

## Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 61 -

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### Chapter 61

Following Jane's interpretation, it was naturally impossible for Drake to agree to their proposal. He explained directly to the other party: if this is the case, then he will **not** contribute to this investment.

After some deliberation, the two sides finally reached a point of balance **of** interests and reached a cooperation.

After finally sealing the deal, the investor's gaze wandered off to Jane.

"The lady beside Mr. Warner has the charm of a German woman. May I ask what her relationship is with Mr. Warner?"

Jane was about to get up and explain that she was Drake's assistant.

However, a large palm held her hand and stopped her from getting up. Then a low voice answered casually:

"This is **my** wife."

Hearing Drake's statement, Jane's eyes widened in surprise. Immediately, she gave him a glare.

They had an agreement not to talk about their relationship at work! So why did he say that?

Jane's heart skipped a beat, feeling complicated, filled with both anger and resentment.

Once upon a time, she had always dreamed of being properly introduced as his wife. However, he had always avoided even mentioning about her as if he didn't want to have anything to do with her, so what was the point **of** him doing this now?

Drake

didn't even look at Jane's reaction. After his revelation, he then went ahead to talk to the investor about the translator beside him, praising **her** for being beautiful and speaking good German.

The investor withdrew his gaze from Jane with a bit of regret and put on a **bit** of humility.

"You're too kind, Mr. Warner. Your wife is a beauty **of** her own."

When the dinner was over, everyone walked out of the restaurant. Drake was still holding her hand all this time. Bound by etiquette, Jane did not shake it off .

Only after the investor left with the beautiful translator in his arms did Jane finally shake off Drake's **hand**.

"Why did you say that I'm your wife?" **she** asked.

All this time, Drake had **already sensed** that she was just suppressing her anger.

"**We're** legally husband and **wife**. There's nothing we can't **say**," Drake said in disapproval.

"**But we're getting divorced soon, right? So** there's no point in telling others about our **current** status, right?" Jane **reminded** him sarcastically.

"Then let's wait until **after the divorce**," Drake **replied lightly**.

His **attitude** was really **annoying**. Jane gritted **her teeth**, **but** the man walked out **of the restaurant** without **a care** in the world.

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Unbeknownst **to** Jane was that when Drake was preparing to discuss this investment, he had thoroughly investigated the investor's information and found out that he was a philanderer and played around with women too much.

**If he** had not made clear that Jane was his wife, then the investor would probably target her.

This was also an unspoken rule that everyone in the market knew about.

The two of them got busy for the next three days dealing with the follow-up matters before they could finally fully negotiate the investment.

“Can **we** go back tomorrow?” Jane looked at Drake coldly as **if** she did not want to stay with him anymore.

“I already told you we’ll be here for one week. It’s only been the four days. What are you in a hurry for?” Drake approached her slowly and leisurely, looking like a lazy Persian cat.

“Can’t I be worried about the children at home?” Jane replied.

“They are in Maplewood. Nothing will happen,” Drake responded but still with an indifferent tone as if he wasn’t even trying to reassure her.

“But we’re already done with all the work. Why are we staying here when there is nothing to do?” Jane asked again with a puzzled expression.

“Tomorrow, you’ll know.” Drake pretended to be mysterious. And just as the elevator opened, he immediately turned around and went back to his room.

Looking at his retreating back, Jane clenched her fists angrily.

The next morning, Jane left the room early and went to the front desk to check out.

Hmph! He would have no choice but to leave too!

When Drake came down, Jane had already checked out of the room. She was carrying her suitcase and was looking at him with a triumphant smile.

“I’ve already settled the check-out. We’ll go to the airport and buy the earliest possible ticket back.”

**At** Jane’s little movements, Drake was stunned for a moment. When he recovered, he couldn’t help but chuckle.

She really would do anything just to go back. Unfortunately for her, if he did not want to leave, she would **never** be able to go back as well.

“There’s a place I’m going to and you’ll accompany me. After that, we’ll go back **right** away.”

“Where?”

Maple **Leaf Forest Park** was quite large. Rows of white benches stood all around its corners and white **pigeons** were flying and hopping everywhere. The wind was blowing and **the leaves fell** to the **ground**. **The** scenery was picturesque.

Drake was wearing a white suit so when he stood on **the** long asphalt road **with the white pigeons** behind him, he **formed** quite a **beautiful scenery**.

Jane had to admit that he was really good-looking. His facial features formed a handsome **face**. He looked like he was a darling **of** heaven,

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But **even** with an **appearance** like that, it couldn’t **change** his scumbag **personality**.

Turning away, Jane **took** out some bread and **broke** it into tiny pieces to feed the pigeons. He did not know what was wrong with this man for him to come here, so she did her **own thing and** brought the bread to feed the birds on the side.

Jane reached out with another palmful of crushed bread and a pigeon decided to stand on her hand to peck at the food. After eating some, it tilted its head at her then flapped its wings and flew away.

Looking at the pure white pigeons flying freely in **the** sky would make anyone feel envious.

Back then, she had always been envious of this kind of freedom. She had also thought that if she was a pigeon, she would not be imprisoned **in** that room that did not see the light of day.

Jane was too focused on feeding the pigeons and did not notice that Drake was approaching step by step. He walked behind her quietly as he watched her movements.

Then, she suddenly stood and turned around, and the movement caused Jane's lips to jump lightly onto Drake's cheek.

Jane was startled and quickly jumped a few steps away while looking at Drake coldly.

'What's wrong with you? Why were you suddenly standing so close behind me?'

She immediately wiped her lips all the while noticing how her heartbeat accelerated uncontrollably from that stupid accidental kiss. This observation made her panic inwardly.

She did not want to fall in love anymore!

'You just assaulted me, and you're still asking me with that kind of tone?'

Because of that casual kiss just now, Drake's mood inexplicably became very good.

'Shut up! Who assaulted you?' Jane turned around when her **face** began to feel hot. She did not want to be seen blushing by the man.

Looking at Jane's red ears, Drake's mood rose even higher.

Just then, a female voice broke the atmosphere between **the two of** them.

'Dre!'

Drake followed the voice and saw a **tall** and beautiful, seemingly **mixed-blooded**, woman walking towards him.

**Jane** also looked **over**, looking at the half-race beauty who ran quickly, and Jane's **eyes** were frightened by the bulging mass on her **chest**.

**Her chest are really...huge!**

**The** beautiful woman **quickly stopped in front of the** two of them, or **to be more specific**, in **front of Drake**. She said **excitedly**:

**'Dre! I didn't expect to meet you here. You're still as handsome as ever!'**

“Isn’t there a saying that when **you** meet again, **you two must** have a fate **to** gether. I still like you **very** much, and since we met again **then** it must be **fate** . **So this time, will you stop rejecting me?**”

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**Jane was** stunned at this straightforward confession!

However, Drake’s expression did not change. “Lizzie, I’m sorry. I can’t accept you.”

The woman did not seem to be surprised at the rejection, but she still sounded a little disappointed when she said:

“Dre, you’re too faithful. After all this time, you’re still hung up with the girl you’ve missed for so long. Are you married?”

“No,” Drake said indifferently.

Suddenly, the woman’s gaze fell on Jane.

“Wow! You must be Miss Annie, Dre’s one and only. You’re so beautiful! No wonder he always has you in his heart and doesn’t even look at other women.”

“I don’t even know how many times I have confessed to him only to be rejected every time. And just now, he rejected me again. I’m so sad.”

Although the woman spoke sad words, her expression didn’t really show any sadness. Perhaps she had been rejected too many times that she had grown immune to it.

However, Jane's expression was not very good. Yes, Drake's "one and only" was Annie, but he had teased her like that just a few minutes ago. He really was a scumbag.

"You misunderstood. I am not Annie," Jane clarified.

Hearing Jane's denial, Lizzie was stunned for a moment. She did not believe it, so she looked towards Drake for answers.

"She's Jane... my ex-wife," Drake said after much hesitation.

Jane would have protested if he said anything else, yet now that he spoke the truth, there was a dull pain in her heart.

