

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 101

Edwin pried her fingers apart one by one. "Let go!"

"You're not Big Eyes!" he declared.

Tilda stared at him in disbelief her eyes wide. "Edwin..:

Toes he know I replaced Sharon? Am I done for! Tilda thought to herself.

She collapsed to the ground, trembling uncontrollably, unable to get up again.

There was no warmth left in Edwin's eyes, only a layer of dark shadows.

He looked at her piteous face with deeper disgust in his chest. "Big Eyes wasn't as venomous as you. You're no longer worthy of that name, no longer worthy of who you used to be!

After his words, Edwin turned and walked away.

"Tilda!" Not long after, Edric rushed in.

Upon seeing Tilda lying on the ground, his expression changed drastically, and he quickly went over to help her up

"Did Edwin push you? How could Edwin be so heartless!" Anger flickered on Edric's face, his chest burning with fury. "I'll go talk to him"

"Don't... Tilda grabbed his sleeve, her voice barely audible.

Weakly shaking her head, she let out a long sigh, her complexion improving slightly.

As long as Edwin didn't know this secret, she was safe and still had a place

The more Tilda understood why Edwin had pampered and indulged her in the past, the more convinced she was of the power of the Big Eyes identity,

This was definitely her only trump card.

She no longer had the heart to detest this identity that didn't belong to her, but instead felt fortunate that she had known this secret early on and had used it to escape danger time and time again.

"Help me up." she requested

Edric quickly assisted her up and helped her onto the bed.

Leaning against the headboard. Tilda closed her eyes.

Edric's

's gaze fell on her delicate face, and he felt heartache no matter how he looked at her. What did you do to make Edwin treat you like this?"

Tilda wasn't willing to discuss these matters with him. The fewer people who knew about the secret of Big Eyes, the better.

"It's nothing, just some misunderstandings between us, she casually brushed it off.

Edric wasn't about to let it go. "What kind of misunderstanding could make him so cold-blooded? He wasn't like this before!"

In the past, Edwin treated Tilda like a precious treasure, holding her in the palm of his hand.

"It seems Sharon did something. She clearly wants to get back to Edwin! In that case, we need to keep the child's identity even more secret, and it's best if Edwin never finds out about this! I'll take care of it right away! After saying this, he strode out

"Wait Tilda called after him.

Suddenly, her eyes flickered, a sharp glint passing through them.

"No, we shouldn't hide," she said slowly

Under her eyelashes, the temperature of her eyes turned colder and colder. "Not only should we not hide, but we should also tell Edwin that the child is his

Edric looked at Tilda in disbelief, his worry growing thicker on his face. "Tilda, I know you've been through a lot, but even so, you need to think about yourself. Once Edwin finds out about this..."

"Once he finds out, he'll want the child back!" "Tilda swiftly finished his sentence, her face showing no trace of worry

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The only one feeling anxious was Edric. "That child absolutely cannot go back to the Stanley family!"

"No. I want her to go back Tilda stubbornly and arrogantly replied.

There was no hint of sadness in her eyes anymore, only endless hatred. She twisted her clothes. I want Sharon to pay!"

The words on Edwin's recording were what she said to Sharon alone.

Naturally, it was Sharon who secretly recorded them and sent them to Edwin

She deliberately concealed the fact that Irene was Edwin's child because she knew there was no hope for remarriage and was afraid Edwin would take the child away.

Tilda was determined to separate Sharon and Irene.

"Just do it. I have my reasons!" she ordered coldly.

Edric was still worried. "Have you thought about it! If Edwin takes the child back, Sharon will be tied to him for life. It's not good for you, nor fair"

"So what?" As long as Sharon suffers, Tilda doesn't care about anything.

Seeing her insistence, Edric couldn't say anything more, sighed, and left.

Tilda sat on the bed for a while

She knew Edric might not necessarily do this

Edric was foolish and couldn't figure out her thoughts.

But it didn't matter, and Tilda could handle it herself

After resting for a while. Tilda made a phone call "Help me with something."

When Edwin returned to the Stanley Manor, Tina was complaining in front of Jasmine,

There was obvious emotion on Jasmine's usually elegant and dignified face.

Edwin rubbed his temples, weary of the exhaustion in his eyes.

There

was nothing to say between him and Jasmine, so he silently went upstairs.

"Edwin! You finally came back!" Tina bounced over and spread her hands in front of him, speaking quickly and urgently, "Do you know how embarrassed I was today!"

Edwin looked at her with a calm gaze. "Stop making a fuss?"

"I'm not making a fuss!" Tina was extremely displeased. "It's you! Charly, Irene is part of the Stanley family. Why did you let her go with Sharon! Do you know what people say about the Stanley family? They say the Stanley family even lets others raise their children. They say we're stingy, and they say you rely on women!"

Tina was a noble young lady, with a reputation to uphold. Today's awkward situation demanded a response. She couldn't let it slide,

Jasmine strolled over, her words deliberate. I've said it before. Irene should have been raised by the Stanley family. If you had listened to me back then, we wouldn't be the subject of such ridicule now! We get what we want. It's not just about raising one child. We could raise ten without breaking

a sweat

The discontent toward Edwin was palpable in Jasmine's words.

"Exactly?" Tina wholeheartedly agreed with Jasmine's sentiments. "What's happening now? Everyone thinks Sharon and the boss at Disney Entertainment are all the rage, stealing the spotlight from us."

At the mention of the boss at Disney Entertainment, Edwin's brow twitched involuntarily, his expression tightening.

He hadn't forgotten those photos he'd seen.

The man in those pictures bore an uncanny resemblance to Irene.

As for the DNA test,

there

was no need.

Of course, he hadn't mentioned any of this to Thia and Jasmine. They were blissfully unaware.

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He didn't want to broach the subject of infidelity within their marriage, simply remarking. Let them say what they want

That won't do." Jasmine opposed. "The Stanley family is one of the top ten families. We can't allow people to humiliate us so casually"

“Yeah, if this continues, how can I face anyone when I go out in the future? Tina stood firm alongside Jasmine.

“When you divorced, you made no arrangements regarding Irene’s custody. It’s only fair for you to want her back now. Here’s a DNA test. Take this to Sharon and demand Irene back. She won’t dare to refuse Jasmine produced a paper and handed it to Edwin.

Edwin glanced down and saw the DNA test report written boldly on the paper, looking at Jasmine with confusion.

Jasmine understood and responded slowly. “Tina arranged this DNA test specifically for you. With this, no matter how much Sharon denies it, she can’t change the fact that Irene is a descendant of the Stanley Family! If she dares to take legal action, we’ll fight with her! Let’s see who’s more powerful, her or the Stanley family!”

Since the divorce, Sharon had made Jasmine uncomfortable several times.

Jasmine arrogantly raised her finely sculpted brows, exuding an air of elegance and superiority.

Edwin’s expression changed abruptly as he snatched the test report with lightning speed.

He quickly scanned through it, and at the end, it indeed stated that Irene was his child.

“Are you sure about this?” He vividly remembered Sharon getting a DNA test done for Irene right in front of him

“We’re absolutely sure.” Tina asserted confidently. “I went out of my way to get Irene’s DNA sample from school and compared it to the one from your toothbrush!”

So. Sharon lied to me! Edwin thought, his fist clenched tightly.

The paper crumpled in his palm, wrinkled beyond recognition.

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“I know you don’t

sn’t like Sharon. She’s so ungrateful, not worthy of stepping into the Stanley family. But Irene must come back! Jasmine reminded firmly.

Tina nodded along “Edwin, whether our family’s reputation can be salvaged depends entirely on you!”

Edwin didn’t respond. He just turned and walked away past the wa

Jasmine and Tina watched his hurried departure, both exhaling in relief

Neither of them cared much for Irene, thinking that a kid born to someone like Sharon must be just as despicable.

But Irene was part of the Stanley family

“Oh, Mom, I’ve heard some strange things lately. Rumor has it that Sharon is actually quite capable, and some even claim to have seen her at a racetrack.” Tina, who spent most of her time outside, naturally heard more, so she quickly relayed this to Jasmine.

“Some even say that Edwin’s recent contract signing with some big shot from Satisetion had something to do with her. Do you believe that!”

Jasmine, with a dismissive snort, responded. “Sharon has been with us for four years. You still don’t know what kind of person she is?”

Tinara ran her fingers through her hair, a wave of memories flooding back. Originally feeling uncomfortable after hearing those words, she found solace in recalling Sharon’s timidity when she was with the Stanley family

“Yeah, if Sharon really had such abilities, she would have flaunted them in front of us long ago. I bet this is just one of her schemes. Ultimately, she just wants us to think highly of her

“With her skills, she can only shine for a few days with Alanna’s support. Without Alanna, she’s nothing!” Jasmine wrinkled her nose in disgust, clearly not interested in dwelling on the topic any longer. She turned back to the sofa, grabbed her coffee, and continued sipping.

