

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

## Chapter 81

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"What's the matter? Are you afraid, **Mr Warner?**" Drake's refusal didn't surprise Charles, who **replied**,  
"You're scared of Ms Jane reaching out to me because she has no affection for you, despite being your wife?"

As soon as Charles had finished speaking, Drake knew that he had acted too quickly and that his rejection was inappropriate. "She is not good at handling such collaborations, so we cannot entrust this cooperation to her," Drake coldly stated.

"Is that so? But I don't think so. I've seen the proposal she wrote last time, and she is the most suitable person to handle this collaboration," Charles insisted firmly.

"Perhaps Mr Holbrook hasn't understood yet, but the Warner Corporation can certainly afford to decline this cooperation." Drake replied coldly.

Upon hearing this, Charles smiled calmly. "As I thought, I hit the nail on the head. Mr Warner, you lack confidence in yourself. If that's the case, I have nothing more to say."

"Your proposed material price is not the lowest either. You can get this price from anywhere, even overseas. I thought it might be a pain, so I wanted to collaborate with you. And you see, Warner Corporation is making bank with this deposit fee," Charles said confidently.

It was clear from Charles' statement that if you do not seize this fantastic opportunity, it can be assumed that either you lack self-confidence or you are a foolish person who is willing to forgo benefits for a woman.

"Hmph, there's no need for you to mock me. Warner Corp couldn't care less about Holbrook Corporation's small profits." Drake sneered.

"Do you have the guts to let Jane come in and see what she wants?"

When Jane was asked to go to Drake's office, she was still unsure of what was going on. She wondered how his meeting with Charles was relevant to her.

The moment Jane walked into the office, it became clear to her what was happening. Jane responded to Charles' request for her to be the collaboration's liaison with a moment of hesitation before ultimately agreeing.

Charles' face was filled with even more happiness upon hearing Jane's agreement, and a deeper smile appeared on his face.

When he handed over the prepared cooperation agreement to Jane, she took a quick glance at the deposit fee offered by Holbrook Corporation to Warner Corporation, squinted her eyes, and without any hesitation, signed it almost immediately.

With the cooperation agreement in hand, Charles extended his hand to seal the deal. "Ms Jane, I will rely on you for the upcoming collaboration."

"Mr Holbrook, please don't mention it." With a friendly smile, Jane leaned forward and reached out to shake his hand.

Charles left the Warner Corporation feeling pleasant, now that he had the cooperation agreement in hand.

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Jane wasted no time and opened the cooperation agreement to carefully examine **the** collaboration **details** after Charles left. Just as she was about to leave the office, Drake's hand shot out and grabbed her by the arm.

"What do you mean?" Drake coldly looked at Jane, his expression indifferent.

Jane didn't understand. "What do you mean by 'what do you mean'?"

"Why did you agree to collaborate with him?" Drake asked coldly,

"Isn't it what you wanted? Besides, I've seen the deposit fee he offered, which is already at huge profit for the Warner Corporation. We have no reason to disagree," Jane replied earnestly.

Jane couldn't believe her eyes when she saw the price offered by Charles. The deposit fee took her by surprise, leading to her expression of astonishment.

"Hmph. I think you want more contact with him, don't you? What? You didn't fancy him during the blind date, but now you do? Are you eager to have more opportunities to interact with him?" There was no justification for Drake's taunting, yet his words were filled with coldness.

The moment Drake began making his unsupported claims, Jane's anger boiled over and she forcefully pushed him away from her.

"Drake, can't you stop thinking that everyone is like you? I'm different from you," Jane said coldly.

"What do you mean by 'I'm different from you'?" Drake felt insulted by Jane's words, his voice filled with darkness.

At first, Jane's intention was to make it clear that she was unlike him in the sense that she was committed to loving only one person for her entire life, whereas he would pursue any woman he encountered. But in the end, she simply sneered and said, "This is my private matter, and it's none of your business."

Upon hearing this, Drake's face turned red with anger, and he pushed Jane against the wall with force.

"Jane, don't forget that we are husband and wife. How can I not be involved in your affairs?" Drake's voice was filled with gritted teeth.

Looking at Drake's appearance, Jane also felt angry and forcefully pushed him away, angrily shouting, "Drake, why are you talking about us being husband and wife now? Have you forgotten that you forced me to divorce you? I begged you not to divorce me, but you never considered us as husband and wife back then!"

Tense muscles in her jaw tightened, causing her words to be punctuated by sharp, clipped enunciations. As she shot him a cold glance, the gravelly tone of her voice conveyed her sadness and hurt. "When I was covered in blood, lying in a hospital bed for the sake of giving birth to Zac, where were you? You never considered us as husband and wife back then!"

Balled—

up fists trembled at her sides, her body vibrating with an overwhelming surge of anger that infused every syllable. "And now you're hitting me with this. This is just plain ridiculous, Drake. I can't wrap my head around your thoughts. What? So, are we back on?"

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Leaving Annie and living the dream with me?"

A torrent of questions spilled out of Jane, each one peeling back a layer

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### **Chapter 82**

Saying goodbye to Zoe and Zane at the entrance of the kindergarten, Jane was just about to leave when Zac approached her.

"Pretty teacher, can you wait for my daddy to come before you leave? I'm a bit scared. alone," Zac requested.

Zac's imploring request was too hard to ignore, leaving Jane with no choice but to patiently wait for Drake to arrive and take him away.

By the time Drake arrived, all the other children had already left, making him the only one left.

"Daddy, why are you so late?" Zac complained in a low voice upon seeing Drake.

Without a word, Drake picked up Zac and left, his expression gloomy and his steps heavy.

Seeing this, Jane made the choice to follow behind with the two children, paying no attention to what she had just witnessed.

From where she stood, Jane could only make out the figures of the two figures as they walked down the street.

Zac couldn't help but notice the faint red marks on Drake's face as he held him close.

"Daddy, what happened to your face? Did someone hit you?" Zac asked with concern.

"I fell," Drake didn't want to answer Zac's question, but he couldn't admit that he had been hit, so he came up with a random excuse.

Zac heard about the fall and turned to see the pretty teacher's face, which was filled with a mix of concern and surprise. He suddenly had an epiphany, and his eyes widened as he covered his mouth and whispered something.

"Then, Daddy, you must have looked very handsome when you fell."

Drake's expression turned icy upon hearing this, and he didn't say a word.

Jane, who was trailing behind them, burst out laughing upon hearing Zac's words.

As Drake heard the light laughter, he became even more embarrassed and felt a sense of irony.

Drake's unprovoked harassment came to a halt after the incident, and Jane was grateful for the peaceful days that followed. He acted as if she didn't exist, going so far as to avoid eye

contact.

It was a blessing for Jane, and she was grateful. She could finally breathe a sigh of relief, now that she didn't have to deal with Drake's pressure anymore. She found herself enjoying life more, and the thought of visiting Maplewood Mansion no longer filled her with dread.

Seeing Zac every day at the kindergarten was the highlight of her mornings. Jane enjoyed it when Zac came over to play with Zane because it gave her the opportunity to see him.

Jane had organised a small gathering at home for Saturday. Her best friend April and adorable child were the only ones invited. They were all looking forward to the hot pot dinner they had planned when Jasper suddenly showed up at their doorstep.

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With a warm smile, Jane **greeted** him, eager for the lively atmosphere that more people would bring.

As the

**group** sat together, eagerly anticipating the meal to come, the doorbell rang, bringing an unwelcome distraction.

"I'll get the door," Jane stood up and went to open it.

**Her** good mood vanished in an instant as soon as she laid eyes on the person standing outside after opening the door.

"What are you here for?" Jane's attitude towards Drake was indifferent.

