

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 91 -

Chapter 91

Time passed **second** by **second**, while everyone was staring intently at the movements of **Jane's hands**.

In the crowd, Annie Carlton looked at Jane, her beautiful eyes as cold as ice.

She had really underestimated Jane; after so many years, she had actually learned so many techniques.

Looking at Drake, who was also watching Jane closely, Annie's heart began to panic again.

Michelle also stared at Jane, unable to believe her skilled movements. She could actually repair artifacts!

Courtney was equally shocked, but she was still calm. On the other hand, Jillian Adams watched Jane's movements with interest.

After a while, Jane finally stopped what she was doing. She placed the porcelain bottle on the table and took off her gloves, speaking to Jillian Adams;

"Mrs. Adams, you can take a look and **see** if it's good."

Having witnessed Jane's repair process, Jillian naturally had no doubts about any additional damage. Now it was a matter of seeing the results after the repair.

Approaching, she carefully examined the entire body of the bottle and the damaged areas, nodding in satisfaction.

"Miss Bentley, you indeed have some skills. The repair is so well done that you can't even tell there was any damage. It's as if it was never broken."

Implicitly, she was praising Jane for doing a great job.

With Mrs. Adams's words, everyone's gazes towards Jane became awkward. But Annie and Michelle, on the other hand, were resentful.

“Even **if** she can repair it, it doesn’t prove that she is Master Robertson’s close disciple.” Alex said again.

With that, Jillian coldly glanced **at** her, with a look that seemed to say, “You’re acting like a fool.”

Anyone with discernment **could see** that **Mrs.** Adams was warning Alex.

“It seems **that** we really misunderstood Miss Bentley. Not only is she beautiful, but she is also talented,” someone **else** chimed in.

“You **can’t judge** a book by its cover. That saying **is indeed** true.”

Regardless of whether the person speaking truly acknowledged her or was trying to save face on **behalf of Mrs. Adams**, in any case, Jane had **proven** herself.

“**As long as Mrs. Adams is** satisfied.” Jane looked at Jillian, **displaying the** humility and **respect expected of** a **younger generation**.

Jillian’s **gaze** towards

Jane became **softer**, and she **said**, “I have a few more **damaged** antique **artifacts**. I wonder **if you** can **repair them** for **me** as well? **We** can **discuss the price**.”

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Upon hearing this, Jane smiled faintly and tactfully declined, “It’s my honor that I appreciate my skills, but please forgive me for not being able to accept this, Mrs. Adams. I am usually busy with work, and repairing artifacts is a time-consuming and laborious **task**. I don’t have that much time to do such things.”

Upon hearing **Jane’s** refusal, the people around her thought she was being ignorant. **After** all, Mrs. Adams was a prominent figure with substantial family assets, and her husband held significant political power.

Such a powerful backer was not something one could find easily, and yet Jane had rejected the opportunity. It seemed like she really didn’t know what was good for her.

However, Mrs. Adams was not the least bit angry about Jane's refusal. Instead, she smiled and said, "Miss Bentley, there's no need to rush. My items have been damaged for some time, and I can wait. As for the price, I offer this amount."

Mrs. Adams, raised five fingers, and anyone with common sense would understand the amount she was hinting towards.

Seeing that Mrs. Adams was so insistent, Jane couldn't refuse any longer and nodded in

agreement.

"Since Mrs. Adams is not in a hurry, then I can give it a try."

Seeing Jane's affirmative response, Mrs. Adams' smile widened, and she proceeded to hold Jane's hand, engaging in a lively conversation. The topics revolved all around antiques and relics. It was obvious that Mrs. Adams was genuinely interested in the subject.

"Mom, how could this woman be so amazing?" At the back of the crowd, Amy Bentley and her mother, Rosaline Kennedy, were also present.

At Courtney's birthday banquet, the people who sent the invitations were obviously present, but there were also some people who wanted to cling to the Warner family, including Amy and Rosaline.

Because of the large number of people, Jane did not notice Amy and her mother there.

"I don't know either. Judging from the information from the previous investigation, she should not have this ability." Rosaline was equally puzzled.

"Mom, then **what** should I do? She's so capable; no wonder Charles likes her. Does that mean I have **no** chance?" Amy was still worried.

"**Don't** panic, no matter what, she's still Drake's wife. Even if Charles likes her, it's impossible **for** anything to happen between them." Rosaline **consoled** her daughter.

“But I heard that Drake doesn’t love her at all. **There** was even news that he was going to marry Annie Carlton. What if she divorces Drake Warner? What should **I** do then?” Amy’s **worries did** not diminish.

“**Then we’ll** find a way to **prevent** them from getting a **divorce**,” Rosaline said.

Then, at a signal from Rosaline, **Amy** walked over Drake’s **side**.

“**Brother-in-law...**” **Amy spoke meekly**, attracting Drake’s attention.

His cold eyes glanced at **Amy**, filled with disgust, showing his disinterest **in the woman**.

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“**Brother-in-law**, my sister is amazing, isn’t she? **I never expected** her to be able to restore cultural relics **as** well: It seems she has learned a lot from being with **you** all these years. I wish I could marry such an excellent man like **my** sister chose for **herself**.”

Looking at Drake’s handsome face, Amy couldn’t help but daydream.

Although she had met Charles and was aspiring to become Mrs. Holbrook, in terms of their appearance, Charles could not even compare to Drake. Charles was just average-looking, coupled with a touch of elegance.

On the other hand, Drake Warner was truly heaven’s favored child. It was as if he was created personally by the Goddess Aphrodite, carefully and meticulously. If it weren’t for his cold temperament, perhaps no woman could resist his charm.

Drake had originally intended to ignore Amy’s presence completely, but upon hearing her mention his years with Jane, he dropped the intention of leaving.

“Jane doesn’t have **a** sister. What do you want to achieve by pretending to be her sister time and time again?” He asked coldly.

“Brother-in-law, I really am her sister, just not biologically. My mom only married my dad three years ago.”

Hearing Amy’s words, Drake finally became somewhat interested.

“How did your mother and Mr. Bentley meet?”

Drake’s response made Amy overjoyed, and she replied without thinking, blurt ing out everything about Rosaline Kennedy and Andrew Bentley.

Upon hearing this, Drake’s mouth curved into a sneer, and he coldly spit out, “Based on what you’re saying, your mom isn’t stupid. I don’t know how she ended up with a daughter as foolish as you.”

After he finished speaking, Drake walked away, leaving Amy standing there. It took her a – while to come back to her senses and understand the meaning behind Drake’s words—he was saying that she had no brains.

With anger and hatred boiling inside her heart, she stomped her foot and returned to Rosaline’s **side**.

Upstairs, Annie finally found an opportunity to be alone with Drake.

“Dre!” She called out to him and walked quickly toward him.

As he turned around to face Annie, Drake’s thoughts were complex, but his face displayed no emotions.

“Drake, I heard you were hospitalized a few days ago because of stomach pain. Why didn’t you tell me?” she **asked**.

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“It was nothing serious,” Drake replied nonchalantly.

“But even so, when you’re sick, there should **be** someone by your side, right? In the future, you must tell me, **okay?**” Annie walked forward, reached out and held his hand, with **a** hint of coquettishness.

Looking at Annie’s movements, Drake felt a strange sensation in his heart and unconsciously withdrew his hand.

“Alright.”

“The banquet is about to begin. Find a place to rest for a while. I have some things to attend to.” Drake said indifferently.

Seeing Drake retract his hand, even seemingly unconsciously, Annie’s sense of panic increased. She became even more flustered, but she could only force a smile.

“Okay, then you go ahead. I’ll wait for you.”

Drake left, but Annie stood there for a long time until Heather came over.

“Annie, what do you say? Did he say anything?”