A scumbag. He really was a bad scumbag. When introducing her to a man, he would say that she was his wife. But in front of a beautiful woman, he would **say** that she was his

ex-wife.

What a scumbag among **scumbags!**

Lizzie was **also** shocked when she heard Drake's introduction. Then she smiled and said, "Ex-wife? Drake, you married another woman and not your one and only?"

"Then can I be your child's stepmother? Although we **haven't** seen each other for a long time, I know some things about you. You already have a child. I don't mind **being** your **child's** stepmother."

Hearing Lizzie's words, **Jane** was the first **to** feel unhappy even though she vaguely knew **it was** another half-hearted statement. **Her** Zachary did not need a **stepmother**.

**Fortunately**, Drake **still refused** which made her feel **better**.

Lizzie looked at the two of them **regretfully** and said, "This lady **is** very beautiful, and she's **very** fitting **when** she is standing **with** you. **Why** did **you two** **get** a **divorce**? Is it **because of**

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Miss Annie?"

Jane was **very speechless at the** woman's question.

Although the woman had the rights to feel anything as she was rejected too many times, it was still a little rude **of** her to inquire about other people's private affairs **so**

straightforwardly.

However, Drake's answer made Jane even more speechless.

"No. It's because she has children with another man."

With such an exciting answer, even Lizzie, who was born in an open country, was shocked.

After a while, she looked at Jane and said, "Dre and I met when we were studying abroad. He has always been an excellent man, and there are many girls pursuing him. Yet Miss Jane does not want such a man. Since you've chosen someone else and had children with them, I'm assuming this man must be better than Dre!"

At the other party's words, Jane glanced at Drake and said angrily:

"Of course, my children's father is far better than Drake. He will never be able to match up."

Drake's face suddenly darkened. Seeing this, Jane's heart felt a little better.

'Hmph! I hope I killed your pride!'

"All that aside, it's rare for us to meet. Let's have dinner together. I know a good German-themed restaurant here. You'll like it."

Lizzie did not notice Drake's gloomy expression and even warmly invited the two of them to dinner together.

"Jane should come with us too."

Jane subconsciously wanted to refuse because she had seen today's flight schedules. The earliest flight would take off in five hours. She wasn't sure they had the time to eat.

However, before she could speak, Drake agreed. "Okay."



Being forced to go, Jane had no choice but to accompany the two of them to dinner.

When they arrived and she saw the name of the restaurant, she immediately wanted to leave. She had been here before. Their food was expensive yet it didn't really taste that good.

"Are you sure you want to eat here?" Jane asked **the** two of them.

Lizzie responded seriously as **if** trying to persuade her, "It's a high-end restaurant and is **very** good. You should try it."

Hearing this, Jane stopped talking. Forget it. She wasn't the one spending **the** money **anyway**.

The **three of them** entered, ordered food, and waited for **the** food to be served.

**At** some point while waiting, Drake went to the bathroom, leaving just the two women. **Lizzie enthusiastically** began to chat with her.

"I'm Lizzie, **but you** can **call me** Liz. I met Drake when we were **studying** abroad. How about **you**?"

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"**Jane.**" Although Liz **was more** straightforward and had a lot of questions, **at** least she was not **a** hostile person.

"Oh, Jane, I have an unkind request. Can you tell me what it's like to be Drake's wife?"

"I have liked him since the first day I met him. I have also confessed to him countless times, but he has never agreed. I really want to know what it is like to be his wife."

Looking at Lizzie's expectant and longing eyes, Jane really did not want to disappoint her.

Unfortunately, the fact was that after she married Drake, her love was too great it ended up hurting her.

If she could go back in time, she would probably just choose to stay away from him instead of crashing her life into the flames.

It was a pity that they were young and frivolous, and any mistakes they did then would never be reversed.

“As someone who has been here, I advise you to stay away from men, especially men like him, who are fatally attractive. You must know that the more beautiful things are, the more dangerous they are.”

Out of good intentions, Jane still persuaded Lizzie so she wouldn't fall into the situation like she had unfortunately fallen into.

“Is Dre not good? I've always thought that anyone who would marry him will have the world in their hands.”

Lizzie spoke so passionately and innocently that it was almost pitiful. Jane only wanted to say: 'I must have done unforgivable sins in my past life that marrying him became my karma.'

However, Jane didn't say anything in the end. After a few minutes, Lizzie also mumbled with some understanding:

“Right. He has always had that Miss Carlton in his heart. I guess even if you marry him, if you don't get his heart, you probably won't be happy!”

Jane's heart throbbed even more painfully. Yes. She was too blind with her love to know that, and it was why she ended up like this.

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**The meal** went on quite pleasantly, although the taste of the food was, as expected, really **not** that **great**.

After the dinner, Lizzie bid her farewell to the two of them. Jane immediately couldn't wait to book **the** flight so she took out her phone and browsed through the schedule. However, it was displayed that there was no flight.

Apparently, because the weather was bad, there would be no more flights available until three days later.

Jane frowned at this. It wasn't dark yet so she was able to check the clouds, and indeed, they were dark which meant there would be heavy rain a little later.

She couldn't help but look at Drake accusingly. **If** it wasn't for this man who dragged her to that park to feed pigeons, they wouldn't be trapped here for three days!

"There's no return flight. What will you do now?"

"What should I do? We simply wait. Do you still need me to tell you such a simple truth?" Drake said with a raised brow.

"Ugh! This is all your fault. If I had known this would happen, I would've booked that flight this morning and not have to wait for three days," Jane complained. She couldn't help it!

"You really can't stand to stay with me. Can't wait to get back to your lover?" Drake was a little displeased. **He** could not forget what Jane had said that Zane and Zoe's father was way better than him.

"So what? Don't you also want to see your 'one and only'?" Jane bit **back** icily.

She didn't forget what Lizzie said in the restaurant that he had never looked at any other woman and was very **faithful** to Annie even while they **were** studying in abroad.

Since this "one and only" of his had always occupied his mind then he probably couldn't wait to be with her *too*.

Hmph! Scumbag! He clearly had another woman in his heart, yet he still wanted to bind her by his side.

“Let’s find a place to stay first. It’s going to rain soon.”

Seeing that Jane’s expression was darkening by the passing second, Drake could only speak first.

Jane snorted and walked out. However, **not** long after they started looking around, the rain **poured** down. The two of them could only find the nearest hotel to book a room.

When Jane inquired at the front desk, the answer she **got** from the staff was that there was only **one room because of** the weather.

It was pouring **too heavily outside, and** she was a little wet **and** cold. It was **going to be** impossible to go out and search elsewhere. Jane was in trouble.

**There** was only **one room** which meant that she had to sleep with Drake.

It wasn’t like they hadn’t **done the** deed already, **however, all of those happened while they**

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were in a state of unconsciousness.

Just as she was hesitating whether she should **just** risk it and find another hotel even if she **had** to soak in the rain, Drake walked up, brought out his ID, and booked **the** room while **speaking** fluent French.

Jane **was** stunned as she listened.

Wait, did he actually know French all this time? Why on earth did he bring her with him then?

Jane felt like her head was about to explode from all these confusing acts. Before she could ask though, Drake had already finished booking and dragged her into the elevator.

In the elevator, Jane finally had the chance and asked her doubts, "You know French?"

She actually wanted to ask what he meant by bringing her with him when he actually knew French, but she didn't have the courage to.

"I don't know much. When I studied in the UK before, many of my classmates were from France," Drake answered.

She couldn't get herself to believe that explanation, but she didn't want to bother delving further.

Soon, they reached their assigned door number. But when they had a look inside the room that was far from the hotel they stayed in before, they were a little stunned.

The size was alright, but the partition between the room and the bathroom was made of glass. Although it was not transparent, it also wasn't opaque enough so a silhouette could be seen through.

The two of them certainly would need a shower right now, but no matter who took the shower first, it would be awkward.

After a while of silence, Drake said in a low voice:

"Go first. I'll smoke at the window." With that, Drake walked towards the window, turned his back to Jane, and took out a cigarette to light it.

Jane hesitated for a moment. But she really could feel the discomfort of **wet** her wet clothes clinging to her skin. In the end, she went into the bathroom.

