

# The Untouchable Ex- Wife

Chapter 811

“Yeah, you understand, right? A broken heart isn’t easy to mend – even if it was fixed, there’d still be cracks...” Renee said softly as her beautiful eyes teared up. She held her head up high, not wanting to let her tears fall. She refused to cry over that man again, especially when so many years had passed. It would be too humiliating.

“Honestly, for the longest time, I felt like my heart had crumbled to dust. I didn’t want marriage, I didn’t want love, I didn’t even want any type of relationship. I just believed that I would never become a bride again... until I met Mr. Q. For once, I felt like marriage could be a good thing...” Renee started thinking about their brief time together. Although it had been a mere facade orchestrated by her children and she had never taken it seriously, every minute she spent with the man had been blissful. No other man had made her feel that way before.

Hence, she really didn’t want her judgment to be wrong again.

“Yeah, Mr. Q does have a certain charm to him. He might not have had the best reputation back then, but I feel like he had his reasons. Especially four years ago, when he lost to Stefan Hunt, which left a scar on his face... That’s when I found that he was more like a victim of circumstance. He has a big heart, so he really does seem more suitable for marriage compared to Stefan Hunt...” Rosie shared many stories from Mr. Q’s past, having known him for a longer time.

“Everyone sees the Carmine Pawnshop as some kind of hellhole, and thinks we would sell anything for profit, even human lives. They just assume that we are immoral people, and that Mr. Q is the infamous ‘Night Demon’, the leader of this horrible place.”

“Some have even said he would resort to murder if it profited him, but I’ve never seen him commit any crimes, even after I joined the pawnshop. In fact, he’s actually helped a lot of others who were suffering like me...”

“I remember one night, we all heard loud wails in the front yard, and we were terrified. Rumors said that the ‘Night Demon’ ate babies, after all, and yet... Heh, did you know what he was actually doing?”

“What?” Renee stared at her curiously.

“He was helping a cat give birth! Can you imagine a grown man like him squatting in that pitch black yard, cheering for the mother cat? The cat was agitated though and scratched his hand, which made him cry out in pain. But people spread rumors saying he was so excited about eating children that he was crying out in glee... It was so ridiculous that we secretly laughed at him for a whole year!”

“It really is hard to imagine him helping a cat give birth!” Renee couldn’t help giggling. As the two continued to drink happily, Renee soon became drunk.

On the contrary, due to her background, Rosie had quite a high tolerance, and was still sober. “Miss Everheart, you’re drunk. We should head back.” She was worried Renee might not be able to walk later, and tried convincing her to stop.

“Head back? Nuh uh, we’re drinking like there’s no tomorrow... Waiter, get me another two bottles of beer!” Renee stumbled over and pushed Rosie back into her seat, slurring her words. “Come on, tell me more about Mr. Q! That guy’s such a comedian!”

“Well...” Just as Rosie was wondering what to do, she noticed that Renee’s phone was ringing.

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“Who the hell is calling?! So annoying!” Renee snapped as she stumbled around. She was rather frustrated by the constant ringing of her phone, and just threw it away as a solution.

“Hey, why did you throw your phone away?” Rosie groaned, trying to keep Renee steady as she picked up her phone from the ground.

The person on the other end of the line was quite stubborn as well. They kept calling, especially since Renee was not picking up. Helpless, Rosie had to answer the call instead. “Hello? Who is this?”

“You’re not Everheart.”

“Umm, I’m her friend. She’s had a bit too much to drink, so she can’t come to the phone right now.” “She’s drunk?” The voice sounded extremely icy. “Where are you?”

“I’m at this pub in Water Dock. Who are y-“

“Take care of her, I’ll be there in a minute!” The man ordered harshly as he ignored Rosie’s words, hanging up right after.

“Ah...” Rosie was utterly stunned, still holding onto the weak Renee. She didn’t know if she should leave or wait for the man. He had sounded quite intimidating, so she didn’t dare leave, even if she wanted to.

