

Revenge Against My Ex-husband

Chapter 37 Think Of A Plan

That night, Lily sat alone on the bed in her bedroom until dawn. When she heard her mother sending her father out at dawn, she opened the door and went upstairs.

Upon seeing the dark circles under her daughter's eyes, Deborah felt a little baffled. "Did you lose sleep?"

"Mom, I have something to tell you." After glancing at Maisy, who was cleaning up the living room, Lily took her mother's hand and went upstairs. She told Deborah about how Edric stayed with Irene last night.

The expression on Deborah's face suddenly became grave. She knew clearly how good the relationship between Irene and Edric was, as well as why they separated. If they talked things through and rekindled their romance, things would be hopeless for Lily.

This matter must be taken good care of, and they must be prevented from getting back together.

Lily became anxious when she saw that her mother was deep in thought. "Mom, why don't we tell Aunt Margaret about this? She hates Irene so much that she'll definitely stop it."

"No!" Deborah denied outright. "Edric isn't a pushover who can be easily swayed. At that time, Margaret deceived him to make you pregnant and threatened suicide to force him to divorce Irene, which already crossed the line, so that trick is useless now."

"Then what should we do?" Like an ant on a hot pan, Lily was anxious. "Why can't that b*tch completely disappear? Why did she have to come back?"

Deborah glared at her. "If you can't keep your calm whenever you encounter something, how can you capture the man's heart in the future?"

"Mom, I know what you're saying, but at the moment, it's not a matter of me capturing a man's heart. It's that Edric's heart doesn't belong to me at all."

"So what?" Deborah sneered, "Your father's heart had always belonged to Myra, hasn't it? But now, instead of Myra, I am Madam Cook. Whoever gets the last laugh is the winner."

"Your situation is different from mine. Didn't you give birth to me? Dad married you for my sake, but I have nothing now." Lily retorted.

"That's because you're stupid! You couldn't win over a man even after such a long time. What a waste of my hard efforts." Deborah was also angry.

"How could I find a way to win over Edric if he wouldn't even touch me?" Lily felt extremely wronged. "It wasn't easy for me to convince dad to ask him to propose the engagement, and he agreed. But I didn't expect that b*tch Irene would do this again. That b*tch is really cunning. She did that blind date TV program and made it popular. Now I realized that she used that blind date TV program to stimulate Edric so they could rekindle their romance!"

Her words reminded Deborah, and her eyes lit up with joy. "I have an idea!"

"What idea?"

"Doesn't Irene want to go on blind dates? Let's create controversy around her blind dates so her reputation would be ruined for good!" Deborah's face was full of resentment. She whispered a few words into Lily's ear. Lily's anxious expression disappeared immediately. She gave her mother a thumbs-up and said, "Mom, how wise of you!"

"Of course, the older, the wiser!" Deborah said smugly.

After sending Irene to her neighborhood, Edric carried her upstairs. Once upon a time, he carried her around the house like this. During that time, her little hands would be tightly wrapped around his neck as she flirted with him coquettishly. What a wonderful time it was.

But now, she was still the same person, but was in a completely different mood. She resisted and rejected his embrace. It was as if the person in his arms wasn't a living person but rather an ice cube.

The weight of this ice cube was much lighter than before. Edric couldn't help but say, "Irene, you've lost a lot of weight."

Irene didn't say anything. Whether she lost weight had nothing to do with him. Seeing that she didn't speak, Edric sighed deeply.

Irene took out the key and opened the door. She supported herself against the door frame. "I suffered all this tonight because of you. So don't expect me to say thank you. Mr. Myers, it is time to leave now! I won't see you again!"

After she said those cruel words, she heartlessly closed the door. Edric stared at the old door in front of him dazedly. The door was still the same, and she was still that same person, but everything was different.

Irene propped herself up and went back to her room. She had just sat down on the bed when she heard the sound of the car leaving from outside. Although it was expected, she still tugged the corners of her mouth with self-mockery.

Human beings were really strange creatures. Her heart still couldn't let go even when the two of them had ended up like this. Did she still hope that he would stand at the door and wait for her like he used to do?

She was really out of her mind! Ever since he impregnated another woman, they were destined to be estranged from each other. Edric wasn't the same Edric as before, nor was she the former Irene. Everything was in the past, and they were destined to never have any contact again.

Irene took a deep breath and laid down on the bed. "Irene Nelson! Keep fighting on!"

Although Edric drove out of the alley, he didn't leave. Instead, he parked his car in the open space at the entrance of the alley. The street lights were dim at night. He sat quietly in the car and looked at the familiar place.

He recalled his previous oath in his mind. They would grow old together. Irene, I remember my oath. It had always been there and never left!

After waking up in the morning, Irene felt that the injury on her feet had healed somewhat, but she certainly couldn't go to work. Therefore, she called Jordan to ask for a leave of absence and planned to work after a day's rest.

Half an hour later, Jordan came banging on the door. Thomas pulled the door open, and Jordan rushed in. "What happened? How did your foot get hurt?"

"I twisted it accidentally when I went upstairs last night," Irene answered.

