

# Revenge Against My Ex-husband

Chapter 117 Act Out

Finally, their intimate conversation came to an end. Their car stopped outside the entrance of the Mexican restaurant.

"It's quite a small restaurant, but the food here is really authentic." Edric pushed the door open and got out of the car, as he said to her, "I have eaten here twice. It's really delicious."

Irene followed Edric without saying a word. Edric was obviously a frequent guest here. When the owner of the restaurant saw Edric, he immediately came over and greeted Edric with open arms.

Soon, they were taken to the VIP room. The waiter brought over two starters. It was nachos and salsa. Edric picked up a piece and dipped it in the salsa as he looked at Irene. "Try this. This place has the best salsa I've ever had."

Irene looked at him holding the nacho up to her mouth and sneered in her heart. Best nachos? For someone as rich as Edric, eating nachos and salsa occasionally was considered a delicacy. But to her, they were just an ordinary dish.

After she divorced Edric, she craved nachos a lot during her pregnancy. It was easy to make it delicious. Plus, it was cheap too. She ate it pretty much every day; hence now when she caught a glimpse of it, she found it irresistibly intolerable.

Seeing that she was just staring at him motionlessly, Edric's brows become knitted at once. "Open your mouth!"

Edric had already held it right in front of her mouth. Irene looked down and frowned as she opened her mouth to take a bite. It was not as delicious as he had described. It was no different than any other nachos with salsa she had tasted before. She grimaced slightly. She barely managed to swallow it down, and she was not going to eat another bite.

In Edric's eyes, she was merely acting out, and that made him unhappy. However, he remembered that it was a special day this day, thus he chose to suppress his displeasure.

The dishes Edric ordered were served up one after the other. Among them were tacos, enchiladas, guacamole, and so on. They were all dishes that Irene liked. Seeing her favorite dishes, Irene picked up her cutlery and started digging in.

Watching her enjoying the meal, Edric felt oddly gleeful. He sat opposite her, looking at her shoving food into her mouth. Without his consciousness, his lips had already quirked up into a smile.

He suddenly felt like he was dreaming. The day before, Edric called her and asked her when she was moving in. He was hopeful. He hoped that Irene would remember what day it was that day.

Sure enough, she did not let him down. She promised to move in that day, but had she forgotten what special day it was?

Eight years ago, on that day, they had their first date. Now, eight years later, they were having yet another first date. No matter what, it was a positive sign to Edric.

He hoped to start over with Irene again and relive their old life. He wanted to make up for what he owed her.

Irene was really hungry. She gobbled down the food with no care for her image. Halfway through her meal, she looked up and noticed Edric was staring at her.

Irene assumed that he was shocked by the way she was eating. After all, Lily was gentle, noble, and elegant; Edric was used to such beauty and grace. It was no wonder that he would be appalled by her table manners.

Irene admitted she wasn't the most elegant person when it came to eating, but that didn't warrant Edric's surprise, did it? She felt like he was being a little dramatic as she had never seen him like this before!

"Mr. Myers, why don't you eat?" Irene couldn't help but ask.

Edric came to his senses and said, "I enjoy watching you eat."

Irene felt like he had said this to her before, but she couldn't recall when. Slightly surprised, she responded, "You're very funny, Mr. Myers."

"Irene, are you going to keep calling me Mr. Myers?"

"If not? Should I address you by your first name? Should I remind you that you're now my brother-in-law?" Irene asked.

The atmosphere immediately turned icy. Edric picked up a fish taco and wolfed it down violently. Then something unexpected happened. A fishbone got lodged in Edric's throat.

He drank glass after glass of water, but the fishbone refused to go down. In the end, Irene suggested he go to the hospital to consult a doctor.

Edric felt so embarrassed. He just wanted to have a nice dinner, but this stupid fishbone had messed everything up. Later on, the doctor helped him extract the fishbone, but his good mood had already been ruined.

On the way back, Edric kept a straight face and was silent the whole journey. Neither did Irene speak. The two of them returned to the Chandelle Valley Villa in silence.

After entering the villa, Irene sat down on the sofa and turned on the TV to watch a soap opera. Edric sat next to her with a dark face, and his heart was burning with anger. How could she be watching TV right now?

Edric had been busy staring at her in the restaurant. Then, after that, they ended up going to the hospital. Therefore, he hadn't eaten anything at all; needless to say, he must be starving at this moment. Shouldn't Irene have some common sense and cook for him or something?

He knew very well how good her cooking was. Previously when Edric had to work late nights, she would always prepare delicious foods for him.

Irene's gaze was on the TV, but she was feeling a little nervous inwardly. She was just hoping Edric would be uninterested in the soap opera she was watching and return to his study to work. That would be easier for her to spend through the night.

However, something seemed to be up with Edric. He sat still beside her and gawked at her intensely. Irene felt her goosebumps raise under his gaze.

