

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 31 -

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“No, I went alone, you see. And coincidentally, Zane also registered, so we agreed to meet up and climb up the mountain together,” Zac explained with a glimmer of satisfaction, his hand tenderly caressing the spot where Jane had touched. The corner of his mouth curved into a subtle smile, hinting at the pleasure he derived from their shared adventure.

Meanwhile, back at the luxurious villa, Annie anxiously awaited their return for what felt like an eternity. Observing Jane and Zane’s absence, a wave of relief washed over her. She rushed to greet Drake, her words tumbling out in a rush, “Drake, how is Zac doing?”

Annie couldn’t help but express her frustration with Jane’s naivety. “Jane should have known better, shouldn’t she? She was well aware of Zac’s injuries, yet she insisted on sending him back first. Shouldn’t we have prioritized Zac’s treatment instead?” Her voice carried a tinge of reproach, her self-blame deeply etched on her face.

“It’s my fault too. I shouldn’t have allowed Zac to join that youngster on the mountain. If only I had intervened sooner and prevented him from participating in the competition, this unfortunate incident could have been averted. Drake, punish me if you must.”

As he stepped out of the car, Drake caught wind of Annie’s ceaseless chatter. His brows furrowed, and his features contorted in a mixture of worry and concern. He carefully cradled Zac in his arms, slowly making their way into the house.

“Has Dr. William shown up yet?”

“He’s already here, right in the room, Drake. Why aren’t you saying anything? Are you angry with me?” Annie pursued Drake with reluctance.

In annoyance, he halted abruptly and replied nonchalantly, “You should head back first. Zac still requires treatment and some peace.”

Upon hearing this, Annie froze in her tracks. What did he mean? Did he think she was being too noisy?

Carrying Zac into the room, the little boy nestled in his father’s arms, sensing the comforting warmth and feeling a tad perplexed.

“Daddy, it was Mom who enrolled me in the competition, not Zane,” announced the little boy, his **voice** filled with innocence and honesty.

Drake paused for a fleeting moment, his features reflecting a mixture of surprise and concern. Without wasting another second, he strode purposefully into **his** room, his **footsteps** echoing in the hallway.

Passing the documents to Dr. William, Drake headed to **his** study and dialed his assistant’s number.

“I want you **to dig into this**. How did things go down at the kids’ mountain **climbing** contest **today**?”

The phone call **ended, leaving** Drake alone with his **thoughts once** more. He sat **there**, motionless, **his** fingers **rhythmically tapping** on the polished **surface of the** wooden **table**. The depths of **his eyes betrayed** a **storm of thoughts**.

After successfully **bringing** Zane **home** unscathed, **Jane** wasted no time dialing **Jasper’s**

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number. She **urgently** sought his **assistance** in uncovering the details of **the** competition that **had** taken place in Pine Ridge that very **day**. You see, Jane wasn’t one to believe in mere **coincidences** or random mishaps. She possessed a keen understanding of Annie’s character, and she couldn’t simply accept that today’s unfortunate incident was a result of Annie’s doings alone. No, it had a purpose—a motive she couldn’t quite grasp.

The following **day**, Drake and Jane found themselves face-to-face with two distinct investigation reports. The documents laid bare the truth, each presenting its own set of findings and revelations.

“Indeed, it is confirmed that Madam escorted Young Master to the competition,” the assistant began. “This particular tech toy company happens to be in cahoots with some of Madam’s relatives. Upon learning of the event, Madam felt compelled to take Young Master along. However, it’s crucial to note that Madam herself has no personal acquaintances within the company. Hence, what occurred yesterday was most likely a tragic accident.”

“In the midst of the fervor, apart from Young Master, two other children went missing as well. Fortunately, they were found promptly, rendering their disappearances somewhat inconspicuous. Consequently, their plight failed to attract significant attention amidst the bustling crowd.”

Drake absorbed the assistant’s words, his mind whirling with conflicting thoughts and unanswered questions. He couldn’t understand how everything had unfolded so inexplicably. What was the purpose behind all this chaos? He was silent for a while before raising his hand to dismiss the assistant.

The assistant turned on his heels and approached the exit when Drake’s voice rang out, stopping him in his tracks. The assistant turned around, a mix of surprise and curiosity etched on his face, waiting for his boss’ next words. In a firm tone, Drake expressed his dissatisfaction, “In the future, refrain from referring to her as Madam. It’s not the most appropriate way to address her.”

The assistant’s eyes widened, his brows knitting together as he absorbed Drake’s request. It **was** unexpected, catching him off guard, but he understood the underlying message. A flicker **of** sadness passed through his eyes, mingling with confusion. What caused the CEO to bring about such a change?

His mind buzzed with questions, but he knew better than to voice them aloud. He nodded and continued his steps towards the door while suppressing the swirling sea of confusion and curiosity brewing within him, burying it deep within his heart.

Jane slammed the investigation results onto the table, her **face** contorted with a mix of fury and indignation. “No doubt about it, it’s her!” she exclaimed, her voice tinged with frustration and disbelief.

Jasper, observing the **evidence** alongside Jane, furrowed his brows and inquired with a skeptical **tone**, “But why **would** she do **such** a thing? **Zac** is her own flesh and blood.”

Intrigued by his question, **Jane's** rage **subsided** momentarily, allowing her to **ponder the complex** relationship between **Annie** and Zac. **She** retraced the **steps of their relationship** in her mind, and a realization began to dawn on her. Could it **be that** Annie's favoritism towards Zac played a role in this sinister plot? Jane wondered **if** Zac's unwavering loyalty **to his** mother led him to harbor resentment towards Annie, **causing** her to unleash **her pent-up anger and** orchestrate this **disastrous incident**.

Early the next day, Jane strolled into the entrance of the company's towering building. Soon, a **wave of** astonishment rippled through the bustling office. Her presence was like **a bolt of lightning**, electrifying the atmosphere and capturing the attention of every employee in sight.

As Jane approached Drake's office, a heated discussion was already underway. Employees huddled in small groups, exchanging hushed remarks and stealing glances towards the door.

"I can't believe my eyes. Is that the CEO's wife, Jane, who just stepped into his office?" These employees carefully handpicked to work directly under Drake, were a league of extraordinary professionals. They were fiercely dedicated to their work and exclusively committed to Drake's vision. Naturally, the turnover rate was low, and familiarity was their second nature. They knew Jane all too well.

You see, five years ago, Jane used to frequent the company, seeking Drake's attention for various reasons. But back then, he treated her with cold indifference. Even though he had tried to bury those memories, these veteran employees still carried the knowledge.

So, when news spread that the president's long-lost wife had suddenly reappeared, it was nothing short of a seismic shock.

"What on earth is happening?! Did anyone else see the CEO's wife just now? Is she even real or some kind of ethereal spirit? Her presence sends shivers down my spine, but a ghost seems too far-fetched, right?"

Unlike the commotion outside, Jane stormed in and threw the investigation materials onto Drake's desk. Her voice dripped with frost as she said, "Drake, did you dig into what went down with Zac and Zane yesterday?"

Drake engrossed in poring over the documents in his hands, slowly raised his eyes upon hearing Jane's question. His response was detached, devoid of any emotion. Silence hung in the air.

Unfazed by his aloof demeanor, she decided to confront the matter head-on. "Annie was the one who set up this competition, you know. And guess what? The organizers happen to have ties with Annie's relatives. Annie might not know them personally, but she did have contact with one of the staff members involved."

Intrigued by her investigation, he gently set down his pen and fixed Jane with a penetrating **gaze**. "**So?** Are you suggesting she's the culprit?"

"**It's not a mere** suspicion, Drake," she retorted, her voice tinged with anger. Despite **being** well aware of Drake's unwavering support for Annie, she clung to a glimmer of hope deep within her, for it concerned Zane, and she hoped that Drake could be reasonable for once. "**It's** a certainty. She's the one responsible, **isn't** she?"

Confronted by Jane's **furious glare**, Drake summoned his assistant, urging him **to enter** the office.

The assistant stepped in, his unease evident. He had been involved in President Drake and **Jane's affairs** on **numerous occasions before**, often tasked with driving Jane away from **the company**. **However**, as **he entered now, he heard** Drake's **icy voice** demanding an update on

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his investigation. "Did **you** look into the situation between the organizer and Annie?"

Under the weight of **Drake's** cold demeanor, the **assistant's** forehead began to perspire.

"**Yes.**"

"Then why didn't you report it?" Drake's forehead pulsated with bulging blue veins.

“Because... Sir... Ms. Carlton and the organizer were classmates back in juni or high, and they happened to meet each other at a class reunion. It was a crowded gathering, and they didn’ t have a chance to be alone. I thought... I thought...”

“Go back and investigate again!” Drake’s veins bulged on his hand, as he thre w the investigation materials submitted by his assistant in the morning, fiercely smashing them onto the assistant’s body.

“Yes...” The assistant trembled with fear. He picked up the documents and hu rriedly left to conduct another investigation.

Jane remained in the office, nonchalantly seated on the sofa, awaiting the results of the investig ation. Observing her composure, Drake’s rigid demeanor softened slightly. He r gaze inadvertently drifted across the familiar objects in the office.

Taking in her surroundings, she realized that nothing had changed since five y ears ago. She did not know whether to say this man was single– minded or nostalgic.

Two hours later, the assistant placed the investigation results once again on D rake’s desk. It is even more detailed than the information brought by Jane.

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Annie and her **acquaintance** had crossed paths **just** once since **their** graduat ion, but now, she had a **special** request for her friend.