As Tina heard her mention Alanna, she suddenly remembered what Alanna had said the other day about accepting her as a host at Bisney Entertainment.

Her heart fluttered.

But she didn’t know whether Alanna’s words were true or just said to anger Tilda.

Tina studied media and was well aware of the status of anchors nowadays

A good anchor would be factored by countless entrepreneurs, not to mention their status and identity.

Nowadays, even celebrities were switching to become anchors.

If she could become a big anchor like Alanna, recognized and even admired wherever she went, it would be more glamorous than being a celebrity.

Most importantly, Randall was at Bisney Entertainment.

That was one of the main reasons she wanted to go there.

At six o'clock in the evening, Sharon returned home and had dinner with Irene

While Irene was clumsily learning to eat with the fork, she chatted with Sharon

During dinner, they had their mother–daughter bonding time, where Irene would tell Sharon about what happened at school.

Ever since returning from Pinevale, she had been telling her classmates about Erhan's shoemaking skills. Her classmates admired Ethan so much that they were more willing to play with her.

Irene had become a little star in their class, and even the teachers said she was a lively and cheerful child.

Before the divorce, Irene had always been too afraid to speak up in public, always shrinking back,

Sharon looked at Irene's transformation now and felt genuinely happy.

"Oh, Mommy" Irene finished her stories and suddenly remembered something. "These past few days have been weird. Sonicone keeps asking the teacher for my hair, I've been plucked twice today"

Sharon, hearing Irene's words, stopped eating and looked at her head. "Did the teacher say why they want your hair?"

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Irene shook her head. "No."

Although unclear, Sharon's brows furrowed suddenly, sensing something ominous

"Do you know the people who want your hair?" she asked.

Irene shook her head again. They were in a room, and the teacher sent my hair to them after plucking it. I couldn't see their faces. But one of them sounded like Aunt Tira

Tina?" Sharon thought, increasingly realizing that this matter was not simple.

but she didn't want to alarm Irene, so she remained calm and finished dinner with her.

Irene took the initiative to wash the dishes, and only then did Sharon take out her phone to investigate.

On the other hand, Edwin sat in the car, eyes lowered, his gaze as dark as the deep sea, devoid of any warmth.

He still held the crumpled piece of paper, resembling not just the paper but his heart, his dignity.

Edwin found it ridiculous.

He had been played by Sharon like this,

After laughing, he felt an inexplicable fall as if abruptly thrown into a bottomless space, unable to land.

Sharon would rather bear the infidelity label than have any association with him.

It was evident how resolute she was about staying away from him.

This should have been a good thing, but his chest felt as if all the air had been suddenly sucked out, empty to the brink.

Did she really want to have an affair with the boss of Disney Entertainment!

"Mr. Stanley, we have arrived," the driver said quietly up front.

Edwin snapped out of his thoughts and pushed the door open to step m

As soon as his foot hit the ground, he saw two figures rushing away.

IDE

Edwin strode forward, legs wide, and just as they were about to get into the car, he reached out and pressed the door shut.

Sharon's body stiffened, and she quickly turned her head.

Upon seeing Edwin clearly, her heart skipped a beat,

Sharon had figured out the purpose of the people plucking Irene's hair. They were taking for resting.

Obviously, Irene's true identity had been exposed.

Sharon knew someone would come looking for her soon so she planned to take Irene away for a couple of days.

But as soon as she made the move, Edwin appeared.

Edwin looked at her with a deep gaze, seeing her unease in her eyes, lips pressed tightly without a sound. "Where do you plan to run away to

Sharon's gaze flickered as she took in his sinister eyes and the crumpled piece of paper he held.

She gasped instinctively and, on instinct, placed Irene behind her.

Edwin glanced at Irene

Irene shrank back, peeking timidly at him, her big eyes showing only wariness and distance toward him.

The wariness and distance pierced Edwin's heart, his temples pulsating erratically.

Anger surged within him once again, and he spoke up, "Irene is rightfully mine. What gives you the right to conceal her identity!"

Sharon was already aware that he knew, and there was no escaping this

She took a deep breath, suppressing the unease in her heart,

When she faced Edwin again, her gaze was icy cold.

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This cold gaze pierced Edwin without a trace of the tenderness she once had.

Edwin felt a sharp pain wherever her gaze passed as if cut by a knife.

"Your child" So what?" He heard Sharon's indifferent and crisp voice echoing in his ears.

She seemed to smile, her lips curved in a faint hint of detachment towards him,

"Irene belongs in the Stanley family. Sharon, Irene must come home with me! Edwin made a brash decision.

He said these words not because of what Tina had said about the Stanley family being mocked.

What truly stung him was seeing her with another man, taking Irene away

“Irene is not a tool for you to flaunt your affection!” he reminded sternly.

“Mr. Stanley, which eye of yours saw me treating Irene as a tool? Can’t you stand to see Irene and me happy with others? Are you jealous? Have you fallen for me?” Sharon tilted her head, deliberately asking

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“Huh!” Edwin sneered unapologetically. “Do you really think that’s possible!”

“No I

possibility is the best!” she quickly retorted.

Her gaze was clear as if his words had lifted a burden from her shoulders.

Edwin was taken aback

Sharon looked at Edwin expressionlessly and changed the subject. “Are you suggesting taking Irene back? Are you trying to ruin her?”

“Don’t exaggerate!” he retorted firmly. “The Stanley family is her home. We will provide her with the best life and education. Returning to the Stanley family is only beneficial for her, not harmful”

basic needs aren’t even being met?”

“The Stanley family may indeed offer her the best life and education, but what’s the use if her b

Sharon gently pulled Irene toward her, but Irene clung tightly to her leg, not daring to step away,

“Do you see?” Sharon whispered, her heart squeezing at Irene’s fear. “She’s so afraid of you!”

“She’ll get used to it eventually.” Edwin dismissed, not particularly concerned. “She’s afraid of me simply because we haven’t spent much time together.”

“She’s been with you for three years, hasn’t she?” Sharon reminded, unable to bear Irene’s frightened look, and pulled her into a tight embrace

Irene immediately wrapped her arms tightly around Sharon’s neck, pressing her head against her chest, too afraid to even breathe.

Edwin watched Irene silently, his brow furrowing

He was about to criticize Sharon for spoiling Irene and being overly protective, but before he could speak, Sharon's voice cut in again. "She's only been at her new school for less than three days, and all the kids in her class already adore her. The teacher says she's the most lively and optimistic child in the class."

"Have you ever considered why Irene is so afraid of you, so afraid to go back to the Stanley family?" She gently stroked Irene's back, her gaze locking onto Edwin's

She added, "The indifference of the Stanley family has seeped into her bones. The moment she goes back, she instinctively feels fear. And on top of that, your mother and sister despise her. By putting her back in that environment, are you trying to torment her to death!"

"You haven't fulfilled your duty as a father, but why add to her pain just because she's part of the Stanley family, you think you can't hold your head up high if she's not in it?"

"Edwin, in my eyes, the reputation of the Stanley family is nothing compared to Irene's life!"

"If you try to force her back, to destroy her, I fight you tooth and nail, even if it means losing everything!"

Her final words were firm and resolute, her eyes filled with determination

After their divorce, Edwin had seen many sides of her, but he had never seen this level of fierceness before,

For the first time, he truly understood what it meant to be a mother, strong and unwavering.

"Dad, I won't go back with you. If you bully Mommy, if you try to take me away from her, I livestream it and tell everyone how you're bullying Mommy!" Irene suddenly spoke up.

Though she was scared of the man in front of her, she was determined to protect her mother.

She straightened her back, glaring fiercely at Edwin,

Edwin looked at his daughter.

Her gaze was not like the one she gave her father. It was more like the way one looked at a formidable enemy.

Something in his heart crashed hard, almost revealing his vulnerability.

With Sharon's arm around Irene's shoulder and Irene nestled against her, the two formed a formidable alliance.

And he, Irene's father, was left out in the cold.

A hollow emptiness washed over him as if he had been hollowed out by their rejection.

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Sharon gently parted Irene's back. "Trene, wait for me in the car, okay?"

Irene looked at her worriedly, then glanced at Edwin, still concerned that he might mistreat her.

Sharon nodded reassuringly. "Don't worry, I'll just have a few words with your dad. Everything will be fine."

Only then did Irene slide down and open the car door, climbing inside

Sharon took a few steps away from the car, putting some distance between them.

