

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 41 -

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As Jane gazed into **Zac's** sorrowful eyes, she found herself utterly defenseless against his **plea**. Words failed her.

Under the night sky, Jane nestled beside Zac, spinning a magical bedtime tale that whisked him away to dreamland. She gently pressed a tender kiss upon his forehead, coaxing him into a peaceful slumber.

"Does the beautiful teacher tuck Zane and Zoe in like this every night?" Zac whispered, lying by Jane's side.

"Well, not every night. There won't be any more nights like this, starting from today," Jane pondered for a moment before responding to his question.

"That's alright too. They have you with them often, unlike me... Nobody has ever lulled me to sleep," he admitted, shedding his mischievous nature to reveal a touch of innocence. At that moment, he shared the simple joys of ordinary children that had eluded him all these

years.

Upon hearing those words, she felt a pang of sorrow tightening her heart. However, she could not reveal the truth to Zac at this moment, only able to gently stroke him.

"I promise, I'll find a way to make it right with you someday," she replied, her voice filled with determination.

Zac, looking at Jane with admiration, uttered a surprising remark, leaving her dumbfounded. "You're such an incredible teacher, it's a shame you're not my mom."

Before Jane could gather her thoughts and respond, she noticed that Zac had already dozed off in her comforting embrace.

As the seconds ticked away, Jane held Zac close, and she finally drifted off to sleep. The bedroom door creaked open, and a figure quietly approached the bed.

Bathed in the gentle glow of a soft, golden night light, the bedroom revealed two figures lying on the bed. Drake, his gaze cast downward, observed Jane, her figure illuminated in the warm hue.

Night after night, Zac's restless slumber would stir him to kick at the quilt, prompting Drake to make his way over to inspect the situation. And tonight was no exception. Once again, Drake came to check Zac's quilt. It dawned upon me that Jane spent the night and slept with

Zac.

As Drake's eyes fell upon Zac's quilt, now concealed by Jane, he withdrew his gaze, preparing to exit the room. However, at that very moment, an unintelligible stream of words erupted from Jane's lips, filling the air with a nonsensical symphony.

Perplexed by the first sentence, his inquisitiveness impelled him to draw nearer to Jane, eagerly anticipating the revelation of her ramblings.

Yet, before he could **fully** approach, a resounding **slap** struck **his** handsome **face**, accompanied by a vehement outburst of anger from Jane's lips.

"Drake, you despicable scoundrel!" Jane's slumber was **plagued by** vivid dreams where Drake had committed unspeakable acts against her over **the** years. The bitterness simmered

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within her heart, fueled by a profound sense of injustice.

But she couldn't bear it any longer. In reality, she summoned the courage to slap Drake in the dream.

After a while, the sting of pain still lingered on Drake's face. A heavy tension filled the air, seemingly compressing his entire being. His icy gaze pierced through the room, fixated on the figure lying on the bed.

He gently touched Zac, who slept peacefully within Jane's embrace and gradually, the tension within his body disappeared.

Forget it, she was the mother of his child. He regretted his past conduct towards her, and this slap was a small way to make amends. Yet, regardless of any future contemplation, he swore to himself that he could not bear to endure this woman's rejection any longer..

Unbeknownst to Jane, even in her slumber, she was deeply missed by this man.

The next morning, Jane sat at the breakfast table, her mind not even entertaining the thought of having dinner at Drake's house. I mean, come on, Zane and Zoe were still in the house. Sure, she had dialed in last night, and Jasper was holding down the fort with the little one, but she didn't crash there overnight. That would've been a bit much, you know?

"Zac, I'm gonna go first. Don't forget to eat breakfast, okay?"

"Teacher, why don't you stay and eat with me?" Zac pulled out his finest "spoiled brat" acting skills once again. He knew that if he played that card right, the gorgeous teacher would cave into his request.

Sure, throwing a spoiled brat fit might dent his regal and dignified image a bit, but for the sake of this beautiful teacher, he was willing to let that slide a little.

"But the teacher's children are still at home. The teacher has to go back and cook them breakfast."

Jane found it hard to resist Zac's plea, but she couldn't shake off the thought of those two adorable little bundles of joy in her mind.

Drake, who was seated at the dining table, spoke with a frosty tone, "It won't be long before Zac loses interest. He's not known for keeping anyone around. If you agree to this, I'll give you a reprieve from having to accompany him today."

Jane shot him a glance, her eyes swirling with annoyance.

Can you believe this jerk has switched gears from using force to tempting her now?

In the end, Jane pulled up a chair at the dining table and accompanied Zac for their morning meal. Just as she settled herself down, her **eyes** lifted and caught sight of a distinct palm imprint on Drake's cheek.

"Well, well, it seems Mr. Warner's lips found another target last **night**," she taunted. "**That** mark **tells** a tale of quite the intense showdown."

During **the** night, **Jane** dreamt of delivering a resounding slap to Drake, and now, **seeing the** palm **imprint** on his face in person, **a surge** of **delight** coursed through her **veins**.

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However, in response to her remark, Drake's frigid gaze sliced through her like icy daggers. There was a hint of resentment lurking within those eyes.

Perplexed, Jane furrowed her brow. She couldn't comprehend his reaction. After all, he was the one who had suffered the blow. Why was he staring at her with such intensity? It wasn't her fault, after all.

Standing at the kitchen entrance, a freshly hired maid named Kristy glared at the two individuals with simmering envy. Her eyes darted back and forth, unable to comprehend how this woman had scored a lavish night's stay at the grand Warner Family Mansion and secured a dinner date with none other than President Warner himself.

With a tray in her hands, brimming with freshly poured milk, Kristy cautiously approached the table. However, just as she was about to set it down, disaster struck, and the milk cascaded out, drenching Jane's attire in an unforgiving stain.

"What on earth are you playing at?" Jane exclaimed, rising to her feet in a fit of anger. Her gaze turned icy as she fixed her eyes upon Kristy

It wasn't that Jane was merely overreacting. Rather, she had keenly observed how this woman had intentionally caused the milk to spill. How could Jane not be infuriated?

Given yesterday's incident and her sharp wit, Jane was no fool. She could see right through the other party's ulterior motives, realizing that the milk mishap was a deliberate act.

"I apologize, Miss. I truly didn't mean to." Jane's accusatory voice hit Kristy's ears, and she quickly adopted a sorrowful expression.

"Mr Warner, I swear it wasn't intentional. I was just about to set the milk down when this young lady raised her hand. The milk accidentally spilled on her. Honestly, I didn't mean for it to happen..."

Throughout her life, Jane had encountered numerous pretentious women, as well as women adept at playing the victim card. But the person standing before her was clearly the worst actress she had ever come across.

"So you're telling me that you couldn't handle a simple task like carrying milk, and yesterday's careless cleaning agent is also to blame? As a maid, you always seem to find excuses for your mistakes. It's clear to me that you're not fit for this job at all."

"What cleaning agent are you talking about?" Drake questioned, his voice dripping with an unusual coldness.

Kristy's face turned pale. She hadn't expected Jane to bring up yesterday's incident.

"Mr Warner, I... I didn't do anything. This young lady is falsely accusing me."

"Butler, review the surveillance footage." Drake couldn't be bothered to spare a second glance at the woman with such poor acting skills. Instead, he immediately summoned the butler to review the surveillance footage.

Upon hearing Drake's words, Kristy collapsed in sheer terror and pleaded **desperately**. "Boss, I messed up. I truly didn't mean to. Please forgive me this time."

“If you **can’t** even handle a **simple** task like getting milk, what good **are** you? Daddy, **fire** her,” Zac remarked while sitting on a nearby chair, **sounding like** an adult.

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Jane **was completely clueless** about what had happened with the maid, but from that **day** onward, Kristy vanished from the grand confines of the Warner Family’s opulent mansion. To Jane’s surprise, not only did Kristy disappear, but the rest of the mansion’s staff **became** remarkably polite towards her as well.

On this particular day, she reluctantly dropped off a suit at the reception desk of the prestigious Warner Corporation. She couldn’t wait to escape this place and avoid meeting the unpleasant face of Drake, that damn individual!

However, **just** as she was preparing to make her exit, the attentive front desk staff spotted her and promptly intercepted her path.

“Are you from Joe’s studio?” she inquired, unfamiliar with Jane. Little did she know, it was President Warner himself who had given clear instructions that any deliveries from that particular studio should be personally brought to his office.

Jane spun around, her frustration burning within, but she held back from lashing out at innocent bystanders. “Well, what else do you expect me to do?” she retorted, her voice tinged with annoyance.

The reply from the receptionist caught Jane off guard, leaving her momentarily dumbfounded. She quickly redirected her anger towards Drake, mentally scolding him for his lack of empathy. How could he subject her to such an ordeal?

“Fine, give it to me,” Jane responded, her tone laced with discontent. She begrudgingly accepted the task of personally delivering the items to President Warner’s office.

The receptionist maintained her professionalism, offering guidance to Jane with a polite demeanor. “Excuse me, Miss, Mr. Warner’s office is located on the top floor,” she explained. “You can conveniently reach it by using the elevator located just over there.”

Jane couldn’t help but feel a sense of déjà vu as she glanced at the elevator. This wasn’t her first visit to Drake’s workplace, after all. She knew the layout of the building like the back of her hand.

After she arrived at the top floor, she gracefully stepped out of the elevator, only to be greeted by a bustling hive of activity. The employees of Warner Corporation scurried about like busy ants, immersed in their work.

Undeterred by **the** whirlwind of commotion, she marched with purpose towards Drake’s office. Just as she lifted her hand to rap on the door, a familiar face appeared in front of her.

“Oh, heavens! What brings you here?” exclaimed Daniel, Drake’s faithful assistant, his **eyes** widening in surprise. **He** pondered if President Warner would permit him to shoo **Jane** away this time, considering their history.

“This is something meant for Drake. **You** can deliver it to him at a later time,” Jane **replied** with a hint of authority, extending the object towards Daniel, who flinched in a momentary panic, wary of accepting what she offered.

