

Toxic Ex 141

Chapter 141: 8 Trigrams

Look at that, what kind of expression does this woman have?

Ouyang Hao couldn't help but feel a bit annoyed, "What's the matter, you can't even recognize me after just one day?"

"How could I not recognize you?" Lin Yixun said softly, "Mr. Ouyang, was it you who bailed me out?"

"If it wasn't me, who else would care about you?"

Upon hearing this, the smile on Lin Yixun's face instantly disappeared. Yes, those who loved her had all left one by one. Now who would actually care whether she lived or died?

"Thank you, Mr. Ouyang, I've caused trouble for you again."

"Enough with the talk, get in the car first." Ouyang Hao glanced around instinctively, fortunately there were no paparazzi around, but still feeling uneasy, he pulled Lin Yixun and stuffed her into the car.

Lin Yixun was indeed shoved into the car, she quietly sat in the passenger seat, not saying a word.

"Put on your seatbelt."

"?" Lin Yixun turned her confused eyes, "What?"

"Forget it, I'll do it." Ouyang Hao was getting increasingly frustrated, how could this woman go to jail and also have her reactions slowed down to the point she's nearly like an idiot!

He leaned over close to Lin Yixun and pulled the seatbelt over. Maybe he didn't do this often, his movements were clumsy, it took him a long time to finally fasten the seatbelt for her.

Her body was suddenly hot and cold, her mind was dizzy, she couldn't care about handling this living King Yan in front of her.

The man's warm breath sprinkled on her face, the peculiar scent of a man mixed with the fragrance of cologne gently wafted to her nose,

Light and refreshing, very pleasant.

Lin Yixun slowly closed her eyes, consciousness drifting away.

The woman in his arms remained quietly, without a single sound, not even a protest.

Ouyang Hao gazed at Lin Yixun for a long while, discovering her cheeks were flushed red yet her lips were pale beyond belief. He frowned slightly, reaching out his hand to feel her forehead.

Sure enough, it was burning hot like a furnace.

"Shit!" Ouyang Hao cursed under his breath, "You woman, always causing me trouble!"

The black car sped down the asphalt road, Ouyang Hao ramped up the speed to 150 km/h, running countless red lights along the way.

He initially intended to take Lin Yixun to the city hospital but reconsidered, thinking there are too many people in the hospital, might end up causing some trouble.

He called a childhood friend, then turned the car around and headed straight to his apartment. He stepped into the apartment, and his childhood friend followed closely behind.

"Hey Ouyang, why do you call me not early or late, but precisely when I'm sleeping soundly? You're really good at making people suffer. Spill it, what's wrong with you, did you realize halfway through something that you can't perform?"

"Cut it out, your mouth is dirty." Ouyang Hao couldn't be bothered to banter with him, "I'm fine."

"You're fine? Then why call me over? If you're fine, I'm going back." The man picked up his medicine box, ready to leave.

"If I'm fine, can't I find you?" Ouyang Hao pointed upstairs, "Someone with a problem, is upstairs."

"Oh?" The man suddenly got interested, "Is there a beauty upstairs? Who is this divine being, let me have a good look."

Without waiting for Ouyang Hao to lead the way, the man already stepped upstairs.

Seeing his childhood friend behave like a curious paparazzi, Ouyang Hao was speechless, and followed him upstairs.

"Wow, main bedroom huh, tsk tsk tsk... that's rare." The man raised his eyebrows at him ambiguously, grinning sneakily, "What's going on, bro?"

Ouyang Hao glared at him fiercely, feeling speechless, why are all these people around him like this?

Chapter 142: Why is She in the Master Bedroom?

"Stop talking nonsense, go check on her."

"Alright, alright, I'm going." The man examined Lin Yixun thoroughly, and took the opportunity to scrutinize her as well.

"She's not bad-looking, just a bit too skinny. That scar on her face is quite an eyesore. Bro, why the change in taste? You like these skinny types now?"

"None of your business." Ouyang Hao raised an eyebrow in displeasure. He could criticize Lin Yixun's flaws, but no one else could.

He gave the man's shoulder a forceful pat and said, "Let's get to the point, how is she?"

The man took out a thermometer and waved it in front of Ouyang Hao's eyes, "She's got a fever of 39.5 degrees."

"Is that... serious?"

"Although her temperature is a bit high, it's not too serious. Give her an IV and some medication, she should be bouncing back in a couple of days. So, don't worry."