Fortunately, they were carrying their luggage so there were clean clothes for them to change in.

Because Drake was outside, Jane showered very quickly. She was done in a few minutes. When she came out, **she** had already changed into clean clothes.

Seeing Drake **still** standing by the window, she said curtly:

"I'm done. You can go."

It was **not that they** had never been alone in a more private room like **this before**. In **fact**, back **then**, she wished **they had** more chances **to** be alone like **this**, but now she **just felt awkward**.

**Drake** heard her but did not turn around immediately. **Instead**, **he** lit a cigarette again.

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“I’ll **go** in a while.”

Looking at his unmoving back, Jane was too lazy to care. What she did not know was that the man **couldn’t** turn around because he was trying his best to restrain himself.

Drake felt **really** vexed. He had simply heard the sound of a woman taking a shower and it was making him frustrated. Was it because he hadn’t touched a woman for too long?

Jane did not pay attention. After washing, she laid comfortably on the bed and took out her phone to call the children. Drake took this opportunity to enter the bathroom.

Jane rang them a few times but no one answered. She sighed, her gaze wandering unintentionally towards the bathroom stall. Registering the blurred figure of the man in the bathroom, she was so frightened that she quickly turned her back.

After a few minutes of reflection, she came **back** to her senses and realized she was overreacting. It wasn’t like she had not seen it before, so there shouldn’t be anything to be surprised about.

“Jane!” At this moment, the sound of the water in the bathroom stopped and Drake’s voice sounded.

With her back to the bathroom, Jane responded impatiently, “What?”

“Please get me **a** towel.”

Hearing this, Jane was annoyed. “When you went in, you didn’t even know what to bring with you?”

Because the hotel wasn’t a high-end and **the** two of them had brought their own towels, they did not plan to use the hotel’s towels.

“**If** you don’t want to, then I’ll just come out.”

“No! Don’t...” Jane exclaimed **in** fright. She didn’t need to see anything!

Reluctantly, she **got** up from the bed. Jane dug through his suitcase for the towel and walked over with **her** back towards the bathroom door.

“Here...” With the bathroom door behind her back, Jane only stretched out her hand.

The door opened slightly, and just then, Jane’s hand touched something which felt like the **man’s** abdominal muscles.

She was too frightened that she immediately retracted her hand. She turned around and wanted to scold the man, but she realized it was a bad idea and turned back.

In an **instant**, she threw **the** towel at the man, jumped back on the bed, and covered her head with **the** blanket.

Then, she **heard** the man chuckle. “**It’s** not like **you** haven’t touched it before, **so there’s** no **need for such a** fuss!”

**When** Jane heard his **words**, she said angrily:

“**Hmph! It’s too small to** look at!”

**Hearing that, Drake’s** face darkened. **Just as** he planned **to** teach this little woman a lesson, her **phone** began **to** ring.

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**Jane** picked up **her** phone. The screen displayed a video call from Zane. She quickly **answered**.

“Hello, Mummy. Sorry I didn’t pick up earlier. I went swimming with Zachary earlier. And I didn’t bring my phone or watch.”

Zane’s little **voice** explained sensibly like the little adult that he was. Jane was n’t at all upset though.

“It seems that **you** and Zachary are get along well again. But since Mummy isn’t there with you, how are you and Zoe coping?”

“Teacher, don’t worry. I’m taking very good care of Zoe.” On the screen, Zachary’s face suddenly came up.

The two of them had probably just come out of the swimming pool so their hairs were still wet. When Jane noticed it, she quickly instructed:

“Your hair is still wet, both of you. Hurry up and blow dry it to avoid a headache, okay?”

“Yes, teacher. I’ll take Zane to dry our hair in a while,” Zachary responded positively.

“Yes, Zac is really a good boy,” Jane praised happily.

“Mummy, when are you coming back?” Zane, who had been ignored by the side, grabbed the phone which caused the shot to shake a little. His face came up two seconds later, and his eyes were blinking in inquiry.



Seeing how much Zane missed her, Jane also felt a burst of longing **for the children.**

“Mummy may not be back in a few days. It’s raining here and the flights were cancelled. Mummy has to wait for them to be available again.”

“Oh. Then Mummy, you must pay attention to your health over there. Your cold is not completely healed yet,” Zane reminded her like a matured boy.

“Okay. I will.” Jane felt warm from the care.

“Teacher Pretty, Zane said that he has prepared a surprise for you. He’ll give it to you when you get back...” Zachary leaned closer to the screen again, eagerly wanting to speak to Jane.

Before he could finish his words however, Zane covered his mouth and muffled the next **words** he was about to say.

It wasn’t long before **the** screen was **just** of the two little guys arguing.

“That’s a **surprise** I prepared for Mummy. **You’re** not allowed to tell **her**,” Zane said **aggressively**.

“Okay, okay. I’ll **tell** her **it’s** a joke and there’s no surprise. Huhu, please let me go.” Zachary struggled **at the side**.

Looking **at** the two little **guys who** were **quarreling**, Jane **quickly** spoke **up**:

“**You** two, **it’s** getting **noisy**. **And** don’t fight or I **will** be angry.”

Hearing **the** warning, Zane **let go of** Zachary’s mouth. But **he still** gave a  **ruthless** warning:

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“**You’re** not allowed to talk to Mummy **anymore**. I’m going **to** find Zoe. She has to talk **to Mummy too**.”

After that, Zane took the phone to look for Zoe. When he found her, Jane and **Zoe** chatted pleasantly. Zachary still interrupted from time to time but it all went smoothly. They had a harmonious time.

Jane couldn't help but think how good it was for the three little kids to get along more. Although Zane and Zachary would argue occasionally, their relationship had improved a lot since the last time.

When Drake walked out of the bathroom, he saw Jane on the bed. She was happily chatting with the three cute babies.

Her face was flushed and glowing with happiness, making anyone unable to take their eyes

off her.

On the other side of the video, Zachary's words of concern from time to time made Drake's heart tumble.

The stinky brat had not even called him! He only had Jane in his heart.

But of course, he wouldn't allow himself to be left out so he jumped onto the bed and forced his way into Jane's screen.

"Stinky brat, I'm not at home. Are you that happy you won't even ask how I am doing?"

Drake's sudden action startled Jane, but the three little guys on the other side of the video were even more stunned.

Zachary was excited, Zane was angry, and Zoe was puzzled.

"Daddy, you're with Teacher Pretty?" Zachary excitedly asked first when he came back to his senses.

It seemed that his father really started to treat his teacher much better. He could be with her now.

Moreover, on the screen, his teacher was shown to be lying on the bed. His father's sudden appearance **on** the screen meant that he was also on the **bed** with her.

It seemed like his teacher becoming his mother was just around the **corner!**

“Mummy, **why** are you with Uncle?” Zoe followed closely and asked in puzzle ment.

Zoe’s young mind also had a small guess. Could it be that **her** mother likes Za c’s father? Did it mean she **and** her brother would have a father soon?

Only Zane

said unhappily, “**Mummy**, come back quickly. Zoe and I miss you **very** much.”

Jane returned to **her** senses and stretched her **hand** to push Drake away as h e was lying too close. **However, it was as** if his body was a brick wall and she **couldn’t push** at all. **In the** end, she stood up **herself**.

“**Zane, Mummy will be** back as soon as possible. **You** and Zoe should behav e, okay?”

“**You too, Zachary.** Behave well, okay?”

“**Yep! We** understand,” the **three** little kids replied in unison. Jane then **hung up**, afraid that

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**the** three little **guys** would **say** something shocking again.

After **hanging** up, Jane glared at the man on the bed. She asked with her eyebrow raised:

“**What** do you think you’re doing, Drake?”

**Being** suddenly confronted by an angry Jane who put up a guard against him, Drake was frustrated.

“What do you think am I going to do?”

“You can’t sleep with me. Go to the sofa.” Jane glanced at the only bed in the room. Fortunately, the room was equipped with a large sofa. It was large enough to sleep on.

Looking at the sofa Jane pointed to, Drake's eyes turned cold.