“Excuse me, ma’am, **but** the **CEO** is currently engaged in a crucial **meeting**. **I** **f** you have any urgent matters **for him**, it would be best **to** patiently wait for **the** meeting **to conclude** and **personally deliver** it **to** him.”

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Upon hearing **this**, **Jane’s** frustration reached its peak, and her voice dripped with anger **as** she retorted, “Do you **believe** **I** am so free **that** I have **all** the time **to wait** for **him**?”

Though she had absolutely no plans for the afternoon, the mere thought of remaining in the confines of his workplace was unappealing to her. This wasn't her first time facing expulsion from the company, but fortunately for her, the majority of employees on this floor were fresh **faces** unfamiliar with her past.

"Ma'am... I also have some tasks to attend to. President Warner specifically instructed me to deliver these documents to him. I apologize for leaving you waiting, but please bear with me for a little while longer," Daniel hastily excused himself, darting away and leaving Jane and the suit behind.

Oh well, let's consider this a chance to explore the premises again, Jane mused silently, her gaze sweeping across the floor. Compared to her previous visits, noticeable changes had taken place here. The open workspace where employees toiled away seemed to have undergone a significant renovation, while the positions of the restrooms and pantry had been relocated.

Jane felt an urgent need to relieve herself, the pressure building up inside her bladder like a ticking time bomb. However, the thought of heading to the pantry with its lingering smell of coffee made her cringe.

As she made her way through the office, a group of female colleagues caught sight of her sudden appearance, causing one of them to stop dead in her tracks.

With wide eyes fixed on Jane, her jaw almost hit the floor. "Oh my goodness, you're still alive, Mrs. Warner!"

The woman who recognized Jane was Margaret, an experienced employee at Warner Corporation. Back when Margaret was just a newbie, she had only caught snippets of information about Jane and Drake's relationship from her coworkers.

After that, Jane vanished from the Warner family scene. Gossip started to circulate, hinting at a difficult childbirth that may have taken her away. Soon enough, Drake appeared by Annie's side.

Margaret had come to believe that Jane had met her end, making **way** for Annie to become the future wife of their esteemed CEO. But here, in this **very** moment, Jane stood before her, whole and composed, even more poised than before.

Caught off guard by Margaret's astonishment, Jane maintained an air of indifference and chose not to address the lingering doubts. Instead, she politely inquired, "Excuse me, could you direct me to the restroom?"

Margaret, still feeling a bit lightheaded, lifted her hand and gestured toward the bathroom, - pointing Jane in the right direction. Jane offered her thanks and quickly left.

As soon as she exited the room, Margaret's female colleagues swarmed around her, eager to uncover the juicy details. Margaret indulged their curiosity and shared all the details she knew.

After Jane emerged from the bathroom, her ears caught the sound of a commotion. She followed the source of the noise and spotted an intern assistant, donning black-framed glasses, being scolded by an arrogant female colleague.

"Are you blind or something? I've been working on this plan for three whole days! I was going to present it to President Warner later. What am I supposed to do now?"

"It's utterly useless. I can't fathom how the company hired someone like you. You're clumsy and audacious enough to create your own plan. You should question your own capabilities."

The woman continued scolding the helpless intern for a while, and just when she thought she had let off enough steam, she vented her anger by poking the intern's forehead directly.

It was crystal clear that the intern was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time, accidentally colliding with the woman and causing the water to spill all over the computer, resulting in a crash. However, the bespectacled girl lacked the courage to utter a word in her own defense. She meekly apologized, her voice barely a whisper.

"I'm sorry, Lisa. I'll make it a point to apologize to President Warner later. I broke the computer and lost your plan due to my carelessness."

“What? You’re still insisting on meeting President Warner? I can’t help but suspect that you have some hidden agenda. Are you trying to take advantage of the opportunity to get close to President Warner? Look at yourself,” the woman scolded, her voice dripping with accusation.

Jane couldn’t bear it any longer, **so** she strode forward and peered at the computer screen.

“Let me give it a shot,” she said determinedly.

Before the two could react, she swiftly placed her hand on the keyboard and began typing at an astonishing speed. After a while, the previously erased text started flickering on the computer screen. Lisa finally snapped out of her surprise and rushed forward to stop Jane’s actions.

“What do you think you’re doing?!”

With an exasperated wave of Lisa’s hand, Jane hit the final key and stood up straight, her face filled with a sense of accomplishment.

“There you go.”

Lisa glared at Jane and retorted sharply, “Who do you think you are? Who gave you the right to meddle in our affairs?”

Witnessing Lisa’s irritated and ungrateful expression, Jane’s demeanor turned cold.

“I simply couldn’t stand by and watch this poor girl being mistreated by you. She graciously helped you retrieve the data and make a copy. As for who I am, I have nothing to say.”

With **that**, Jane turned **on** her heel and walked away, unknowingly leaving behind a stunned, despicable employee who liked to torment others.

Little did she know that as she left, Drake himself emerged from the shadows, and **Lisa’s previously** unattractive face instantly transformed into an attentive one.

“Boss...”

“**You don’t need to show up tomorrow,**” Drake coldly **interjected**, his **voice** cutting **through the** air.

The woman’s **face contorted** into a sweet smile, but **in** return, she **received** Drake’s **icy**

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Lisa’s face transformed in an instant, a mixture of desperation and hope plastered across **her features**. “Boss, I swear I’ll fix everything I messed up. Please, don’t **give** me the boot.” Drake, unaffected by Lisa’s **plea**, disregarded her entirely and proceeded to walk toward his office. The weight of his decision hung heavy in the air, an unspoken verdict on **Lisa’s** fate. Assistant Daniel trailed behind his superior, his gaze filled with sympathy for Lisa’s plight. It tugged at his heartstrings, witnessing the intensity of her desperation and the fear of losing her livelihood.

Meanwhile, Jane was in a bad mood. The bitter chill **of** the weather outside failed to deter her impatience, as she simply couldn’t be bothered to wait for a more favorable weather to leave the building.

When Drake stepped back into the office, Jane had already taken off, leaving behind the suit he ordered, and his **face** grew even darker.

His mind wandered back to the scene he had witnessed, baffled by the sudden surge of power within her.

Reflecting on the past, Jane used to stick around him incessantly, accomplishing nothing, and it had always grated on his nerves.

At that moment, he overheard the chatter among **the** female assistants. As someone recognized Jane, the information quickly spread like wildfire, her name becoming the talk of the town.

Margaret, in particular, found herself at the epicenter of the gossip. Unable to resist the urge to indulge in the rumors, she joined in the chorus, “The CEO’s wife has been MIA for ages. It seems like she’s undergone quite a transformation. Based on how she’s been treating President Warner, it appears her enthusiasm has waned.”

“The CEO’s wife used to bug the President all the time?”

“Yeah, just got here. The CEO’s wife would show up at the office quite often, always on the lookout for President Warner. But today, she left without catching a glimpse of him. Seems like trouble’s brewing between those two. It won’t slow down the brewing storm, though.”

“Look at the CEO’s wife today, pulling off some slick moves. She’s got some serious skills.”

After soaking in all the office gossip, Drake pondered it for a bit before heading home.

Back at Drake’s place, Jane **had** come **over** for **her** usual tutoring session with Zac. She felt **so** awkward that she had to ask **Miss** Lea for a favor, **retrieving** something for her.

By pure chance, as Drake returned home, he caught sight of Miss Lea’s actions, and his heart **sank**.

Once **Miss** Lea **emerged from the** bathroom, Drake calmly issued **his** command. “**Boil a cup of brown sugar ginger tea.**”

Miss Lea stood there, completely taken **aback by** what she had just **heard**. **Her** mind **raced for** a moment, trying **to process the** information **before she** found her **voice to respond**. **With her gaze** fixed on Drake’s **retreating figure**, a soft smile spread across her face.

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Their young master **wasn’t as** aloof as he **appeared**. **Despite** his **icy** exterior, he still **possessed a sense** of compassion for others.

In **comparison to** Annie, **who** had always treated them as mere objects, Miss Lea clearly **avored** Jane because she was easy to approach and saw them as fellow human beings.

Having emerged from the bathroom, Jane was on her way upstairs to tuition Zac when her phone rang. Quickly, she made her way to the front yard to answer the call.

As everyone knew, **the** man stood alone on the second-floor balcony, sipping a glass of crimson wine. He happened to overhear Jane's voice as she spoke on the phone.

During their conversation, Jane lovingly instructed the two adorable little ones to eat well, assuring them she would be back after teaching Zac. Drake's expression grew dark and ominous upon hearing her interaction with the children.

That cursed woman! She had the audacity to conceive a child with another man.

Drake's heart simmered with anger as he descended the staircase, his steps heavy with frustration. He cast a cold gaze upon Miss Lea, who had just finished brewing a comforting pot of brown sugar ginger tea.

"Dump it out, don't let her have a sip of it!" His voice dripped with bitterness as he issued the harsh command.

Miss Lea stood there, utterly bewildered, her hands trembling uncertainly, unsure of what to do with the hot soup.

Jane, having finished her phone call, entered the room, immediately sensing an atmosphere charged with tension. Something was clearly amiss. Her eyes darted from Miss Lea's concerned expression to the untouched cup of brown sugar ginger tea, and in that instant, Jane comprehended the meaning behind Drake's harsh words.

Unfeeling and devoid of empathy, this man must have rejected **Miss** Lea's thoughtful gesture of preparing the warm and soothing beverage. He would not allow Miss Lea to offer it to her.

Jane shot a glare of pure loathing towards Drake, who responded with a dismissive snort before retreating upstairs.

Miss Lea, observing the unfolding situation, mustered the courage not to give Jane the brown sugar ginger tea, her eyes filled with remorse as she looked at her.

“Jane... I’m sorry,” Miss Lea finally managed to stammer, her voice laden with remorse and a hint of desperation.

