

Revenge Against My Ex-husband

Chapter 113 There Will Be Some Changes

Marie invited Margaret out for dinner that night. During the dinner, Marie asked about Edric and Lily, "When will Edric and Lily get married?"

"Don't mention it!" Margaret sighed. "I'm afraid there will be some changes in this matter."

"Changes?" Marie's heart sank. "You adore Lily the most, don't you?"

Margaret put down the fork and told Marie about what happened to Irene. She concluded, "Since Irene knows that she is Steven's daughter, why doesn't she admit her identity? Yet after seeing Lily and Edric got engaged, she came back and even moved into the Cook family. What do you think she's up to?"

"What else can it be? Of course, she wants to make Edric and Lily feel pent up!" Marie answered.

"The person who feels pent up now it's me!" Margaret whined. Since she took Marie as a friend, she didn't hide anything from Marie. "I used to like Lily, but now I really feel uncomfortable when I see her. You know that I hate paramours the most, but I've actually selected Lily for my son. It's really exasperated just by thinking about it."

Hearing this, Marie put on a long face, but Margaret didn't notice it. "Deborah pretended to be Steven's only wife when she was obviously only a mistress. Isn't Deborah treating me and the others as fools? She even said that she had no news about Irene at all after Irene was taken away. The more I think about it, the more uneasy I feel these days. Irene's mother passed away when she was in her teenage years. Lily is only a few months younger than Irene, and Deborah must have some memories of Irene. So how can she not know Irene?" Margaret questioned.

"Perhaps they have looked completely different," Marie analyzed.

"Even if it's true, there shouldn't be a big difference. I suspect that Lily knew Irene's identity at that time, but she still fought for Edric. Isn't this the same thing as Deborah did?" Margaret questioned again.

Margaret remembered the disgusted look on Irene's face when she saw Lily before. At that time, she always thought that Irene was narrow-minded, but now she had finally seen the light.

It was not because Irene and Lily were born to be hostile to each other, but because Lily was Deborah's daughter. How could Irene, the daughter of Steven's wife, be intimate with Lily, who was but a mistress' daughter?

"Deborah indeed went too far, but you couldn't judge Lily in this way because of Deborah. I think Lily is kind and virtuous, and she is definitely not the kind of person you said," Marie defended Lily.

"Well, she indeed doesn't look like it, which is why I'm so annoyed now." Margaret sighed.

Margaret continued, "I must have made a grave mistake. If I hadn't looked down on Irene, I wouldn't have caused so many troubles. You're right. I've thought a lot over these two days. Irene wasn't infertile. She couldn't have been pregnant at that time because I'd given her too much pressure. If I hadn't treated her like that, she might have had a child with Edric long ago. The most important thing was that Irene wouldn't have been so against me if Edric was happy."

Margaret was a person who couldn't hold back her emotions. Hence, she told Marie about the sports tournament too. Although Edric stated that the governor of the state had instructed all who participated in the bids to compete fairly, Margaret didn't believe it at all. She thought it was Irene who had talked into Steven not to help them. Since Steven couldn't reject Irene and it was hard to explain to Margaret, Edric put up this show on purpose.

"If Steven is going to be caught in such a tight spot in the future, there's really no need for them to get married," Margaret said.

After parting with Margaret, Marie drove home. On the way, she received a phone call from Deborah. "How did it go?" Deborah asked.

"Margaret is not as enthusiastic anymore now." Marie replied, "She said that she didn't want Edric to marry a mistress' daughter."

"That old b*tch, she is just a snob. What rights does she have to pretend to be high and mighty?" Deborah was vexed.

"What's the use of being exasperated?" Marie sneered. "It's better to think of a way now. Margaret is frustrated because she is afraid that she can't get the steal—the sports tournament. Everything will be fine as long as you come up with a way to let her get it."

"Do you think I don't want to? But Steven can't decide about this matter. I can only stand by anxiously." Deborah sighed and told Marie that the sports tournament required them to design the stadium. It was only then Marie knew the truth. Her eyes lit up and she said, "Leave this matter to me. I have a plan!"

After dinner, Thomas strolled around the residence for a while. Just as he was about to return home, a figure appeared out of nowhere. "Thomas, how have you been?"

"What are you doing here?" Thomas' face fell when he saw the figure clearly.

"I want to talk to you." Marie beamed and ignored Thomas' sour expression, saying, "It's not convenient to talk as it's crowded here. Let's find a quiet place to talk."

Thomas turned around and Marie followed him. The two of them went to the nearby cafe one after the other.

"What do you want to say?" Thomas looked at Marie coolly. Although Marie was his half-sister, he had never liked her.

"Thomas, I want to ask for a favor from you," said Marie truthfully.

"What can I do for you with my current state?" Thomas rebuked.

"It should be a piece of cake for you. I'd like to ask your help in designing the stadium of the sports tournament."

Thomas looked at Marie in astonishment. "What do you want to do with the stadium design?"

"I need it. Thomas, please help me," Marie pleaded.

Thomas furrowed his eyebrows a little. It was completely useless for Marie, a doctor, in asking for the stadium design. Could it be that she wanted to use it to please Malcom? But after thinking about it, that was quite impossible. Malcom did not care about business at all, so why would he be bothered about this matter?

Thomas was reminded of the relationship between Marie and Margaret abruptly. He could vaguely guess what Marie wanted to do with the design. Hence, he refused Marie flatly, "I won't help you."

"Why? Thomas, it's not difficult for you to do it. Why won't you help me?" Marie asked.

"There's no reason."

"I've never begged you for anything. Thomas, please help me this time." Marie pouted.

