

Revenge Against My Ex-husband

Chapter 106 Let Me Think About It

Joanne looked displeased too. "Nathan, you haven't been back for a few days. Grandma missed you very much. She had told the chef to make your favorite dishes just for you..."

"I know, I will visit her tomorrow," Nathan answered and hung up.

"Grandma, that Irene is so evil!" Joane's hatred for Irene could not be put into words. "She is using her son to hang onto Nathan, meanwhile she's fooling around with Jordan. Word also has it that she is still meeting her ex-husband. What on earth is she up to?"

Britney was too fuming with anger. The relationship between Irene and Nathan had always been something she found intolerable. When she found out Irene was born from a poor family, she had opposed their relationship. However, she hadn't expected that Irene's father was actually Steven. If Irene had come clean about her identity earlier, Britney would not have been against their relationship.

On the other hand, Irene would rather break up with Nathan than reveal her true identity. This showed that Irene didn't love Nathan at all despite him being completely head over heels for her. Because of that, he had been living a single life for so many years.

"Grandma, Irene is a troublemaker. With her around, Nathan will never be able to start afresh in a new relationship. You should make it clear to Irene. Get her to disappear and never show up in his life again."

Joanne's statement made sense. Since Irene had no feelings for Nathan, she should stay away from him. Their occasional meetings would only give Nathan false hope. Britney sighed slightly and said, "Let me think about it first."

Jordan could not believe that Irene was Myra's daughter. Not long after Irene left the hospital, he pulled out the drip from his hand and left the hospital to look for Malcom.

Seeing Jordan come looking for him, Malcom was over cloud nine. However, he ended up being greeted by Jordan's exceptionally cold attitude. Jordan hissed, "Get in the car. I have something to ask you."

Malcom opened the door and got in the car. Jordan said bluntly, "Is the woman you like named Myra Nelson?"

"Who told you that?" Malcom asked.

"Just tell me, is it Myra or not?" Jordan's eyes were twinkling with a hint of fierceness. Malcom was silent for a while and nodded.

"B*stard! You are a b*stard!" Jordan shouted at Malcom. "You are a coward. You're not even a man! Since you love Myra, why did you marry another woman? Why did you get together with Marie? Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

Malcom remained silent. His silence made Jordan even angrier. He growled, "Why did you marry my mother if you don't love her? Why did you give birth to me? How can I have a father like you? Go to hell!"

"Jordan, I'm sorry!" Looking at the furious Jordan losing his temper, Malcom felt guilty and apologized.

"What can your apology change? Can a single apology make up for my mother's twenty-odd years of suffering? Can a single apology make up for all the years of love I've missed out on?"

"Malcom, why do you only feel guilty towards the dead? Have you forgotten the living? Do you know what my mother has been through all these years? She was a rich young heiress. But because of a b*stard like you, she has spent all her years in solitude. How could you bear to treat her that way?"

"Compared to the dead, she's living a much better life!" Malcom said with a sad smile.

"What did you say? How can you be so cold-blooded and heartless? What did she do to make you treat her this way?"

Jordan had never dreamed that Malcom would say such a thing. He grabbed Malcom's collar and bellowed, "Malcom, you are the root of my pain and my mother's. Why don't I put an end to all that today? Let's just die together!"

"Jordan! You are crazy!" A painful look flashed across Malcom's face. "How much do you know about the past? Let me tell you the truth. Lydia brought all this suffering upon herself!"

"You!" Jordan raised his fist to Malcom. Faced with Jordan's potential assault, Malcom was not afraid at all.

"Jordan, who told you that Myra stole me away from your mother and you? Who told you that your mother was the victim of this tragedy? The truth is a completely different story! If Lydia did not entrap me with her so-called love, I would have never broken up with Myra. Then she wouldn't have married someone else, and she wouldn't have passed away at such a young age!"

Malcom pushed Jordan's hand away from his collar and roared, "Just like how you have no feelings for Joanne, I never intended to marry Lydia Klein. I told her very clearly that I wouldn't marry her. I loved Myra, but what did she do to me? She promised me she would let go of me. But behind my back, she plotted against me and set me up so Myra would see her in my bed. Because of that, Myra broke up with me. Your mother has never been blameless in this tragedy! I became like this because of her! Do you understand?"

"Bulsh*tl!" Jordan did not believe that his gentle mother would pull such a plot.

"You can go ask Lydia whether this is all bullsh*t or not. After that night, she got pregnant with you, and her mother forced me to marry her. I was in so much pain after losing Myra, so I lost all rationality. I agreed to marry Lydia, but we were never in a real relationship."

Malcom smiled bitterly and added, "We could have just lived peacefully like this, but she just had to push Myra even further. Do you know how Myra died? She got into a car accident the day your mother invited her out! The culprit escaped, but even a fool could tell that that was too much of a coincidence. Lydia is spending her life in solitude because she is atoning for her sins!"

"No, that's not true! It can't be true!"

"This is the truth. I've never thought of seeing her. I've given her countless chances to divorce me over the years, but she refused it! Let me make it clear, the only people I feel sorry for in my life are you and Myra. My conscience is clear when it comes to anyone else!" Malcom said firmly.