A gentle smile **graced** Jane’s lips as she shook **her** head, **her eyes** filled **with** understanding. She took a moment **to** compose herself **before** responding, her **voice** carrying an air of **acceptance**. “It’s alright, Miss Lea.”

Her eyes then shifted towards Drake’s **retreating figure** upstairs, and a **torrent of curses** erupted from her **lips**.

That foul-smelling man! **He’s nothing** but a despicable **scoundrel devoid** of **any** hint of humanity!

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After concluding Zac’s lesson for the day, Jane trudged wearily back home, her body filled with aching exhaustion. Collapsing onto the sofa, she clutched her stomach, the pain intensifying with each passing moment. It wasn’t the first time she had experienced such agony. When she initially arrived, her health had been relatively stable, but over time, the discomfort grew unbearable, gripping her like a vise. Only on the third day did the pain begin to subside, providing her with temporary relief.

Earlier that day, she had mustered the courage to inform Drake that she would not be able to conduct Zac’s lessons on the following day. However, his response had been far from sympathetic. In fact, he casually rejected her request, displaying a disregard for her well-being that ignited a fire of anger within Jane.

Jane was furious! How dare he dismiss her pain and refuse her the opportunity to take care of herself?

“Mummy, your tummy’s hurting again!” The sight of Jane’s pained expression drew the attention of her two little angels, who quickly approached her with sympathetic gazes.

“Don’t worry, my darlings. It’s just a bit of an ache, nothing serious,” Jane assured them, attempting to hide her discomfort by gently covering her stomach.

Zoe’s tiny hands reached out and delicately brushed against Jane’s belly. “Mummy, Zoe will protect you.”

Touched by her daughter’s innocence and affection, Jane scooped Zoe up into her arms and planted a tender kiss on her forehead. “Thank you, my sweet angel.”

“Mummy, if you’re not feeling well, you should rest at home tomorrow,” Zane chimed in, his voice soft and concerned.

Jane contemplated the idea of taking a day off to recuperate, but the thought of Drake making the decisions for her made her hesitate. “I wish I could,” she replied, a tinge of frustration seeping into her tone. “But I have to go to Zac’s house tomorrow.”

Zane’s face grew serious, his determination shining through. “Don’t worry, Mummy. If that **guy** causes any trouble, I’ll teach him a lesson.”

Jane was touched by her son’s unwavering loyalty. “I appreciate your support, my brave boy,” she said, mustering a smile. Deep down, though, she longed for a day of rest, free from the clutches of that scumbag. “I want to rest, too, but... well, we’ll see how I feel tomorrow. If I’m in too much discomfort, Mummy won’t go.”

Jane knew better than to vent her frustrations about Drake in front of her children. It wouldn’t do any good for them to hear their father being berated, especially considering the complex truth that only she knew he was, in fact, their father.

Zane was perceptive and caught on to the hidden meaning in Jane’s words and narrowed his **eyes**.

Hmph, that **scumbag!** He’s bullying **Mummy** again. **Let’s** see how he likes a taste **of his** own medicine.

The **sun cast its** warm golden rays across the city as a new day dawned. Zane, being the **early riser** that he was, eagerly **hopped out of** bed and wasted no time in making **his way to**

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the Warner **Family's** Mansion.

As he approached the grand entrance of the mansion, his eyes caught sight of Zac, the lively and mischievous young lad of the Warner family. Zac's face lit up with surprise and excitement as he saw Zane approaching.

"Well, well, look who finally decided to grace me with their presence," Zac exclaimed, a hint of playful reproach in his voice.

He looked past Zane, his gaze searching for another familiar face. "Did Zoe accompany you today? I have something marvelous to show her in my toy room. I'm certain she'll like it."

Zane shook his head, his expression filled with regret. "Zoe couldn't make it today," he responded with a tinge of sadness in his voice.

Zac's expression faltered, concern clouding his features. "Why not? Is everything alright?"

"Mummy isn't feeling well. Zoe is taking care of her at home," Zane explained, concern evident in his eyes. The memory of his mother's discomfort was still fresh in his mind.

"Pretty teacher is sick?" Zac's eyes widened in surprise, his mind going back to the previous day. He had noticed something amiss about his beloved teacher, and now it all made sense.

Zane nodded solemnly. "Yes, it seems so. She must have been feeling under the weather yesterday. But don't worry, my mother's condition is not serious. It's just one of those days that every woman goes through, causing her great discomfort and pain. Thus, she couldn't come today."

Zac's face softened with understanding, concern transforming into acceptance. "Ah, I see. Well, I suppose it can't be helped then. Making up lessons every day can be quite tiresome. But hey, at least we get to have some fun together today," he said, trying to muster some enthusiasm despite his disappointment.

Zane's face lit up with a mischievous smile. "Absolutely! And today, let's try something completely different."

“Alright! What do you have in mind?” Zac’s eyes sparkled with anticipation, eager for a challenge.

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“Let’s play **with** the computer!” Zane exclaimed, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. With eager anticipation, the two of them strolled into Drake’s study, ready to dive into. an adventure.

Once the computer hummed to life on the desk, an astonishing phenomenon unfolded. Drake’s computer, located thousands of miles away, lost all semblance of control in a split second. The once—ordered data projected on the enormous screen began to vanish, deleted in a frenzied frenzy. Whispers and hushed conversations reverberated through the room as bewildered employees exchanged curious glances.

Drake, momentarily dumbfounded, swiftly reclaimed his composure and settled into the seat before the computer. With lightning speed, his slender fingers descended upon the keyboard, tapping away furiously. A high—stakes tug of war had commenced, a battle of wills between Drake and an unseen force.

Ten minutes elapsed, each one feeling like an eternity, as Zane anxiously observed the scene from the study. Finally, with a surge of relief, he yanked the power cord from the rebellious computer, severing its connection and ending the conflict. A heavy sigh escaped his lips, mingling with the tension that had filled the air.

“What a nerve—wracking experience!” Zane exclaimed, his hand instinctively reaching for his pounding heart.

After a while, a creeping sense of unease gripped him, fearing that he had come dangerously close to being tracked by his target.

As common knowledge dictated, Drake sat before the computer, his gaze fixed on the screen displaying the satellite's precise coordinates.

Unaware of Zane's inner turmoil, Zac abandoned his own computer and praised, "Whoa, Zane, you're incredible! I didn't stand a chance,"

The duo had just finished playing a game. Little did Zac know that Zane had cleverly devised a program to play the game on his behalf, unknowingly erasing numerous vital files in the process.

"You've witnessed my skills this time, so why not address me as your brother?" Zane let out a sigh of relief, his words tinged with a sense of longing for acceptance.

Upon hearing this, Zac's previous discontent dissipated, replaced by a lingering sense of dissatisfaction. "Hmph, let's find others to compare ourselves to. I refuse to believe it. You excel in everything, surpassing me at every turn," Zac retorted, his voice filled with unconvinced skepticism.

"Alright, what do you have in mind?"

Rubbing his head in contemplation, Zac proposed, "Let's go roller skating. I happen to have a roller skating rink **at my** place."

"**Sure,**" Zane agreed without **much** hesitation, his curiosity piqued **by** the idea. Together, **they** went on their **way to** the roller skating rink.

Once **they** arrived and changed into their skates, Zane wondered if Zac truly **grasped the**

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extent of his own abilities.

"Hmph, not **bad at** all. I never **expected** you to possess something that surpasses my own skills."

Hearing **Zane's** praise, Zac's excitement soared, motivating him to showcase a series of intricate maneuvers to impress his friend.

After Drake got back home, he made a beeline for the study to check the computer. To his surprise, it seemed someone had been using it. Curious, he asked the housekeeper who had been in the study. She informed him that Zac had brought Zane along.

"What's the deal with those two?" Drake inquired, his voice turning frosty.

"They're at the roller skating rink, young master," the butler replied.

Upon hearing this, Drake wasted no time and headed straight for the roller skating rink. As he approached the entrance, he could hear laughter emanating from inside. The two kids were clearly having a blast.

Without hesitation, he pushed the door open, revealing the sight of the two youngsters. They looked almost like twins!

As soon as this idea crossed his mind, Drake found himself taken aback. He took a closer look and noticed the striking resemblance between the two. Doubts started creeping into his mind, and a sinking feeling gripped his heart.

Could Zane possibly be Jane's child?

If that was the deal, it'd totally make sense for the two kids to be like spitting images of each other. But man, when Drake got the idea that Jane popped out a kid with some other dude, it was like someone dumped a massive boulder right in the middle of his chest.

So Drake hauled the two munchkins to the side and asked them what the heck they were up to in his study today.

Zane's heart started pounding like crazy, and you could see the panic in his eyes. He was like, "Oh snap, did that sleazeball catch me red-handed?"

Zane was feeling kinda jittery, and then Zac straight up told him, "We were just playing games, so I used Dad's computer."

Drake's face turned gloomy upon hearing that, and he shook his head with a sigh. "**No**, nothing important."

Then he glanced at Zane and spoke in a nonchalant tone, “It’s been ages since you showed up, Zane. Didn’t your family summon you for dinner or something?”

“Oh, right! I was just about to head back, Uncle,” Zane quickly snapped back to reality.

“Is that so? Well, I could **give** you a ride back then,” Drake offered.

“**No, it’s** cool, Uncle. I can manage on my own,” Zane promptly declined with a playful grin.

“**Come** on, kid. **It’s** not safe to go solo. **If you** don’t want me to drive you back, at least call your mom and ask her to pick you up. That way, your dear uncle can have some peace of mind,” Drake **suggested** with a touch **of concern**.

Zane felt a twinge of unease as he observed Drake’s stubborn hesitance. Did that sleazebag

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stumble upon something and now wants evidence?

He couldn’t afford to be sloppy and so he resorted to sly attempts to make his way in.

“My mom’s tied up **with** work, so she might not pick up. I can totally handle going back on **my** own. I mean, I came here all by myself this morning, right? Nothin’ bad’s gonna go down.”

