

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 71 -

Chapter 71

When **Noelle** returned, Zane had **already** left. As she looked around the room, she spotted **Drake** sitting at another **table**, which left her feeling puzzled and unsure.

“Cousin, why are you sitting over there?”

Drake’s mind wandered, but he quickly snapped back to reality and returned to his previous seat.

“You should be starting school in two days, right? When are you leaving?”

“Yeah, tomorrow’s flight,” Noelle replied.

“When I **leave**, it’ll be another semester before I can come back to the country. When are you and Annie planning to get married? I want to be the bridesmaid.”

“We’ll **talk** about it later,” Drake glanced at the window and answered without much thought.

The wedding probably won’t take place!

Noelle, who happened to be related to Drake through his uncle, had a positive relationship with Annie. Despite the fact that everyone else tried to please Annie, Noelle was the only one who made any significant progress.

Because of this, Drake remained tight-lipped about the wedding plans.

“What do you mean by ‘later’? Are you not planning to marry Annie soon?” Noelle exclaimed in shock.

“It’s an adult matter. Kids shouldn’t meddle in it. Focus on your studies,” Drake said with an

air of an elder.

“Hmph, I’m already an adult. I’m not a kid,” Noelle pouted. Her appearance made Drake involuntarily think of Zane from earlier, who warned him with a pout. They had a slight resemblance.

Noelle couldn’t extract any information from Drake even after finishing her meal, which left her feeling unfulfilled.

The next day, during a company meeting, Drake announced the dismissal of Mya Dumphy.

When Mya heard this judgment, she couldn’t believe it.

“Mr Warner, why are you firing me? What did I do wrong?”

“What did you do? Don’t you know?” Drake’s cold gaze swept over her.

Mya’s heart skipped a beat, but she still couldn’t accept it. “Mr Warner... I don’t understand. It was clearly Jane who made the mistake. Why are you firing me? **Just** because Jane is someone you arranged to be in the company, so you want to protect her?”

Upon hearing Mya’s desperate questioning, Drake’s face grew even darker, and his words were so cold that they sent shivers down **everyone’s** spines.

“I wanted to leave you some dignity, **but since** you don’t want it, there’s nothing more to say.” Then he turned around and said coldly, “Daniel, play the **video**.”

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Chapter 1

Instantaneously, a video **materialised** on the **expansive screen**, demonstrating **Mya’s** surreptitious filming of **the course** of Jane’s plan on her computer.

Seeing the **video**, Mya turned **pale**. She murmured, “This... this can’t be true. The video clearly...”

Mya covered her mouth, **but** she had already blurted out half of her words. The people in the meeting room weren't fools; they immediately understood the whole story.

The atmosphere in the room became one of sympathy and guilt when everyone turned to look at Jane. They had misunderstood Jane because of Mya's rumors.

Jane was surprised. She hadn't had a chance to prove her innocence to Drake, so how did he have the video?

"Mr Warner, please spare me. I won't dare to do it again... Mr Warner!"

Before Jane could regain her composure, Mya was already crying and pleading for mercy.

"Mr Warner, I was wrong. I really made a mistake. Please forgive me," she said, then looked at Jane and begged, "Jane, I was wrong. I shouldn't have looked at your project plan. Please help me talk to Mr Warner and ask him not to fire me!"

As Jane listened to Mya's pleas, her expression turned cold, and she looked at Drake and said calmly.

"In addition to her, investigate the people in charge of the surveillance room as well. The surveillance records are such important evidence, but they can be deleted so easily. It shows that our company, Warner Corporation, is too careless."

Upon hearing Jane's refusal and her implication of Mya's distant cousin who worked in the surveillance room, a look of embarrassment overtook Mya's face.

Staring fiercely at Jane, she said, "Jane, how can you be so vicious? I'm the one who offended you. What right do you have to involve others?"

"Others? I think they're your relatives, right? Otherwise, why would they help you delete the surveillance records?" Jane's expression was indifferent as she faced Mya.

At this moment, Mya, like a shrew, began to hurl insults, saying extremely offensive words not only to Jane but to everyone present.

“Jane, you b*tch, faceless! Knowing that Mr Warner has a fiancée but hooks him up, a faceless woman like you will be abandoned sooner or later.”

“I framed you, so what? You are a vixen who has no skills but wants to step on someone else’s head only with a good-looking face.

”

Mya’s words shocked everyone, not just Jane. She was like a shrew cursing in the street, using extremely vulgar language.

Drake’s **face** became even more terrifyingly dark. **He** coldly said to Daniel beside him, “Call the police. She stole company **secrets**, sold company data, and insulted and defamed others.”

“**Yes, Mr Warner,**” Daniel replied. He immediately dialled the police hotline.

Seeing that Drake was calling **the police**, **Mya** panicked. She **knelt** in front of Drake,

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regretting her impulsive behaviour and how she insulted Jane.

Assuming that Jane and Mr Warner had a genuine relationship, any insult hurled at Jane would be tantamount to insulting Mr Warner as well.

“Take her out from here...” Drake watched Mya beg for mercy, his voice cold as he uttered those words.

As the security guards arrived, they quickly grabbed Mya and forcefully escorted her out, causing the previously bustling meeting room to abruptly fall silent.

“Everyone, leave. Jane, stay.”

Drake spoke again, and soon, there were only the two of them left in the meeting room.

The truth was revealed, and Jane had nothing else to say. She waited for Drake to speak and see what he would say.

“I misunderstood the bidding matter,” Drake broke the silence and spoke.

Upon hearing this, Jane’s expression remained calm. “Okay.”

“I clarified the truth for you, and all you say is ‘okay’? Don’t you have any other response?” Drake’s frustration was evident.

“Isn’t that what you should do? You misunderstood me,” Jane rolled her eyes.

“Even if it’s proven that you didn’t leak the bidding price, it doesn’t mean that t he twins. aren’t Charles’,” Drake said.

The moment she heard what he had to say, Jane’s face contorted with anger and she didn’t even bother responding to him.

“Think whatever you want.”

“If you don’t want me to have wild thoughts, you can tell me who the father of Zane and Zoe is,” Drake pursued the question again.

His curiosity was piqued about the man who could raise such intelligent and lo vely twins, Zane and Zoe.

Once he found that person, he would definitely... make them suffer!

“Sorry, I have nothing to say about that!” Jane stared at Drake and spoke word by word.

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After **leaving the** meeting room, Jane took a deep breath and returned to her desk. The air felt better without the annoying Mya. Perhaps in the eyes of others, her attitude towards Mya was a bit too cold and ruthless, but Jane knew very well that for someone like Mya, cutting her **off** completely was the best choice. After all, a dog that hates you can bite you at any time, so it's better to eliminate this danger from the beginning. Not only did she want to fire Mya, but she also wanted to hold her legally responsible.

In the afternoon, Jane went to the Warners's villa again to give Zac a private lesson. Zac was happy but also worried about the upcoming school year.

"Beautiful teacher, I'm starting school in one day, and I don't want to go to kindergarten. Can you tell Dad not to send me to kindergarten? My curriculum is already at the high school level, so going to kindergarten is boring." Zac expressed his thoughts to Jane.

Upon hearing this, Jane was taken aback. She didn't find it strange that Drake would do this. Even though Zane and Zoe had knowledge beyond their age level, Jane would still send them to kindergarten when school started. Not for anything else, but to let the two children have their own childhood and not miss out on the process of growth that children should have just because of their exceptional intelligence.

"Darling Zac, going to school is a happy experience. Why don't you want to go? Although you are very smart and learn faster than others, going to school is an essential part of your growth process. You should enjoy that process, you know?" Jane patiently reassured Zac.

