

Revenge Against My Ex-husband

Chapter 118 Can't You Talk Nicely?

It was a reminder for Edric when he had kicked her out and taken back all the jewelry he had given her. Edric's face suddenly sank. "Irene, can't you just talk nicely?"

"I'm sorry. I'll be quiet. I shouldn't have offended you! Your Excellency, please forgive my insolence!" Irene lowered her head pitifully.

When he heard her sarcastic remark, Edric couldn't take it anymore. He pointed to the bracelet and said, "Irene, don't forget your place here. If I ask you to wear it, you have to do as I say. Otherwise..."

Edric didn't manage to finish his line before Irene got off his lap. "Otherwise what, Mr. Myers? Will you end our relationship as lovers?"

Irene's round beautiful eyes were twinkling with ridicule and disdain. Edric was so enraged that he could not get a word out of his lips. But honestly, what could he use to threaten her?

Irene was not the one begging to be his lover. It was Edric who threatened her to be one. She didn't want to at all. Except for using the video to threaten her, she had no other weaknesses. And even that video was non-existent anyway.

Edric held his breath, and he didn't know where to direct his anger. "Go draw a bath for me. I want to take a bath!"

Irene entered the bathroom without saying a word. He heard the sound of running water coming from inside. A few minutes later, she came out and spoke, "Mr. Myers, your bath is ready. Please go ahead!"

Edric really wanted to turn on his heel and leave. In the end, he held back his frustration and went into the bathroom. He took his bath hastily. It seemed like being nice to Irene was pointless. Very well, he had to do things the hard way then!

After taking a shower, he walked out of the bathroom. His eyes widened as he saw Irene asleep on the sofa. So much for all that talk about not being able to sleep in an unfamiliar place!

Edric went over to pick her up and put her back down on the bed. The softness of her bosom awakened his inner desire. He really wanted to make love to her, but he couldn't bear waking her up when he saw her sleeping so sweetly.

Irene actually hadn't fallen asleep at all. She was pretending so that she could escape him. After Edric had set her down on the bed, she was secretly overjoyed. But much to her disappointment, Edric didn't let her go; instead, he clung to her tightly in his arms.

She could feel his member pressing against her, and that felt so uncomfortable. She was too afraid to move lest he saw through her act. Until late night when she heard Edric snoring softly, only then did she slowly wriggle out of his embrace and went to sleep with her back facing him.

Although she fell asleep eventually, she couldn't sleep well; she couldn't shake off the worry in her heart. At dawn, she turned over and woke up. Edric, who was beside her, reached out to hold her. "Let's sleep in. I will send you to the office!"

"Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Myers. But please, at least let me make my decision regarding my own work. After all, I'm not proud of you and me being in this relationship!" Edric was speechless. She got out of bed, washed up, and headed out of Chandelle Valley.

As she hadn't slept well, her mind was muddled. She barely made it through the day. She then received a call from Kinsey, asking her out for dinner.

Irene didn't want to go back to Chandelle Valley to see Edric's face, thus she agreed to the invitation happily. Kinsey and she agreed to meet at one of the busiest streets in San Fetillo. When Irene arrived at the restaurant, Kinsey was already there. She had ordered dishes that both she and Irene liked.

Seeing Irene's dark eye circles, Kinsey couldn't help but tease and ask if she was having too much fun the previous night. Irene sighed and told Kinsey what had happened. Kinsey laughed so hard when she heard about Edric choking on the fishbone. It was funny no matter how she looked at it.

"You should have taken some photos of him at the hospital. 'Edric Myers Hospitalized from a Fishbone', what a great headline!" Kinsey burst out laughing.

"Is that all you can think of?" Irene glared at Kinsey. "Help me think of a way to deal with him! Last night, I escaped by pretending to be asleep, but I can't do the same thing again tonight."

"Irene, why did you go over to that house in the beginning? It's impossible for you to avoid him forever. You haven't had sex in so long anyway. Why don't you just pretend he's an escort? A handsome gigolo, perhaps. That way, you're not losing out!"

"I don't want to do it with such a disgusting man. Even if I had to, I want to wait a few days until I'm ovulating. If I can get pregnant on the first try, that would be the best," Irene reasoned.

"That's not going to be easy. You know men think with their d*cks, plus you're so pretty. Edric isn't going to let you off so easily." Kinsey could tell that it wasn't going to be easy to hold off Edric's obsession for Irene. "Why don't you let Lily take your place?"

"How do I do that?" asked Irene.

"If you tell Lily that you live in the Chandelle Valley Villa, that little b*tch will definitely come running to pester Edric every day..."

"That's not a good idea. Myers threatened me that if I told Lily, he would bury me alive!" Irene answered.

"Did he really say so?"

"Yes. He cares about Lily a lot. His heart aches for her frail body, and he even went around looking for famous doctors to provide her with supplements," detailed Irene.

"B*stard! He's so good to that b*tch. Men are trash. How can he still be pining after you when he already has Lily? Edric is such an a*shole," Kinsey cursed fiercely.