"Zac is sick and wants to see you," Drake's voice was cold, even though he could hear the lively atmosphere inside from outside the door.

Zac's laughter and words had decreased significantly at Maplewood Mansion, now that Zane and Zoe were not around to fill the room with their energy. For no particular reason, he enjoyed coming over to this place.

Without Zac, the entire villa felt even more silent and lonely.

He, who had always liked peace and quiet, was not used to it at all.

"How could Zac get sick? He was fine when he came over yesterday," Jane had some doubts. She couldn't help but wonder if Zac had enjoyed their time together as he seemed fine when he left her place yesterday. What could have caused him to fall ill so abruptly?

Drake's words failed to convince Jane, and she began to suspect him of being dishonest.

"I took him diving today, and he had a fever when we came back," Drake explained.

As soon as Jane heard Drake's words, she felt a surge of anger. "Zac is so young, and you took him diving?"

After scolding him in anger, Jane became more worried. "Let me tidy up, and I'll go with you."

Returning to the house, Jane filled in Jasper and April on the situation and requested their help in taking care of the children.

Drake caught a glimpse of the lively scene inside due to the open door. He found himself struggling to understand the complex dynamic between Zane and Zoe.

If Zac had siblings, would he be happier?

Jane instructed Jasper and April to watch the children while she changed into comfortable clothes, then went downstairs with Drake.

During the journey, there was an uneasy silence between them, and the air was thick with tension.

As soon as they arrived at Maplewood Mansion, Jane disappeared inside, but Drake couldn't help but notice a car parked in the courtyard, causing him to frown his eyebrows. He sprinted to catch up with Jane, who was already several paces ahead.

Upon walking into Zac's sick room, Jane saw that Zac was being comforted by Annie's embrace.

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Zac was **completely** out of it, **with** a **fever** so high that his face was beet red, and his eyes **were** glazed **over**.

Annie's motherly demeanour was evident **as** she comforted him with a gentle touch and whispered reassurances while he murmured "mummy" in his sleep.

"Zac, mommy is here..."

The complexity of emotions Jane felt was overwhelming as she gazed at the scene before her from the doorway.

Annie's eyes filled with resentment as soon as she noticed Jane. Before long, Drake was there too.

Seeing Drake, Annie quickly concealed the resentment in her eyes and looked at him, speaking softly, "I heard that Zac is sick, so I came to take care of him."

Jane walked over and directly said to Annie, "Give Zac to me."

"Zac is my child. He's sick now and calling for his mommy. Why should I give him to you?" Annie refused.

"Pretty teacher, mommy..." At this moment, Zac, who was unconscious, murmured a few words.

Jane didn't want to watch Annie put on an act, so she straightforwardly asked, "Zac wants his mommy. Are you his mommy?"

Annie's expression changed as soon as she heard Jane's words. She looked at Jane with disbelief, then turned to Drake for an explanation.

Drake also stepped forward and said to Annie, "Give Zac to her."

Annie's grip tightened as Drake's words reverberated in her mind, intensifying her shock.

The thought of letting go filled her with a sense of impending loss.

"Come out, I have something to say to you," Drake spoke again, and Annie hesitated before handing Zac over to Jane.

After leaving Zac's room, Annie's eyes fell on Drake's peaceful expression, and she couldn't help but feel uneasy.

"Drake..."



“Let’s talk in the study,” Drake said coldly.

They were sitting across from each other in the study, the only light coming from the lamp on the desk. Annie’s gaze fell on Drake, who exuded an air of negativity, and she took a deep breath to steady herself before speaking.

“Drake, are you still mad at me? I know I was wrong. Please don’t be angry anymore, okay?”

“I know I made a mistake last time, and I’ve realised my mistake. Why are you still Our years of affection can’t outweigh this one mistake I made.”

angry?

Annie’s heart raced as **she** observed Drake’s unresponsive demeanour, intensifying her apprehension.

“Drake, did you tell Jane about Zac’s identity?” Annie asked, but Drake didn’t answer. He

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looked directly **at** Annie and asked, “What do you want the most?”

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## Chapter 83

Upon hearing Drake's **inquiry**, Annie paused for a moment and then smiled as she spoke, "Drake, what I want **most** is to marry you and be with you for the rest of **my** life."

"Besides that, what do you want most?" Drake asked again.

Drake's words finally made Annie realise that something was amiss, and she looked at him with a furrowed brow. "Drake, what do you mean by that?"

"Let's... cancel the wedding," Drake said calmly after a moment of contemplation.

Upon hearing his words, Annie was struck with disbelief. It took her a moment to gather her thoughts before she spoke, her voice tinged with both anger and hurt, "Drake, are you teasing me?"

"No, I'm serious," Drake affirmed.

Annie's body was consumed by an uncontrollable urge to move. Standing up, she felt a lump form in her throat as tears pricked at the corners of her eyes.

"Drake, why? Is it because of Jane? Because she's back, you don't want me anymore? Is that it?"

Drake remained quiet, the only sound the soft tapping of his fingers on the table as he wrestled with his thoughts.

"But you said you would only love me in this lifetime. Why? Why did it suddenly change?"

Annie was in such shock that she didn't cry out, but tears streamed down her face.

Knowing how Drake responded to vulnerability, she purposely appeared pitiful and fragile in his presence.

"Drake, it's my fault. Tell me what I did wrong, and I'll change. Why do you want to cancel the wedding? You promised me a grand wedding, to marry me. At the very least, you should give me an explanation, shouldn't you?"

Torn between conflicting desires, Drake was at a loss. He realised he was no longer interested in this woman, whom he had believed to love for ten years.

It was as if his heart had been set on the wrong person from the very beginning.

“It has nothing to do with you. It’s my problem,” Drake spoke.

“No matter what you want, I can make it up to you.”

Annie chuckled softly at Drake’s words, but her laughter was tinged with melancholy.

“**All** I want is your unique love from beginning to end.”

Upon hearing this, Drake’s expression turned to one of deep concern. Drake was caught off guard when Annie approached him and stopped at a close distance, forcing him to look up at her.

Her eyes were filled with desolation. “Drake, you don’t love me anymore. I don’t blame you. If you want to cancel the wedding, I won’t blame you. It’s my own fault. I couldn’t make you love me for a lifetime. Thank you for the love you once gave me. I’ll return the keepsake

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you gave me after I go back.”

Annie’s **eyes** filled with tears, and one finally spilled over as she finished her sentence. People couldn’t help but **feel** extreme **pity** when they saw her pitiful appearance.

Drake closed his eyes as Annie pressed her lips to his forehead.

Memories that had been buried deep in the distant past were suddenly awakened in an instant. As soon as the kiss ended, Drake’s hand shot out and grabbed Annie’s arm.

He stood up, embracing her tightly, his body shaking with the weight of his self-blame.

During the darkest moment of his life, this girl had been his unwavering companion. She trusted him, so how could he betray her like that?

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said those things,” Drake apologised.

Upon hearing his words, Annie appeared even more pitiful.

“I should be the one apologising. I shouldn’t have done those things out of jealousy towards Jane. I was just so afraid of losing you, Drake. I was really scared of losing you.”

Annie left the Warners’ home, feeling triumphant, and wore a smile that wouldn’t fade.

She had Drake wrapped around her finger a simple mention of their past and the keepsake was all it took to bring him back to her.

What difference would it make if Jane found out about Zac’s identity? As Jane held Drake’s heart, she couldn’t help but think of the painful ending that awaited her **if** she didn’t release

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Throughout the night, Jane tended to Zac’s needs at the Warners’ home. After a long night of battling his fever, Zac finally woke up the next day feeling better.

Seeing Jane by his bedside, Zac became excited. “Pretty teacher, it’s you!”

