

# Revenge Against My Ex-husband

## Chapter 85 The Truth

Margaret had a huge shock when she heard that Edric risked being hit by a car to save Irene. He had already gotten hurt because of her the time before. Margaret increasingly felt that Irene would only bring bad luck. If this went on, Irene would be the death of Edric.

She had to get Irene out of San Fetillo as soon as possible! Marie said that Irene's house had been burned down and she had nowhere to stay. Furthermore, she had also lost her job. It seemed like it was the right time to add fuel to the fire. Margaret would use this to negotiate with Irene and persuade her to leave San Fetillo.

Margaret felt like now was her window of opportunity. She gave Irene a phone call.

"Mrs. Myers? What is it?" Irene spoke in an aloof tone; hearing Margaret's voice made her uneasy.

"Well, I just saw the news and found out what happened to your home. I sympathize with you," Margaret said.

Pigs were probably about to fly at Margaret's call of concern. She should be the happiest person on earth at Irene's predicament. Irene did not reply; she wanted to see what Margaret would say next.

Margaret continued, "I know things are difficult for you now. You are now jobless and homeless. It must be hard having to raise your son and your uncle. I've thought about it, and I want to help you."

"Would you really be so nice?" Irene questioned.

"Irene, we used to be family after all. I don't feel any better looking at your situation like this. I wasn't born a cruel woman, we just had different points of view. In fact, I'm a mother just like you are. On behalf of that, please accept my suggestion. If you can leave San Fetillo, I'll give you money. I guarantee that you won't be able to finish spending it for the rest of your life. You won't have to struggle so hard, and your son can get the best education money can buy. Please think about it," Margaret persuaded.

"Margaret Myers, San Fetillo is my home. This is where I grew up! Why should I leave? Weren't you and Edric doing fine in Alsburg City? Why did you guys come here? If you're so worried about him, take him and leave. Why do you have to force me instead?" Irene roared at the phone. "I'm staying in San Fetillo even if I end up on the streets. I won't leave, ever!"

After that, she hung up the phone. Her heart was in a mess. What was wrong with Margaret?

In the evening, Irene told Kinsey, who came over for a visit, everything Margaret had said. Kinsey was equally exasperated. Why was that old witch so insistent?

"Irene, I think you should accept her offer. Take the money she gives. You're not holding onto Edric anyway. This money is what his family owes you; don't turn it down for nothing," Kinsey said.

"I know, but I don't want to have anything to do with them. Not even a little bit," Irene replied.

"You're just too stubborn!" Kinsey sighed.

After staying in the hospital for another week, Irene was no longer in pain. She was ready for discharge, but the doctor thought otherwise. He claimed that the higher-ups in the government had made a request to the hospital. He could only allow her to leave when her wounds were completely healed.

Irene knew that this must be Steven's doing. She had no choice but to return to her ward. Soon after, the door was pushed open and Edric came in with a thermos flask. He asked, "Are you feeling better today?"

Irene stayed mute and looked at him coldly. He paid no mind to her indifference as he opened up the flask and poured out the soup. He handed it to Irene and said, "Have some of this!"

"Can you stop showing up in front of me?" Irene did not take the soup.

"I can. I'll leave after you finish the soup." Edric held the container in front of her. She took it and drank it all in one go. "I'm done. You can go now."

He did not leave. Instead, he started tidying up. "Don't worry about the house. I've one prepared; you can move into it once you're discharged. And for your job..."

"Edric Myers, I don't need your charity!" Irene interrupted him. She was still furious from Margaret's phone call that day.

"Why did you come to San Fetillo? The world is so big; why did you come here and force everything on me? Will you only be happy once I'm dead?"

"Irene, I'm not trying to force you. I just want to help you!" Edric looked at her as his heart ached for her.

"Get out!" Irene pointed at the door. Her life had changed ever since she met him.

If it were not for him, she would have found a stable job after graduation and lived an ordinary but fulfilling life.

She would not have had to go through all this pain and suffering, nor would she have faced such humiliation. "Edric Myers, get the hell out of here. I never want to see you again for the rest of my life!"

Edric furrowed his eyebrows, the emotions in his eyes unreadable. He eventually let out a low sigh. "Okay, I'll go."

She was injured and was at her most vulnerable point right now. No matter how vicious she was, he did not want to provoke her any further. Standing at the corner of the corridor, he lit a cigarette.

He did everything in his power to move his company's operations center from Alsburg City to San Fetillo. This was because San Fetillo was her hometown. People said to never forget their roots. He believed that she would come back one day.

Well, she had indeed come back to San Fetillo, but everything had unfolded in a way out of his control. It was as if they were strangers. She hated him to his bones. How could he change all of this? Edric threw away the cigarette butt and turned around irritably, only to notice a man striding across the corridor.

Steven?

Seeing Steven entering her ward, Irene was cautious. "What are you doing here?"

"Irene, my child, you've suffered so much!" Steven was about to hold her hand before she avoided his grasp. He retracted his hand dejectedly. "Irene, I'm sorry!"

