

# Revenge Against My Ex-husband

## Chapter 115 Sober Up

Wilson had broken out into a cold sweat. "Mr. Myers, Miss Nelson is talking nonsense as she's drunk. Please don't take it to heart," Wilson apologized to Edric on Irene's behalf.

"She's drunk, right? Since she's drunk, I'll take her to go sober up," Edric said as he put down the glass in his hand and rose from his seat.

Before Irene could react, he grabbed her hand and marched out of the private room under the shocked gazes of the people around them.

"D\*mn woman, how dare she say that I can't last long? It seems that I must teach her a lesson," Edric thought.

Edric covered Irene's mouth and pulled her away from the room they were at. Due to the great disparity in their physical strengths, Irene could not break free of his grip. He eventually dragged her into the elevator.

After entering the elevator, Edric let go of the hand covering her mouth. Irene stared at him and asked, "Edric, what on earth are you doing?"

"Didn't you say that I only lasted for two minutes? Let's try it right now. You'd better watch the time and see if it's two minutes or two hours!" Edric looked at her coldly, his tone frosty.

A chill ran down Irene's spine when Edric stared at her with his cold gaze. The lift was ascending, but her heart seemed to be sinking into a pit. "Could it be that Edric...?"

Just as the thought flashed across her mind, the elevator stopped. Edric hauled her out of the elevator and took the room access card out from his pocket. Seeing the room access card in his hand, Irene grappled desperately and exclaimed, "Edric, let me warn you, you'd better not mess around with me!"

"You were so fearless just now, weren't you? Why are you acting like a coward now?" Edric swung the door open and yanked her into the room roughly.

Irene's heart sank further when the door clicked shut. "Edric used to be so cruel to me. Is he going to force himself on me here and now?" she wondered.

She didn't want that at all. After all, it was not her ovulation period now. Moreover, she had drunk a lot of wine. She worried that a baby conceived from this tryst would suffer some birth defects because of the alcohol.

The thought of that made her hug herself tightly. "Edric, don't do anything silly!" she warned.

"Now you're afraid?" Edric reached out and gripped her chin with his hand. Looking down at her, he asked, "Don't you think it's too late for regrets?"

His body exuded the scent of cologne, the same fragrance which had just been on Rowane a while ago. Irene had smelled it on Lily before too. She didn't know if it was because of the alcohol that she suddenly felt a wave of nausea washing over her.

She reached out to push Edric away and yelled, "Edric, stay away from me! You're disgusting!"

Irene was telling the truth. She could feel the revulsion in her every cell. The moment she recalled that Edric had slept with Lily and Rowane before, he was reduced to filth in her eyes.

However, Edric saw things in a different light. Irene disliked him and had always framed him as sickening and revolting, but to him, he had never betrayed her.

He felt a surge of anger in his heart. "Didn't you dislike me because I was disgusting? I'm going to disgust you thoroughly today!"

Edric held Irene's chin tightly and was ready to kiss her on the lips hard.

Looking at his face approaching hers rapidly, Irene felt her stomach churning and couldn't hold it in anymore.

"Ah!" Edric's whole person was suddenly covered with her vomitus upon that cry.

A pungent odor spread in the suite. Edric was speechless, his face stormy. Holding back his nausea, he rushed into the bathroom with Irene in tow.

Irene felt much more comfortable after she had puked. Seeing the filth all over Edric's face and body, she couldn't help but giggle. "That's what you get, Edric!" she rejoiced inwardly.

Edric turned the shower on and sprayed the water on them madly. The acidic smell had somewhat diffused, but he and Irene were now both wet. "Edric, what now?" Irene asked.

The water spraying out of the showerhead made Irene unable to open her eyes. She could only yell at Edric.

"I'm helping you sober up!" Edric answered coolly as he doused her in water for a while more. He didn't stop until the foul smell had completely gone from his nostrils.

The sensation of wet clothes sticking to one's body was uncomfortable. Edric began to take his clothes off thusly. Seeing what he was doing, Irene turned on her heel, about to leave. However, Edric caught her and reached out to strip her.

Irene floundered with all her might. However, she was no match for Edric. Soon, he had completely stripped her bare.

He had seen her naked countless times before, but the situation they were in now was an awkward one. Irene blushed; and, Edric relished the uncomfortable look on her face. Now in a much better mood, he added, "It's not like I've not seen you naked before. Don't pretend you're all so innocent."

With that, he began to lather his body with shower gel. Observing his indifferent look, Irene gnashed her teeth with hatred and cursed, "You beast!"

"What did you say?" Edric's voice became callous at once; he glared at her.

Startled by the glare, Irene instantly lost the courage she had plucked up. She said meekly, "Nothing."

"Irene, these are your just deserts. Since you enjoyed taunting me, I'll fulfill that wish of yours. I haven't settled the score with you just now. How dare you puke all over me? Come and wipe my back! Also, give me a massage while you're at it," Edric commanded.

In the past, when they were in love, they would take baths together. At that time, Irene always liked giving him massages. His heart smarted; he really missed the good old days.

However, Irene turned a deaf ear to his words. Such a situation reminded her of the past, too. At that time, when he returned home from work, she would sympathize with his exhaustion. She'd help him to take a bath and massage him. At the thought of this, a sneer formed at the corners of her lips. How silly she was in the past!