"I'll take you to the hospital to have an examination."

"I've already been examined. The doctor said there's no problem. I'll be fine after a few days of rest."

Jordan didn't believe it. Ignoring the fact that Thomas was still there watching, Jordan carried Irene in a bear hug and left.

Edric stayed in the car until dawn. He got out of the car and went to a nearby cafe to buy breakfast. Then he carried them to the alley entrance. From a distance, he saw Jordan hurriedly rushing out of the alley with Irene in his arms.

"Why are you so heavy? It would save me a lot of energy if you wrapped your arms around my neck, understood?" Jordan scolded Irene as he walked. His words reminded Irene of last night when Edric said that she had lost weight, so she couldn't help but refute, "I didn't ask you to carry me. Besides, am I that heavy?"

"Why don't you try carrying me?"

Irene was amused by him, so she had no choice but to wrap her arms around his neck. Jordan wasn't really complaining about her being heavy at all. He just wanted to have some chemistry with her. Upon seeing Irene wrap her arms around his neck, he smiled smugly as he said, "It's much better now!"

When Edric saw Irene wrap her arms around Jordan's neck with a dazzling smile on her face, he felt his heart ache and the breakfast in his hand suddenly fell to the ground.

He watched Jordan carried Irene into the car and fastened Irene's seat belt carefully. He didn't know what Jordan had said, but Irene gave him a slight push.

These were things only he could do before. Suddenly, he felt a huge loss. An old man passing by reminded him, "Young man, you dropped something!"

Edric didn't speak and strode away. After taking a few steps, he turned around and picked up the breakfast that had fallen on the ground. "Irene, no breakfast for you!"

After making sure that Irene's feet were fine and that she would recover after resting for a few days, Jordan felt relieved to send Irene home. Thomas went to the grocery market to buy some vegetables. Jordan was cheeky enough to take the initiative to ask if he could stay for lunch.

Thomas naturally agreed. Jordan was so overjoyed that he called David to send him a bottle of wine from his treasured collection. Upon receiving the instruction, David immediately drove to Jordan's apartment and brought him a bottle of Louis XIII.

When David arrived, Thomas had already put all the dishes on the table. When he saw David put down a bottle of Louis XIII, which cost more than 20,000 dollars, on the table, he reached out to take it and dexterously opened the bottle. "I never expected that I would get to drink Louis XIII in this lifetime!"

Jordan froze and instinctively glanced at Thomas. His Louis XIII was specially brought back from France, and the packaging was in French as well. How did Thomas know that the wine was Louis XIII? Did he know French?

After pondering over it, he concluded that it was impossible. People who knew English might be all over the world, but very few knew French. How could Thomas, someone who lived in such an impoverished place, know French?

He was surprised. "How did you know it's Louis XIII?"

Thomas froze and chuckled good-naturedly. "Didn't you call to tell me that?"

Jordan didn't recall mentioning the name of the wine. When he was on the phone, he simply asked David to bring his wine over. He hadn't said what kind of wine it was at all. His apartment only had Louis XIII, so he didn't need to say its name.

David naturally didn't understand his confusion. He pointed to the wine and said to Thomas, "This wine was specially brought back from France by Mr. Reed. It's more than 50 years of age and very difficult to buy in this country."

"Jordan, why are you so lavish?" Irene shouted dramatically. "This wine is so expensive I could feel my heart ache."

"You only have money on your mind. You have to enjoy life!" Jordan said.

Irene looked full of pity. "Enjoying life is for rich people like you. For poor people like me, having a full stomach is already satisfying enough."

"You speak as if I've mistreated you." Jordan snorted and said, "Are you thinking about getting a raise again?"

"No! I'm really not!" Irene waved her hands dismissively. "It just physically pains me. This wine is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars, which is more than enough for me to live comfortably for an entire year."

Jordan looked at Irene and asked, "You're really a plebeian."

Thomas chuckled. "Let's drink and eat!"

Jordan enjoyed the meal very much. He admired Thomas's culinary skills greatly. Before he left, he shamelessly requested again, "Please cook more meals for me in the future. I'll pay for the ingredients."

"Get lost! Our shabby place can't afford your highness."

"I'm serious."

"You just fool me! Get lost!" Irene glared at him.

Jordan left sulkily. After he got into the car, he remembered to ask David, "Did I mention Louis XIII when I called you?"

"I don't think so!" David replied.

"Since I didn't mention it, how did Irene's uncle know that the wine was Louis XIII?"

"Perhaps he'd seen it online before."

"No! The names of wines on the Internet are all in English. There are very few wines in French like this!" Jordan pondered over it. "David, don't you think Thomas is extraordinary?"

"How so?"

"Although he appears very ordinary, he has a kind of elegance, which doesn't seem like something the dregs of society can have."

"Perhaps love is making you blind. Since you like Irene, you grow to like her uncle as well." David replied.

"Just because of that?" Jordan had some doubts. He didn't think that he was such a person.

"Mr. Reed, don't worry about it. Thomas can't know French. Otherwise, how would he be unable to find a job?"

The idea seemed fair enough, so Jordan had to put this matter aside.