"Mr. Cook, would an apology change anything?" Irene glared at him. There were two people she hated the most in the world. One was Edric, and the other was Steven.

"You'd better stay away from me. You're now in the prime of your career. If someone were to find out that you had an affair, you wouldn't last very long in your seat."

"I was wrong back then. I didn't have an affair. I never thought of betraying your mother. Deborah is her friend. I met her when I was on a business trip, I was drunk and..." Steven pulled his hair as he spoke.

"I've always felt so guilty to Myra. I didn't expect Deborah to be pregnant and give birth to Lily. After Myra passed away, Deborah showed up with Lily at my doorstep. At that time, people were reporting me for unethical and immoral behavior. I thought about how hard it must have been for her to raise Lily alone all those years. In order to compensate her, I..."

Steven did not dare to look at Irene. He rambled on and on about what happened that year. Irene looked at him in disdain. "Are you telling me that you have no feelings for Deborah? And that you married her for the sake of your reputation and career?"

His face turned red. Her harsh words were right on point.

She sneered. "You said you loved Myra, but I don't see any love from you at all. If what happened that year was an accident, why didn't you explain it to her? Why did you choose to keep it a secret?"

If Steven had told Myra the truth, she would not have been heartbroken when she found it out herself. She would not have left home, leading up to the car accident. If he really loved her so much, he would never have married Deborah, a woman from an affair, just for the sake of keeping his power!

"To you, power is always the top priority. Your words about how much you love my mother and me are all utter nonsense. When your power is jeopardized, you'll always choose that over anything else," Irene said.

Steven pleaded, "Irene, forgive me. I'm a coward; I know I was wrong. I won't leave you alone again. I've asked Deborah to prepare a room for you. Move back and let me take care of you. I won't let you get hurt ever again!"

"Mr. Cook, you'd better think this through. If someone were to bring up the past, could you still continue on with your career?" Irene asked.

"I've made up my mind, you don't have to worry about me. Nothing will happen out of it," he assured.

"That means you've already prepared an excuse in advance." Irene sneered. She was wondering why Steven had suddenly shown up and asked her to move back.

It seemed like he had already handled everything that might come after. He was not worried about being exposed. She felt a wave of melancholy and irony. This was her father, the man that her mother had loved so dearly. Yet in his heart, there was no place for family, only power.

"I won't move back. If you insist on me going back, get that b\*tch and her daughter to move out!" she declared.

"Irene!" Steven was startled.

"You don't have to say anything else. I won't go back. Leave!"

He sighed heavily. He got up and left the ward.

After Steven left, Edric came in. Irene was surprised to find him still here. "Why are you here again?"

"Irene, what's your relationship with Steven?" Edric stared at her.

"Our relationship?" Irene scoffed. Since Edric had not left, he must have overheard their conversation. She did not want to hide it anymore either. "He's my father. Are you satisfied with this answer, Mr. Myers?"

"He's your father?" He finally confirmed his guess. He should have realized it earlier. The photo in Steven's study was not Irene, but Irene's mother. "How could this be?"

"Isn't it surprising?" Irene chuckled without emotion. "Steven had an affair and ended up having an illegitimate daughter. My mother was so distressed by it that she ran out of the house and got into a car accident. After her death, he brought his mistress and daughter home. That's it."

"Why didn't you tell me the truth?" Edric pressed on.

"Tell you? Why should I?" She stared at him mockingly. "Are you going to say that if I had told you my father was a politician, Margaret would be impressed? And you would have support in your business, and you wouldn't have gone in an affair with Lily?"

"Irene Nelson, have you ever loved me, even for once?" If she had been honest about her identity, Margaret would not have treated her that way. She would not have objected to Edric and Irene's relationship, and they could have lived happily ever after.

However, she had kept her identity a secret. They were husband and wife, but she hid it from him. Edric felt sorrow well up in his heart.

Irene wanted to burst out laughing. He had the nerve to ask if she loved him! If she did not love him, would she have married him? Would she have endured the endless humiliation from Margaret for three whole years? Was he in the position to question her love for him?

Ever since he had an affair with Lily and gotten her pregnant, Irene had given up all hope in him. He did not deserve her love!

"Edric Myers! I've never loved you at all! Never!"

Listening to her cold and ruthless words, Edric was about to lose his mind. He raised his fist at her. She looked at his bloodshot eyes and contorted expression, snickering. "Are you furious because of your own shamelessness? Are you going to resort to hitting me now?"

Looking at her fearless gaze, he punched the headboard of the bed. He turned around and strode out of the ward before he left the hospital immediately.

Irene was Steven's daughter. She must hate Deborah for being in an affair and marrying Steven. That hate probably extended to Lily too. If that was the case, why did Lily choose to be the surrogate? Did she not know how much this would hurt Irene?

As Edric drove his car, he made a phone call to Lily. "Come out for a while. I have something to ask you."