

My Ex-wife Is Beautiful After Divorce

Chapter 12 - Flirting Around

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Song Nian took a step back and said, "I'm just here to watch."

The man beside her reached out and took over the skewer, "Sure, I'll make one for you."

Song Nian turned to look at him, "Oh, I haven't gotten your name yet."

The man smiled, "Shen Cong, my name is Shen Cong. Sorry about what I said before. I hope you don't mind."

Song Nian knew that he was talking about how he claimed to be her boyfriend. She shook her head, "It's okay." No one would believe that anyway.

Zheng Chengyang sat in his seat and kept his eyes on Song Nian and Shen Cong. After a while, he moved closer to Qi Yu, "Boss, look at Madam..."

Qi Yu looked at him expressionlessly, and Zheng Chengyang immediately corrected himself, "Look at Song Nian, she's flirting around!"

Song Nian, who Zheng Chengyang said was flirting around, was now quietly standing beside Shen Cong and watching him barbecue. Her eyes did not move as if she was in a daze.

Qi Yu glanced toward the bonfire, and Zheng Chengyang's rueful words rang in his ears, "But Song Nian is really pretty. Just by standing there, she outclassed the people around her."

Qi Yu unhurriedly touched his wine glass. Everyone acknowledged that Song Nian was good-looking. Back then, when the old man forced him to marry Song Nian, his mother persuaded him by saying, "At least this girl is pretty. The children you'll have with her wouldn't be too bad either."

At that time, it seemed that the only good thing about Song Nian was her good looks. Now, Song Nian was wearing a black floral dress. Her fishbone braids were obediently hanging on her collarbone. She stood there, and the people around her instantly faded into the background.

The way she looked right now was as if she was still an unmarried young lady.

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Zheng Chengyang stared at her for a while and sighed from the bottom of his heart, "Boss, why don't you like such a pretty young lady?"

Qi Yu looked at Song Nian, then retracted his gaze and said in a straight voice, "It's nothing but appearance."

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Zheng Chengyang was stunned for a moment, then lowered his head awkwardly. Well, Song Nian really didn't have anything else besides her good looks. Her family background wasn't good, and she didn't graduate from a famous university. Before she married Qi Yu, she didn't even have a decent job.

Therefore, when the news of her marrying Qi Yu spread, many people didn't believe it. Any one of the girls going after Qi Yu was better than Song Nian. Who would have thought that someone like Song Nian eventually married Qi Yu?

Zheng Chengyang lowered his head and looked at the sand under his feet, not knowing what to say.

The woman beside Qi Yu didn't hear their conversation. She looked around and then moved closer to Qi Yu, "Mr. Qi, it's quite boring sitting here. Do you want to take a look around?"

Qi Yu thought for a moment and nodded, "Okay."

Qi Yu's business partners sent this woman, so it seemed like she had other intentions. However, Qi Yu did not really care. He only came to Hainan this time to talk about business.

The woman stood up happily and followed Qi Yu along the beach. Zheng Chengyang followed closely behind. It was apparent that this woman had covert intentions toward Qi Yu. Her eyes were so fiery that they were about to tear off his boss's clothes.

He did not like this woman. At least up until now, Song Nian was the only person he could identify as the lady boss.

As they walked along the beach, Qi Yu talked about the business. The woman covered her mouth and teased, "I've always heard that Mr. Qi is a workaholic. I didn't really believe it. But now that I've finally seen it, Mr. Qi doesn't forget to talk about work even though it's such a good opportunity to unwind."

Qi Yu smiled, "I wouldn't have been here if it wasn't for work."

The woman's expression froze, then she laughed again. She personally invited Qi Yu out at night. At that time, Qi Yu agreed very readily. She thought that the two of them had an unspoken understanding to have some fun tonight, but she didn't expect that all that was in this man's mind was actually work.

However, her intention wasn't to talk about work.

The more the two of them walked forward, the fewer people there were. Zheng Chengyang gritted his teeth and followed behind them. At the same time, he took out his phone and nagged Song Nian on Wechat, saying that she didn't seize the opportunity. It wasn't easy to meet Qi Yu in such a romantic place. How could she be so easily fooled by another man!

