

## Revenge Against My Ex-husband

### Chapter 82 Break Up

"Miss Nelson, now you know why I object to your relationship with Jordan. It is not because you are a single mother or a divorcee, but because you are the daughter of someone Jordan hates the most. Because of your mother, Jordan has lost his father since he was a child. If he knows that you are the daughter of the woman who snatches his father away, what will he think?"

Pedro's voice was like a strained foghorn, slow but powerful; every word of his was devastating. "Think it over. If you can be with Jordan without feeling guilty, I won't object to your relationship. But you can't hide the truth. Otherwise, when Jordan learns it..."

Irene tried her best to keep herself calm, but tears still welled up her eyes. It was such a huge blow to her. She didn't want to cry in front of outsiders, hence she stood up and bid goodbye to Pedro. Looking at her straightened back, Pedro's heart couldn't help aching for her.

"Jordan, I have always been afraid of liking you. It's because I am afraid that I will lose myself again, and I am worried that you will betray me. But now, what reason do I have to like you and accept your love?" Irene muttered silently.

"Sorry, Jordan. I can't accept your love because I don't deserve it! I don't deserve it!"

In fact, the bitterness and pain in her heart at this moment were threatening to engulf her whole. However, only she knew how difficult it was to maintain her steady pace as she marched out of the tea room.

She took her bag quietly and went downstairs; Jordan stood beside a car and beamed at her. Looking at his bright smile, Irene felt more miserable.

She walked toward Jordan step by step, but every step seemed to weigh a thousand pounds. It was a short distance, but it felt like eternity.

Jordan opened the car door for her, and Irene got in the car mutely. He followed her and looked at her with a smile. "Why didn't you pick up my call last night?"

"My phone was out of battery," Irene answered.

"I had a rough night. I couldn't fall asleep all of a sudden. I wanted to talk to someone, but I couldn't get through your number. I ended up having a really bad insomnia. You have to compensate me for not picking up the call!"

Irene turned her head and hugged him suddenly. She brought her lips to Jordan's and kissed him. Obviously, Jordan was shocked by her initiative. After a while, he began to respond to her.

Finally, the two of them separated from each other. "If it weren't daytime now, I would have 'eaten' you right now!" Jordan gasped.

Irene looked at his handsome face and felt great pain inwardly. She concealed her own emotions and drawled, "Jordan, I have thought about it. We do not suit each other. Let's break up!"

"What did you say?" Jordan's eyes widened. He almost suspected that there was something wrong with his ears. Irene had just kissed him, but she told him that she wished to break up with him the next second. Her capriciousness was f\*cking believable.

"I said, we're not suitable for each other. Let's break up!"

Jordan's face darkened. "Irene, are you joking?"

"I'm not joking. I've thought it over. We're indeed not suitable for each other. It's better to end it now than be hurt in the future."

"Not suitable? Why did you agree to date me in the beginning if we're not? Irene, I'm warning you, I'm not a nobody. Since you get yourself involved with me, don't think about running away!"

"Jordan, let me go!" Irene lowered her head.

"Let you go? Am I a monster? Am I that scary?" Jordan glared at Irene.

"I can't convince myself to accept a man who had countless women. I think you are filthy!" hissed Irene.

"You!" Jordan was gasping. How could Irene say that he was filthy?! How dared she?!

Jordan raised his fist. For a second, Irene thought that he would punch her. She closed her eyes subconsciously, only to hear a bang. When she opened her eyes, she realized Jordan had hit the window with his fist.

His hand was cut open and was bleeding. It pained Irene to see him being in such a state; she reached out her hand by instinct. Jordan's eyes lit up at once, thinking that things were going to change for the better. But the next second, Irene suddenly changed her action. She quickly opened the bag in her hand and took out a letter. "This is my resignation letter. I hope you can approve my request."

Irene tried her best to sound as cold and calm as possible. Only God knew how painful her heart was when she said those words.

She knew very well how good Jordan had treated her. He had given her strength when she was in her most challenging and helpless state, but she was not destined to be with him.

"Irene! Is someone threatening you?" Jordan grabbed her shoulders, and the blood on his hand dripped on Irene's clothes. "Did Joanne threaten you again?"

"No, no one threatened me. I just feel that we are not suitable for each other. I can't get past that thought! For me, men are like toothbrushes, and they can't be shared. I can't accept the fact that you used to be with so many women."

Jordan's expression changed; he was hurt. She found him filthy. He knew well how many ridiculous things he had done in the past. Irene was not wrong!

He let go of Irene's shoulder dejectedly. She then put the resignation letter in front of him. "Mr. Reed, I hope you can approve my resignation as soon as possible. I believe you will not be as childish as before and threaten me with another contract, right?"

Jordan was so furious that veins started popping on his forehead. He stared at Irene with bloodshot eyes. Yet, Irene did not budge; she mustered up the courage to look into his eyes.

Looking at the indifference in her eyes, Jordan was finally defeated.

"Get out of the car!" he barked ruthlessly. Irene opened the car door, but before she could steady her stance, he sped away.

Looking at his car disappearing from her sight, she burst into tears. "Jordan, I'm sorry! It's me who doesn't deserve you. It's my fault! I'm sorry!"

The afternoon sun was scorching. Joanne was resting under a giant umbrella in the garden with her eyes closed. She was on cloud nine. A while ago, she had gone to the Reed family to visit Pedro, who had just returned from San Feltito. Pedro had told her that Irene would certainly leave Jordan.