Almost instinctively, Edwin followed her.

The two stood under the tree.

Edwin's gaze never left her.

The slender woman stood resolute in the night breeze, like a blooming rose, strong and unyielding-

Despite the darkness of the night, her face shone with radiance, her demeanor remarkable.

Gone was the air of resignation she had at the Stanley Manor,

She seemed like a completely different person

Even he began to doubt whether the Stanley family was a den of destruction

How else could one person undergo such a drastic transformation

She was like this, and Irene was too.

"Edwin

"A low, brittle voice reached his ears.

This voice startled Edwin, and he suddenly realized that Sharon's voice was eerily similar to Tilda's

His eyes widened inexplicably, a strange thought creeping into his mind.

But this thought was quickly overshadowed by Sharon's words.

He heard her say. When you left me in the snow that day, I didn't hate you. But knowing I was pregnant and still doing that, it was like abandoning

Irene

"And then later, when I gave birth to Irene, with my blood staining the ground. You didn't answer my calls for help further confirming your abandonment of Irene.

"So, from start to finish, it's only me who wants

her.

"You never wanted her to be born in the first place. Why not just pretend she never existed! I'll take her away from here, and we'll never appear in front of you again. That way, it won't affect your marriage with Tilda, and soon enough, everyone will forget about me and Irene."

Initially, when Tilda asked Sharon to leave, she was reluctant

But now, Sharon realized that as long as Irene could grow up peacefully, she was willing to leave.

After saying this, Sharon nodded, turned around, and walked back to the car, leaving

Behind her, Edwin stood there like a statue.

The hand he had clenched was now limp, allowing the papers to slip through his fingers and flutter to the ground.

Sharon's tone

was

now was incredibly calm, devoid of any resentment, yet each word felt like a heavy blow, striking him in the chest.

He was beaten to the point where he didn't even have the courage to face her,

The night was quiet.

Edwin silently pushed open the door of Nexus and walked straight into the compartment, taking a seat.

Ray inside noticed him and showed a hint of surprise in his eyes. "Didn't you say you were tired and going back to rest? Why are you out again!"

They had discussed a project today, and after it was over, Ray invited Edwin to have a drink, which he had refused,

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Edwin remained silent, leaning against the chair, both hands pressed against his knees, feeling a heavy weight and an oppressive atmosphere enveloping him.

Ray didn't ask further and poured him a drink.

His slender fingers pushed the glass filled with red wine toward him.

Edwin remained silent, lifting the glass to his lips but not drinking.

"Why didn't you tell the truth about the blood contamination?" he suddenly asked.

Ray paused for a moment.

The next moment, Ray raised his glass, chuckled, and lowered his head. "Sharon asked me not to tell you."

"She..." Edwin's fingers froze in mid-air, the glass of wine no longer able to reach his lips,

'How could that be? After everything she's been through, shouldn't she want me to know even more?' Edwin's words were directed at Ray, but they sounded more like a self-reflection

Edwin's mind lingered on the scene where Sharon said she had abandoned Irene. There was no impulse to question, only a was so composed, even when recounting such a tragic past as if it were someone else's

a calm statement. She

The more composed she seemed, the more profoundly shaken be felt.

Ray's gaze deepened, but he remained silent, sipping his drink.

But Edwin had already figured it out

Sharon truly didn't care anymore.

Her indifference wasn't because she had stopped hating Tilda. It was because she no longer needed Edwin to stand up for her

His attitude toward Sharon meant nothing anymore.

Suddenly, Edwin felt drained of energy, unable to even hold onto the glass.

He silently set it down, watching the liquid inside, acutely aware of something being pulled out of him.

It was Sharon's love, trust, expectations, and all her emotions.

Nothing was left

Edwin got drunk for the first time in his life.

Ray saw Edwin's furrowed brow, the pain evident on his face, and almost unconscious state. Ray shook his head in resignation.

He was about to help Edwin up when he heard a low murmur escape Edwin's lips.

Ray listened carefully to his words, a spark of interest Bashing in his eyes. He picked up his phone and dialed a number. "Edwin is drunk"

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"Edwin, wake i

up, Wake up."

Edwin groggily opened his eyes, feeling a hand lightly patting his face,

He reached out and grasped the hand.

The pounding headache from the booze made it impossible for him to focus on anyone.

As he held onto the hand, his thoughts lingered on certain matters.

He tried to sit up but lacked the strength, tumbling back down.

This fall dragged the person on top of him into his embrace

Tilda was left dizzy from the collision, attempting to get up.

Halfway through her struggle, she caught Edwin staring at her intensely, causing her cheeks to flush

“Edwin her voice softened, tinged with a hint of coquetry.

The seductive tone was enticing

Tilda had come to pick up Edwin after receiving Ray’s call. Now, with Edwin looking at her like that and her calling out to him without any response, a bold thought emerged.

They had never crossed that line before.

Would taking that step further their relationship”

Would he then return to the way he used to be and hold me in his palm? Tilda pondered, a smile playing on her lips as she leaned in to whisper against his neck, waiting for his move.

Edwin indeed wrapped his arms around her, a slight smirk on his lips. “Sharon

Like a bucket of ice water being poured over her, Tilda, amidst extreme joy, plunged into the depths of ice-cold shock. Her eyes widened in disbelief, trembling slightly.

“What is Edwin saying? He just called out Sharon’s name? the thought, half propping herself up, staring at him, her gaze a jumble of emotions

Her tears glistened, already beginning to fall, while he kept his eyes downcast. filled with profound emotions, his brow tinged with mist

At this moment, Edwin still gazed at her but called out another woman’s name.

“Edwin, do you see who I am?” she asked, her voice trembling, feeling like there must be something wrong with her ears.

“Sharon,” Edwin called out again.

This time, he closed his eyes, his arms around her falling silent

Tilda was completely dragged into an even colder abyss by Edwin’s words. Her fingers fell numb, her heart seemingly frozen long ago, causing a sharp pain with every beat.

Humiliation surged to the forefront of her mind, and she clenched her teeth,

As Tilda turned her head, she saw Ray standing in the corner, looking at her with meaningful eyes

Although his gaze was calm, she sensed a mocking irony within.

Tilda suddenly realized, glaring at him fiercely. "You did this on purpose!"

"If you hadn't let Tina and Mrs. Stanley know that Irene was Edwin's child and if you hadn't let them push Edwin into going after Irene, he wouldn't have sought out Sharon, and he wouldn't have drunkenly called out her name, Ray spoke lightly, his serene eyes carrying a wise and detached understanding

Tilda's body swayed violently, her face darkening.

She glanced at Edwin, ultimately lacking the courage to admit to the truth.

Edwin was just drunk, not dead. If he heard, she would truly be finished.

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Ray smirked, saying nothing more, and walked away.

Though Ray didn't shone much, the feeling left in Tilda's heart was that she was being looked down upon.

Tilda felt extremely uncomfortable and couldn't help but follow him out. Who told you that I schemed against Tina and Mrs. Stanley? Was it Sharon? You believe whatever she says? What has she given you in rehim! Don't forget. I knew you before her! How could you take her side?"

She quickly reached out and pulled the corner of Ray's shirt tightly.

Ray's handsome face remained composed. "I believe her, not because she's given me anything, but because her moral integrity has always been trustworthy. Tilda, don't think your actions are flawless. There are no impenetrable walls in this world, and the only way to keep something from being known is to never do it in the first place!"

His words seemed like a sudden hand tearing away the veil of concealment, revealing the inner wounds of Tikda in full view.

Tilda bit her lip hard to keep from falling, but she was overwhelmed with shame..

Ray was implying that she lacked moral integrity.

“Who are you to judge me like this she gritted her teeth, fiercely stating. “How good is your own moral integrity? Don’t forget. You’re just as promiscuous as anyone else!”

“But I never hurt others,” Ray replied.

His words buried the reputation she had struggled to salvage

Ray smirked.

Although his words were harsh, they were the kindest advice he could offer her.

Whether Tilda would heed it was entirely up to her.

After finishing his words, Ray disappeared completely from Tilda’s sight.

Behind him, Tilda’s fingers twisted, tears welling uncontrollably, cascading down her cheeks.

She used to be the epitome of honesty. Even if she acted stubbornly in front of Edwin, it was always clear.

But ever since Sharon appeared, everything changed.

She had been pushed down from her lofty position time and time again, ending up in a sorry state

It’s all Sharon’s fault It’s all her fault she wondered

Tilda silently tightened her fingers, allowing the bones to turn a dismal pale, letting the nails break one by one.

After a long while, she finally took out her phone to make a call “Didn’t I tell you to be discreet? How did Ray find out that I instigated Tina and his mom! Were you intentional about this?”

