

## Revenge Against My Ex-husband

### Chapter 97 Not A Good Person

The name Dave shifted Thomas' expression slightly, but Irene didn't notice it. Since Jordan had said that Dave was hiding in San Fetillo and Thomas had been living in San Fetillo for quite some time, Irene reckoned that perhaps Thomas had heard of Dave before. "By the way, Uncle Thomas, in all your years in San Fetillo, have you ever heard of a person named Dave Walker?"

"Nope!" Thomas replied.

"Ah, I'm not thinking straight. If Dave is hiding in San Fetillo, there is no way he would reveal his real name," Irene mocked herself.

"Irene, why are you guys looking for this Dave guy?" Thomas questioned.

Irene told Thomas about the stadium design. "If we can get Dave to design it, then the chances of the Golden Age Group winning will be high. If we can't find him, it will likely end with a tie with the Myers Group."

Thomas seemed to consider her statement carefully. "Irene, heaven helps the worthy. Perhaps you'll find Dave."

"I know you're trying to comfort me, but even if we find Dave, there's no guarantee he would be willing to help. What's more, we're not sure if we can find him either." Irene shook her head.

"God will definitely help you," Thomas repeated.

Looking at the time, Irene realized it was already noon. "Uncle Thomas, let's go out for a meal today. We'll have your favorite dish."

Thomas nodded and headed out of the door with Irene.

When Irene returned to the Cook family in the evening, Steven arrived home at the same time too. Deborah kindly handed him his slippers while Lily helped take Steven's briefcase from him. On the other hand, Irene, who was following behind, watched them with a derisive smile on her face.

Deborah was really gentle and considerate to Steven. It was no wonder that Steven would believe all her words.

As Deborah noticed Irene's disdainful smile, she immediately announced, "I made Irene's favorite dish tonight."

"My favorite dish? Did I hear you right? Mrs. Cook, you actually know what I like to eat?" Irene squealed, feigning a look of surprise.

"I told her last night," Steven chimed in.

"Mr. Cook, I'm flattered that you remember what I like to eat!" Irene's smile grew wider, the hint of mockery even more obvious this time. She then walked over to the dining room to glance at the dishes on the table. "Mr. Cook, are you sure these are all my favorites?"

"You liked these when you were a kid," said Steven as he walked over.

"Infants love to drink milk too! Mr. Cook, tell me, do you really think that people drink milk when they are adults because of that?" she chided.

At that, Steven stiffened awkwardly. Nevertheless, Irene didn't relent, instead, she pressed on further, "Mr. Cook, you'd better enjoy the meal Mrs. Cook prepared for you. Let me know when you're done eating; I have something to tell you."

Steven froze. "You're not eating?"

"I mean, oh my, these chicken steaks aren't zombie steaks, are they? I heard on TV that there is a lot of zombie meat that has been frozen for hundreds of years now. I'm sure I'll turn into a zombie if I eat it. I'd rather eat pizza!" Irene sneered. She was determined to make them lose their appetites with her words.

Irene's purposeful remarks made all of their stomachs churn at once. Lily couldn't hold it in any longer. She blurted, "Mom made these specially for you. Don't describe it in such a disgusting manner even if you don't appreciate it."

"Disgusting? I am just reminding you, otherwise, you might regret it after you turn into a zombie after eating it."

At those words, Lily's face turned blue with anger. She knew Irene was deliberately trying to repulse her and Deborah. Lily decided enough was enough. She dropped her act and shouted, "Irene, Dad has already given you the urban construction project as you wish. He's even agreed to your demands for the sports tournament. What more do you want?"

"What do I want?" Irene smirked cheerfully at Lily. "I want you all to get out of this house, is that okay?"

"You..."

"Let me say it again, the urban construction project was awarded to the Golden Age Group based on its own merit. As for the sports tournament, Mr. Cook, I thought we agreed to a fair fight. Miss Cook, don't worry! You're Mr. Cook's sweetheart, and Edric is Mr. Cook's ideal son-in-law. He certainly won't treat you both badly!"

"Don't be so sarcastic," scolded Lily. "Dad initially promised me the sports tournament project, yet it turned into a fair fight because of you. He obviously favors you. Why aren't you grateful to him?"

"He favors me? Is that so, Mr. Cook?" Irene cast a glance at Steven. "Well, even the best lies aren't foolproof. Mr. Cook, you should know better than anyone else about what is going on, right?"

Steven's face turned red before it paled quickly. He had wanted to take the time to talk to Irene about that matter, but he didn't expect her to find out so soon. "Irene!" he gasped.

"Your illegitimate daughter thinks you favor me so much that you are going to mistreat her husband. Mr. Cook, why don't you make it clear to them who you really care for? Is it me or is it your illegitimate daughter and her mistress mother?"

"Irene, it wasn't my intention to conceal this matter. The state just issued the document, and I only learned about it today."

"Did you hear that? It's not that Mr. Cook is biased, but the state has issued a document. For him, you two are always first. Otherwise, he wouldn't have cheated on his wife and raised an illegitimate daughter knowing that he would lose his job," jabbed Irene viciously. Jeering, she turned in her heel to leave.

As she climbed up the stairs, Irene was thrilled to see their expressions. She was sure their dinner was ruined. In fact, she was content with her own performance. She reminded them gleefully, "Mr. Cook, take your time. Call me when you're done."

Naturally, Steven, Deborah, and Lily had a very unpleasant dinner. The food on the table was practically left untouched. Steven only had a few sips of soup before he got up and left the dining hall.