Annie shook her head, her expression somewhat desolate. “Mom, I feel that he doesn’t love me anymore. He seems alienated, and there’s even a hint of distance. What should I do?” “Don’t worry, you still have that token of love in your hand. As long as you have it, Drake Warner cannot escape from your grasp.” Heather reassured her.

Hearing this, Annie finally felt somewhat relieved. “Mom, you’re right. No matter what, I can’t give up first. The position of Mrs Warner is within my grasp.”

“You’re right. No matter what, **you** can’t give up. As for Jane, don’t worry too much. She couldn’t beat you before, and she might not be your opponent now,” Heather said.

At the mention of Jane, a coldness flickered in Annie’s eyes, “The most despicable one is Zachary. It’s obvious that I treated him well all these years, but **as** soon as Jane came back, he treated me as if I did not exist. He is truly a hateful child.”

Annie unconsciously blurted out her thoughts, not realizing that Drake, who had returned, had heard **all** her words completely..Originally, he had come back, thinking that his attitude towards Annie just now was not good enough. He wanted to warn Annie a few words, but he unexpectedly witnessed Annie's disgust toward Zachary in her words, causing his expression to turn dark as ink.

He **had always** thought that Annie was kind-hearted, but he didn't **expect** her to have such a hidden **side**.

Drake **was** still thinking, but Annie had already walked away with **Heather**, and **they were** drifting farther and **farther** away.

At this moment, **Jane** was looking at **three well-dressed** cute babies, **especially** Zachary and Zane, who were wearing identical little suits. They **were so** similar in **appearance** and **temperament**.

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Zoe, on the **other** hand, **was** wearing a beautiful princess **dress**, with **her** hair styled into a lovely princess bun. She stood between the two boys, resembling a little **princess**

"What are **you guys** doing?" Jane couldn't help but ask when she saw how the three adorable babies had been carefully dressed up.

"I prepared a performance for Grandma to celebrate her birthday, and I invited Zane and Zoe to join me."

Hearing this, Jane was taken aback. Giving a performance for Courtney meant that Zoe and Zane would be put in the spotlight.

Jane hesitated, not wanting to let Courtney know the identities of Zoe and Zane.

"Zac, does grandma know that Zoe and Zane are my children?" Jane quickly asked.

"I don't know." Zachary gave a negative answer, which made Jane breathe a sigh of relief. "Zac, it's okay for Zoe and Zane to perform with you, but can you

promise the teacher not to tell anyone that Zoe and Zane are my children?" Jane requested.

Hearing this, Zachary was a little puzzled, but he still nodded, "Okay."

Hearing Zachary's answer, Jane reached out and gently caressed his hair. "Zac, you're really a good boy. I am relieved now, because I trust you to take care of Zane and Zoe."

"Beautiful teacher, you can rest assured. I will definitely take good care of Zoe and Zane." Zachary said, patting his chest.

"Who asked you to take care of us?" Zane muttered disdainfully.

With a cold face, Zane exuded a certain air of maturity for his young age.

If it wasn't for Zachary promising to take him to dive next time, Zane would not have agreed to perform with him.

After sending the three little ones away, Jane prepared to return to the banquet hall. Just then, a figure walked out from the shadows.

"I didn't expect you to have two more lovely children, after not seeing you for so many years. Are they Drake's?"

Charles asked calmly. Noticing Charles' sudden appearance, Jane's expression became indifferent.

"Eavesdropping on other people's conversations is not something a gentleman would do."

Jane's slight favorable impression of Charles disappeared in **an** instant.

"You **misunderstood**. I **just** arrived, I didn't intend to eavesdrop on your conversation." **Charles** explained.

He even raised his **finger** and swore to **the** heavens. "I, Charles Holbrook, swear that I won't **tell** anyone about what I heard and saw today. **If** I break **this** oath, I will **be** punished by **the heavens**."

Hearing **Charles** take such a solemn oath, Jane's expression improved **slightly**.

"Miss Bentley, don't worry. I, Charles Holbrook, will keep it a secret. However, I'm still curious about **what** happened just now. I would appreciate it if **you could** tell me and quell

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89.5%

my doubts."

Jane **hesitated** for a moment upon hearing these words, and then shook her head.

Hearing her answer, Charles seemed pleased. "That's great."

Looking at Charles's pleased expression, Jane understood what he was thinking, but since he didn't say it outright, she didn't speak up either.

Otherwise, it would make her seem presumptuous.

"I'll go first, Charles, please." Jane said as she walked directly into the hall.

From a distance, Drake's cold gaze followed Jane leaving the hall, with an unchanged expression on his face.

Charles, what a nasty guy!

"I didn't expect my elder sister to be like this. She's already married to someone as outstanding as you, brother-in-law, yet she still hasn't forgotten to hook up with other men." Amy appeared beside Drake again, and immediately, his expression turned even more frigid, while she was complaining indignantly.

Drake's gaze shifted to Amy. His cold eyes caused Amy to retreat slightly, but she still plucked up the courage to speak

"I heard that my sister had been in a dating arrangement with Charles before. At that time, Mr. Holbrook liked her very much. Unfortunately, she did not agree

e. I never thought that after all these years, my sister would become interested in Mr. Holbrook again.”

“Brother-in-law, do you think my sister has fallen for Charles Holbrook?”

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Amy raised her head, deliberately revealing her slender swan neck, with a hint of seduction in her eyes.

Although Charles Holbrook was fine if Jane could marry Drake Warner, it should be possible for her as well.

With such thoughts in mind, when Amy looked at Drake, she showed a hint of charm in her expressions.

Drake noticed the blatant seduction in Amy’s eyes and caught a glimpse of Jane approaching.

With a long arm, he wrapped her arms around Amy’s waist.

Caught **off** guard by his sudden actions, Amy was momentarily stunned, but when she regained her senses, she looked at him with delight and surprise in her **eyes**...

“**Brother**-in-law...”

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Chapter 93

Jane approached and immediately saw the extremely inappropriate pair at a glance, **especially** when Amy referred to him as “brother-in-law”.

Upon hearing those words, Jane couldn't help but shudder. When she looked at Amy's sweet and affectionate eyes, she felt an overwhelming desire to drown Drake in them.

But with just one glance, Jane retracted her gaze and walked past the two of them without looking sideways.

When Drake saw this, his heart sank and he felt extremely frustrated. In the past, whenever Jane saw him with another woman, she would be upset for a long time, but now she avoided him as if she had seen something dirty.

This change was difficult for Drake to accept.

“Brother-in-law...” Amy's sweet and greasy voice sounded in his ears again. Only then did Drake finally come back to his senses, looking at the woman in his arms with a feeling of disgust.

Then he let go of her hand and distanced himself from her.

Amy didn't understand that Drake was intentionally putting on a show for Jane. She continued to look at him with a seductive expression.

“Brother-in-law, why did you hug me just now?”

Seeing Amy like this, Drake knew that she must have misunderstood.

“I slipped,” he offered an explanation and turned away without further ado.

Although he left, Amy continued to watch his retreating figure, her face filled with pink bubbles, and her heart followed Drake.

Little did Drake realize that because of these gestures today, it would bring him great trouble later on. But that's a story for another day.

Meanwhile, Jane returned to the Banquet hall, watching the lively crowd, which was ringing with Courtney's laughter. Looking over, she saw that the three adorable kids who had just finished their performance, were surrounded by people.

The two boys were dressed in small suits, handsome and charming, resembling little adults, while the girl was exquisitely beautiful, with a pair of big twinkling **eyes**, like a fairy that had descended to earth.

The three of them standing together were truly a beautiful sight in **the** banquet hall, and everyone couldn't help but feel tender towards them.

Courtney also had a rare smile on her face as she praised **the** three **of** them, she was familiar with Zane and Zoe, and she also liked them very much..

However, this kind of love was based **on the** premise that Courtney didn't know **Zoe** and Zane **were Jane's children**.

Soon, Charles also **appeared in** the sight of **the crowd, causing** quite a stir.