“I didn’t say anything” came the lazy reply from the other end. “But with Ray’s connections, it’s easy to gather information about anyone he’s concerned about. It’s not far-fetched to connect the dots and guess it’s you

“Damn it!” Tilda tightened her fingers, not even in front of Edric had she allowed herself to swear so freely.

Her once radiant face was now contorted like that of a demon

Tilda couldn't understand how someone as insignificant as Sharon could attract so much attention from people, even getting repeated help from Ray.

Sharon took Irene to Alanna's place.

She told Alanna about her plans to leave,

"Why should you leave? You haven't done anything wrong. It's that pair of scoundrels who should leave!" Alanna exploded upon hearing her words, spraking rapidly.

Sharon shook her head lightly. "It doesn't matter. Actually, I think leaving here would be quite nice!

She glanced at Irene, who was not far away, concentrating on a puzzle. "I don't want Irene to be caught between me and the Stanley family, caught in our struggles. As long as she can grow up peacefully, it doesn't matter what I do,"

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"But.." Alanna's eyes reddened as she listened to her. "You're sacrificing too much by taking a step back like this?"

"Tim not sacrificing" She turned to face Alanna, a faint smile on her lips. "Do you know why I named her Irene It's because I feel she's endured too much hardship and I want her to live the rest of her life peacefully and happily

Alanna couldn't say anything more and sighed softly after a long while.

All the other Irene's were conceived and born amidst blessings, but only Irene, from such a young age, had experienced life and death twice.

"Alright, where do you plan to go? I move my house there too. She offered.

Sharon didn't refuse but leaned in to embrace her, offering a silent thanks.

Although Alanna didn't say anything more, her heart was heavy with a bittersweet ache, both for Sharon's unwavering love that had gone unrequited and for Irene's complex background

Once Sharon made up her mind, she quickly formulated a plan.

She decided to take Irene back to Ethan first. After Ethan had completely handed over the technology he was in possession of to Ray, Sharon then planned to move to another city with him.

Sharon made a point to call Ethan, expressing her desire to return.

Eihan was more than eager for Sharon and Irene to come home, and he was overjoyed at the news

The next day, Sharon sent Alanna and Irene to Hisney Entertainment while she went out alone to do some shopping in preparation for their return to their hometown

No sooner had Sharon reached the entrance of the shopping mall when someone rushed up to her and viciously shoved her with an outstretched hand

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Sharon was pushed off balance, and as she steadied herself, she saw a young face contorted with anger.

It was Tira

“Ms. Stanley, what’s the meaning of this?” she asked coldly, rubbing her arm where it had been grabbed.

Tina’s once–elegant face was twisted with rage. “Sharon, did you really think that when I said you could remarry Edwin, I meant it? I’m telling you the truth. I was just trying to provoke Tilda. Don’t get your hopes up!”

Sharon had already seen through this, and naturally, she wasn’t holding her breath.

With a faint, cold smile? Sharon replied. “Ms. Stanley, don’t you remember? I declined at the time”

“If you refused, then why are you still clinging to Irene? She’s a child of the Stanley family, Tina said with a look of distrust. “You have no connection to the owner of Bisney Entertainment. You’re just trying to use Irene to get Edwin to remarry you, aren’t you?”

“Sharon, if you were honest with me about wanting to remarry Edwin, I might have respected you more. But to scheme in secret while pretending to be noble, that’s just disgusting!”

Sharon looked at Tina’s furious expression and couldn’t help but frown slightly.

Edwin had already let her go, so why was Tina still so fixated on this?

This is 2 m

is 2 million dollars, a sum you’d never earn in a lifetime! Take the money and hand Frene over to me immediately!” Tina threw a check at her chest.

Sharon glanced down at the check, and it was indeed for 2 million dollars.

The mere 2 million dollars, and Tina thought she could flaunt it in front of her How laughable!

Sharon pressed her lips together, not letting the sarcasm show, and instead, she dangled the check between two fingers in front of Sharon. "And if I

"I see you're still not willing to give up!" As soon as Tina finished speaking, she raised her hand and commanded. Take her away and lock her up!"

No sooner had Tina's words faded than four burly men approached from all directions.

The men advanced on Sharon step by step.

She's resorting to force to make me agree to hand over Irene, Sharon thought to herself.

Sharon's expression changed slightly as she clenched her fist, ready to act.

Before Sharon could make a move, there was a loud thud,

One of the four men was knocked down by someone so swiftly that Tina didn't even see the motion.

She was about to curse, her eyes blazing with anger, but then she recognized the face of the person who had helped.

Sharon also recognized her savior.

It was a handsome face, clear and bright.

"Ray?" Tina exclaimed.

The remaining three men who were about to attack Ray paused upon hearing her call.

Ray

rolled his sleeves back, first checking Sharon to make sure she was unharmed before turning to Tina. "Tina, causing a scene like this in public, don't you worry about bringing disgrace to the Stanley family if it's caught on camera!"

"Ah.. "Tina's face flushed suddenly.

She looked around nervously, realizing that in her anger, she'd nearly forgotten about her reputation

“It’s her fault for being so stubborn and fighting me over this? Tina growled in dissatisfaction.

Ray took the check from Sharon’s hand, grasped Tina’s, and placed it back into her palm. “No matter the reason, resorting to violence is wrong. I think Edwin wouldn’t want you to cause

use such a fuss either”

At the mention of Edwin, a hint of fear crossed Tina’s face.

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She actually had a deep-seated respect for Edwin

But the fact that Sharon dared to provoke her still didn’t sit well with her. “In any case, I will not give her a chance to entangle herself with Edwin!”

“Mr. Stanley, if my previous stance wasn’t clear enough, let me reiterate with full seriousness. I have no intentions towards Edwin Sharon’s gaze was resolute, and then she asked, “Would you like me to put it in writing?”

Without waiting for Tina’s response, Sharon pulled out a piece of paper and pen and quickly wrote something down

In a moment. Sharon handed the paper to Tina. There you go, with my signature! If I break this promise, Ms. Stanley, you are free to expose it in high society, for all to see”

Tina was a bit taken aback but accepted the paper, a satisfied smirk playing at the corner of her lips.

However, Tina wasn’t ready to let go just yet. “Irene belongs to the Stanley family. No matter what you say, she must return to the Stanley family!”

Tina, the custody of Irene should be decided by Edwin and Sharon. What if you’re acting on your own and it angers Edwin? Do you want him to send you abroad?” Ray couldn’t stand by and let this happen, so he interjected.

I don’t want that at all!” Tina, accustomed to a comfortable life, had no desire to suffer abroad and shook her head immediately.

She stopped her insistence and left with the note in hand.

Sharon then turned to Ray. Thank you. Mr. Gildon

Ray looked at her deeply and smiled. "Actually, with your abilities, you could have driven her away yourself. I was just being redundant"

"No, you were a great help," Sharon said sincerely.

"In that case, why don't you treat me to a meal?" Ray suggested.

Sharon was taken aback for a moment, then she looked over and nodded. "Alright."

She did not expect Ray Gillon to make such a request.

The two of them walked toward a restaurant together.

"I heard you're leaving?" Ray asked after a while, his tone light.

He had actually come specifically to find her because he had heard from Ethan that she was planning to leave.

Sharon was slightly startled for a moment, but considering Ray's relationship with Ethan, it wasn't surprising. She nodded.

"And you don't plan to come back?" Ray continued to inquire.

"I won't be coming back. I'm going to live in a different city"

"A different city?" Ray y echoed her words, a sense of loss in his voice.

He knew that if she were to move to another city, she wouldn't tell him.

'Will we never see each other again?' he thought to himself.

Unconsciously, the two of them entered the restaurant

Perhaps because of what had happened, Ray was extremely quiet and didn't say müdi.

Sharon wasn't one for talking much anyway, and they ordered their dishes silently

Just as they finished placing their order, two figures, a man and a woman, approached from across the room

The man was tall and straight, with a cold and handsome appearance, his features refined.

The woman was bright and beautiful, with a graceful figure.

It was Edwin and Tilda

Sharon couldn't help but sigh inwardly, surprised to run into the two of them here of all places.

She averted her gaze, pretending not to have seen them.

Hay, who had been keeping his head down, truly hadn't noticed them.

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Edwin's gaze, however, was like a flashlight beam, focused on the two of them

He scrutinized them back and forth as if trying to discern something.

At the same time, he began walking toward them.

"Edwin Tilda urgently hooked her arm through his "Mr. Anderson is still waiting for us

Edwin then halted his approach

Tilda quickly guided him in another direction.