Jordan sat in the car in a daze. If what Malcom said was true, that the car accident was not an accident, that would mean that his hatred towards Myra was nothing but a joke. It was Lydia who killed Myra. It was Lydia who made Irene lose Myra at such a young age. He should be the one who felt guilty, not Irene.

In his memory, Lydia was always gentle and kind, totally different from the insidious and vicious woman that Malcom had described. Meanwhile, Malcom had always been a ruthless man. Everything he had said must be make-believe, lies. Jordan did not believe Malcom; he wanted to confirm it with Lydia himself.

Jordan insisted on going home although he had yet to fully recover. David booked a ticket immediately and went home with Jordan.

After flying for more than ten hours, Jordan and David returned to the Reed home. He didn't go see Pedro. Instead, he immediately went to look for Lydia in the yard.

Lydia, dressed in plain clothes, was sitting in the yard reading. When she heard the noise, she looked up, shocked. She asked, "Why are you back?"

Jordan walked to Lydia and stood still. He had so many questions to ask her, but now that he was facing her, he did not know where to start.

If everything had been made up by Malcom, would it be appropriate for him to question Lydia?

A servant immediately carried a bench over for Jordan and poured him a cup of tea. Lydia put down the book in her hand. "Why do you look so pale? Are you sick?"

"No, I've been having diarrhea recently," Jordan answered.

"If you're not feeling well, you should go to see a doctor. It's not good for your health if you hold it in." Lydia looked at Jordan with distress and ordered her servant, "Get some carrot juice for him."

The servant nodded and went to prepare it. Lydia then chatted with Jordan about the situation at home in a soft voice. Jordan gave her a brief answer. Then, the servant brought some carrot juice for Jordan and said, "Mrs. Reed, Miss Joanne has come to meet you again. Do you want to see her?"

Lydia glanced at Jordan and met his frown, therefore she answered, "Tell her that I don't have the time today. Perhaps another day."

The servant nodded. Joanne stood at the door and saw the servant coming over. She shook her head as she told Joanne, "Mrs. Reed is not available now. You'd better come another day."

Joanne came here because she heard that Jordan had returned. Since she had no intention to see Lydia anyway, she wasn't angry when she got rejected. She turned on her heel and left.

Jordan drank up the carrot juice and handed the cup back to the servant. Lydia asked, "Joanne is gone?"

The servant nodded and said, "Yes, she has left."

"She comes to visit me every few days. What a thoughtful girl," Lydia praised. Seeing that Jordan did not answer her, she had no choice but to take the initiative to raise the issue of him and Joanne.

"I watched Joanne grow up. She is gentle and kind, and beautiful too. I like her very much. Jordan, can you listen to my advice and marry Joanne?"

"Mom, I don't like Joanne. Didn't I make that clear last time?" Jordan was growing impatient.

"The two of you grew up together and you guys know each other better than anyone. Anyhow, she'll be better than whatever woman you meet outside."

"You can't be sure of that. After all, you never know what is truly lurking in someone's heart." Jordan sneered. He knew Joanne very well. When he was reminded of Lydia's praise for Joanne, his heart beat faster. Wasn't Lydia also such a gentle and kind person?

"Joanne is a wonderful girl." Lydia did not know what Jordan was thinking, but she still defended Joanne.

Jordan frowned and interrupted her, "Mom, I met Malcom before I came back."

"How... how is he?" Lydia's eyes lit up.

"He's fine." Jordan hesitated for a moment and asked, "Mom, do you know Myra?"

Lydia's face suddenly changed. After a while, she mumbled, "Yes!"

"How did she die?"

"What did Malcom say to you?" Lydia retorted with another question.

"He told me a bit about what happened between the two of you. He said... he said that Myra was killed by you!"

"Did he say that?" Lydia's face suddenly turned ashen, her body shaking like a leaf.

"Mom, is what Malcom said true?" Jordan insisted on an answer.

"Since he had said so, it must be true!" Lydia's face was as white as a ghost; there was a bitterness brewing in her heart.

Jordan did not expect Lydia would admit to it. He felt an unspeakable disappointment in his heart. How he wished Lydia would deny it without any hesitation and tell him that it was all Malcom's nonsense. But she didn't.

The image of his kind mother who had always been humiliated by Malcom had changed in his mind. Anyone in his position would feel the same about it. Jordan could not accept it at all. He asked, "So, everything Malcom said is true? You trapped him into marrying you, right? Mom, why did you do that?"

Hearing this, Lydia's face turned pallid again, feeling humiliated. She was also a victim in this marriage. In the past, she had unknowingly had sex with Malcom, but no one sympathized with her predicament.

Malcom believed that she was the reason he broke up with Myra. No matter what explanation she gave, he would not believe her.

As their marriage was an arranged and forced one, Malcom had always been very distant to her. Not only that, the entire Reed family had looked down on her and seen her as a scheming woman.

But in reality, she had no idea about anything. When Myra got into a car accident, everyone branded her as an evil, vicious woman. But only God knew that it was honestly just an accident; she had never intended for any harm to befall Myra.

Over the years, she had suffered so much, but she had pushed through it because of her son. But what was Malcom doing now?