Many of the young ladies present there today were **from** wealthy families. **Compared to**

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90.2%

Drake

who was already married, a bachelor like Charles was still very attractive, **especially** when the Holbrook Corporation ranked second only to the Warner Corporation.

As time passed, the banquet came to an end. But Jane didn't dare leave with the two adorable kids, and Charles took the initiative **to** approach her. They left the Warner family's old mansion together.

At the door, Charles offered to see Jane off, but Jane refused. "No need to bother, I will be driving **back**."

"Last time, you said that you wanted to invite me to dinner. How about today?" Charles didn't want to miss the opportunity to spend time with Jane, and brought up their previous agreement.

"Now?" Jane looked at the dark sky. The two cute children had already been sent home by Zachary's driver, and she wanted to go back and accompany her two children.

“Isn’t it convenient for you, Jane?”

“It’s really inconvenient for her.” Before Jane could answer, Drake’s voice rang out from a distance, and soon, his figure approached them.

Standing in front of Jane, Drake reached out and clasped her waist, asserting his dominance as he looked at Charles.

“She is my wife. How can she have dinner alone with another man?”

Upon hearing his words, Jane coldly pushed his hand away, while Charles remained calm. “Mr Warner, it seems that you have never publicly acknowledged Miss Bentley’s identity. That is also the case today.”

Charles’ words carried a hint of ridicule, implying that although Drake claimed Jane Bentley as his wife, he had never publicly acknowledged her, indicating that her status as a wife was not highly regarded.

What Charles said was true, and Jane did not buy it, either. After forcefully pushing away Drake’s hand, she said coldly.

“A mistaken marriage contract is irrelevant to me, and I believe it’s the same for you, Mr. Warner. So, please stop bringing up that piece of paper in the future.”

Jane’s indifference plunged Drake’s face into a **deep** gloom. “I know you said those hurtful words because I was too close to your sister just now. I can assure you that in the future.

“You’re overthinking, Mr. Warner. It’s your freedom to **have** associations with any woman you want. Please refrain from interfering in my normal social interactions with others,” Jane interrupted.

After saying that, Jane couldn’t be bothered to pay any more attention to Drake and turned around to leave. Watching Jane’s graceful figure as she walked away. Drake’s expression darkened.

On the other hand, when Charles saw **this**, he secretly rejoiced. “Apparently, Drake, you are really becoming more and more infatuated. Having one wife is not **enough**; and **you’re** still **flirting** with other women. No wonder Jane doesn’t **like** you anymore.”

Hearing Charles's sarcastic **words**, Drake's already **unhappy mood** became even more

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90.5%

somber as **he** coldly looked at Charles.

"Even if she doesn't like me now, she once loved me passionately, unlike you, who has been rejected from the beginning," Drake retorted coldly.

Charles' expression darkened slightly because of Drake's words, images of being rejected by Jane flashing through his mind. More accurately, he wasn't rejected by Jane; she had always treated him with indifference from the start.

"If she didn't like me before, it doesn't mean that she won't like me in the future."

"Stop being delusional. Even without me, she wouldn't like you." Drake replied icily.

Charles was infuriated at Drake's words, while Drake simply turned around and left.

The next day, Jane received a gift from Charles: a beautifully crafted necklace

.

Jane immediately returned the item to Charles, but he insisted on giving it to her.

"I saw you wearing that dress yesterday, and it was enchanting. It was missing a necklace that complemented it. If you wear this, you will undoubtedly look stunning. Please accept

it."

"Unmerited rewards are not necessary, and besides, we are only in a business relationship. I cannot accept your gift," Jane firmly rejected him once again.

“I thought we were already considered friends,” Charles suddenly sounded a bit saddened, clearly bothered by Jane’s statement that they were only in a business relationship.

Noticing the situation, Jane nodded in agreement. “Yes, we are friends.”

“In that case, why can’t you accept a gift from a friend?”

“Well...” Jane couldn’t exactly say that she knew he was interested in her, but she wasn’t interested in him. That’s why she didn’t want to accept his gift.

“Or is it because you’re afraid that Drake will find out, so you dare not accept it?” Charles changed the subject, bringing up Drake.

Jane instantly frowned, “I have no relationship with him, so why should I be afraid of him finding out?”

“Since that’s the case, you can **just** accept it.

Consider it a birthday present from a friend,” Charles insisted.

“But my birthday hasn’t arrived yet.”

“Then I’m giving it to you in advance. Is **that** not allowed?” Charles said casually.

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In the end, Jane reluctantly **accepted** the necklace but planned to return an equivalent gift to the person as a reciprocal gesture.

Upon returning to the company, she immediately brought a pile of cooperative data materials to Drake’s office.

Drake didn't even lift his head but simply said to Jane, "I sent you a document to your phone. Take a look, and see if you have received it."

Hearing this, Jane took out her phone from her pocket, and coincidentally, the necklace she had put in her pocket fell out onto the floor.

The necklace was inside a box, and when Drake heard something fall, he looked up and saw the familiar box in Jane's hand.

He quickly stood up and snatched it from her. "What are you doing!" Jane shouted angrily.

Ignoring Jane's words, Drake picked up his phone, opened his social media feed, and searched for a photo, which happened to be the exact image of the box that Jane dropped.

He then opened the box, revealing a beautiful necklace that was exactly the same as in the photo.

Drake coldly asked, "Where did this come from?"

Facing Drake's questioning, Jane snatched the item back and replied coldly, "What does it have to do with you?"

"How dare you secretly accept gifts from other men? Do you not understand your identity and position..."

"What is my identity? My position? You want to say that I'm your wife, right? So I should stay away from all other men, remain pure for you, and endure your inappropriate relationships with other women?"

"Drake, I'm genuinely curious, what makes you think I would accept such an unfair marriage?"

With a cold expression on her face, Jane walked out of Drake's office, still seething with anger. However, she soon received a message from Drake, asking her to accompany him to meet a client.

Jane felt frustrated, but she had no choice but to follow along.

When they arrived at the restaurant, Jane took her seat without saying a word, consumed by her own grievances. Out of anger, she completely ignored everyone and focused on enjoying her meal.

When Drake saw this, he didn't **say** anything either. He simply engaged in business discussions with the client, occasionally glancing at Jane, which the observant client noticed.

"The assistant that President Warner brought this time is very **beautiful!**"

The **client suddenly** shifted the conversation to Jane, causing Drake's eyebrows **to furrow**

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slightly as he **responded lightly**.

"**President** Smith must be joking. The person beside you is the real beauty."

The female assistant who had accompanied Mr. Smith was also very good-looking. The Austrian lady's figure was quite eye-catching, too. However, Drake was not one of her admirers.

"Hey, when conducting business with Mr. Warner, it's only appropriate to bring someone suitable, am I right? She's the most capable assistant I have. If you are interested, you can give it a try."

Meanwhile, Jane was indulging her anger and frustrations in food and didn't hear the two men already shifting the conversation to her.

Mr. Smith's female assistant eagerly looked at Drake.

Compared to President Smith, Drake's appearance could be said to be extremely good. Such a man was almost irresistible to any woman.

"Mr. Warner, let me pour you a drink."

The female assistant eagerly stood up to pour some wine for Drake, revealing a captivating amount of cleavage when bending down.

Jane happened to raise her head and couldn't help but be amazed by the intentionally exposed fair skin.

As expected, he was truly a scumbag, not even focusing on work and still trying to flirt with women. How dare he question her?

“Miss Bentley, I heard that you’re in charge of the cooperation between the Warner Corporation and the Holbrook Corporation, and you are also responsible for the connection with the French side. I didn’t expect such a young lady like you to be so capable. I toast to Miss Bentley.”

While Jane’s gaze fell on Drake and the female assistant, Mr. Smith, who was sitting beside her, approached Jane unnoticed, and offered a toast.