“Miss Everheart, wake up! Do you recognize this number? He’s coming over soon.” Rosie hesitated for a while, and decided that it was best to ask for Renee’s opinion on this matter.

“This number...” Renee stared at the screen groggily. “I don’t know who that is, he must be a bad guy! We can’t let him come over!”

“A bad guy? Let’s leave right away then, we can’t let him find us.” Rosie was alarmed, and quickly dragged Renee towards the exit. As they were making their way out, she nearly bumped into a tipsy, muscular man.

Seeing how gorgeous Renee was, desire immediately flashed in the man’s eyes. He smirked at her and said smoothly, “Hey there, beautiful! What a coincidence, huh? We’re both drunk! You’re the prettiest girl I’ve ever seen, you know? Since fate clearly brought us together, would you like to have a glass of wine with me?”

“Please, have some respect, sir! She’s not that kind of person!” Rosie warned as she blocked the man with one arm, her expression cold. She had worked many different jobs to pay for her son’s medical bills previously, and had been in many pubs and clubs like this.

With her experience, she knew exactly what kind of intentions these types of men had.

“Shut it. I’m not talking to you, so don’t get involved!” Max forcefully pushed Rosie aside and turned to his friend. “Ed, you’re into chicks like this right? Take her then, and make sure she doesn’t get in my way!”

“How dare you hurt my friend?” Renee sobered up slightly when she heard the perverted man’s words. Despite being dizzy, she was still able to send the two-hundred-pound man flying with one kick.

“Oh my god! It’s a fight!” The entire pub instantly erupted into chaos, with excited screams coming from the crowd.

After all, this was the infamous Water Dock, a place notorious for lawlessness. Additionally, the bar they were in had a lot of shady characters around. A fight was considered entertainment to them, so the crowd was very much looking forward to it.

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The bar owner wasn't even trying to stop them, and instead, egged them on. "Come one, come all! It's time to place bets on who will win this fight..."

"I bet on that

fat guy!" "Me

too!"

"That pretty chick seems like quite a fighter though, I'll bet on her!"

Everyone crowded around Renee and Max, as if they were in an underground boxing arena. All of them were more than happy to gamble.

Rosie immediately panicked, afraid that these big burly men would actually fight them, putting both her and Renee in grave danger.

Trying her best to settle things calmly, she flashed a desperate smile at Max and his group. "Sir, you took us too seriously. We were just joking, you know? Please calm down, and forgive my friend and I... We're modest people, so I think it's best if you find someone you can have more fun with. We don't have to go to such extremes over a small matter like this. People are going to laugh at all of us, you know?"

Seeing Rosie begging for mercy, Max's interest in her was piqued. He started brushing his thick mustache with his thumb, scanning Rosie up and down. "I'd believe it if you say your friend here is modest, but you... Just look at your body! You must have a lot of experience with men, huh? Do you really think I'd believe that you're a modest person?"

Rosie's face turned red right away, and she lowered her head shamefully. She wanted to defend herself, but didn't have the courage to. She had indeed worked as a bar hostess for a while, but hadn't done anything that was considered indecent.

However, her strong principles had meant less business for the bar, so her boss had forced her to consume illegal drugs, which led to her addiction.

It was during that dark time that people from the Carmine Pawnshop lent her a helping hand, and Mr. Q gave her a chance at a fresh new start in life.

Despite this, her horrible past still haunted her, and even the mere mention of it made her self-esteem crumble.

"Judging by your silence, it looks like I was right..." Max grinned wickedly. "Sure, we could settle things peacefully, but first... you'd have to please my bro Ed right now, in the toilets. You're experienced, aren't you? If you satisfy him, I'll let you guys go."

"You scumbag! How dare you even suggest such a thing?!" Renee snarled and gave him a quick backhanded slap.