“No can do, kid. Just ‘cause nothing bad happened once doesn’t mean it won’t ever happen. I’m not taking any chances.”

Zac also sensed that things weren’t right. Why was this man so fixated on Zane’s mom today?

“Dad, Zane doesn’t wanna head back yet. We just had a blast playin’ around. I want him to stick around and have some more fun with me,” Zac blurted out hastily.

Hearing that, Drake gazed at his son with a hint of amusement in his eyes.

“Has Zac met Zane’s mom?”

“Sure did, Dad,” Zac replied confidently.

Drake’s face lit up with curiosity. “Oh? What’s Zane’s mom like? Is she similar to your

tutor?”

Caught in the trap of Drake’s words, Zane grew anxious, worried that Zac might have spilled the beans.

Luckily, Zac was pretty sharp. He rolled his eyes and quipped, “Well, there’s one thing. Zane’s mom and the gorgeous teacher are both stunners!”

Relieved by Zac’s response, Zane’s tension eased. Zac, too, felt a wave of relief. He finally grasped why Zane didn’t want him to spill the truth. Turns out, his father could be quite intimidating, so it wasn’t surprising that the beautiful teacher kept her guard up.

“Oh gosh, my poor tummy! I need to use the bathroom urgently!” Zane exclaimed, clutching his stomach with an anxious look on his face.

“Don’t worry, Zane. I’ve got your back. Follow me,” Zac offered, seizing the opportunity to hold Zane’s hand and sprinting towards the upstairs restroom.

Inside the bathroom, the two boys huddled together, whispering back and forth. Eventually, Zac reluctantly agreed to Zane’s plea.

“Don’t fret, buddy. Your secret is safe with me. But seriously, think about it. We’re on the second floor, man. Jumping out the window sounds way too risky. Isn’t that just asking for trouble?” Zac voiced his concerns, not keen on the idea of Zane attempting a daring escape.

“No worries, Zac. I’ll be careful. Besides, there’s a nice cushy landing spot below, all soft and snug in the bushes. If I concentrate and stay focused, I’ll be alright.”

The sleazeball had proven himself to be a formidable enemy. Zane knew that if he didn't make a run for it, he'd probably never escape. He couldn't bear the thought—of losing his Mommy.

However, as Zane climbed onto Zac's shoulders and peered out the window, he was immediately taken aback by what he saw.

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Mr Warner. Your Ev

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As Jane's phone buzzed, an incoming call from Drake illuminated the screen. She swiftly picked up the call, her curiosity piqued. As fate would have it, she had just arrived at the magnificent Warner Family's Mansion, where an unexpected turn of events awaited her.

Peering through the window, she caught sight of Zane, his head hung low in defeat. The weight of the situation pressed heavily upon him, evident in his resigned sigh that escaped his lips like a gentle breeze. His mind seemed burdened, plagued by the predicament they found themselves in.

Zac, on the other hand, remained blissfully unaware of the gravity of their predicament. He spoke with an air of sincerity, oblivious to the direness of their current situation. "You know, maybe it wouldn't be so bad if my dad found out. I mean, I really like that beautiful teacher, and I kinda have a thing for Zoe too ..." A touch of bashfulness colored his words as he hesitantly revealed his secret liking for Zoe.

Zac yearned for the day when his father would find love again, especially if it meant gaining a new sibling. The idea of having a stepbrother held an allure that he couldn't deny. "Think about it, Zane. Neither of us has a complete family anymore. If my dad marries that beautiful teacher, we could become brothers," Zac proposed, his voice tinged with hope.

Zane furrowed his brow, deep in thought, desperately trying to find a solution. But then, out of nowhere, Zac's words reached his ears, prompting an eruption of anger from Zane.

“Cut it out with your nonsense, **Zac**. Who in their right mind would want to be your brother? It’s downright impossible for my Mom to marry a lowlife like your father.”

Zac had only meant it as a suggestion, but he hadn’t anticipated Zane’s explosive reaction. Moreover, even though he and his Dad weren’t particularly close, Zac had witnessed firsthand how kind and caring his father was. He couldn’t stand by and let Zane berate him.

“You’ve got it all wrong! My Dad is an amazing person. He’s no lowlife. I won’t allow you to disrespect my father like that.”

“He’s a scumbag, a scumbag bloke, and a scumbag father!” Zane roared with fervor.

As the two little fellows found themselves momentarily at odds, Jane, from downstairs, hurriedly sought out Zane’s whereabouts.

“Where’s Zane?”

Observing Jane’s ashen face, Drake’s expression remained indifferent.

“Zane **is** your kid, **isn’t** he?” He didn’t pose it as a question, but rather a straightforward

statement.

Upon hearing this, Jane felt a momentary panic, but she masked it with feigned composure, eager to defend herself.

Drake’s **fingers** snatched hold of Jane’s chin, his voice slicing through the air like an **icy** breeze.

“Wow, woman, you’ve **really outdone** yourself. Leaving me in the dust and popping out a kid with **some other guy**. **Tell me, who’s the lucky father?**”

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Drake’s words washed over Jane, sending a **jolt of** panic through her veins. But as the realization dawned on her, relief coursed through her like a soothing balm. Drake had merely **taken** a wild guess about Zane’s paternity, oblivious to the fact that he himself was the father.

Armed with this knowledge, Jane's panic melted away in an instant. She defiantly swatted Drake's hand away and leveled him with a frosty gaze.

"In all the years I've been away, do you have any idea how many times you've slept with Annie? You even dare to consider marrying her. Why can't I have relationships with other men? Ugh, you despicable scoundrel."

"Here you are, spending time and money, surrounded by all these attractive women, and yet you expect me to commemorate your faithfulness."

Jane's words pierced through the air, causing Drake's expression to grow even colder. He desperately wanted to defend himself. He and Annie were still innocent, but finding the right words seemed impossible.

Jane had given birth to a child with another man. He wished he could proclaim his innocence regarding Annie's involvement.

"Woman, don't forget, you're still legally my wife. You dare to humiliate me in such a way. Are you prepared to face my wrath?" Drake clenched his teeth, his words raw with suppressed anger.

"Hmph, you're well aware that you're still my husband on paper, so why do you make me feel jealous? You even treat my son as if he were hers and call her 'mother!'" Jane's emotions got the best of her, causing her words to slip out.

As soon as the words left her mouth, she realized her mistake and desperately wished she could take them back. But it was too late now.

Drake was taken aback by the weight of her words, his senses jolted and his mind was sent into a whirlwind of confusion. "Wait, do you have any idea about Zac's background?" he inquired, his voice carrying a hint of concern.

But Jane, seemingly impervious to Drake's gaze, fixed him with a furious glare, her eyes shooting daggers of anger. Without a moment's hesitation, she defiantly raised her trembling hand and delivered a resounding slap right across Drake's cheek, the impact echoing through the room.

In the aftermath of the slap, Jane stood there, her whole body quivering with a mixture of anger and hurt. Her voice strained with emotion, trembled as she uttered, "Drake, this is

what you owe me! You and Annie conspired to deceive me, leading me to believe that I would bear your child and hers, only to have the child cruelly snatched away from us. I've witnessed him calling Annie 'Mother,' and the depth of that agony is something you'll never comprehend!"

Drake, shocked by **the force** of Jane's slap, felt a fiery surge of anger welling up within **him**, threatening to overflow. His fists clenched tightly, ready to retaliate, but then he noticed a subtle change **in** Jane's demeanor. **Her** complexion, once flushed with rage, began to drain **of** color, **leaving** her face pallid and vulnerable. **Despite** enduring a painful period, **she pushed** through the agony to seek **out** Zac.

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The excruciating agony of her period, coupled with the tumultuous rollercoaster **of** emotions, transformed her stomach into a merciless meat grinder. Suddenly, within the piercing gaze of Drake, **she** succumbed to the unbearable torment and collapsed, succumbing to unconsciousness.

Initially consumed by fury, Drake's anger dissipated upon witnessing Jane's sudden loss of consciousness. A wave of tranquility washed over him, prompting him to delve into contemplation.

Were his eyes so formidable that they possessed the power to render people speechless with mere glances?

Cradling Jane's limp form in his arms, Drake bellowed at the butler, his voice a thunderous command.

"Summon Dr. William this instant!"

Meanwhile, upstairs, the two young lads found their faces flushed crimson as they inadvertently eavesdropped on Drake's authoritative voice resonating through the mansion. Dr. William, promptly summoned by the urgency in Drake's voice, hastened to the room, where he would assess her condition and administer the necessary medical care.

In the cozy living room downstairs, the two little boys perched themselves on the edge of the sofa, their tiny frames exuding an air of defiance. Meanwhile, Drake, their father, occupied the grand seat, his face marked by an unsettling gloom that sent shivers down the spines of anyone present. It was clear that none of the trio within that room were in a pleasant state of mind.

In the dimness, a nervous servant observed the scene unfold before them, an uncanny feeling creeping up his spine. Strangely enough, the auras emanating from the three individuals seemed eerily similar, although the servant couldn't quite put his finger on why. After preparing the dinner, Miss Lea tentatively approached Drake, her voice cautious yet caring. "Master, dinner is ready. Would you like to eat now?"

Drake snapped out of his trance and glanced at his two little ones, who clutched their chests tightly, their lips sealed. "Zac, let's go have dinner."

Zac turned, meeting his father's gaze. He wanted to protest, to say no, but in the face of his father's unwavering authority, he found himself defeated. Sliding off the sofa with a heavy heart, he trudged slowly toward the dining table.

Drake's eyes then returned to Zane's face. As he scrutinized the young lad, he couldn't help but notice the firmness of his jawline and the sharpness of his nose, traits that undoubtedly came from his father. Combined with the events of the day, particularly the intrusion into his study and the unauthorized use of his computer, it seemed increasingly likely that Zane was responsible, showcasing an unexpected intelligence. Drake's emotions swirled within him, a tumultuous mix of feelings.