It wasn't until they were far from Sharon that Tilda let out a sigh of relief

She couldn't help but look over at Edwin, seeing the deep hue of his eyes and the heavy emotions pressing at the base of his brows, causing her heart to pound erratically.

Edwin was actually aware that Sharon had seen him and had noticed her avoidance.

The way she had hastily dodged him was as if he were a raging flood, a monster.

Was he really that terrifying?

The more Edwin thought about it, the more uncomfortable he became, suddenly recalling that she had mentioned leaving

Previously, he believed she was leaving for Irene's sake, but now he suddenly felt that her purpose for leaving was to ensure she would never cross paths with him again.

Edwin's mood was extremely oppressive

His fingers, hidden beneath his sleeve, clenched up as well.

Tilda saw his subtle expressions and her fingers also clenched in response.

However, she quickly put on a smile and leaned her head against Edwin. "Ray and Ms. Cress seemed quite close just now, didn't they? "Their relationship seems special."

Her words were like a match falling into gasoline, igniting and expanding the discomfort within Edwin

Edwin's steps came to an abrupt halt.

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Tilda feigned ignorance of Edwin's thoughts, her smile still bright. "It's a good thing. Previously, Ms. Cress made such a big fuss with the owner of Disney Entertainment, but there was never any mention of marriage. I was quite concerned about that. It turns out she wasn't dating the owner of Disney Entertainment, but Ray instead.

"Ray used to be quite the playboy, but now that he's with Ms. Cress, there's not a single extra woman around him. It seems he's serious about her..

"With Ms. Cress and Ray together, I'm less worried. Otherwise, if you divorced because of me and she didn't find a good partner. I would feel somewhat guilty.

"Edwin, you don't have to worry about her life anymore. From now on, you can be at ease and be with me.

Edwin didn't

respond, but his tall and straight figure became increasingly stiff and cold.

Tilda saw his subtle movements, appearing innocent on the surface, but feeling triumphant inside

Edwin would eventually find out that there was no relationship between Sharon and the owner of Disney Entertainment

It seemed that Edwin was becoming more and more interested in Sharon

She decided to pair Sharon and Ray together, to completely sever Edwin's thoughts about her,

After finishing their meal, Ray and Sharon chatted for a while about the traditional shoemaking methods passed down from Ethan

“We plan to continue using the original craftsmanship for production, and in the sales phase, we hope you can vouch for us,” Ray said.

The shoemaking technique was inherited from Ethan, and Sharon naturally wanted Ray to carry it forward. She readily agreed. ‘Don’t worry, I will not only fully promote it in the name of Foxy Damon but also encourage others to do so’

Thank you for that, Ray said, looking at Sharon with a warm gaze.

They chatted about other things for a while, and it was almost four o’clock by the time they parted

It was time for Sharon to pick up Irene.

Ray insisted on taking Sharon there, and since Sharon’s car was parked elsewhere and she hadn’t finished talking with Ray, she nodded and agreed.

They arrived at Disney Entertainment, where Irene came bouncing out.

When Irene saw Ray, her bright, sparkling eyes suddenly froze, and her lively expression vanished, replaced by a guarded look.

Irene knew Ray was a friend of Edwin’s

She was afraid of Edwin, and that fear extended to his friends as well.

“Hello, Irene.” Ray approached and greeted her proactively.

His smile was warm and gentle.

“Hello, Mr. Gildon, Irene responded softly, quickly running to Sharon and hugging her leg

“Irene, would you like to go to the amusement park?” Ray asked.

Irene blinked.

The last time Sharon and Alanna took her to the amusement park, she had a lot of fun on the airplanes and trains, and to this day, she still remembered it vividly.

“Yes,” She nodded.

Ray crouched down in front of her. “How about I take you there?”

Irene looked at Ray and then at Sharon

Irene could not resist the temptation of the amusement park and nodded. "Okay"

"That doesn't seem like a good idea." Sharon voiced her objection. "Mr. Gildon, your time is valuable."

"I'm not as busy as you think." Ray said, reaching out to pick up Irene and gently touching her little nose. "Let's go."

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Irene made a soft sound, and the corners of her small mouth curled up.

Sharon, seeing Irene's eager expression, didn't say anything more and followed the two to the amusement park.

Ray held Irene in his arms, taking her on the carousel, the pirate ship, and even some rides she had been too scared to try before. Ray also took her on those

Ray's embrace was so warm that she found she was no longer afraid of those rides.

Her courage had grown significantly.

Irene giggled incessantly in Ray's arms

Sharon, seeing her daughter so happy, couldn't help but smile as well

Ray, glancing up inadvertently, caught sight of the faint smile on Sharon's lips and was taken aback.

Her smile was soft, yet incredibly gentle, like cherry blossoms covering a mountain, subtle yet enchanting.

The three of them didn't leave the amusement park until it was completely dark

After several hours of interaction, Irene had completely taken a liking to Ray, and as they walked out, she took the initiative to hold Ray's hand

She yawned, feeling a bit sleepy.

Sharon noticed her daughter's fatigue and bent down to pick her up.

Ray was quicker, lifting her into his arms.

Irene yawned again and comfortably leaned her head on Ray's shoulder, falling asleep.

Sharon had no choice but to walk alongside and protect her daughter.

“Such a happy family,” people around them whispered in admiration.

“Yes, both the mother and father are so good looking, and the baby is so beautiful as well,”

“It’s so cute.”.

Sharon’s face flushed with embarrassment, and she was about to explain that they were not a couple when two people approached from the opposite direction

It was Edwin and Tilda.

Sharon groaned inwardly.

She had managed to avoid a conversation by pretending not to see them during the day, so why did she run into them again in the evening?

In this world, the two people Sharon least wanted to encounter were Edwin and Tilda

Kay also noticed the two this time, but he didn’t shy away. He calmly approached them. “Edwin, Tilda, what brings you two here!”

Edwin didn’t respond. His gaze was fixed on Ray’s chest, where Irene was sound asleep, and his eyes darkened.

He remembered that Irene was very wary of him, acting as if she had seen a monster every time they met.

Yet, she was completely at ease with Ray.

And Sharon, despite being referred to as a family of three, still smiled and accepted in happily.

Edwin’s body involuntarily tensed.

Tilda stepped forward slightly, blocking Edwin’s view, her beautiful face radiant with a gentle smile. “I was bored and wanted Edwin to accompany me to the amusement park.”

As she spoke, her eyes sparkled with happiness

Ray nodded. “The amusement park is indeed a great place for a romantic date.”

Tilda didn’t deny it and smiled a

leven more happily.

“Since we’ve run into each other, why don’t we join you? I also have some things I want to ask you.” “Tilda invited warmly.

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“We can talk about your questions later, Ray said, gently looking at Irene in his arms, declining the invitation.

Then Ray turned to Sharon. “Let’s go.”

“Okay.” Sharon wiped Irene’s face and nodded, walking away with him.

Throughout the entire interaction, she didn’t even glance at Tilda and Edwin, treating them as if they were invisible.

Even Tilda’s eyes narrowed, slightly displeased by being ignored

As a talented young lady, even if she couldn’t beat Sharon in a car race

In this regard alone, she was far superior to Sharon

in a car race, her acting career was thriving, and she was a well-known celebrity

Moreover, her family was a wealthy one in the city, unlike Sharon, whose father was a shoemaker.

How dare Sharon ignore her?!

Edwin’s face was gloomy, also because of being ignored by Sharon

It wasn’t that he felt superior, but he was increasingly bothered by Sharon’s disregard for him.

“They seem to be so in love, Tilda said intentionally, covering her lips with a smile.

“They had lunch together at noon and are still inseparable in the evening. It seems they might be engaged soon.

No sooner had she finished speaking than Edwin’s phone pinged.

He looked down and swiped open his phone, and his face darkened at the content inside.

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“What’s wrong?” Seeing the change in his expression, Tilda turned to look at his phone.

He had already put his phone away. "I suddenly have some matters to attend to. You go in by yourself."

Without waiting for Tilda's response, he strode away.

In the private room at Nexus, when Ray walked in, he saw Edwin already seated inside.

Edwin, dressed in a black shirt, looked even more stern and was clearly in a bad mood.

"Aren't you supposed to be accompanying Tilda to the amusement park? Is it over so soon?" Ray asked, slightly surprised.

Edwin didn't reply and continued to drink on his own.

However, after Ray entered, Edwin's brows furrowed even more, creating two high ridges between them.

Seeing that Edwin wasn't in the mood to talk, Ray didn't press further. He sat down opposite him, leaned over, and poured himself a drink.

Ray was accustomed to wearing white, and with his refined demeanor, he appeared very gentle and cultured.