"Why, you...!" Max was furious. Not only was his chest still hurting from Renee's kick earlier, his face was now burning from that slap. If things continued this way, he knew his reputation would be utterly ruined.

In a matter of seconds, the two parties broke into a fight. To onlookers, it looked like six burly men were trying to bully two little damsels.

"Don't! Please don't fight!" Rosie pleaded, her entire body trembling in fear. She knew how violent these men could be, but continued to shield Renee regardless.

"Get out of the way!" Max was so annoyed that he grabbed Rosie by the throat and threw her aside like a broken doll.

"Stop! Don't hurt my friend! You'll regret this!" Rosie screamed as she struggled to her feet, enduring the intense pain in her limbs. However, she was far too frail, and couldn't even get through the crowd. All she could do was scream at them to stop, but her voice was drowned out by the crowd's cheers...

"What do I do... What do I do?" Rosie felt like crying; she had no clue on how to save Renee. She quickly rushed out of the bar, hoping to get help from Carmine Pawnshop.

To her surprise, she ran straight into a hard, fleshy wall...

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Chapter 814

The person seemed to be making a call, and the phone in Rosie's hand started chiming at the very same time as well.

"You must be Stefan Hunt. You were the one who called Miss Everheart, right?" Rosie asked nervously. Her eyes widened as she looked up at the tall man, then at the ringing phone.

Stefan was wearing a long black coat and frowning down at her. He looked like royalty, extremely elegant and completely out of reach. He furrowed his brow and asked slowly, "So, you're Everheart's friend?"

"Uh yeah, kind of," Rosie replied unsurely. She knew that Renee hated her ex-husband, so she didn't really want to engage with this jerk either. However, the situation was rather urgent, so she looked past his menacing aura and blurted out, "You're just in time! Please save Miss Everheart – she's surrounded by a bunch of perverts!"

"They're trying to attack her?"

"Yeah! Right there! Just listen to the screams yourself... I can't even get through because there's so many people around!" Rosie was tearing up as she pointed towards the crowd surrounding the 'arena'. She felt so useless for not being able to chase those thugs away, and couldn't bear to imagine what Renee was going through.

Stefan turned to look at where she was pointing, and noticed that it was indeed quite noisy. The crowd would cheer with excitement every once in a while, and blood-curdling shrieks would follow right after.

To Rosie's confusion, the man just looked amused, and grabbed a stool and sat down nonchalantly. After that, he even called a waiter over and ordered a Long Island.

"Mr. Hunt, what are you doing?! How can you possibly be in the mood for a cocktail? Can't you hear Miss Everheart getting beaten up? You need to save her!" Rosie urged hurriedly.

"No need, she can deal with this on her own," Stefan replied calmly, taking a sip from his beverage.

Rosie was enraged by Stefan's indifference, and refused to play nice any longer. "No wonder Miss Everheart hates you so much that she'd rather stay single than be with you! You're nothing but a cold-blooded reptile! You have no heart!"

"What do you mean?" Stefan was puzzled. He had only ordered a cocktail, so why was he now being called a cold-blooded animal?

However, he didn't get mad, and instead asked curiously, "What did Everheart tell you about me?"

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Rosie soon came to realize that this 'large object' was, in fact, the arrogant Max.

“Ow!” Max yelled. His chubby face was bruised and swollen, and he kept whimpering in pain.

“What... What just happened?” Rosie looked confused.

Stefan, on the other hand, continued sipping his cocktail, unsurprised. “This is her style, after all.”

Soon after, another person came flying over, landing right on top of Max. It looked like the ‘Ed’ that Max had mentioned. Another man came flying over, then another, and another, until there were six of them stacked on top of each other like building blocks, wailing and howling.

“The beauty won! She actually won! I’m rich, baby!” The few people who had bet on Renee winning the fight cheered at the outcome.

“If you’ve won money, then share some of it with me! I don’t fight for free, you know!” Renee growled and stumbled over to a man, grabbing him by the hair.