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After Song Nian finished reading the message, she deleted it. Coincidentally, Shen Cong had also finished roasting the skewers. Song Nian smiled and took it, "Thank you."

Shen Cong took some refreshing juice and handed it to Song Nian. He asked, "Do you know those people?"

Song Nian was stunned, "Why do you say that?"

Shen Cong scratched his head and felt a little embarrassed, "It's just a strange feeling. The way they looked at you was odd."

Song Nian held the juice in his hand and said after a while, "No, I don't know them. How would I know those people?"

Chapter 13: Your Boss is Not a Good Man Either

Song Nian and Shen Cong hung out around the bonfire for a while. When they returned to their seats, there was no one there. She did not mind and sat down.

She had just drunk two glasses of wine on an empty stomach and had eaten a lot of meat skewers. Her stomach felt a little bloated. Song Nian took a sip of fruit juice to try and suppress it, but it was of no use.

Shen Cong was roasting meat by the bonfire. The hot air made him sweat, but he still had a smile on his face. He discussed with Song Nian, "I just saw the weather forecast

saying the weather will be a fine day tomorrow. Let's go out together. I'll set the route, and you'll be in charge of having fun. How about that?"

Song Nian was not in the mood to think about tomorrow. She said lightly, "Let's talk about it tomorrow."

The food near the stage had all been removed. Everyone gathered around the bonfire, ready to sing and dance. This was the main event of the bonfire banquet. Shen Cong took a look and took the initiative, "Then let's go over there? It looks quite fun and lively."

Song Nian shook her head, "You go ahead. I want to rest here for a while. My stomach isn't feeling well."

Shen Cong hurriedly asked, "What's wrong?"

Song Nian pressed her stomach with one hand and frowned uncomfortably, "It should be gastritis. Can you please go to the front desk and ask if there's any medicine?"

Her face was indeed not looking too good now. The redness from all the roasting by the bonfire was gone. Her beautiful face was looking a little pale.

Shen Cong quickly stood up, "Sure, wait for me here. I'll be right back."

Song Nian sat on the chair and waited for Shen Cong to walk away before slowly standing up. She walked in the opposite direction along the beach. The further she walked, the quieter the sounds of the bonfire banquet became. The waves lashed against the rocks. Song Nian found a rock and sat down. The sea breeze blew past her ears, bringing with it a hint of coolness.

Song Nian's tense nerves could finally relax. She was considering whether or not she should travel somewhere else. She would always bump into Qi Yu, so how could she find peace in her heart? The person she liked was always in front of her, so how could she forget him?

Song Nian sat there for a long time until the sounds from the beach gradually disappeared. Then, she climbed down from the rock and slowly walked toward the hotel.

After taking two steps, someone called out her name loudly from behind, "Song Nian, you're here!"

Song Nian knew it was Zheng Chengyang the moment she heard his voice. She pretended not to hear him and quickened her steps. Zheng Chengyang was unhappy and chased after her, "Are you pretending to be deaf? I know you heard me calling you!"

Song Nian looked back at him reluctantly. Her gaze passed Zheng Chengyang, and she did not see Qi Yu, "Where's your boss? Isn't he with you?"

Zheng Chengyang shrugged, "So you're still thinking about your ex-husband. I thought you didn't care anymore. Don't worry. He went back to the hotel first. I was going to go back with him, but I thought it wasn't safe for a little girl like you to be alone with a strange man, so I came out to look for you."

Song Nian snorted, "There are so many people at the beach. What's not safe about that?"

Zheng Chengyang and Song Nian walked toward the hotel together, "Let me tell you. You might be out here for a vacation, but you have to keep your eyes open and stay away from those people who have ulterior motives. For example, that man tonight. It's obvious that he's not a good person."

Song Nian stopped in her tracks and turned to look at him, "Your boss is also hanging out with that woman tonight. Is he not a good person?"