"But there are annoying people at school," Zac pouted, unable to refuse Jane's words.

"How can that be? Don't you have good friends to play with?" Jane asked.

"I do, Zane and Zoe," Zac answered without hesitation.

Compared to the coquettish little girls, Zoe was brave and cute. Compared to the boys who clearly disliked him but still tried to please him, Zane was straight forward, showing his happiness and unhappiness on his face.

Hearing Zac's answer, Jane paused for a moment, then said, "Since you like Zane and Zoe so much, when school starts, the teacher will send them to the same kindergarten as you. You can go to school together."

"Really?" Zac looked at Jane excitedly.

"Of course," Jane touched Zac's head and nodded seriously. She was happy to see the three kids getting along better and better.

After returning home, Jane told the two adorable kids about going to kindergarten. Zoe and Zane didn't have any objections. Although Zane was a little unhappy about going to the same kindergarten as Zac, he didn't say anything. Although he didn't want his mommy and the scumbag daddy to be involved, Zac was indeed a good playmate and a worthy opponent.

After the school started, Jane no longer needed to give private lessons to Zane, so she had more free time. Unfortunately, Drake didn't give her a break and forced her to accompany him to various banquet events.

On this day, Jane accompanied **Drake** to an **evening** party and **encountered** Charles

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Holbrook once again.

"Miss Bentley, long time no **see...**" Charles approached them and took **the** initiative **to** strike up a conversation with Jane.

Charles' previous behaviour towards Jane had left a negative impression, causing Jane to respond **coldly**.

Charles didn't leave and instead smiled warmly. "I heard that you are now working at Warner Corporation because of Mr Warner himself? Or is it because Warner Corporation offers better treatment?"

"If it's the latter, Miss Bentley can consider joining our company, Landmark Solutions. I guarantee that the treatment you'll receive at Landmark Solutions will be much better than at Warner Corporation," Charles suggested.

Upon hearing this, Jane looked at Charles with indifference and her red lips moved, "You seem to have a habit of poaching others openly, Mr Holbrook. Are you not afraid that your hand might not reach the target and fall short by a few inches?"

Charles showed a surprised expression upon hearing Jane's words.

"I'm just interested in you personally, not in any intentions towards Warner Corporation. If you have any ideas about Warner Corporation, it would be better to find another entry point. I'm just a temporary assistant," Jane responded calmly, although she didn't know what was in Charles' mind, her intuition told her to stay away from this

person.

"Hahaha, you must be joking. When it comes to poaching, it depends on who it is. Someone like you is totally worth my effort," Charles continued with a smile, seemingly unfazed by Jane's coldness.

"I wonder if you would grace me with your presence and have lunch together? Let's catch up as old friends," Charles invited.

Jane initially wanted to refuse, but she was already unhappy about being forced to attend the evening party by Drake, and Charles' mention of Drake attending various events with Charles made her feel even more unhappy.

He made her wait here alone, and now he wanted her to wait for him here again? No way! Jane raised her head, put on a gentle and lovely expression, and accepted Charles' invitation.

Soon, the two of them left the evening party and went to a high-end restaurant nearby for lunch. With flowers, candles, and soft music, the atmosphere was set perfectly. Jane drank red wine and chatted with Charles, though her responses were somewhat absent-minded.

Admittedly, Charles was talented, well-mannered, and his words were pleasing to the ear. However, it wasn't long before Drake arrived, his domineering attitude immediately

apparent.

Seeing the two of them sitting together, Drake's face turned dark. He grabbed Jane and coldly looked at Charles, his words dripping with ice.

"Charles, are you addicted to snatching what belongs to me? Aren't you afraid that your claws will **reach too** far and come back a few inches **short**?"

Charles slowly stood up, looking at the slightly intoxicated Jane, a smile appeared in his

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eyes.

"**Mr Warner is** joking. When **it** comes **to** snatching, it **depends** on who it is. Like **I** was telling the lovely Miss Jane Bentley **here**, someone like her is worth my effort."

"I am legally married to her. Do you need me to show you the marriage certificate?" Drake's **face** was cold as **ice**, and his words were extremely domineering.

Upon hearing Drake mention the marriage certificate, Charles showed a surprised expression.

"I heard that you already have a son and are about to marry the mother of the child. Aren't you planning to commit bigamy? That's against the law, and honestly, Mr Warner, you must be aware of this," Charles raised an eyebrow, looking at Drake with a teasing gaze.

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Chapter 73

Drake's face turned **as** cold as ink, and when he looked at Jane, who was watching the scene with an amused expression, his expression grew even darker. Jane was delighted by Charles' **teasing**. She also wanted to see what Drake meant by his actions.

On one hand, he refused to divorce her, and on the other hand, he was entangled with Annie, planning to marry her. Charles' words were not wrong bigamy was indeed against the law.

"She was the mother of my child from the very beginning!" Drake's voice was low as he wrapped his arm around Jane's waist.

Startled by Drake's sudden move, Jane struggled to break free, but Drake held her tightly. His eyes fixed on her with a warning.

Feeling threatened by his gaze, Jane snorted, turned her head away, and ignored him.

Seeing this, Charles' smile stiffened, but he still pressed on. "So, it seems that the rumours are not true. There is nothing improper between Mr Warner and Miss Annie?"

Charles' words finally elicited a change in Drake's expression. Jane found it somewhat amusing.

These two men seemed to be preparing to expose each other's secrets in front of her.

Suddenly, Jane's phone rang. She picked it up and saw that it was from the kindergarten. She quickly answered the call.

After hanging up the phone, Jane's expression turned sour. She looked at Charles and said. "Thank you, Mr Holbrook, for inviting me to lunch. I'll invite you

next time when I have the chance. I have something to attend to today, so I'll take my leave."

After speaking, Jane left directly, ignoring the two men behind her.

Charles and Drake's gazes locked as Jane left, and it was clear that there was something they were both thinking but not saying.

Jane rushed to the kindergarten, still wearing the dress she had worn to the party with Drake. Although it was not overly ostentatious, it was still more glamorous compared to her usual attire.

Just as she arrived at the entrance of the kindergarten, she heard a woman's voice cursing angrily. "I'm telling you, if you beat my son like this, I won't let it go today without an explanation."

Jane looked over and saw an elegantly dressed woman pointing her finger at Zane, Zoe, and Zac. Beside her was a well-dressed middle aged man with a protruding belly, dressed like a nouveau riche with a flashy gold chain.

The beautiful kindergarten teacher was politely trying to reason with the woman. "Mrs Springbat, please calm down and let me explain the situation."

"What explanation do you have? My son was beaten at your kindergarten, and not only did you as teachers fail to protect my son, but you also let these three brats stand here

unscathed," the woman angrily berated, referring to the three adorable kids.

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Hearing the woman call the **three kids** "brats," Jane became furious. **She stepped** forward a **few steps** and **stood in** front of the three little **ones**.

"Mummy..."

"Pretty teacher."

Seeing Jane appear, the three kids' faces lit up with smiles.

"Watch your language " Jane retorted sharply at the woman, then turned to the three kids and asked, "Are you all right? How did you get hurt?"

Touching the injuries on Zane and Zoe's faces, Jane's heart ached, and tears nearly welled up in her eyes.

"We're fine. Teacher. We fought back and beat them up even worse," Zac said casually, wiping his face as if it was no big deal.

Zane didn't say anything, feeling a bit afraid that Jane would be angry.

At that moment, the woman suddenly stepped forward and forcefully grabbed Jane, shouting angrily, "So, you're their parent? Look at what your children did to my son! You must give me an explanation today, or I'll teach you a lesson ..."

