

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 8

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Chapter 8

With a **stoic** expression, Drake dialled **his** assistant, Daniel Turner, **and ordered him to track down Jane's IP address.**

The tranquillity was short-lived, as his phone began to ring soon after he had settled in.

“Did you find **it?**” Drake **sat** with his legs crossed on the leather sofa, pinching **a** cigarette between his fingertips. The smoke enveloped him, obscuring his facial features.

However, **it** was still evident that his brows were furrowing tighter.

“No,” the voice on the other end trembled with fear. “We... we have been detected by the other party's counter surveillance!”

“What?!” Drake stood up in anger, veins popping on his forehead.

Just then, the living room lights suddenly turned on, and Miss Lea's anxious voice came through. “**Young Master, Zac suddenly has a high fever. His whole body is burning up. What should we do?**”

Zac had been under the care of Miss Lea since he was a child, and she had treated him like he was her own son, despite her being just a servant.

Drake hung up the phone directly and followed Miss Lea to Zac's room, an icy aura surrounding him. “Did you call Dr William Harrington? Is he on his way?”

His words masked the anxiety he was feeling.

Although Drake was usually strict with Zac, he still cared for him deep down.

"I called him. Dr Harrington said he's on his way." Miss Lea said with a worried expression. her brows tightly furrowed.

Drake's face turned grave, and his pitch—black pupils were filled with distress. "Hurry and get Dr Harrington here! Why is he late then? Was he stopped by a ghost on the way?"

"Alright, alright!" Miss Lea knew that Drake was extremely angry, so she quickly went out and called Dr Harrington.

Under the pressure, Dr Harrington managed to make the half-hour drive in **just** ten minutes.

"I say, Drake! Why are you rushing me as if it were a matter of life and death?" Dr Harrington, sweating profusely, wore a coarse look on his face.

"Hurry up and come over!" Drake didn't want to waste time chit-chatting idly **to** Dr Harrington.

"I say, **Drake!** What were you doing as **a father all day? Zac** is burning up like **this!**" **Even** though Dr Harrington **was** a **doctor accustomed to such scenes, seeing Zac** lying on the bed, covered in **cold** sweat, eyes tightly **shut, and** his **chubby face** full of **discomfort**, Dr Harrington's heart nearly melted.

He swiftly took action, checking **the** temperature reading. "**It's** already **forty degrees!**"

Miss Lea anxiously **clutched her** clothes at **the side**. "**Zac has been** wanting **to find the** family tutor **who came** that day. **He has been** talking **about** it these **past few days**, and **now he has fallen ill!**"

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"**What family tutor?**" Dr Harrington administered a **fever-reducing** injection to Zac **and** started an IV drip for him. **When Zac's fever** subsided a bit, he raised his eyebrows and looked **at** the cold-faced Drake.

Dr Harrington had watched this mischievous little **devil**, Zac, grow up. Did **he** not understand his temperament?

If he hadn't been driven away by Drake, the family tutor would be considered lucky. How could Zac fall ill because they couldn't find her?

If that were the case, then this family tutor was interesting indeed, to make the young heir of Willowshire so concerned.

Drake gave him a cold, piercing glance, then turned to look at the little figure lying on the bed with a worried expression.

"Beautiful teacher! I want a beautiful teacher, **Ahhhh!**" Whether dreaming or a wake, Zac suddenly burst into tears and cried out.

All through the night, Drake sat vigil by Zac's bedside. His sleep was shallow, and he jolted awake at the sound, quickly calming himself down. "Zac, sweetheart, be good, the beautiful teacher can't come today."

The man's large hand gently pressed against Zac's forehead, his brows tightly furrowed in

concern.

Despite taking medication, his body temperature remained elevated, and he was still running a fever.

"Daddy, I want beautiful teacher!" Zac cried, heartbroken, tears streaming from his closed

eyes.

Worried that something might happen to Zac during the night, Dr Harrington had stayed at the villa. He walked over at this moment and said, "Drake, I think Zac has a broken heart. You need to find the family tutor he mentioned; otherwise, there's nothing I can do."

As soon as those words were spoken, Drake tightly gripped Dr Harrington's collar, his gaze cold and biting as he clenched his teeth. "Aren't you the most famous doctor in the capital? You can't even heal a child's broken heart!"

Dr Harrington was used to Drake's temperament, so he wasn't annoyed and instead smiled. "As you said, I am just a doctor. I can heal wounds but not hearts. This broken heart, you "

Before Dr Harrington could finish his sentence, Drake turned around with a stern face and left. "Take care of Zac. I'll go find help!"

At Chic **Affair**

"Bring out your boss! **Seriously**, you think this is a top-of-the-line custom **dress? I'm a top-tier** celebrity **under the** Warner Corporation! **Who** do **these** small clothing companies **think they are**, playing mind games **with me? Don't you know your worth?!**"

The woman **standing** in **the company** lobby had short hair and wore branded clothing **while** speaking with **sharp** and piercing **words, displaying** an arrogant attitude.

After her tirade, she flung the designer **dress** she was holding at the **person** in front of **her**.

Her arms crossed, she gave her a withering look **that** left no doubt as to what **she** thought of

her.

"I've said **it! The** dress has to be **exactly** what **I** have in mind! This is the gown **for** the **red carpet**. If something **screws up, can** you take **the** blame?"

Grace Parker, a short-haired woman and top-tier star at Warner Corporation, was on the **verge** of **becoming** the entertainment industry's next big thing.

The designer's indignation simmered beneath the surface, but she chose to remain silent and avert her gaze to avoid causing offense. The whites of her eyes had disappeared, replaced by a deep shade of red.

"Sorry, I messed up. What was your vision again? **I'll** make the changes right now."

"More changes?" Grace sneered, "Bring out your boss! I must get **an** explanation today!"

Hearing the commotion outside, Jane put down the design book in her hand, frowning her brows as she asked her assistant, "What's happening out there? It's so noisy."

"There's a big issue with a top female celeb from Warner not liking our designer's work and making a scene! She wants an explanation," the assistant roughly explained the situation.

As soon as Jane heard that it was a female artist under the Warner Corporation, she let out a cold laugh, confirming that dogs reflect the nature of their owners.

She stood up, her face cold, and said, "I'll go and see for myself."

"Okay," the assistant followed closely behind her.

"Excuse me, ma'am, what seems to be the problem with your dress?" Jane took the dress from the designer's hand and glanced at it. Both the style and color were the latest trends. and there was nothing to be picky about.

It was clear that she was intentionally causing trouble.

"What's the problem?" Grace furrowed her brows, looking at Jane's outfit, assuming she was just an ordinary employee, and sneered, "I entrusted your company with the dress because I trusted you! But what about you? You clearly didn't take it seriously!"

"Just look at the craftsmanship! This is for the fashion show! Did you think you could fool me with such a shoddy design?"

"What compensation do you want then?" Jane whispered a few words to her assistant, then smiled at Grace, but her smile didn't reach her eyes.