"Speak no more. I won't help you," Thomas rejected.

"Thomas, how can you be so cruel? I am your only biological sister," Marie reminded him. Seeing that Thomas was unmoved, she sneered and warned, "Thomas, you'd better think twice. I can do anything for it."

"What do you want to do?" Thomas retorted.

"I am not going to stay put. If I leak the news that you're not Thomas to Irene, what do you think will happen?" Marie barked.

"Are you threatening me?"

"I'm not threatening you. It's just a friendly reminder."

Thomas looked at Marie, hissing, "How did you end up like this? How could you be so shameless?"

"Shameless?" Marie simpered in a rather taunting manner. "What right do you have to criticize me? Speaking of being shameless, that b*tch is more audacious than me. Yet, I have never seen you criticize her once. I have always been curious about the reason why."

As soon as Marie finished speaking, Thomas grabbed the cup on the table and splashed the tea to her face. Marie was unable to dodge it; hence, both her face and hair were wet. However, she was not angered at all. Still smiling, she wiped away the tea leaves on her face while asking, "Why are you so pissed off? Am I wrong?"

"Get lost!" Thomas yelled. The veins on Thomas' hand were throbbing. He must be burning with red fury at this moment.

"Thomas, I won't. I won't leave until you promise to do me that favor." Marie's voice was raising in a crescendo.

"Don't even think about it!"

"I am your sister. Although we are not born by the same mother, at least we have the same father. Why are you so cruel to me?" Marie was on the verge of tearing.

"Don't you know what you have done?" Thomas asked.

"I don't!" The smile on Marie's face finally disappeared. "From the moment I started forming memories, that b*tch was the only person you treated well. You would save whatever good stuffs for her. I don't understand what is so good about her, that you have to put so much effort into her!"

"She's better than you in every aspect!" Thomas sneered.

"Very well!" Marie shook her head and spat out a sentence in a gloomy tone, "It's true that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder!"

"B*stard! Is that what you should say?" Thomas slapped Marie on the face. Marie bore his slap without dodging. Blood oozed from the corner of her mouth but she did not wipe it away. She just gazed at Thomas and said, "Thomas, this is the second time you have hit me. You hit me again for that b*tch!"

"Don't you think you deserved it?" Thomas glared at Marie and questioned, "She's our sister. Are the statements you've just made proper?"

"Sister? This is the first time you call her our sister, isn't it? I remember you used to call her Myra. You were so intimate when you called her name." Marie scoffed. "Since you know that she is your sister, why must you love her? There are so many beautiful women in the world but why do you have to hit on her?"

"Is it wrong for me to love her? Is it wrong for me to love my sister?" Thomas retorted.

"It's not wrong that you love Myra, but you shouldn't just neglect me," Marie answered and glared at Thomas. "What's more, you shouldn't have fallen in love with your own sister. It's incestuous. Don't you know that?"

"Marie!" Thomas was trembling with anger. "Can't you even say something nice?! Myra and I did not have the kind of relationship you think we had!"

"Not the kind of relationship I think you guys had? Thomas, don't deny it. I know you love her. The way you look at her is not the way a brother looks at a sister, but a lover," Marie argued.

Marie continued on, "When your career was flourishing like a green bay tree, you actually abandoned everything and rushed back after you heard that b*tch was getting married. For that b*tch, you are willing to live an ordinary life in the name of a dead person. Thomas, what on earth are you doing this for?"

"Insane! You've gone insane!" Thomas gasped.

"I have indeed gone insane. How can I not be insane when I see my siblings are having an incestuous relationship? Let me tell you, Dave. If it weren't for me, you and that b*tch would have already done something disgraceful to our family." Marie yelled at Thomas, "You have to thank me! I'm the one who stopped you guys!"

"What did you do?" Thomas looked at the mad Marie in shock and asked, "What else did you do besides snatching Myra's boyfriend?"

"What can I do? I just told her the fact that you love her!" Marie condemned.

"You..." Thomas' face turned cyanosed. It was no wonder that Marie's attitude toward him had changed so dramatically; she even turned a deaf ear to his advice. It turned out that it was all Marie's doing. "How could you be so vicious? She's your sister! How could you treat her like this?"

"I don't have such a brazen sister!" Marie smirked. "She took away my mother and my brother. She even tried to take away the man I love. Why should I let her have everything her way? Why?"

"We know exactly what the truth is. The person Malcom liked since the very beginning was Myra. It was you who planned to sleep with Malcom by all means. It was you who provoked Myra and forced her to choose Steven. How could you be so evil?!" Thomas looked at Marie bitterly.

"I didn't snatch him. Malcom belongs to me," Marie retorted. "It was Myra who seduced Malcom!"

The fact that such a shameless person like Marie existed on earth was astonishing. Thomas coughed in anger as he tried to catch his breath. Seeing that, Marie immediately stepped forward to help him smooth his breath, asking, "Thomas, are you okay?"

Thomas pushed her away. "How can I... have such a sister like you?"

Thomas coughed for a long time before feeling slightly better. Marie poured him a glass of water and said, "Thomas, have a glass of water."

Thomas didn't take the water; he stared at Marie with his scorching gaze. Marie lowered her head, but none of this was going to change her mind. "Thomas, you have to help me. I am your sister. I only beg you for this one time and I won't beg you anymore in the future!"

There was dead silence at the room. After a long time, Thomas nodded. "I will promise you that, but we have nothing to do with each other anymore after this."

"Thomas!"

Thomas gawked at her and added, "Make a choice."

After a moment of silence, Marie answered, "I'll choose the design of the stadium."