The woman's attitude was unpleasant, and her words were harsh. Jane, too, lost her patience. She raised her hand and slapped the woman's face.

"Watch your mouth. No wonder your child turned out like this; it seems he inherited his dirty mouth from you."

"Are you daring to hit me?" The burning pain on her face left the woman incredulous. She glared at Jane in anger and raised her hand to strike back.

Jane caught the woman's hand, raised her other hand, and slapped her face again.

"What's wrong with hitting you? You asked for it, didn't you?"

"Harold, are you just going to stand there while your wife is being slapped?" The woman, held by Jane, angrily demanded her husband's help.

The man was captivated by Jane's beauty but quickly regained his composure and stepped forward arrogantly to face her.

"Let go of my wife, or else I won't be so nice with you."

Jane shuddered as she felt the man's lewd gaze on her, making her feel uncomfortable. In a bold move, she pushed the woman away and stepped forward to face the man.

"You have the audacity to think that you can touch me?"

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When the man met **Jane's cold** stare, **his** heart raced with fear, and he thought twice before reacting. Released by Jane, **the** woman shoved past the man and made a beeline towards Jane, ready to attack.

Jane was taken by surprise when the man crashed into her from behind, causing her to lose balance and fall to the ground. Immediately, the three adorable kids ran to her side, anxiously asking, "Mommy, are you okay?"

However, Zac's attention was on the man and the woman. "You dare lay a hand on our pretty teacher. I won't let you get away with it!"

"You brat, what did you say?" The woman, upon hearing Zac's words, became furious and raised her hand to strike him.

Seeing this, Jane quickly stood up and shielded Zac, while Theo, who was beaten and bruised, hurriedly stood in front of his mother.

"Mom, let it go. You can't hit him," Theo pleaded.

“Son, don’t be afraid. Mom will take care **of** this. It was this brat who hit you, and I’ll teach him a lesson,” the woman pushed Theo and raised her hand, ready to strike Zac.

Theo blocked his mother again and quickly said, “Mom, he is Zac. You can’t hit him.”

“Zac? So what? What’s wrong with Zac, that illegitimate bastard? Even if he dares to hit my son, I won’t let him off,” the woman continued to curse, not realising the significance of Theo’s words.

“Who are you calling illegitimate?” Drake’s cold voice suddenly rang out, causing everyone present to shiver.

Zac looked at the late arrival, Drake, with a displeased expression and spoke up unhappily. “Why are you here so late? Your son was nearly bullied to death.”

Drake walked over and gently tapped Zac’s forehead. “Who dares to bully you?”

“They... she called me an illegitimate child, and she also insulted Zoe and Zane,” Zac pointed his finger **at** Theo’s mother.

Drake’s gaze swept coldly over her, exuding a terrifying pressure.

“Who did you call illegitimate?” Drake looked at the woman, his eyes cold.

“Hmph, aren’t you that woman’s lover? Then what are your children if not illegitimate?” The woman retorted angrily, not realising the inappropriateness of her words.

However, upon seeing Drake, Harold, who was next to her, became terrified and his legs went weak as he stuttered, “**Mr** Warner! You are the CEO of Warner Corporation!”

Harold **stepped** forward and stood in front of the woman, hoping that he had made a **mistake**. But **after** taking a clear look, his heart turned to ashes. It really was Mr Warner!

“What **audacity** you have? How dare you call my child illegitimate!” Drake coldly said to the man who **recognised** him.

“Mr **Warner**, **it’s** a misunderstanding. **It’s** all a misunderstanding.” Harold quickly replied.

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Seeing her husband **trembling with** fear, **the** woman became displeased. “**What** do you mean, Harold? Our **son** was beaten, and you’re kissing **his ass**. Have you **no** backbone?”

“Shut up!” Harold turned around and sternly reprimanded the woman.

“Harold, how dare you scold me? I’ve been married to you for so many years, given birth to children for you, and **yet** you have the nerve to scold me, you bastard...” The woman’s face instantly changed upon being scolded, and she began to cry and yell.

“Shut up!” With a loud slap, Harold’s hand struck the woman’s face, the sound echoing throughout the surroundings.

Everyone present was stunned.

The woman widened her eyes, incredulously staring at the man. After a moment of shock, she started crying and screaming.

“Harold, you bastard! How dare you hit me? Our son was bullied, and you hit me. You’re such a useless coward! Today, I’ll fight you to the end!”

The woman raged, clawing at Harold’s face.

“You useless man, if it weren’t for Theo, I would have divorced you a long time ago. How dare you hit me!”

“Stop it, please stop.” Theo, with tears streaming down his face, pulled at both of them. Suppressing his anger, Harold forcefully pulled the woman’s arms a

way and whispered angrily in her ear. “Are you blind? That’s Drake, the CEO of Warner Corporation! If you offend him, we won’t be able to live.”

“Drake?” The woman paused for a moment, then suddenly realised the truth, her pupils widening.

“He is Drake?” The woman was shocked and stole a glance at Drake, confirming that it was indeed him. She panicked even more.

“What do we do, husband? What do we do now?” The woman became jittery and anxious.

She hadn’t expected to accidentally provoke the city’s biggest overlord.

“Husband, let’s run away,” the woman grabbed Harold’s hand and whispered.

“Run? How can we run? Do you think you can escape? Once Drake investigates, he will dig up everything about our family, what we ate last night, when was the last time we paid a bill, nothing escapes him,” Harold said with frustration.

“What do we do now?” The woman was completely panicked.

“You go over there and apologise to them,” Harold said.

Reluctant, the woman complained, “Why should I? Why should I apologise to them again and again?”

Feeling annoyed by the woman’s attitude, Drake’s face turned dark.

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Feeling the cold gaze of Drake, Harold grew anxious and started sweating on his forehead.

“Go and apologise!” Harold angrily whispered.

“I won’t! **If** you want to go, go by yourself. I’m not afraid of Drake like you!” The woman glared at Harold with resentment. Why did she marry such a useless person? Why couldn’t she have married Drake instead?

Drake looked at the struggling couple and lost his last bit of patience. Initially, he wanted to resolve the situation peacefully in front of the children, but now it seemed that he had been too lenient.

“Daniel!” Drake called his assistant, who was standing behind him.

“I don’t want to see them in Silverbourne again,” Drake coldly ordered.

“Understood!” Daniel looked at the two clowns before him with a pitiful expression. Then he accompanied Drake, Jane, and the others as they got into the car and left.

Seeing Drake about to drive away, Harold panicked.

“Mr Warner! Mr Warner! Wait, I’ll make her apologize to you!” Harold shouted desperately.

He knew that if Drake didn’t stop, it would be a disaster for him.

But as he watched the receding car, Harold gradually felt hopeless.

He turned around and angrily stared at the woman who was still acting arrogant, then touched his bruised face.

He took a step forward.

Soon, the woman’s screams echoed throughout the surroundings.

Dealing with that arrogant couple should have been satisfying.

But on the way, there was silence in the car. The only sounds in the car were the hum of the engine and the occasional noise from Daniel, as Jane and Drake remained quiet. The three adorable kids remained unusually quiet.

Drake's sudden outburst startled everyone in the car as he demanded the driver to stop near the KFC restaurant.

Everyone was puzzled.

Drake got out of the car and opened the back door, then unexpectedly took Zoe from Jane's

arms.

"Zoe, would you like Uncle to take you to KFC?" Drake held Zoe suddenly, and a different feeling arose in Zoe's heart. Looking at Drake's handsome face, she felt strangely familiar.

"Okay!" Zoe responded without hesitation, and Jane, who was watching, felt complicated.

