

Revenge Against My Ex-husband

Chapter 81 Pedro Has Stepped In

After Irene went out of the cafe, she received a call from Jordan. He asked, "Where are you?"

"I went to see Kinsey," she lied.

"Why didn't you call me and say that? I came all the way here for nothing," Jordan complained.

"Sorry, I left in a hurry, so I forgot," she apologized. Jordan decided to let it pass. "I'm going back to the company. See you later."

After hanging up, Irene got on the taxi. It was rush hour, so there were a lot of cars on the road. Needless to say, she was caught in a traffic jam. Fortunately, her boss was Jordan, so she wasn't afraid of being reprimanded for being late. Thinking of Jordan, a sweet smile appeared on her face.

A familiar voice rang out, "How long are we going to be stuck in this traffic?"

Irene turned her head and looked over. It was Marie.

Marie used to be an attending doctor for her infertility. Hence, Irene had a lot of consultations and appointments with Marie. As she so often appeared in Marie's office, those who went to see Marie thought that she was Marie's daughter. Some of them even remarked that both of them looked alike.

Irene felt uncanny about the fact that she and Marie looked alike too. She and Marie didn't know each other and didn't have any blood relationship. However, they did look similar to each other. To be exact, she saw her mother in Marie.

Due to that reason, Irene naturally felt close to Marie. She firmly believed in Marie's words and had never switched to another doctor.

Didn't Marie work in Alsbury City? Why was she here in San Feticillo?

Marie did not notice Irene. She was grumbling to the man beside her. When Irene looked closely at that man beside her, she was positively shocked. Wasn't that Jordan's father, Malcom?

Why would Malcom be out with Marie? Was Marie the woman who made Malcom abandon Jordan and his mother?

It was true that there was such a possibility. Marie still looked charming even though she was at least in her forties. Evidently, she must have been a great beauty when she was younger. Every man would probably fall over her bewitching charm.

Irene's affection towards Marie vanished at that moment. She hated mistresses; all of them were despicable.

After returning to the company, Irene saw Jordan talking to David. When they saw her coming in, they stopped talking. David got up and left. Jordan grumbled at her, "If you weren't here in a few minutes, I was planning to go and look for you."

"I was caught in a traffic jam," Irene said with a smile.

"Come here, I have something to tell you." Jordan waved his hand. "Joanne has come to San Feticillo. She came yesterday. I'm guessing that she's here for you. If she contacts you, you must remember to tell me."

"It's too late. She's already contacted me," Irene replied.

"Didn't you say that you went to see Kinsey? How dare you lie to me." Jordan raised his eyebrows, about to lose his temper.

"I was scared that you might worry about me." Irene reached out and held Jordan's hand. Her initiative extinguished Jordan's anger. He then turned his hand around to hold Irene's hand much more tightly. "What did she say to you?"

"Do you really want to hear it?" Irene raised her eyebrows and looked at Jordan with a faint smile. "She told me about the love story between you two. She wanted me, the mistress, to quit the game."

"Irene, let me get this straight, we weren't anything like what she had told you. Please firmly believe in that standpoint!" Jordan got a little anxious.

"If I believed her words, would I be standing in front of you and talking to you right now?" Irene glared at him. Jordan chuckled after pondering about it. But, he couldn't help reminding her, "Don't believe what others say. Believe no one. Everyone will lie to you except me. Do you understand?"

Irene nodded. "I understand! I'm waiting for you to give me a happy life you promised!"

Recalling that she had seen Marie on the way here, she couldn't help but ask, "Jordan, do you know Marie Walker?"

"I don't," Jordan replied, but in a flash, he scoffed. "But I've heard that she was the woman who asked my father to abandon my mother and me!"

"It's really her?" Irene was stunned.

Rowane thought that Irene would leave Jordan's side once Joanne took action, but things didn't go according to plan. Irene and Jordan were still as close as ever. Meanwhile, Joanne had chosen to leave San Feticillo. It seemed that her meeting with Irene that time resulted in nothing.

Rowane's head started to ache again. She had done everything she could for Edrick. What should she do then?

Edrick had also learned about Joanne's visit to San Feticillo. When he heard that Joanne left immediately after meeting Irene, he was very shocked.

When he knew that Joanne had come to San Feticillo, he was worried about Irene. After all, Irene had been humiliated by Joanne many times over Nathan.

He thought that Irene would take Joanne's punches as she was in the past, but in the end, it was Joanne who left in embarrassment and disgrace.

It was obvious that Irene didn't let Joanne get what she wanted. Edrick was very surprised. How could Irene have changed so much?

Thinking back, at that time, in order to separate Nathan from Irene, Britney had taken it upon herself and confronted Irene. Irene gave in almost immediately. So, why was Irene so unyielding this time?

Plus, Irene hated playboys the most, right? So why did she fall in love with a playboy like Jordan? Why?

Edrick frowned. His heart was boiling. He understood that Jordan's place in Irene's heart was unshakeable at this moment, to say the least.

Edrick felt a sharp pain in his chest. He was not only in pain, but also very disappointed. Could it be that he could only watch and do nothing as Irene married Jordan and stayed with the latter?