Zheng Chengyang's expression froze, and then he looked at Song Nian, very pleased with himself, "Yo, are you jealous?" After he said that, he leaned over in a gossipy way, "Tell me honestly, are you unable to let go of my boss? If you can't let go, I can actually..."

"You must be joking."

Song Nian snickered and interrupted him, "It's not easy for me to be single again and have an entire forest to myself. Why would I miss your boss's crooked tree?"

Zheng Chengyang clicked his tongue, "If my boss hears what you're saying, he'll probably be upset."

Song Nian's voice was light, "What does it have to do with me whether he's upset or not?"

The two of them walked slowly to the hotel entrance. The staff was cleaning up the area of the bonfire banquet. They paused for a moment to make room for the staff.

Zheng Chengyang was quiet for less than two minutes before he could not help but nag again, "But you still have to be careful with the man who's trying to court you today. He's in such a hurry. It's obvious that he doesn't have good intentions."

Song Nian turned to look at him, "Then what kind of man has good intentions?" Without waiting for Zheng Chengyang to answer, she continued sarcastically, "Is it someone as sanctimonious and aloof as your boss?"

Zheng Chengyang was stunned. He stared at Song Nian carefully for a long time before he said, "Did you eat anything spicy earlier today? Why are your words so fiery?"

Chapter 14: Please Come Over

Song Nian pursed her lips, "No." But, just the thought of Qi Yu would upset her.

Zheng Chengyang sighed, "Don't mind my nagging. I'm doing this for your own good. You're a pretty girl out here by yourself. You could easily come across people who are interested in you. If you're not careful, you'll be taken advantage of."

"Taken advantage? How could I be taken advantage of? These things are consensual." Song Nian leaned lazily against the wall while waiting for the elevator.

Zheng Chengyang was shocked by her words. Song Nian glanced at his widened eyes and continued, "Why are you surprised? We're all adults. Aren't these things normal? I'm not an inexperienced young girl."

Zheng Chengyang blinked a few times.

Song Nian raised her eyebrows, "What? Are your eyes cramping?"

Zheng Chengyang opened his mouth, but before he could say anything, Song Nian heard a very familiar voice from behind her, "Zheng Chengyang, didn't you bring your cell phone downstairs? Why are you not picking up my calls?"

Song Nian's body froze. She paused for a moment before she slowly turned around. Qi Yu was standing not far away from her. His expression was the same as usual, and nothing was strange about it. Therefore, she was unsure if he had heard what she had just said.

Either way, Song Nian did not feel sorry. She turned around and looked at Zheng Chengyang, "If you have something to do, I'll leave first." After saying that, she didn't wait for Zheng Chengyang to reply. She swaggered into the elevator and passed by Qi Yu and didn't even glance at him.

Qi Yu stood there alone. The woman who had been with him earlier had disappeared, but Song Nian didn't care. Qi Yu suddenly turned around and looked at Song Nian when she passed him by.

The light in the hotel lobby was bright. One could clearly see Song Nian's slightly pale face. Her makeup was radiant today. Her hair was a little messed up in the sea breeze, and it draped loosely over her shoulders, making her look a little fragile.

Qi Yu had never seen Song Nian like this. He and Song Nian didn't spend much time together in the past. She was quiet, obedient, and even a little obsequious and compliant most of the time— he didn't like Song Nian like that.

Song Nian took the elevator back to her room. Her stomach was still a little upset, and she felt like throwing up. Her stomach problems had accumulated over the years. Before she married Qi Yu, her life had been hard, and she was often starved. That's how her stomach problems started.

Song Nian poured herself a cup of hot water and looked down from the balcony. Qi Yu and Zheng Chengyang were standing at the hotel entrance, talking about something. Qi Yu suddenly raised his head and looked up and happened to make eye contact with her.

Song Nian was stunned. It would be too late to dodge now. She simply stood there and looked down at him. She didn't know what was wrong with Qi Yu, but he actually raised his head and looked at her, his expression somewhat focused.