**"It's** too small for me."

"So? You want to sleep with me? Are you sure that when your Miss One-and-only will know about this, she won't get mad?" Jane said coldly.

"So? Are you afraid that sleeping with me in the same bed will make your children's father angry?" Drake retorted back.

Not looking away from the man's challenging gaze, Jane replied:

"Yes, I don't want **to** feel guilty for my children's father, so please go sleep on the sofa. Or, if you think you can bear to let a lady sleep on the sofa, then you can choose the bed."

It wasn't that Jane could not sleep on the sofa. She just wanted to compete with Drake. Besides, she did not want to accommodate for this scumbag's comfort.

Hearing Jane's words, Drake fell silent for a while. In **the** end, he got up from the bed and slowly walked to the sofa without saying a word.

Looking at the man's actions and his easy compliance, Jane was somewhat shocked.

Back

then, Drake wouldn't really accommodate her just because she would say so. He would simply let her be if she chose the sofa.

What **was** up with this sudden change?

"Tomorrow, we'll take the car to Belgium and book a flight from there."

Drake, who was lying on the sofa, suddenly spoke **up just as** Jane was thinking.

Hearing this, Jane came back to her senses and looked **at the** man who already closed his eyes. Her thoughts became even more complicated.

"Okay," Jane replied simply in the **end**.

The atmosphere quieted **down**, and Jane also silently lay back on the bed. **She** cleared **thoughts** after a few minutes **to get** herself to sleep.

While it was **quiet there** however, Maplewood Mansion was in chaos.

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## **Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 65 -**

Mr Warner.

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### **Chapter 65**

**Zachary** was **very** happy and pulled Zoe’s hand. “Zoe, you will become my sister in the future. **I will** definitely treat you better.”

**Hearing** that, Zane stepped forward and snatched Zoe’s hand back. He said coldly to Zachary, “**Zoe** is my sister. Don’t even think about taking her away.”

“I am not intending to take Zoe away. We can take care of Zoe together in the future. If anyone bullies her, you and I can protect her together, and Teacher Pretty too. I can also protect her.”

“I’ll protect Mummy and my sister. I don’t need you!”

Without mentioning the matter between Jane and Drake, Zane did not have much hostility towards Zachary. However, once this matter was touched upon, Zane was like a cat whose tail was stepped on.

“But Teacher Pretty is already with my father. They’re both sleeping on the same bed. Daddy must be responsible for Teacher Pretty,” Zachary said seriously.

“You’re talking nonsense. Mummy isn’t with him,” Zane retorted.

“We already saw it in the video just now, and Zoe had also seen it. What do you think about it, Zoe?”

“I’ll send Mummy a message now.” Zane refused to admit anything, although he did see the moment when the two of them were lying together.

Just as Jane was about to fall **asleep**, she received a message from Zane, asking if she was sleeping with Drake. She was startled and quickly typed out a reply.

She explained that the two of them were trapped in the hotel because of a heavy rain, and the hotel only had one room so they were roomed together, but they did not sleep in the same bed.

After sending the message, she secretly took a picture of Drake sleeping on the sofa.

When Zane received the response and the photo, the haze on his face disappeared in an instant, leaving only happiness.

“**See?** Mummy and your father don’t have anything going on at all. So don’t think about it.”

Zachary **glanced** at **the** photo and saw that his **father** was really on **the** sofa. **He** frowned, feeling bits of frustration at his own father.

His father was too useless. God had given him such a good opportunity only for him to **waste** it!

The **person in** question whose son was badmouthing **him** in his mind could not sleep **well** all night.

In the middle **of the** night, **he suddenly** heard a rustling **sound**. Drake **opened** his eyes in the **darkness**.

**Jane was** in a daze **and** wanted to **use** the toilet. However, because she was **still** half **asleep**, she **forgot that** she was in a hotel **and** not at home.

16:22

Mr. Warner. **Your** Ex-wife is Brilliant

62.7%

## Chapter 65

**Unbeknownst to** her, she was walking in the direction of the sofa. Even when **she** reached **the** edge **of** the **sofa**, she still did not stop.

**With a scream**, Jane fell forward.

“Umph!” The man groaned in the darkness.

Jane also woke **up** completely from the pain as she bumped her leg against the leg of the **sofa**.

Then she realized that she had fallen onto a broad chest, and she could hear the man’s strong heartbeat. A large hand was also wrapped around her waist.

Even in the dark, Jane could imagine the awkward position she was in with Drake. However, she **was** struggling to get up in the darkness.

The man’s scorching breath sprayed on her neck, causing her to have goosebumps.

“Stop moving!”

Jane was startled by the commanding tone that she really did not dare to move.

However, the longer they stayed like this, the clearer her senses picked up the man’s strong heartbeat and his long, heavy breathing in the darkness.

And there was also...

Feeling the man’s abnormality, Jane subconsciously relaxed even more. She was too scared to move an inch.

After a while however, she was beginning to **feel** numb. She spoke tentatively,

“Drake, let me go.”

“You brought yourself here, and now you want me to let you go? Jane, do you really not think of me as a man, or do you think that I can’t do it?”

“I think it’s **necessary** for me to prove my strength.” With that, the man tightly clasped his hand around Jane’s waist.

The slight movement made **Jane** panic, and her hands clenched on the shirt against the man’s chest.

“Drake, don’t be impulsive! Think about your beloved Annie!”

Jane’s words instantly broke the atmosphere. Drake’s **face** darkened and all previous thoughts **were** washed away.

Right. **The** person he loved was Annie, and it could only be Annie!

What happened between **them** before was only because they **weren’t** sober so it could still be understandable. However, this time around, they **were** both sober. If something really happened, then they would have no excuse.

**When** Jane **felt the** hand on her waist loosen, and **the** man once again exuded an aura **of** estrangement, Jane did **not** know if she was disappointed or relieved.

Taking advantage of the **opportunity**, she **quickly** stood **up**. Yet as soon as she stood **firm**, **she felt a** burning pain in the **foot** of **the sofa** leg. **The** pain made **her** gasp.

## 16.22

Mr. Warner. **Your** Ex Wife is Brilliant

63.1%

“**I’m sorry**. I didn’t mean **to**. I **was drowsy**. I wanted **to use** the toilet, but I thought it **was** in **my** room at home, **so I didn’t** bother turning on **the** light and blindly found my **way**. I didn’t **expect** to fall down.”

**Forget** about peeing. She just wanted to jump back on the bed and cover her head and pretend as if nothing had happened.

However, **she** had fallen on the man herself and he only reacted so she had to take the

blame.



“Okay,” Drake responded simply then stood up.

Aware of his movements, Jane subconsciously backed away.

“What are you doing?”

“Take a shower,” he replied coldly again then walked into the bathroom.

He did not turn on the lights. In the darkness, Jane could only hear the sound of water coming from the bathroom. After ten minutes, **Drake** came **out** again, but the gust of wind from when he opened the bathroom door felt cold.

Jane **was** stunned. He didn’t take a cold shower, did he?

“Did you take a cold shower? You’ll catch a cold,” Jane said with a bit of guilt.

He did not answer, and Jane could not bear it.

Jane

wanted to say he could sleep on the bed instead, and she could just take the sofa, but before she could finish, the man walked forward. Even in the darkness, he managed to find her face and clasp her chin in a tight grip.

“Are you inviting me to quench the fire?”

Jane’s face instantly turned red. She quickly slapped away the man’s hand.

“What are you assuming? I just want to let you **sleep** on the bed and I’ll sleep on the sofa.”

Hearing that, Drake retracted his hand. The air around him was freezing cold.

Jane did not understand what she had said wrongly to offend this man to coldness again.

“I don’t want you to do something that your one and only would not approve of. I’m going to sleep on the sofa.”

After that, Jane walked towards **the** sofa, all the while she feeling a sense of loss in her heart.

What **was she expecting?** In Drake’s heart, **there** was only Annie!

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## Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 66 -

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Chapter 66

### Chapter 66

The next **day**, when **the sun was** just rising and before Drake could get up, Jane had already **showered and** packed her things up. Looking at Drake still lying on the bed, Jane said indifferently:

“I’ll wait for you in the hall downstairs.”