“Zac, you’re awake. How do you feel?” Jane felt relieved to see Zac awake.

“Pretty teacher, I’m fine,” Zac shook his head and happily told Jane about the dream he had last night.

“Pretty teacher, I dreamt that you became my mommy, and you and Daddy hugged me tightly. I was so happy.”

Jane was taken aback for a moment upon hearing this. She was at a loss for words in response to Zac’s statement.

She longed to embrace him and tell him the truth, but she knew it would only cause more confusion.

Zac was hoping for a reply from Jane, but her silence made him feel disappointed. Jane's words saying that she will be his mommy were all that he wanted to hear.

Despite this, he knew that it would require a lot of effort.

The reason for this is that Daddy didn't put in enough effort. He had been trying to win over the pretty teacher for so long, but she remained indifferent.

"Pretty teacher, let's go downstairs for breakfast. I'm hungry."

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"Alright," Jane snapped back to reality and no longer delved into Zac's words. **She** took him downstairs.

Drake sat on the sofa downstairs, flipping through a book, the sound of pages turning the only noise in the quiet house. He remained still, not bothering to lift his head, as he heard Jane leading Zac downstairs, emitting a chilly aura.

As Jane glanced at him, she couldn't help but notice the frigid air emanating from his direction.

She cocked her head to one side, trying to figure out what was happening.

What was this man up to, wearing such a stern face early in the morning?

Jane didn't understand. No sooner had they finished breakfast than Drake urged her to leave.

"Zac is fine now, so you can go."

Jane's irritation matched the man's frigidity upon hearing his words. Using people and discarding them was his modus operandi, and this was no different.

"Zac still needs careful attention. Can you, a grown man, take care of him?"

"You don't need to worry about that," Drake said coldly.

Jane's fury was ignited by the tone of his voice, causing her to question him in a chilly

manner.

“What do you mean, Drake?”

“It doesn’t mean anything. Just follow your own wishes and find your own place,” Drake replied.

It finally clicked for Jane when she heard this. The dog man was at it again!

The consequences she faced were a direct result of the words she had spoken. Jane resigned herself to the situation and accepted it. As she left, she reminded Zac to take it easy and

get plenty of rest.

Jane’s schedule remained unchanged in the following days as she continued to take the children to kindergarten, pick them up, and tutor Zac.

Jane noticed that Drake was keeping his distance, as promised, and she couldn’t help but feel a sense of unfamiliar calm.

One day, Jane got caught up with work in the morning and ended up working late into the afternoon, missing her usual leaving time.

It was only when she glanced at her phone that she realised how late it had gotten. She was almost out the door when Drake appeared at the elevator, causing her to hesitate. He wore a pained expression, his brow furrowed in embarrassment. His shoulders slumped and his usually straight posture appeared slightly bent.

Jane immediately sensed that something was wrong and blurted out, “Is your stomach acting up again?”

Jane, who had once deeply loved him, was aware of Drake’s stomach problems. She knew that every time he had an episode, he would be writhing in pain, just like he was now.

“You don’t... need to worry,” Drake trembled as he spoke with a strained voice.

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## Chapter 84

“Tch, you think I want to bother?”

Jane saw Drake’s demeanor and decided to leave on her own without any concern.

She took a few steps forward, but her concern for Drake made her turn back and offer her support, her face unyielding as she spoke.

“I’m doing this for Zac’s sake, otherwise, I wouldn’t even bother with you.”

The words spoken by Jane caused Drake to experience a great deal of pain, which led to his strength considerably weakening, making it difficult for him to break free from her grip.

“Don’t move, you know how uncomfortable it is when your stomach acts up. Let me take you to the hospital first.”

With Jane’s support, Drake eventually gave up struggling and agreed to go to the hospital.

He was examined by Dr Harrington, who provided him with medication and an IV drip, and he felt slightly better as a result.

As Jane looked at Drake’s pale face on the hospital bed, she felt a mix of emotions that she couldn’t quite explain.

“Do you need me to contact Annie to take care of you?”

Upon hearing this, Drake’s face remained expressionless, but his eyes betrayed a hint of

coldness.

“No need.”

“Why? Don’t want Annie to make the effort to come?” Jane’s words carried a hint of jealousy.

It wasn't until Annie showed up at the Warners' home that night that Jane remembered she existed.

Uncertainty filled her as she pondered whether anything had transpired between Annie and Drake that night. Annie's craftiness likely led to her winning Drake back once again.

"It's just a minor issue. Having you here is enough," Drake said calmly.

Hearing this, Jane became displeased. "So, you mean I deserve to take care of you?"

"It's because you meddled in other people's business. Since that's the case, then you have to stay with me until the IV drip is finished," Drake said.

Hearing his words, Jane felt even more unwilling. She glared at the man fiercely and said in a displeased tone, "If it weren't for Zac, I wouldn't bother taking care of you. I can't let Zac grow up without a father at such a young age."

As soon as she finished speaking, Jane's phone began to ring. Jasper's name flashed on the screen as she picked up the phone. Jane quickly exited the ward to answer the call, her footsteps echoing down the sterile hallway.

As Jane listened to the voice on the other end of the phone, she learned the devastating news that Jasper had been in a car accident. Hanging up the phone, she made her way back

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to the ward, picked up her bag, and exchanged a few words with Drake.

"I have something to attend to. I have to leave. Find someone else to take care of you."

**As** Jane hurriedly prepared to leave, Drake coldly said, "You're not allowed to leave."

"I really have something urgent," Jane said urgently.



“What could be more important than me?” Drake’s voice carried a hint of anger.

He had intended to create space between himself and Jane, but she kept getting closer. And now, she wanted to leave again. He couldn’t believe he let that woman get under his skin, only for her to walk away unscathed.

“There’s an emergency with Jasper. I have to go.” Jane said, no longer caring about Drake’s thoughts. She grabbed her things, the sound of the jingling keys echoing through the room, and headed towards the door.

“If you dare to leave, don’t blame me for not being polite,” Drake said coldly.

Jane had already reached the door. She hesitated briefly after hearing Drake’s words, then left anyway.

Drake felt a wave of embarrassment wash over him as Jane left. When Dr Harrington arrived to change the IV drip, Drake’s demeanour changed, and the air in the room became heavy, making Dr Harrington feel uneasy.

“What’s going on? Wasn’t Jane just here? Did you drive her away?”

“She went to find some wild man on her own. I couldn’t stop her,” Drake said sarcastically, harbouring grudges against Jane for leaving him alone in the hospital.

As Drake spoke, Dr Harrington observed the furrowed brows and tense jaw, recognizing his anger. He tried to console him, but the words just wouldn’t come.

“You may talk tough, but if you treated her better, she wouldn’t go looking for other men. Don’t forget how attentive she used to be to you.”

Hearing Dr Harrington’s words, Drake’s face grew even darker. “You too can leave!”

Upon seeing Drake’s darkened face, Dr Harrington let out an exasperated sigh and left the ward.

As he sat in the hospital room, Drake’s thoughts raced and collided. There was no denying that Dr Harrington spoke the truth.

Whenever he thought of the old Jane's generosity, he felt a twinge of regret for how he had treated her.

The only reason Jane showed any concern was Zac, as she was now indifferent towards him. Drake was uncomfortable due to the stark contrast between the two. Dialling a number on the other side of the Atlantic, he held the phone to his ear and waited for someone to pick

1. up.

Jasper had just finished treating his injuries when Jane arrived at the other hospital. Jane furrowed her brows as she saw Jasper lying on the hospital bed, looking pale and weak.

"What happened? Are you okay?"

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Jane rushing over **brought** a nonchalant smile to **Jasper's** face, feeling particularly good.