Pedro was indeed admirable. What did he have up his sleeve to make Irene back off? Joanne could not help thinking of Irene's uncompromising attitude towards her previously. "Irene, you lose again!"

Pedro was sitting contentedly in the garden as he took a sip of his tea. Ivan came in a hurry and shouted from a distance, "Master Pedro, Mr. Jordan is back!"

Pedro did not react until Ivan walked up to him and repeated himself. Pedro finally asked, "Is Jordan back?"

"Yes, it's Mr. Jordan," answered Ivan.

"Why is he back at this time? Is it because of Irene?" Pedro was in a daze, and soon he saw Jordan striding towards his direction.

"Well played, Grandpa!" Jordan walked to Pedro and sat down next to him. He then poured himself a cup of tea.

Pedro remained silent, and he had guessed the reason why Jordan came back. It must be because of Irene.

To be frank, Pedro felt a little guilty for Irene. After all, Irene was utterly different from what he had imagined.

If she were not Myra's daughter, he would let her and Jordan date. Unfortunately, the truth was not so, and he would not agree to their relationship no matter what.

"Grandpa, do you have anything to say to me?" Jordan stared at Pedro with his pair of coal-black eyes.

Even Pedro, who had been in the business for many years, was a little intimidated by Jordan. He faked a cough and asked, "Jordan, what's the purpose of your return?"

"Your acting skills have improved," Jordan mocked.

Pedro's face darkened. "You brat, watch your tongue! I'm your grandfather!"

"So you do know that you are my grandfather, huh? Since you are my grandfather, how could you do that to me?"

"Jordan, things are not as it seems. You really can't be with Irene. I'm afraid that you will regret it in the future. Thus, I persuaded Irene to leave you!" Pedro sighed.

"Regret? How do you know that I will regret it? How can you predict my future when I don't even know about it. Are you a prophet?"

"Jordan!" Pedro's face was livid. "I did it for your own good!"

"For my own good? I don't need it! Grandpa, I've never liked a woman this much before. Do you know how I feel now? I feel like I'm being burnt alive. I'm in agony!" Jordan bellowed.

Looking at Jordan's expression, Pedro turned his head away silently, his emotions unreadable.

"Grandpa, I beg you. Let me be with Irene! As long as you agree to it, I'll do anything you want me to do."

Jordan's frantic statement spoke of the amount of love he had for Irene. Pedro wondered, "What is the charm of Irene and Myra?"

Malcom abandoned Jordan and his wife for Myra, and now, Jordan, too, was willing to do anything for Irene.

Pedro was angered, and he took a sip of tea and remarked, "Jordan, never did I threaten and humiliate Miss Nelson. She willingly suggested leaving you. If you don't believe me, you can check with her."

"Willingly? How is that possible?" Jordan refused to believe it. "Grandpa, tell me honestly. What did you do to make Irene leave me so resolutely?"

"It's simple. I told Irene that she's a divorced woman with a child. She's not a match for you, and I don't like her. That's all."

"Impossible!" Jordan did not believe it.

"That's the truth. Irene retreated because she felt that she didn't deserve you, which proved that she didn't love you much." Pedro would never tell Jordan about Myra.

Seeing that Pedro wasn't going to tell the truth, Jordan sneered. "Alright, I won't press on since you don't want to spit out the truth. But there is one thing I want to tell you."

"What is it?"

"I won't listen to you anymore!" Jordan raised the corners of his mouth sarcastically and looked at Pedro. "Grandpa, from now on, I won't listen to any words from you. You want me to marry Joanne from the White family, right? You'd better give up!"

"What's wrong with Joanne? Why don't you fancy her?" asked Pedro.

"Why should I take a fancy to her?" Jordan scoffed. "I won't get married or live as you wish without Irene. Just wait and see! A good show is about to unfold."

"B\*stard!" Pedro was furious. "Are you threatening me? I'm not buying this!"

"I'm not. I'm telling you the truth!" Jordan drawled, making sure Pedro could hear each word of his clearly. "Without Irene, I'll return to my previous messy life. Remember this! You are the one who ruins me and my happiness!"

With that, Jordan got up and left. Looking at his back, Pedro's eyes darkened.

"Jordan, why are you so ignorant? How can you be such a fool?! It's never my intention to go against you, but you can't marry Irene!" he thought to himself.

After saying goodbye to Jordan, Irene never went to Jordan's company again. In order to cut off ties with Jordan, she handed over the valuable ring Jordan gave her to David and asked him to pass it to Jordan.

On the other hand, Jordan had never appeared in her life again. Life went on even though she was jobless. The first thing Irene needed to do was to find a new job.

She began to look for one and soon she found herself an administrative position. Although the salary was not as high as what Jordan had paid her, it was enough to cover her expenses.

She was busy and productive at work. When she was free, she would think of Jordan, wondering how he was doing. "He must hate an ungrateful woman like me to the core."

That was good. With Jordan's character, if he hated her, he would not pester her anymore.

But why was there so much reluctance and melancholy deep inside her?

"Mom, why didn't Jordan come to play with me?" Eden couldn't help but ask as he hadn't seen Jordan for a few days.

"Jordan will never come again," Irene replied.

"Why? Is he busy?" asked Eden.

"No." Irene did not know how to answer Eden.

"Mom, did Jordan abandon us?"

Irene was caught tongue-tied, sadness sparkling in her eyes. Eden noticed it and reached out to hug her. "Mommy, don't be sad. I will not leave you. I will accompany you for the rest of my life!"

"Oh, my dearest son!" Tears glistened in Irene's eyes as she hugged Eden tightly.