Edwin's gaze fell on him, growing darker by the moment.

"Do you like Sharon?" he asked.

Ray's pouring hand paused slightly, but only for a second.

"Yes," he affirmed.

Edwin's fingers gripping the glass tightened abruptly, his knuckles turning a stark pale.

The slender stem of the glass was almost snapped by his grip.

"What do you like about such a filthy woman?" he asked coldly, his teeth grinding a bit. "When did your taste become so poor?"

Ray's fingers also twisted, and a hint of displeasure crossed his elegant and refined face.

Ray's displeasure was due to Edwin's evaluation of Sharon.

However, instead of voicing it, he simply smiled faintly. "On the contrary, I think my taste has improved. To you, Sharon might seem like a filthy woman, but to me, she shines like gold."

Edwin's body stiffened, and his eyebrows furrowed with confusion.

Even though Sharon had changed a lot after her divorce, he still couldn't bring himself to believe that there was anything excellent about her.

"When did you start liking her?" Edwin asked, pretending to be indifferent as he took a sip from his glass.

Ray squinted slightly, his long eyelashes casting a row of shadows as he pondered. "When was it? It was probably when she was on her knees, covered in blood, begging the doctor to draw her blood to save her daughter. When the doctor refused, she cut open her own vein and fed her blood to her daughter."

Edwin's lips froze at the rim of his glass, and it felt as if he had been struck hard on the back, causing a numbing pain throughout his body.

It took him a while before he slowly raised his head and looked at Ray with a look of shock.

Ray had mentioned this story before, but he had never described it as clearly as he did tonight.

Had Sharon actually cut open her own vein?

Lost in his thoughts, Ray didn't notice Edwin's reaction and continued, "To others, it might have seemed like madness, but to me, it was the strength of a mother. She was willing to do anything for Irene.

"She may have made mistakes in the past, but how bad could a woman who is willing to go to such lengths for her child really be?

"A woman who disregards her own life to save her daughter surely loves Irene deeply, and probably the person she had the child with as well.*

Edwin suddenly felt a choking sensation in his throat and began to cough violently.

The discomfort in his throat tugged at his heart and lungs, causing a sharp, intermittent pain.

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It was only at this moment that he suddenly realized that Sharon's insistence on being with him back then might not have been for material gain, but for love.

So, the cautiousness she had shown was not an attempt to please, but a genuine affection.

The more he thought about this, the more violently he coughed.

The pain in his chest became more and more severe.

His fingers clenched at his chest, where something seemed to be silently slipping away.

It took a long time for Edwin to regain some composure.

"Since you're aware of how difficult her journey has been, don't add to her troubles! Given her situation and status, the Gildon family will never accept her!" he said in a deep voice.

Ray rubbed his forehead with a bitter smile. "The issue isn't about whether the Gildon family accepts her or not. It's that she doesn't accept me. If she would, I wouldn't even mind leaving the Gildon family. And I will never regret it."

↳

Edwin was taken aback.

He stared at Ray, his face expressionless, but inside,

he was

in

turmoil.

Was Ray actually willing to give up everything for her?

His chest felt even tighter as if an air pump was installed in his chest cavity, making it hard for him to breathe.

Ray put down his glass, stood up, and with his hands hanging by his sides, looked at Edwin. "Edwin, I don't care about how you treated her in the past. But now that she's divorced from you, if you dare to hurt her again, I will definitely turn against you!"

Ray's final words were resolute and powerful.

With a snap, the glass in Edwin's hand was crushed into two by his sheer force.

Crimson liquid, mixed with blood, dripped down.

Yet, he seemed to feel no pain, and he stood up as well, his face so cold it could freeze someone to the bone. "You would turn against me for a woman?"

Ray said nothing more and walked away.

Edwin stood there like a wooden statue, with layers of anger rising in his eyebrows and eyes.

But he couldn't figure out whether this anger was due to Ray turning against him, or the fact that Ray had actually fallen for his ex-wife.

"Edwin!" Tilda ran in from outside, clutching his bleeding hand with concern. "How did you do this to yourself?"

"I've already heard that Sharon wrote a note of final parting to Tina, probably to ease Ray's worries so he can marry her. I think she might truly like Ray, but you don't need to worry about Ray at all," she added.

Her words caused Edwin's fingers to twist again. He did not even realize that he had twisted her fingers.

Tilda felt an excruciating pain and let out a startled cry.

But he remained unresponsive,

His mind was preoccupied with the message Tina had sent him earlier.

That message was the note Sharon had written, vowing not to entangle him anymore.

It took him a while to realize he had hurt Tilda and abruptly released his grip.

Tilda tenderly massaged the finger he had pinched until it turned purple, her face full of grievance, but she said, "Your wound is deep. You should go to the hospital to get it treated."

Edwin did not respond. Instead, he stepped past her and strode away.

Tilda was left stunned.

After settling Irene in, Sharon checked the items she needed to bring.

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Chapter 107

She found that there was no water left in the car.

She took the keys and headed to the 24-hour supermarket.

+5

She hadn't taken a few steps when she saw Edwin standing by the roadside, dressed in black, with a stern expression and an air of coldness that was chilling.

As soon as Edwin saw her coming down the stairs, his face suddenly lifted, and he looked over at her with a dark and unfriendly countenance.

Although Sharon was taken aback by his appearance, she didn't show too much reaction. Instead, she gave a slight, mocking smile. "What is it, Mr. Stanley? Are you here on a stakeout to make sure I'm

"You can rest assured, Mr. Stanley, I promised to leave and I will. After that, we won't even have the chance to meet.

Edwin's fingers clenched into a fist, never loosening.

Her tone was light as if she was joking, but her expression

"But Mr. Stanley, even if you're not at ease, there's no need for

you

to

was

He approached her, and without warning, he gripped Sharon's shoulders and

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come personally. You could just send a few people to keep watch."

pressed her into an embrace.

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Sharon was startled by his sudden move and instinctively tried to pull away.

His hand pressed tightly against her neck, exerting an overpowering force.

“Mr. Stanley, what do you mean by this?” Sharon could only ask, her voice cold and strained from struggling and anger.

Sparks of fury ignited in her eyes.

This only served to intensify Edwin’s discomfort, and the image that flashed through his mind was of her smiling sweetly at Ray.

A dull pain throbbed in his chest.

“What tricks did you use to even seduce my friend?” he asked.

Sharon looked up in confusion.

‘Friend? The only friend of his who is close to me is Ray. He thinks I’m seducing Ray? Does he think I’m that despicable?’ Sharon thought to herself.

A sharp pain cut through her heart like a knife.

Yet, she laughed, a laugh born of anger.

“What means do I have? If your friend was truly charmed by me, it’s probably out of pity for seeing me stay by your side so miserably!” she said.

“Pity?” Edwin sneered. “Your so-called pity is self-inflicted, isn’t it?”

It was only after Edwin had spoken that he realized he had lost control and was speaking without restraint.

Even when he had hated Sharon the most, he had never spoken to her in such a way.

But once the words were out, they could not be retracted.

Sharon had always known that Edwin hated her, but this was the first time he had been so blunt.

Even though Sharon had decided to cut ties with him, her heart still ached with a sharp, intermittent pain.

Before Sharon could say anything, a figure rushed over.

With great force, she pushed Edwin away.

“You’re nothing but a scumbag, Edwin!” the person shouted in anger, her eyes blazing with fury as if she wanted to kill.

“Alanna?” As Sharon laid eyes on the person in front of her, she couldn’t help but let out a cry.

Alanna, considering that Sharon would be leaving the next day, had come to see her.

However, as soon as Alanna emerged, she witnessed the scene and overheard Edwin’s words.

Alanna, like a rooster with its fighting spirit ignited, glared at Edwin with the sharpest of eyes. “Self-inflicted? You actually have the nerve to say that! If you didn’t want to take responsibility, then you should have kept yourself in check and not touched Sharon.

“Let alone the fact that Sharon stood up and said those words back then, which helped the Stanley family immensely. Even if she hadn’t helped at all, you have no right to despise and loathe her! You slept with her, and it’s your duty to take responsibility. It’s only right and proper for her to demand marriage from you!”

Alanna was truly infuriated, her chest heaving with emotion as she fired off one harsh sentence after another, without any concern for who might be listening or the risk of being recognized.

“Alanna, stop it.” Sharon approached, tugging at her.

She didn’t want to plead for pity after so much had already transpired.

But Alanna wouldn’t be deterred.

As she broke free, her eyes turned bloodshot. “And what about Irene? What wrong has she committed? Why does she not even have the right to be born? Why should she bear the punishment that is not hers because of your rage?”

