

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 9

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Chapter 9

Upon hearing **Grace's words**, her eyebrows immediately shot up in **anger**. "The **problem with this dress** lies with you. **It** must be fixed within three **days**, and double compensation **must be given!**"

Her words **sparked** immediate indignation among the employees present. Though the employees wanted to confront Grace, the boss's presence prevented them from doing **so**, and they could only grumble quietly.

"**She's** just a top-tier female **star** under the Warner Corporation. Does she really think she's someone important?"

"I used to think she was pretty, but now my perception has completely changed! She should just go and rob people instead!"

"Sure, why not?" Jane maintained a smile on her face. "But our company also has its own rules. Before each dress transaction, the customer and the designer both sign a contract that specifies the relevant styles and specifications of the dress. If there really is an issue with this dress, it's definitely our company's oversight, and we will compensate according to the contract."

"Miss Parker, what do **you** think?" Jane raised an eyebrow, looking at Grace with a friendly smile.

Despite her ordinary appearance, Jane's presence exuded a suppressed atmosphere that gave Grace a chill in her eyes.

"Miss Parker?" Seeing Grace's delayed response, Jane crossed her arms and continued to inquire.

Grace swallowed and visibly lacked confidence. "Of course!"

Receiving a response, Jane lowered her head and whispered to her assistant, "Bring Miss Parker's contract."

Grace picked up on the voice, even though it was spoken in hushed tones.

A fleeting panic flashed across her **face** adorned with delicate makeup. However, she was, after all, a top-tier female star under the Warner Corporation. Whether it was her methods or acting skills, they were commendable. She straightened her posture and stared at Jane with a contemptuous expression.

After all, she was just a lowly employee!

She wanted to see what kind **of** storm she could **stir**

1. **up.**

As the assistant brought the contract over, Jane glanced at it briefly **before** handing it to **Grace** with a polite smile on her face.

“**Miss Parker, everything is** clearly stated in black and white on the contract. I don’t see any deviation **between** this **dress** and the contract. Are you here **to** cause trouble **or to trend** on social media?”

Jane’s **gaze gradually turned** cold, **and even her voice carried** a hint **of** chill.

Grace inexplicably felt a little scared deep down, but when **she thought** about **the support**

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she had from the **Warner Corporation**, she smiled confidently and looked straight at Jane. “**How dare a mere employee like you speak to me like this?**”

The assistant **didn’t expect Grace** to be so disrespectful and openly showed her disgust. “**Ms Jane, the security** guards have arrived.”

Jane?

Grace felt dizzy and disoriented, her mind unable to focus. Struggling to maintain her composure, she clenched her fingers tightly, trying to keep herself from falling.

Although Jane's boutique was an international luxury brand, it was still inferior vis-à-vis the Warner Corporation. Even if Chic Affair's chairman stood in front of her, she wouldn't be afraid!

Without even glancing at Grace, Jane's voice carried a chilling tone. "Save the footage from earlier."

"Okay," the assistant nodded.

"What footage?" Grace, who had managed to climb to the position of a top-tier female star, was naturally not a fool. Her face changed slightly, but she forced herself to remain calm.

The designer, who had been berated by Grace earlier, couldn't believe that Jane herself would personally step forward to help her. With an arrogant expression, she said. "What other footage could there be? It's just the footage of you being arrogant and domineering!

If that footage were to be spread online, Grace's gentle and goddess-like image would be completely shattered!

No, this can't happen! Absolutely not!

Grace clenched her fingers, her years in the entertainment industry serving as a reminder that she had dealt with all types of individuals. Her facial expression appeared natural as she spoke, "I admit that I was at fault in this matter, but it was also your dress that didn't meet my expectations. I apologise to you, and let's just consider the matter settled."

Before Jane could say anything, a group of men in black suddenly arrived at the company entrance. The man leading them had a handsome and cold face, sharp eyebrows and eyes. a straight nose, and tightly pursed lips, with a chiseled jawline like a sculptor's masterpiece.

His overall aura was outstanding, instantly capturing the attention of everyone in the room.

With countless appearances in entertainment news, the face had become a household

name.

“Drake.” Grace’s assistant was the first to react and quickly called out.

The employees of Chic Affair never **expected** that Drake, from the Warner Corporation, would personally come to their company. Even though Jane had a significant international influence, **the** Warner Corporation’s involvement in politics and business made it impossible for any domestic group to compete with them.

Jane’s heart **tightened, but** her **face** remained calm, devoid of any expression. Her **indifferent gaze fell on Drake.**

He was only **suspecting her** resemblance to **his** ex–wife. **As** long as **he** **couldn’t** produce **conclusive evidence, she** had no reason to **be** afraid.

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“**Ms** Jane, nice **to meet you,**” **the** man approached **and** extended his **hand.**

His handsome **face** carried an aura of **keeping** strangers at a distance.

“Pleasure to meet **you,**” Jane lowered her gaze and glanced briefly at the man’s hand, showing no emotions in her eyes. She reached out and shook his hand.

The red birthmark on Jane’s wrist caught Drake’s attention and caused his pitch–**black and cold** eyes to narrow slightly.

The birthmark he saw was exactly like the one Jane had on her hand.

Grace, who had been in a state of panic, suddenly snapped out of it. She didn’t expect the CEO himself to come and support her. The smile on her lips couldn’t be suppressed.

She pinched herself directly, and her eyes immediately turned red, portraying a pitiful appearance. “CEO Warner, I’m sorry, I caused trouble for the company ...”

But before she could finish speaking, a cold voice interrupted her, “Grace?”

“Yes... yes,” Grace, who was named, trembled inexplicably. She felt a tingling sensation on her scalp.

“From now on, you are no longer an employee of the Warner Corporation.” The man’s brows and eyes turned cold. His perfectly sculpted face remained expressionless, exuding a low air pressure. His words brooked no doubt.

“What?” Grace raised her head in panic, looking confused at the man in front of her.

“You’re told to get lost. **Don’t** you understand?” Drake pressed his temple, and the veins on his forehead bulged.

As he spoke, the men in black had already escorted Grace out.

“Mr Warner! I’m innocent! It’s not my fault! It’s all this wicked woman’s fault!”

Grace didn’t understand why Drake stood by the side of a woman they had never met. All she knew was that if she didn’t seize the last lifeline, she would surely be unable to survive in the vast city.

Other companies wouldn’t dare to hire a female celebrity expelled from the Warner Corporation.

Jane was also puzzled by Drake’s actions. She lowered her brows and eyes, her gaze indifferent, and **her** voice devoid of any emotions. “Since the **CEO** has already handled it, thank you, **CEO.**”

“Come with me,” **the** man’s voice was somewhat hoarse.

As if concealing many stories.

Jane furrowed her brow tightly, unable to break free from the man’s **grip**. She obediently followed Drake to the rooftop.

In the lobby, the **employees** were left staring at each other, **dumbfounded**..

“What the hell did I just see? Our CEO **actually** has a connection with **the Warner Corporation’s CEO?**”

After a prolonged **silence**, someone finally **reacted**, breaking the **deadlock**.

