

## Revenge Against My Ex-husband

### Chapter 107 Suicide

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Why had Malcom said all these things to Jordan? Most importantly, they were irrelevant. The only mistake she had made was marrying Malcom. She had already lost more than half of her life for that decision. Why did she still have to bear such humiliation?

In front of her, Jordan was staring at her coldly as he waited for her answer. Lydia smiled sadly. "Why? That woman took my husband away. She took away Malcom from you and made me live a lonely life at such a young age... Why else do you think?"

"That's a human life! Mom, how could you be so vicious and cruel?" bellowed Jordan.

"Vicious? How dare you say I'm vicious?" Looking at Jordan, Lydia's eyes were brimming with tears.

"Anyone else can call me vicious and cruel, but not you! You're my son, my own flesh and blood. I went through so much just to raise you. You can't say that about me!"

"So just because you raised me, then I must forgive you for whatever you did, huh?" Jordan growled in a low voice, "If the reason you raised me was just to protect your rights and for my unquestioning loyalty, then I'd much rather you hadn't raised me! Besides, you should know very well why you raised me in the first place, right?"

"You... you are an ingrate... get out of here!" Lydia pointed at Jordan, her fingers trembling. Jordan glanced at Lydia, turned around, and left without saying a word. Seeing Jordan's figure disappear, Lydia sat down dejectedly.

A servant stepped forward and asked, "Mrs. Reed, are you all right?"

Lydia let out a long sigh mutely. She was such a failure! Malcom didn't love her, and now even her only son had begun to despise her. Her heart ached. What was the point of living such a pathetic life?

Jordan angrily went back to the mansion. He brushed off the housekeeper who greeted him warmly. He entered his room with a cold expression and locked the door. With a mixture of disappointment, sorrow, and bitterness in his heart, he lay down on the bed, fatigued.

After some time, footsteps came towards the door. Someone knocked on the door and screeched, "Mr. Jordan, it's time to eat!"

Jordan ignored the voice and continued to lie motionlessly in the bed. The servant shouted a few times at the door and heard no reply before he left. After a while, Pedro's gentle voice rang out. "Jordan! Open the door. I want to talk to you!"

Jordan grabbed the quilt and covered his head, blocking out all the sounds. Silence and darkness surrounded him. After a while, he fell asleep.

Though he was asleep, he was still conscious. His head hurt and his entire body ached from the desolation. He could feel a throbbing pain in his heart. It was so painful that he wanted to end his life there and then. Perhaps it would be better off if he just died like that!

As soon as that idea came to his mind, he suddenly heard a piercing scream in the mansion. "Oh no! Mrs. Reed... she's attempted suicide!"

Jordan shot straight up. It was not a dream. There was a flurry of footsteps outside, accompanied by the panicked and trembling voice of the servants. "Send her to the hospital quickly!"

Someone knocked on the door. "Mr. Jordan! Come out! Mrs. Reed has attempted suicide!"

Lydia lay in the emergency operating room. Jordan leaned against the cold wall and silently held his head in his hands. If one looked closely, they could see that his body was shaking. Pedro bent down and patted his shoulder gently. "It will be fine. Don't worry!"

How could he not worry? The person lying on the operating table was his mother. The reason he had been so disappointed and angry at her was that he loved her. He had been living in this bubble of happiness, which just got burst completely by what he found out.

But he never wished any misfortune on her. No matter what, he was her son. She had raised him up so painstakingly. He would never be able to cut off the ties of blood he had with her.

The light on top of the operating room finally went out and the door was pushed open. Jordan quickly stood up as a nurse walked out of the room. "Right now, her vitals are stable. You don't have to worry."

Jordan was relieved and pushed Lydia into a ward with Pedro and the nurse. Lydia was currently in a coma. Jordan looked at Lydia's pallid face, bleakness continued to fester in his heart.

It had been three days since Irene left San Fetillo. During those three days, Edric had used different numbers and called her countless times, but she answered none of his calls.

After Irene left, Jordan followed suit. Although they were not on the same flight, Edric did not believe that they wouldn't contact each other. If possible, he really wanted to go abroad and bring that heartless woman back.

However he had no power overseas. With Jordan and Nathan both there, he was helpless against Irene.

Edric felt upset, so he had John investigate Lily and Deborah. Lily's social circle was rather narrow; she had no friends apart from Freya. Deborah was living a pretty simple life too. Other than a few rich friends, there was nothing unusual about them two.

The findings surprised Edric very much. For the past few days, he had been thinking who would want Irene out of San Fetillo. Apart from Margaret, there was only Lily and Deborah. Now that the three of them had been ruled out, who else could be targeting Irene? Could it really be Joanne?

Edric would never have imagined that Deborah had been puppeteering everything behind the scenes. She had handed over everything to Loraine's son, the driver of the Cook family.

Even more so, Edric would have never guessed that the nanny who had been working in his home for ten years, Lorraine, would be in cahoots with Deborah.

Seeing that Edric was deep in thought, John stood quietly aside and waited for him to give the next instruction. After a long time, Edric said, "Help me look into every infertility specialist. Start with the famous one!"

John was stunned. When Irene couldn't get pregnant in the past, Edric never looked for an infertility specialist. Why was he looking for one now?