“You, such an immature and irresponsible man, probably only someone as innocent as Sharon could ever find appealing. Any other woman would have kicked you to the curb a long time ago!”

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Chapter 108

“Speaking of which, Sharon, it’s really not worth it. For a scumbag like you, even...”

“Alanna!”

Sharon, realizing that Alanna was about to reveal her donation of the cornea, raised her voice in a low growl.

Alanna bit her lip and didn’t continue, but tears began to roll down her cheeks.

She truly felt it was a waste for Sharon.

+5

“Anyway, I’ve already severed all ties with Mr. Stanley, and I won’t even have the chance to see him in the future. It’s better to avoid any further complications,” Sharon said, looking at Alanna’s tears and understanding that she was doing this for her sake. She could only hint to Alanna to let it go. “Let’s go.”

Sharon led Alanna upstairs and into the room.

Alanna was still feeling aggrieved, tears still streaming down her face.

Sharon let out a gentle sigh and fetched a towel to carefully wipe away Alanna’s tears. “You’re usually so carefree. Why are you crying over this?”

Alanna clutched her hand. “Sharon, you really don’t deserve this. We should have exposed that scoundrel’s broken promises and the fact that you donated your cornea for him!”

“There’s no need.” Sharon shook her head. “I’ve moved on from that relationship and don’t want him to keep coming back into my life because of those past events. It’s just annoying!”

Alanna roared, “But I can’t let it go!” Alanna was still unable to put these things behind her. “Tilda didn’t do anything and even betrayed him, yet he cherishes her like a treasure. He even knew she was the one who tainted the blood and caused you and Irene to suffer, yet he couldn’t bring himself to blame her. They’re still lovey–dovey, completely devoted to each other.

“You gave so much for him, yet he couldn’t even keep his basic promises and just forgot about you without a second thought. I just don’t want him to have it easy. I want to cut his heart out and make sure he never has peace for the rest of his life!”

“Letting him go is letting myself go, isn’t it? Besides, what he cares about is Tilda. Even if I were to reveal everything from the past, what difference would it make? At most, he could just use money to brush me off, and I don’t need his money.” Sharon smiled.

Alanna’s shoulders sagged, and she let out a sigh.

Sharon gently pressed on her shoulder. “Alanna, for the rest of my life, I just want to live happily and peacefully with Irene. As for the grudges and resentments of the past, they’re not important anymore.”

Alanna looked up at her and saw a clear serenity in her eyes.

Sharon had truly let go.

Without further argument, Alanna nodded. “Alright, let’s leave this place and forget about that scumbag!”

After comforting Alanna for a while, Sharon went into Irene’s room.

Irene was a restless sleeper and had kicked off her blanket.

Sharon shook her head with a helpless smile, walked over, picked up the blanket, and carefully tucked it back around Irene.

She leaned down and gently caressed her daughter’s fair and delicate little face, a deep maternal tenderness curling at the corners of her lips.

Thankfully, she had been strong back then and had endured.

In her sleep, Irene rolled over and clutched Sharon’s hand, resembling a little kangaroo.

Sharon was about to smile, but then she heard a soft mumble. “Dad...”

Her smile froze on her face, solidifying.

For a long moment, Sharon slowly lowered her head to look at Irene.

Irene was fast asleep, showing no other reaction. However, her words seemed to be etched into Sharon’s chest, impossible to erase.

No matter how optimistic and independent she appeared on the outside, deep down, she still yearned for a father’s love.

Sharon’s heart suddenly twitched as if it had been cut out, causing her to convulse in pain.

In the car, Edwin, who was driving, seemed to hear a tender call, someone calling out for Dad,

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Edwin went to the hospital.

He strode into the ward and saw Tilda lying in the hospital bed, with May attending to her and Edric standing nearby.

“What happened?” he asked, his eyebrows furrowed with concern.

“Tilda said she felt chest pain and couldn’t sleep. I was worried, so I brought her in. The doctor diagnosed it as still being a mental issue and advised a few more days of observation,” May replied.

“Edwin, didn’t I tell you? Tilda is not well, and you should spend more time with her. Why did you disappear again?” Edric questioned him with clear displeasure.

Whenever it came to matters concerning Tilda, Edric was very attentive.

“Don’t blame Edwin. It’s my own... Edric, you go ahead and leave first,” Tilda said weakly.

Edric exchanged a glance with her, noticing the displeasure in her eyes, and without daring to stay, he nodded and went out.

May also made an excuse to leave.

In the room, only Edwin and Tilda remained.

Edwin walked over and sat down. “If the medical care here isn’t good enough, I’ll take you abroad to find a better hospital for treatment.”

“There’s no need.” Tilda shook her head and leaned over to hold his hand. “Edwin, actually, this is a mental illness. I’ve been holding too much inside, and it’s turned into an illness.”

As she spoke, she lowered her head, her eyes welling up with tears.

“I know, you’ve been angry with me for a while, thinking I’m too cruel. I myself feel that I’m too cruel, and I can’t forgive myself! Edwin. Don’t worry about my illness, and don’t be afraid to upset me. Punish me however you see fit.”

After Tilda finished speaking, she raised her head again and looked at Edwin with a pair of red-rimmed eyes, tears glistening in the corners like a pitiful rabbit.

In the past, if she had appeared this way, Edwin would have been heartbroken and comforted her.

But at this moment, his heart felt as if it were frozen, cold and unyielding, unable to empathize with her.

Over and over again in his mind, he heard Alanna's words.

She said, "If you didn't want to take responsibility, then you should have kept yourself in check and not touched Sharon.

"Let alone the fact that Sharon stood up and said those words back then, which helped the Stanley family immensely. Even if she hadn't helped at all, you have no right to despise and loathe her! You slept with her, and it's your duty to take responsibility. It's only right and proper for her to demand marriage from you!

*And what about Irene? What wrong has she committed? Why does she not even have the right to be born? Why should she bear the punishment that is not hers because of your rage?

Upon seeing Edwin's distracted expression, Tilda's heart skipped a beat.

Ever since Edwin found out that it was Tilda who ordered the contamination of the blood that Irene needed, he had barely paid any attention to

her.

If it weren't for Tilda claiming that she had a mental problem and suffered from depression, Edwin would have acted even more coldly.

Even today, when he went with her to see Charles Anderson, it was only because the project was related to Genesis Group.

As for the trip to the amusement park later, it wasn't that Tilda wanted to go. It was Edwin who suggested it.

Tilda thought that Edwin was willing to forgive her and wanted to take her to relax. It was only when Tilda encountered Sharon that she realized

the truth.

In fact, he had been having someone keep an eye on Sharon and was specifically there to see her.

Tilda harbored hatred in her heart, wishing to tear Sharon to pieces, but she remained composed on the surface.

She had heard that Sharon was leaving the next day.

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+5

As long as Sharon disappeared, Tilda would have plenty of opportunities to mend her relationship with Edwin.

The only thing she needed to do now was to keep Edwin from seeing Sharon again before she left.

With this thought, Tilda stirred and half-knelt on the bed. "Edwin, even if I made that decision because I had a mental problem at the time, it was still wrong. Please punish me severely. If you're willing to punish me, I will feel better in my heart."

As Tilda spoke, she nestled into his arms and began to cry softly.

Edwin remained still the whole time.

Edwin neither pushed her away nor comforted her.

After crying for a while and finding it pointless, Tilda gradually stopped, her eyes half-closed as if she was about to fall asleep.

"How did Sharon end up in my room that day?" Edwin's voice suddenly came from beside her ear.

The question was so abrupt that Tilda was caught completely off guard.

She felt a jolt in her mind as if the secret bubble in her heart had been pricked.

Tilda's slightly closed eyes snapped open.

What she saw was Edwin's face, serious to the extreme.

His face, which was already cold and unapproachable when he wasn't smiling, now bore down on her like an impending storm, making it hard for her to breathe.

"Why are you asking me that?" Tilda managed to inquire after a while, probing.

Edwin didn't respond but looked down at her, his eyes dark and deep, like they had been coated with black paint, which was chilling to behold.

Tilda kept telling herself to stay calm inside.

She sat up and spoke in a soft voice. "I know I invited you to the hotel that day. It's normal for you to suspect me. But I really don't know how it turned out that way. Haven't I already told you? I was late that day due to something, and when I got to the hotel, I felt dizzy for some reason, and then I was pulled into another room.

"If you don't believe me, you can check it out.

"As for why Sharon went to your room, doesn't her behavior afterward explain everything?"

Tilda's last sentence still implied that Sharon had done it on purpose.

What happened back then wasn't done by Sharon, and she wasn't entirely unaware of it.