Immediately, the people around her backed away, staring at her like she was a ghost.

“Miss Everheart! Are you okay?” Rosie rushed over, helping the drunk woman stand. She looked her up and down, filled with disbelief. “H-How is this possible? You’re... not hurt at all?”

“Of course! I, Renee Everheart, have never lost in a fight before! Besides, I drank, so my strength went from 30% to 80%! I can’t even pull my punches! These punks were unlucky to have met me!” Renee leaned against Rosie, her face flushed red as she continued to brag.

She was actually quite fond of fighting. If she could solve a problem with violence, she’d definitely do it. She felt like being a pacifist was just a waste of her time and energy, but now that she was a mother, she knew she couldn’t settle her issues in such a way. That was why she always kept her strength to herself.

Now that she was given the opportunity, she was more than happy to relieve some stress, especially since she had been in a bad mood lately.

“I didn’t expect you to be so strong, Miss Everheart. I couldn’t tell at all! I even thought of you as fragile because of your background. You’re... amazing.” Rosie was staring at Renee in awe.

“Amazing? Nah! I can even teach you a few moves if you’d like...” Renee responded, quite happy after being able to swing her fists freely.

Rosie then whispered into her ear. “By the way, Mr. Stefan Hunt is here for you.” “Who?”

“Mr. Stefan Hunt... your ex-husband.”

“My ex-husband? Are you mistaken?” Renee, still tipsy, thought Rosie was joking. She scoffed mockingly, “If that fragile little rich boy dares to come to a place like this, I’ll write my name backwards from now on!”

“You really are drunk, Eener.” Stefan approached them, smiling lightly at Renee.

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Renee looked up in shock, looking as if she had sobered up right then. However, the alcohol hadn't left her yet – her mind was foggy, and she wasn't in full control of her body.

She reached over and pointed at Stefan's nose, turning to Rosie. "Girl, look, this... this is Stefan Hunt, my trashy ex-husband. Just look at him, he looks fine, doesn't he? But the truth is... he's not good at all! In fact, I've wanted to send him to heaven for a while now!"

As the woman rambled on, she really seemed like she was getting ready to kick Stefan up into the sky. □

"Hey, hey! Miss Everheart, be careful!" Rosie tried to hold Renee's arm to steady her, but it only caused Renee to lose her balance and fall straight into Stefan's arms.

"Oh? Is this an attempt to seduce me, Everheart?" Stefan teased with a smirk, holding Renee gently by the waist.

"Hell no!" Renee's cheeks turned red, and she tried to wriggle out of the man's grasp. "I'm disgusted by your touch, you shameless jerk! How could I possibly want to seduce you?! Let go of me!"

"How are you still so stubborn? You're drunk, for God's sake! Are you not tired of this?" Stefan rolled his eyes and sighed wearily.

"I'm not drunk, I'm completely sober! Just wait till I show you how stubborn I can be with my fists! Come at me!" Renee scowled and lunged at Stefan.

Max and his gang might have looked big and burly, but they couldn't even take more than a couple of hits from Renee. It felt like a warm-up to her, and now, she wished to relieve her stress elsewhere. Now that Stefan was here as a volunteer, she figured that he couldn't blame her for being violent in a lawless place like this.

To Renee's surprise, Stefan seemed to have taken lessons from a professional martial artist, as he was able to dodge her attacks perfectly. Suddenly, their position was even more intimate than before.

Finally, the man just picked her up and started walking towards the exit of the bar.

"Just take it easy if you're drunk. I'll be sending you home now," he said, his tone firm yet gentle at the same time.

"Let go of me, Hunt! Fight me if you have what it takes!" Renee kicked her feet angrily. She might lose in an argument, but she refused to believe that she'd lose in a fight.

'Something must've gone wrong somewhere! I refuse to yield!'