He knew **deep** down that Zane had no connection to the issues he and Jane faced. **The** child was innocent, after all. However, the knowledge that Zane was the product of Jane's affair and that the other man involved might still be in the **picture**, overwhelmed **him** with a sense of panic. Drake **found** himself at a loss, uncertain of **how** to proceed with Zane in **light** of these revelations.

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Just then, Jane and Dr. William descended the staircase together. Jane's face remained

pallid, her ordeal **still** etched upon **her** features. **Yet**, upon catching sight of Zane, she swiftly moved forward, enveloping him in a warm embrace.

“Zane, are you alright?”

“Mummy, I’m fine,” Zane responded promptly, affectionately addressing Jane as his mother.

“Let’s **go**, sweetheart. Mommy will take you home.”

Zane couldn’t bear to linger any longer. The way Drake regarded him sent shivers down his spine, an unsettling gaze that he couldn’t quite comprehend.

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Mr Warner. Your Ex wife i

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Chapter 46

Chapter 46

Drake’s heart sank a little deeper when he caught sight of Jane on the verge of departure. The weight **of** melancholy settled within him, while the ache on his face from the slap he endured at Jane’s hands lingered.

On the other hand, Zac swiftly dashed towards her, aiming to rescue her from her troubles. “Pretty teacher, you’re about to leave, but it seems like you’re still carrying some pain. Why don’t you take a breather at my place for a while?”

Upon hearing Zac’s heartfelt concern, Jane knelt down and tried to soothe him

“Zac, the teacher is alright now. You won’t have to endure any lessons from me today. I promise I’ll be back tomorrow, okay?”

Though Zac’s reluctance was evident, he glanced at Jane’s pallid face and nodded in agreement. “Mm, then, teacher, go back and rest well.”

Failing to retain Jane, Zac’s departure only served to deepen the frostiness etched across Drake’s visage. Witnessing this, William realized it was best for him to make his exit as well.

“I’m taking my leave too.”

“How is her condition?” Just as he prepared to make his exit, Drake’s icy question caught him off guard. He paused for a brief moment, gathering his thoughts, and soon realized that Drake was inquiring about Jane’s condition.

“Ah, well, she’s doing alright,” he replied, his words laced with a hint of concern. “She’s dealing with the usual struggles of dysmenorrhea and depression. Unfortunately, I can’t work miracles when it comes to her heart condition. However, I did administer an injection to alleviate the dysmenorrhea. It should provide her with some relief for now.”

After Jane left, her absence lingered in the air, causing Drake’s anger to intensify. The more he dwelled on the matter, the stronger his fury grew. It was painfully evident to him that Zac, too, was her flesh and blood. Yet, at this moment, Jane seemed to prioritize the children. She had with other men over her own son.

“I’ll have the housekeeper hunt down a fresh tutor for you,” Drake spat out icily, his words dripping with disdain.

Zac’s face contorted with displeasure upon hearing her father’s decree. “Why? I don’t want some other teacher! I just want the amazing teacher!”

“All her attention is fixated on her own children. How could she possibly impart knowledge to you effectively?” Drake grumbled with a hint of relief in his voice.

Zac’s heart sank as she detected an underlying issue. She gazed at her father intently, her expression a **mix of** concern and determination.

“Daddy, have you fallen head over heels for Zane’s mommy?”

“If that’s the case, I wholeheartedly **support** your pursuit of Zane’s mother. You needn’t worry about me. I would be overjoyed to become your wife, and I **could** even embrace Zane **as** my own brother.”

“**Moreover**, Zane has **a younger sister**. If you were to marry **the** extraordinary teacher, I

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would gain another little sister to cherish.”

Zac’s words pierced through the air, causing Drake’s countenance to grow even colder as he clenched his teeth tightly, bracing himself for what was to come.

“What did you just say? Zane actually has a younger sister?” Drake questioned, his voice laced with a hint of disbelief.

Zac nodded earnestly, his eyes sparkling with excitement. “Yep, they’re twins! Sister Zoe is an absolute cutie. I really like her, but she’s never been to my place before.”

Drake’s handsome features contorted slightly upon hearing Zac’s words. The realization that Jane had given birth to twins from another man hit him like a sudden gust of icy wind. The emotions that swirled within him made his usually composed face twitch involuntarily.

“Daddy, if you’re looking for a beautiful teacher to marry, I can help you with that,” Zac piped up, his voice laced with innocent enthusiasm.

The thought of his father finding companionship in a gorgeous teacher brought a glimmer of hope to Zac’s eyes. He imagined the perks that would come with such a union: a mother figure to cuddle with, an adorable sister to share secrets with, and a brother who would be his equal in every way. It was a prospect that Zac couldn’t help but eagerly anticipate.

However, Drake’s expression remained frigid as he delivered his response. “You have quite the audacity, my son. It seems all you desire is to befriend other men’s offspring.”

With those biting words hanging in the air, he trudged upstairs with a heavy heart, leaving Zac bewildered and crestfallen downstairs. He grappled with the realization that he could never share the same bond with another man's child simply because he wasn't born into the embrace of a captivating teacher.

The following

day dawned with an air of tension as Drake made his way to the company. His countenance was icy, radiating an unmistakable coldness that sent shivers down the spines of everyone present. The entire office seemed to be on edge, acutely aware that any inadvertent misstep could potentially incur the wrath of their unpredictable CEO.

"You're seriously considering asking for leave now? Are you trying to tempt fate? I've never seen you so audacious in the face of his foul mood," Daniel murmured as he intercepted a male assistant who worked in the same vicinity. He leaned in closer, his voice hushed.

"I don't have a choice. My wife is on the brink of giving birth, and I'm consumed with worry. I intend to accompany her for the maternity checkup. Even if President Warner is in a foul temper, I simply have to give it a shot," the male assistant replied, his voice tinged with apprehension.

"Tsk tsk, I ask you to reconsider. If you proceed and President Warner catches wind of it, you might find yourself missing from this office come tomorrow," Daniel cautioned, casting a sympathetic glance towards the door.

"Perhaps you're right, but I must try nonetheless," the male assistant conceded, his resolve firm. With a sigh, he rapped lightly on the office door and ventured inside, bracing himself for **the** inevitable frostiness that awaited him at the hands of Drake. Daniel watched from the doorway, his **eyes** filled with pity.

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Upon receiving the male assistant's **request** for leave and **his** accompanying explanation, Drake's **face** remained impassive, betraying no **trace of** emotion.

Anxiety gnawed at the male assistant's insides, yet he mustered the courage to speak, his **voice** quivering. "President Warner, I'm aware this is an abrupt r

request, but my wife is on the verge of delivering our child. I would like to ask you to grant me leave so that I may accompany her for the vital maternity checkup.”

The male assistant’s voice brought back memories of Drake’s past. It took him back to that fateful year when Jane had pleaded with him, urging him to accompany her for a checkup at the hospital, ensuring the well-being of the precious life growing inside her.

Back then, Jane had never set foot in a hospital throughout her entire pregnancy, and yet she miraculously gave birth to the bright and brilliant Zac. Drake couldn’t help but feel a pang of guilt lingering within him, even now.

In the midst of the male assistant’s unease, Drake gripped the pen firmly, his signature flowing effortlessly onto the document. He broke the silence with a cold and detached tone.

“No need for you to show up tomorrow.”

Those words hit the male assistant like a sharp blow to the chest. Despite mentally preparing himself for this outcome, it still stung, leaving him struggling to come to terms with the reality before him.

“I’m granting you three months of paid leave. Take the time to be by your wife’s side until she gives birth, and then you can return to work.”

Drake’s words left the male assistant stunned, his mind unable to catch up with the sudden turn of events. “Boss, are you serious?” he managed to stammer.

“Why? Is that not what you want?” Drake’s voice remained icy cold.

“No, no, thank you, Mr. Warner.” The male assistant exited the CEO’s office, clutching his leave of absence, but still reeling from the unexpected turn of events.

Meanwhile, Daniel, who had witnessed the whole exchange, anticipated his turn to discuss his own leave with Drake. However, before he could utter a word, he was summoned into the CEO’s domain.

“Contact Jane,” Drake commanded, his tone leaving no room for negotiation. “Use any means necessary to make sure she reports to the assistant department tomorrow and resumes work.”

Daniel was taken aback by Drake’s order, his heart aching for the male assistant who had just been granted leave. But as he processed the gravity of his own task, he couldn’t help but sympathize with his own predicament. How on earth was he supposed to convince Madam to return to work? What could he possibly do?

Damn it **all!**

Leaving the Chief Executive’s office, Daniel crossed paths with the male assistant, who was preparing to bid farewell to the company. Overwhelmed with emotions, Daniel **hurriedly caught** up to him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“We’re **in** quite a bind, **my** friend. Don’t worry, **I’ll join you** soon enough. **Brother**, brace **yourself.**”

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Mr Warner, Your Ex wife is

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The male assistant stood there, perplexed by Daniel’s words. “I don’t have to **worry** anymore. Boss Warner granted me three months **of** paid leave, asking **me** to wait until my **wife** gives birth before returning to work. I could have knelt in gratitude.”

With that, the male assistant left the company, his heart filled with joy, leaving Daniel all alone. At that moment, Daniel felt a strong urge to kneel before President Warner himself. What on earth was he going to do now?

The moment Jane caught sight of Daniel, an inexplicable resistance crept into her being, causing an instinctual reluctance to engage with him. Daniel was the assistant who had been with Drake for the longest time.

She had crossed paths with him on numerous occasions, and it was only natural for her to recognize that his arrival held some sort of implicit endorsement from Drake. However, Jane was devoid of any motivation to acknowledge his p

resence. The notion of exerting effort to attend to him seemed utterly tiresome

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Chapter 47

Impatiently, Jane fixed her gaze on Daniel, waiting for him to unveil the purpose behind his visit. But her expression remained indifferent, masking her true emotions. She had her own job and a multitude of personal affairs to handle; it was utterly inconceivable for her to take up the role of Drake's assistant. She wasn't one to be easily pushed around, and the audacity of Drake's unreasonable request filled her with both frustration and anxiety. The audacity! How could he be so shameless as to think he could impose such a burden on her?