Could this be the power of blood ties? Just like when she first saw Zac, she couldn't bring **herself** to

dislike **him**, even though she later found out that he was the child of Drake and Annie. She still had different **feelings** for him.

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Now, Zoe and **Drake seemed** to have a similar blood connection.

Jane **didn't stop** Drake's **actions**. **After** witnessing that scene, the three children indeed needed some comforting.

As soon as they stepped into the **KFC** restaurant, the three kids rushed to find a seat together, while Drake and Jane followed suit, sitting across from them. A happy expression spread across Drake's face as he looked at the three kids.

"What do you want to eat? Order anything you like!" Drake said, and Zac had already picked up the menu and was carefully choosing. Zoe was also there, her eyes bright.

Hardly any child could resist the temptation of fried food.

"Zane, what do you want to eat?" Zac made his selection and looked at Zane, asking.

“I won’t eat this junk food,” Zane crossed his arms and had the appearance of a little adult.

“Are you sure you won’t eat it? It’s really delicious,” Zac spoke again. He loved KFC, but his dad had told him not to eat it too often.

It was a rare opportunity, and Zac wouldn’t miss it.

After a while, Zane looked at the fried chicken burger that Zac had ordered for him, then looked at Zoe and Zac happily eating. As he looked at the mouth-watering dish, he couldn’t help but swallow his saliva.

Jane, who was next to them, said, “Zane, if you want to try it, it’s okay.”

Jane didn’t advocate for frequent consumption, but occasional indulgence was acceptable. Not to mention it was hard for anyone, even adults, to resist sometimes.

Jane’s words didn’t fully convince Zane, so he hesitated. With a swift motion, Zac picked up a chicken drumstick and shoved it into Zane’s open mouth.

Zane wanted to be angry, but after tasting the deliciousness of the chicken leg, he forgot about being mad and started enjoying it.

Jane and Drake couldn’t hide their smiles when they saw it.

“I’ll go to the restroom. Can you watch the kids?” Jane stood up.

While Jane was away, Drake looked at Zoe, who was happily eating, and asked softly, “Has Zoe’s dad ever taken her to KFC?”

Hearing Drake’s words, Zoe paused with a chicken leg in her hand, looked at Drake with damp eyes, and shook her head with a hint of disappointment.

Zane, who was nearby, stopped eating upon hearing this and looked at Drake coldly.

“Uncle, have you forgotten? I already told you that our dad passed away early, so don’t mention it and make Zoe sad again.”

Upon hearing Zane's words, Drake was stunned. He recalled that Zane had mentioned not having a father. However, at that time, he didn't know that Zane's mother was Jane.

As soon as he snapped **out** of his thoughts, Drake felt a weight lifted off his shoulders. The two adorable kids didn't have a father, so no one would compete with Drake for the children and Jane.

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What Drake didn't know was **that** the father Zane **referred** to as having **passed** away **early** was himself.

Drake's **eyes** held a tender look when Jane returned, leaving her perplexed as to what had caused the shift.

After finishing their meal at KFC, they hopped in Drake's car and headed to his mansion.

Jane was taken aback and asked with a cold face, "Why did you bring us here?"

"Zac, honey, take Zane and Zoe inside to play," Drake first instructed Zac to take Zane and Zoe away before turning his gaze to Jane.

"You are my legal wife and the biological mother of Zac. What's wrong with bringing you home?"

"Drake! What exactly do you want?" Jane grew angry, not understanding the man's intentions. He had already gone too far by wanting to confine her again, didn't he?

Jane would never tolerate a repetition of what happened five years ago. She had learned her lesson from Drake's confinement and wouldn't let it happen again.

"I don't want anything. From now on, you and Zane and Zoe will live in Maplewood Mansion with Zac," Drake said calmly.

"I don't want to." Jane refused.

“Then don’t expect to see Zac again!” Drake resorted to a hard threat when the soft approach didn’t work.

“Drake, you’re despicable!” Jane angrily cursed.

“If you think I’m despicable, then how can I live up to your praise?” Drake replied indifferently, completely unfazed by Jane’s red face. His mood was quite good.

Jane calmed down and looked at Drake seriously. She said, “Drake, I will never live with you again. If you force me, I’ll leave with Zane and Zoe immediately.”

Upon hearing Jane’s counter–threat, Drake’s expression remained calm as he spoke, “You previously said you would treat Zac equally, but it seems that in your heart, only the children you have with someone else matter, and Zac has no place.”

“You...” Hearing Drake’s words, Jane was infuriated. The three children were all her beloved ones, and moreover, they were siblings. How could she possibly favour one over the other?

However, she still couldn’t bear being threatened by Drake.

“Fine, I’ll stay. Are you satisfied now? I don’t care anyway, but I’m afraid your girlfriend won’t approve.” She glared at Drake, took a deep breath, and said, “And if your pretty little girlfriend causes any more trouble for me because of this, don’t blame me for not being all nice and sweet. I’ve warned you.”

After speaking, Jane got out of the car and walked straight toward the mansion.

She put aside her own desires and promised to stay for Zac’s sake, but leaving with him was always on her mind.

When night fell, Jane and the two adorable kids settled into the comfortable room that Drake had prepared. Zac joined them and insisted on sleeping together, and Jane

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acquiesced. Fortunately, the bed was **big enough**, so **the** three kids didn't **feel crowded sleeping together**.

The **next day, Drake's first** task was to drop off the three kids at kindergarten before taking Jane to the Warner Corporation.

Zoe stood at the kindergarten entrance, watching the car disappear slowly from her sight, feeling a sense of disorientation.

"**Zoe**, what's wrong?" Zane approached her and asked softly.

"Brother, are we going to have a new dad soon?" Zoe asked softly, and Zane's mood became complicated.

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Chapter 76

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Chapter 76

Shortly after starting work at **the** Warner Corporation, Jane's phone buzzed with a message from **her** good friend April. Jane was taken aback by the message and hurried to ask Drake for a leave.

As soon as she mentioned her friend, Drake inquired about who the person was and how they knew each other. Jane couldn't wait to see April and decided to avoid a confrontation by stating that her friend was a female. Only then did Drake allow her to leave the company.

Arriving at the location April had sent, Jane was thrilled to see April sitting in the cafe, wearing a light beige dress and her long hair flowing down.

“April, how are you here all of a sudden?” Jane asked excitedly.

Looking at

Jane, April showed a hint of complaint on her face. “If I hadn’t come, I’m afraid . you would have been lured away by some wild man.”

“What are you talking about!” Jane walked over and took a seat opposite her.

“In my heart and eyes, there’s only you, my dear,” Jane said playfully, looking at April across from her.

“I don’t believe you,” April said, pretending to be slightly angry.

Jane quickly took her hand and coaxed, “Darling, I’m telling the truth. How can I make you believe me?”

“Hmph, I’ll believe you for now, just because you apologised sincerely. But today, you have to accompany me well.”

“As you wish, Your Majesty.” Jane smiled, pretending to be a submissive servant, causing a smile to appear on April’s lips as well.

They went shopping together, the sound of chatter and music filling the air as they walked from store to store. Jane spared no expense when it came to indulging April’s interests. They donned matching outfits and sauntered through the streets, turning heads wherever they

went.

Jane’s shopping spree was interrupted by the sound of her phone ringing. Jane’s heart skipped a beat when she saw the familiar number flashing on her phone.

She changed her number after returning to the country, with no intention of keeping in touch with people from that side, and had been avoiding them ever since.

She received a call from him, and she couldn’t help but wonder how he got her phone number.

“Aren’t you going to answer?” April, who was by her side, watched as Jane held her phone without answering the call, and asked with confusion.

Jane snapped back to reality, hesitated for a moment, and when the call was about to end, she finally answered.