As they watched him go upstairs to find Irene, Deborah and Lily looked at each other. Lily put down her cutlery. "Mom, I can't have this. It's too disgusting!"

"Let's not eat it then. We'll go out for a late-night snack later." Deborah also felt sick to her stomach.

"Mom, will we feel this sick every day with Irene around?" Lily huffed as she looked upstairs.

"No. She'll be fine after a few days of whining." Deborah lowered her voice. "The fact that she's fussing proves that she's not happy. Something probably pissed her off before she arrived home. Got it?"

Lily nodded. "Mom, wasn't there a rumor that she and Jordan were in a relationship? But I saw Jordan at an event the other day with an actress standing next to him. He's a playboy. Mom, do you think it's because Jordan dumped her that she's in a bad mood?"

"Keep your voice down!" Deborah stopped Lily. She peeked at Maisey in the kitchen. "Watch out for eavesdroppers. We'll talk about this later."

Meanwhile, Steven knocked gently on Irene's room door. As soon as she opened the door, Irene asked, "Mr. Cook, dinner's over?"

"Irene!" Steven entered her room and tried to explain himself. "I didn't mean to keep this from you. I just found out about it and I was going to tell you at the right moment..."

"Hold up!" Irene stopped Steven from continuing to talk. "Mr. Cook, let's get down to business. I have returned to the Cook family as you requested. When are you going to give me the assets?"

Steven was taken aback. He hadn't expected Irene to be so straightforward and direct in jumping him for the assets. "In a few days."

"When exactly?" Irene pursued.

"Irene, are you in need of money?" Steven asked tentatively.

"Yes!"

"Then how about I give you the money I've saved over the past few years?" Steven suggested.

"What about those properties? Are you not going to give it to me?" Irene fired back.

"Of course they are yours, but only after Lily gets married," Steven explained.

"You mean, if Lily doesn't get married for the rest of her life, I'll never get it?" Irene questioned mockingly. "Mr. Cook, please explain it clearly. Are you planning all of this because you are afraid that I will steal your precious daughter's man?"

"Irene, you've misunderstood me!" Steven was put in an awkward position. He had made it very clear to Deborah and Lily that all of his property would be Irene's after Lily married Edric. Since Lily had not married yet, naturally these properties could not be touched. After all, it was not a small amount of money. If Deborah knew what he was hiding, with her greed, she would definitely create unnecessary trouble.

Of course, Steven's biggest concern now was not Deborah's greed, but the fact that those properties couldn't be discovered at the moment.

"Okay, Mr. Cook, forget it. You don't have to explain anything!" Irene spat impatiently. It seemed that it was not easy to get his so-called properties. She didn't have much hope for him to give them to her right away anyway.

However, judging from Steven's behavior in the past few days, he was indeed not a person worthy of sympathy. Irene felt stupid for feeling emotional the other day when she had spotted white hair on his head.

A man who cheated on his wife was never a good person. It applied to both Steven and Edric. She vowed to remember never to have any hopes on them ever again.

Meanwhile, Margaret was unaware that the sports tournament project was going to be conducted in a fair manner. She had spent the last two days thinking about Irene. Back then, she was the one who ordered Irene to leave the house, for she hated Irene very much at the time. She had waited months to see her grandson born alive, but Irene made it impossible.

Therefore, her anger had erupted like a volcano and she had forced Edric to divorce Irene by death. On top of that, she had even forced Irene to leave the family. As Margaret had known that Irene would go against her, she thought she could just give Irene a little money as child support and shoo her away.

However, she didn't expect Irene to be so hard-headed. If she had known that Irene had Steven as her backer, she would not have treated Irene so badly. As the saying went, it was better to squash enmity rather than keeping it alive. She had to find Irene and set things straight. As long as Irene stopped stirring up trouble, Margaret would be willing to pay a fortune.

With that in mind, she asked Lily for Irene's phone number and called her. Meanwhile, Irene jumped in surprise when she received a call from Margaret. She thought she had seen a ghost! As she was very disgusted with Margaret, Irene simply hung up the phone after hearing only one word from her.

But Margaret was undeterred. She actually found Irene's company! Faced with Margaret's pestering, Irene had no choice but to follow her to a nearby cafe.

Margaret forced a smile. "Irene, I came to see you today because there are some things I want to clear up with you—"

However, Irene cut her off, "Mrs. Myers, we're just strangers. I don't think there's anything left to clear up."

Margaret ignored her retort. "I forced Edric to do it, and Edric didn't want to. Blame me if you want to!"

"Mrs. Myers, if that nonsense is all you have to say, I don't have time for it!" Irene rose to her feet. "Let me make this clear, I don't want to see any of your family members. Please be aware of your actions."

"Irene, I know I wronged you, but I can make it up to you!" Margaret grew anxious.

"How so?" Irene glanced at her, her eyes full of ridicule.

"I can give you a sum of money. Here is the cheque." Margaret handed her a cheque. "If you are not satisfied with the amount, we can discuss it again."

"As expected of a rich person. What a generous offer," Irene tsked. "But Mrs. Myers, are you sure you want to give me this money? Are you sure you want to give it to me without a condition?"

"I hope you'd stop giving Edric a hard time," Margaret voiced.

"Giving Edric a hard time? Who's Edric? Is it an animal?" Irene asked rhetorically.

At her response, Margaret's face flushed red. "Irene, what do you want exactly?"

"Nothing. That's exactly what I want." Irene shrugged her shoulders. "Mrs. Myers, unless your ears aren't working well, I think I've made myself extremely clear."

As soon as the words left her mouth, the door was pushed open.