Jane didn’t take Mr. Smith’s compliments seriously, but she maintained her politeness, as she still had the proper courtesy.

“You are too kind, President Smith. I can’t compare to your capable assistant.”

Her gaze unintentionally shifted to the assistant sitting next to Mr. Smith, who was now drinking with Drake. Jane’s words contained an underlying meaning.

“**Here**, I’ll toast to **Miss** Bentley again.” Mr. Lin offered **her** another glass of wine.

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Helpless in the situation, Jane accepted the glass and emptied it in one gulp. Mr. Smith

wanted to continue drinking with her, but Jane declined.

Mr. Smith didn’t insist and turned to Drake, saying, “**Mr.** Warner, I’ll be the host for a while. How about we go to Heaven on Earth together?”

‘Heaven on Earth’ was **the** largest entertainment club in the city, and Jane had heard of it as **a** place where **the upper** class gathered, but it was her first time there.

“**If you’re interested; of course, I’ll accompany you.**”

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Drake replied casually while **his** gaze **fell** on Jane, who had flushed cheeks from drinking.

After the dinner was over, the group went to Heaven on Earth. Jane didn't like such places, but Drake seemed familiar with it. Jane couldn't help but feel disgusted.

Upon entering, they were greeted by a magnificent and splendid hall. Once they entered the upscale private room, Mr. Smith's assistant took off her coat, revealing her

well-proportioned figure.

Mr. Smith sat on the leather sofa with a smile, while the assistant went to select songs.

Jane didn't enjoy this type of environment, but Drake, on the other hand, comfortably sat on the sofa. Seeing this, Jane couldn't help but feel disgusted.

Sure enough, he was a scumbag. He probably came here often!

Before long, the waiter brought the wine. President Smith stood up again and poured a toast for Jane while Drake sat nearby, seemingly ignoring them.

Jane was not happy about it, but Mr. Smith had not done anything excessive. He had simply offered her a drink, and she couldn't make a scene, so she reluctantly accepted the glass and drank.

After a few drinks, Jane said that she had drunk too much and would not drink anymore.

"Her alcohol tolerance is low. Next time, I'll bring someone who can handle it to drink more with you, Mr. Smith," Drake finally spoke up to defend Jane.

Mr. Smith let Jane off the hook and took the microphone to show off his singing skills. Drake sat on the sofa calmly, with his legs crossed. Mr. Smith's assistant came over to offer him a drink again, but he didn't refuse.

Jane narrowed her eyes and looked at Drake coldly, secretly cursing him as a scoundrel!

As time passed, everyone became a bit tipsy and prepared to leave. Mr. Smith's assistant approached with a glass of wine.

“Miss Bentley, I’ll give you a toast. Mr. Smith said that you are talented and outstanding. I look forward to working with you in the future,” Seeing the drink offered by the assistant, Jane thought that she hadn’t drunk anything since the beginning of the gathering. If she refused to drink now, it would be too disrespectful, so she accepted the glass and clinked it with the assistant before drinking it in one gulp.

The party was over, and they all left the private room. During this time, Drake went to the restroom, and the female assistant followed. Jane wanted to go as well, but Mr. Smith stopped her.

“Miss Bentley, let me drop you home.”

“No need, **Mr. Smith**,” As he approached, Jane felt uncomfortable, especially with **his** obvious **leering**. It made **her** feel very uneasy.

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Mr. Warner. **Your**

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“Miss Bentley, no need to **be** polite. Although I’ve had a drink, I can have the driver take us home. Or perhaps, you don’t want to go home, and I can take you to a bar...”

“Mr. Smith, you’ve had too much to drink!” Jane interrupted him sharply.

Even **though** she was aware of the unwritten rules in the business world, it didn’t mean she could accept them.

“Mr. Smith, I’m leaving.” With an indifferent expression, Jane was about to walk away, but he grabbed her arm.

“You little brat, who do you think you’re pretending to be... Ah!” Enraged by his angry exclamation, Jane quickly used a shoulder throw to slam him onto the ground, causing him to cry out in pain.

Their commotion attracted the attention of others in the hall, as President Smith got up from the ground and pointed at Jane menacingly.

“You’re finished, you uncultured girl, you dare to hit me? I won’t continue the collaboration between our companies.”

Upon hearing this, Jane was about to retort with a cutting remark, “I’d rather not cooperate with someone like you.”

But before she could speak, Drake’s cold voice interrupted.

“We don’t need the collaboration anymore. Mr. Smith, please leave.”

Hearing Drake’s words, Mr. Smith’s face turned grim. In the end, he glared at Drake fiercely.

“Drake Warner, you’ve got guts. Without the information I provided, let’s see how your company handles it.”

Drake approached, looking coldly at Mr. Smith. “We can do without the collaboration, and we don’t mind losing money. However, touching someone I care about is unacceptable.

“What’s the big deal about a woman? The women I bring for you are better than her,” Mr. Smith challenged.

Hearing this, Jane glanced at Drake and thought about him going to the restroom earlier. with that woman following him. Did the two of them do something?

“Only someone as vulgar as you would be suited to those kinds of women,” Drake said with a disdainful tone.

Mr. Smith, angered by his words, glared at both of them.

Drake grabbed Jane's hand and left without looking back. The driver was already waiting outside, **and** Jane **got** into his car.

In the car, the two of them sat side by side. Neither of them spoke first, but Jane's heart was

filled with **mixed** emotions.

Just now, Drake had sacrificed **such** a significant collaboration for her. What did it mean?

In **her** impression, Drake was a person who would do anything for personal gain. In the

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past, he would never have given up a collaboration with the other party for her sake. He might have **even forced** her to apologize to President Smith.

But now, his approach was completely different from what she had imagined.

Jane could not decide if she was moved or relieved, but in short, she no longer hated Drake that much.

At that moment, her body suddenly felt hot. Jane initially thought it was because the car's air conditioning wasn't on, so she decided to open the window.

But even after opening the window, the heat didn't subside. The wind blew in, causing Drake's hair to become disheveled. He turned to her side and reached out to close the

window.

Drake's sudden proximity brought Jane some relief, especially when she sensed his presence. She couldn't help but lean towards him.

When her arm touched Drake's, he stiffened. He lowered his head, and looked **at** the woman partially leaning against him.

Their eyes met, and her red lips moved slightly as she breathed lightly. It felt like ants were crawling all over her body.

Sensing that something was wrong with Jane, Drake asked in a low voice, “What’s the matter with you?”

Hearing Drake’s voice, Jane regained some semblance of composure and looked up at him, her eyes hazy.

“Drake, I feel uncomfortable...”

Upon hearing this, Drake quickly raised his hand and gently touched Jane’s forehead, but there were no signs of a fever.

His hand felt icy cold, and as soon as he touched her, Jane felt extremely comfortable. When Drake was about to retract his hand, Jane held onto it tightly.

“Don’t go...”

At that moment, Jane felt like she was in a burning inferno. Only this man could relieve her of the heat from this sea of fire.

Drake’s eyes turned cold, and he probably already knew the reason behind Jane’s condition. If he had known earlier, he would never have let that man off easily.

“Jane, try to wake up a little...” Drake patted Jane’s cheek, but she was sinking deeper and deeper, and becoming somewhat dazed.

After finally returning to the Warner Crest Estate, Drake directly carried Jane back to the bathroom, and threw her into the bathtub, filling it with cold water.

The **icy** water soaked her body, and Jane finally regained her senses. **She** opened her **eyes in** confusion and looked at the man in front of her.

“Drake...” Jane wanted to ask what was wrong with her, but when she **opened** his mouth, the words that came out **were** the opposite.

“I... want...”

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Hearing these two words, Drake was stunned for a moment. He half-kneeling by the bathtub and reached out to grab Jane's chin, his eyes filled with swirling emotions.

"Jane, don't regret what you said."