After a while, Kinsey added, "Let me tell you, the day before yesterday, I went to Cat Alley with my colleagues from the TV station to do an interview. I saw Edric and his other mistress Rowane there. What do you think they were up to?"

Irene was stunned. She heard Thomas mention Cat Alley before. When she was a child, Myra used to live there with Thomas. Thomas had said that that place was like a slum.

Not only a lot of poor but also criminals lived there. They committed murders and sold drugs as if it was the norm. Lily and Deborah came from there too. But why was Edric there?

Irene couldn't think of an answer. No matter what Edric was up to, it had nothing to do with her. She had better focus on the matter at hand!

Irene and Kinsey talked for about two hours. By the time they came out of the restaurant, the sun was already starting to set.

On the busiest street in San Fetillo, the road was bustling with cars. Kinsey sighed. "It seems like it's going to take us at least two hours just to get home in this jam."

While speaking, Edric called. His voice rang out coldly from the phone, "Where are you?"

"Eating out," Irene replied.

"Give me the name of the restaurant. I'll come and pick you up!" instructed Edric.

"You'd better not come. The traffic jam is awful here, and it'll take you more than two hours." As soon as she finished speaking, Edric hung up the phone irritably. He had happily gone home in the hope of having dinner with her. While she, on the other hand, had not spared him a single thought and gone out with Kinsey to eat. She didn't even bother to give him a heads-up.

"Edric is really clinging onto you," remarked Kinsey after Irene hung up the phone. "I've thought of a way you can deal with him tonight. Just pretend to be drunk!"

Irene's eyes lit up at Kinsey's words. "Good idea! Let's head to a bar and have some fun!"

But in this jam, it would take at least an hour to get to a bar! Kinsey was very impatient. She complained about all the cars on the road and talked about how traffic jams were never this bad overseas.

Irene remained composed on the other hand. She wasn't interested in going to the bar, and she just wanted to avoid Edric. As Kinsey continued on babbling, she couldn't help laughing. "Isn't it nice to get a chance to enjoy the scenery? Look at all the tightly packed cars. They look kind of like beetles. It's pretty interesting too."

"Pooh! The amount of cars on the road makes my head hurt. I am not in the mood to enjoy this scenery!" Kinsey said as she looked out of the window. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Irene, look at that woman in the sunglasses. Doesn't she look exactly like that old b*tch?"

Irene followed Kinsey's line of vision and looked over. She was shocked too! If she wasn't mistaken, that woman with the shades looked remarkably similar to Deborah. She wasn't a hundred percent sure since the distance between them was quite far apart. It was hard to get a clear view from their angle.

The woman who looked similar to Deborah was wearing a hat and a pair of sunglasses. She sat in the front passenger seat. Beside her driving the car was a man.

That wasn't the main point. From Irene and Kinsey's point of view, they could see vaguely that the man was holding onto her hand!

Although Kinsey was a director now, she still had quite a number of experiences working in the field previously. When she saw the two holding hands, she instinctively took out her phone to take a photo.

Irene had a slower reaction. She didn't respond until Kinsey had finished taking the picture. "What are you doing?"

"What am I doing? That old b*tch is dressing up and going out with other men. What do you think Mr. Cook would do if I sent him this photo?" Kinsey giggled proudly. "That old b*tch and her daughter would definitely be kicked out of the house. I'd like to see how they can bully you then!"

Irene was amused by Kinsey. "The photo is too blurry. We don't even know for sure if it's her. Plus, it's just a photo. Even if it was her, she could deny it and say she has been framed. It won't work!"

As they talked, traffic started to ease up a little. Kinsey knew what Irene was saying was true. First of all, both of them couldn't be entirely sure that it was Deborah. Moreover, knowing how evil and scheming Deborah was, there was no way she could be taken down with a single photo.

But what they saw a while ago was a good sign. If that woman really were Deborah, that would mean that she and that man definitely had something going on.

"Irene, call the Cook family immediately and ask them if Deborah is home. If she isn't home, then you'll know that woman is her."

Kinsey's suggestion was pretty good, therefore Irene immediately called the Cook family. It was Maisy who picked up. Irene first asked if Steven was home, and Maisy answered no.

Irene then asked if Deborah and Lily were there, and Maisy repeated 'no'. Lily had gone out with her friends while Deborah had been out since noon. Apparently, she had gone to a beauty salon and hadn't returned yet.

What kind of beauty treatment lasted from noon till night? It seemed a little unlikely. Irene tested the waters and asked how often Deborah would go for these 'beauty treatments'.

Maisy replied that Deborah didn't really have a fixed schedule. Usually, she went when Steven was busy with work and came back late at night. It always took a long time.

After hanging up the phone, Kinsey smirked. "It seems that this old b*tch really does have a skeleton in her closet. Why don't we keep an eye on her and see where this 'beauty salon' is and also, why it takes her such a long time to be there?"

"If there is no fixed time, how will you keep an eye on her?" Irene asked.

"Hire a private detective?" suggested Kinsey.

"Forget it. I'm distressed now. Let's talk about this another time." Irene was not in the mood to care about Deborah at the moment.