Jane's face showed a hint of indifference as the call ended for the umpteenth time.

“What happened? Who is calling you?” **April** asked, puzzled.

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“**My** father,” Jane didn't hide anything and explained right away.

“Why **is he** calling you out **of the** blue?” April, being well-informed about Jane's life, knew about **the** tense situation between Jane and the Bentleys.

In the Bentleys' house, Jane felt like an outsider, except for the memory of her mother.

“I don't know. He asked me to go back to the Bentleys,” Jane shook her head, feeling puzzled about her biological father, Andrew Bentley's sudden contact.

“Do you really want to go back?” Seeing Jane's hesitant attitude, April expressed her opinion of not wanting Jane to go back.

“Of course, I don't want to go back, but he used some of my mother's belongings to threaten me. Even if I don't want to see him, I still have to go back now,” Jane thought for a moment and spoke.

“Okay then, I'll accompany you there,” April said.

“No need, I'll go back alone. I can handle it,” Jane refused, not wanting to involve April in the Bentleys' affairs.

“Alright, take care on your own. I'll go back to the hotel and rest. I came to see you right after getting off the plane, so I'm a bit tired,” April stretched and yawned, feeling a bit exhausted.

“Okay, I'll come find you after I handle everything.” After bidding farewell to April, Jane returned to the Bentleys.

As she approached the familiar Bentleys villa, Jane's heart was filled with a mix of emotions -nostalgia, apprehension, and uncertainty.

That pit created by Drake back then wasn't just her own imagination; her biological father, Andrew Bentley, had also played a part in it.

Andrew was always on the lookout for ways to benefit himself, even if it meant taking advantage of others. His ulterior motives led him to push to Jane tie the knot with Drake, solely for the benefits from the Warners.

Despite their best efforts, the outcome was fruitless, like attempting to pour water into a bamboo basket. Despite Andrew's efforts, the Warners refused to help, and Drake's anger ended up causing problems for the Bentleys, ultimately resulting in her mother's passing.

Jane stood at the entrance of the Bentleys' gate, her heart heavy with the weight of the painful past.

Until suddenly, the door opened, and the maid, taken aback at seeing Jane, exclaimed, "Miss Jane!"

Edith's face lit up with delight as she looked at Jane. "You're really Miss Jane? You're not dead!"

Jane regained her senses and nodded, "Edith, long time no see."

Edith had dedicated many years of her life to working at the Bentleys, and it had become a second home to her. She had always been good to Jane since she was brought into the Bentleys by Jane's mother, and she had no children of her own. Jane was also close to her.

"Miss, I didn't expect you to be alive. But since you're still alive, why haven't you come back home for so long?" Edith asked with confusion.

Jane didn't want to mention those things and **just** smiled, "Edith, I don't want to talk about the past. I want to ask, where are **the** things my mother left behind?"

Although Jane had returned, she had no intention of seeing Andrew. Her plan was to grab her mother's belongings and depart without delay.

“Belongings? There are no more of Madam’s belongings in the house. They were all thrown out by the new madam,” Edith hesitated for a moment before speaking.

“New madam?” Jane was taken aback.

“Yes, the madam who married into the family three years ago, she also brought a young miss with her,” Edith whispered. Judging by Edith’s tone, Jane suspected that the madam and young miss would not be the easiest people to deal with.

She was on the verge of asking more questions when a woman’s voice interrupted her.

“Edith, who is it?”

The woman’s voice faded away, and Jane found herself face-to-face with a flamboyantly dressed woman. A limited-edition Cartier necklace adorned her as she walked in the latest designer dress, with her curly hair flowing down her shoulders. She had an enchanting figure, despite being in her thirties.

“Mom, is it her who came back?”

Suddenly, a girl’s voice pierced through the silence, and a tall and fashionable girl appeared behind the woman. Her mother’s beauty overshadowed her own, despite her undeniable attractiveness. With a little bit of styling, she could only be considered marginally pretty.

A hint of jealousy crossed the girl’s face when Jane caught her eye.

Despite having seen Jane’s pictures and knowing about her beauty, Amy felt a sense of jealousy in her heart upon seeing Jane’s stunning beauty and extraordinary temperament in person.

The girl’s unfriendly gaze did not go unnoticed by Jane, who also put on a cold expression and walked in without casting a sideways glance at them.

“I’ve come to take my mother’s things,” Jane said coldly, without looking at the two of them.

Rosaline looked at the graceful and confident Jane, surprised by her temperament. Since she had married into the Bentleys, she had naturally investigated Jane and knew what kind of person she used to be.

However, now that she was seeing Jane in person, it appeared to be a different experience from the one when she had previously investigated Jane.

“So, you’re Jane. Your father often mentioned you to me. You’re really a beautiful woman. I’ll go and call

and call your father.”

After Rosaline finished speaking, she swayed her hips gracefully and walked towards the study room.

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As soon as Andrew laid eyes on Jane, he could tell that she was feeling indifferent towards him, and there was a subtle hint of pain in her demeanour. In contrast, Andrew’s expression was one of anger when he saw her.

“Do you

still consider yourself part of the Bentleys? Do you even consider me your father? You’ve been alive all these years and never bothered to come back. You truly have a heart of stone!” Andrew angrily berated her as soon as he saw her.

Jane remained calm and unaffected by Andrew’s outburst. She asked calmly, “Where are my mother’s belongings?”

“What kind of attitude is that?” Andrew’s face grew even colder upon hearing Jane’s words.

“If you hadn’t used my mother’s belongings to threaten me, I wouldn’t have stepped foot into this house again.” Jane replied coldly.

Andrew grew even angrier and pointed at Jane, yelling, "You are just as heartless and cruel as your mother. I should have strangled you when you were born."

"Father, calm down. Jane rarely comes back. Let's talk things out calmly," Rosaline stepped forward and tried to soothe Andrew. From her demeanour and behaviour, one could conclude that she was a gentle and virtuous wife and mother.

"Jane, since you're still alive, how have you been all these years? Why haven't you come back to visit us and your father? Your father has been very sad whenever he mentions you," Rosaline gently inquired.

Jane's expression remained indifferent as she responded, "I'm already married and have left my parents' home. Besides, a mother's home is her true home. But now that my mother is no longer here, I have no home to return to."

Jane's attitude was frigid and unapproachable. Although she hadn't been particularly warm towards Andrew, she had reached out to him multiple times while she was struggling in the Warners. Despite her pleas, Andrew had chosen to ignore her, even going as far as to deny that she was his daughter. Cutting ties with him was the only way she could protect herself from his toxic behaviour.

Since then, Jane had seen her father in a different light, and it had left her feeling thoroughly disappointed.

Andrew's eyes narrowed with anger as he directed his gaze towards Jane, then turned to Rosaline and Amy and continued speaking.

"Who said you don't have a mother? This is your Aunt Rosaline, who will be just like your mother. And this is Amy, your younger sister. Be nice to her."

Upon hearing Andrew's words, Amy reluctantly stepped forward and said, "Sister..."

"Don't call me sister. I have completely severed ties with the Bentleys. I won't involve myself with a sister from the Bentleys," Jane coldly stated, intentionally bringing up the fact that she had cut ties.

“What are you saying? Even if you’re married, you’re still Andrew’s daughter. Amy has the surname Bentley now. Why wouldn’t she be your sister?” Andrew retorted in an irritated

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tone.

As Jane tried to warm up **to** Amy, she couldn’t shake the feeling of **being** forced to accept her as a **sister**. She furrowed her brow, trying **to** make sense of the situation.

“Did you bring me back **just for** me to recognise my sister?” Jane asked bluntly.

