

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 7

002)

Chapter 7

Annie was currently not living with Drake and left Maplewood Mansion half an hour ago. She was **unaware** of Drake calling Jane.

Back in her own apartment, Annie takes off her high heels, her expression grim and devoid **of the** previous tenderness.

“That damn **Jane!** She was clearly dead, how did she come back?” She poured herself a glass **of** water, then **sat** on the sofa and took a sip, her gaze filled with malice.

“Now that she’s back, I have so many ways to kill her!” She clenched her teeth tightly, her **expression** terrifying, like a demon.

Five years ago, she had tried to kill her. Even after five years, she could still crush her like

an ant!

Besides, things were different now. She was about to marry Drake! No one, whoever it might be, could disturb their wedding!

In the largest cemetery in the western part of the city.

A woman knelt in front of a grave. There were many fresh flowers placed on the grave, indicating that someone took care of it regularly. The tombstone was free of dust and well-maintained.

“Mom, I’ve come to see you.” Jane’s voice trembled as her fingers, as white as jade, touch the inscription on the tombstone, her eyes filled with mist.

“I haven’t visited you in so many years. Don’t be angry. This time, I brought Zoé and Zane with me. They are well-behaved. Next time, I’ll bring them to see...”

Jane was in the middle of speaking when the screeching of brakes from a car outside interrupted her. She instinctively turned her head to look, but with just one glance, her heart twinged in pain as memories flooded **back**,

Why was he here?

But she didn't linger and quickly hid behind a nearby tombstone.

From that angle, she could see the direction the man was coming from. He was dressed in a black **designer** suit, his black hair neatly styled. That handsome face that had appeared countless times in her nightmares was the same as five years ago, unchanged, exuding a faint chill.

When **she saw** the lily flowers in Drake's hands, her pupils contracted, her complexion **slightly** changed, and **then** a bitter smile appeared on her face.

He still remembered what flowers she liked. He really made it difficult for her.

"Jane." **The** man came **alone, with** the driver waiting outside.

He **placed** the **lily flowers** in front of **Jane's** grave, kneeling down on one knee, his large **hand caressing the words** "Jane."

"**Today, I saw someone** who looks a lot like **you, Jane**. Is it really you **who** has returned?"

Chapter 7

The man's **voice** was hoarse, **tinged** with a faint sadness.

Peering from behind the tombstone, Jane observed the scene. Her lips curved into a **sarcastic** smile, revealing her sneer underneath. He **was** coming to see her, pretending to be sentimental, but she couldn't shake off the memory **of** him five years **ago**. He caused a blemish on her cycle of reincarnation.

Suddenly, Jane **heard** a **crisp** snap under her foot, realising she had accidentally stepped on

a fallen branch.

“Who’s there?” **The** man, who was previously lost in sadness, quickly snapped back to attention. His gaze turned menacing, his voice low and cold.

With eyes as sharp as a hawk’s, he stood up and walked towards the source of the sound.

She crouched behind the tombstone, trying to make herself as small as possible, her heart pounding with fear. Her heart was already in her throat.

The silence was broken by the jarring sound of a cell phone ringing.

Jane’s attention was drawn to the smooth, high–end black leather shoes that stopped abruptly, followed by an icy voice asking, “What’s the matter?”

The voice sounded slightly irate.

She didn’t know what the other person said, but Drake’s voice sounded urgent, “I’m coming right away.”

Hurriedly, he took off without a backward glance.

As she hid behind the tombstone, Jane felt her heart rate slow down and finally breathed a sigh of relief.

The sound of the car departing faded away, and Jane stepped out from behind the tombstone.

The gravestone next to her mother’s bore her name. Looking **down**, she caught a glimpse of it. The tombstone was adorned with an abundance of lily flowers, signalling her that it was frequently maintained.

She kept her gaze lowered, unable to discern the emotions in her eyes, but her clenched hands reveal her inner turmoil.

Jane returned to her apartment, dragging **her** tired body. Zoe and Zane **were** at Jasper’s house, so now she was alone **in** the apartment.

She poured herself **a** cup of hot water and sat down on the sofa, closing her eyes and letting out a deep **sigh** of **relief**.

The memories from five years ago were so deeply ingrained that she couldn't forget them. Dreams of what happened five years ago had haunted her **ever** since she returned to the

country.

Annie's ferocious **face** and Drake's furious **expression** when **he** violated her.

Her eyebrows furrowed, **and her forehead** was **covered in tiny beads of sweat**.

"Mummy!"

A **soft and adorable voice rang out**, accompanied by a faint **scent of milk** in the **breath**, easing **the pain** in **her forehead somewhat**.

She **opened her eyes**, her **pupils** gradually **focusing, and** looked **at the** soft and chubby **face** in front of **her**, smiling **gently**. **"Zane, where's your sister?"**

"You had a nightmare **again?"** Zane furrowed his brow, his eyes filled **with concern**.

"It's nothing." Jane **took** a tissue from the table and wiped off the cold sweat on her forehead, pretending that everything was fine, "Mommy came back tired and took a nap. Are you hungry? Let me cook for you."

"What are you talking about?" Jasper raised an eyebrow. "Are your culinary skills better than mine? Besides, you've been busy with the company these past few days. You seem like you've got a lot on your mind. So, I guess I can let you try my cooking even though I'm not thrilled about it."

Jasper cradled Zoe in his arms while she held onto a robot model. He playfully raised a finger with one hand, while giving Jane a flirtatious look with the other.

Jane didn't bother to be polite with Jasper, just nodded and suddenly noticed Zoe's hand. She furrowed her brows. "Jasper, did you buy another robot model for Zoe?"

Zoe really enjoys playing with robot models, and Jasper often buys them for her. When they were abroad, Jasper would send one every month.

However, she was well aware that the robot models Zoe liked playing with were definitely not cheap.

Jasper guided Zoe towards the sofa with a pat on the back before making his way to the kitchen, where he tied on an apron.

Jane put the two children to relax after Jasper left and stood alone by the French window, watching as the lights of the city flickered below her.

After a while, she retrieved a cigarette from her pocket, the smell of smoke filling the air as she lit it. The smell of cigarette smoke hung in the air around her.

The incident that happened five years ago left her feeling absent-minded, and she often turned to smoking to ease her mind.

She didn't notice that a crack had appeared in the room behind her.

Zane peered through the **crack**, looking at the lonely figure **in** front of the French window. His eyes were filled **with** distress, and his little hand clenched tightly.

He didn't know what mommy had experienced before, but he would never let Drake off the **hook!**

That **scumbag who happened to be his father. What a joke.**

Zane returned to his room, ready to take a small nap, but he noticed that the computer screen had suddenly lit up.

He **bounded out of bed** and **his chubby fingers** nimbly **tapped the keyboard. His adorable face** was bathed in **the** cold glow of the computer **screen, giving** him a **somewhat gloomy appearance.**

He had previously **installed** a software on **Jane's phone. Whenever Drake called her, his computer** would **receive** a notification and block it **directly.**

After enduring **the** long ringtone on **his** phone, Drake's handsome **face grew even darker.**

How dare this woman put **him** on the blacklist?!