In the end, Song Nian's stomach hurt so much that she moved his gaze away and returned to the room.

In the evening, she woke up in a daze from the pain. It was as if there was a big hand clutching and twisting her stomach. It was agonizing, and she couldn't throw up even if she wanted to, and her stomach was burning.

She struggled to get up. She didn't even turn on the lights. She rubbed her stomach as she walked into the bathroom and immediately threw up. She didn't eat much at night, so she threw up acid.

Song Nian reached toward the wall with her fingers. When she touched the light switch, she turned it on and saw that the sink was full of blood.

She wiped the corner of her mouth and didn't panic. This had happened before. She turned on the tap to flush out the blood and rinsed her mouth. After feeling better, she climbed back into bed. The clock on the wall pointed to one o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps it was the bleak, dark night that made her moody. Song Nian reckoned that no one would know even if she had died here with a stomach ache. She looked up at the ceiling, wanting to wait until dawn to go out and buy medicine, but it did not seem to work out. In less than ten minutes, her stomach began to act up again. After vomiting a pile of bloody acid, she braced herself and called Zheng Chengyang.

In her mind right now, the only person she could ask for help from was Zheng Chengyang.

Her stomach was throbbing in pain. She pressed hard, and cold sweat kept breaking out on her forehead. Her fingers trembled as she opened her phone's contact list. She narrowed her eyes and carefully confirmed the name on it before dialing the number.

The phone rang. Song Nian put her phone aside and pressed down on her stomach, shrinking into a ball.

The phone rang for a while before it was picked up, "Hello?"

The person on the other end of the phone seemed to have just been woken up. The voice was a little hoarse. Song Nian took a deep breath and forced herself to say, "Zheng Chengyang, I..." Before she could finish her sentence, the urge to throw up hit her again. She retched, "Ugh... I'm feeling a bit unwell. Can you come over for a moment..."

Her voice was weak, and she was completely focused on battling her stomach pain. "Are you alright?" The voice on the other end asked.

Chapter 15: Was It a Dream?

Song Nian was in so much pain that her entire body began to tremble. Cold sweat poured out freely across her body, "Please, please come over first."

After saying that, she struggled to get up and run to the bathroom. This time, she spat out a large mouthful of blood. Song Nian leaned against the wall with all her strength. She thought in a daze that she had also suffered from stomach bleeding in the past. She had seen several doctors, and they all said that she had to take good care of herself.

Perhaps it was because she had been in a bad mood for the past two days, and she had drunk too much alcohol. With this condition, she could not drown her sorrows away after the divorce. She had only drunk two times, and her stomach was already starting to protest and making such a scene.

Song Nian held onto the sink, and her vision went black. She did not know how she had walked from the bathroom to the bed. She only knew that when she lay in the bed, the person on the other end of the phone had not hung up yet. He shouted, "Song Nian! Song Nian, can you hear me? What's going on with you?"

Song Nian wanted to say that she heard him and stop nagging, but she really did not have the strength. Anyway, Zheng Chengyang had booked the hotel for her, and he knew the room number. So she felt that it was okay even if she did not answer.

Song Nian curled up and sighed deeply before she closed her eyes.

Thanks to Zheng Chengyang's big mouth, Qi Yu had long known Song Nian's room number. Seeing that there was no sound from the phone, he didn't even change his clothes and quickly went to the front desk.

There was someone on duty at the front desk. After hearing from Qi Yu, he didn't dare delay and went to Song Nian's room with her room key. When the door opened, he could see that the bathroom was lit up. In the dimmed light, Qi Yu saw Song Nian lying on the bed, curled up in a ball with sweat all over his face.

Qi Yu walked over quickly. "Song Nian? Song Nian?"

Song Nian had long passed out from the pain and did not respond. Qi Yu did not know the issues with Song Nian's health. Even though they had been married for almost a year, he did not know much about Song Nian.

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The situation was urgent. Qi Yu quickly picked Song Nian up. The hotel staff quickly went to get a car to send Song Nian to the hospital. On the way, Song Nian woke up from the pain. Qi Yu was just about to ask her if she was better before she vomited blood all over his body.

