

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 390

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They rushed over to their **boss**, who was on the verge of collapsing, intending to help her. However, Adolf was already on her side, supporting her weight and smiling casually.

“I overestimated you, Miss Bentley. It seems like, you are not a good drinker after all.” Adolf said with an evil glint in his eyes.

“I will send Miss Bentley home; you guys can continue discussing business with President Lington.” Adolf turned his head to the two assistants.

Patrick and Peter automatically refused.

“Since Miss Bentley is now incapable to talk, we will just have to re-schedule this meeting. We’ll be back when Miss Bentley is sober” Patrick said

However, he received a cold look from Mr. Schmidt, sending him a silent message.

“Mr. Schmidt, please leave Miss Bentley to us.” Patrick was unbothered.

Yes, they were terrified of him, but they would never leave their boss with him.

Adolf saw how tough the assistants were, and he did not like it.

“Mr. Lington...” Adolf called out in a low **voice**.

Immediately, the middle-aged man who was sitting still at the table stood up to his rescue.

“Don’t worry guys, Mr. Schmidt will send your boss safely back home. Leave her to h

im and come here, we'll discuss business, you'll be Miss Bentley's representative.

Mr. Lington went in front of the two assistants to prevent them from going after their boss. Patrick was about to let them be when he saw how Mr. Schmidt sneered.

He freed himself from Mr. Lington's grasp and immediately chased after his boss.

"Let

go of Miss Bentley!" He shouted after them. But the man who was now holding their boss ignored him.

"Mr. Schmidt, I know that you're a tough guy, but that woman is not only the CEO of Joe's but also the young lady of the Royal Family. Do you really want to be an enemy of the Royal family?"

Patrick had no choice but to say the name of her boss' husband, hoping that, it will scare Adolf even just a little bit and let go of Miss Bentley.

But it seemed to anger Adolf even more.

"Who *do* you think you are? Threatening me like you did."

"Sir, I wasn't threatening you; I was telling you the truth. Miss Bentley's life is the most important for Mr. Warner. If something happened to her, we are all done here.

"Really, I'd love to see what Drake would do to me!"

"Mr. Lington, get rid of him!" Adolf said impatiently.

Mr. Lington went and held Patrick, preventing him from going further. The two immediately called their boss' husband.

However, as soon as Adolf left the room, two men in black suits appeared and confiscated their

Mi

phones

“Young Masters, you were told to continue the **meeting, please** do it before leaving this room.” One of the men said with a cold **face**.

Patrick and Peter worriedly looked at each other

The still unconscious Jane was carried out of the room by Adolf Schmidt who was now in a very good mood.

Ah, Drake’s woman. He would finally taste her and he would personally know for himself if the woman was as great as what the papers were painting her to be. This would be a lesson for Drake too, that Silverbourne is not as safe as he believed it to be. He would realize that it was Adolf’s territory and Drake would soon back off and retreat to the place’s shadow.

He was still holding Jane as he strode out of the restaurant. He already booked a room in a nearby hotel.

As Charles Holbrooke walked out of the room, he saw Adolf carrying an unconscious woman, walking past him.

And then she realized that the woman she was carrying was Jane Bentley, he was about to call him out when a hand grabbed him.

“What are you doing? Didn’t you see that it was Adolf Schmidt?” The woman who pulled Charles said.

Charles was even more worried, if it was indeed Adolf, **the** son of a newly elected mayor, then Jane must be in greater danger than he originally thought.

He went a little more restless. Before he could stop himself, he was already dialing Drake’s number

“Charles...” The woman tried to stop him in vain, he was already following Adolf while talking to a very furious Drake.

After receiving Charles’s call, Drake was filled with so much rage. Charles told him their location and he immediately went over; his body was shaking with contained anger. Adolf is a dead meat when he was done with him.

Drake wasted no time and booked the room next to Adolf's the moment he arrived at the hotel. His hands are itching to hit somebody. Bloody hell, he would kill the bastard.

Jane woke up to the sound of tearing clothes, and when the fog of consciousness totally left her brain, she realized in horror that it was her clothes, and the man above her, impatiently doing the task and creepily bent on getting her naked, was Adolf.

Jane screamed and began to struggle. However, Adolf just sneered maliciously at her.

"I like it better now that you are awake, I would much enjoy screwing you while you are conscious. And you will enjoy every little thing that I will do with your delectable body "He's evil.

"Adolf, you dare to touch me..." Jane was so mad she could kill this demon.

She knew that Adolf was bad news right from the start, but she never thought that he could be this evil. A devil's pawn in the flesh. The bastard drugged her and she felt so freaking dumb for falling

into his trap.

"Cat got your tongue? You don't expect your husband to come here and rescue you, right? And Even if he does, he could never touch me." Adolf said with a sneer.

"You're a rapist. If you dare touch me again, I would never forgive you." Jane was buying herself some time.

She did not go to the restaurant alone. She was taken away. It was impossible for her assistants not to do anything.

"Oh honey, I'm going to be Silverbourne's new leader soon. Nobody will believe I raped you" **The** devil's face was full of confidence.

"How dare you, you son of a b*tch!!" Jane was full of rage; she was about to go and fight the man with all the strength she got when the doorbell rang.

She stayed still, in relief.

“Who’s that!”

“Hello, room service!” the voice called out softly.

“I didn’t call for room service, get lost!” Adolf angrily shouted to the people outside the door.

Whoever was outside the door scurried away like a mouse who saw a cat. Adolf faced Jane again and started to charge toward her the doorbell rang again. It was still a room service.

This time, Adolf’s anger is now evident. He stood up and went to open the door.

“I said I did not call for room service. Don’t you guys understand?”

The waiter looked up at him with a very angry demeanor.

“Sir, we did receive a call from the front desk, saying that your room needs service.”

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Mr Warner