"Fine, fine, you can fight me when we get home. This isn't a good place to show your skills after all." Stefan spoke as if he were comforting a child, his gaze soft with affection.

"Okay, you promised, we'll fight when we get home..." Renee mumbled, burrowing into Stefan's chest subconsciously. The man's body was quite warm and sturdy, and it was oddly comforting to be in his embrace. After a short while, she fell asleep, snoring lightly in his arms.

"Hold on!" Rosie exclaimed. All this while she had been standing aside, as if she were watching a romantic comedy skit. However, now that Renee was being carried away, she quickly snapped back to reality and caught up to the two.

"What is it?" Stefan stopped and asked coldly.

"Mr. Hunt, you... you can't take Miss Everheart with you!" Rosie mustered up the courage to say. "Why can't I?"

"That's because it's inappropriate! You must have bad intentions!"

"You're a loyal friend, but I suppose she's told you about our relationship, hasn't she?"

"Miss Everheart told me that you're her ex-husband, and the worst of the worst. She said she would never forgive you!"

"Really?" Stefan glanced at the woman in his arms coldly. He then turned back to Rosie with a menacing aura, his tone prideful. "That may be correct if we were to talk in past tense, but now... we are legally married."

"Huh?"

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Rosie was at a loss for words, and lowered her head quietly. 'I think he's right. Just a while ago, Miss Everheart did say that they were now legally married again because he used some sort of trick! If they really are husband and wife on paper, I have no right to interfere!'

"So can I take her home now?" Stefan raised an eyebrow. "Mhm!"

Rosie nodded profusely.

Stefan nodded back. He looked cold and elegant, but his heart was pounding in his chest. 'Well now, it does feel good to be legally married!'

He then brought Renee all the way to his limited edition Rolls-Royce, with Elijah opening the door to the backseat already.

"Mr. Hunt, is the young miss alright?" Elijah asked in concern. Since this was the most dangerous and crime-infested place in Beach City, he was worried that Renee had been in danger. He even had some of their men on standby, heavily armed. If they received orders from Stefan, they would demolish the entire port in seconds.

"It's fine, she's just drunk. She also beat up a few grown men, and almost tore apart the entire bar," Stefan said casually, placing the woman gently into the car.

"Pfft!" Elijah was usually quite composed, but even he couldn't help but burst into laughter. He sighed in amusement and said, "Looks like the young miss is still as radiant as ever – she never disappoints."

"Cut the dawdling, let's head back to the Hunt manor." Stefan shot Elijah a cold glance.

"Alright!" Elijah nodded obediently and quickly went to the driver's seat, starting the engine as ordered.

The roads in Water Dock were quite bumpy, and even a luxurious car would struggle with such uneven roads.

Renee was initially fast asleep, but the car suddenly went over a large rock, causing her head to bump into the car door. She immediately woke up, her eyes tearing from the pain.

"Ow!" She whimpered pitifully.

"I'm so sorry!" Stefan's face was filled with guilt, and his fingers caressed her head softly as he comforted her. "There, there, it'll stop hurting after you blow on it, see?"

"Hmm? It really doesn't hurt anymore... You're so nice to me!" Renee chirped, still half-conscious. She treated Stefan like a pillow, placing her head back onto his lap and wrapping her arms around his waist tightly.

Stefan's body went as stiff as a board. He didn't dare to move a muscle, worried that he might disturb the woman on his lap. "You... Do you really think I'm nice?" He asked her carefully.

"Mhm! Of course you are!" Renee curled up against him like a contented kitten, nodding gently. "You gave me the warmth of a home, that's why I was willing to marry you and become your wife."

"You're finally facing the truth... Actually, Everheart, I-" Just as Stefan was about to reveal his true feelings to her, the woman interrupted him cheerfully.

"You're not like my trashy ex-husband at all – he's a wolf in sheep's clothing at best. You may think you're ugly, but you have a beautiful heart. I am incredibly lucky to be your wife!" Renee confessed with a shy smile.