Jane was already in a daze and didn't hear Drake's words clearly. In a trance, she was suddenly picked up and thrown onto the soft bed.

The next day, the sun shone into the large bed from the window, and fell upon a delicate and

rosy face. The sleeping person stirred, then suddenly opened their eyes.

Jane felt extremely frustrated. Last night, she had dreamt of being intimate with Drake, rolling around all night, and she had even been the one to take the initiative and hold onto him tightly.

Jane felt that she must be crazy, otherwise how could she dream of such things?

Suddenly, her gaze fell upon an unfamiliar room, and Jane froze.

This... wasn't her room.

"You're already up!" The voice suddenly sounded, and Jane's whole body was jolted. She awkwardly looked towards the person beside her and saw Drake half-lying on the bed.

"You..." She lowered her head and glanced at her own naked body, feeling like she was losing her mind.

What had she done last night?!

"Drake, you'd better give me an explanation. Why are we on the same bed again?" Jane glared at Drake, her face melancholy.

Hearing this, Drake moved and pressed Jane down again.

He raised his one eyebrow slightly and said, "Don't tell me, you forgot when you begged me last night."

“I... begged you...” Jane wanted to say that she couldn’t have possibly begged him, but before she could speak, some unpleasant images flashed through her mind.

It seemed like she really did say those kinds of things. What should she do now?

Feeling both embarrassed and angry, Jane pulled the blanket over her head, unable to face

anyone.

Seeing Jane’s actions, Drake’s mouth curved into a small smile. He reached out and pulled the quilt off Jane’s face, then leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead.

Jane was taken aback by the kiss and looked up at Drake with a complex expression. Their eyes met, and a hidden affection surged between them.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take responsibility **for** you,” Drake softly spoke.

Jane was on the verge of getting lost in Drake’s tender expression. She had never imagined that one day he would look at her with such gentle eyes.

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On **this** day, Jane didn’t **go** to work. Her body was terribly sore after a night of ravaging, making it impossible for her to get up and go to work.

Drake seemed to be aware of her discomfort and took the initiative to say, “You rest here. In the afternoon, I will have the driver pick up the two children.”

Jane initially wanted to decline, but her body was in so much pain that she couldn't muster the words to refuse.

After tidying up, Drake went downstairs feeling refreshed, preparing to go to work. If it weren't for canceling a contract yesterday, he would have liked to stay home and accompany Jane.

But because of what happened yesterday, he had to go to the company today to deal with it and handle the related matters.

When he went downstairs, Zachary was already sitting at the dining table and eating breakfast. Drake walked over and said softly.

“Today, the driver will take you to the kindergarten. In the afternoon, the driver will pick you, Zane, and Zoe up. Do you understand?”

Zachary was eating breakfast, and when she heard Drake's words, he raised her head and asked,

“Daddy, the maid said last night that you brought the beautiful teacher home. Why isn't the beautiful teacher coming downstairs with you?”

“She's not feeling well,” Drake explained.

“Not feeling well? Is the beautiful teacher sick?! I'll go and check on her.” Saying that, Zachary stood up, preparing to go upstairs.

Drake quickly stopped him. “You can't see her.”

“Why?” Zachary looked at his father, puzzled.

“A few days ago, **you** said you wanted to go diving and take Zane with you. This weekend, you choose a place, and **I'll** take you both there.” Drake changed the subject, diverting Zachary's attention.

Upon hearing something interesting, Zachary was really no longer that persistent about going to **see** Jane.

“Well, I don’t know where to go. I’ll ask Zane when I go **to school** later if he has any place he wants to go.”

“Okay, then quickly **eat** breakfast. I’ll have the driver take you to school.” Drake **stepped** forward and **lifted** Zachary to the chair.

At first, Zachary was **still** thinking about finishing breakfast and going upstairs **to see** Jane, but **after breakfast**, Drake **immediately** sent her into **the** car **without** giving him a chance to **go** upstairs.

After Drake went to work, at noon, he received **a** call from the **housekeeper** in the villa,

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saying that the woman named Amy, who had come last time was here again, and she **even** brought chicken **soup** for him. The housekeeper asked if they should keep it.

When Drake heard **this**, he subconsciously wanted to tell the housekeeper *to* ignore it. But when he thought of Jane, he changed his mind.

“Keep the soup and find an excuse to send her away,” he instructed the housekeeper.

With Drake’s words, the housekeeper kept the chicken soup as instructed and sent Amy

away.

As for that portion of chicken soup, it unsurprisingly ended up in front of Jane.

Without thinking too much, Jane drank the soup directly after seeing it. After taking a sip, she realized it was delicious and could tell it had been simmered for a long time with an old

hen.

“Thank you for your hard work, Mrs. Durand.”

“Miss Bentley, you’re welcome. This is what the young master ordered.” Mrs. Durand said, with a smile.

Hearing that Drake had arranged this, a strange feeling arose in Jane’s heart.

On the other side, Amy left Green Bay. Although she could not go in, the butler said that it was Master Warner’s idea to leave the chicken soup, which meant that Drake had some interest in her.

Amy thought happily in her heart that next time, she would come over when Drake was around, and there might be a chance for them to be alone together.

When she got home, Amy told her mother about this, but Rosaline looked at Amy in disapproval.

“Amy, Drake has already married Jane. You better stop thinking about him as soon as possible. It’s impossible between you two.”

Rosaline only found out about Amy’s thoughts about Drake after Courtney’s birthday banquet

She didn’t know what had gotten into Amy, who had suddenly lost interest in Charles and became determined to be with Drake.

Rosaline, being a high-end duplicitous schemer, naturally understood that someone like Drake could n’t be handled by just any woman. At least, **her** daughter Amy didn’t possess that capability.

However, **Amy** stubbornly plunged ahead, and **today** she even specially cooked chicken **soup** and brought it to Drake.

“Mom, I feel like Drake still has feelings for me. As long as I work harder, I might become the lady of the house.” Amy shamelessly declared.

“You, daydreaming **in** broad daylight. Only after suffering losses do **you** realize **your lesson**,” Roseline looked at her disappointing daughter, helpless. **However**, she didn’t stop Amy **from** wanting to **cling to** Drake.

As the saying goes, cast a wide net and catch many fish. **If she could** capture Drake, that

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would be great. **If** she couldn't, there was still Charles Holbrook.

After drinking **the** chicken soup, Jane couldn't fall asleep anymore. Her body still ached, so she leaned on the bed and watched Joe's new clothing design for the next season.

Suddenly, a **call** came in. Seeing the unmarked number on the screen, Jane furrowed her brows and answered with a cold tone, "What do you want?"

Upon hearing Jane's impatience, the person on the other end of the line immediately started cursing, "What's with your attitude? I'm your father. What's wrong with **me** giving you a call? You unfilial daughter, I really regret having you as my daughter."

Listening to her father's nagging over the phone, Jane impatiently interrupted, "If there's nothing important, I'm hanging up."

She wasn't crazy to listen to her father scold her on the phone.

Upon hearing Jane's words, her father, Andrew Bentley, was still angry. But he suppressed his anger and spoke to Jane, "There's a demolition project in the east of the city. It's being developed by the Warner Corporation as the major investor. Please speak to Drake and let our Bentley family join in."

Upon hearing this, a cold smile appeared at the corner of Jane's mouth as she coldly replied to Andrew on the other end of the phone.

"It's not like you don't know Drake's attitude towards me. Just because I ask, do you think he will agree? Why? Are you not afraid of Drake's anger affecting our Bentley family?"

She would never forget that when Drake blamed her for the incident with Annie, Andrew had not only scolded her, but even wanted to sever ties with her for fear of the Bentley family being implicated.

It was precisely because of that incident that her mother met with misfortune.

Hearing Jane mentioning past events, Andrew felt a little worried. However, considering the huge benefits involved, he still wanted to take a risky chance.