"Do you honestly believe such a thing is possible?" Jane retorted, her voice tinged with anger. "Tell him to abandon his delusions. I won't stand for it. I won't stand for him taking advantage of me like this. I swear, I'll give him a piece of my mind!"

Jane's anger was genuine, coursing through her veins with an intensity that burned brighter than the hottest flame. She couldn't fathom how Drake could possess the audacity to make such an unreasonable request from her, not to mention the nerve to think he could get away with it unscathed.

“Madam, you understand the intentions of Mr. Warner,” Daniel interjected calmly, trying to diffuse the tension in the room. “His request was merely a euphemism. If you decline, the repercussions could be quite dire.”

Daniel’s words struck Jane like a bolt of lightning, jolting her out of her fury-induced haze. The realization hit her like a tidal wave crashing upon the shore

Of course! How could she have forgotten the lengths she went to keep Drake at bay?

Memories of the days she was confined, trapped in a cycle of timelessness, flooded her mind once again.

Jane looked up, desperately fighting back the tears that threatened to spill from her eyes. She yearned to conceal her vulnerability, shielding it from prying eyes that might witness her emotional turmoil.

Daniel’s gaze fixated on her, and an overwhelming sense of guilt washed over him. He was acutely aware of the irrationality of his actions, but circumstances had coerced him into this course of action.

Breaking the silence that hung heavy in the air, she pivoted on her heels and met Daniel’s gaze with determination etched across her face. “I will personally go and see him.”

Drake stood tall on the highest floor of the office building, gazing out of the colossal window that stretched from floor to ceiling. From his elevated perch, he cast an apathetic glance upon the bustling swarm of cars below, as if he were a regal monarch surveying his dominion.

In walked Daniel, guiding Jane into the office. “President Warner, Madam has arrived!” he **announced**.

At the sound of Daniel’s words, he turned around, his **eyes** falling upon Jane, who exuded an aura of cold austerity **in** her impeccably tailored suit. **With** a wave **of his** hand, **he** motioned for Daniel to leave, reducing **their company** to **just** the two **of** them.

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Alone in the room, **Jane** wasted no time and addressed Drake with directness in her voice.

“Stop fretting over **it**, will you? **It’s** you who went and popped out another guy’s kid on the sly. How are you gonna explain **that?**”

Drake rose from his seat, striding purposefully toward Jane. His intense gaze locked onto her, piercing through her very being.

Hearing Drake’s words, a fiery rage ignited within Jane, burning with resentment.

“That’s on you. I have the right to have children whenever I damn well please. I can have as many as I want,” Jane retorted, her voice laced with fierce determination.

Drake’s demeanor softened slightly in response. “Don’t forget, you’re still my wife. If you’re going around giving birth to other men’s kids, you better give birth to mine too.”

With those words, he gently lifted Jane’s chin, planting a firm kiss on her lips.

Jane struggled against his hold, but she found herself trapped by his powerful grip. Gradually, her resistance subsided, and Drake released his grasp.

Taking a few gasping breaths, Jane raised her hand, poised to strike Drake’s face, only to be thwarted by the man.

“What? You reckon you haven’t hit me enough times?” Drake’s expression turned icy.

Jane seethed with anger, struggling to comprehend his words. Hadn’t she only landed one blow on him?

“Make sure you’re at work on time tomorrow, no tardiness allowed,” reminded Drake firmly.

Drake returned to his seat, settling himself down once again. Despite Jane’s temper, he managed to keep his cool. Jane, on the other hand, felt resistance towards giving in to his demands. Yet, when she thought of Zac, who

had been absent from her life for countless years, she couldn't bear the thought **of** never seeing him again in this lifetime.

Eventually, she reluctantly agreed to the man's request. However, she made a silent vow that if he dared to ask her to be his assistant, she would make it her mission to bankrupt him.

Driven by a burning desire for revenge against Drake and her discontentment with the Warner Corporation, Jane returned to Joe and shared the news with Jasper.

Jasper immediately voiced his objection to Jane's decision to work at the Warner Corporation. "He must have ulterior motives. You can't walk into the tiger's den willingly.

"Of course, I know that, but he's threatening me with my child. I feel trapped."

Jasper understood well that her child was her vulnerability.

"In that case, you must be cautious. Whatever difficulties you face, remember you can **always** come to me. I'll do my best to assist you," assured Jasper.

"Don't **worry**, I **won't** let my guard down. He actually had the audacity to ask me to be his assistant. Well, then **I'll** play along **and** work for him," Jane said defiantly.

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Chapter 47

The following day, Jane arrived at the Warner Corporation. However, she was certainly not early. In fact, she was thirty minutes late.

In **response**, Drake chose to remain silent, merely instructing Daniel to guide her to her workstation. Within half a day, news **of** Jane's arrival at the Warner Corporation spread throughout the entire floor.

Daniel escorted Jane to the desk of the male assistant and respectfully said, "Madam..."

“Call me Jane or Miss Bentley...” In the past, being referred to as Madam would have delighted Jane, but now it only made her feel nauseous.

“Miss Bentley, this is your assigned position. All the necessary information is here. Take a moment to familiarize yourself. We might have clients visiting tomorrow. President Warner has specifically requested that you handle their reception.”

Jane cursed Drake in her mind, branding him a scoundrel and heartless individual. She had barely arrived, and he already burdened her with so much work

Humph! “What clients?” she scoffed inwardly. She promised herself that she would ensure their visit was thoroughly unpleasant and promptly send them packing.

With this mindset, Jane found herself idle throughout the morning. She had no interest in perusing any of the information provided. Instead, she occupied herself by playing games on the computer.

Her colleagues couldn’t help but murmur amongst themselves upon witnessing her behavior.

During a visit to the restroom, Jane overheard a group of female assistants engaged in a heated argument, criticizing and gossiping about her.

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Margaret, her eyes widened in disbelief, couldn't help but whisper to her colleagues, "I caught a glimpse of Jane yesterday, and I must **say**, she seemed transformed. I was convinced that she would finally put an end to her relentless pursuit **of** President Warner. But, lo and behold, it appears that nothing has changed at all! **She's** taken it to a whole **new** level **by** actually joining the ranks of the Warner Corporation."

Her colleagues exchanged skeptical glances, clearly taken aback. One of them chimed in, "Are you serious? I mean, I had my doubts when I heard rumors about Jane's recent antics, but seeing it with my own eyes was quite the revelation. Now, I can't help but believe it." Margaret leaned in closer, a mix of astonishment and bewilderment etched across her face. "You know, it's not every day someone manages to land themselves in such a cushy situation. Marrying Boss Warner might not guarantee her the affections she once enjoyed, but it's afforded her an effortless entry into the Warner Corporation. Look at her now, idling away her mornings with nothing to do. I can't help but suspect that she's only here to continue pestering President Warner."

As their gossip reached its peak, the door of one of the ladies' toilets creaked open, revealing Jane's figure standing there, her presence catching everyone off guard. The female assistants froze in their tracks, their eyes widening at the sight of her.

Jane, seemingly unaffected by the commotion, calmly washed her hands, ensuring they were impeccably clean. Disposing of the used paper with a nonchalant flick of her wrist, her gaze drifted casually across the room, lingering momentarily on a few individuals. Her eyes, however, held a particular focus on Margaret, the center of their gossipy gathering. "I don't want to hear another word of those pesky rumors about Drake and me, so do me a favor and zip it, or else..." Jane's voice trailed off, but the intensity in her eyes spoke volumes. Leaving the bathroom, she immediately set out to find Daniel.

"Make sure to warn those veteran employees who are familiar with me about this Drake situation. I can't stand any more gossip about me riding his coattails at Warner Corporation," Jane urged with a mix of frustration and determination.

"He clearly extended the invitation to me!" she seethed, clenching her teeth tightly.

Daniel, taken aback by Jane's words, paused for a moment to absorb the gravity of the situation.

"Don't worry, Miss Bentley, I'll take care of it," he reassured her. Jane had only just begun her journey at Warner Corporation, and if she were to quit over such a trivial matter, it would reflect poorly on the CEO, who had entrusted her to Daniel's care.

Feeling a sense

of relief with his assurance, she returned to her workspace. Eager to get back on track, she finally opened the stack of information before her. The assistants, who had awkwardly returned to their desks, watched Jane intently as she swiftly scanned through the documents. Though they refrained from saying anything, their disdainful gazes couldn't be concealed.

"What's with the act? It's all in French. You won't understand perfectly well. Let's see how you embarrass yourself when the guests arrive tomorrow," the ir judgmental stares seemed

to taunt

Unperturbed by

their judgment, she paid no heed to their looks. With Daniel's discreet intervention, the experienced employees in the company who knew Jane's true worth obediently sealed their lips, refraining from uttering a single word about her supposed entanglement with Drake.

As the workday came to an end, Jane, being the early bird she was, swiftly made

her exit from the bustling company, leaving her colleagues, including Margaret, curious once again. You see, Jane had a pressing commitment after work: tutoring lessons for young Zac. Time was of the essence, so she hurriedly made her way home, eager to prepare before venturing towards the extravagant Warner Family's Mansion.

To her surprise, upon arriving at her home, she discovered that Zac had taken the liberty of paying her an unexpected visit, engaging in playful activities with her own son, Zane. Utterly taken aback, Jane asked, "Zac, what brings you here, dear?"

Wearing a beaming grin, Zac responded joyfully, "Oh, lovely teacher, I was concerned about your well—

being today. Since you couldn't make it to my place to assist me, I decided to come straight to yours. That way, you can help me right here, in the comfort of your own home."

Zac's heartfelt words warmed Jane's soul, prompting her to approach him and gently run her fingers through his hair. In a soft, tender voice, she remarked, "So, it seems you're a kind-hearted young man after all."