"Nothing major, just a little car wreck. The other driver was hammered and we had a little. accident."

"Are you alright?" Jane looked at Jasper's hand hanging in a sling and his foot immobilised in a cast, expressing her concern.

"No problem, just **a** scratch on my hand, but the foot is a bit more serious. It's fractured, so I can't move freely for now. I have to trouble you to take care of me," Jasper said.

"It's no trouble at all. If you're in need, I will definitely help," Jane said casually.

During her time overseas, Jasper had been instrumental in providing her with support and aid. Taking care of two adorable children while developing her career was no easy feat, but Jasper played a significant role in helping her manage it all.

Jane had never forgotten the favour Jasper had done for her and wanted to find a way to repay him.

“It may take more than a few days. The doctor said the recovery period will be at least a month,” Jasper continued.

“Don’t worry about that. I will take good care of you until you recover.” Jane interrupted.

Jasper’s lips twitched into a faint smile upon hearing her words. “Good.”

Jane’s best friend April was entrusted with the task of picking up and dropping off their two adorable children, as Jane had to take care of the injured Jasper.

Jane welcomed April back and offered her a place to stay. Not having to go to work left her with a blank slate of a day, waiting to be filled with activities. When Jane asked for help with the children, April didn’t hesitate to offer her help.

Every morning, Jane would wake up early to prepare breakfast for Jasper before delivering it to him at the hospital. She would then visit him again at noon and return once more after work.

She took the decision to hire a male nurse to help take care of him during the remaining time.

Drake observed how Jane would arrive late and leave early every day, tending to the injured Jasper. With each passing moment, his mood turned more and more sour, until it was almost unbearable to be around him.

Hmph, leaving him alone in the hospital to take care of someone else.

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## Chapter 85

Jane was given an enormous amount of data and documents to organise on that day. Drake requested that she arrange the documents and send them to his email address.

When Jane saw the messy pile of materials in front of her, she didn't know where to start. She had forgotten how mentally taxing and complicated such tasks could be, having gone so long without having to deal with them.

Since becoming a boss, she no longer had to personally handle such trivial matters.

Despite not having done it for a while, she quickly fell back into the rhythm and performed it flawlessly. In less than three hours, Jane managed to sort everything out.

It didn't take long for Drake to call Jane to his office, less than half an hour after receiving

the files.

"You didn't organise the materials by yourself?" Drake questioned directly.

Upon hearing his words, Jane replied coldly, "Are you saying that it wasn't just me organising them? Could it be that you helped me?"

"Fine, come here and explain it to me in detail," Drake said, not believing that Jane could have organised so many messy documents into detailed files in such a short time.

Without a second thought, Jane walked directly to his side. As Drake showed her different locations on the computer screen, Jane was able to easily articulate detailed explanations.

As they spoke, Drake caught a faint fragrance from her and felt her breath brushing against his ear due to their proximity, making his heart race uncontrollably.

The man beside her appeared perfectly normal to Jane, who was lost in thought. Her attention was fixed on the computer screen as Drake pointed out different locations. After he stopped, she calmly said, "Were these so difficult?"

As soon as Jane asked her question, Drake shook off his daze and focused on the areas she had referred to as difficult.

To him, they didn't seem difficult, but he remembered a time when the previous Jane would have struggled with them.

Even in the face of adversity, she exuded an air of calm.

Drake was perplexed whether he failed to understand the experienced Jane or if Jane had evolved into someone who could handle what most people would consider challenging.

"Since you're so capable, then organise the projects of several industries under the company as well," Drake said casually.

The Warner Group's business ventures spanned across various industries, showcasing their wide-ranging expertise. Even with Jane's exceptional skills and impressive speed, it would still be quite time-consuming to organise everything completely.

He hoped that by providing her with more opportunities to keep busy, she would not feel the need to run to the other man as often.

Jane began to understand that Drake's actions were not accidental, but rather a deliberate

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effort to assign her a large amount of work. With determination and strength, she endured the situation by **gritting** her teeth.

The workload was so heavy that Jane was unable to finish her tasks within her normal working hours. She could **only** bring the pile of materials home to work on after finishing work.

As soon as Jane arrived at the hospital, she noticed Jasper sitting at his desk, intently staring at his computer screen, tapping his fingers on the surface, and furrowing his eyebrows in deep concentration.

“What’s wrong?” Jane asked when she entered, noticing Jasper’s troubled expression.

Jasper’s head shot up as he heard Jane’s footsteps approaching. His troubled expression softened somewhat, but he still appeared uneasy.

“There’s a minor problem with the business, nothing major,” he said.

Jane was unperturbed by Jasper’s dismissal when she heard it. Despite running his own business, Jasper held the position of her senior designer. Designing was something he enjoyed doing in his free time, but it wasn’t his main occupation.

He had gained fame in the design industry, and his success extended to his several thriving vineyards.

“How are you feeling today? Are you feeling any better?”

“With your careful care every day, how can I not be?” Jasper smiled.

Upon finishing dinner with Jasper, Jane realised it was already dark outside and decided to head home.

The moment Jane stepped into the living room with a stack of documents, she could hear her son Zane and best friend April chatting.

In front of April, Zane, a little person, stood with a serious expression, his small chest puffed out as he spoke.

“Auntie, if you find a man like me, you’ll be worry-free for the rest of your life. Just like me, not only am I handsome, but I’m also very caring. You can ask Zoe if you don’t believe me.” April smiled at Zane’s words, and coincidentally seeing Jane return, she happily said to her. “Sis, come and listen to what your son is saying. He’s teasing me, saying I should find a man like him to get married.”

“Isn’t that what you said you wanted, a daughter like Zoe? So, I’m just giving you an example of the standards for finding a man,” Zane chimed in.

Jane placed the stack of documents on the table and looked at Zane, speaking softly, “You’re not considered a man yet.

”

“Why am I not considered one?” Zane protested, puffing out his chest.

“At best, you’re just a little boy,” Jane assessed Zane, realising that he had grown a little taller over time.

“No, Mommy, I’m already a man. I’m brave, tenacious, sensible, and able to take care of you and Zoe. These are qualities that a man possesses, and I have them all,” Zane earnestly

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declared.

Jane was shocked by Zane’s statement, but she couldn’t help but burst into laughter and affectionately tousle his hair.

“Your words are correct, Zane. Indeed, my Zane is a man now,” Jane praised with a smile.

Zane’s laughter echoed with a sense of accomplishment, mirroring the pride that filled him.

As she watched Zane’s energetic movements and then caught a glimpse of the adorable and charming Zoe, April felt an increasing longing to become a mother.

She tried to focus, but a charming and handsome face kept popping into her mind, which she tried to ignore.

Their relationship was already strained, so the possibility of having a child together felt like an unrealistic dream.

Jane observed April’s face turn instantly lonely, and she knew it was because she was thinking about the man she couldn’t have. She comforted her with a warm embrace and whispered words of reassurance.

“Don’t overthink it. Zoe and Zane are also your children.”

“Auntie, if you don’t have your own children in the future, I will take care of you ,” Zane chimed in.

April was lost in thought until Zane’s childlike words brought her back to reality , and she hugged him tightly.

“Okay, then I’ll rely on you to take care of me in the second half of my life.”

After tucking the two little ones into bed, Jane turned on her computer to begin her overtime work.

April noticed that Jane was still working so late and sat down beside her, concern etched on her face.

“Why are you still working?”

April picked up a document and flipped it open, expecting to see information about Jane’s business, but was shocked to find details about Warner Group instead.

“Why are you looking at Warner Group’s documents?”

Jane had kept her job at Warner Group a secret from April, so April had assumed that Jane was fully occupied with her business.

“Sis, tell me honestly, are you involved with Drake again?”