“Do you still remember Riverstone Manor? It’s the only real estate your mother left behind. If you can handle this for me, I’ll transfer the manor to your name.” Andrew on the other end of the phone abandoned the method of threatening, instead mentioning what Jane cared about the most.

Jane naturally knew about Riverstone Manor. It was the legacy left by her mother, as well as her mother’s dowry. When she was young, her mother often took her there to play and told her stories from her childhood. The place contained not only her mother’s childhood memories but also her own. It was the only thing left to her by her grandfather.

“You’d better keep your word.” Jane hung up, looking cold and resentful.

Formerly, Drake had always believed that she had married him for ulterior motives. That was why she **didn’t** comply with any of Andrew’s requests after marrying **him**.

But this time, for the sake of her mother’s legacy, Jane had no choice but to agree.

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In the evening, when Drake returned, Jane directly told him about it.

Hearing this, Drake frowned slightly and fell into deep thought. When Jane saw this, he immediately spoke up.

It's alright. You don't have to agree if you don't want to. After all, it's an unreasonable request from him," Jane said with a hint of sadness and indignation.

"If you know it's an unreasonable request from him, why did you agree to speak up for him?" Drake asked.

"In my mother's belongings, there is a Manor. Although it is quite old, it was part of my mother's dowry given by my grandfather. The property is currently under the Bentley family's name, and I want to take it back," Jane explained.

After hearing this, Drake understood that Jane was being threatened.

"If it belongs to your mother, then it's yours. You don't have to comply with his request." Drake said nonchalantly.

Hearing this, Jane felt a tinge of resentment. If she had the ability to retrieve the property, she wouldn't have agreed to her father's unreasonable request.

Not everyone was as ruthless and feared as Drake Warner.

"I remember you once said that your father was not good to you and your mother. So, you don't want to take revenge on him?"

"How should I seek revenge?" Jane asked unconsciously when she heard Drake's words.

"How do you want to retaliate?" Drake asked in return.

Jane hesitated for a while and did not give an answer. Instead, she looked at Drake and said lightly.

"Speaking of bullying, you are the one who has hurt me the most. So, tell me, how should I seek revenge on you?"

Jane said this, not because she actually wanted to seek revenge on Drake, but rather, she said it with a playful tone.

However, because of her words, Drake was stunned for a moment. He raised his eyes and looked at her affectionately.

"I apologize for the things I have done to hurt you in the past. I'm truly sorry for hurting you. If you want to seek revenge, then bite me."

Upon **hearing** Drake's apology, Jane was quite surprised, but when she heard his **suggested** way of seeking revenge, she shook her head.

"I don't want to. You haven't taken a shower; you're so dirty. **Who would** want to bite **you?**" Jane replied, **rejecting his proposal**.

"**If** you don't bite, then **I'll bite you,**" he suddenly said, and before Jane **could** react, he kissed her **lips**.

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This time, Jane did not push away. Instead, she stood there, feeling the kiss. At this moment, a crack appeared in **the icy** walls around her heart.

The next day, Jane returned to the Bentley's residence and told Andrew about the project that Drake had agreed to participate in, and also reminded him to transfer her mother's property.

When Jane returned to her family home, all three members of the family were present. Ignoring Amy and Roseline, Jane directly discussed the investment matter with Andrew.

"I've already talked to Drake about it. You can invest in a project. However, you must invest 5 million dollars in one go. Once you invest, you cannot withdraw, or else you will face compensation," she stated.

"Great, great!" Hearing the news from Jane, Andrew stood up excitedly with a smile on his face.

"I have brought the necessary documents. Can we proceed with the transfer now?" Seeing Andrew's happy expression, Jane interrupted coldly.

Hearing Jane's words, Andrew suppressed the smile on his face and then greeted Jane to sit down.

"Sit down first, There's something I want to discuss with you."

Hearing that, Jane immediately felt that it couldn't be anything good. Sure enough, just as she sat down, Andrew pulled Amy's hand and said.

“I heard that Drake has a son? Didn’t you give birth to him?”

Hearing this question, Jane was stunned for a moment. But she could not reveal Zachary’s identity yet, so Jane did not answer, but instead asked coldly in return;

“Why are you asking this?”

“Well, Amy has also graduated from a prestigious university. I want you to talk to Drake and let Amy tutor his son. This way, you sisters can have more time together,” Andrew shamelessly proposed.

“I think she wants to spend more time with Drake.”

Jane retorted without holding back. She knew very well what they were scheming.

“Why are you saying such things? I’m just thinking for your own good. You’ve been married to Drake for so many years, but you haven’t even produced an heir. No wonder Drake isn’t interested in you. Let me tell you, bringing your sister into the Warner family **will** only benefit you. Otherwise, Drake will eventually be seduced by other women outside,” Andrew lectured with emphasis.

“So, you want two daughters to serve one man, is that what you mean?” Jane asked coldly, causing Andrew to frown again.

“Don’t use **such** harsh words. What do you mean by serving one man? I’m just thinking for your own good. You’ve been married to Drake for so many years. How many people know that you are Drake’s wife? People outside already know that Drake Warner has a son, but they **don’t even** know who his wife is,” Andrew cursed angrily.

“**Isn’t this** thanks to **you?**” Jane asked coldly.

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Back then, she did have **deep** feelings **for** Drake, but she had always wanted to impress him with her actions and her personality.

However, Andrew's approach was to send her directly to Drake's bed, and even spread the news far and wide. In the end, to save face, Drake had to marry her.

Although they said they got married, they didn't even have a wedding ceremony. They just obtained a marriage certificate, and she was packaged and sent to the Warner Family.

This was what made Drake not have the slightest positive impression of her.

Recalling the unbearable past, Jane felt sad for herself.

"What are you talking about? If it weren't for me, could you have married Drake Warner? Now that you have grown wings, you dare to defy me," Andrew shouted angrily once again.

Rosaline also stood up at this moment, trying to comfort Jane.

"Jane, dear, no matter what, your father is doing this for the good of our family. It hasn't been easy for the Bentley family to survive, and you are also the daughter of this family. It's heartbreaking to see the Bentley family decline."

"Besides, if a married woman wants to be valued, should have a powerful natal family if she wants to be valued." Rosaline said, putting on the facade of a virtuous wife and mother. It disgusted Jane, and she coldly responded.

"Neither you nor your daughter have any powerful natal background, yet you don't see yourselves not being valued in this family, do you?"

Hearing this, Rosaline's face stiffened, a little embarrassed.

"It's all thanks to your father for not disliking me and Amy, for which Amy and I are very grateful."

Rosaline said, looking at Andrew with admiration, leaving him unable to hide his pride as a patriarch..

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“You and your step—mother Roseline are not comparable. Forget it, it’s settled. If you can find a way to bring Amy into the Warner Family, I’ll transfer the house your mother left to you.” Andrew said firmly.

“Transfer the house first. Your credit with me is already overdrawn.” Jane said coldly,

She had already promised him to secure the investment before transferring the estate to her. Now he was making new demands, but Jane wasn’t foolish. Without seeing actual results, she wouldn’t trust Andrew again.

“What are you talking about? I’m your father...”

“Don’t call yourself my father. Even if you were my ancestor, it wouldn’t matter,” Jane said coldly.

Andrew was very angry at Jane’s words, but looking at her expression, he realized that she truly didn’t believe him anymore. Andrew reluctantly agreed.

When they came out of the notary’s office, Jane held the property certificate and finally revealed a trace of satisfaction.

Andrew said from the side, “The house has been transferred to you. You can bring your sister to the Warner Family now.”

Looking at Amy who was already prepared, Jane’s face was cold.

Humph, they wanted her to tutor her son. What a joke! But she should dream.

“I can promise to bring her into the Warner Family. As for whether she can be come a tutor or not, I can’t guarantee that.”

“What did you say?” Andrew roared when he heard Jane’s response.