After that, she carried her suitcase downstairs. Drake looked at her back with a complicated expression.

Jane waited in the lobby while using her phone to check the flight status of the neighboring city. Suddenly, a woman appeared and handed her an invitation card. Then, she pointed to the newly opened restaurant opposite the hotel and began to introduce it to her.

Jane was not interested at first, but when she heard that since it was newly opened, there would be a lucky draw for couples and the first prize was a robot figure, she hesitated.

Zoe liked all kinds of robots very much. Some robots could be bought, but some special robots could not be bought with money. They had to participate in certain activities or have someone inside to get them.

The robot figure for the restaurant event was the kind of robot that money couldn’t buy.

Of course, Jane wanted to bring something back to Zoe, but... couple activities. Where on earth was she going to find someone to form a couple with her for that?

Suddenly, Drake's name appeared in her mind.

She immediately shook her head. Well, technically, they could form a couple legally, but their situation could not really suggest that. Besides, she could not even expect him to agree.

"Let's go," Drake's voice sounded just as she was thinking deeply about how to get this robot figure.

Jane raised her eyes. The man was fully dressed and seemingly all ready to go. His **expression was as** indifferent as **ever**.

Jane got up and followed. But then she glanced back at the restaurant opposite and finally **said** to Drake:

"There seems to be a restaurant **opposite**. I just happen to **be** hungry. Why don't we go have a meal **first**?"

Drake looked at the restaurant that Jane was talking about. **He** noticed that there were many people **in** there, making **his** brows crease slightly.

He **didn't like** crowded **places**!

"**Okay**," he replied **unexpectedly** while she was **expecting** a refusal.

Jane could **not** say **whether** she was shocked or surprised. She really had been readying herself for a **no**. There **were many** customers when they entered **the** restaurant, **but the waiter was still very enthusiastic** about arranging **seats for the two of** them.

**They** took a **seat by the** window. **When the** waiter saw that **the two of them** had come **together, he** naturally **introduced the couple's** lucky draw for **the** opening **of the** new store.

**16:22**

**Jane glanced at** Drake, wondering **if** the other party **understood** the **waiter's words**.

**Her first thought** was **to come** in and **eat** and then think about whether there was any other **way** to get that robot figure.

“Beautiful lady, the event is almost over. No one has won the first prize yet. If **you** and this handsome man participate in the event, you may be able to win the first prize!”

Hearing the waiter’s warm recommendation, Jane felt a little more hopeful in her heart. She could just stay for a little while and wait if someone managed to win the first prize. Then she would just go forward and negotiate with them to see if she could buy it with

money.

“No need. We’re just here to eat.”

Jane politely refused, but she kept her eyes on the lottery, always paying attention to whether anyone had won the first prize.

“Okay, ma’am. Then wait a moment. Your meal will be served soon,” the waiter said politely.

After that, he took their menu and went to the kitchen to have their orders line up.

Meanwhile, Drake’s eyes kept falling on Jane. Seeing that she was paying close attention to the event yet rejected the waiter’s offer, he felt a little suspicious in his heart.

Later, when the waiter was serving the food, Drake told the waiter in fluent French that he wanted to participate in the event.

Jane was startled and looked up at him, not understanding what he meant.

Hearing that they were going to participate in the event, the waiter enthusiastically brought the two **of** them to the lottery place and then said:

“Because the event can only be attended by couples, in order to prove that the two are a couple, the two of them must first kiss in person before they can participate in the event.”

Jane was really looking forward to being able to draw the lottery, even if she might not be lucky enough to win the first prize. However, this announcement threw her off.

Just as she wanted to say that she would not participate anymore, Drake grabbed the back of her head with his long arm.

Following the man's movements, his cool lips landed on Jane's.

**After** a while, Drake let **go** and looked at the organizer, asking indifferently:

**"Is** that okay?"

The organizer was **also stunned by the two people's sudden kiss. However**, at that moment, the **handsome** man and the **beautiful** woman were quite **eye-catching**.

It **felt** like **there** were **thousand** horses racing in **Jane's heart**. **She** wanted to scold **the** man for **his** shamelessness, but **the man** had **already** grabbed her hand, turned, and reached out to the blind **lottery box together** with **her**.

**For Zoe's robot figure**, Jane swallowed **the** curses and **endured** it.

**The two of them** fumbled for a while in the blind box before they took out a note **and handed** it to **the people** handling **the** event.

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When the note **was** opened, Jane was also very nervous.

"Wow. Congratulations to the two of you! You really won the first prize in our store. It's a **very** precious and unique robot figure!" the waiter announced loudly as he looked at the note. For some reason, when she saw Drake and Jane who made such a beautiful couple, he **also** faintly hoped that they would win the lottery.

Jane herself didn't expect that she would win!

When the event party brought the two of them to the stage and congratulated them, they **took** the reward over. Jane was overjoyed as they handed it to her.

“Thank you!”

After getting the robot figure, Jane carefully put it away.

Drake looked at her smiling face and remembered that she had just mentioned coming here

to eat. It seemed that she had already thought about this from the beginning.

And the reason why she wanted it was probably for the sake of her two children.

Thinking of this, Drake’s expression turned gloomy.

The two of them returned to the table. Jane was in a good mood as she prepared to eat when Drake’s cold voice barked:

“Give me that!”

Jane took a bite of the steak and looked up at the man in puzzlement.

“You want this too?”

Jane was a little stunned. She looked at the man with cold eyes. This was a gift she planned to give Zoe. No matter what, she would not hand it over.

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## **Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 67 -**

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**Chapter 67**

**“Why do you think I participated in the event?” Drake asked.**

**“It’s a** rare business trip, so I have to bring a gift for the brat at home. After all, Zach as **never received** mother’s love **since** he was **a** child. **As** his father, I have to give him double **the care.**”

Jane looked at him and her expression changed. Did he mean that she had not fulfilled her responsibilities as a mother? Well, who was hiding who she was in the first place?

“I’m not giving you this, but don’t worry, I’ll pay **you** back for it,” Jane said indifferently.

“Hmph, you’d better do what you say.” Drake coldly snorted but ultimately did not force her to give him the robot anymore.

After eating, the two of them took **a** car to Belgium and booked the nearest plane ticket to return to Germany.

After finally returning home, Jane went directly to Maplewood Mansion to bring the two little kids home. Drake did not stop them so they were able to get back immediately.

The next day, when Jane went to work as usual. Mya snorted coldly when she saw her for the first time since the past few days.

Jane didn’t want to deal with her so early in the morning so she ignored it and started to work after turning on the computer.

The investment matters in France had already been negotiated. After returning to Germany, Drake gave **her** the same investment bidding information and let her work on plans to win it.

After Jane read the documents, she began to edit the bidding plan. Suddenly, Mya came over with a pile of documents and threw them on the table.

“This is the follow–up material from the last time we cooperated with the French side. Take a look. It will be sent to their side in the afternoon, so you’d better be more careful dealing with it.”

Listening **to** Mya's commanding attitude, even if it was a job that should have been completed, **Jane** was too lazy **to** care about it.

**She raised** her hand and threw **the** document back to **the** other party. **She** said coldly, "I am rushing **to** take care **of** the follow-  
**up** matters of the cooperation, so don't bother me and stay **away**."

"What's with **your** attitude? I was in charge **of** this cooperation with Assistant Harold before. **If you** take **over** from him, you have to do the work he should do."

"Who asked you to **do** other work? The investment bidding plan? **Why** are you doing **this** bidding?"

**Mya** looked at **Jane's computer**. She could barely **read** the largest fonts **which** she tried **reading out loud**.

Jane **moved** her hand and turned the **computer** off. **She** looked **at** her coldly. "**Who says you** can look at **my** plans? Do **you not** have **any** courtesy?"

**16:22**

Mr. Warner. Your Ex..

"If **you** have any objection to **my work**, **you** can **go** directly **to** the President. **It was** him who **arranged** to let me handle **it**."