Just as Jane's words drifted away, Zane couldn't help but let out a disdainful snort, averting his gaze. Jane, puzzled by his reaction, questioned him, "Zane, what's with that expression on your face?"

Zane, obliged to answer his mother's inquiry, muttered under his breath, "It's nothing, Mommy."

Jane didn't give it much thought either. Assuming that Zane was feeling envious, she walked up to him and affectionately ruffled his hair.

"Our dear Zane, you're such a caring soul. When Mom isn't around, we're grateful to have you looking after Zoe."

Upon hearing these words, Zane's spirits lifted considerably, although he continued to shoot covert glances in Zac's direction.

Even though Zane was aware of their shared bloodline as half-brothers, he felt dissatisfied with Zac's eagerness to unite their mother and father.

The following day, Jane found herself once again running late as she rushed into the bustling company. However, this time, it was no fault of her own. The streets were clogged with a maddening traffic jam, causing her to arrive at Warner Corporation long after everyone else had already settled into their work.

As she stepped through the doors, she was immediately spotted by Daniel, who hurriedly approached her with a hint of concern. "Miss **Bentley**, **why are you just** arriving? The guests have already made their entrance."

"Oh, I'll go and receive them promptly." **She wasn't flustered by** her tardiness. After all, she had **thoroughly** studied all **the necessary** information **the** previous **day**, leaving her

46.4%

well-prepared to handle the clients.

The two of them began walking towards the reception room, and it was then that Daniel informed Jane of the situation. “Miss Bentley, Assistant Harold and Assistant Mya were previously handling your client’s plan. However, Assistant Harold requested time off and is currently absent.”

“Furthermore, Assistant Mya had to attend to branch matters yesterday. The two of you haven’t had a chance to acquaint yourselves yet. She’s already receiving the guests in the reception room. Once you’ve settled in, you can follow her lead. In any case, you’ve just taken over this plan, so it’ll be fine.”

Engaged in conversation, Jane and Daniel reached the entrance of the reception room. Upon entering, Jane’s gaze fell upon four individuals present. Seated in the guest’s chair was a distinguished French gentleman, accompanied by his attentive assistant. On the opposing side sat a woman exuding elegance through her carefully applied makeup and impeccably tailored attire.

Jane immediately recognized the woman as Mya, the same person Daniel had mentioned earlier. With a gentle push of the door, Jane confidently stepped into the room, capturing the attention of all present.

Mya’s smile instantly turned frosty as she observed Jane’s entrance. Unaware of her identity, Mya had already been informed earlier that Assistant Harold had left the company, with Jane stepping in as his replacement. This sudden replacement left a sour taste in Mya’s mouth, and Jane’s unexpected interruption of her conversation with Mr. Stephen only worsened her impression of her.

“Tell Mr. Stephen not to worry; she’s the one handling the materials,” Mya whispered to the translator by her side, hoping to get her message across before Jane could speak.

However, before the interpreter could utter a word, Jane, with a beaming smile, warmly greeted Mr. Stephen in flawless French. Her fluency in the language took him aback momentarily, but soon a delighted grin spread across his face.

Mya watched in disbelief as Jane effortlessly switched gears and caught Mr. Stephen’s attention. Frustration bubbling beneath the surface, Mya bit her lower lip, contemplating her next move. Meanwhile, Jane extended a gesture, inviting Mr. Stephen to accompany her.

Suppressing her irritation, Mya intervened, halting Jane in her tracks. “What do you think you’re doing? Where are you taking Mr. Stephen?”

Jane, undeterred by Mya’s hostility, responded with composure, “Where else but an on-the-spot investigation? No amount of written descriptions or piles of materials can compare to experiencing the real thing. Mr. Stephen desires an authentic encounter.”

(1)

Line Break

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Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 49 -

79%

Chapter 49

Back at the bustling Warner Corporation, Jane and Mya gracefully deposited the freshly-inked cooperation document onto Drake’s sleek and polished table. The weighty significance of their achievement loomed in the air, though Drake’s countenance remained steadfast, betraying little emotion.

Meanwhile, Daniel wore an elated grin as he spoke up, addressing his esteemed superior. “I must express my gratitude to Mr. Warner for today’s collaboration. And, may I add, Miss Bentley’s linguistic prowess took me by surprise. Who would have thought that Miss Bentley possessed such a remarkable fluency in the art of French conversation? Not only did she engage in a delightful tete-a-tete with Mr. Stephen, but, upon bidding farewell, Mr. Stephen expressed his eager anticipation for future collaborations with her.”

Upon hearing Daniel’s words, Drake’s inquisitive gaze fixated upon Jane, carefully analyzing and probing her. Curiosity danced in his eyes. How had she attained such newfound prowess? She had never exhibited such formidable capabilities before. Perhaps, just perhaps, her underwhelming past performances had been a mere facade, a guise to conceal her true potential.

Jane, sensing Drake's penetrating gaze, involuntarily turned her head, her unease evident. Yet, inwardly, she lamented her decision. She had initially resolved to let Drake's business empire crumble, yet she had inadvertently orchestrated a monumental triumph for him—a devastating blow to her own intentions!

As the realization dawned upon him that Jane's melancholy stemmed from their successful collaboration, rather than exultation, his heart sank deeper. The depths of his empathy for her grew, intertwined with a tinge of remorse.

"Great work, we nailed it!"

Drake's voice was a soft whisper, but it carried the weight of the highest accolade one could hope for. It was an absolute honor to receive such praise from him.

Mya, her delicate makeup highlighting her features, discreetly absorbed Drake's compliment to Jane. Standing beside Drake, she had to conceal her feelings, lest they

become too obvious.

Once they left Drake's office, Jane wore a crestfallen expression as she returned to her duties. Sensing her despondency, Mya hurried after her, determined to bridge the gap.

"Miss Bentley, let's get acquainted. I'm Mya. We'll be working closely together going forward, so I'd appreciate any guidance you can offer."

Jane glanced at Mya, her demeanor veiled with indifference as if she couldn't be bothered by someone she deemed insignificant.

"Jane Bentley," she muttered almost in horror, as **if** reluctantly acknowledging her own name, before retreating to her post. Jane had no time or energy to spare on people she considered unimportant.

Observing **Jane's** retreating figure, **Mya's** expression **grew even** colder, betraying a flicker of annoyance **beneath** her **composed** facade.

In **the lazy afternoon** sun, **Jane** continued to slack **off** in her work while working on **Joe's**

Arilliant

47.1%

workload. Despite being **coerced into joining Warner Corporation**, she **refused to let go of** her cherished **career.**

Just as she was **deeply** engrossed in **studying Joe's** captivating **design concept** for the upcoming season, a disingenuous smile graced **Mya's** face as she approached.

"Jane, could I bother you for a moment? Boss Warner always indulges in his afternoon tea, but I'm swamped with work. Could you please assist me by brewing some tea? **I'll** make sure it **gets to** Boss Warner promptly."

With **those** words, Mya extended a tea bag to Jane. She peered at it, her brows knitting together in concern.

Jane, who had **been** working alongside Drake for several years, had come to learn the hard way that he had a severe allergy to tea. Though Mya might not have been a part of Warner's team five years ago, she had been working closely with Drake, undoubtedly aware of his tea allergy.

And now, fully aware of this fact, Mya had audaciously asked Jane to prepare tea for Drake.

Jane pondered for a fleeting moment, her smile mirroring Mya's false cheerfulness.

"Alright, I'll go prepare it for you."

As Mya disappeared with the hot tea in hand, the warmth of Jane's smile instantly vanished, leaving behind a hint of unease. She settled into her seat, awaiting what was to

come.

After a considerable amount **of** time had passed, Mya emerged from the office once again, beckoning Jane to follow her inside. Jane complied with an **air** of indifference, causing Mya to clench her teeth and whisper under her breath.

"Hmph! Let's see how conceited you can be."

As they entered the office, Jane's gaze fell upon Drake, who sat poised on a chair, his eyes fixed upon the steaming cup of tea resting on the table, his gaze profound and intense.

"Mya," Drake addressed her without looking up, "is Miss Bentley here?"

Mya took the initiative to respond, "Yes, President Warner, Miss Bentley is present."

Drake's eyes slowly lifted, their focus zeroing in on Jane, his lips slightly parting.

"Did you prepare the tea?" he inquired.

Jane admitted candidly, "**Yes**, I did." Mya, upon hearing this, couldn't help but deepen the smile playing upon her lips.

Unbeknownst to Mya, she remained ignorant of Jane's true identity. Jane had joined Warner Corporation three years ago, but Mya had been absent during Jane's arrival yesterday and was thus unaware of the rumors circulating about her. Consequently, she remained oblivious to the complex relationship that existed between Jane and Drake.

Mya's displeasure had arisen **solely from** Jane inadvertently overshadowing her earlier in the day. This had left Mya thoroughly dissatisfied, fueling her current resentment.

"**President Warner, Miss Bentley**

is new here, **so she** may not be aware of your **allergy** to **tea**. I did instruct **her** to **prepare** coffee for you, but she still made tea. I believe **it** was an

innocent oversight. For **her** sake, **I implore you not to terminate her employment**," **Mya** spoke with the intention of **being** helpful. **However, Jane** was no fool; **she** could **discern** the hidden meaning **behind Mya's** words.

A pang of **sorrow** washed over **Jane's** heart, causing her to conclude **that** it would be

better **to** be **dismissed** promptly. She wanted no further association with **this** despicable individual.

Upon hearing **Mya's** plea, Drake slowly rose from his seat, seizing the cup of steaming tea. He approached the two women, diverting **his** gaze from Jane and fixing it upon Mya as he uttered words **laced** with **ice**.

"You **need** not return tomorrow."

Mya, overjoyed by this statement, assumed that Drake was referring to Jane.

"**Boss...** you... you're referring to me?"

"Such elementary mistakes should not **be** committed. Remaining in the company serves no purpose," Drake's words were devoid of warmth.

"Mr. Warner, have you misunderstood? I did not prepare the tea. It has nothing to do with

me..."

