

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 435

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Immediately, before Jane could return to her senses, a slap landed on Jane's face again.

With a loud slap, Jane was stunned.

When Thea saw that Jane was slapped, she immediately raised her fists to teach that person a

lesson.

Jane immediately stopped Thea, "Thea, don't do it!"

Thea looked back at Jane, only to hear her cold voice, "Call the police. Openly beating someone and taking the initiative to cause trouble. There are so many people and evidence here. I must let him sit in prison."

Jane's cold eyes swept through everyone present, those who followed suit against her and the company, and those who held up their phones to take pictures and record videos.

Her meaning was obvious. Even those who were making trouble could not escape.

Feeling Jane's cold gaze, everyone felt agitated and shaken.

They were migrant workers and had just followed suit because they were moved by what the man had said. They just wanted to take this opportunity to vent their emotions, they did *not* want to get into a lawsuit.

When the man heard

Jane's words, he felt a little regretful in his heart for being impulsive and slapping her.

But now **that** he had already done it, the man could only confront Jane firmly and calmly.

“Don’t scare people...”

“I wasn’t. Anyone with a little common sense knows that it is against the law to take the initiative to

cause trouble and hit someone.”

“Let’s not mention you causing a scene first, let’s just talk about you slapping me just now. Isn’t it you who did it first? Besides, I didn’t do anything to you!” Jane said coldly.

Hearing her words, everyone looked at each blankly. Those who understood immediately stood outside, afraid of getting into trouble.

After a while, the passers—
by dispersed, leaving only the group of people who had come before.

They were also frightened by Jane’s aura, but they did not want to back down.

“**Thea**, did *you* call the police?” Jane looked at Thea again and asked.

Thea **was** holding her phone. When she heard Jane’s words, she immediately nodded and said, “I’m dialing **them**.”

When the man saw this,
he **finally** panicked and immediately organized his words, “Miss Bentley, don’t call the **police**, **don’t** call the police. I was too impulsive just now. I shouldn’t have done anything **to you**.”

“**Yeah**, Miss. It was because **my son** was stimulated **by** his sister’s death that **he** became impulsive. Don’t **mind him**.” **The** woman **who had accused** and questioned **Jane** before also stood up and made amends.

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Seeing **that** the other **party** was so afraid, Jane snorted, thinking that they were just a group of fraudsters.

“Reconciliation is impossible. You blatantly provoked me, and now you are hitting people. Now you just want me to forget about it? Why would I do that?” Jane snorted, not accepting the reconciliation at all.

“Then what do you want?” The man asked anxiously.

“As long as you clarify to everyone that your sister’s death has nothing to do with the Warners, has nothing to do with me, and let me slap you back, then this matter will be forgotten,” Jane said indifferently.

Hearing that, the man frowned and immediately said, “Impossible.”

“Really? Then Thea, continue.” Jane did not talk nonsense, and directly issued an order to Thea again.

“Don’t!” The woman stepped forward to stop her again.

“Miss Bentley, I’ll apologize to you. Don’t care about my son. If you want to hit back, hit me.” The woman looked at Jane and said.

Jane was still cold and unmoved.

“It’s alright. I have time to waste with you guys. If you don’t do what I want, then let’s make it a big deal.” Jane’s faint words finally made the man afraid.

But when he thought that what had happened today was messed up and he would not be able to get a cent of the money given by the people behind them, he was very unwilling.

After hesitating for a long time, the man was defeated by Jane’s cold eyes.

“I’m sorry, I was wrong. I became impulsive. My sister’s death has nothing to do with the Warners and Miss Bentley.”

The man closed his eyes and finally said those words in one breath. Saying those words was equivalent to driving a knife straight to his heart.

He could see his money flying away from his hands. But compared to money, his life was more important. For his own sake, he could only apologize to Jane.

After he finished his apology, the man asked Jane again, "Is it alright now?"

Jane nodded in satisfaction, then raised her hand. Everyone thought that she was going to slap the man, but her hand did not land at all.

She just touched his face lightly, and then said, "Don't let yourself be used as gunmen in the future. If you really think about your sister, *you* should go to the police station and watch the progress of the matter. I believe that the police will soon give you a clear answer."

Jane still did **not believe** that Alison's death was because of suicide. How could such a woman choose **to commit suicide** because she lost her job?

It was just that **she** could not have imagined who would kill Alison. If Alison was killed just to **frame her and the Warners**, then this method would **be highly** vicious.

However, **the** man did not care **how his** sister **Alison died**.

Now **that the** matter **had failed, he** was in pain from the fact **that** he could not **get the money, so how**

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could he care about his dead sister?

Because of Jane, the matter was successfully resolved, and the crowd left.

After they left, the crowd on the road also dispersed.

"Boss, your face..."

When there was no one around, Thea looked at Jane's face and reminded her worriedly.

Jane came to her senses and felt the burning pain on her face.

A man's strength was incomparable to a woman's. Once he exerted all force, it would really hurt.

"Forget it. Let's go back to the company first. Buy me some ointment to reduce the swelling and pain," Jane said to Thea.

Thea nodded and went immediately.

Not long after Jane returned to the office, Daniel showed up.

“Miss Bentley, your face...”

Daniel

felt a little guilty. Drake had handed Jane over to him, but he had let Jane be hurt. If Drake

knew about it, he did not know how uncomfortable he would be.

“It’s alright, it’s just a little injury. I’ll just put an ointment on it in a while.” Jane said casually.

The reason why she did not do anything, in the end, was because she did not want to get her hands dirty.

Therefore, on a particularly dark night, the man who had hit Jane was covered in a sack and his face was bruised.

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