Qi Yu was so shocked that he couldn't care less about the mess on his body. As he cleaned Song Nian's mouth, he called out to her in a low voice, "Song Nian, Song Nian, wake up. Can you hear me?"

Song Nian opened her eyes in a daze. After seeing Qi Yu's face clearly, she stared at him for a long time, "Qi Yu? Why did I dream about you again?"

Qi Yu frowned, "This is not a dream. Are you still feeling unwell?"

How could it not be a dream? Only Qi Yu would care so much about her in a dream and hold her in his arms. Song Nian leaned into Qi Yu's embrace. Even in a dream, she cherished such a gentle Qi Yu, "It's okay, it's just a recurring disease."

She held Qi Yu's waist and sighed with a grievance in a low voice, "Why are you only good to me in a dream..." If he were nicer to her in reality, she wouldn't have felt so hopeless.

Qi Yu's movements froze.

The driver saw that Song Nian was starting to vomit blood, so he sped up to the hospital with trembling hands. Song Nian was very tired. Mentally and physically tired. She leaned into Qi Yu's arms and fell asleep again in a daze.

When they arrived at the hospital, the doctor immediately performed an endoscopy. Song Nian was bleeding in her stomach, and the doctor found several bleeding spots. When the series of examinations ended, Song Nian was still not awake, so the doctor immediately arranged for an empty ward.

Qi Yu's clothes were still full of Song Nian's blood, so he called Zheng Chengyang and asked him to send a set of clothes over. Zheng Chengyang still did not know what had happened. His voice was sleepy and confused. "Send clothes? Did you go to Song Nian's room in the middle of the night? Oh gosh, the two of you. Well, you don't have to change your clothes at night. You sleep in Song Nian's room for the night, and I'll send it to you tomorrow morning?"

Zheng Chengyang's thoughts had wandered off somewhere, thinking that Qi Yu had gone to Song Nian's room in the middle of the night to get into her bed.

Qi Yu gritted his teeth in anger, "I'm in the hospital now. Song Nian is in the hospital!"

Zheng Chengyang stood up with a bang, "You went to the hospital?! What did you guys do to end up in a hospital?!"

Qi Yu closed his eyes and suppressed the urge to hire another assistant. He said word by word, "Stop your thoughts and hurry over to the hospital to send me clothes!"

Zheng Chengyang quickly agreed, "Okay, okay, okay. I'll be there right away."

After hanging up Zheng Chengyang's call, Qi Yu slowly walked into the ward. Song Nian was in the middle of an IV drip. She was lying in the hospital bed, her face pale.

The VIP ward had better facilities. Qi Yu walked to the couch and sat down. He stared at Song Nian for a while before slowly withdrawing his gaze. He took out his phone to read the financial news to pass the time. However, after a while, he realized that he couldn't focus.

He decided to turn on his phone to check his Wechat Moments. There weren't many friends on this account of his. It was considered his private number. He only added his family and friends who were closer to him. Song Nian was also on his friends' list. He didn't know when she was added, but he could guarantee that he didn't add her personally.

Chapter 16: I Don't Really Want to See Him

After his Wechat Moments refreshed, the two selfies that Nian had posted earlier popped up. Her lips were bright red in the photos, and her teeth were snowy white. She

looked so delicate that water could be squeezed out. There was no way to tell that she was a married and divorced woman.

After staring at the photos for a while, he immediately deleted Song Nian's Wechat. They are divorced, and they should not be so involved with each other.

Zheng Chengyang arrived very quickly. He brought Qi Yu his whole set of clothes. He still didn't know why Song Nian was in the hospital. So when he saw Qi Yu covered in blood, he was shocked. "F*ck, are you that violent?"

Qi Yu couldn't be bothered with him. He took the clothes and went straight to the bathroom. Zheng Chengyang leaned over to the bedside and looked at Song Nian. Song Nian was still sleeping, and her expression wasn't too good, but she looked fine.