Too lazy to pay attention to Mya, Jane simply pointed at Drake while wondering why he hadn't fired her yet.

"Hmph, what are you being arrogant about? I'll definitely go to President Warner to find out. Who knows if what you're saying is true?" Mya snorted coldly.

She let out a huff of disbelief, apparently not thinking that the President would entrust such an important bidding project to this woman.

Then, she turned and walked towards Drake's office, her high heels clicking loudly. When she reached the door however, she stopped.

Mya hesitated when she thought about how every situation that she thought Jane angered the President enough to fire her, it ended up backfiring.



In the end, she did not go inside. Instead, she returned to her post with a sneer at the corner

of her mouth.

When Jane saw her return with that sneer, she simply raised her eyebrow then she retracted her gaze and continued her work.

At some point during the work, Jane went to the toilet. In the afternoon, she finally finished writing the bidding plan, arranged it, and sent it to Drake.

After a while, she received a message from him which said she had to go to the office.

She brought the documents in and explained the price of the plan in detail.

When Mya saw Jane enter the President's office, her entire expression turned cold.

**Just** in time, she received a message from a friend who had worked at the Warner Company **before**. She was asking her to have dinner together to which she readily agreed.

With the excuse of meeting a client, Mya left the company and went to **the** coffee shop she had agreed with her friends.

After arriving at the place, Mya sat down. As soon as she did, she immediately asked, "Last time, you told **me** that you were **fired** because of a woman who suddenly appeared in the company. You said that you want to **find** out about that woman's situation. How is it going?"

Mya's friend was the woman **that Jane** had met earlier in the company who liked to bully new **employees**. **Her** name was Yannie.

In the situation at that time, after Jane helped the other party recover some information, the other party **not** only did **not appreciate** it **but instead spoke ill** of her. **Drake** caught **her** and fired **her directly**.

**Unfortunately**, Yannie did not **know Jane's identity**. **After she was fired** from the **company**, **she had always hated Jane**, hence, **she had been trying to investigate** her. **And** although Jane's **detailed** information couldn't **be found**, **her name was at least known**.

**“I only found** her name. **She** said it **was** Jane. **She used to** work for another brand. I haven’t found **anything** else,” Yannie said angrily.

Hearing Yannie’s words, Mya **lost every** bit of her composure. “What did you say? Jane?”

Chapter 67

“Yeah, it is **her**. **Why? You** know **her?**”

“Oh, **you** have no idea. She **works** for **the** Warner Corporation and is stationed very close to me. **Because of** her, **I** almost got fired,” Mya recounted fiercely.

**“No way! How** could she join the Warner Corporation? And she’s at your level of position as soon **as she** joined the **company?**” Mya’s position in the company wasn’t low.

**It** was, in fact, impossible for a **new** employee who had just joined the company to be in the same position as **her**.

“Don’t even mention it! I’ve also checked about her, but I didn’t find anything except that she was personally arranged by President Warner to join the company.”

Mya was also very depressed. She asked many people in the company, but when she as much as mentioned Jane’s name, everyone would wave their hands and say that they didn’t know anything. She could not even find out if they were related in any way.

“Hmph. A person that President Warner personally arranged for, huh? Could it be that she is President Warner’s lover?” Yannie said jealously.

“Probably not. Although she was arranged by Boss Warner, I don’t think Boss Warner treated her very well.” Mya recalled the few times when Drake was cold to Jane and really couldn’t imagine such a connection between them.

“Forget it! Don’t mention her anymore. How is your work now?” Mya was concerned about Yannie’s work.

“It’s alright. I’ve already found a job. It’s the Holbrook Corporation,” Yannie said in a better mood.

Although the Holbrook Corporation was not as good as the Warner Corporation, it was still **a big** company and had a lot of influence. Anyone who joined had to be good at their jobs.

“The Holbrook Corporation? Not bad, but since you just joined the company, why do you **have** time to invite me out for afternoon tea?” Mya asked.

**Mya** and Yannie’s relationship was not bad, but they were not close friends. They were only close in the company. Therefore, Mya did not think that Yannie took the initiative to come to her. There had to be something else.

“Uh, yeah. About that, I really have something to ask you.” Yannie **hesitated** for a while. In **the end**, she did not hide it.

“**I just** joined the Holbrook Corporation. I need **to** prove my abilities **before** I can become **a** regular. We are currently bidding on an investment project. The biggest competitor is the Warner **Group**. I want to ask you who is **in charge of** this **project?**”

“If it’s an acquaintance, **I** can also think about it. What is the reserve **price** for **this** bidding in her plan? I need **to** also **write the** plan and bid for the reserve **price.**”

Yannie **knew that her request** was too much, **but in** order **to** gain a firm foothold **in** the Holbrook Corporation as **soon** as possible, she had **to give** it a try

If it was **someone** she knew who had **taken over the project**, she **would** better use her knowledge **of the other** person to evaluate it and **give a** higher **price**.

**When Mya** heard Yannie’s request, she immediately wanted to refuse. However, **after**

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Mr. Warner, Your Ex wife **is** Brilliant

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hearing **about** the bid, **her eyes instantly** lit up.

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## **Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 68 -**

Mr. Warner, **Your** Ex-wife is Brilliant

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Chapter 68

The next **day**, Jane and Drake participated **in** the bidding together.

Jane's plan was very reasonable, and the price was higher than that **of** any of her offers. In Drake's **view**, this **was** a winning bid. At this point, they were just waiting for the signing.

After the final result came out, Drake's face sank.

**The** bidding project was won by the Holbrook Corporation, and the price given by the Holbrook Corporation seemed **to** be one million higher than their offer.

**The** bidding plans were all open to the public. Drake could be sure that Holbrook's proposal was not as good as theirs. The only reason why they successfully won the bid was that they had paid the highest investment price.

When Jane saw that the project was won by the Holbrook Corporation, her expression was also very bad. The price she gave was already the highest price she had estimated. She didn't expect for this price to still be exceeded. It was very strange.

Looking at Drake's gloomy face, Jane knew that he must be angry.

“President Warner, Miss Bentley, long time no see.” Just then, Charles Holbrook, the CEO of the Holbrook Corporation, came up and greeted the two of them with a smile on his face.

“Ah, I stole an item that Boss Warner was interested in this time. I’m sorry,” Charles said. apologetically, but his face did not hide his gloating.

After so many years, **he** had finally defeated Drake once. How could he not rub it in his face?

“Holbrook’s plan is very general. If they can **win** the project, it’s all at the expense of President Holbrook.” Although he won the project, it was only because of a million. In Drake’s opinion, it was not very worthwhile as the profit margin wasn’t that large.

Drake’s expression was not good because Charles’s proud mouth made him very uncomfortable. This man didn’t know how to restrain himself that Drake was embarrassed

for him.

“It’s not really that important for me to lose a bit **of** money. The important thing is to be able to steal something from President Warner, but to be honest, I have to thank **Miss** Bentley for this one. If it wasn’t for Miss Bentley’s cooperation, how could I have been able to give a higher bidding price to win in this round?”

**These** words **were very** ambiguous. After Charles’s words, Drake looked at Jane coldly.

She was not stupid, and immediately replied coldly, “**Mr.** Holbrook, you **are** talking **nonsense**. I don’t **know** you well. What does your winning this bid have anything to do with

me?”

“**Miss Bentley**, you have **really been** abroad for too many years that **you for got** about our **past** connection. **Back** then, when you **were still in the** Bentley family, we met each other. Our **elders tried to** set us **up**. It’s a pity **Miss Bentley** failed to take **fancy** in me,” Charles said lightly with a faint **smile**.

She **also** recalled what **happened back** then and **indeed**, it was as he said.

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**Mr. Warner**, Your Ex-wife is Brilliant

**However, back then, she was all so focused on Drake and did not care** about the other men arranged **by her mother.**

**But** in the **end**, though she married Drake as she wished, her mother also ended up passing

**away.**

**Recalling** the painful past, Jane's expression became cold.

**"It's** been **too** long, I forgot," Jane replied coldly.

Charles **didn't care** either. "Ah, **well.** It doesn't matter if you forget it. I will remember it for

us."

