. Wait until daytime, and come over to play with me. I’ll let you play with my precious toys,” Zac pouted with a spoiled look.

“We’ll see,” Zane did not immediately agree.

After the car stopped in front of Jane’s building, Zane opened the door and jumped out.

Jane took a glance at Zac sitting **next** to her and lifted her hand to pet **his** head.

“Be a good boy and go home. Take **care** of yourself, okay?”

“Pretty teacher, will you **come** tomorrow?” Zac blinked **his eyes**, looking a bit pitiful.

“**Yes,**” **Jane nodded** and then withdrew her hand.

Upon hearing **Joanne’s** response, Zac finally revealed a big smile.

“**Okay, then** take it slow **going** home. **I’ll take care of** my injuries and wait **for you,**” **Zac** said.

After getting out of the car, **Jane carried** Zane upstairs without so **much** as a glance **towards Drake**, causing the man **to feel irritable**.

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Drake’s gaze followed **Jane’s figure**, **expecting** her **to turn around** at any moment. However, **she disappeared without** ever looking **back**.

The frustration that Drake **felt** only grew stronger!

“Drive,” he **ordered** the driver in a cold and firm voice, frightening the driver into a start.

“Dad, why **are you** so mean? No wonder the pretty teacher wants nothing to do with you. You’re just too harsh.”

Zane’s words seemed to dial down Drake’s frosty demeanor.

“You little rascal, do you think your injuries aren’t serious enough?”

At this, Zachary huffed in dissatisfaction, turning away from the scene and ignoring her father. His foot still throbbed painfully!

The car roared to life, embarking on the journey toward the Warner Crest Estate.

“Has Zane invited you to go mountain climbing with him today?” Drake inquired, his tone tinged with curiosity.