Qi Yu changed his clothes and came out of the bathroom. He glanced at Zheng Chengyang and said, "You can stay and take care of her. I'm going back to the hotel first."

Zheng Chengyang quickly stopped him, "You're leaving already? Aren't you going to stay and wait for Song Nian to wake up?"

Qi Yu walked out of the door, "No need."

When he reached the door, he stopped. He turned around to look at Song Nian on the bed and said to Zheng Chengyang, "Our trip in Hainan cannot be interrupted. You can do as you see fit here. If you really cannot manage, you can hire a nurse."

After saying that, he opened the door and left without waiting for Zheng Chengyang's reply.

Song Nian woke up at noon the next day. When she woke up, she was still a little absent-minded. She stared at the ceiling of the ward for a long time. Zheng Chengyang was playing games on the sofa. When he saw that Song Nian had woken up, he quickly finished the game and moved closer to the side of the bed, "Hey, you're awake. Are you still unwell?"

Song Nian carefully felt it and realized that her stomach was no longer hurting. She shook her head, "Actually, I am feeling fine." After saying that, she smiled gratefully at Zheng Chengyang, "Sorry for troubling you last night."

She remembered that she had called Zheng Chengyang yesterday when she couldn't take the pain anymore.

Zheng Chengyang hurriedly waved his hand, "No, no! I didn't send you here. It's your ex-husband."

Song Nian was stunned, "Qi Yu?"

"Who else could it be? Do you have another ex-husband?" Zheng Chengyang pulled a chair and sat down beside the bed. He said with a reprimanding voice, "Song Nian, tell me what's wrong with you. I asked the doctor. He said that your stomach was bleeding. You also had severe gastritis and stomach cramps. Your stomach is riddled with holes."

Song Nian got down from the hospital bed and waved her hand without a care, "It's an old problem."

She went to the bathroom to wash her face. After last night's ordeal, she was still quite weak. Zheng Chengyang followed her worriedly. Leaning against the door, he watched her brush her teeth and washed her face, "The doctor said that your condition is too serious and that you need to be hospitalized for a few days for observation. I still have work to do, so I can't stay in Hainan to keep you company."

Song Nian nodded, "It's okay. I'll be fine. If I need to, I can get a nurse."

Zheng Chengyang was actually worried about leaving Song Nian alone. "Why don't I talk to your ex-husband again and see if we can stay in Hainan for a few more days?"

"No need." Song Nian refused, "Your business is more important, and... I don't really want to see him."

Zheng Chengyang didn't know how to respond. The doctor had just told Song Nian to eat properly after waking up, so he quickly went out to buy food.

Actually, Song Nian wasn't really hungry. Her stomach didn't feel anything. She laid on the hospital bed. Qi Yu had always been a reliable person. When he sent her to the hospital, he didn't forget to bring her phone.

Song Nian felt that she should give Qi Yu a call to thank him, but he should be at work at this time, so she didn't want to disturb him. So, she opened Wechat and wanted to send him a thank-you message. However, before she could send the word 'thank you,' a red exclamation mark showed that Qi Yu had evidently deleted her from his Wechat friend list.

Song Nian was stunned. She stared at the chat window for a long time and finally smiled in resignation. Qi Yu was never sloppy when it came to things. If he didn't like her, then he didn't like her. After the divorce, they should never see each other again. There was no room for reconciliation at all.

Song Nian curled her lips and deleted Qi Yu from her friend list. Then, she put her phone to the side and turned to look out the window. She let out a long breath.

Song Nian thought Qi Yu wouldn't show up again. She didn't expect him to come over in the afternoon. He even brought some fruits. At that time, Song Nian was sitting in bed playing poker with Zheng Chengyang.

Qi Yu stopped when he reached the door. The door to the ward was open, and the two of them were chatting and laughing inside. Song Nian's voice sounded fine.

She smiled as she said to Zheng Chengyang, "You don't have to worry about me. I've seen a lot of doctors for my stomach in the past, and there's no cure for it. I can only take care of it. I just need to pay more attention to my diet in the future."