Edric saw that Irene made no move and was just staring at him coldly. Her gaze was full of disgust and sarcasm, which further irked him. He reminded her slowly, "Don't forget that we have a contract..."

Irene's countenance changed. She grabbed the towel and walked towards Edric's back. She used all her strength to rub it, cursing internally and telling herself that she was wrestling a boar.

In the past, she used to rub his back lightly, like a frail maiden that had been starving for days. Her sudden forceful rub overwhelmed Edric a little. She appeared to have lost a lot of weight compared to the past, but on the contrary, she had become physically more powerful. "Stop it! Do you think you're manhandling a wild animal?" Edric questioned.

"So you can read my mind?" Irene blurted out, regretting her poor choice of words immediately. Thus, she shut up at once. Edric turned around and looked at her with a faint smile, saying, "Let's trade places."

"Thank you, Mr. Myers, but I know my place. I would never dare to have you do that for me," Irene refused.

"Oh?" Edric raised his eyebrows. "Tell me, what place do you think you're in?"

"Mr. Myers, you're the boss and my sugar daddy. I'm just your lover who serves you in bed. I don't have the gall to have you do anything more for me!" Irene answered.

Even a fool could hear the sarcasm in her words. Edric's expression shifted. "Irene, follow my orders while I'm being nice, or don't blame me for being harsh on you!" he warned.

"I don't get it," Irene replied.

"You!" Edric turned livid. He grabbed the showerhead and washed himself up quickly. Then, he wrapped himself in a bath towel and strode out of the bathroom.

Irene breathed a sigh of relief. She was very familiar with Edric's temper from the years she was together with him. A while ago, she provoked him and got on his nerves on purpose. Only in that way could she escape from his punishment.

Irene listened for any movements outside while taking a bath. It was quiet; she could even hear a single sound. She stayed in the bathroom for a long time before she walked out in a bathrobe slowly. When she opened the bathroom door, she did not see Edric.

It seemed that Edric had left while she was in the bathroom. But how did he leave? Did he have spare clothes in this suite? She walked over and opened the wardrobe. To her surprise, the wardrobe was filled with clothes.

It was no wonder that Edric would carry the room access card with him. It seemed that this suite was his regular, private hub outside, or perhaps the place where he brought his lovers.

Irene felt sick when she thought of the fact that Edric most probably hooked up with other women in the suite she was currently in. Edric was filth personified.

However, it was not the time for her to be disgusted at Edric now. She had to find a way to get changed and get out of there. Just as she was about to call Kinsey and ask her to send a set of clothes for her, someone opened the door. Rowane appeared at the door with a bag in her hand.

"Miss Nelson, your clothes," Rowane said.

It was useless to be sentimental at that moment. Irene thanked her and took the clothes, but Rowane had no intention of leaving. Irene heard Rowane call the housekeepers to clean up the suite. It seemed that she was going to stay here for a while.

Irene was not accustomed to being seen naked by others, thus she carried the bag into the bathroom to change into the clothes Rowane brought. After she was done changing, she put her wet clothes in the bag and headed out of the bathroom.

There she saw a housekeeper cleaning the suite while Rowane was watching TV from the sofa in the suite. She had a sudden thought—she wondered if this suite was Edric and Rowane's secret rendezvous spot.

She had never interacted with Rowane much before and she had already thanked Irene earlier. That was enough. She strode out of the room carrying her wet clothes. Seeing her walking straight to the door, Rowane stopped her hurriedly. "Miss Nelson, let me send you off!"

"Thank you, Miss Wood, but we're basically strangers," Irene replied. Rowane looked at Irene's back and was at a loss for words. It seemed that Irene did not really like her!

After the housekeeper cleaned the suite, she proceeded to the bathroom. Since Rowane had nothing to do there, she got up and left the suite. When she had just arrived at the elevator, she heard the housekeeper call from behind, "Miss Wood, wait a minute!"

"What's the matter?" Rowane looked back at her.

"I picked this up in the bathroom. It was probably left by the young lady just now," the housekeeper replied as she handed an emerald pendant to Rowane. Rowane took the emerald pendant casually. Suddenly, she felt a twinge of *deja vu*.

Why was this emerald pendant exactly the same as hers? The housekeeper went back to the suite and continued to clean it up after handing her the pendant. Rowane's face was still plastered with shock.

She could not believe it; she entered the elevator speedily.

While the elevator was descending, Rowane's heart continued to throb inside her chest. She tried her best to stop herself from getting flustered, but she still couldn't control her mad heartbeat.

Rowane went out of the hotel rapidly and drove back to her apartment. She parked her car downstairs and trotted into her apartment. Before she could even change into her indoor slippers, she went straight to the bedroom.

Rowane panted as she took out a box from the drawer of her bedside table, opening it. There was a green emerald pendant in the box. She put her emerald pendant side-by-side with the one that the housekeeper had given her.

They were exactly the same! What her adoptive parents told her before their death flashed through her mind. "This is the emerald pendant that your mother gave you. As long as you can find the owner of this pendant, you'll find your mother."

"The emerald pendant! My mother! Irene? What's the connection between them?" Rowane wondered.