

The door was suddenly pushed open after that. A cold voice rang out, "Mr. Smith, you are surely enjoying yourself!"

Irene recognized the familiar voice and looked at the door in a daze. Wearing a black suite, Edric stood at the door and watched everything with a cold expression.

Irene's blurred vision gradually became clear. She could see a cold smile on that familiar face. He looked at them without any emotion in his eyes.

Irene closed her eyes in agony. She would rather be r*ped than letting this man see her in such a sorry plight.

"Mr. Myers!" Randy didn't expect that Edric would drop in out of the blue. He wore an ingratiating smile on his face. "What brought you here?"

"This is my turf!" Edric said in a calm voice, "Randy, you're causing troubles in my territory. Don't you think you owe me an explanation?"

Edric was aloof by nature and never liked to meddle in other people's business. Randy had assaulted other women in front of him in the past and had never seen him intervening. Why did Edric get involved in this today?

Could he know this woman?

Randy instinctively glanced at

Irene and asked, "Do you

know her, Mr. Myers?" "No, I

don't!" Edric answered coldly.

Randy breathed a sigh of relief. "This woman didn't appreciate my kindness and dared to attack me. I have to teach her a lesson!"

"I don't care about that. Just don't make trouble on my turf!" Edric emphasized his point.

Randy recognized the hostility in his tone. As domineering as he was, he knew that Edric was not someone he could mess with. He glared at Irene and said unwillingly, "I'll spare you today. If you run into me again, I'll definitely teach you a lesson!"

Cursing and mumbling, Randy left with his two men. Edric stared deadpan at Irene, who was disheveled and miserable, and said,

"Randy has already let you go. What are you still doing here?"

Without speaking, Irene tried to tidy up her clothes, but it was too torn-up to cover herself. She gave up and wiped the blood off her lips before heading out. While she was walking by

Edric, she heard him speaking coldly, "It's better to have some self-awareness. You need to know what kind of a man you're seducing to avoid paying a price too high. I hope you take care!"

The lack of sympathy in his voice suddenly made Irene feel a surge of anger rising from the bottom of her heart. She slapped Edric in the face. Edric never even dreamed that

Irene would hit him. He didn't dodge at all...

The slap was so hard that even Irene felt her own hand hurt. She was going to leave before Edric grabbed her hand and asked, "You want to leave after this?"

"Let go!"

Edric's face was burning with pain. He was so angry that his lips trembled. How could this ungrateful woman repay his kindness with this? Was she certain that he wouldn't do anything to her?

She thought too highly of herself. He pulled her into his arms and pinched her chin. Their eyes met. The hatred in Irene's eyes

provoked Edric.

How dare she hate him! Had she no shame?

Edric pinched her even harder. Irene's chin was bruised, yet she endured the pain and wouldn't utter a sound. Nevertheless, she kept kicking his legs hard. Edric felt the pain, but he had no intention to let her go.

"Hey! What's going on here?" Jordan showed up with a grin. He was a little dizzy after drinking too much. Seeing that Irene had not come back for a long time, he was worried and hurried out to check on her. He didn't find Irene. Instead, he saw Edric standing there with a woman in his arms looking intimate. So he came to poke fun at him.

While speaking, Jordan walked up to them. The grin disappeared from his face when he realized that it was Irene who was in Edric's arms. "Myers, how dare you touch my woman!"

He punched Edric as he spoke. Jordan was a little tipsy, but he still knew how to strike. Edric grimaced in pain. However, what annoyed him the most was that Jordan referred to Irene as "his woman". It hurt him worse than the punch. He let go of Irene and turned back to stick one on Jordan.

Jordan staggered and almost fell down. Seeing this, Irene quickly reached out to help him up. They had both hit each other once and made their point, which would be enough for someone of status like them.

However, Jordan's face became ferocious when he saw Irene's torn clothes and the bruise on her lips. He assumed it was Edric's doing. He immediately took off his clothes and put it on Irene, and turned back to punch Edric again.

He cursed, "Myers, did you f*cking hit her? How dare you! Even I wouldn't lay a finger on her!"

Edric punched back again. Jordan didn't care about status anymore. He rushed over and rained blows on Edric. There was no way that Edric would admit defeat. They tangled together.

The commotion disturbed the other people in the boxes. They all came out to watch the scene. Edric's Executive Assistant John and Jordan's assistant David also arrived. They immediately went forward to separate them.

It was a nasty fight. Both Jordan and Edric were beaten black and blue, looking beyond wretched. David helped Jordan up and asked, "Mr. Reed, are you all right?"

"I'm okay, of course." Jordan sneered and said, "Myers, let's have another round next time. I will definitely take my revenge." "I'll take you on and stick it out!" Edric didn't explain either.

Although Jordan said he was okay, Irene saw clearly that Jordan was at a disadvantage during his fight with Edric. After all, he had drunk too much.

For some inexplicable reason, she detested Jordan in the past. However, she suddenly found that Jordan was not annoying at all when he took off his clothes and put it on her.

Edric sat in the box looking gloomy and quite wretched. The corner of his mouth was broken from the fight, and there was clear finger prints on his cheek.

John ordered someone to find him some ointment for his injury. "Mr. Myers, you have to endure the pain. It may hurt a little bit."

"This little wound is nothing!" Edric gnashed

his teeth. Comparing with the wound in his heart, the superficial bruise on his face was nothing at all.

Thinking of how Irene helped Jordan walk out, he couldn't help swearing. "Slut and adulterer through and through!" "Mr.

