

Revenge Against My Ex-husband

Chapter 116 Life Is A Fcking Joke

Irene returned home directly after leaving the hotel. On her way home, she realized that she had made a mistake. How was she supposed to explain her relationship with Edric to Wilson?

The next day, when she went to the company, her thoughts were all over the place. She was afraid that Wilson would ask about her relationship with Edric, but it turned out to be completely different from her expectations. Wilson's attitude towards her was the same as usual. He didn't seem to be interested in gossiping about her and Edric at all.

Irene breathed a sigh of relief. She was secretly glad that she had met a good manager. What she didn't know, however, was that he wasn't uninterested. Rather, he was too afraid to ask. The previous night, after she was taken away by Edric, John had a few words with him. In a brutish manner, John had instructed Wilson to treat Irene well, and that if he ran into any problems, John would be happy to help.

What luck! With John's help, Wilson could easily excel in his career. He was no fool; money made the world go round after all. To h*ll with gossip!

At lunch, Irene received a call from Rowane. That was when she realized that the emerald pendant she usually wore around her neck had disappeared. Her mind flashed back to when that beast, Edric, was tearing her clothes off in the bathroom. That must have been when it fell off. The emerald pendant was left to Irene by Myra; luckily, Rowane had found it.

Irene went to the cafe next to her office to meet Rowane. Rowane took the pendant and handed it to Irene. Irene thanked her, taking it. She was about to stash it away into her bag when Rowane suddenly prompted her, "Miss Nelson, don't you want to check it first?"

"What would I be checking it for?" Irene was taken aback.

"Aren't you afraid I'll rip you off?" Rowane asked, half-jokingly.

"You must be kidding me. I've always known you as a person with integrity, Miss Wood," Irene responded.

Rowane asked again, "That emerald pendant looks very expensive. It must be very valuable. Was it inherited from your family?"

Irene smiled. "It's not worth that much, but it's very valuable to me. After all, my mother left it to me. I can't thank you enough, Miss Wood."

Rowane felt a twinge of excitement by Irene's reply. "Your mother is from San Feticillo, isn't she?"

"Yes, she was born and bred in San Feticillo!" Irene answered.

"Which part?" Rowane asked again. Irene patiently answered her query. Unexpectedly, Rowane became even more interested. "Do you have any other relatives there?"

Rowane's attempts at making small talk was boring to Irene. Although she was grateful to Rowane for returning her pendant, it did not mean that she liked Rowane and was willing to chat with her about her family and its matters.

Both of them were Edric's secret lovers. It was sickening for them to gather, drink tea and chat as if that fact meant nothing. So, Irene returned abruptly, "I have some urgent work to attend to at the company. See you, Miss Wood!"

Irene took the emerald pendant and left in a hurry. Rowane frowned. She had no idea that that pendant was from Irene's mother. Why did Myra and her mother leave them the same thing? Was there any connection between the two?

Since her adoptive parents had told her the secrets behind her family background, she had never given up looking for her birth mother. Although Rowane was sad that her mother had left her alone at the orphanage, she felt that her mother must have had her reasons for doing so. A maternal love was extraordinary; no mother would be willing to abandon their child.

Over the years, Rowane had never given up searching, but she could only do so much. The emerald pendant was her only clue to find her mother. In this huge world, her chances were minuscule.

She would have never imagined that she would stumble upon such an important revelation. Both emerald pendants were identical and had been left to them by their mothers. Perhaps she was somehow related to Irene...

Not long after Rowane returned to the company, Edric called her up to his office. His expression indicated that he was not in good spirits. "Why were you looking for Irene?"

"I..." Rowane hesitated. Should she tell Edric the truth?

Despite having known Edric for such a long time, he had never asked about the situation she was in, nor had she taken the initiative to tell him herself. The issue she had now was a little complicated. It would probably be hard for her to investigate it alone. Therefore, she decided that it would be a wise move to disclose it to Edric and request for his help.

Thus, Rowane told Edric about the emerald pendant. Edric was obviously surprised. One of the reasons that he had looked for Rowane in the first place was because of her similarity to Irene, looks-wise. After listening to her story, he observed her carefully. The more he looked at her, the more he saw the similarities between her and Irene.

Was there really some untold history between Rowane and Irene? He really had to investigate this matter thoroughly.

Irene got off work and returned home. As soon as she stepped in, a strong smell of medicine wafted over. In her three years of marriage with Edric, she had tried all sorts of supplements and ancient herbs. The smell of it now was enough to make her sick to her stomach. She suppressed her nausea and asked, "Maisy, who's sick?"

Deborah, who was on the sofa, answered, "No one is sick. Lily is taking some supplements."

With that, she added, "Edric said Lily's too thin, so he went to consult some famous doctors just to get these supplements for her."

She was obviously deliberately trying to trigger Irene. Irene was no fool. She smirked faintly and went upstairs. On her way up, she heard Lily tell Maisy, "Please store the supplements properly. Edric said that it took him a lot of effort to get a hold of these!"