Just as she couldn't take it anymore, she suddenly heard a strange gurgling sound. Irene looked at Edric. His pallid face had already turned a little red. "Irene, what's wrong with you?"

"Mr. Myers, what can I do for you?" Irene asked respectfully.

"Don't you know that I haven't eaten anything?"

"I'm sorry. I'll order takeout for you right away!" Irene got up to get the phone. Edric gritted his teeth and continued, "It's late at night, and there won't be any stores open at this hour. Can't you make me a bowl of pasta or something?"

"I'm sorry. My cooking isn't that nice, and you'd better just order takeout." Irene used to put so much effort into cooking for Edric because she loved him, and he was her husband. But, what was he to her now? He was just another man, and she didn't have that kind of effort to put into him.

Seeing Irene pick up the phone, Edric was infuriated. He snatched the phone over from Irene's hand and threw it aside. "I want to eat your pasta tonight!"

Irene looked at the broken phone on the ground. After a while, she got up and went into the kitchen. "He just wants a bowl of pasta, right? Fine, Edric. If you want me to cook so badly, then so be it. Whether or not it'll be edible is a whole other issue."

Soon she set down a bowl of pasta with cheese on top in front of Edric. He looked at the bowl of pasta while his face turned green. Irene knew he hated cheese, but she had included it on purpose!

"How very nice of you!" Edric gaped at Irene furiously for a few minutes, then angrily slammed the door and left.

Irene clapped her hands gleefully and turned to go upstairs. After such havoc, Edric probably wouldn't come back anymore so she could sleep in peace now.

Irene was worried that Edric might have brought someone 'dirty' people over before. Hence, she cleaned the bedroom and changed the sheets. Then she washed the entire bathroom before taking a bath.

After coming out of the shower, she saw Edric sitting on the sofa in the room. She was positively dumbstruck. "Why are you back?"

"This is my home. Am I not allowed to come back?" Edric asked.

"I'm sorry. It was a slip of the tongue!" Irene apologized.

Edric stood up and walked over to her. A faint fragrance wafted into his nose, and he felt his body relax. It was a normal reaction.

When he was with other women, he never felt such a desire. But with Irene, he felt so alive. Seeing his expression, Irene subconsciously took a step back. Edric reached out and held her in his arms. "Afraid that I'll eat you up?"

His voice was magnetic and seductive, but Irene was not buying it. She reached out and pushed him away. "We can't do it tonight..."

Seeing his deep gaze locked onto her, she immediately explained, "I just moved here tonight, and I'm not ready..."

"What is there to be ready for?" Edric felt a little dejected when he saw the way she looked at him as if he was some monster.

Irene instinctively wanted to retreat, but Edric held her waist and forced her to look into his eyes. She lowered her head in panic. "... I'm drained tonight. It's a foreign place, and I can't fall asleep. The bed feels so unfamiliar, and I'm sad..."

"Well, let's talk then. I will help you relax!" Edric interjected and brought her over to the sofa to sit down, but he didn't let go of her. Instead, he pulled her down onto his lap. Irene could feel something hard under her butt, and she felt extremely uncomfortable.

Meanwhile, Edric didn't feel the same at all. His hand was still on her waist, and his head was leaning on her back. He asked in a very gentle voice, "Where have you been all these years?"

He was the one who drove her out without giving her any alimony. But now, he was acting so lovingly, as if they were an affectionate couple that had reunited after so long. Irene hated it.

Irene had no intention of sharing her past with Edric, nor did she want him in her future. She wasn't silly enough to sit there and have a heart-to-heart talk with him. She yawned and said softly, "Mr. Myers, I'm so sleepy. I just want to sleep now. Let's talk another time!"

A minute ago, she had just said that she couldn't sleep in an unfamiliar bed. But now, she was claiming she was sleepy. Only a fool would believe her. Edric sighed silently. Irene didn't want to have any contact with him at all. He held her in his arms and turned around to let her face him. "Do you remember what day it is today?"

Irene shook her head. "I'm a little sleepy. Probably because I'm getting older, once I'm sleepy, I can't remember anything. Everything is but a blur."

Edric did not force her. Instead, he took out a box from his pocket and said, "I got you this present. Open it."

"Mr. Myers, you're too generous. I don't need a present!"

"Open the box and put it on!" Edric ordered. Irene reluctantly opened the box, and there was a beautiful bracelet inside.

If she remembered correctly, Edric had once given her a similar bracelet eight years ago. That was during their first date, and it was the first-ever gift he had gotten for her. Later on, he gave her many more gifts, each more expensive than the last, but...

That day marked the first day of her being Edric's lover. Him giving her a similar bracelet made Irene find the whole thing so ironic. She did not put the bracelet on. "Thank you, Mr. Myers. I don't need a gift. Please take it back."

"What do you mean?" Edric was irate hearing her reply.

"Being such a forgetful person, I often lose things. I'll probably lose your gift too, sooner or later. If you want to take it back someday, I might not be able to find it..."