Reed didn't understand the situation. He thought you hurt Madam," John

explained.

"Madam? What Madam?" Edric yelled at John, "Don't you know that I have divorced that woman a long time ago? Madam? My ass!"

"It was a slip of the tongue," John quickly admitted his mistake and added, "Miss Nelson is bleeding from her mouth. Randy is so f*cking brutal!"

"B*stard! Randy dared to make a mess on my turf! Wait and see how I deal with him!"

Edric recalled the blood at the corner of Irene's mouth.

He showed up a little too late. Jordan said one thing right tonight. How dared Randy hit her when even Edric himself couldn't lay a finger on her! A cold look flashed in Edric's eyes.

"When the time is right, get someone to break Randy's d*mn leg! And his hand too!"

John obeyed. He understood the situation perfectly. Edric's decision to hit Randy had nothing to do with Randy causing trouble here. Randy had done it here before, yet Edric was never so angry.

John secretly felt sorry for Randy. If Randy knew that he would lose an arm and a leg for one slap, he would certainly keep his hands off Irene.

Jordan finally learned about the truth on their way back. It turned out that he misunderstood Edric and someone else assaulted Irene.

David grumbled, "Mr. Reed, you shouldn't attack him without figuring out what was going on. Edric is not an ordinary man in San Fetillo. We will meet him a lot in the future. It's not a good thing to offend him."

Jordan didn't take it so seriously. "I just can't tolerate Myers. I'll beat him up again if I can!"

David was well aware of Jordan's personality and knew how stubborn he was. He had no choice but to give up the reasoning.

Jordan and David returned after driving Irene home. Jordan ordered David on the way, "Gather some people and teach that Randy a lesson."

"Mr. Reed, Randy is Keaton's son. Since we need something from Keaton at the moment, shouldn't we put this aside for now?"

"Are you afraid that Keaton would make things difficult for us?" Jordan sneered, "I'm telling you, based on my observation tonight, I can already tell that Keaton is as slippery as a catfish and will never be on board with us."

"Even if he is not our ally, we can't offend him. After all, he is a government official in San Fetillo and will have plenty of opportunities to cross paths with us."

"Don't you know what kind of a person I am?" asked Jordan. David stopped talking. How could he not know that? After working for him for three years, David knew this roguish and philandering young master better than anyone else.

He was the most harmless person in the Reed Family, yet no one dared to provoke him.

"You need to prepare a big gift for Keaton

immediately. I like to stamp out the source of trouble. Since we're going to make a move on his son, I won't let him stay in his position and cause trouble for me!"

David couldn't help but shudder at the sight of Jordan's stony expression. Randy and Keaton were dead men walking!

Thomas was astounded to see the bruise on Irene's face when she went to the hospital. "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing. I bumped into something by accident!" Irene forced a smile. "Uncle, how do you feel today?"

"Much better. Staying in the hospital costs a lot of money. The doctor said I'm recovering well. I want to check out tomorrow and recuperate at home."

Knowing Thomas was worried about the expenses in the hospital, Irene felt a pang in her heart, "We're not going to leave the hospital. You need to stay here for a few more days until you're fully recovered."

"I'm really alright now, Irene!"

"Uncle, you don't have to worry about money. I have money! Mr. Reed offered me a high salary."

"Jordan treats you well indeed. But you're not alone anymore, Irene. Besides a sick uncle, you have a child to take care of. Eden is growing up every day. You can't leave him to Nathan forever, right? Your son needs his mother."

The mention of Eden's name made Irene's face dim. Yes, she still had a son. She could not let Nathan take care of her son for the rest of her life, could she?

With a faint sigh, she forced a smile and said, "Don't worry. I will make more money and take him back when you are better. At that time, we will leave San Fetillo and go to live somewhere else."

Speaking of Eden, Irene realized that she had not called her son for a few days. She picked up her phone and called him immediately.

The call was connected

quickly. Eden's childish

voice came, "Mom!"

"Eden! What are you

doing now?"

"I'm having dinner

with Uncle Nathan.

Mom, I miss you!" "I

miss you too, baby!"

"I'm very well-behaved. I didn't disturb Uncle Nathan when he is working. I just miss you.

Mom, have you found dad? And when will you come to pick me up?"

"Not yet. I will pick you up after a few more days. Your great-uncle is sick now. I will pick you up when he is better, okay?"

"Good! Mom, Uncle Nathan misses you too!"

Eden's childish voice faded away and Irene

heard Nathan speaking on the other end,

"Irene, your uncle is sick? When did it

happen?"

"It's been a while. He

already had the operation

and is recovering quickly."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Nathan complained.

"I thought you are

busy... My uncle is

fine now. Don't

worry." "That's good.

Do you need money?

I'll transfer it to you."

"No, I have money."

"Is Jordan treating

you well?" Nathan

asked again. "I'm

fine. Mr. Reed is

very kind to me!"

"Jordan is a little spoiled,

but he is a good person.

You will find out later."

"Yes, I know!"

"Don't put too much pressure on yourself when

it comes to work," Nathan comforted her,

"Come back if you don't want to do it anymore.

My door is always open for you."

"I know," Irene

sighed deeply,

"Nathan..."

"What's wrong?"

She was going to tell Nathan about Edric, yet

eventually bit back her words after pondering

for a moment. "Nothing. Thank you so much!"

"Not at all. You know I'm willing to do anything

for you!"

The man's voice was deep and soothing. A

bitter smile appeared on Irene's face. She was

bound to owe Nathan a great debt in her life.