Hearing that, Jane looked at him coldly, not understanding what he meant, but Charles had already left with **a** smile.

Feeling **the** cold gaze from her side, Jane looked over met Drake's piercing eyes.

Back at the company, Jane was called into the office by Drake. She thought that at Drake was going to question her about the price but did not expect what he said instead.

"Your two children Charles?"

Jane was stunned.

She didn't know how Drake's brain grew to such a conclusion and actually ask such a question. Thinking about it, it was a bit funny.

"President Warner, this is my personal life. I don't think it's necessary for me report even this to you, right?"

Hearing Jane's cold **reply**, Drake stepped forward and grabbed her chin, forcibly raising her **face.**

He said coldly: “Jane, did I indulge **you** too much when I let you play tricks on my back like this and give birth to two children for Charles behind my back? You are even capable of revealing the bidding price to him?”

“Drake, are you too imaginative? I’m not familiar with that Charles at all. There would be something wrong with me if I actually revealed the bidding price to him.” Jane struggled to get out of his grip all the while feeling embarrassed.

“Have you not met each other? You should have known each other a long time ago. The meaning **of** his words were all obviously pointing towards you. Back then, when you were **able** to go abroad quietly, he was probably the one who helped you!” Drake growled. **There** was a low **air** pressure around him, and his words held a strong sense of jealousy.

**Being accused** like this made Jane **very** angry. “Since you think I’m a **pawn** he arranged for **you, you can** fire me. But don’t you **forget** that it was **you** who insisted on **letting** me work **here!** Not **me!**”

**Hearing** this, Drake finally **regained** some **sense** of **reason**. Perhaps he **might have** rushed too **quickly to a conclusion**.

**But** he **was** still **angry**. “**Then whose children** are **Zane and Zoe?** Jaspers’?”

**Hearing** Drake say **Jasper’s** name again, **the expression** on Jane’s **face** became **even** more **uncomfortable**.

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**Mr. Warner, Your Ex–wife is Brilliant**

“I said, this is **my personal** matter. **There’s** no **need** to report it to you.”

“Is it **because of** your **guilty conscience**, or because Zane and Zoe are really Charles’ children?” Drake asked coldly.

**Jane** was stunned. “In the end, you still don’t believe me. You think that I disclosed the reserve **price**. If that’s the case, then let me prove my innocence.”

**After** she finished speaking, Jane slammed **the** door and left. However, as soon as she returned to her post, **Mya came** over to trouble her.

**Mya** had been looking Jane's expression when she came out of the President's office and felt **a** sense of satisfaction with it.

It seemed that her plan was a success.

"Some people are just over their heads and think that they can do anything **if** they have the looks, when in fact, they have no ability at all."

"Slap!" As soon as Mya finished speaking, a resounding **slap** landed on her face.

Jane looked at her coldly. "Some people just don't have **a** good memory. They have been taught countless times, but they still do not learn that some people can't be provoked."

Being slapped for the second time by Jane, Mya's face twisted in anger as she glared and growled:

"Why the hell did you hit me?"

"**My** hand slipped. Who asked you chatter nonsense in front of me?"

"Was I wrong? How could the company lose to the Holbrook Corporation in this bid if it **wasn't** for you?" Mya roared, face showing great resentment after being slapped by Jane yet again.

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## **Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 69 -**

Chapter 69

Mya's words made Jane stunned for a moment, then she said coldly:



“How did you know that the bid was lost to the Holbrook Corporation?”

“It was only me and Drake who went to bid. As soon as we came back, we went into his office and didn’t say anything about the bidding project at all.”

Hearing Jane’s question, Mya’s face turned pale, and she knew that she had just made a

mistake.

But at such a critical time, she knew that she could not panic or she would give herself away, so she immediately said as calmly as possible:

“Hmph! As soon as Boss Warner came back, his face was cold. You were scolded by Boss Warner and walked out of the office with that ugly expression. It must be because you lost the bid. It’s not difficult to guess. As for my guess that it was the Holbrook Corporation, that’s because they are our corporation’s biggest competitor. Who else is there?”

“Really?” Jane did not believe Mya’s explanation. She did not miss the panic that flashed through Mya’s eyes.

She pressed her lips in a thin line and stepped a few distances closer to Mya until she crowded her in a corner.

“I’m not a fool. It’s more than that. In the entire company, no one except you knows that I’m working on this bidding project. In addition, you were able to take a peek at my plan. I’m afraid you even peeked at the bidding price and revealed it. Shall we find out?”

Jane was only guessing, and she only said it on purpose just to see how Mya would react.

Sure enough, the panic on Mya’s face became even more intense.

“What nonsense are you talking about? How could I do something that would harm the company? I think you sold the reserve price to a competing company! You still want to slander me?” Mya bit back.

“Okay, since you said so, then let’s check the surveillance to see if you have peeped around to look at my plans,” Jane said lightly.

Judging from Mya's various expressions and slips, she was already certain that it was her who must have told another third party the bidding price. Besides, she remembered that when Mya first saw her plan, she hadn't written a bid for the reserve price. There was only one possibility.

After she had put the price, Mya had probably found a chance to look into her computer to look through all the plans.

Then, there must be a record of her doing that.

Hearing that Jane wanted to check the surveillance, Mya did not look afraid at all but instead said indifferently:

"Fine, then check the surveillance. You think I'm afraid of you?"

Afterwards, the two of them arrived at the monitoring room. Jane went straight forward to

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business and stated **that** she wanted **to** see the **CCTV footages**. The man in **the monitoring**

**om complied easily**.

**however, when yesterday's** surveillance was called up, it **was just** a white **screen**.

**What's going on?"** Jane coldly questioned the man in the monitoring room.

**he** man looked at Jane and said indifferently, "Maybe there is an error in the program. **yesterday's surveillance** was not saved."

Hearing this, Jane's **face became** even colder. Mya said with a proud expression:

Hmph, it's not my fault that yesterday's surveillance was not saved. I think you should just admit that **it** was you who leaked the company's secrets."

Wait!" **Of** course, Jane wouldn't just let it go **so** she operated on the computer to see if the surveillance was really not saved.

Mya and the man in the monitoring room looked at each other.

They did not believe that Jane could retrieve the permanently deleted surveillance records.

Jane was not able to retrieve the surveillance records, but she did find out that it was not true that the surveillance footage was not saved due to some procedural error.

It was simply deleted, and the deletion record was also erased. If one didn't know where to look, they wouldn't find out about this. Unfortunately to them, she had keen eyes for these kinds of things.

After locating a clue, she was more certain that it was Mya who did it, but for the time being, she could not produce any evidence.

In the evening, when she returned home from work, she was still thinking about how to restore the deleted surveillance video. That was until Zane brought a beautifully packaged

box over.

'Mummy, here it is.'

Jane came back to her senses and was a little puzzled as they handed the box on her lap. "What is it?"

Zoe said from the side, "Mummy, this is a surprise for you."

"Surprise?" Jane was a little surprised, then she remembered that call when Zachary said that Zane had prepared a surprise for her.

"What is it?" Jane smiled and her heart was full of warmth.

"Mummy, open it and take a look." Zane said.

Jane opened the beautifully packaged box. Immediately, she saw a very lush and healthy **pack** of Ganoderma lucidum. It was obviously of high-quality. Not to mention the quality, even the lowest quality of this herb would still be very valuable.

Jane was stunned for a moment, then looked at her son and asked suspiciously, “Zane, tell Mummy, where did you get the money to buy such an expensive thing for me?”

“Mummy, you don’t like it?” **Seeing** Jane’s serious face, Zane **felt** a little uneasy in his heart. “**It’s** not that **Mummy** doesn’t like **it**, but this thing **is very expensive**. Mummy wants to ask

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**you, where did you get so much money?”**

“**Mummy, this is the money that** brother won from playing games,” **Zoe** said when Zane did **not say anything**.

**Hearing this**, Jane **was still** confused. What game **could** win so much money? Even **at first** glance, the quality of this Ganoderma lucidum was over a million, which was not a small sum even for her, much **less for a** child like him.