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Chapter 818

The atmosphere in the vehicle suddenly became tense.

“So, that means that person is much more important than Stefan Hunt to you?” Stefan clenched his jaw, questioning angrily. “Are you kidding?” Renee smacked Stefan lightly, still drunk, then started hugging him even tighter. “Mr. Q, you’re the most important person to me now. Why else would I marry you? Stefan Hunt is nothing to me, I moved on from him four years ago... That jerk was probably jealous of your personality and looks, and that’s why he scarred your face! Don’t worry, I’ll definitely get revenge for you!”

“Really now?” Stefan scoffed. “And how are you going to do that?”

“Simple, he scarred your face, so I’ll scar his...” Renee let out a burp and covered her face, giggling. “I’m going to carve the words ‘I’m an ugly jerk’ into his face! Hahaha, pretty cruel, aren’t I?”

Stefan fell silent.

“Pfft!” Elijah couldn’t hold back his laughter any longer. When he felt a chill in the car, he cleared his throat and said formally, “Ah, I didn’t hear anything, Mr. Hunt, nothing at all...”

“Clearly, you still value your life,” Stefan growled, looking embarrassed. If the woman wasn’t drunk, he would’ve given her a thorough scolding.

Elijah glanced at the man through the rearview mirror, surprised to see how gentle his gaze was when he looked at Renee. He asked softly, “Mr. Hunt, you’ve finally realized who you can’t move on from, right?”

“I’ve always known how I felt deep inside. I just had too much on my plate back then, and I gave up on what was truly important to me. Now that the universe has given me another chance to right my wrongs, I am never letting go,” Stefan said determinedly as he held Renee’s hand, as if she was the pure embodiment of his happiness.

“Good, good.” Elijah nodded and let out a sigh of relief. As Stefan’s most trusted assistant, he had witnessed the entirety of Stefan and Renee’s love story, complicated and heart-wrenching as it was. Even as an outsider, he was desperately hoping that they could finally understand each other, and achieve their happy ending.

As long as Stefan knew what his heart wanted, Elijah believed that he could definitely win Renee’s heart back. Any woman would wish to be treated with sincerity, after all...

“Right, have you investigated Desrosiers’ whereabouts?” Stefan suddenly asked. Briar had been missing for quite a few days, and hadn’t said anything before departing. He couldn’t help but worry for her safety.

“Nothing yet...” Elijah frowned, then hesitantly said, “You just said that you knew how you felt, and that you wouldn’t let go of this second chance. Why are you mentioning that manipulative witch again? She was the reason you ended up in such a horrible state with Miss Everheart to begin with! Could it be that you-“

“Shut it.” Stefan glared at his assistant. “I know what I’m doing.”

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Chapter 819

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hunt, I've misspoken. I just don't want to see you making the same mistakes. After all, Miss Everheart-"

"She already knows the truth, so I trust that she will understand." Stefan obviously knew that he should treat Briar as nothing more than a dead woman, but she was still the woman his brother had once loved deeply, so he did not want her to meet a cruel fate.

"Miss Everheart knows the truth?" Elijah was shocked and confused. "Wait, but then she'd know that you were merely bound by circumstance, right? Why is she still avoiding you like the plague? Could it be that... she's fallen for another?"

"Maybe." Stefan seemed weirdly calm, which puzzled Elijah further.

"That's not right, Mr. Hunt. You would've flipped if she fell in love with another man, so why are you being so calm about this? You're not usually so generous when it comes to Miss Everheart!"

The more egotistical a man is, the more possessive he becomes. Hence, it was only natural for him to hope that the woman he loved would only have eyes for him. No one would be able to accept infidelity, let alone Stefan Hunt, a man known for his pride. He was acting completely out of character.

"No matter who she falls for, the only person who can make her heart race is me. I don't have to get jealous over some irrelevant person," Stefan replied casually.