Jordan was smoking at the end of the corridor. The cigarette tip glowed brightly, illuminating his gloomy face. Suddenly, he heard footsteps coming from behind him. Jordan felt a hand on his shoulder. "Jordan, I have something to tell you," said Pedro.

Jordan nodded and went to the study with Pedro. "I know what happened yesterday. In fact, if you want to know about what happened back then, you didn't have to question Lydia. You could have come to me."

Jordan didn't say anything. He just looked at Pedro quietly.

"The emotional dispute between your parents and Myra was actually a tragedy caused by the two rich and powerful families. Both your grandmothers were friends, and they had agreed very early on that they wanted their children to marry each other. Later on, your grandmother was even more determined when she saw how kind and gentle your mother was. Unfortunately, she hadn't expected Malcom to fall in love with Myra in high school."

Pedro paused for a while and added, "What happened that year was hard to clarify. Everyone had a different way of viewing the issue. To us, your mother is a virtuous daughter-in-law. She is respectful to us, to Malcom, and treats her family well. I daresay that everyone in our family likes her, except Malcom."

Jordan couldn't help sneering. "She knew Malcom loved someone else, yet she clung to him. What was she expecting?"

"Relationships aren't that black and white. Take a look at the people around you, your elders, and your friends. How many of them fall in love and get together with each other wholeheartedly?"

Jordan was silent. Pedro went on to say, "After your father married your mother, everything went downhill. Lydia relentlessly protected the family regardless with no complaints. To a rich family, it was a blessing to be able to have found such a daughter-in-law. So, they could only see Myra as a rebellious woman. Malcom was married, and yet she went on to look for Malcom. She wrote a letter to Malcom asking him out. Malcom had always been a fool for her so he went to meet her. After that, Myra said something that made Malcom never want to return again."

Pedro lowered his head, continuing, "At that time, you were still very young. Lydia couldn't bear to see you lose Malcom at such a young age, so she endured the humiliation and went to find Malcom in person. But he refused to come back. She had no choice but to meet Myra instead. The day she asked Myra out, Myra died in a car accident."

"Why didn't Myra get into any accidents earlier? Why did it have to happen while she was on the way to meet my mother?" Jordan asked. "Are you honestly telling me you don't find the matter a tiny bit suspicious?"

"I can guarantee that Lydia had nothing to do with the accident. To be honest, in my opinion, I never thought Lydia did anything wrong. She is your father's rightful wife. She has the right to defend her marriage. If anything, her only mistake was her ill fate to have met us." Pedro let out a long sigh.

"Myra's death from the car accident was unintentional, and it had nothing to do with Lydia. But Malcom blamed it on Lydia, and Lydia has been regretting and blaming herself since then. She always felt that. If she hadn't asked Myra out, Myra would not have gotten into that accident and died. That's when Lydia started turning religious."

"If she wasn't guilty, then why would she have to turn to religion?" questioned Jordan.

"Jordan, don't be so stubborn. Ask yourself, why are you so harsh on your mother? Are you telling me you aren't doing all this for Irene? If Myra was just an ordinary person, would you be that harsh on Lydia? You have pushed your own problems onto Lydia just so you can have someone to blame. Jordan, don't you know what kind of person Lydia is? Think about it carefully. Has it been easy for Lydia all these years?" Pedro rebuked.

"I..."

"You are a grown man. You have your own thoughts and can make your own judgment, and you have your own responsibilities and burdens to bear. I don't want to force my ideas onto you, but I hope you can at least treat your family well!" Pedro turned on his heel and left.

Jordan went to the hospital alone and stood at the door of the ward. Through the window, he saw Lydia leaning against the bed and crying. Joanne sat at the edge of the bed and held Lydia's hand, whispering into Lydia's ears.

All these years, he had never once seen Lydia cry. Even in the face of the sarcastic remarks of Malcom's siblings and the rumors circulating outside, Lydia had always been strong.

Lydia had always had a heart of gold. During these years, she donated numerous times to charity. Even though she was rich, she would personally visit nursing homes just to volunteer. She couldn't even bear to raise her voice at the servants at home. How could someone like her take away another person's life?

Myra's death was probably just an accident. His anger had clouded his judgment!

Pedro was right. If the person in the car accident was not Irene's mother, would he blame Lydia for it?

He was just indignant! It was just his resentment, for Irene couldn't stay with him. As he was emotionally frustrated, he vented it onto the person closest to him.

However, because of him, Lydia had attempted suicide. If the servants hadn't found her in time... He didn't even dare to think about what could have happened!

Pedro's words echoed in his ears. "You are a grown man. You have your own thoughts and can make your own judgment, and you have your own responsibilities and burdens to bear. I don't want to force my ideas onto you, but I hope you can at least treat your family well!"

Jordan looked at Lydia in the ward in a daze and asked himself over and over again, "Jordan, you have lived for so long. What have you done for her?"

He couldn't think of anything. In his memory, it seemed that Lydia had always been the sole one sacrificing for him. He had never done anything for her!

He recalled Lydia's pleading eyes that night when she said, "Joanne is a good girl. I like her very much. I hope you can like her too and get together with her!"

A bitter smile appeared at the corners of Jordan's mouth. At this moment, he finally understood what Malcom felt like back then. After all, who wouldn't feel this way when they couldn't be with the one they loved?