"You were the one who brought in the tea," Drake interjected, leaving Mya stunned. Her desperate attempts to establish a connection with Drake had backfired entirely.

"Mr. Warner, I admit my mistake. I was unaware that Miss Bentley had made the tea. Please forgive me. I promise it won't happen again," Mya pleaded through her tears.

Impatience welled within Drake upon hearing the woman's sobbing. "Leave," he curtly commanded.

Mya's cries abruptly ceased as she covered her mouth, fleeing from the office in tears.

"As my legal wife, are you not even aware of my allergy to tea?" Drake's voice resonated with accusation.

Jane responded coldly, "Forget it."

"Forget? Did you genuinely forget, or was it a deliberate act?" Drake's words caused Jane's heart to tremble.

"If I have forgotten, then I have forgotten. If you don't believe me, don't bother asking," Jane pretended to be exasperated, eager to escape the suffocating atmosphere of isolation with Drake.

“Fine, I will ensure that this memory remains etched in your mind for a lifetime.”

As his words hung **in** the air, Drake swiftly lifted the cup of tea, bringing it to his lips and taking a sip.

Jane, **witnessing** this action, was taken aback. “Drake, please don’t startle me...”

Line **Break**

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Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 50 -

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Chapter 50

Jane **stood there, completely** taken aback **by** the intensity of the scorching and untamed kiss that **had** just been forcefully imprinted upon **her** lips. The air was heavy with the lingering **aroma** of **tea**, infusing **the** moment with an unexpected blend **of** sensations. Her eyes **widened** in a mixture of shock and anger, unable to fathom the audacity of this **man’s** actions.

Shaking off the initial shock, she mustered all her strength and delivered a firm pat on the man’s shoulder, hoping to assert her resistance. However, her attempts to break free were futile, as he adamantly refused to release his grip, imprisoning her within the force of his embrace.

Time seemed to stretch endlessly as the struggle continued, but gradually, the man’s grip began to weaken, his once unyielding strength ebbing away. Seizing the opportunity, Jane summoned her remaining strength and successfully pushed him away, reclaiming her freedom.

Drake stumbled, his body swaying unsteadily as if battling to regain his equilibrium after being caught off guard. His handsome face flushed a deep crimson, resembling a vibrant, boiled crab, the crimson hue spreading down his neck, mirroring the intensity of the

moment.

Wiping the remnants of the man's touch from her lips, Jane glared at him with a mixture of anger and defiance. The taste of his audacity still lingered, intertwining with her indignation. Concern and guilt welled up within her as she recalled the cup of tea he had just consumed, and without hesitation, she hurriedly moved forward to support his trembling body.

"Drake, do you have a death wish? Even if you managed to drink it, you must be allergic! Are you aware that allergies can be fatal?"

Jane gazed at Drake's troubled countenance, her heart softening at the sight of his flushed cheeks instead of the usual cold and stern look he bore.

"This time, you must remember."

Jane felt a wave of helplessness wash over her as she realized that even at this crucial moment, he couldn't **let** go of this matter.

"You're **so** tedious," she muttered, her voice tinged with frustration. "You're willing to gamble with your own life over this."

"Jane, I want you to etch me... etch me into your memory for the rest of your days!" With that heartfelt plea, Drake's strength abandoned him, causing his body to crumple and collapse.

Jane swiftly rushed to his side, her arms wrapping around his weakened form as they both sank to their knees upon the unforgiving ground. Tears, like shimmering crystals, cascaded from **the** corners of her eyes. And at that moment, when he lay unconscious, Jane whispered **a** single word, her voice trembling with raw emotion.

"But I... as I reflect upon it... I'm afraid **I'll** forget you."

16-17

Mr. Warner Your

e is Brilliant

48.0%

Chapter 50

In the hospital room, Jane stood by Drake's side, her gaze fixed on the man resting on the bed. His face was gradually returning to its usual state, erasing the traces of pain and worry that had plagued him before. There was a hint of a shadow beneath his lush eyelashes as she observed him, captivated by the transformation she witnessed.

A thought escaped her lips, carried on a whisper, "These lashes...they're real, aren't they? How can they surpass the length of any girl's?"

Her curiosity piqued, Jane extended her hand tentatively, as if drawn to examine the mystery behind Drake's remarkably long eyelashes. But just as her fingertips were about to make contact, the man abruptly opened his eyes.

Caught off guard, her hand froze in mid-air, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. She found herself ensnared in the depths of his penetrating gaze, a gaze that seemed to pierce through her very soul. At that moment, uncertainty enveloped her, leaving her at a loss for what to do next.

Under the intensity of the man's stare, she slowly withdrew her hand, avoiding any further action that might seem inappropriate.

"Oh, you're awake! I shall summon a doctor for you," she stammered, hastily rising to her feet to make a swift exit. However, before she could make her escape, the man swiftly reached out and clasped her wrist.

"There's no need," he uttered, motioning to the call bell with his other hand.

Realizing her oversight, Jane felt her embarrassment deepen. She had forgotten that the room was equipped with a button to summon a doctor.

After a brief moment, the bell resonated throughout the room, and the figure of Dr. William appeared before them.

"What seems to be the matter? Is something amiss?" inquired Dr. William, taking note of the delicate atmosphere that hung between Jane and Drake.

Startled by his presence, Jane quickly shook off Drake's hand.

"Doctor, he has regained consciousness," she explained, stepping aside.

Detecting the delicate tension lingering in the atmosphere, Dr. William proceeded to approach Drake, casting a brief, reassuring glance at Jane. His presence brought a fleeting respite from the unease that had enveloped the room.

“Is he alright?”

Jane’s concern for Drake had been sparked by the sight of his distressing, flushed face and the rashes that marred his skin upon his arrival at the hospital.

Gazing at the man who lay before her, her worry deepened, a subtle pang of guilt pricking **at** her heart. She blamed herself for the unfortunate circumstances that had led to his

current state.

In **any case**, it **was** her intentional act of brewing tea for Drake that led to his **allergic** reaction, **causing** him to faint.

As Jane posed her question, Dr. William was prepared to reassure her when he suddenly **received** a frosty **glare** from Drake.

Chapter **50**

Caught off guard by the **icy stare**, **the** doctor quickly altered his words, “Hmm, **the** situation **still** **appears** quite **concerning**. **We’ll need to** conduct further examinations. **Drake will** have to **stay** in the **hospital** for a few days, and we’ll closely monitor his condition.”

Upon hearing this, **Jane’s** **expression** turned somewhat grim. “**Alright then**, **I trust that** your hospital will provide **him** with proper care.”

Just as Jane was **about to take her** leave, Drake halted her with an assertive voice.

“**You’re just going to** leave me **in the** hospital because **of** some allergies?”

Upon hearing Drake’s remark, Jane turned her gaze towards him, her face contorted with annoyance. She snapped, “What do you mean by saying I hurt you? You drank the tea yourself. I didn’t force you to drink it.”

“Are **you** sure **you** didn’t force me?” Drake questioned, causing Jane’s expression to change once again.

Hearing this, Jane’s face changed again, recalling when Drake forcibly kissed her and rolled the tea into her mouth... Jane was really embarrassed to continue thinking about the rest.

She glared at him with anger, her frustration palpable. “Hmph, I don’t care any more. If you want it, drink it yourself. Now that you’re awake, I want to go home. Find someone else to take care of you.”

With those words, Jane made a move to leave. But in the blink of an eye, Drake pulled out the needle from his hand, revealing the lingering liquid in the IV bag.

“Drake, you’re out of your mind! Allergies might seem trivial, but if you don’t treat them properly, they could be fatal!” Jane rushed forward anxiously, restraining Drake from getting up from the hospital bed.

“Why do you care if I’m dead or alive? You’re leaving now!”

Listening to his words, Jane found herself caught in a whirlwind of mixed emotions. She didn’t know how to face the man standing before her.

In the end, she decided to stay at the hospital and keep Drake company while he received his treatment. She sent a message to Jasper, requesting his help in looking after her children during her absence.

“I’m famished. I could really use some soup,” Drake’s voice rang out just as she finished sending the message. His expression remained indifferent.

“I’ll get you something to eat,” she nonchalantly replied.

“I want to try your homemade stew,” Drake shamelessly demanded.

Glancing at the darkening sky outside, Jane wore a despondent expression as she looked at the man. “**Mr** Warner, **it’s** late. How could I cook for you? Should I randomly whip up anything?”

Drake’s ward resembled a small apartment, **complete** with a fully-equipped kitchen.

“Go **see** Dr. **William** and ask him to provide you with the **necessary** ingredients,” **he** instructed.

In the kitchen of the ward, Jane chopped the chicken on the board with a knife, and the

knife was fierce, as if it was **not** chicken on **the** cutting **board**, **but** Drake, who **made her** hate **to** gnash **her teeth**.

Drake on the hospital bed **listened** to the **movement** in the **kitchen**, **and** the corners **of** his **mouth** involuntarily raised **slightly**.

An hour later, as the enticing aroma of chicken soup filled the room, **Jane’s eyes** caught **sight** of a bag **of** white **sugar** among the ingredients Dr. William had **provided**. A wicked **thought crept** onto her face.

“Here you **go**, drink it all.” She handed the simmering soup to Drake. **She** couldn’t help but secretly revel in the anticipation; eagerly waiting for Drake to lose his temper after sipping the sweetened chicken soup.

Little did she know that her mischievous expression hadn’t escaped Drake’s notice.

Without revealing any unusual expression, Drake accepted **the** bowl of soup and took a sip. His face remained unchanged as he handed back the empty bowl to Jane.

Perplexed by the absence of any reaction, Jane inquired suspiciously, “How is it?”

“Quite unique,” he replied cryptically.

What kind of answer was that? Jane couldn’t fathom why Drake appeared so indifferent. Returning to the kitchen with the empty bowl in hand, she couldn’t resist tasting the remaining soup.

The moment the liquid touched her tongue, she involuntarily spewed it out in shock!

♡ (1)