Elijah was dumbfounded, and chuckled awkwardly. "Mr Hunt, is this some kind of riddle? What do you mean irrelevant? I-"

"This conversation is over." Stefan stopped Elijah from asking any more questions. He wasn't one to express his feelings, so he would never reveal just how strongly he felt for Renee. He was also quite annoyed at the fact that Elijah was practically forcing an answer out of him.

"Alright, let's talk about that manipulative witch Desrosiers then..." Elijah sighed. "Truthfully, I did obtain information about the last person she contacted. Coincidentally... that person was none other than Miss Everheart."

Stefan narrowed his eyes, his expression solemn. "She contacted Renee?"

"Yeah, her last call was with Miss Everheart, and they talked for over two hours. However, we couldn't obtain the call recording, so Miss Everheart might just be the only one who knows the actual situation..."

Elijah then paused, and reminded his boss. "Besides, Miss Everheart has never gotten along with Desrosiers. If you question her about this out of nowhere, it could potentially ruin your relationship again."

"I will ask her about the call if needed," Stefan said as he stared at the drunk woman. His voice sounded soft, but his resolution was clear.

"Mr. Hunt, I have a question, but I'm not sure if it is appropriate."

"If you have to wonder, then it's probably not."

"Well, after some consideration, I think this question is quite important."

"Go on then."

"What if the investigation ended with you only being able to save either Miss Everheart or Desrosiers? Who would you choose then?" Elijah asked, then held his breath, awaiting the man's answer.

He knew the question was crossing a boundary, but his curiosity got the better of him.

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Chapter 820

"I won't let that happen," Stefan said curtly.

"But what if it does?" Elijah continued daringly. "The future is unpredictable, so what if their fates are bound to clash? What if only one of them is allowed to survive? Who would you save?"

Stefan did not reply, but his eyes were fixated on Renee, full of unspoken affection and determination. His answer was clear.

He had already made the wrong decision four years ago, causing him to miss out on creating memories with Renee. Now that he had learned his lesson, he swore to never repeat the same mistake.

He knew that he, along with Renee and the children, did not have another four years to waste.

It was already past 2AM when the car arrived at the manor.

"Mr. Hunt, we've arrived," Elijah reported in a soft voice.

"Alright." Stefan nodded.

The two of them were speaking and moving cautiously, as though they were protecting a newborn kitten that was asleep. They were extremely worried that their movements would wake her up.

"Do you need some help?" Elijah looked at Stefan through the rearview mirror, noticing his 'difficult situation'.

The drunk woman had wrapped her arms and legs around Stefan like a koala, her head nuzzled against his chest.

"It's fine," Stefan replied coldly. "Your work here is done."

"Alright, you take care then." Elijah didn't want to be the third wheel, and slowly exited the car. Before closing the car door, he stared at Stefan sympathetically and said, "I hope your back will be okay tomorrow."

Stefan shot him an infuriated glare. "Get lost, will you?!"

Elijah stared at him innocently. "Mr. Hunt, don't misunderstand, I'm genuinely worried that you might strain your back!" Elijah knew that Stefan would definitely injure his back if he allowed this 'koala' to maintain the same position the whole night.

It was also only after Elijah left that Stefan realized what he meant. He tried multiple times to get out of the car, only to find Renee hugging him tighter.

"Wake up, let me get out of the car first. I'll carry you to the room and you can keep sleeping there," he mumbled and tried pulling her arms off of his neck, only to be slapped across the face.

"Don't move, I want to sleep!" The woman pouted. "If you keep moving, I'll have to sell you..."

"Damn you, woman!" Stefan groaned, his face burning from the slap. Worried that he might get slapped again, he quickly straightened his posture and stopped moving.

Renee smiled with satisfaction. "Now, that's a good boy! I knew you'd treat me well. You're a million times better than my trashy ex-husband..."

'Ugh, she's doing it again!'