“No, I’m not,” Jane replied helplessly. It wasn’t until April started questioning her that she felt compelled to explain her job at Warner Group.

“That scumbag is going too far, using Zac to threaten you,” April exclaimed, defending Jane.

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Mr Warner. Your Ex wife is Brilliant



## Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 86 -

### Chapter 86

Upon **receiving** the materials that Jane had organised the next day, Drake asked her to come to his office to ensure that she had completed the work independently. Even Drake couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"You did a good job," Drake sincerely praised in the end.

"Well, as long as the CEO is satisfied," Jane replied casually.

When Drake saw how tired Jane looked, he felt a strange emotion he couldn't quite identify.

What led to her drastic transformation?

"If the CEO has nothing else, I'll leave," Jane said, feeling uncomfortable under Drake's gaze.

"Wait," Drake called her, then took out a voucher for a fancy restaurant from a drawer and handed it to Jane.

"This is a reward for you, consider it a job well done."

Jane accepted it after glancing around, realising it was a voucher, and left Drake's office.

Back at her workstation, Jane absentmindedly placed the voucher on top of a stack of documents and continued with her work.

As Jane was so absorbed in her work, she failed to notice that the voucher had become mixed in with the files and had ultimately ended up in the possession of someone else.

Upon realising that she had lost the voucher, Jane went on a frantic search for it, but unfortunately had no idea where it could have ended up.

Thinking it was just a regular voucher, Jane paid little attention to it and made the decision not to go searching for it.

Jane gave the files to Daniel, and as he went through them, he stumbled upon a voucher that had been clipped inside. With a puzzled expression on his face, he approached Drake and presented him with the object.

“Sir, this is a free voucher for the opening of Mr Kevin Cook’s new restaurant.”

Drake ended up with the voucher that had been sent to him by his friend, Kevin Cook, after it was passed on to him by Daniel. When Daniel spotted the voucher, his first assumption was that Drake had accidentally mixed it up with the files and lost track of it.

As soon as Drake saw the voucher in Daniel’s hand, his demeanour changed, and a hint of coldness entered his eyes.

“Where did you get this from?”

“It was clipped inside the files. Didn’t you accidentally lose it?” Daniel asked, looking confused.

“Put it down and leave,” Drake coldly ordered.

Drake’s cold attitude left Daniel confused, causing him to leave without understanding what had triggered the CEO.

Drake summoned Jane to his office again after Daniel’s departure.

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Chapter 86

**Slapping the** voucher onto the **table** in front of her, he spoke with a cold tone, “What do mean by **this?**”

you

Looking at the lost and found voucher, Jane was a bit stunned. “Um, I guess I accidentally **mixed** it in with the **files** and lost it.”

“You don’t **care** about **the** things I give you, casually losing them like this? Jane, do you even consider me **at** all?” Drake was furious, his sombre words filled with indifference.

“I didn’t do it on purpose. Why are you being so aggressive?” Faced with Drake’s attitude, Jane retorted with irritation, “Besides, it’s not something valuable. It’s just a voucher. I’m already rich, I don’t need that one meal from you.” Jane finished talking, then stormed out

of Drake’s office.

As Jane departed, Drake’s once-flushed face became ghostly white. He angrily rummaged through the drawer and retrieved yet another voucher, only to toss it into the trash bin.

A woman who doesn’t know how to appreciate! There were originally two vouchers, meant for couples, and he had wanted to have a meal with her. It was obvious that she had no emotional investment in him, as she carried on with her day without any regard for his feelings.

A few days later, Jane went to the Warners’ residence to tutor Zac. When she arrived, Zac was still swimming, so Jane waited in the living room.

Drake came downstairs and his gaze immediately landed on Jane, causing him to walk straight towards her.

“So, you still remember to come and tutor Zac. I thought you only had other men on your mind, hmph!”

Jane’s indifference was evident as she turned her head away from Drake’s words.

Drake’s irritation intensified **as** Jane remained oblivious to his presence. As he took a step forward, his slender hand shot out and grabbed Jane’s chin, tilting her head up to meet his

gaze.

“You’ve become arrogant, completely disregarding me, haven’t you?”

“Drake... you... ah!” With her chin held firmly, Jane’s words were unintelligible, but her eyes were filled with rage.

Seeing her reaction, Drake lowered his head and kissed her lips. Jane’s mind went blank for a moment, then she pushed Drake away forcefully.

She stood up, raised her hand, and struck without hesitation!

Feeling the pain on his face, Drake was shocked. How many times had Jane slapped him. already?

This woman was becoming more and more audacious.

Following her departure from the Warners’ residence, Jane headed to the hospital to take care of Jasper.

The moment she set foot in the hospital, she caught sight of Jasper furrowing his brows, indicating that he was worried.

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## **Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 87 -**

Mr. Warner. Your Ex wife is

### **Chapter 87**

Jane didn’t respond to **Jasper**, her mind already made up with a clear conclusion. It was Drake who **saw** to it that this matter was taken care of. **It** was not out of **character** for him to do similar things, as he had before.

As soon as Jane arrived at work the following day, she sought out Drake and asked for a two-week leave of absence without delay.

Drake put down **his** work and looked at Jane with indifference, his eyes cold and unfeeling. “What’s the reason for your leave?”

“To take care of **a** friend,” Jane replied straightforwardly.

“A friend? Which friend? Jasper?” The frigidity in Drake’s voice sent a shiver down Jane’s spine.

But she straightened her back and looked back at him, saying coldly, “Yes, hi m.”

The sound of the pen snapping echoed through the room after Jane spoke. Drake’s eyes grew even colder, like the **depths** of an abyss.

“Jane, you’re going too far.”

“Who’s the one going too far? If it wasn’t for your despicable act of sabotaging his business abroad and forcing him to go overseas, why would I need to take a leave to accompany him?” Jane retorted.

Drake was already angry, and hearing that Jane was taking a leave to accompany Jasper in handling his business matters abroad only made it worse. He knew that what he was about to do would have negative consequences, but he did it anyway, feeling as though he was shooting himself in the foot.

He contemplated for a moment before fixing his gaze on Jane. “Did he tell you that I sabotaged his business abroad?”

“He didn’t have to say it. I could guess it was you. After all, you’ve done similar things before,” Jane said coldly.

As he listened to Jane’s strong opinions about him, Drake’s eyes turned dark, emanating a chilling aura.

“You’re right, I did it.”

“But what I can’t understand is, can’t you see that Jasper is cunning? He deliberately pretends to be innocent and feminine just to get close to you. I find him unpleasant, so I wanted to teach him a lesson,” Drake admitted, mentioning Jasper’s supposed feminine behaviour.

Challenging Drake’s claims, Jane retorted, “And what about you? Have you ever noticed how cunning Annie is? Playing a role, pretending?”

“That’s also because of her. She made me miserable and humiliated me. No matter what, Jasper has never done anything to harm me,” Jane replied calmly.

“That’s in the past. Don’t confuse **the** issues,” Drake replied, diverting his gaze.

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Mr. Warner. **Your** Ex.

“So **you** mean, **if** something has **passed**, we can pretend it never **happened**? Can **we** **erase** the pain **you** caused me?” **Jane** said **coldly**.

Her words fell on deaf ears **as** Drake remained unresponsive. The peaceful moment was abruptly interrupted by the sound of Jane’s phone ringing.

As she checked her phone, Jane saw that Jasper was calling her. Drake’s mood darkened as he saw the name on Jane’s phone screen, intensifying the chilly atmosphere.

Jane left the office and responded to the call, disregarding everything around her.

When Jane hung up the phone, her tense expression relaxed slightly. Jasper’s business overseas had improved to the point where he no longer needed to travel there in person.