A lot of effort? Irene guffawed in her heart. She closed the door and shut out Lily's arrogant display. She told herself she wasn't sad, but her heart still ached a little bit.

She sat on the sofa in the bedroom and sighed heavily before her phone rang. She picked it up at once. Edric's voice came over the line. "When are you moving in?"

Irene was silent for a while before answering, "Tomorrow."

She had already wasted her opportunity last time. This time, she must grab hold of it tightly. No matter how disgusting the sight of Edric was to her, it wouldn't be any worse than the disgust she felt from the scent of medicine in this house.

After their marriage, she developed a deep phobia of any sort of medication. Satisfied with her answer, Edric's tone became quite amicable. He told her to give him a heads up when she was moving out so he could come to pick her up.

Irene replied that there was no need to trouble him. They weren't married anyway; he didn't need to show up personally. John could just pass her the keys at the office.

Her answer made Edric angry for some reason, hence he hung up the call right away.

The next day, Irene moved into Chandelle Valley. When she moved out of the Cook family, she told Steven that she was just going back to keep Thomas company for a few days. Steven did not stop her; he told her to stay there for a couple of days before coming home again.

When Deborah and Lily saw that Irene was moving out, they giggled happily. Now that Irene was no longer in the house, meaning their eyesore had disappeared, they could finally get some peace at home.

Since the construction of Chandelle Valley had begun, it had been a hot topic among San Feticillo's citizens. Irene had no idea about all of that. While Edric had been setting Chandelle Valley up, she was busy dealing with all her problems. She had neither the time nor the energy to go out and pay these trivial matters any mind.

When she opened the door, she was shocked by what she saw. Edric had given his mistress such a beautiful place to stay. What a generous man.

Irene had only brought a few simple sets of clothes and toiletries. Before coming here, she had made up her mind to stay here for just a month. Well, if she was lucky enough.

She opened the shoe cabinet and saw a pair of fluffy cartoon slippers. A mocking smile formed on her face. When she lived with Edric, she used to love buying cartoon items.

Almost everything, from her pajamas to her cup, had cartoons on them. Edric used to nag at her and say that cartoons were for children. But now, looking at the cartoon slippers, Irene wondered if she was hallucinating.

After so many years of being adrift and wandering, she was no longer that girl who believed in dreams and fantasies. She was now a woman who had been through many hardships. Life was just that cruel; it had forced her to change her habits and personality.

Instead of using the slippers in Edric's shoe cabinet, Irene changed into her own slippers. With how filthy Edric was, she had reason to doubt the cleanliness of the items here.

Carrying her luggage, Irene went upstairs and started to unpack. She took out her clothes and hung them in the wardrobe. When she opened the wardrobe, another surprise was waiting for her—a set of cartoon pajamas hung on the rack.

Irene smiled wryly. She chose an empty spot to hang her own clothes and set down her toiletries in the bathroom. Seeing the cartoon cup in the bathroom, she shook her head. She didn't expect that. After four years of her leaving Edric, he had now turned into a cartoon addict. Life was such a f*cking joke.

After putting her things away, she got ready to clean the room. Suddenly, she heard the sound of a car outside. Clearly, Edric had arrived. He had come here quite quickly, indeed!

She gave up on cleaning and went downstairs. As she was halfway down the stairs, Edric came into her line of vision. He seemed to be in a good mood. However, after seeing the grey slippers on Irene's feet, his expression changed. "Isn't there a pair of slippers in the shoe cabinet?"

"Why is this guy so weird? He even wants to control what I wear?" Irene thought. Irritated, she replied stiffly, "I'm used to using my own things."

Irene knew very well that he would take that as her challenging him. Edric suppressed his unhappiness and said, "Let's go for dinner!"

Irene did not speak; she went straight to the door. Edric was taken aback for a moment before following suit behind her. After getting in the car, Edric reached out to buckle the seat belt for her, but Irene did it before he could. A little embarrassed, Edric put his hand back on the steering wheel and asked her, "What do you want to eat?"

"Anything," Irene responded lightly, her eyes fixed on the scenery outside. Edric frowned, saying, "Anything is not a food item."

"I'll eat whatever you eat, Mr. Myers. I'm not picky." Edric said no more. Irene was indeed not a picky eater. He started the car. There was a good Mexican place nearby. Although Irene did not pick and choose what she ate, he knew that she liked spicy food. He decided to head there for their first meal.

As he drove, the air in the car was drop-dead silent. Irene hadn't glanced at his way at all. Her gaze was fixed outside. She was very different from how she used to be.

Edric found it difficult to bear. As he was about to speak, his phone rang. He answered the phone. Over the line, Lily purred in a soft tone, "Edric, this supplement tastes so bitter!"

Edric's voice was very gentle too as he replied to her, "Good supplements are always bitter. Just drink it. It's to regulate your..."

Irene didn't want to listen to his affection for Lily, but they were in the same car. When she heard Edric tenderly coax Lily to take her supplements, she felt her heart sank to her stomach.