Upon hearing Jane’s straightforward question, Andrew hesitated for a moment before answering, his expression betraying his surprise.

“I heard that you’re working at the Warner Corporation now. What’s your relationship with

Drake?”

“No relationship. He insisted that I work there,” Jane replied coldly.

“What about Charles Holbrook? What’s your relationship with him?” Andrew asked directly.

Jane finally caught onto Andrew’s intentions. He had wanted her to introduce Amy to Charles. However, Jane had been blocked by Charles, and he had found out about the plan, causing it to fail.

“It’s just a professional relationship. We’ve had some interaction at work,” Jane responded coldly.

Upon hearing this, Andrew’s expression softened slightly, and he said coldly, “Your sister and Charles seem to have developed some feelings for each other. Since you have professional interactions with Charles, take your sister with you when you meet him in the future.”

Jane found it somewhat amusing to hear this and sneered.

“If they have feelings for each other, why should I bring her along? Am I supposed to be the third wheel?” Jane felt disillusioned with her father, who was determined to have his daughters marry into families of influence.

Jane felt as though she was looking at a younger version of herself when she saw Amy’s hopeful expression. While she pursued love for its own sake, Amy seemed to be motivated by a desire for wealth and status, as was evident in the admiration and ambition apparent in her eyes.

“Forget about all that. If the opportunity arises, I’ll bring your sister along.” Andrew instructed again.

Jane chose to discontinue the argument, realising that her future interactions with Charles would be limited. She pushed aside her emotions and focused solely on retrieving her mother’s belongings.

“Give me my mother’s belongings,” Jane demanded coldly.

Thinking that Jane had given the go-ahead, Andrew looked towards Rosaline and made a hand signal indicating that she should give the items to Jane.

Rosaline’s face showed some awkwardness as she spoke, “I cleaned the house a few days ago and donated many things. It seems that all the unused items were donated to a charity organisation.”

Hearing this caused Jane’s expression to change, and she masked her true feelings with a harmless look while facing Rosaline. Rosaline moved with the precision and grace of a

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white lotus; it was clear she was highly skilled.

“Which charity organisation?” Jane asked coldly.

Upon being pressed for an answer, Rosaline’s face showed a tinge of guilt. “I forgot!”

Rosaline’s words made Jane’s mood even worse, and she responded with a cold stare.

“Why are you looking at my mother like that? It’s just some unimportant things , just a few old books and junk. If they’re gone, they’re gone, I can compensate you with money if you

want.”

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Chapter 78

Jane’s last visit to the Bentleys left her feeling like she didn’t get to spend enough time with April, so she decided to join her the next day, which happened to be a weekend. Setting her adorable children up with toys to play with, Jane left the villa to meet April.

Little did Jane know that Amy had already arrived at Maplewood Mansion after her departure. Amy was left in awe and unable to react when she first laid eyes on the Warners. villa.

The Bentleys already lived in a wealthy area, and they had servants to attend to them. However, the Warners’ villa, or rather estate, was on a completely different level. The estate boasted not only a team of numerous servants, but also an immaculate garden, a sparkling swimming pool, and various entertainment facilities.

With endless longing in her heart, Amy stood at the entrance and imagined the possibilities that awaited her. If only she could marry someone as rich as this, but fate favoured Jane instead.

Amy hesitated before knocking on the door of the Warners’ villa. When the butler answered, he peered at her suspiciously and demanded to know her identity.

“Hello, I’m Jane’s younger sister. I’ve come to deliver something to her,” Amy said. Hearing that she was Jane’s sister, the butler hesitated for a moment but ultimately allowed her in.

Upon entering the living room, Amy’s eyes immediately landed on Drake’s rows of collectibles, causing her to eagerly explore the room. The sight before her was so incredible that her eyes widened in amazement. She had seen many of those items in magazines or videos and knew they held great value.

“Miss Bentley, please have a seat. I’ll go find the master,” the butler said.

“Okay.” Amy nodded, unable to wait to see the man Jane had married.

Amy’s greed took over as she stood up from the sofa and approached the rows of collectibles. She ran her fingers over them.

At that moment, a young, cold voice sounded, “That’s a 1787 Brasher Doubleton. If you so much as touch it with your filthy bare hands like that and damage it, you won’t be able to afford the compensation.”

Hearing the voice, Amy withdrew her hand and looked towards the staircase, where a small figure stood. Amy had done her research before coming and knew that Drake had a son. There were many rumours about him, but Drake had protected his son so well that almost no photos of him circulated. Therefore, although Amy knew that Drake had a son, she had no idea what he looked like. Seeing Zane, Amy subconsciously thought he was Drake’s son,

Zac.

“You’re Mr Warner’s child, **Zac**, right? You’re so cute!” Amy’s eyes lit up as she approached Zane, and she couldn’t resist the urge to pinch his cheek. As she lunged at Zane, **he** sidestepped her and fixed her with a frigid glare,

“Who **are** you?”

“Oh, I’m Jane’s sister, the woman who married your daddy,” Amy replied. She had done her

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research, so she knew **about** Annie's existence and that Zane wasn't Jane's **child**. Her

attitude towards Jane **wasn't** very friendly when talking to Zane.

Upon hearing her words, Zane's gaze scanned Amy for a moment, and he said indifferently, "When did she have a sister? I didn't know." Not even using any title when referring to Jane, Amy felt pleased. Jane wasn't favoured by Drake, and even his beloved son didn't care about her. This realisation made Amy happy.

"Oh, my mother just married into the Bentleys."

"So you're a stepsister? No blood relation, right?"

"Of course not," Amy quickly shook her head. Who would want any blood ties with someone like Jane?

"Although I'm her stepsister in name, I've met her and feel like she's not a good person at

all."

Upon hearing this, Zane's expression turned cold, and he cursed angrily in his heart. Bad woman, you're not a good person either. Look at your greedy appearance. You're clearly someone who covets vanity. How dare you speak ill of my mommy.

"Oh, since you think she's not a good person, why did you come to see her?" Zane suppressed his anger.

"Ah, I... I came here to see Mr Warner. I didn't expect to see you first. It seems like we have a special connection," Amy said with a forced smile, being polite to Zane. Perhaps there would be benefits from pleasing Mr Warner's son.

With this thought in mind, Amy became even more attentive.

"Sir, what do you like to eat? Is there anything you particularly enjoy? I'll bring it for you. next time I come."

Upon hearing this, Zane's smirk gave away his recognition that she was just another gold-digger trying to win over his dad.

“As for food? Well, I like cake. Why don’t you make one for me now?”

“What? Make it now? But I don’t know how!” Amy was taken aback. Cooking was manageable for her, but making a cake was something she had no idea about.

“You can learn. It’s such a simple thing, yet you can’t even do it. That woman knows how to make many desserts,” Zane said mockingly, pretending to look down on Amy.

Amy clenched her teeth when she heard that Jane was skilled in making desserts and the young master had a liking for cakes.

“Okay, I’ll give it a try and make one for you,” Amy agreed. She didn’t believe she couldn’t do it. She could just search for cake recipes online; she was confident she could succeed.

With this mindset, Amy entered the kitchen, followed by Zane, who loudly directed her on what to do. Amy looked at the recipe on her phone, while Zane gave instructions, “This... this also needs to be added. I saw them adding it when they made it, and this, this..

In the kitchen, flour was flying everywhere as Zane’s clumsiness resulted in Amy’s face and clothes being covered in the white powder. Amy put up with everything silently to make Drake and his son happy.

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Finally, she put the finished cake in the microwave. **When the** time was up, Zane **urged** Amy to take it out, while he kept his distance, wearing a mischievous smile.