“My words are clear. If you want to go, go. If not, forget it,” After that, Jane turned around and was about to leave.

Andrew was still hesitating, but Amy had already caught up with her, carrying her bag.

“Sister, wait for me...” Amy caught up with Jane, with a fake smile on her face.

“Sister, in the future, if you have me to help you at the Warner Family, I won’t dare to think about brother-in-law.” Amy said with a smile.

After listening to her, Jane snorted and said bitterly in her heart, just not having thoughts about him is enough.

When they arrived at Green Bay, Jane brought Amy in. The butler greeted him respectfully upon her return.

When **Amy** saw this, she felt even more jealous. If she was the hostess of this house, would she **be** able to **receive the** same **respect**?

With Amy, Jane **directly found** Drake and told Drake about **Amy’s** intention to work as a **tutor** in **their** family **villa** for Zachary.

After listening to Jane’s words, Drake’s **eyes** swept over **Amy coldly**, his demeanor cold and

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aloof.

“Tutor? Are you sure she can teach children well?”

Drake raised his eyebrows and looked at Jane. He found it ridiculous that Jane had brought Amy here and thought her mind was playing tricks on her.

“Well, then what do you suggest she does?”

What Jane was waiting for was Drake to say that Amy could not stay. It would at least provide an explanation to Andrew.

“Mrs. Durand said a few days ago that she was the only one in the kitchen, and it was inconvenient. If she insists on staying, she can go to the kitchen and help her.”

The implication was to ask Amy to be a kitchen helper. Even though there was no need for cooking anymore. But the meaning was clear.

Hearing Drake’s words, Amy’s face turned pale. Did he mean to make her a servant?

“Brother-in-law... I’m still part of the Bentley family, and I’m also Jane’s younger sister. How can I be a servant!

“It’s not a servant.” Drake said calmly. Hearing this, Amy was overjoyed at getting a glimmer of hope.

“I knew my brother-in-law would not do this to me.”

“It’s not a servant, it’s just a servant’s assistant. The salary is only half that of a servant. However, there is still a chance to become a regular.” Drake’s voice was as clear as a cold spring.

Amy was still trying to process the meaning of Drake’s words, but Jane couldn’t help but burst into laughter.

“Sister...” Amy looked at Jane unwillingly, hoping that Jane would speak up for her.

Jane didn’t want her to stay, so naturally she would not speak at this time.

“If

you can do it, you can do it. If you can’t do it, you can leave now.” Drake issued a final ultimatum.

Amy left Green Bay with red eyes. After returning home, she told Rosaline that Drake wanted her to be a servant.

Hearing Amy's words, Rosaline was also furious. Even when their family was in a difficult situation, she had never allowed her daughter to do such menial work. Now, she refused to let her become a servant.

Andrew also heard **Amy's** words, and immediately spoke up.

"It's good to be able **to** enter the Warner Family. Don't care about what you do, it's better than not having any contact." Andrew said, his tone lacking kindness.

Andrew's meaning was obvious, that is, he **could** let her go as a servant.

"Dad, I don't want to be a servant." Amy cried.

"Th

en you **must have** the ability to be Mrs. Warner as soon as **you** walk in **the door**." Andrew said **angrily**, **"In** front of interests, reputation is a small matter."

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Hearing **Andrew's** words, **Amy's face** turned pale, but Rosaline agreed with Andrew's words and comforted Amy softly.

"Amy, what your father said is **right**. No matter what you do, as long as you can enter the Warner family, once you have the chance to get close to Drake, there's no need to worry. You'll have a better life in the end."

Listening to her mother's words, Amy recalled Drake's handsome face, gritted her teeth, and compromised.

"Mom, I'll go..."

The next morning, as soon as Jane woke up, she saw Amy in the living room, dressed as a servant. Although it was a servant's attire, it was clear from the waistline that it had been modified.

"Sister, you're up..." Amy smiled at Jane, but the smile did not reach her eyes, which had a hidden resentment behind them.

Jane raised her eyebrows. She did not expect that Amy would actually come to be a servant. She silently marveled at Andrew's ability to bend and flex for his personal gain.

Jane ignored Amy, and went to the company with Drake after eating breakfast at Warner Crest Estate.

In the car, Jane calmly looked out of the car window, showing no intention of acknowledging Drake.

Drake was also sitting upright. When he saw Jane's indifferent expression, he felt very displeased.

Last night, they had been playful and intimate, so why was she suddenly so cold?

"That gift Charles gave you last time, return it or throw it away when you have the chance."

Drake said indifferently.

Hearing Drake's words, Jane said coldly, "Why should I return it?"

Facing Jane's rhetorical question, Drake looked at her with a mysterious expression.

He had already promised to take responsibility for her, yet, was she still having an affair with another man?

"Don't forget your identity..."

"Identity? What identity do I have? **Aren't** you just a woman whom Drake Warner can summon and send away at his will?" Jane asked coldly.

Drake did not understand why she had suddenly become so cold.

What Drake **did** not know was that from the moment he decided to keep Amy, any affection Jane had for **him** had vanished.

After work in the **evening**, Jane did not go to **the** Warner Crest Estate anymore.

Instead, she picked **up the** two children and invited Zachary to go home with them. At **the** entrance of the **kindergarten**, Zachary was **overjoyed**, and he **happily** told the driver who had come to pick him **up** and followed Jane home.

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When Drake learned that Zachary had **left with Jane**, **he** was already at home. After the driver **returned and** reported this, Drake's expression turned cold.

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At this moment, **Amy just** came up to **her**, holding the freshly washed fruit in her hands.

"Brother-in-law, eat some fruit."

Drake was in a bad mood originally, but when he saw Amy and thought of Jane, he was in a bad mood.

"Get out!" Drake scolded.

Amy was frightened by Drake's anger, and looked at him with a flushed face.

"Brother-in-law, what did I do wrong? You can say it, but please don't drive me away, okay?"

Amy thought that she had shown the most pitiful appearance, and her cry only made Drake. even more upset.

“I said, get out of here, I don’t understand what you don’t understand in this? Can’t you understand human language?” Drake’s cold gaze pierced through Amy, who finally left with red eyes.

On the other hand, in the Bentley family, the atmosphere was very good. Zachary and Zane had a good time. Jane cooked a sumptuous dinner for the three of them, including April Middlam.

After the incident at the bar last time, Jane asked about April’s situation, but he was vague and did not elaborate further.

Jane knew that April probably did not want to say anything, so she did not press further.

When the meal was ready, Jane greeted a few people to eat. As they were eating happily, the door bell rang.

“I’ll open the door.” Jane stood up and walked to the door to open it. As soon as the door opened, she saw that the person outside was Drake.

The two of them looked at each other and the atmosphere condensed.

“I’m here to pick up Zachary.” Drake said first.

“Daddy, why are you here? Have you eaten yet? Why don’t you join us? The beautiful teacher’s food is delicious. “Zachary also heard his father’s voice and hurried over, not forgetting to give a meaningful look to Drake.

When Drake saw Zachary’s small eyes, he knew what was **in** his heart, so he agreed.

“I haven’t eaten yet.”

“That’s good. Come in and eat with us.” **After** that, he walked forward and pulled Drake’s hand. Jane could only be forced to give up her seat to Drake.

Zachary **pulled** Drake halfway through and then turned to look at Jane, “Beautiful teacher, can you let **my** daddy stay for **dinner?**”

In this **case**, Jane **couldn't** say no.

At the end of the dinner, Drake left with Zachary. When the **two** of them left, Jane **just** instructed Zachary and still **did** not look at Drake.

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Drake was cold, and he said first, "Tomorrow, you must come to Green Bay to tutor Zac."

Hearing this, Jane wanted to ask why, but when she saw Zachary, she swallowed her words. again.

Zachary was also her child, so she could not treat him unfairly and favor one over the other.