With meticulous attention to detail, the assistant delved into the mystery surro unding their long–awaited reunion. He tirelessly reached out to every individual who had attended the ev ent, determined to unravel the truth. And then, like a treasure hunter unearthin

g a hidden gem, he stumbled upon a crucial clue. With great respect, he finally presented a photograph.

A sense of unease settled upon Drake as he furrowed his brows, his eyes twitching involuntarily. Deep within him, a brewing storm of anger threatened to burst forth.

The image showed Annie, who was in a state **of** drunkenness, hastily withdrawing a stack of cash from her bag and pressing it into the hands of an unknown man. The significance of the photograph hit Drake like a punch to the gut, filling him with a mix of betrayal, confusion, and simmering fury.

“This was accidentally photographed by Annie, who was drunk and forgot to turn off her camera,” the assistant spoke at precisely the right moment, breaking the tense silence that hung in the room.

“Track down the man in that photo!” Drake commanded with a somber tone, his voice was nearly icy.

“I’m already on the hunt,” the assistant promptly replied.

No longer burdened by doubts, Jane nonchalantly relinquished the matter to Drake’s capable hands. If he couldn’t conjure up a flawless solution, she was more than ready to put her own plan into action.

Exiting the building with a sense of detachment, Jane’s departure became quite the topic of conversation among the coworkers, stirring up a buzz within the office.

However, she paid no heed to the chatter and instead drove to the Warner Crest Estate. When she arrived, she spotted Annie there. She was holding a bowl **of** soup, ready to feed

Zac.

“Zac, what’s your deal? I went through **the** trouble **of** cooking this soup just for you. It’s cool if you don’t want it, but seriously, why are you being so heartless? Don’t you even care about your own mom?”

Zac plopped himself down on **the couch**, a bandage wrapped around his leg. Despite his immobility, he exuded a strong presence.

“Ever **seen** a **mom** who’s dead set on making her son do something **he’s** totally against? I already told you, I don’t want the soup, and yet you still insist on **shoving** it down my throat. **And** then **you** go ahead and throw the bowl, and somehow it’s my **fault?**”

“I’m **not doing** this to **be** mean. I figured if I tended to your **wound**, it **would—heal up** quicker.” Annie’s mind **raced** with guilt over her **impulsive actions**, contemplating **the secret ingredient** she had added to **the** soup.

“**Then** why didn’t **you** climb the mountain **to** come find me yesterday? **If** you had **come**

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earlier, **I wouldn’t have** gotten **hurt.**” Zac had also heard **that** besides **him and** Zane, the **two** kids who **got** lost **yesterday were** still missing.

Zac **stared** at Annie, seeking answers. It bothered him that she didn’t even bother looking for him when his dad brought him back. He couldn’t comprehend her behavior and couldn’t fathom how she could claim to be his mother.

He was left speechless for a moment, while Annie simmered with bitterness in her heart. She secretly wished something terrible had befallen that little rascal in the mountains. **How** could she possibly go up there to find him?

“Beautiful teacher, you’re here...” Just as she pondered ways to rid herself of Zac, he turned his gaze toward Jane with astonishment.

Annie, overhearing Zac’s words, shot an angry glance back at Jane.

Jane responded defiantly, her gaze unyielding. She was no longer the meek Jane from five years ago, so naturally, she didn’t fear Annie’s piercing stare.

After Drake got hold of the investigation materials, he instructed his assistant to round up witnesses and track down Annie’s old junior high school friend who had been in touch with her. Once all the evidence was prepared, he dialed Annie’s number.

In the midst of her fiery confrontation with Jane, Annie’s phone suddenly buzzed, filling her with an overwhelming sense of joy. She hastily answered the call.

“Drake...” Annie began, eager to pour out her grievances about Jane’s animosity towards her. But as she listened to Drake’s voice, she was taken aback by his detached tone.

“Where are you?”

Sensing the chill in Drake’s voice, Annie swallowed her complaints and remained silent.

“I’m at Maplewood Mansion, Drake. Isn’t Zac hurt? I came here to look after him.”

“Haven’t I told you before? If you don’t have any business, don’t come over. Dr. William is taking care of Zac’s injury. You’re not a doctor, so there’s no use in you being here.”

Annie’s heart sank upon hearing those words. She couldn’t fathom why Drake was treating her with such indifference. Thankfully, in the next moment, Drake uttered something that lifted her spirits.

“You wait at **the** villa. I’ll be back soon.” With that, he abruptly ended the **call**.

After hanging **up**, **she** shot Jane a triumphant glance. “**Just you** wait, Drake will be here in no time.”

Jane glanced **over at** Annie, her **face adorned** with a smug grin, **and couldn’t** help but find **it** utterly absurd. **She** doubted Annie truly **understood** why **Drake was seeking** her out, which made her apprehensive.

Disregarding Annie’s smug **expression**, Jane **quietly** made her **way to Zac’s** side and inquired about **his** injury. **Zac** patiently answered each question she **posed**. **Annie observed** the interaction **between the two**, and **a heaviness settled** in her **heart once more**.

She felt like **a stranger**. **Over the** past five years, despite her lack of genuine **affection** for **Zac**, she had **showered** him with numerous lavish gifts. She **had** never mistreated **him**. However, **Zac seemed indifferent to her role as his so-called mother**.

Damn it!

Suddenly, the sound of a car engine rumbled from outside the door. A scornful smirk curled at the **corner** of Annie's lips. Swiftly, she darted into the kitchen and emerged with a steaming bowl of soup.

Jane remained engrossed in her conversation with Zac, oblivious to Annie's discreet actions.

"Zac, you must be exhausted from catching up on your classes. Let's have some soup. Come on, Mommy will feed you. Open wide..."

Zac had been engrossed in something important when Annie's interruption shattered his train of thought. Instinctively, he extended his hand to push her away, exerting only a slight force. However, Annie lost her balance and tumbled to the ground.

The scalding soup splashed onto her hands, eliciting a shriek of pain. Her hands immediately reddened and swelled up.

At that moment, Drake walked in through the door and witnessed the scene before him.

"Drake..." Annie's tear-stained face conveyed the burden she had been carrying.

"Drake, this is ridiculous. It's all my fault. I thought Zac was tired from studying and injured, so I wanted to feed him some soup. I didn't expect..."

Though he hadn't heard the scream, the sight of Annie's crying face left Drake unable to resist. He knew all too well that Annie often framed Jane with her feeble acting skills.

"Since you know Zac needs to focus on his studies, you shouldn't interfere. Blaming a child for getting hurt is shameless," Jane couldn't stand Annie's fake behavior, so she stood up and spoke sarcastically.

"Drake, I really didn't mean to. I know Miss Jane has her opinions about me, but is it wrong for a mother to care about her child? Miss Jane is a teacher. Nat

urally, she only cares about his academics, not his well-being. But as Zac's mother, all I want is for my child to be healthy."

"Really? If you care so much about Zac, why did you orchestrate the accident from yesterday?"

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Jane reached her boiling point, unable to bear the burden any longer, and courageously exposed Annie's vile act. As the weight of Jane's words reached Annie's ears, an instant wave of panic washed over her countenance, causing her heart to race uncontrollably. How could Jane possibly know that she orchestrated yesterday's catastrophic incident? She had taken meticulous precautions, ensuring that her tracks were utterly concealed.

"What on earth are you babbling about? I haven't the foggiest idea," Annie retorted, feigning innocence with a touch of confusion in her voice. She averted her gaze from Jane and assumed a pitiful demeanor.

She uttered her plea for understanding, all the while subtly inching closer to Drake, hoping to throw herself into his arms for comfort.

Yet, before she could do so, he swiftly intervened, grasping her shoulder firmly, denying her escape. His voice carried a frigid edge as he confronted her. "You must provide me with an answer and a thorough explanation regarding the events that happened yesterday."

Caught in his piercing, dark eyes, Annie's face crumbled, replaced with sheer panic.

Drake never aimed at empty air. Those words held weight, suggesting he had stumbled upon something significant.

Annie's heart swelled with a tidal wave of panic, causing her tears to cascade down her cheeks.

"Drake, my hand hurts so much... Can you rush me to the hospital? Honestly, I'm clueless about what you guys are discussing. It's difficult for me to conjure unexpected words. I acknowledge my share of responsibility, but can we please allow me some time to handle this? Let's address it once my wounds have healed."

Up to now, the best solution that Annie could think of was to delay her time and think about it in the long run.

"Dr. William will be here in a jiffy. No need to fret about heading to the hospital," he brushed off her plea and whisked her straight into the living room.

True to his word, Dr. William arrived before long. As soon as the door swung open, a chill ran down his spine, sensing the peculiar ambiance suffusing the room. He peered ahead, fixing his gaze on Zac, only to discover that there was absolutely nothing amiss with him.

"His wound seems perfectly fine. Why on earth did you summon me in such a mad dash?" Dr. William grumbled. Despite being a revered physician for the esteemed Warner Family, he had other responsibilities on his plate.

"Show him," Drake commanded in an icy tone, casting a fleeting glance at Annie.

Reluctantly, Dr. William approached. Though he served under Drake's authority, **he** couldn't help but begrudge the way he was being ordered around. Not to mention **that** Annie **wasn't** even married to the Warner family.

Dr. William cast a lazy **glance** at **Annie's** hand, **his voice** dripping **with** casualness **as** he drawled, "Tsk tsk, would you look at this **injury**? I reckon I can attend **to** it a bit later. It **ought** to heal **up on its own, you know.**"

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Annie's hand wasn't in dire straits **by** any means. The scalding-hot soup had been left to cool for a while, so its temperature had dropped significantly from when it had first been ladled out **of** the pot. Her hand was just a tad flushed, a minor inconvenience rather than a major catastrophe.