As soon as Amy opened the microwave, she was hit with a blast of hot air, and the cake exploded, covering her in a gooey mess. Amy couldn’t take it anymore, and she let out a blood-curdling scream as she looked at her disheveled appearance and the sticky liquid oozing from her hair. Her composure shattered, and she was unable to speak for several

minutes.

Zane's reaction to her embarrassment was immediate he burst into laughter.

The sound of Zac's voice filled the room as he appeared at the kitchen door, having heard the commotion.

"Zane, what did you do? Did you make a kitchen bomb and blow up the kitchen?"

"It's nothing. I just made a little bomb. Looks like it was quite successful," Zane stopped laughing and replied to Zac.

Their conversation reached Amy's ears, and she came to the realization that Zac, not Drake's son, was the person she had been trying to impress. Her fury and humiliation boiling over, she pointed at Zane and let out a stream of curses that echoed through the

room.

"You little brat, how dare you play a prank on me? You're not even Mr Warner's son."

Zane didn't seem to care as he shrugged in response to what he heard. "I never said I was his son from the beginning."

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Chapter 79

"You..."

Amy's anger was palpable as she listened to Zane's words, her face draining of colour. She felt a burning rage and overwhelming embarrassment as she took a few steps forward, raising her hand to strike Zane.

Zane, of course, wouldn't just stand there and let her hit him. He grabbed her wrist before she could land a blow. His leg lifted, and he could feel the energy building up in his body as he prepared to run. Amy was startled by the sudden appearance of a tall figure, who grabbed her wrist and flung her away.

"What do you think you're doing?" Drake, wrapped in a bathrobe with water droplets still on his body, appeared. He hurried over after receiving the butler's report, still wearing his wet swimming trunks from the pool behind.

Water droplets were still falling from his hair, tracing down his exquisite jawline, landing on his collarbone, and sliding down into the depths of his bathrobe.

Drake's sudden appearance took Amy by surprise and left her speechless. Her investigation into Jane led her to search for his photos online, which she found and studied. Based on the pictures, she had an idea that Drake was extremely attractive, but when she saw him in person, she was left completely breathless.

Despite Amy's belief that money is the most important thing and appearance doesn't matter, she found herself captivated in this moment.

He was truly so handsome!

Amy regained her senses and looked at Drake who was standing in front of her, feeling a touch of girlish shyness. She was completely unaware of her own dishevelled appearance, which combined with her comical expression, made her even more endearing.

"Mr Warner, I'm Jane's sister, Amy. You can call me Amy."

"Sister? The Bentleys still has living members? I thought they were all dead," Drake spoke with a cold and indifferent tone.

Upon hearing his words, Amy's facial expression became tense. She picked up on the sarcasm in Drake's words, but didn't let it deter her from continuing to speak.

“Mr Warner is joking. There are still people in the Bentleys. However, my mother and I only entered the Bentleys three years ago, so I’m not very familiar with the family’s affairs. When I learned that Jane... my sister was still alive, I immediately came to see her.” Amy put on an innocent and helpless look as she spoke.

“Oh!” Drake’s response was frosty and curt, and without further acknowledgment, he turned to the butler standing behind him and gave him direct instructions. “Escort her out In the future, do not allow people with unclear backgrounds to enter.”

“Yes, Sir!” The butler was caught off guard by Drake’s words and stood there in a stunned silence. **He** should have asked Amy for some form of identification before allowing her inside, he thought, with a tinge of regret.

Realising that Drake **was** about to kick her out, Amy panicked and quickly spoke up.

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“**Mr** Warner, can you please not send me away? **My** clothes are all dirty because of this child’s prank, and I can’t **go** back like **this**. Can you let me stay...”

“Butler, **see** the **guest** out!” Without waiting for Amy to finish speaking, Drake turned around and coldly ordered the butler.

The butler **stepped** forward and said to the embarrassed Amy, “Miss, please follow me.”

Amy’s heart was heavy as she stood motionless, unwilling to leave. Tears well ed up in her eyes, adding to her already pitiful appearance.

Drake acted as if her behaviour was non-existent and carried on.

Zac, who had been observing silently, couldn’t stand it anymore and spoke up , “Stop pretending like that. It’s really annoying. You’re the ugliest woman who tried to seduce my dad that I’ve ever seen. Even if you clean up, my dad won’t spare you a glance. I advise you to l

leave quickly before the security guards come to kick you out, or else you'll lose even more face."

Amy's face went from pale to red and back again as she listened to Zac's words. She couldn't bear to stay any longer after seeing Drake's unconcerned demeanor and left with a crestfallen expression.

After Amy left, Drake turned to Zane and spoke softly. "Are you alright? Don't do dangerous things like that in the future. If you didn't handle the explosion properly, you could have gotten hurt."

Zane couldn't quite put it into words, but he felt a surge of emotion in his heart upon hearing Drake's advice and kind words.

It seemed like he didn't dislike his scumbag father as much as before. He was in a dilemma and trying to figure out what course of action to take.

Jane found out about Zane's prank on her after she was informed of Amy's visit upon her return. Jane's silent gesture of a thumbs up was all Zane needed to know that she approved of his actions. She felt a surge of pride and love as she looked at him, knowing he was her

son.

Zane couldn't help but smile from ear to ear. Despite his expectation of reprimand from Jane, she surprised him by giving him praise.

The amusement park was all Zac could talk about the next day, and Zane was quick to agree to join him. With no other option, Jane joined Drake and the three charming kids on their trip to the amusement park.

Zane may have had a high IQ, but Zac's expertise in extreme sports was unmatched. The amusement park was his favourite because he loved the thrill of the challenging rides.

Towering roller coasters dominate the skyline, their sleek tracks weaving through the air, promising heart pounding thrills. The log ride hurtled down the metal rails, sending a huge wave of water into the air upon impact. Kids could climb aboard a slow-moving airplane ride that gives them plenty of time to enjoy the experience.

The two—

story haunted house loomed in the distance, its gloomy colours casting a foreboding shadow. The sounds of the amusement park assaulted the ears: loud music, screams, and laughter mixed with the clanking of ride chains.

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Zane's **desire** to play **was tempered** by his timid nature, making **him** hesitant to join in. As **Zac** enjoyed the **rides**, he watched with pride **and** clapped to show his support.

The aroma of popcorn, cotton candy, and freshly baked treats wafts through the air, tempting taste buds at every turn. As Zane looked around, he realised that he was hungry, and an ice cream stand in the distance caught his eye. Seeing how uncomfortable Zoe looked in the **heat**, he thought they could cool off with some ice cream from the nearby stand.

Jane's attention was completely focused on Zac as he played on the rides, holding Zoe tightly as she watched, oblivious to the fact that Zane had left. She didn't think anyone noticed, but Drake, who was standing nearby, saw everything.

Joining the queue at the ice cream stand, Zane felt the warmth of the sun on his face and the cool breeze. He had been patiently waiting for his turn, but just before it came, a man appeared out of nowhere and cut in front of him.

"Uncle, you cut in line!" Zane, not one to tolerate such behaviour, immediately spoke up.

The man turned around upon hearing Zane's words, looked down at him with disdain, and said, "Little kid, you're so small. Do you even have money to buy ice cream? Don't cause trouble and move aside."

Zane became even more irritated when he heard the man not only refuse to give way but also question his ability to purchase ice cream. He retorted coldly, "What's it to you if I have money or not? Besides, you cut in front **of** me, and the other people behind also have to wait longer. Do you think you're the only one in this queue?"

Zane's scolding of the man was carried out in a mature manner, displaying his responsible demeanour.

The other visitors caught on to Zane's discontent and started to voice their own, criticising the man in question.