Some things, once spoken out loud, would involve too many complications.

Four years ago, Tilda might have been bold enough to rely on his favor and lay everything out in the open, but now, she dared not.

*Edwin, all these things have passed. Regardless of who was right or wrong at the time, let's not dwell on it, okay?" She gently swayed Edwin's arm, her tone pleading and pitiful. "As long as we're good, just like before."

Tilda's words were not a genuine attempt to exonerate Sharon. She merely wanted to prevent any further incidents before Sharon's departure.

Edwin said nothing more but recalled Sharon's mention of leaving.

Edwin said nothing more but recalled Sharon's mention of leaving, the covers over her. "You rest first. I'm going to make a phone call."

"Okay." Tilda feigned obedience and closed her eyes.

Edwin, holding his phone, walked out.

He first called his attorney. "Transfer ten percent of my shares in Genesis Group to Irene."

After ending the call with the lawyer, Edwin dialed Sharon's number.

Sharon did not pick up.

Edwin frowned and stood still for a moment, then he began to carefully type out a text message. [I won't fight you for Irene, You don't have to leave]

After composing the message, he stared at his phone for a long time.

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There was no response from Sharon.

Edwin pressed his lips together, and a hint of disappointment flickered in the corners of his eyebrows.

He called Ray. "Do you know when Sharon is leaving?"

"Tomorrow," came the reply.

Tomorrow?

Edwin's fingers twitched slightly, and he hung up the phone in silence.

He decided to go and have another serious talk with Sharon.

Suddenly, a loud noise came from behind him, followed by a scream.

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Edwin rushed back, pushed open the door, and saw Tilda holding her hand with a pained expression on her face.

A pile of a glass lay on the floor.

Tilda pitifully eyes brimming with tears, shrouded in a misty haze. "I just wanted to have a glass of water, and I didn't expect the cup to shatter!"

Ped for air, he

There was a lot of

on the floor, steaming and hot.

الت

Clearly, the

cup

had

exploded

her hand.

her hand that was

covering the injured one, revealing a red and inflamed area.

After speaking, Tilda

Edwin quickly went over, took her hand, and led her to the faucet.

He turned on the cold water, rinsing her wound with it while calling for a doctor.

The doctor arrived shortly after, treating Tilda's injury, cleaning the wound, and applying medication.

Throughout the process, Tilda appeared

utterly pitiful.

to

be

in

great pain, clinging tightly to Edwin, her lips pressed together, her eyes red and teary, looking

"The burn isn't too severe, and the first aid was administered promptly and correctly. You should be able to recover in about three days," the doctor said after finishing the bandaging and adjusting his mask.

He then left the room.

"The doctor said it's not a serious issue," Edwin said, creating some distance between them and picking up the blanket to cover her.

Tilda looked at him with her red-rimmed eyes, her brows knitted in pain. "But Edwin, my hand really hurts. It's unbearable like there are so many ants biting me. Could you stay with me tonight? Keep me company?"

Edwin pressed his lips together and said nothing, looking at her hand, which was now bandaged and resting on the bedsheet. He thought back to the time when he was blind, and how she had stayed by his side.

Finally, he nodded. "Alright."

Upon hearing Edwin's agreement, a weak smile appeared on Tilda's face.

She let out a long sigh of relief inside.

"I'm going to wash my hands first," Edwin said, then got up and went to the restroom.

Tilda's gaze flickered toward the phone Edwin had left on the table.

He had been close enough that the phone's facial recognition feature had been inadvertently triggered, unlocking the screen.

Although Tilda had been in the room, she hadn't missed any of Edwin's actions. She had clearly heard him asking Ray about the time of Sharon's departure.

Ignoring the pain, she quickly swiped through his phone and soon found the message he had sent to Sharon.

He actually wanted to keep Sharon from leaving?

Tilda's mind buzzed with anxiety, and her face, usually so vibrant, paled with tension.

Her fingers twisted on the screen again, causing a sharp pain from the wound.

Tilda sat back, pressing her hands into the bedspread, her back against the bed, and closed her eyes.

Clearly, he had left just now with the intention of persuading Sharon to stay in person.

Fortunately, Tilda had used this ploy to keep him here.

Although the burn was very painful, Tilda felt that compared to the threat of Sharon staying, this pain was nothing.

The next day, at ten o'clock, Tilda, with a pitiful expression on her face, was supported by Edwin as they walked out.

She had deliberately put on a pale expression, and the feigned weakness added a touch of vulnerability to her appearance.

“I’m sorry, Edwin, I always take up your time. It’s just that I’m really afraid of blood and injuries, and I can’t go to get my dressing changed by myself,” she said, a clear look of apology on her pretty face.

“It’s nothing.” Edwin shook his head.

He said that, but his eyes fell on his wristwatch, and his brows furrowed slightly.

Tilda noticed his subtle movement and raised her eyebrows imperceptibly.

She wasn’t really afraid of wounds or blood. She was just saying that to keep Edwin by her side.

At this point in time, Sharon would have already left.

They would never see each other again in this life.

Thinking of this, Tilda felt extremely pleased.

She smiled brightly and raised her head. “Edwin, we’ve been changing the dressing for so long. I’m so hungry. Will you join me for breakfast?”

Before Edwin could respond, a stretcher suddenly rushed around the corner.

Several medical staff were quickly pushing the stretcher, running so fast that they almost collided with the two of them.

Edwin quickly pulled Tilda behind him to avoid the collision, but his shoulder was still forcefully hit by someone who was chasing from behind.

The person, with a look of confusion, turned to look back. It was a very familiar face.

It was Sharon.

At this moment, Sharon only instinctively looked at Edwin. Her mind hadn’t formed any thoughts, and she didn’t even recognize him.

In just a second, she turned her face away and ran towards the stretcher, calling out in a low voice, “Irene!”

“Irene?” Edwin heard her voice and couldn’t help but look in the direction of the stretcher.

The small figure lying on the stretcher, which was moving further and further away, was indeed a child.

Edwin's heart skipped a beat, and he urgently instructed Tilda. "Go back to your ward first."

Then, Edwin followed and rushed out.

He quickly caught up with Sharon, but the stretcher was nowhere to be seen.

Sharon's face was as white as paper, with large beads of sweat rolling down her face, and her back was already soaked with sweat.

"What's going on?" Edwin ran over and asked.

Sharon was biting her lip forcefully, and she was swaying unsteadily.

Seeing her like this, Edwin couldn't help but hold her shoulders, using his strength to steady her. "Is Irene sick?"

It was only then that Sharon recognized him.

She nodded. "Yes, she has a stomachache and is being examined."

Originally, they had finished breakfast and were preparing to leave for Pinevale when Irene suddenly cried out in pain and fell to the ground.

Sharon wiped her messy hair with a flustered hand, and the memory of Irene's pale face, curled up in her arms and crying out in pain, still made her hands tremble uncontrollably.

She couldn't help but think, "What if something happens to her?"

Sharon closed her eyes, trying hard to drive away the sense of fear, but the memory of Irene's birth was etched into her mind.

The more she thought about it, the more her fear doubled.

She was afraid, afraid that Irene would end up like last time.

She couldn't stand steadily, and even with Edwin's firm grip on her shoulders, her legs felt weak and kept buckling.

Edwin had to change his grip from her shoulders to her waist, pulling her into his embrace and using his body to support her weight.

"Suddenly... she had a stomachache. Could it be... could it be an incurable disease? What if... what if something happens to her, what should I do?"

Sharon was so weak that she could barely form a coherent sentence, her head pressed against his shoulder as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Edwin looked down at her.

Upon seeing her tearful, trembling state, an inexplicable pain tugged at his chest.

He gently patted her back. "She will be fine. She will definitely be fine."

Sharon seemed to find some

comfort in his words, nodding and resting her head on Edwin's shoulder.

She was simply terrified of losing Irene and sought a place to lean on, without any other thoughts.

However, some people did the situation in the same way.

From a distance, Tilda's eyes were fixed on the two, her usually beautiful face contorting silently, her teeth clenching one by one. "Damn Sharon! Damn it!"

The person who was supposed to have left long ago now appeared before her, and Tilda's mood was unspeakably bad.

Anger, panic, entanglement, resentment, her emotions were so complex that she couldn't find the words to express them. Tilda just wanted to drag Sharon over and tear her into pieces.

"She must have done this on purpose!" Tilda growled, so consumed by her rage that she didn't even feel the pain as her fingernails dug into her injured hand.

Meanwhile, the door to the diagnosis room finally opened.

The doctor emerged.

Both of them, hearing the movement, approached him together.

"Doctor."

"Doctor."

"How is my baby?"