Dr. William, exhibiting a distinct lack of ambition to exert himself, rummaged in his medical kit and carelessly tossed a bottle of ointment in Annie's direction.

"You can handle that yourself," he remarked with casualness.

Annie felt a surge of frustration welling up within her. She had been hoping to find an excuse to slip away, but now, not only was she thwarted in her attempts to escape, but Dr. William also belittled her injury, effectively extinguishing any possibility of making a fuss

about it.

Angried by the fact that her injury was, indeed, minor, she decided to set aside her grievances. Drake, sensing that Annie's melodrama was coming to an end, promptly redirected the conversation by thrusting a pile of documents in front of her and uttering the words with an icy tone, "So, what else do you have to explain?"

Annie's trembling hands reached out to grasp the stack of documents that lay on the table. As her fingers swept across the pages, a surge of despair washed over her, draining the color from her face—the weight of the revelation pressed upon her like a boulder, threatening to crush her spirit.

"Drake, I... I didn't... it wasn't me," Annie stammered, her voice quivering with desperation. "How could you possibly think I would design such words? I'm his mother, for heaven's sake."

"I give you one last chance. If you don't tell the truth, then after that...don't even think about stepping foot into the Warner house." Drake said coldly.

Annie's words didn't move Drake in the slightest. His cold eyes fixated on her, making

Annie's heart race.

“Drake...” Annie wanted to argue, but when she met Drake’s deep gaze, she couldn’t even utter a word of defense.

In the years she had spent by Drake’s side, Annie had come to understand him intimately. He was not one to question her without substantial evidence. And yet, despite her utmost caution, he had managed to uncover her secret. How had she failed? The realization weighed heavily upon her, casting a dark shadow over her thoughts.

Annie’s eyes flickered towards Jane, who stood idly by, her indifferent gaze fixed on the unfolding drama. Anguish filled Annie’s heart as she bit her lower lip, her resentment towards Jane simmering just beneath the surface. It was this woman’s appearance that had caused Zac to turn cold towards her, sparking the destructive thoughts that now consumed her. Every ounce of suffering she endured could be traced back to Jane’s intrusion into **their lives**.

Admitting defeat, she finally spoke, her **voice laced** with a mixture of remorse and **defiance**. “**Yes, I did it**. But Drake, have **you ever** considered **why I** resorted **to such** measures?”

“**Everything I’ve done** was **for you**. **My love for** you knows no bounds, and all I wanted was **to** have **a** child that would be **ours**, truly **ours**. Tell me, what is **so** wrong with **that?**”

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Annie’s hysterical shouts **filled** the room as she **rose** from her seat, tears streaming down **her** face. She looked at Drake, pouring out all her grievances and anguish.

“Drake, you don’t love me anymore, do you?” she pleaded, the question hanging in the air, casting an **eerie** shadow over the living room.

Observing Drake’s face, Annie chuckled softly, her laughter carrying a hint of bitterness. “Drake, I’ve been faithful by your side for an entire decade, and how many decades does a woman truly have in her lifetime? But these ten years I’ve spent with **you** what have I gained? In the past, I could at least claim to possess your love and affection, but now...” Raising her hand slowly, she pointed with deliberate slowness towards Jane. “Since this woman reappeared, reflect upon your demeanor towards me. Yesterday, you insisted that I ride back alone in a car while the two of yo

u sat together. Are you trying to insinuate that I'm the one who doesn't belong?"

"Ah, forget it! If you truly believe I'm superfluous, then I will leave!" With those words hanging in the air, Annie promptly left the mansion, disregarding the stunned reactions of everyone present.

Meanwhile, Jane sat on the side, marveling at Annie's impressive acting skills. In the blink of an eye, she shifted the blame onto others and skillfully painted herself as the victim. However, she couldn't help but question Annie's underlying intentions. She desired to bear a child with Drake, but wasn't Zac their child?

Her gaze surreptitiously landed on Zac's face. Jane's mind swirled with disbelief. Zac and Annie appeared to be entirely dissimilar. On the other hand, she couldn't help but notice a faint similarity between Zac and herself. Could it be possible that Zac wasn't Annie's biological child?

As this unsettling thought crept into Jane's consciousness, she was instantly jolted back to reality. She forcefully shook her head, banishing all these bewildering notions from her mind.

"Miss Jane, let's continue our studies in my room," Zac whispered, his expression indifferent, as if the recent events didn't take place in front of him.

Casting a fleeting glance at Drake, she reluctantly agreed to Zac's request and escorted him back to his room.

"Zac, do you happen to know **the** exact date of your birthday?" she inquired cautiously. She was not sure if her thoughts were true, but she still wanted to ask.

"Miss Jane, are **you** planning to celebrate my birthday? But my birthday has already come and gone. The next one is still a long way off." Zac replied, a touch of irritation in his voice. What was the cause for such sudden joyousness?

"Not long ago? **Is** your birthday **on** May 20th, Zac?"

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Zac's eyes widened in astonishment as he heard **Miss Jane's** words. "Wow, how on earth did **Miss Jane** find out about **my** birthday?" he exclaimed, his voice filled with genuine surprise.

Jane, taken aback by Zac's reaction, couldn't help but feel a sense of wonderment herself. **Zac**, Zoe, and Zane all sharing the same birthday seemed like an extraordinary coincidence that left her slightly dumbfounded.

As the sun began its descent below the horizon, casting long shadows across the Warner Family's luxurious villa, Jane bid her farewell and ventured out into the darkness. Descending the staircase from her second-floor room, she noticed Drake's absence. However, it didn't concern her in the slightest, for her mind was preoccupied with thoughts

of Zac.

The past held so many intricacies and secrets that she had been reluctant to unravel. Yet, a nagging feeling urged her to dig deeper, to uncover the truth... if only.

"Mummy, you're finally here!" Zoe's eyes lit up as Jane opened the door. She couldn't contain her excitement and blurted out her words.

Jane snapped back to reality and gazed at the two little bundles of energy before her. "Yes, Mummy has returned. Are you both feeling hungry? Mummy can whip up a delicious meal for you."

"Mummy, my sister was saying how she was craving for some ice cream. Can we please go out and grab a bite?" Zane pleaded, not wanting Mummy to exert herself too much.

Meanwhile, at a swanky upscale bar, Drake lounged on a leather sofa, exuding an aura of hostility that sent chills through the air.

Adjacent to him, Dr. William confidently placed an order for a fine vintage. **As** the waiter poured the crimson liquid into a crystal glass, William skillfully uncorked another bottle and extended it towards Drake.

“Stop dwelling on it. There’s nothing that a good swig of alcohol can’t fix. And if it can’t, well, that just means you haven’t had enough to drink yet. Today, as your friend, I’m here to keep you company until you’ve drowned your sorrows.”

hearing these words, Drake lifted his gaze, revealing a pair of **icy eyes** shimmering with a predatory glint. Despite his initial reluctance, he ultimately yielded to the offering of wine from William’s outstretched hand.

Witnessing this, a mischievous **smile** curved upon William’s lips.

Oh, stubborn one, watch as **I** intoxicate **you**, forcing **your** true nature **to surface**.

The moon hung high in the night **sky**, casting a **soft, ethereal** glow over the scene. Jane lay nestled beside the two little guys, basking in the gentle radiance of **the warm yellow light that illuminated** the room.

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As she gazed upon their innocent **faces**, a sudden realization washed **over** her. The resemblance between the two little ones and herself was striking, especially Zane’s mischievous smirk mirroring her own ever-**so**-slightly upturned lips. On the other hand, Zoe’s delicate eyebrows and eyes mirrored those of Annie, their round shape evoking a tender vulnerability that touched Jane’s heart.

Overcome by a wave of emotion, she found herself drawn to the bittersweet reminder of her lost **love** in the innocent eyes of Zoe. When Jane considered Zac’s features, she found a stronger resemblance to Drake’s face. There was a hint of Annie in him, but he also shared a resemblance to Jane herself.

Jane’s mind swirled with a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions. She gingerly picked up her phone and stole a glance at her two adorable ones on the bed.

Suddenly, the phone sprang to life, its ringtone breaking the tranquil atmosphere. Jane’s heart skipped a beat as she recognized the voice on the other end

of the line, a voice that belonged to none other than William, a familiar presence in her life.

“Hello, Miss Jane, could I bother you for a moment?”

Caught off guard, Jane hesitated for a moment, uncertainty creeping into her thoughts. However, her instinctive response quickly took hold as she promptly declined before William could even state his request.

“I’m afraid I don’t have much to offer in terms of assistance.”

On the distant end of the phone line, William had anticipated Jane’s rejection. But instead, he let out a hearty chuckle, a sound that carried a hint of indifference. “Well, how should I put it?” he began, his voice tinged with a touch of playfulness. “Five years ago, I was the one who saved Miss Jane’s life, you know. And now, how does Miss Jane repay her savior?”

Jane, taken aback by William’s unexpected remark, was momentarily speechless. The words he spoke seemed to float in the air, leaving her puzzled and uncertain.

“I’m no gentleman, mind you,” he continued, “But I have always had absolute faith in my medical skills. After all, it was I who brought the Three Treasures into this world. If it weren’t for me...”

Interrupting William before he could finish his thought, Jane’s eagerness couldn’t be contained any longer. “Send me **the** location,” she blurted out, “I’ll come over right away.”

Upon hearing her response, William’s smile grew wider, and he proceeded to divulge the location.