The man, faced with the criticism, had an unpleasant expression and then reached out his hand, pushing Zane out of the line, aggressively saying, "Now it's not considered cutting in

line."

Zane's blood boiled with anger as he watched himself being pushed out of the line. He couldn't fight the man, not because he didn't have the capability, but because he was still just a child.

"Who do you think you're pushing?" Zane seethed with anger, his mind racing with thoughts of how to teach the man a lesson, when a cold voice suddenly interrupted him.

As Drake approached Zane, his long strides made his presence known, and his cold stare sent shivers down Zane's spine.

The man felt intimidated by the aura emanating from Drake and became somewhat apprehensive.

"So, you're this mannerless kid's parent. Your child is so impolite, daring to talk back to me." The man tried to turn the tables, speaking arrogantly.

"Get him out of here." Drake snorted coldly and directly instructed the two staff members

behind him.

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Hearing Drake's words, the man was stunned for a moment, then shouted loudly, "Who do **you** think you **are to** kick me out? This **isn't your** family's amusement park."

The man was unimpressed by **Drake's** imposing demeanour and didn't think he had **the** right to kick him out.

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

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Chapter

Chapter 80

“Sir, **this** amusement park is owned by our Warner Corporation, and this is the President,” the two staff members who came forward directly said after the man’s words.

Upon hearing the staff members, disbelief flickered across the man’s face as he looked at Drake.

“How is that possible?”

Zane gazed at the towering man before him, momentarily losing his composure. Was this what having a father felt like?

As Zane regained his senses, he found himself enveloped in Drake’s embrace, hoisted effortlessly onto his neck.

Zane was taken aback, never expecting such a gesture from Drake.

“Put me down...” Zane couldn’t describe the feeling in his heart, tightly clutching Drake’s collar, his voice trembling slightly.

“This way, no one will call you a little kid anymore,” Drake said with a hint of a smile on his lips.

Hearing his words, Zane’s heart became even more complicated.

His scumbag father was trying to win him over, shamelessly so. He must not be swayed.

Shaking his little head, Zane tried to suppress the sudden surge of emotions in his heart.

Jane decided against taking the kids to Maplewood Mansion and instead took them back to their own home after the amusement park.

Jane's reason for leaving was that her best friend had just arrived, and she wanted to make the most of their time together.

Jane and the kids left, Drake choosing not to speak a single word.

Jane noticed that Zane was absent-minded when she was putting the two kids to sleep that night. Jane picked up on the uneasy atmosphere and spoke in a quiet tone to address the

issue.

“Zane, what's the matter? Why do you seem troubled since we came back from the amusement park?”

Zane took a moment to collect his thoughts before answering Jane's question with a spontaneous response.

“Mommy, wouldn't it be nice to have a father too?”

Zane's question caught Jane off guard, leaving her bewildered and trying to make sense of his sudden words.

Perhaps there was an important event that took place at the amusement park, or maybe it was simply the familial bond between Zane and Drake becoming more apparent

An avalanche of thoughts flooded her mind, each one bringing forth a new possibility. At the exact moment that Jane figured out how to respond to Zane's query, Zane shuddered

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and addressed her.

“Mommy, I was **just** saying it casually. Don’t take it to heart. I have you and little sister. that’s enough, and I **will** protect you and little sister too.”

“Zane...” Jane was experiencing a slight pang of guilt as she realised that it was entirely her fault that Zane and Zoe had been raised without a father figure. She was obligated to them. and needed to make it right.

“Mommy, I’m tired. I want to sleep.” Sensing Jane’s unnatural expression, Zane quickly spoke up.

He settled himself in the bed and shut his eyes, ready to fall asleep.

Jane’s soft chuckle was followed by a moment of silence, during which she didn’t say anything more.

Zane’s words left a lasting impression on Jane, causing her to spend a significant amount of time pondering that night. The next day, she got up early and began her routine of making breakfast for the kids before taking them to kindergarten.

Jane had an unexpected encounter with Drake as she arrived at the entrance of the kindergarten, where he was dropping off his son Zac.

After the three adorable kids entered the kindergarten, Drake attempted to pull Jane into his car, but Jane was resolute in her refusal to get in the car with him.

“I have my own car. I don’t want to ride with you.”

“The car can stay. I have some work–related matters to discuss with you. Come and ride

with me.” Drake pulled Jane into the car without allowing any refusal.

With Drake pulling her into the car against her will, Jane wore a cold expression on her face.

“What work–related matter? Just say it.”

“Start driving.” Without answering Jane’s question, Drake directly instructed the driver to

start the car.

With the car now moving, the driver took a sharp turn at a relatively high speed.

Jane, who was sitting in the car, was suddenly thrown into Drake’s arms when the car came to a sudden stop. As soon as she saw Drake, he pulled her into a tight embrace with his long arms, holding onto her arm with his other hand. They locked eyes and assumed a posture that was both puzzling and unclear.

As soon as Jane regained her senses, she made a move to sit up straight and create some space between herself and Drake. Just then, the car made a sudden turn, causing her to be thrown into Drake’s embrace once more.

This time, the impact was harder, and she ended up on top of him, feeling his chest rise and fall rapidly.

Despite her annoyance, Jane couldn’t help but notice the hint of a smile at the corners of Drake’s mouth.

The driver has been doing an exceptional job and deserves a raise. He was not only a skilled driver, but also a mature and considerate one.

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The journey was **bumpy**, and Jane was thrown into Drake’s arms more than once. Jane suspected that Drake had orchestrated the situation to make it seem like he wasn’t involved.

Finally, **they** arrived at the company. **Just** as the car stopped, Jane jumped out of the car and walked away quickly without even looking back at Drake.

Drake got out of the car, careful not to make any noise, and followed Jane’s movements with his eyes, a smirk forming on his face.

As soon as Jane arrived at the company, she quickly made her way to her workstation without any delay, fully prepared to settle in and dedicate herself to a long day of work.

Because of her busy life, Jane found it challenging to keep up with both her jobs at Warner Corporation and at Catherine's. She made an effort to finish her work during working hours so that she could spend time with the kids in the evening.

Jane was focused on her work when the office suddenly filled with the sounds of ringing phones and chattering coworkers. Jane's gaze shifted upwards just as her colleagues informed her that Charles Holbrook, the president of Holbrook Corporation, had arrived.

Jane was momentarily stunned upon hearing Charles' name, feeling a mix of emotions.

Given that Holbrook Corporation and Warner Corporation were opponents, Charles' impromptu visit to the latter must have had an objective.

Drake's cold and indifferent attitude was palpable as he looked at Charles Holbrook in the office.

"Mr Charles, what brings you here?"

As Drake spoke unwelcoming words, Charles smiled politely and got straight to the point.

"I came to see Mr Warner for cooperation."

"You and I have nothing to cooperate on," Drake said flatly.

"While I did secure the investment project, the materials for the project are only available under your name. You knew I would come to you, didn't you?" Charles said.

Drake did not contradict the statement made by Charles when he heard it. He couldn't let Charles have all the success with the project after snatching it away, so he took action. Drake had taken the initiative to make preparations and had monopolised the materials needed for the project.

Charles' visit was exactly what he had anticipated.

Charles felt a twinge of animosity towards Drake upon witnessing his tranquil and poised comportment, although he refrained from displaying any signs of it

.

The next item on their agenda was to talk about the price of buying the materials, which Charles and Drake then engaged in. They had a series of discussions and negotiations which led to them reaching an agreement that was mutually beneficial for both parties.

"I can live with Mr Warner's price, even though it's not a bargain. I've got one condition though – Jane's gotta be the point person for our companies working together," Charles. added.

"No!" Drake rejected it outright before Charles could finish speaking.