“Mummy, I made money from an online editing task.” Zane no longer concealed it and confessed.

“Your computer skills are already that good?” Jane was shocked.

Zane’s computer was taught by her. At the beginning, every time she used the computer, he would come over to him. She taught him some things **on** a whim but didn’t really give much thought about his progress as he was, after all, still too young to put on expectations on him.

She just didn’t expect Zane to get this good that he could even take over the task of editing programs online.

What Jane didn’t know was that Zane was assigned the task of breaking the US country’s defense network. Had she known this, she would be even more shocked to the point that she would probably be more concerned than proud.

“Mhm! If you don’t believe me, I can show it to Mummy.” Afraid that Jane would not believe it, Zane even took out his laptop. Then, his little fingers began ty

ping on the screen, his movements fluid and continuous like a flowing water. He looked like an expert!

She was really stunned. She did not expect her baby to be so good at it! She picked up her son and peppered kisses him on the face.

“My baby, you are so powerful! I didn’t expect you to be better than your mother.”

After she finished speaking, Jane thought of the things that had troubled her during the day. She could not restore the deleted surveillance records. Maybe her baby could?

“Zane, can you do Mummy a favor?”

“Mm. Anything. Mummy ask whatever she wants.” Zane nodded happily. He was very happy when he received Mummy’s compliment.

The next day, Jane secretly brought Zane to the company and went to the monitoring room again, careful not to let anyone see him.

After reaching the outside of the monitoring room, Jane made an excuse and invited the man out of **the** monitoring room. Zane quietly entered, and then he started to fiddle with the computer.

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## **Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 70 -**

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### **Chapter 70**

On **the** balcony, Logan, the man who was **overseeing** the monitoring room, looked at Jane, lit a **cigarette**, and **said impatiently**:

“**Miss**, if you do not have anything important to do, I’ll go back. **I’ve** said it many times. The reason why the surveillance video was not saved was because

of a programming problem. No one **deliberately** deleted it. If you don't believe it, you can just call the police. Okay?"

Despite the impatience in his voice, Jane wasn't deterred from and still wanted to say something to delay the time as much as possible. However, just then, her phone sounded.

She glanced at it then looked back up to him. She smiled sharply and said coldly, "Okay, since you said so, then I will not ask anything else. You may go."

The man cursed in a low voice and began to walk back. Suddenly, Jane stopped him again.

"Your surname is Dumphy too, right?" Jane asked breezily with a mysterious smile on her face.

"Yeah, what's wrong with my surname?"

"Nothing. Just curious. You have the same surname as Mya who is stationed next to me," Jane said lightly and then left, still with that peculiar smile.

Logan was left feeling a little nervous in his heart.

She went back in the office, intending to check the surveillance video that Zane had sent to her on her phone. However, as she got close, she heard Mya's voice.

"That Jane is not a good person. Not only did she use her beauty to hook up with President Warner, she also sold the company's bidding price to our competitor. I don't know why President Warner still keeps someone like her here."

"It's really disgusting to work with someone like her. I'm still sitting so close to her. I don't know if I'll be affected by her fishy smell."

The few colleagues who listened to Mya's complaints were new female colleagues from the company, and they were all people who did not know about Jane's real relationship with Drake.

Anyone who knew about it avoided even mentioning her name for fear that they would offend President Warner and they would be fired.

“You’re right. I think she’s a complete vixen. She spends all day thinking about how to hook up with President Warner. Don’t you notice how she enters the President’s office several times a day!”

“Hmph! I heard that Warner Corporation is a big company who puts emphasis on fairness and being just. I didn’t expect that there would be an employee here who rely on their looks to get through the **back** door. **It’s** really despicable.”

“I know! **I heard that the** former assistant was fired, so I’m guessing **it** was because she **squeezed** her way in like that **to** replace him. Doesn’t she find it shameful **to** sit in a position acquired through this **dirty means?**”

Everyone’s whispered **curses fell** into Jane’s ears.

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Chapter 70

A **sneer appeared** on **the** corner of **her** mouth as she **slowly** walked towards the group.

“Indeed, working **with people** like **you** is a disheartening thing. I didn’t **expect** that the **beautiful** female **assistants under** Drake would be stupid like you and can’t even match up **to pigs.**”

**Jane’s sudden** appearance stunned everyone for a moment, and then a grumpy female **assistant asked:**

“Who are **you** comparing to a pig?”

“Whoever’s in this conversation is one,” Jane snorted.

“You...” Immediately, the woman was enraged, her eyes narrowing into slits. She raised her finger and pointed at Jane.

However, she was too lazy to care about a group of brainless people. Once she had evidence, she would just wait for the law to punish Mya.

With her phone in hand, Jane went upstairs towards Drake's office. She planned to show him the evidence and leave it to him to deal with it.

However, when she reached there, he was not in the office at all. Jane asked Daniel and then was told that he had left.

She was displeased at that. He didn't go out and was cooped up in his office this morning, but he wasn't there at such a critical moment?

Although she was unhappy, Jane could do nothing but simply wait for his return.

After Zane helped her restore the video, she called him a taxi and sent him home.

On the way back, Zane kept his eyes outside the window, watching as buildings and people pass them in a blur. At a traffic light intersection, the window of another car rolled down and he suddenly recognized that it was Drake.

'Dad?' Zane was stunned for a moment, but then he immediately recovered and hurriedly asked the driver to follow Drake's car.

The car stopped at a high-end restaurant. Zane watched as his father got out of the car and walk into the restaurant with a beautiful woman in tow. Anger welled up in his little chest.

Hmph! This man was really was a scumbag. He could still let it go if his father misunderstood his mother and believed that she could betray their company. However, his father even had the galls to go out to dinner with other women. This time, he could not let go simply!

Zane was **very** unhappy, so he **also got** out of the car and then entered the restaurant. He sat down in a remote corner not far from Drake and the woman and listened to their

conversation.

**Because** there **was** still some distance between them, he couldn't hear their exact conversation. **Although he** was able to gather bits and pieces of what **th**



ey talked about. A few more chatters later, he heard them talk about marriage and family. This **got** him angrier.

**Immediately, he took out the** tablet he was **carrying** and sent the **recovered** surveillance video to **Drake's** phone with a caption:

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Chapter 70

**'My Mummy** is innocent. **If you** misunderstand my Mummy again, I'll be after **you!**'

After receiving Zane's news, Drake frowned slightly after watching the video.

Then he replied with a simple "Ok."

Zane felt very displeased when he **saw** his father's reply so he typed out another message and sent it again.

"This is such an important matter and you just answer with that? Shouldn't you hurry back to the company to deal with it? You still have the time to eat with a woman."

After receiving Zane's message again, Drake's brows frowned even more. He looked around the restaurant as a result, and his gaze stopped at a particular spot. He stood up, raised his leg, and walked over. When Zane noticed a figure looming over him, he looked up, but Drake was already sitting opposite him.

"Why... are you here?" Because of the toilet incident when he was trapped, Zane was still a little timid when facing Drake.

"Who taught you your computer skills?" Drake asked indifferently.

Hearing this, Zane said stubbornly, "If you want to interfere with it, don't even think about it! I'm born with it."

If he was born with the talent, it meant that he had this talent in his genes, which also meant that his father should also be a computer expert. Drake thought about it thoroughly.

However, the deeper he thought through it, the heavier his heart got. In the end, he looked at Zane with a little disdain.

“Really? Since you’re born with it, then let’s see who is more powerful,” Drake said.

Hearing that, Zane was a little eager to try, but when he thought back to when he had tried to attack the Warner Corporation before and was tracked by Drake, Zane calmed his thoughts again.

“Who wants to compete with you, you old geezer.” Zane pouted, unwilling to bear the thought of losing if he ever did agree to it.

“Old geezer?” Drake did not understand Zane’s internet slang but it was definitely not a good word.

“Hmph, I’m too lazy to tell you. I’m going back. My sister is still at home. Remember, my Mummy is innocent. You must pay me back and restore her dignity, or else...” He raised his fleshy fist at him then hopped off the chair and quickly left.

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