Jane felt a weight lift off her shoulders as she snorted at Drake’s office and walked back to her own desk.

Jane stopped by the hospital to keep Jasper company for a while after work, before finally going home.

Upon arriving home, she discovered that only the two adorable kids were present, and April was nowhere to be found.

“Zane, where is your godmother?” Jane asked, puzzled.

When Zane saw Jane, his face immediately wrinkled up in disgust. “A man took godmother away.”

“A man?” Jane was taken aback. The first person she thought of was Matthew. As best friends, Jane was also aware of everything about April, including the person she wanted to love but couldn’t, Matthew!

When she called April's phone, it took a while for the call to connect, but eventually, she heard April's voice on the other end. The phone buzzed, and April's voice filled their ears.

"Darling, you're back..."

"Where are you?" Jane asked directly, faintly hearing the noisy background and music from the other end of the call.

As Jane walked into the bar, she noticed April giggling uncontrollably, a half-empty glass of wine in front of her. The elegant black dress hugged her figure as she walked, and her high-tied black hair with a pearl hairpin gave her an air of mystery and maturity.

The moment Jane walked in, she saw that April was the object of many curious stares.

Jane walked over and snatched the drink from April's hand, causing the ice to clink loudly against the glass.

"What are you doing?" April turned her head and looked at Jane.

"I should be asking you that. Seeking solace in alcohol?" Jane noticed an empty bottle of alcohol next to April, and her irritation was evident in her voice as she spoke.

"Darling, I'm sad..." **April's** sudden move startled Jane, but she quickly realized that her friend was embracing her with a touch of sadness in her eyes.

Jane's heart went out to her, and she responded by patting her back. "Okay, then I'll drink with you. Is that alright?"

## Chapter 87

There **was** nowhere **for** Jane to vent her emotions, and she felt like a pressure cooker ready to explode. Meeting April was the perfect moment for her **to** find solace in alcohol, just as April was seeking comfort in someone's company.

"Thank you, my dear. You're always the best to me." April looked up, giving a faintly tragic smile.

They ordered drinks and sank into the comfortable chairs in the corner of the bar. As the night went on, Jane's low alcohol tolerance started to catch up with her, and she began to feel a bit intoxicated.

"Darling, what should I do? If I had a little more courage, could I ignore everything and bravely be with him?" With a tipsy tone, April sought advice and spoke her words with a slight slur.

Listening to April's intoxicated rambling, Jane felt a moment of hesitation before responding

The memory of her own relationship failures kept her from urging April to be courageous in love, even though she may have done so in the past.

Love is just a small piece of the puzzle of life, and there are countless other factors to take into account.

"April, maybe you can try to be more open-minded. In life, if you want to love, love; if you don't want to, leave. If separation brings you pain, then be together first and find happiness," Jane could only offer such an answer. If it's painful, then choose a different path.

"But I can't convince myself. You know, **he** and I... but we're siblings..." April said sorrowfully.

"In that case, you can only torment yourself," Jane also felt helpless. She wanted to help April, but matters of the heart were the most difficult to intervene in.

"Forget about him. Come on, sister, let's drown our sorrows," April didn't want to think about the man she couldn't love, accepting the request of the man who suddenly appeared behind them.

Jane waved her hand to refuse as soon as the man suddenly appeared before her. "No need."

They came to this place for the vibrant atmosphere and signature cocktails, not for the presence of men. They paid no attention to them whatsoever.

Jane declined, but April had already consumed enough alcohol to become intoxicated. She didn't need much convincing and quickly said yes to the man's request.



“Sure, let’s have a drink.”

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Chapter 88

## **Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 88 -**

### **Chapter 88**

“**Come**, beautiful **lady**, **this** drink is **for** you.” **April’s** agreement prompted the man to approach her, and he raised his glass in a gesture of camaraderie.

As soon as Jane saw what was happening, she hurriedly went to pull April away. “You’ve had too much to drink, let me take you home.”

“Darling, I’m not drunk. I can still drink.” April struggled.

“Darling, since this beauty still wants to drink, you shouldn’t stop her. They say ‘drunkenness dispels a thousand worries.’ I can cover the expenses for both of you tonight,” the man boldly said, his eyes fixed on April. He was brimming with confidence, but Jane saw through his ulterior motives, and decided not to let April drink with him since she was a little tipsy.

“No need, we have money. We don’t need you to pay.” Jane said, addressing the bartender directly.

“Check, please.” Seeing the Jane’s frustration, the bartender brought the bill over in hopes of defusing the situation. Unfortunately, the man was still unable to let it go.

“Here, I’ll pay for the two ladies.” Saying so, he took out his wallet. The bartender glanced at Jane and said calmly to the man, “Sir, the total is \$14,000. How would you like to pay?”

“What? \$14,000? Are you robbing me?” The man was shocked to hear the price on the bill.

The bartender coldly replied, “The ladies were drinking imported brands, and each bottle costs in the thousands.”

As the bartender spoke, there was a tinge of disdain in his voice. It was clear to him that the man had bad intentions, and he knew that the two ladies could handle themselves, even though they were ordering pricey drinks.

The man’s face flushed with embarrassment, yet he held the wallet firmly in his grasp. He wrestled with his conscience, knowing that not paying for the expensive alcohol would make him look cheap, but he couldn’t bring himself to drink it.

Jane remained unfazed as she watched the man make a fool of himself, instead reaching for her card and handing it to the bartender.

“Credit card.”

With a hint of disdain, the bartender took Jane’s card and shot a quick glance at the man.

Jane settled the bill and headed out of the door with April by her side. She turned around, but the man from before was nowhere to be seen he had left in embarrassment.

As Jane was attempting to support the intoxicated April by calling a taxi, a pair of large hands suddenly grabbed April and pulled her away.

Jane looked at the man who appeared out of nowhere, and was momentarily frozen by his strikingly handsome face, which made it difficult for her to determine his gender.

“It’s you!” Jane blurted out, looking at Matthew with surprise.

When Matthew looked at Jane, he saw the distance in **her** eyes and felt a pang **of** sadness.

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Mr. **Warna Your** Ex–wife is

Chapter 88

“I’m taking her with me.” **Matthew** spoke, his words cold.

“No, she’s drunk. I **have** to take her home,” Jane said, even though she knew that the in front of her was the one April had been longing for, the one she wanted to love but couldn’t. **Due** to **April’s** state of intoxication, Jane refused to give her over to Matthew.

“I’m taking her, you can’t stop me,” Matthew said coldly.

person

As the words reached her ears, Jane’s anger began to simmer. Despite their initial differences, she found herself drawing comparisons between Matthew and Drake as she witnessed his cold, unyielding nature.

“You know very well that this is not what she wants.”

Jane resigned herself to the man’s actions and spoke in a cold tone.

Upon hearing this, Matthew paused for a moment, but responded indifferently. “If it’s what I want, that’s enough.”

He didn’t waste any time after speaking; he lifted the intoxicated April and walked away, leaving Jane behind. Jane moved to stop him again, but his driver cut in and obstructed her path.

“Miss, please don’t make it difficult for me.”

Jane was left standing alone, watching as Matthew whisked April away in the car, leaving her feeling powerless.

She tried to shake off the feeling of unease, hoping that her worries were unfounded.

As they disappeared from sight, Jane’s heart sank. All she could do was whisper a prayer April’s well-being.

for

Several men suddenly rushed out and surrounded Jane just as she was about to leave alone.

Jane put two and two together and realised that the leader of the group, who had offered to buy them drinks earlier, was now holding a grudge against her.

“What do you want?” Jane asked coldly.

The man looked at Jane with an arrogant expression. “Nothing much, just wanted to invite you, my darling, for a drink.”