Having hung up the phone, Jane hurried back to her room, quickly changing her attire. Consumed by worry, she even reached out to Jasper, requesting his presence to watch over their children while she **was** away. **Jasper** readily agreed without a moment’s hesitation.

Jane **drove** anxiously to the **address** provided by William, her heart pounding in **her** chest, her palms damp **with** sweat. The image **of Zac kept** flashing **in her** mind, intensifying the **chaos within** her.

Finally, she reached the destination **and stepped out of** her car. **As** she entered the **building, a rush** of emotions overwhelmed **her**, causing **a dizzying** sensation to **take** hold.

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“Excuse me, ma’am, do you **have a** reservation?” a waiter respectfully inquired, breaking Jane’s thoughts.

“I’m looking for William,” she responded coldly.

The waiter, sensing **her** seriousness, adopted a more inviting demeanor. “Please, follow me,” he gestured politely.

Jane trailed behind him until they reached an elevator. Stepping inside, she was led to a private room.

The room was dimly lit, casting a mysterious atmosphere. She could barely make out the silhouette of a man slouched on a plush leather sofa, his head resting against it.

Determined to address the doubts nagging at her heart, Jane mustered her courage.

The waiter closed the door, leaving Jane alone with her thoughts. Not far away, Drake heard the faint sound of footsteps drawing nearer.

As the figure came into clearer view, his heart skipped a beat. The person before him wore a dress resembling Annie’s. A surge of emotions washed over Drake, causing him to instinctively lean his head back on the sofa as if intoxicated by alcohol.

“Annie.....” he murmured, the name slipping past his lips.

“I need to know about Zac,” Jane uttered abruptly, her words landing like a heavy blow, halting her steps and leaving her heart in anguish.

Drake’s love for Annie still burned so fiercely. Even with her missteps and mistakes, he had the capacity to forgive her unconditionally. How could Jane forge

t the pain she endured during those years, suffering at his hands? She had come close to losing her life because of him, hadn't she?

A bitter smile formed at the corner of her lips, and anguish spread throughout her heart, leaving a taste of bitterness in her mouth.

Jane desperately tried to hold back her tears, but a tear accidentally spilled, tracing a path down her cheek. She no longer loved him, so why did he still have the power to make her **cry**?

"But the wedding... I'm sorry for what you're going through. I can make it up to you in any other way. Let's go our separate ways," Drake's voice trembled, **his** words leaving Jane torn between happiness and continued sorrow.

"**Don't** you love her deeply? You used to protect her at **the** cost of my happiness. Why have **you** suddenly given up?" Jane's voice quivered with a mix of despair and anger.

"You men, **you're** all **just** liars!" Jane exclaimed, her hand swiftly wiping away the tears that **stained** her cheeks. She took a seat not far from Drake, her eyes fixed upon **him**.

The sudden outburst shattered Drake's **haze induced** by alcohol. He sat upright, **his eyes** piercing **and** sharp as **they** met **Jane's** gaze.

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Line Break

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 35 -

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"Why on earth are you lurking around here?"

Jane's demeanor suddenly brightened, a twinkle of amusement sparkling in her eyes. She had caught Drake off guard, and it was evident by the faint blush on his cheeks.

"Disappointed, are you?" she teased, a mischievous smile tugging at the corners of her lips. "Consider yourself lucky that Annie wasn't within earshot. If she had heard those words, you'd never know a moment's peace again."

Drake's brows furrowed, a mix of confusion and curiosity crossing his face.

"After all these years, after witnessing everything Annie's capable of, do you honestly believe she'd just throw in the towel? She's been yearning to become your Mrs. Warner for far too long, enduring endless wait and heartache. How could she simply abandon her aspirations?" Jane's voice resonated with a calm yet sorrowful tone, echoing a hint of Annie's deep-seated sadness.

Now annoyed by Jane's presence and the trace of embarrassment he exhibited, his irritation seeped into his words, mingling with a touch of disdain. "What are you doing here?"

"Honestly, I didn't have the faintest desire to set foot in this place, especially in the dead of night. If it wasn't for some scheming individual who dared to call and lure me here, I would have thought they were certifiably insane!" she exclaimed, her voice seething with anger.

Make no mistake, Jane knew exactly what kind of place this was. There was nothing good about a man finding himself in such a locale!

As her disdainful words reached his ears, his expression turned dark. He had no reason to be in this wretched place, and he hadn't come willingly.

Today, it was Annie's words that left him feeling confused and unsure, and it was William's encouragement that ultimately pushed him to be here. But Jane paid no mind to his thoughts. She was determined to seek the answers she desired now that she found herself in **this** situation.

"Drake, tell me straight: am I Zac's mother?" Jane demanded, her words filled with intensity. The sudden question made Drake recover from his thoughts, and he turned his gaze towards her with **eyes** as dark as the night sky.

“What if I say ‘no’?”

“**If he is indeed my biological child, then he is mine. I want to take him with me,**” Jane **asserted with** solemnity.

“**Are you** joking? Regardless of whether he **is** biologically yours or not, you have no right to take him **away. He belongs to my** family,” he replied icily.

“I’m simply asking **you, isn’t** it the right thing to do?” Jane understood the immense challenge **of taking Yuyan away, but her** primary concern now was **to ascertain** whether **Zac** was truly her own flesh and **blood**.

“Have **a sip, and I will tell you,**” **Drake responded,** sweeping his arm to **reveal** a line **of wine**

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glasses arranged neatly in front **of** Jane.

“I **won’t** drink **it,**” she **replied,** turning away from **him,** displaying her disdain for his

company.

But Drake remained unfazed. **He** nonchalantly filled a glass with wine, downing it in a single gulp.

“**If** you’re not up for a drink, you can hit the road, but then you won’t have a clue about Zac,” he retorted.

Jane glared at the apathetic figure before her, a surge of anger coursing through her veins. This man had an uncanny ability to ruffle her feathers, and it wasn’t a promising sign.

She cast a hesitant glance at the tempting wine in front of her, deliberating for a moment. Finally, with gritted teeth, she reached out and took the glass, fixing her intense gaze on the

man.

“Hmph, you’d better stick to your end of the bargain.”

After her words flowed from her lips, she eagerly took a generous gulp, allowing the fiery sensation to dance on her taste buds. A perplexed expression etched across Jane's face. "This wine packs a punch!" she exclaimed, clearly caught off guard by its potency.

It wasn't that Jane was unfamiliar with the art of drinking. In faraway lands, during moments of stress, she would pour herself a glass of wine. However, those were always mild varieties with low alcohol content.

This wine, on the other hand, was a force to be reckoned with. She feared that a few sips too many would lead her to stumble down the path of inebriation.

As Jane continued to drink, Drake's behavior suddenly brightened. He wasn't vexed, not at all. They engaged in a playful game of "yours" and "mine," as if engaged in a friendly rivalry.

By the time they paused for breath, Jane's cheeks grew flushed, and her mind became slightly hazy from the intoxicating effect. Drake, too, found himself succumbing to the drink's allure.

Unbeknownst to them, William had a cunning plan in motion. He had deliberately chosen the strongest wine available, determined to witness Drake's downfall. Coupled with his already somber disposition, Drake consumed a fair amount, and now he willingly joined Jane in her intoxicated state.

With the final hollow bottle slipping from her grasp, Jane fought off the irresistible pull of sleep, mustering the last dregs of her energy to confront the man seated beside her. "Spill it out now. Is Zac my flesh and blood?" Her flushed cheeks betrayed a mix of anticipation and defiance as she stared him down, her vision blurred and muddled. Her countenance remained vivid and transparent, her lips stained with a touch of powder. Yet, in her intoxicated state, Jane struggled to stay upright, her attempts at standing met with frustration and irritation.

In a desperate bid to regain some semblance of clarity, she fished out a cigarette from Drake's pocket and attempted to light it, hoping the smoke would anchor her wandering thoughts. However, just as she drew in a breath to steady herself, a large hand swooped in

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from the side, snatching the cigarette **away**.

“Who on earth taught you to smoke, anyway?”

Jane seethed with **anger as** her cigarette was snatched away from her grasp. She whirled around, her eyes burning with fury, determined to reclaim what was rightfully hers. Drake’s sudden proximity irked her, and she didn’t appreciate his intrusion.

“Drake, give me back my cigarette.”

Drake responded coolly, “No smoking.”

“Why do you even care about me? Just hand it over,” Jane retorted. With a defiant determination, she tried to reach for the cigarette, stretching on her tiptoes.

Upon hearing her words, he nonchalantly discarded the cigarette he held. Swiftly, he turned around and encircled her slender waist with one hand while the other firmly grasped her chin, gently lifting it upward.

“Why should I care about you? You’re the mother of my child,” he revealed, his words hanging in the air, shocking Jane to her core. Her widened eyes mirrored her disbelief, but before she could voice the questions swirling in her heart, his wine-scented lips pressed against hers, overwhelming her with their dominance.

It wasn’t just a fleeting touch; it was a possessive conquest, a fierce nibble that left her momentarily speechless. In that fleeting moment, Jane’s consciousness blurred, consumed entirely by the man before her.

As the dawn broke, golden rays of sunlight streamed into the room, casting their radiant glow upon the expanse of the bed. It was this gentle touch of daylight that danced on her eyelids, coaxing her to wake from her slumber.

Her eyes scanned the room, and her heart skipped a beat in shock at the sight of the unfamiliar furniture surrounding her. A rush of adrenaline propelled her into an

upright position, and her gaze landed on a strikingly handsome face next to her.

A wave of despair washed over Jane, threatening to drown her in melancholy.