As Edrick was still in turmoil over that matter, John came in. "Mr. Pedro has just reached San Feticillo!"

Pedro actually showed up in person. That made Edrick feel both fortunate and worried.

The fortunate part was that Pedro finally couldn't sit still anymore. What Edrick was worried about was that he didn't know how Pedro would handle Irene. After all, Pedro was a very sly person. Irene had strong self-esteem and a straightforward personality. How could she be a match for Pedro?

Pedro didn't inform Jordan about his arrival in San Feticillo. He laid low and stayed at an ordinary hotel. He then called Irene that night.

Pedro's voice sounded exceedingly kind as he spoke, "I'm Jordan's grandfather. I want to meet you, Miss Nelson. When would you be available?"

Irene was stupefied to receive a call from him. Joanne had just left the previous day, and there it came another person, Pedro. Such a strong reaction from the Reed family was indeed extraordinary. She replied, "Anytime."

"Since that's the case, let's meet now," Pedro said.

Irene went to the tea house where Pedro was. There were two bodyguards standing at the door. When they saw Irene, they politely pushed the door open. "Miss Nelson, please!"

Irene entered the room. She saw Pedro sitting on the sofa. He looked somewhat in his sixties, but Irene knew that he was actually over 70.

Pedro's facial features were very similar to Jordan's, but he didn't look as approachable as Jordan. Instead, he gave people a sense of alienation.

Hearing the voice, Pedro looked up at Irene. He had seen Irene's photo before, but at that moment, when he saw her in person, he was still slightly stunned by her beauty.

It was no wonder that Jordan would love her so much. If it weren't for her identity and the fact that she was a divorcee, Irene would be worthy of Jordan.

Irene nodded to Pedro. There was a warm smile on Pedro's face, but his eyes revealed that he wasn't as happy as all that. "Miss Nelson, please sit."

Irene sat opposite Pedro. The waiter came in to serve them tea before leaving. Pedro picked up the cup and took a sip. "Miss Nelson, were you born and raised in San Feticillo?"

"Yes," Irene answered.

"What's your relationship with Myra Nelson?" Pedro asked.

"She is my mother." Irene subconsciously glanced at Pedro. How did he know the name of her mother?

"Oh! I wonder if Jordan has told you about our family issues." Pedro still sounded as gentle as he had been thus far.

"He's told me a little about it," Irene replied flatly.

"Then, you must know that Jordan has never had his father's presence ever since he was young, right? What do you think about that?" Pedro asked.

"I'm very sympathetic towards his plight." Irene did not know what Pedro was getting at.

The reason he came to meet her must be because he wanted her to leave Jordan. But why didn't he just go straight to the point? Pedro wouldn't do such meaningless things, would he? There must be some purpose veiled behind his words. Irene became more cautious.

"The woman who made Jordan lose his father is someone from San Feticillo. How queer that her name is exactly the same as your mother's. I don't know if it is a coincidence." Pedro slowed down the speed at which he was talking.

Irene was dumbstruck. In her memory, her parents had been in love with each other the whole time. Moreover, her Myra passed away when she was about ten years old. How could it be possible for her to have a relationship with Malcom?

She answered, lukewarm, while nursing the doubt in her heart, "Maybe it is such a coincidence."

"I have a picture of Malcom and that woman. I would like you to have a look at it." Pedro took out a photo and put it on the table.

The photo was a little yellowish. Obviously, it was because it was from a long time ago. Irene picked up the photo and took a look at it. Her face suddenly changed. "How is it possible?"

In the photo, the handsome man was a literal copy of Jordan, and she recognized the woman in the man's arms at a glance. Seeing her face changing greatly, Pedro added unhurriedly. "Miss Nelson, do you know this woman?"

"Is this a mistake?" Irene was rattled. She remembered what Jordan had said. The woman who snatched Malcom away from Jordan's family was a married woman.

However, how could it be possible that Myra had an affair with Malcom? And the photo in her hand was very clear, it was indeed Myra in the photo.

"No! Impossible! It must be a mistake!" In her memory, her parents loved each other a lot. How could Myra have an affair with another man? Irene couldn't and refused to believe it.

"This is all the truth. Malcom left Jordan's mother and Jordan because of your mother. When he left, Jordan was still a young boy. No matter what method I used, he would not come back. Later, your mother died in a car accident, yet he still refused to return to our family." Pedro sighed deeply.

"It must be a mistake. It's impossible for my mom to have an affair with another man. It must be a mistake!"

Irene muttered to herself. Suddenly, she remembered that she saw Malcom and Marie together earlier in the day. "The woman Malcom liked wasn't my mother, but a woman who looks like her. Her name is Marie. She is a doctor. I saw her with Malcom!"

"Can't you even tell who your mother is? That Marie woman you mentioned, she is indeed Malcom's lover. But, do you know why? It's solely because she looks like your mother."

Irene couldn't grasp it. She couldn't understand what was going. However, the photo was undeniable proof. The woman in the picture was indeed Myra. She and Malcom were hugging each other intimately.

Irene closed her eyes in pain. The person who Jordan hated the most was actually her mother. How could that be?