“And if I refuse?” Jane asked coldly, glancing around to see if there were any cameras nearby.

“You’d better think twice before speaking, beauty. We don’t have any ulterior motives. We just want to invite you for a drink. It’s better if you don’t force us to take action,” the man sneered.

“Take action? You can try,” Jane remained calm and had already prepared herself.

The man approached Jane with malicious intent, but before he could act, a mysterious figure emerged from the shadows and delivered a swift, powerful kick that sent him flying.

Jane raised her gaze to meet the eyes of Drake, who had turned to look at her.

“Your taste has really lowered, if even this kind of person catches your eye,” Jane retorted coldly, not backing down.

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Mr. Warner Your Ex wife is Brilliant

Chapter 88

“**Hmph**, it’s true that **it has nothing** to do with me. **But**, since you are **still my wife** in name, **and even** if **you** have **no** shame, I still have to care,” **Drake** replied.

“**I’m** perfectly capable **of** handling this on my own,” Jane said, her tone icy as **she** surveyed **the men’s** companions.

As **Mr** Smith stood up with his men’s help, his eyes communicated hostility towards him.

“Teach them a lesson for me.” Mr Smith’s voice was cold and ruthless.

But in the next moment, Jane's figure flew out, delivering a side kick that knocked one of them down.

Jane's unexpected move left the remaining men stunned and unsure of how to react. Several men approached, but in the blink of an eye, Jane had taken them down, leaving Drake stunned.

How much about this woman did he not know?

After knocking down the men, Jane clapped her hands and coldly addressed Mr Smith.

"Hmph, no money and no abilities, yet you dare to act all high and mighty."

Jane spoke and then quickly departed, leaving Drake standing alone.

Drake caught up to Jane, his hand outstretched, but she shook her head and stepped away from him.

"Mr Warner, don't you anything else to do? I need some space," Jane said in a straightforward manner, "so I'd appreciate it if you didn't follow me." If they were going to go their separate ways, it would be best to cleanly cut ties.

Drake's frustration with Jane's cold attitude grew as he took an invitation card from his pocket and handed it to her. "My mother's birthday banquet is in three days. She has invited you."

Jane was taken aback to learn that the invitation was from his mother, as they had not really spoken in years. Jane had no complaints about her current mother-in-law, but she didn't believe she was the kind of person who enjoyed extravagant birthday celebrations.

"If I go, won't it be awkward for Annie? Are you happy to invite me?" Jane asked. Drake had never taken her to any public events before. This was the first time he had invited her, and Jane's heart was filled with mixed emotions.

Three days later, Jane stepped into the Warners' ancestral home with her adorable twins. This was a place she rarely set foot in as the former Jane.

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Mr. Warner, Your Ex wife is Brilliant

## **Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 89 -**

### **Chapter 89**

The **ancestral** home's **design** was reminiscent of a French castle, **with** its grand door, flowing moat, and impressive towers and pavilions. **As** soon as you entered, you could feel the profound and dignified atmosphere.

With her long hair pinned up using a hairpin and wearing a green gown, Jane projected an air **of** classical elegance.

Her sudden appearance had an immediate impact on the people around her, who were curious to know more about her and started to speculate about her identity.

The birthday gift she brought for Courtney was a custom-made piece of jewellery.

“Who is she? She has such a great temperament. The emerald gown suits her well and she looks fashionable and beautiful,” someone whispered in the crowd.

“I’ve seen this dress in a magazine. It’s the latest creation by Charlotte, the chief designer of a niche brand. I heard it’s a limited edition, and ordinary people can’t buy it.”

“Although Charlotte is a niche brand, both the design and reputation are on par with international luxury brands. Moreover, most of their products are made-to-measure, and

few ready made items are sold.”

very

The people who were privy to the information regarding Jane's identity made sure to explain the details to the others, thus intensifying their curiosity even further.

Among the crowd, there was surprisingly someone who knew Jane, and that was Annie.

Despite not being invited to Courtney's birthday banquet, she was able to attend thanks to her relationship with Drake.

Initially, many people surrounded her, asking about her progress with Drake. But when Courtney appeared, especially with an elegant young lady by her side, most of the attention shifted.

Jane's arrival caused a stir among some people, while only a handful of individuals took

notice of her.

As Jane felt the weight of resentful eyes on her, she looked up and saw Annie, who was dressed in a white dress that gave her the appearance of a fairy.

Jane gave her a cold look and continued walking towards Courtney with the birthday gift in hand.

At the exact moment of her entrance, Courtney was introducing the woman standing beside her to Drake.

"This is your Uncle Max's daughter, Michelle. She recently returned to the country. You two used to know each other when you were young, but she has been studying abroad, so you haven't had many chances to meet. You can spend more time together from now on."

"Drake, it's been a long time we haven't seen each other." After Courtney finished her words, Michelle turned towards Drake and smiled, her eyes shining like the stars above.

Drake responded with a cold "hm" and nothing more.

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Mr Warner Your Ex wife is Brilliant

## Chapter 89

Observing from **the sidelines**, Jane **couldn't** help but feel embarrassed **for** Michelle.

Jane couldn't help but ponder for a moment **if** she had been unable to see her past self. It's amazing **to** think **how deeply** she **fell** in love with Drake, but how did it happen?

Assuming the events were taking place in the present moment, and considering Drake's attitude, she would opt to leave without hesitation.

Indeed, appearances are deceiving!

While Jane regretted her past blindness, Drake's icy gaze suddenly turned towards her.

Courtney also followed his gaze and, upon seeing Jane, a hint of surprise flickered in her calm eyes.

Similarly, Michelle also noticed Jane.

All their gazes converged on Jane, and she could only approach with a stiff smile.

"Ma— Courtney... Happy birthday!" Jane's automatic response was to address Courtney by her former title, but she immediately realised her mistake and corrected herself.

Although she and Drake had not divorced yet, this nominal marriage should be something she didn't need to concern herself with.

Courtney didn't pay much attention to the title and simply responded lightly with a nod of her head.

Jane continued, "This is your birthday gift. I hope you like it." Jane opened the gift box, revealing an exquisitely antique crafted piece **of** jewellery.

Courtney's expression remained calm, and while Jane's gift was indeed good, there were better ones. Even if Jane hadn't brought anything, Courtney wouldn't have thought much of



1. it.

“How thoughtful of you!” Courtney responded calmly, and someone behind her stepped forward to take the box.

Just as the box was about to be handed over, Michelle spoke up.

“Aunt, this young lady’s gift of custom-made jewellery is truly beautiful. Can I take a look?”

The suddenness of Michelle’s remark left everyone bewildered, but Courtney wasted no time in expressing her agreement.

Carefully, Michelle lifted the lid of the box and peered inside, admiring the custom-made jewellery. After a while, she shook her head, wearing a face of regret.

“The young lady’s gift is clearly thoughtful, but unfortunately, it’s an imitation.”

Her words caused a commotion among the surrounding guests, who quickly gathered around, surprising not only Courtney but also herself.

“No way, someone actually gave an imitation as a gift. That’s too much.”

“Yeah, if you can’t afford it, then don’t give anything. What’s the point of giving an imitation?”

“I just mentioned that her dress is hard to come by, but now **she’s** giving imitations. I’m afraid even her outfit **is** fake.”

Chapter 89

**As** Jane listened to the **discussions** happening around her, she couldn’t believe what **she** was hearing. **As** she listened to these criticisms, she shot a cold stare at Michelle, who had the audacity to claim that her gift was an imitation.

“**Miss** Michelle, you should present evidence to support your claim.”

“I do have evidence, otherwise, how could I dare to say it’s an imitation?” Michelle confidently replied.

