

## Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 4

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### Chapter 4

**Inside** the Maybach.

Achoo! Drake let out a sneeze that shook the car.

He was still bent over, dealing with company documents, not even paying attention to the minor car accident that had just occurred.

After signing the documents, he leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes, raising his hand to pinch his nose.

Caught in his peripheral vision, an image flashed through his mind and left him feeling uneasy.

The contours of the partially lowered window on the passenger seat were etched deeply in his memory, and as he watched it pass by, he marvelled at how perfectly they matched.

Drake abruptly opened his eyes, startled by his own thoughts.

Jane? How could it be?

That name hadn't appeared in his world for a long time.

He rubbed his eyes in disbelief; the fatigue from work must have been playing tricks on him.

"What's the date today?" Drake asked casually.

"It's November 1st," the driver responded.

Drake sighed deeply.

"No wonder."

He turned his head to look out the window, where the once bright sun was now slowly obscured by drifting clouds, much like the shadow that covered Drake's heart at this

moment.

Today marked the day of Jane's memorial, and the sun shone down on the sombre gathering.

In the blink of an eye, that woman had been away from him for five years, and nobody knew that her death seemed to have taken away a part of his soul as well.

Drake didn't understand why he felt a pang of pain whenever he thought of this woman. He clearly didn't love her!

How could he love a scheming and malicious woman?!

Annie was the one he loved, an innocent girl who entered his life by accident when he was eight years old. She brought him Jane and light.

And right now, Annie was waiting for him at the bridal shop to try on wedding dresses.

"Drive faster, don't let Annie wait too long," Drake reached out his finger and casually tapped on the car door.

Despite his efforts to focus on other things, memories of people and events continued to flood his mind.

Jane first went to Chic Affair.

She checked the progress of the red carpet dresses for next month's film festival. The designs of the dresses were all from her hands, each one exquisite and captivating, attracting many A-list actresses to come eagerly.

Recently, because the popular A-list actress Vivienne Ashford expressed dissatisfaction with the workmanship of the custom dress on Facebook, some irrational fans actually came to Jane to cause trouble, resulting in low morale among the employees and affecting the overall progress.

Therefore, relying on her craftsmanship and problem-solving mindset, Jane decided to personally oversee the production of this dress to find out why the client was unsatisfied.

With a clear understanding of the situation, Jane left Zane and Zoe in the capable hands of Jasper and headed off to complete her second task.

The employer's address had already been sent to her phone, so she didn't have to worry about finding it.

It was in South Avalonshire, the upscale villa area of the city suburbs, where the affluent and powerful resided.

Before Jane could even press the doorbell, she witnessed a middle-aged woman in professional attire crying and rushing out of the villa gate.

"I advise you to leave. That is not a child at all, clearly a demon! I've been in this line of work for twenty years, tutoring countless celebrity children, but I've never seen such unruly behaviour! Just because there is a famous ancestor? My grandfather's grandfather even taught the king!"

Jane watched as the woman before her broke down in tears, remembering how composed and poised she had been when she first arrived.

The woman wasted no time after finishing speaking; she grabbed her bag and left the area in a hurry. As Jane watched her back, she noticed the patch of hair that looked like it had been hacked off with scissors.

It seemed that she was indeed dealing with a difficult little devil.

Without any change in her expression, Jane tugged at the corner of her mouth and pressed the doorbell again with her raised hand.

As soon as **she** pressed the button on the video doorbell, she was greeted by the sight of a person with shiny black hair and piercing black-and-white eyes that seemed to be scrutinising her.

"Hello," Jane smiled.

"Get lost, the person you're looking for isn't here."

The beautiful woman outside the door made Zac's stomach turn at the thought of his biological father's penchant for bringing in women.

“Why would I? I’m here to find you.

Indeed, he **was** a rude little devil! Although young, his way of speaking was quite mature.

“No need to try to please me, I don’t like your type.” Zac said this with his mouth, but his eyes couldn’t move away from her gorgeous and enchanting face.

She was the type he liked!

The more Zac thought about it, the angrier he became.

What was so good about Drake? This was the third time this week that someone had been brought to the house!

Next time he saw Grandma, he would definitely report him!

Jane’s hand made a loud thud as it connected with the front door, her smile replaced by a determined scowl.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

“Open the door right away, I am your new tutor.”

The sudden change took Zac by surprise, causing him to wobble on the small stool he was standing on. The nanny came downstairs in a rush after cleaning up the mess from the broken vase upstairs.

“I’m sorry, Teacher. You were invited by Mr Hughes, right? Please come in!”

The nanny evaluated Jane as she walked in and noticed that she carried herself differently than the previous teachers.

She wore a casual cotton jacket and arrived without any bags or books, completely empty-handed. She was anything but the stereotypical image of a teacher.

Her beauty was enhanced by her thick, shiny, and wavy black hair that cascaded down her shoulders. The hair was even more stunning than the models in advertisements.

“Teacher, please have a seat. I’ll make some tea. Master Zac, please try not to be impulsive.” “Understood, Miss Lea.”

Zac calmly placed his little hands behind his back and gave Jane a neutral stare, as if nothing had occurred.

“A tutor? Can such a rude and uncivilised person really be a teacher for others?” “Others may not be suitable, but I have more than enough qualifications to be your

teacher.” Jane looked around and noticed the excessively large and empty house.