Oh, Jane, you're not one to fear death, but now you find yourself teetering on the edge of this man's grasp once more.

With an irritated gesture, she reached up to massage her temples, hoping to alleviate the mounting frustration. She mustered the strength to slip out of bed, her movements light and cautious, as if she were tip toeing through a field of delicate flowers. Collecting her scattered garments, she retreated into the bathroom, intending to vanish into the mist

without a trace.

But just as **she** emerged from the bathroom, a voice resonating with an air of authority **pierced through** the silence, jolting her senses.

“Do you believe you can flee without bearing the consequences **of** your actions?” His **words** rang in **her ears**.

Line **Break**

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When Jane **stepped out** of the hotel, her face wore a bewildered expression, still carrying traces of bewilderment. The way Drake had let her go had caught her off guard, leaving her with unanswered questions swirling in her mind. What did he truly mean by his parting

words?

“Jane, I'll make it right, I promise.”

The weight and significance behind his words were too difficult for Jane to unravel, leaving her no

choice but to caution herself against dwelling too deeply on them. With a throbbing hangover making her uncomfortable, Jane decided to forgo a trip to the office and instead opted to return home.

As soon as Jane stepped through the doorway, a symphony of gleeful laughter filled the room, dancing through the air like joyous melodies. The source of these happy voices came from none other than the two children. Amongst them, Zoe's laughter stood out like a radiant sunbeam, brimming with pure happiness.

Zane caught sight of Jane's return and scampered towards her, his tiny fingers tugging at her trousers.

"Mummy, you're back!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with excitement. "Uncle Jasper just told us the funniest joke ever!"

Jane's heart swelled with love as she wrapped her arms around **Zoe**, holding her close. "Are you happy, my darling?" she whispered.

Zoe's innocent eyes sparkled with delight as she replied, "I'm happy, Mummy. Uncle Jasper always knows how to make us laugh."

Moved by her child's contentment, Jane carried Zoe in her arms, cherishing the warmth and tenderness of their connection. At that moment, the weight of the world melted away, leaving only the blissful innocence of a child's laughter.

Jasper rose from his seat and said, "When I arrived this morning, you weren't home," Jasper shared, his words laced with genuine worry. "Zane was all by himself, perched on a stool, preparing breakfast for Zoe. I stayed and took over, cooking breakfast for the two of them. I even prepared some warm porridge. I'll fetch it for you."

With those considerate words, Jasper strolled into the kitchen, leaving Jane seated on the sofa. She glanced at Zane, her heart tinged with a pang of guilt, aware of the sacrifices he had made in her absence.

"Zane, I'm **sorry**, Mommy just needs a break," Jane murmured, her voice tinged with **with** exhaustion.

Zane **gazed** up at **her** with wide, understanding **eyes**, **his** small posture **straightening** as **he tried** to embody **the** maturity of a little man. "**It's** alright, Mommy. I can take care of **Zoe**," **he** assured her.

“Here, **Jane**, have **some** warm **porridge**,” Jasper retrieved a steaming bowl and handed **it** out to her.

Reluctantly, she took **the** bowl **though** her **appetite** was lost amidst **the** whirlwind of

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emotions consuming her. With a heavy **heart**, she managed to force down a **few** spoonfuls, grateful for **his kindness**.

“Thank **you, Jasper**,” she **uttered** softly, her voice laced with weariness. “**I’m just...** so tired. I think I need **to** rest.”

Understanding the weight of her words, Jasper nodded empathetically. “Of course, Jane. Allow me to watch **over** Zoe and Zane,” he offered, his gaze scanning her fatigued face and the faint bruises on her neck. However, he refrained from probing, keeping his concern unspoken.

“Mummy, please go and rest. I promise to take care **of** Zoe, I won’t let anything happen to her,” Zane spoke up, gripping Jane’s hand in his own small hand, trying to offer reassurance beyond his years.

Moved by her son’s display of maturity, Jane nodded, her eyes welling up with unshed tears. She brushed a hand against his cheek, overwhelmed by the love and strength he exuded. “Thank you, my sweet boy. Take good care of your sister,” she whispered, her voice filled with gratitude and a hint of lingering guilt.

Jane sank into the comforting solace of her room, desperate to replenish her weary body with much-needed slumber. As she succumbed to the realm of dreams, her mind conjured up vivid images of Annie, harkening back to a distant memory five years ago. In that dream, Jane found Annie standing before a hospital bed, regarding her with an icy stare.

Annie’s voice sliced through the air like a cold breeze, piercing Jane’s heart with its callousness. “That child growing inside you belongs to both Drake and me. Had it not been for my own frailty and Drake’s infatuation with

me, would I have ever allowed you to bear my flesh and blood? It's high time you bid farewell to Drake."

The sharpness of Annie's words reverberated in Jane's subconscious. When she finally opened her eyes, the sun had already completed its afternoon journey across the sky. With tear-streaked cheeks and an indescribable sorrow gripping her chest, Jane couldn't shake off the lingering pain inflicted by those past events.

And then, like a whisper in the wind, Drake's words from the previous night echoed in her mind. "All I want is to care for you because you are **the** mother of our child."

Jane sat on the bed, lost **in** contemplation and grappling with the weight of those words for what felt like an eternity.

She rushed to fix herself up, eager to step out, but Zane intercepted her path and tugged at her sleeve.

"Mummy, **where** do you think you're going? You haven't **even** had a bite to eat yet!"

Jane, consumed by her **pressing** mission, brushed off her hunger without a second thought. "Zane, **Mommy's got** something important to attend to, so I won't be eating."

Just then, **Jasper** came out **of the** kitchen donning an apron.

"**Are** you going **out**? **Just** wait, my meal will **be** ready soon."

"**Jasper, unless it's** a **matter of** utmost **urgency**, I'm not one **to bother with** meals. **Can** you lend me **a** hand and look after **Zoe** and Zane?"

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With that, she bid farewell to **the** two children and left the **house**.

In front of the grand Warner Family Mansion, Jane timidly lifted her **hand** to knock on **the** door, **a flicker of** uncertainty in her eyes.

What if Drake was inside?

Their encounter last night had left Jane yearning for more, unable to resist the impulsive urge to **see** him again. But now, **as** she stood at the entrance, she couldn't help but question her actions.

Before Jane could gather her thoughts, the door swung open, revealing a perplexed Miss Lea on the other side. A warm smile danced upon her lips, though her eyes held a hint of curiosity.

"Miss Bentley, you've arrived! Why loiter at the doorstep? Has the young master summoned you?" Miss Lea inquired, her voice laced with intrigue.

"Where could Zac be at this moment?" Jane asked, her anxious tone betraying her true motives.

"He's indulging in some delectable mashed potato noodles at **the** nearby restaurant. The young master simply adores those noodles. It seems we'll be enjoying them for quite a few days," Miss Lea replied, a playful smile gracing her face.

Miss Lea's words sent a jolt through Jane's being, causing her eyes to narrow in suspicion. Noodles with creamy mashed potatoes happened to be her absolute favorite dish. Could it be possible that this child really belonged to her?

Deep contemplation was an uncharted territory for Jane, fearing that her soaring hopes would crash against the rocks of disappointment.

After leaving Drake's house, Jane wore a tense expression, clutching onto her emotions until she had walked a considerable distance, finally allowing herself to exhale and release the tension.

In her hands, there lay a few strands **of** short hair. Determination ignited within her core. She yearned to uncover the truth about that fateful year. Clenching tightly onto Zac's hair once more, Jane made **a** call across the vast Atlantic.

When Jane's call reached April, the first words she heard were **a** volley of complaints. "Jane, **are** you going to forget me when you return to Germany? You haven't called me for so long."

“Oh, April, **my** dear,” Jane responded with a hint **of** playfulness in her voice, attempting to soothe April’s apparent displeasure. “How can you accuse me of forgetting you? **Such a thought could** never **even** cross my mind! You hold a special place in my heart, my love.” **April** couldn’t help but maintain a facade **of** indignation, his words carrying a **touch** of petulance as he replied through the phone, “Hmph! You always know just what **to say** to **harm your way** out of trouble. I can practically **picture** your **mischievous grin** right now, thinking **you** can distract me **with** sweet words.”

Jane **chuckled softly**, picturing April’s **pouting** expression **in her mind**. “**You know me too**

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well. But trust me, there’s **no** one else in my life who could ever take **your** place. **You are** the **one** who captivates **my** thoughts and stirs my heart with passion.”

Still feigning annoyance, April couldn’t help but soften his tone, his curiosity piqued. “Alright, spill it, woman! Tell me what important matter you need my assistance with. I suppose I’m obligated to lend a helping hand, even if you only remember me when you have something on your mind.”

Jane paused for a moment, appreciating April’s willingness to set aside his grievances and lend his support. With a touch of gratitude, she continued, “April, you have always been there for me, and I’m grateful for your unwavering presence in my life. You see, I find myself in a bit of a predicament, and I need your help.”

April’s annoyance melted away, replaced by genuine concern. “Oh, Jane, you know I’ll do anything to help you. What kind of predicament are you facing? Please, tell me.”

“April, Zoe, and Zane might be my flesh and blood, but there’s more to the story. I might have had another child all those years ago.”

“What?!” April exclaimed.

“Do you have any proof?” he inquired, once he had collected himself.

“I’ll send you something. It can help us investigate. But remember, no one must find out,” she cautioned.

“Alright.”

After dispatching the package, Jane eagerly returned home, anxiously awaiting the results of the investigation.