“Michelle, just let it go!” Courtney spoke up, her tone cold. Judging by her expression, she was even more dissatisfied with Jane, her daughter in law. This incident further dampened her attitude towards Jane. However, she still stopped Michelle, indicating that she didn’t want to embarrass Jane.

“Aunt, I’m quite knowledgeable about antiques. Our family has many antiques collected by my grandfather. This custom-made jewellery is indeed an imitation.”

Michelle emphasised again, raising her voice a little, as if intentionally letting everyone

know.

“But this young lady may be unaware. Aunt, she wouldn’t blame you. However, using an imitation as a genuine gift is her wrongdoing.”

Michelle returned to Courtney’s side, appearing to give Jane an escape route due to Courtney’s presence, with a slight smile on her face.

Hearing this, Jane couldn’t help but sneer, “Miss Michelle, do you have any evidence to prove that the gift I gave is an imitation? I’d like to hear it.”

“This item has an extremely tiny crack on the surface, which is only found in genuine pieces. I’ve personally seen it,” Michelle said firmly.

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Your Ex

## **Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 90 -**

### **Chapter 90**

‘Miss Michelle does have knowledge. You’re right. When I bought this custom

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made jewellery, it did have an extremely subtle crack on the surface. However, I have already repaired **the** crack,” Jane said with a light smile.

Michelle’s reaction was to remain silent upon hearing this, but her companion woman ¿poke up.

‘You’re lying. How can this piece of jewellery be repaired?’ The person speaking was Michelle’s friend, named Alex.

As a friend of Michelle, she naturally stood on her side and also knew about Michelle’s feelings towards Drake.

“Alex, that’s enough. I was abrupt and spoke out loud, saying that the item is fake, embarrassing this young lady. It’s understandable that she doesn’t want admit it,” Michelle said, although she was defending Jane, her words only made the people around her look down on Jane even more.

“Michelle, you’re too kind. This young lady clearly brought a fake item to deceive people, and yet, you’re speaking up for her,” Alex said, with a look of righteousness for Michelle.

Jane had already heard the criticisms from those around her, and everyone had an expression as if they hadn’t expected her to be this kind of person.

“I have photos on my phone from before the repair. Perhaps you can take a look,” Jane said calmly.

“Hmph, who knows where your photos came from?” Alex sneered, showing her disdain for Jane.

“Perhaps this young lady is unaware that there is a profession called a jewellery restorer. Some custom-made jewellery, antiques, and artifacts can indeed be repaired,” Jane said calmly.

Alex felt the urge to refute Jane’s words, but Michelle’s intervention prevented her.

“You’re right. There are indeed several masters in the world who can restore such items, but they are few and far between. The only one known to be capable

e is Master Robertson, who resides in England. However, he is old and no longer engages in the work of restoring jewellery or relics. I wonder which master you're referring to who repaired this custom-made piece **of** jewellery," Michelle said.

"Well, it was **me**," Jane replied **briefly**.

Hearing **this**, everyone broke out into laughter, and Alex's infectious chuckles were **the** loudest of them all. She laughed, **her** eyes narrowing with disdain as she looked at Jane.

"You have the **audacity** to say that? Who do you think you **are**? Even Master Robertson's disciple, **Master S**, **wouldn't** dare to make such arrogant claims. And yet, here you **are** claiming to be a **restorer**."

"**So, you're** not completely ignorant. **You even** know about Master Robertson's disciple **with** the codename **S**," Jane said **unexpectedly** when the **other** mentioned Master Robertson's **disciple**.

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Jane's gaze irritated **Alex**. "**What** do you mean?"

Jane replied calmly, "Nothing **much**, **just** wanted to prove something. The restoration master you referred to as **S is** me."

**Everyone** was speechless after Jane's words, but Michelle stepped forward to break the tension.

"You may deny that your item is an imitation, but impersonating Master S is going *too far*."

"Aunt, I don't think this young lady came to your birthday banquet with sincere intentions," Michelle said.

As soon as she heard the news, Courtney's expression became indifferent, masking any emotions she may have had. Even before this incident, she didn't care much for Jane, and now her attitude towards her became even more apathetic. Courtney thought she knew what kind of person Jane was since she had been her daughter-in-law. She couldn't possibly be the rumoured disciple S of Master Robertson.

“What I said is all true, and I can prove it. If you don’t believe me, I can repair something on the spot, as long as you prepare the things I need,” Jane said.

“That’s enough...” After Jane’s words, Courtney’s face turned cold as she scolded. It was clear from the way she crossed her arms that she was done listening to Jane’s explanations.

Jane’s expression also turned chilly. Fine, she shouldn’t have come to this banquet in the first place. She only came because she considered Courtney had never done anything excessive to her and had personally sent her an invitation. If she had known it was a blind date prepared by Courtney for Drake, she definitely wouldn’t have come.

“Excuse me, Madam!” Jane stepped forward, took her own gift, and prepared to leave.

At this moment, a well-preserved noblewoman, who was equally elegant as Courtney, stepped forward from behind her. Her temperament didn’t lose to Courtney in the slightest.

“Courtney, I happen to have a few damaged pieces of jewellery in my possession. Why not let her give it a try?” she suggested.

Courtney’s eyes met Jillian’s, her closest confidante and friend. They had been close friends since childhood, and it was Jillian who had introduced her to Drake’s father, sparking their romance. Her bond with Courtney was stronger than with her own son.

The suggestion was met with immediate agreement from Courtney, who showed no intention of refusing. Michelle caught sight of it and signalled to **Alex** in a hurry.

“Madam Jillian, the pieces of relics you collect are **all** valuable treasures. If she fails to restore them properly, it’s fine, but if they end up being ruined, what will you do? **I think** it’s better not to trust her words,” **Alex** said.

“If it’s damaged, I’ll compensate,” a cold voice sounded, and everyone turned to **Drake**.

Jane also looked at Drake, her **voice** cold, “**No** need. If **it gets** damaged, I’ll **compensate Madam Jillian twice the value.**”

**At Madam Jillian's request, all the necessary tools were finally prepared, and Jane, wearing professional gloves, made her way to the fully equipped table.**

The table was adorned with a porcelain vase featuring intricate designs a gift from **Madam**

Jillian.

**Jane's eyes** flicked over the **object**, and she revealed its origin with ease.

"This **is** a made from earthenware and featured intricate hand-painted designs, transfer prints, or relief work depicting pastoral scenes, historical events, or portraits from the Victorian era. It's difficult to make and only a few dozen have been preserved. Half of them are in the Wedgwood, The Victoria and Albert Museum, and a small number are scattered among private collectors. It's worth millions," Jane said.

"**Ms** Jane has a keen eye," Jillian was impressed by Jane's ability to determine the origin of the vase with just one glance.

**It** seemed evident that she could handle the task at hand.

"Seeing its origin is one thing, whether she can restore it or not is yet to be seen. Who knows, she might totally ruin it," Alex sneered.

"If Ms Jane isn't confident, it's better not to proceed. After all, as you said, it's worth millions. You wouldn't want to end up unable to afford the compensation and have someone else pay for you," Alex said.

Michelle harboured feelings of resentment towards Drake's offer to compensate on Jane's behalf. Who was this woman to be favoured by Drake?

Drake's **gaze** also fell on the composed Jane.

He was aware of the name S, having heard of him previously. S was the last disciple of Master Robertson and was considered the most talented among all the disciples by Master Robertson himself. S outshone their senior disciplines in terms of fame. Of all the people Drake had thought he might encounter, Jane was not one of them.

The thought of what other secrets she might be hiding about her identity and abilities fascinated him.

Doubts arose, but Jane kept her composure. Putting on her professional gloves, she took a deep breath and began the restoration work while the **crowd** looked on.

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