When her gaze returned to Zac’s face, she could immediately sense that he was a lonely, isolated little king who craved love and affection.

Conventional teaching methods weren’t suitable for his learning style. Only someone who could earn his respect would have any influence over him.

“Don’t boast so much! Don’t cry later and look even worse than that auntie just now!”

As Zac’s gaze shifted, he reached up and tangled his fingers in Jane’s hair.

Sticking chewing gum in a female teacher’s hair was the ultimate revenge tactic!

However, Jane’s quick reflexes saved the day as she grabbed **the** little hand and twisted it

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back, pressing it against his own head.

Zac froze completely.

**His** eyes shifted to a deep shade of red, his mouth twitched, and then he began to cry uncontrollably.

“My hair! Waaah!”

When Miss Lea returned with the teapot, she was utterly astonished.

She had observed this child's growth since they were little, and now, as they wept in front of her, she couldn't distinguish if their tears were genuine or a ploy for attention.

Unlike the past instances where he used fake tears to manipulate authority figures, the tears he shed now were genuine.

"Miss Lea! My hair..."

Before he could finish, Jane interrupted him: "I'm sorry, I didn't notice that he was playing with chewing gum in his hand, and somehow it got stuck in his own hair."

Miss Lea instantly understood what was happening. This little heir must be using the same trick again. The teacher who claimed to be the top-notch tutor in the country fell for it and had his hair cut into a mess by Zac with small scissors, ultimately breaking his defence.

"There's no other way. We have to cut off the gum is stuck." Jane had a t where the concerned and regretful expression on her face. She suddenly had a small pair of scissors in her hand, the same ones she had been using before!

Zac clearly saw the amusement in her eyes.

In the five years since his birth, no woman had dared to treat him like this!

She was the first one!

"What should we do..." Miss Lea looked troubled.

"If you don't mind, I can handle it." Jane's words were sincere. She was the one who usually styled Zac and Zoe's hair, more skilled than any hair salon.

"Well..."

"Let her cut it! If she can't do it well, you'll have to explain to my dad when he comes back!" Zac sniffed and closed his eyes, acting heroically.

Jane asked Miss Lea to bring an apron and put it on Zac. Without hesitation, she started cutting his hair.

The little guy's hair had indeed grown long, and it seemed like it hadn't been trimmed in a long time.

Jane first cut off the strand with the gum, shaking it in front of him.

"Don't use such childish tricks on me in the future. **Try** something more sophisticated."

Despite Zac's attempts to sneak a glance at Jane, she kept his head firmly in place.

Zac's heart suddenly swelled with warmth for no apparent reason.

"You don't look like a tutor at all. When people come, they usually start by giving me a test

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or telling me two stories or singing a song... But you, you just started cutting hair."

"Do you like taking tests? Or telling stories and singing songs?" Jane casually asked as she continued to trim with the scissors, small pieces of hair gradually falling around him.

Zac pouted, "I don't like it. It's boring. The purpose is just to try to understand me or please me, but I see through all of it!"

"Clearly, you're a little bean, but your thinking is like an adult. It seems like earning this money from you won't be easy."

"How much money does

my dad give you?"

Jane raised an eyebrow, "I haven't decided whether I want to teach you yet."

Zac was about to speak but thought better of it and remained quiet.

The two of them, one big and one small, remained silent for a while.

Jane stopped cutting and ran the comb through his hair, untangling the knots.

“Alright, go wash up.” Jane removed the apron for the little guy.

The curiosity was killing Zac, and he was dying to see how she had transformed his hair. He

shook his head and felt that it was much lighter

At that moment, Jane opened the camera on her phone, switched to selfie mode, and crouched down next to Zac.

“Smile.”

Zac didn’t react at first, but as he looked at himself in the camera, he felt like a completely different person. The short, layered hair made his facial features more defined and gave him a spirited and handsome look.

More importantly, she was the first woman who had personally cut his hair!

He felt an unprecedented sensation...

It must be love!

Yes, no wonder he felt a connection between them the moment he saw her...

It must be fate!

Miss Lea stood by, completely stunned. She had never seen the little heir reveal such uncontrollable joy on his face before.

“Go wash up quickly. Otherwise, the scattered hair will be a bother.” Jane raised her hand and touched his head. His gaze lingered on her, and she could tell that he held her in high esteem; her image had grown considerably in his eyes.

“Um, I think, you can stay and give it a try. If you think the money my dad gives you is too little, I can pay you more...” Zac said as he walked upstairs with Miss Lea, glancing back at Jane with a slightly flushed face. “When I’m done washing up, how about you give me a test?”



Jane nodded, and the sound of running water came from the second floor, relieving her silently.

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She didn't **expect** her impromptu approach to actually work. Some seemingly fierce little wolves could indeed turn into obedient little puppies when their fur was smoothed out. This would make her teaching much smoother...

Just as she was about to send a message to her friend overseas to report the successful progress, an argument suddenly broke out in the courtyard outside the window.

She caught sight of a woman wearing a white fur coat out of the corner **of** her eye, walking towards the villa while talking on the phone.

The woman's face came into view as Jane turned her head, causing her pupils to contract in recognition.

Annie?! Why would she be here?

Could this place be Drake's home?!

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