The day pressed on, and Jane was immersed in her daily routine at the office. Amidst the hum of phones and the flurry of papers, the receptionist’s voice rang through the air, interrupting the monotonous rhythm. “Jane, there’s someone here to see you. A certain Annie,” the receptionist announced, prompting Jane to pause and contemplate her decision.

Though momentarily hesitant, she ultimately gave the order to bring Annie up. As Annie stepped into the room, Jane couldn’t help but feel a wave of surprise wash over her. The presence of her past nemesis evoked a mix of emotions, both familiar and unwelcome.

“Jane, you shouldn’t have come back,” Annie declared, her voice dripping with arrogance and superiority, as if she had the power to dictate Jane’s choices.

“I had to come back. It has nothing to do with you,” Jane replied, her words echoing with quiet defiance that shattered the chains of her past.

Line **Break**

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“Drake’s rotten treatment towards me, it’s all on your account, Jane. **If** you hadn’t resurfaced, we would have already been sealing the deal on this marriage. Why, oh why, are you still breathing?”

Why must you keep showing up? In the grand scheme of things, it's all because of you.

Drake had treated Annie with disdain, and Annie couldn't help but assign blame to Jane for this heart-wrenching predicament.

"You needn't assign blame to me for every wretched thing. Deep down, Annie, you know full well what you did back then. You can't hide everything," Jane said coldly.

"What do you mean?" Annie, feeling a flicker of unease, struggled to grasp the meaning behind Jane's cryptic words. Could it be possible that Jane was aware of the events that had transpired all those years ago? Did she possess the knowledge that Annie had fought so hard to keep concealed?

"This is getting tedious. If Miss Carlton is here simply to spout trivialities, kindly take your leave. I am occupied with important matters and have no time to entertain you," Jane declared, her features icy and distant.

Annie grimaced, her face contorting unpleasantly at the evident distaste Jane held for her.

At that very moment, Jane's phone erupted into shrill ringing. Resting on the table, it caught her eye in an instant.

Without uttering a word about Drake's caller ID, a mere glance was enough for Annie to discern that it was his call, intensifying her embarrassment.

Jane, too, recognized the digits on the screen. Since Annie had evidently sought to humiliate herself, Jane decided to grant her wish.

Under Annie's penetrating gaze, Jane cautiously lifted the phone to her ear and answered the call.

Drake's voice pierced through the phone, sending a chill down Jane's spine. "I need a custom-made suit, and I want **it** on my doorstep within a week."

Jane hesitated for a moment, contemplating the collaboration **between** the two of them. It wasn't an ideal partnership, but Drake's deep pockets couldn't be ignored. After all, money didn't rain from the sky.

“Fine, I’ll make the necessary arrangements,” she replied, suppressing her reluctance.

But just as Jane was ready to end the call, Drake dropped a bombshell. “Oh, and I **expect** you to personally handcraft it.”

His demand hung in the air like a dense fog, leaving Jane dumbfounded. Without thinking, she blurted **out**, “You must be out of your mind!”

As soon as the **words escaped her** lips, Jane realized she had let **her** emotions take control of the situation. She paused, pondering **the consequences** of her candid **response**.

“**Boss Warner is** probably clueless about **this**. **As the CEO under Joe, I don’t** have any say **the clothing production, so I can’t** fulfill your request. I **apologize** for any **inconvenience**

in

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caused.”

Jane maintained **her** composure as **she** attempted to negotiate with Drake over the phone. Seeing Annie’s anger about to burst, Qiao Huan’s spirits instantly lifted.

“Considering Ms. Bentley’s role as Joe’s representative, she wouldn’t want the brand she built to suffer a tarnished reputation.”

Just as Jane’s mood started to brighten, Drake’s threatening voice on the other end of the line shattered her tranquility. Jane’s spirits plummeted. That detestable man dared to intimidate her!

However, she felt helpless and frustrated. If she wanted to confront Joe, her own capabilities alone wouldn’t be enough to overcome him.

“Boss Warner certainly has a knack for coercion,” Jane muttered through gritted teeth.

“I’ll need your measurements shortly, but I must warn you in advance, making the clothes myself will come at a steep co

st. President Warner better be prepared to provide the funds,” Jane plotted in her mind.

Since this arrogant man is wealthy and influential, he shouldn't be surprised if she demanded a hefty price.

After ending the call, Jane noticed Annie's gloomy expression.

“Hey, why isn't Miss Carlton making her exit **yet**? Should I call security to escort you out?” Jane's words were dripping with rudeness, but anyone with a shred of shame would've long left the scene.

Annie, on the other hand, was shameless to the core. Not only did she not budge an inch, but she even had the audacity to confront Jane arrogantly. “Why did Drake give you a call?” she quizzed.

Jane replied with an air of indifference, “That's a matter between my bosses. I'm sorry for not filling Miss Carlton in.”

“Jane, wait for me... We won't let this slide so easily,” Annie exclaimed as she marched away, her high heels clicking on the floor.

Jane disagreed with Annie's cruel words, but her priority was to uncover Zac's situation. Ignoring Annie's retreat, she immersed herself in her work. However, just as she was engrossed, the reception desk rang once more.

Startled, Jane's heart skipped a beat. Pushing the door open, she found Drake already seated on the reception room sofa, exuding an icy aura.

“President Warner is personally **here**. What's the matter?” Jane asked, her voice tinged with -gloom.

“Don't **you** think you're inadequate? As a wife, you don't even know **your husband's** measurements. That's negligence,” Drake retorted, crossing his legs on the sofa and **expressing his** dissatisfaction.

“I... Drake, **as a husband, do you** consider **yourself highly competent**? You **never** regarded **me as** a wife in **the** past, and **you** still don't. **So**, spare **me** the lecture on **our marriage**,” Jane **fired back**.

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“In the end, that **marriage can** be annulled whenever you please,” she continued.

Drake’s mood instantly soured, despite his earlier composure. He rose to his feet, gripping Jane’s waist and pulling her **closer**, a hint of a smirk playing on his lips.

“You’re right. I can dissolve that marriage contract anytime I want, whether it’s in the past or now. But without my permission, you’ll never escape my grasp,” Drake declared, his words dripping with dominance, resonating in Jane’s ears and stoking her anger.

“Drake, you’re despicable!”

“I can be even more despicable. Would you like to find out?”

Jane seethed with frustration, attempting to break free, but her strength paled in comparison to the man’s, and she found herself trapped in his embrace, feeling the pulsations of his powerful heart.

“Drake, release me!”

“Jane, how’s the outfit I requested? I have an important event tonight...”

Just as the struggle between the two escalated, Jasper’s voice echoed, followed by the creak of the reception room door swinging open.

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Line Break

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Jasper's smile turned to **ice** as he laid eyes on the sight of them locked in an embrace. A flicker **of** sadness **passed** through his eyes, caught by Drake in that fleeting moment.

Seizing the opportunity while Drake was momentarily stunned, Jane managed to break free from his grip.

"I'll grab that for you."

Casting a quick glance at Jasper, Jane seized the chance to escape, leaving the two men alone in the room, their gazes locked in an intense encounter.

"Why didn't Mr. Warner bring Miss Warner along today? Word on the street is that you two lovebirds are engaged and on the verge of tying the knot. You guys always seem so smitten, attending all sorts of events together."

Jasper broke the heavy silence with a curious glance, prompting Drake to sink into the sofa with a somber look.

"Only the clueless would buy into those rumors swirling around."

With that sentence, Jasper's face turned pale, but he pressed on. "Considering that Mr. Warner already possesses a gem like Miss Warner at his side, it would be unwise of him to provoke Jane in this manner. Such behavior would only spell trouble for all parties involved, particularly for Mr. Warner, who already bears the weight of a tarnished reputation."

Drake shot Jasper a cold, unwelcoming glare. Were it not for the fact that Jasper had spent a significant amount within the business world, he would have succumbed to fear under the piercing intensity of Drake's gaze.

The reputation of President Warner holds no significance to me," Jasper retorted, his voice, laced with conviction. "However, I cannot turn a blind eye to Jane's predicament. She has already suffered at your hands once, and I will never allow you to inflict further harm upon her."

Drake's eyes grew even colder upon hearing these words. "Allow me to offer you some advice: it would be in your best interest not to meddle in my affairs. How old are you, anyway? No one can stand in my way."

“President Warner may exude an air of dominance, but do you truly believe that you possess the power to reign supreme over all of Silverbourne? Should you dare to harm Jane again, I swear I will not let you **off** the hook,” Jasper retorted, his anger igniting like a fierce inferno as he locked his gaze onto Drake’s.

Though he **lacked** the resources and influence to match Drake’s cold demeanor, Jasper understood that an all-out confrontation was not without hope.

“You’re more than welcome to try.”

As soon as Jane **stepped** into the room, an air **of tension** immediately enveloped **her**. It was as if **the very** atmosphere crackled **with** an electric charge, causing a palpable unease **to settle in her bones**.

“Jane, **check out this** attire. **It’s absolutely stunning**,” Jasper interjected abruptly, breaking

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the suffocating silence. **He** eagerly snatched the **costume** that **she** had brought, his eyes shining with **enthusiasm**.

“**I’m in a rush here. As my wife, you** should know **my size** by now. **Just give me** the measurements,” the man pressed, his **voice carrying** a note of impatience.

Jane felt an urge to decline his request, to escape from this uncomfortable situation. However, as her gaze met the dark and sinister eyes of the man before her, her voice caught in her throat. She knew all too well that if she dared to utter a refusal, Drake would unleash a barrage **of** threats and manipulation, compelling her to comply against her will.