The two of them left. When they got to the car, Zachary looked at Drake angrily and said.

"Daddy, what did you do to upset the beautiful teacher? Why does she seem so displeased with you?"

"Who knows what's wrong with her? She suddenly became like this," Drake also felt helpless. He hadn't done anything, yet Jane was inexplicably angry with him again.

He had even thought about teaching the Bentley family a lesson for her.

Zachary could not figure out why Jane was angry, but after he returned home and saw Amy. Zachary suddenly understood something.

"Daddy, why is this woman here again?" Zachary looked at Amy coldly, his face wrinkled.

He remembered the last time, when this woman had pretended to be the beautiful teacher's sister and came to their house last time, only to be teased by Zachary.

But Zachary didn't believe that she was Jane's sister. She resembled those women who had tried to pursue his father before.

"She is over here to work as a servant." Drake explained.

"What's her relationship with the Beautiful Teacher? Last time, she pretended to be Beautiful Teacher's sister."

"She is indeed your beautiful teacher's sister." Drake said indifferently.

Under Zachary's puzzled gaze, Drake explained the relationship between Amy and Jane.

After listening to Drake's words, Zachary felt that he had found the reason and looked at Drake speechlessly.

"Daddy, you said it yourself. She's Beautiful Teacher's stepsister. How could the Beautiful Teacher like her? I think Beautiful Teacher is angry because you brought her into the house."

Hearing Zachary's words, Drake was stunned for a moment, then came over.

Could it be that it was because of Amy that Jane **was** cold-hearted towards him.

"I'll make her leave now." Whether it was true or not, Drake also made up his mind to drive

Amy away.

Hearing Drake, Zachary said again, "Wait, Daddy, let her stay for now."

Drake raised an eyebrow and looked at Zachary, using his **eyes** to inquire about **the** reason behind **his** words.

"If beautiful Teacher is angry **with you** because of her, it means that **Beautiful I Pretty** has **you** in her heart. Why don't **you**..." Zachary hugged his father's neck and whispered something in **his** ear.

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When Drake heard Zachary's words, his

eyes

lit up.

Then, he looked at Zachary with some scrutiny, “Where did you learn this?”

Zachary touched his nose and changed the subject, “Daddy, I’m tired. I’ll go back to my room to rest first.”

Looking at Zachary’s figure fleeing, Drake couldn’t help but think of Jane again, and his expression was subtle.

The **next** day, when Jane came to give Zachary a supplementary lesson, Drake also deliberately called Amy out and told her to stay by his side.

Amy’s face was full of surprise, and was extremely happy. Jane’s eyes flitted over the figures of the two people sitting close to each other, and her expression was unbothered.

In reality, they didn’t do anything. Drake just sat on the sofa, while Amy peeled grapes for him, but didn’t personally feed them to his mouth. He just placed the peeled grapes aside.

But in Jane’s eyes, it was just another instance of Drake’s insincere behavior. She snorted coldly and went straight to Zachary’s room.

However, not long after she entered, Zachary said that the room was too stuffy, so he brought Jane to the living room. She witnessed the interaction between Drake and Amy again.

Jane tried her best not to look over there, but she sat opposite Zachary and could see the two of them as soon as she looked up.

Zachary secretly observed the changing expression on Jane’s face.

“Beautiful teacher, I heard Daddy say that the maid is your stepsister?”

Zachary’s sudden question pulled back Jane’s consciousness. Without waiting for Jane to answer, Zachary himself said again;

“It’s all thanks to her being your step-sister, that she is here. Otherwise, Dad wouldn’t even look at her. Don’t you know she came to our house once before, and Dad immediately drove her away without even sparing her a glance?”

“And now, she can stay in the house as a maid, purely because of your face. Otherwise, Dad wouldn’t have kept her here.”

Hearing Zachary’s words, Jane was startled, and she could not believe Zachary’s words.

Was Drake really keeping Amy because of her?

As soon as this thought arose, Jane shook her head and rejected the idea.

If Drake really cared about her, he would not have done so many things to hurt her in the

past.

Mr. Warner Your Ex-Wife is Brilliant by Paula Chapter 100 -

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Chapter 100

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Seeing the change in the expression on the beautiful teacher’s face, Zachary knew that the beautiful teacher must not believe him.

“Beautiful teacher, what I said is true.”

Jane, who had regained her senses, raised her hand and patted Zachary’s shoulder, and said softly.

“Okay, I understand. However, whoever your father wants to keep is his freedom. It has nothing to do with me.”

“Pretty teacher, why don’t you believe me? My father really kept her because of you.” Zachary was a little anxious.

“Okay, hurry up and do the quiz. I’ll give you the quiz in a while. If you don’t do well, I won’t come tomorrow.” Jane interrupted Zachary’s thoughts and threatened.

Zachary wanted to say something, but in the end, she pouted and answered the question seriously.

After the makeup class ended, Jane left the Warner Crest Estate. When Drake saw Jane leaving, he immediately got up and stayed away from Amy.

When Amy saw this, she said affectionately to Drake, “Brother-in-law, don’t you want to eat the grapes? I’ve already peeled them.”

“Take it away.” Drake said coldly.

Amy was puzzled. It was clear that Drake’s attitude towards her just now was very good. Why did he become cold again after a while?

Zachary also walked over, looked at Amy who was restless in his eyes, and scolded coldly.

“Don’t you understand human language? My father said “take it away.”

Although Zachary was small, he was very powerful. He also frightened Amy, who didn’t dare to look at him.

Amy was not reconciled, so she could only go down with the grapes she had already peeled.

As soon as Amy left, Zachary explained the conversation with Jane.

After listening to Zachary’s words, Drake’s brows furrowed tightly, and Zachary quickly said.

“Daddy, don’t be discouraged. I’ll definitely **help you** find Beautiful Teacher.”

Drake glanced at Zachary meaningfully, then asked indifferently.

“Tomorrow is the weekend. What about diving?”

Hearing what he was interested in, Zachary instantly turned into a child again.

“I asked **Zane**. **He** said that he doesn’t want to go diving anymore. He wants to go skydiving.”

“Parachuting?” Drake was startled, but he did not say **anything to refuse**. These extreme sports were all so his **favorites**.

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her.

Zane also noticed Charles beside Jane.

The man who could appear beside her Mummy was definitely not easy. He had to investigate.

Drake also saw Charles beside Jane. As soon as he approached, a pair of black eyes swelled. When Jane saw this, he also looked back fiercely.

“President Warner, what a coincidence!” Charles looked at Drake with a smug smile on his face.

Drake didn’t even look at him and said directly to Jane, “Come with me.”

“No, Mr. Warner can’t just say anything and expect me to follow.” Jane coldly refused.

Hearing her words, Drake’s face turned even darker. “I don’t know who you think you are. You actually came out with other men.”

Hearing Drake’s cold question, Jane was already tired of it.

“Of course I know that my relationship with you is only nominal. It doesn’t affect or forbid me from meeting other men.”

Hearing that, Drake’s face was even more gloomy and terrifying, but at this moment, Zachary looked at Drake.

“Daddy, what are you saying to the beautiful teacher? What’s the relationship between the two of you?”

Hearing Zachary’s questioning, Drake’s imposing demeanor relaxed a bit, and he coldly replied, “Nothing.”

The atmosphere eased, and they went skydiving together. Jane walked in front, Zachary and Drake walked in the middle, and Zane and Charles fell behind.

Because there was a certain distance, Zane looked at Charles beside him and asked in a low

voice.

“You want to chase after my Mummy!”

Hearing Zane’s words, Charles was startled, and asked with a smile, “Do you think I have a chance?”

“No.” Zane replied directly.

Hearing this answer, Drake was a little confused. “Why?”

“Because I don’t like you.” Zane said indifferently.

This explanation caused the smile on Charles’s face to stiffen.

“Do you like Drake?”

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