

My Ex husband 8

Chapter 8 A Great Gift

For the past three years, as Irene had never paid attention to news about Edric, was unaware that he had yet to marry his mistress Lily. Jordan sneered coldly and remarked, "Since Myers is getting engaged to a secretary's daughter, I'll have to prepare a great gift for them anyhow." "What would you like to give, Mr. Reed?" "What should I give? How would I know what I should give?" Jordan rebutted and glanced towards Irene before he instructed, "I'll leave this to you. Go pick a gift." "I... I know nothing about gifts. Mr. Reed, please task someone else with this," Irene immediately rejected, for she was obviously unwilling to pick a gift for the scumbag Edric and his wretched mistress. "Well, you could always learn," Jordan rebutted. His favorite past time was to torment Irene. Irene was already 27 years old now and yet she did not dress herself up or apply any makeup and neither does she have a boyfriend. Thus, Jordan felt a strange sense of repulsion towards Irene ever since he first met her. If it wasn't for Nathan's sake, he would never accept a woman like her as his assistant. On the first day of work, he already warned her that he disliked woman who wore glasses and had instructed her to wear contact lenses when she was at work. However, she chose to defy him and continued to disgust him with her old-fashioned black rimmed glasses every single day. "Well, since you chose to ignore my instructions, then you can't blame me for this. I couldn't ignore the favour that Nathan had asked of me but I could certainly torture you, couldn't I?" he thought. When Jordan saw how awkward Irene was, he felt extremely pleased and continued, "I'll leave everything to you then. If Edric is dissatisfied with the gift, I'll fire you right away." "Yes," Irene agreed reluctantly and let out a silent sigh. Jordan was due to meet some clients at noon and took Irene along with him. As usual, Jordan would drink and fool around after he was done with business. As Jordan was an infamous playboy, he and the clients were served by the top girls in the club in a private room. After a few drinks, the men gradually began to grope and fondle the girls beside them. Deciding not to be an eyesore, Irene quickly got up and informed, "Mr. Reed, I'll wait for you outside." "Run along then. Don't stray too far, lest I can't get hold of you," Jordan threatened. "I won't. I'll wait for you by the door," Irene promised and lowered her head as she made her way out. Seeing that, someone asked Jordan, "Mr. Reed, why would you get such an ugly lady to be your assistant? Don't you find her an eyesore?" "Of course I do. The sight of her face never keeps me standing," Jordan agreed maliciously. All the men in the private room roared with laughter and Irene hastened her pace and went out of the room quickly. As Jordan had forbidden her from straying too far, she stood on stand by at the corridor outside the private room. There happened to be a group of people crowded around a man walking over. When Irene saw the spirited middle-aged man surrounded by people, she instantly lowered her head and stared at her toes. Steven Cook was about to leave with his group but all of a sudden, as if he could sense that something was amiss, turned around. He looked at Irene who kept her head down. Irene was his daughter after all. Though she was dressed in old-style, he recognized her at once. A look of surprise flashed in his eyes. He said something to his secretary and walked towards Irene in stride, "Irene, when did you return?" Irene raised her head and stared at Steven indifferently before she replied, "Do you have business with me, Mr. Cook?" Steven gazed at his daughter lovingly and was not the least affected by Irene's attitude towards him. "Where have you been? Daddy has been searching for you during the past three years. Why haven't you called me?" "Daddy? My father passed away a long time ago," Irene retorted icily. "Irene," Steven pleaded. Although he was a respectable secretary in the eyes of the public, he could never put on airs and be fierce to his daughter. "You haven't eaten, have you? Let's go and have a meal." "That's not necessary. Mr. Cook,

your sweet wife and loving daughter are waiting for you at home. Just accompany them." "Irene," Steven called out and reached over to grab hold of his daughter's hand. "Let's have a meal together," he begged. "Let go of me!" Irene yelled and tried to shake off his hand. However, Steven held her hand so tightly that she couldn't get released at all. "Mr. Cook, I won't go easy on you if you keep this up." "Irene!" "What are you guys playing at?" a voice interrupted.