She turned on her heels, her voice laced with a tinge of apology, as she addressed Jasper, “You know what, why don’t you give it a go first? If you find anything that doesn’t quite fit your taste, I’ll make sure to have the folks downstairs make the necessary changes for you.”

Jasper’s heart sank upon hearing her words, a wave of disappointment crashing over him. Yet, he managed to maintain a composed facade, concealing his true emotions from Jane’s observant eyes.

“Very well then,” he replied, his tone betraying no hint of his disappointment. “I’ll head downstairs and give it a try. Hopefully, I can wrap things up early tonight and join you and the kids for a meal.”

As Jasper made his exit, he felt an urge to leave Jane with something more, a sentiment that was important to him. Though he spoke the words, she didn’t pay them much mind, simply nodding in response.

With Jasper gone, Jane sensed a chill in the air creeping up behind her. She spun around, only to find herself locked in a gaze with the man, his expression cold and detached.

“Let me grab a measuring tape,” she murmured, her indifference to his inexplicable emotions evident. Retrieving the measuring tool, she approached him to take measurements of various sizes.

Jane extended her hand, demanding the man to raise his arms so she could measure his chest. Fuming with anger, she noticed that the man stood as motionless as a sturdy log.

In a fit of frustration, she **uttered** sharply, “Seriously? Are you just going to stand there like a statue?”

To her surprise, the man remained unmoving, his voice barely a whisper as he questioned, “Is your child’s father really that effeminate?”

Drake’s words **struck** Jane like a lightning bolt, leaving her momentarily stunned before she retorted coldly, her voice dripping with disdain, “My personal life is none of your business. And let’s not forget, we had an agreement that you would steer clear of my affairs. Otherwise, even if the heavens themselves fall, I won’t be restrained by you.”

When it came to her children, Jane’s stubbornness resurfaced with a vengeance. **She** could tolerate Drake’s intrusions on trivial matters, but the topic of her child was her **Achilles’** heel—the one place she couldn’t bear anyone touching. It would be her **undoing**. **Though** the resolution **in Jane’s tone made** Drake uncomfortable, he refrained **from** pushing **further**. **Reluctantly, he raised** his arms, allowing **Jane to resume her task of measuring** him.

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As Jane attempted to measure Drake's shoulders, a sense of frustration **be gan** to settle within her. Her stature fell short, quite literally, and Drake seemed to revel in it. Aware that she **couldn't reach**, he stubbornly refused to bend his knees, provoking an angry rebuke

from Jane.

“Can't **you just** crouch down for a moment? This is impossible to measure like this!”

Drake's lips curled up slightly, a mischievous gleam in his eyes, as he muttered under his breath, almost teasingly, “Shorty!”

The words reached Jane's ears, triggering an instinctive defense mechanism. “I'm not short,” she protested vehemently.

Standing at 1.68 meters, she believed herself to be of average height. It was merely the towering presence of the man before her that made her feel inadequate. Yet, he dared to call her a shorty, igniting a burning fury within Jane.

“Can't even reach my chin. If I'm not short, then I must bow down just to kiss you,” Drake quipped, suddenly lowering his head and allowing his **cool** lips to delicately brush against Jane's.

The gentle contact sent an electric shock through Jane's body, momentarily erasing all coherent thoughts from her mind.

“Drake, don't wander off too far!”

“Too far? I merely kissed my lawful wife. Is that too much to handle?” Drake retorted, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“You...” Jane seethed with anger. This man dared to use their so-called marriage as a threat. Damn him!

“Hmph, it's simply revolting. Boss Warner, your lips are seemingly available for everyone's taste. I cannot endure it any longer. I implore you to cleanse yourself and refrain from engaging in such repulsive acts in the future,” Jane fired back, her voice laced with disdain.

After their heated exchange, Jane couldn't be bothered to measure his shoulder width precisely. She could make a rough estimate of his dimensions without much effort.

"I'll have the garments ready within a week. President Warner can simply send someone to collect them," Jane **stated**, subtly hinting that **he** could take his leave.

Drake understood Jane's implication, but he chose to interpret her words as a direct insult. A melancholic expression crossed his face as he muttered, "My company is swamped with business. I can't **spare anyone** to fetch them. Just have Miss Bentley deliver them to our office."

Without **giving her a chance to decline**, he briskly walked **away**, his departure showcasing **his domineering demeanor**.

The man's overbearing behavior infuriated Jane, **and yet** she **felt powerless to** retaliate. She could only release **her pent-**up frustration by rolling **her eyes at his** retreating figure, finding **solace** in this **small act of defiance**.

Once he had left, Drake **settled** into his car **and promptly** dialed Zac's number on **his** wristwatch. **After** issuing a series of **instructions, he ended the call**.

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Upon reaching her home, **Jane was taken** aback to find **Zac** waiting there, prompting her **curiosity**.

"**Zac**, what brings you here?"

Line Break

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Jane's mind was **occupied** with thoughts of returning to the comfort of her own home and slipping into a fresh set of clothes before heading over to Drake's place. However, her plans were swiftly derailed when Zac, bursting with enthusiasm, scampered over to her house. "Hi, lovely teacher! I'm here to find Zoe and Zane. By the way, if it's not too much trouble, could you do me a favor and cover for me at home?" Zac's innocent request escaped his lips, concealing the fact that it was, in fact, his father who planted the seed of temptation within him. Yet, deep down, Zac yearned to join the festivities all on his own accord!

Jane, caught off guard by Zac's unexpected arrival, pondered for a moment before responding. "Alright then, you can play with Zoe and the gang for a little while. Meanwhile, I'll go to the bathroom to freshen up and slip into some new clothes."

After Jane emerged from the bathroom, she found herself in the living room, where Zane and Zac were joyfully engrossed in playing alongside little Zoe. Casting her gaze upon the heartwarming scene of the three youngsters getting along harmoniously, a wave of relief and joy washed over Jane. If only these kids were truly her own, she thought, it would be an absolute delight.

"Mummy, come quick! Brother Zac brought me this brand-new toy. It's something Zoe has never seen before. Come join the fun!" Zoe exclaimed, her face beaming with a sweet smile that revealed her genuine excitement.

Jane settled down beside the trio, her legs crossed and engaged in a game with them. It wasn't just any ordinary game, though; it was an educational one cleverly disguised as play. Through this interactive pastime, children could absorb a wealth of knowledge and uncover various forms of amusement.

Jane painted vivid pictures with her words, captivating the attention of the three little ones who were diligently studying her every move. Time slipped away effortlessly in such a sweet way until the sound of Jasper's return interrupted their moment.

"Hey Jane, I'm back! And guess what? I've got this fancy steak all the way from overseas. I just **got** my hands on it today. I'm gonna whip up something special for you real soon. Remember how Zane loves his steak? Well, this one be

ats any local joint, hands down. It's the absolute best," Jasper exclaimed, his voice filled with excitement.

Jane caught sight of the bags in his hands, big and small, and immediately rose to help him carry them. Together, they made their way into the kitchen, setting the bags down.

Zane observed Jasper's retreating figure with a sly grin.

Ha, using him as an excuse to butter up his mommy again!

"That **guy**, what's with the infatuation over that attractive teacher?"

Who does he think he **is**? No one dares to challenge him for the attention of this **gorgeous teacher**! **Zac** thought **angrily**.

"**Can't you see? He's** got a crush **on** my mom," Zane retorted.

"**No way!**" Zac immediately jumped **to** his feet, wearing **a disapproving expression**.

"Of course, I know it's impossible. Don't worry, **my** mom isn't interested in him," Zane

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replied **nonchalantly**.

If Zane hadn't made **sure his mother saw** Jasper only as a friend, he wouldn't have been able to **keep Jasper** so close **to her**.

After dinner, Drake arrived to pick up Zac. Since he hadn't gone upstairs, he had no idea about the joint meal. **Zac**, following Zane's advice, kept it brief when Drake inquired about Jasper.

Upon learning that Jane and Jasper were just friends, Drake felt a slight wave of relief wash over him.

The following **day**, being a weekend, Jane indulged in the luxury of sleeping in , while Jasper took the two children to the amusement park as they had previously agreed over dinner the night before.

As the day progressed, Jane's peaceful sleep was rudely interrupted by the intrusive ring of the telephone. Still groggy, she fumbled for the receiver and managed to mumble a

response.

But when April relayed the test results, Jane jolted upright in bed, her senses instantly ~kened by the shocking news.

"Hey, Jane, are you even listening?" April's voice broke through the haze, finally stirring the still-stunned Jane.

"April, are you serious? Are you telling me that those three children are mine?"

"Do you think I'd joke about something like this? Honestly, you've been oblivious for far too long. You've spent years with Zane and Zoe without even considering a paternity test. And to top it off, you and Zane share such uncanny resemblances."

Jane was overwhelmed, a mix of shock and tears of joy streaming down her face.

"You're **right**, April. It's all my fault. I blindly believed Annie's words. I should have known that they were my children."

"Alright, it's not too late **to** know **the** truth now." April's soft **words** offered comfort.

April had witnessed Jane's struggles living abroad, and he knew that discovering the truth **was** the ultimate reward for her.

After hanging up with April, Jane couldn't contain the bubbling excitement in her heart. **Without** wasting a moment, **she slipped** into a pair **of** sleek sports tights and made her way **to a** motorcycle dealership.

Donning her safety helmet, she hopped onto her **motorcycle** and revved the engine. With a **burst of speed** and an infusion of passion, she set **off** on her e

xhilarating journey. **The** wind whipped through her hair, and the rush of adrenaline washed away any lingering worries.

But **suddenly**, amidst the whirlwind of the road, a mysterious **black** motorcycle zoomed **past, catching** up to Jane in an instant. Both riders **locked eyes**, their faces concealed by **their** helmets.

Eventually, **the motorcycles** came **to a** halt, **and Jane glanced** back at **the rider** who **had crossed** the finish line **just** seconds behind **her**. A wave of **joy** washed over **her as she**

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reveled in **her victory**.

Leaving the scene with a beaming smile, she returned the motorcycle and headed home. As she arrived, she found Zoe and Zane already back from their **adventure** at **the** amusement park, **their faces** adorned with joyful grins.

Jane rushed over and enveloped her children in a tight embrace, so overwhelmed with excitement that tears streamed down her cheeks.

“Oh, my little ones, you have no idea how incredible you all are...”

“Mummy, what are you talking about? Zane and I have always been your children...”

Zoe’s perplexed expression peeked out from Jane’s arms. Her wide **eyes** shimmered with curiosity.

“Yes, you and your brother have always been and will always be Mummy’s precious children.”

With the truth finally sinking in, Jane savored the elation for a while before regaining her

composure.

Previously, she had thought that she was merely going to teach Drake and Annie a lesson, but she ended up divorcing Drake successfully. Now, the world was hers for the taking, and she was more than ready to embrace it!

Arriving at the Warner Family Mansion, Jane rang the doorbell, only to be greeted not by Miss Lea, but by a striking young woman.

“Who are you? Do you know what place is this? How did you get here?”

The sharpness in the stranger’s questioning dampened Jane’s good mood slightly, but she maintained her polite demeanor.

“You don’t recognize me? Are you new here?”

“Should I know who you are? Judging by your appearance, you don’t seem like a decent person. Let me make it clear, even though this family lacks a mistress, don’t you dare think about becoming one. President Warner despises your flashy demeanor. You’re nothing but

a common woman.”

The other woman’s arrogance and contemptuous words ignited a **fiery** anger within Jane. She chuckled with a mix of fury and amusement.

“It’s true that your boss may not **be** fond of me, but...he practically begged me to **step** foot in this house. Don’t believe me? **Ask** him yourself.”

”

“What nonsense **are** you spouting? How could President Warner beg **you?**”

—“Kristy, enough!” At that moment, Miss Lea emerged from behind Jane, putting an end to

the confrontation.

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Miss Lea hurriedly approached, clutching the freshly purchased vegetables in her hands. Spotting **Jane**, she **greeted** her with a polite tone.

“Oh, Miss Jane, you’re here! The young master is up in his room. You better head on up first,” Miss Lea courteously suggested.

Jane stole a glance at the girl standing in front of her. As she stepped into Zac’s room and closed the door behind her, faint murmurs of discontent from the girl named Kristy downstairs reached Jane’s ears.

“Auntie, why did you let that seductive fox in? Haven’t you noticed how stunning she looks? She must be trying to seduce him...”

“Shush! She’s the Little Young Master’s tutor, and he personally invited her here. Let me warn you, mind your words. If I catch you saying such things again, you’d better pack your bags and go home. This job isn’t meant for you,” Miss Lea scolded Kristy sharply, her expression turning icy.

Nevertheless, Kristy remained unconvinced from start to finish. She cast a lingering glance at the room upstairs before reluctantly following Miss Lea into the kitchen.

In the room, Jane paid no mind to Kristy’s appearance and instead directed her attention towards Zac.

“Well, well, well, look who’s here!” Zac exclaimed with excitement, leaping off the bed and darting towards Jane.

Jane extended her hand, swiftly catching Zac in her grasp, all the while surveying the chaotic state of the room caused by Zac’s mischief.

“Why on earth did you turn this room upside down?”

“What’s the big deal? The servants can handle it,” he retorted, dismissing Jane’s concern.

“Zac, that won’t do. You’re growing up, my dear. It’s time for you to take responsibility and clean up after yourself. Zane often tidies up his own messes,” Jane advised firmly.

Zac’s face scrunched up in a pout upon hearing Jane’s words.

Jane gently extended her hand and caressed Zac’s head. As her delicate touch connected with his scalp, an indescribable surge of emotion flooded Zac’s heart. It was a tender love, akin to that of a mother’s, a feeling he had never experienced before with Annie.

“Wow, what an amazing teacher she would make, if only she were my mom!” Zac couldn’t help but think to himself. He glanced at Jane and nodded in agreement. “Yeah, I’ll gladly follow whatever **the** beautiful teacher says.”

Observing **Zac’s** earnest efforts **to** clean **up**, Jane noticed his unfamiliarity with the task at hand. She decided to lend a hand and teach him along the **way**, sharing her knowledge and guiding him through the **process**.

Together, **they** worked side **by** side to tidy **up** the mess. With each passing moment, **the** room transformed into **a** picture **of** order and tidiness. **Jane** stole a glance at Zac, who had **beads** of **sweat** forming on his **forehead**.

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“**Alright**,” **Zac** said with a happy grin, his nod indicating his satisfaction **with** their **accomplishments**.

Jane strolled out of the room, descending the stairs with a leisurely pace. Out of the blue, her eyes caught sight of Kristy diligently scrubbing the floor, **as** if trying to erase all traces of a

mishap. Curiosity piqued, Jane observed Kristy pour an unidentified liquid onto the floor near the **stairs**.

Intrigued yet cautious, Jane squinted her eyes but proceeded forward. However, as soon as her foot made contact with the liquid, an unmistakable sensation of unease jolted through her body, prompting her to swiftly retract her step. Standing poised at the top of the staircase, she called out to Miss Lea, her voice carrying a note of urgency.

In a flash, Miss Lea emerged from the kitchen, her apron adorned with the remnants of her culinary endeavors.

Jane wasted no time and cut straight to the chase. "Miss Lea, Zac is craving for some juicy strawberries. Do we happen to have any of those in the fridge?"

"Certainly, Miss Bentley," Miss Lea replied, her voice laced with respect and attentiveness.

"Excellent. Kindly bring them up when you get a chance," Jane replied nonchalantly, her words tinged with a hint of satisfaction.

She cast a sharp glance at Kristy, who stood beside her and delivered her words with a chilly tone. "Miss Lea, make sure you train the new servant properly. Zac is still young, and the consequences would be dire if she were to stumble."

With that, Jane ascended the stairs, leaving Miss Lea downstairs momentarily bewildered. It didn't take long for the meaning behind Jane's words to dawn on her.

Miss Lea's gaze fell upon the lingering water stains on the floor near the stairwell, and she fixed her eyes on Kristy.

"Clean up this mess and come find me," she commanded, echoing Jane's earlier instructions. Kristy's blood boiled with fury at the very mention of Jane.

In a deliberate act of defiance, she poured fresh water onto the floor, hoping to catch Jane off guard and send her tumbling down **the** stairs. Yet, to her dismay, that wretched woman had somehow detected her scheme.

Meanwhile, Jane proceeded upstairs, returning to the room to assist Zac. Discovering **that** he was her own flesh and blood, Jane felt an instinctual need to impart wisdom to her child.

Even as Drake **eventually** made his way back home, Jane remained **steadfast** by **Zac's** side and eventually **fell** asleep. By the time she regained **her senses**, **it was already** too late.

As Jane prepared to head back, the darkness **of** the night engulfed the surroundings, accompanied by a relentless downpour outside. **Concerned** about the hazardous driving conditions, she contemplated delaying her departure until **the** rain subsided. **So**, she settled herself on the living room couch.

Meanwhile, Drake sat nearby, **engrossed in** his book, **his countenance displaying** an air of aloofness.

Jane made **every effort to** feign normalcy, but time crawled sluggishly, and **the** raindrops on the **windowpane showed** no signs **of abating**.

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“If you’ve **got** nothing on **your plate**, how about brewing me a cup of coffee?
”

Jane

looked at Drake, his **voice deep and** alluring, uncertain whether the words were meant

for **her**.

“You heard me correctly; I want you to make coffee.” Drake restated, not bothering to lift his gaze, nonchalantly flipping the page.

“I’m afraid Mr. Warner has grown accustomed to exploiting others. While I may be in your employ, I am not your maid. If you fancy a cup of coffee, feel free to ask your enchanting new maid to whip it up for you.” Jane retorted, her voice brimming with anger.

She reluctantly considered making him coffee, for he seemed utterly clueless.

Observing that she was still compelled to remain in his presence, Jane rose from her seat, intending to venture out into the rain. Drake spoke up once more.

“We have plenty of rooms here. Take your pick and stay.”

“No, thank you.” she promptly declined.

As expected, she was nothing more than a scoundrel in the eyes of this man. Her straightforwardness in even declining his offer was met with such apathy. She had no intention of lingering any longer.

Jane’s steps had nearly reached the door when she caught a glimpse of Drake, his heart sinking as he realized she was about to depart.

From upstairs, a succession of footsteps echoed through **the** house, followed by Zac dashing down the stairs and hurling himself into Jane’s embrace.

“Oh, beloved teacher, please don’t go. I’m utterly terrified...”

As Zac trembled in her arms, a surge of compassion washed over Jane, especially upon discovering that Zac was her own child.

No matter what, Zane and Zoe were always there, faithfully by her side. Although she had never truly believed they were her biological children, Jane had always treated them as if they were her flesh and blood.

But Zac was different. From the moment he was born until now, she had not been there to share **in** his journey, leaving Jane consumed by a profound sense **of** guilt.

“Don’t be afraid, it’s merely thunder.”

“Beautiful teacher, can you please stay? I beg you not to leave me alone. I fear the night will bring another storm.”

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