The man prepared the medicine and the IV for Lin Yixun, and instructed in a deep voice, "Keep a close eye on her, don't let any air get into the IV line. When the medication is almost finished, let my assistant know."

After giving his instructions, the man prepared to leave, but was stopped by Ouyang Hao.

"You're leaving now?"

"What else? There's nothing more I can do here. Besides, I left my assistant with you. She'll take care of everything, don't worry. No problem." He still had a beauty waiting for him in bed, and if he didn't get back soon, she would be angry.

Ouyang Hao knew what kind of guy he was, and didn't intend to stop him. He nodded, "Alright then, I'll walk you downstairs."

"No need, I know my way out. You stay with your beauty."

Having grown up together, Ouyang Hao wasn't one for formalities. Since he didn't need to see him off, he didn't insist. He glanced at the assistant standing not far away and, finding her a bit of an eyesore, waved her off.

"Go to the guest room for now. I'll call you if I need anything."

"Yes, Mr. Ouyang." The assistant retreated.

Lin Yixun was dazed from the fever, her body alternating between hot and cold, and she was muttering incoherently.

Ouyang Hao noticed her lips moving non-stop, so he leaned in to listen. When he caught the words, his handsome face turned dark.

"You little ingrate, huh?" Ouyang Hao glared at Lin Yixun, "Your taste is really poor. That guy with the gold-rimmed glasses, what's so great about him that you can't forget him? Look at you, you've been detained for so long, did he ever come to see you? What kind of person is that!"

Ouyang Hao had been in Beijing for some time and was unaware of Xing Yi's car accident. To him, Xing Yi was undoubtedly a hypocritical scumbag.

The more Ouyang Hao thought about it, the more suffocated he felt. At that moment, Lin Yixun was still muttering that same name, which only added fuel to the fire.

In his frustration, he pinched Lin Yixun's small face hard, only to find there wasn't any flesh to pinch. Frustrated, he got up and walked towards the door, howling towards the guest room before heading to the guitar room.

Artists or writers like them often need inspiration to create. He used to look for inspiration by racing or partying wildly. Now he found that he didn't need to look for inspiration outside. The frustration Lin Yixun caused him was his inspiration!

Soon, the floor of the guitar room was littered with crumpled paper balls. Ouyang Hao, annoyed, realized that after all that effort, he hadn't written a single satisfactory song.

What frustrated him even more was why he was staying up in the guitar room in the middle of the night. He should be sleeping in the master bedroom right now.

Chapter 143: Silly Girl, Good Night!

Ultimately, he couldn't stop worrying and returned to the master bedroom. The young assistant, seeing Ouyang Hao, said softly, "Mr. Ouyang, the IV fluid has finished infusing."

Ouyang Hao glanced indifferently at the young assistant, whose face resembled a blushing apple and whose eyes held a hint of shyness. He wasn't surprised and waved at her, "You can rest in the guest room tonight and head home tomorrow morning."

"No need, I'll just take a taxi home."

Ouyang Hao didn't insist, "Alright then, be careful on your way."

After the young assistant quietly left, the master bedroom instantly fell silent.

Ouyang Hao walked to the bedside and sat down, his gaze falling on Lin Yixun's pale face. He muttered softly, "How did you catch a cold? Aren't you made of steel?"

Seeing that Lin Yixun still showed no signs of life, the man's finely shaped brows furrowed, "With you looking so sickly, how are you going to take care of your mom? Wooden block, you better get well soon."

Lin Yixun felt as though she was in the midst of a fog, surrounded by nothing but a vast white expanse, unable to see anything. She tried hard to walk out, but found that there wasn't even a path to follow.

She kept wandering in circles, feeling lost and helpless.

Suddenly, a warm touch came to her forehead, and a gentle voice sounded from above her head, "The fever has gone down quite a bit. It seems Lin Xun does have some skills."

"Who?" Lin Yixun looked up, trying to see who was speaking, but there was nothing above her except a haze.

Seeing that Lin Yixun's forehead was still sweating profusely, Ouyang Hao felt a tinge of worry in his heart and began to doubt Lin Xun's medical skills. "Can Lin Xun really handle this? Why hasn't she woken up yet?"

However, after thinking it over carefully, he felt more at ease. Lin Xun had been practicing medicine for over ten years, with so many people seeking his care that they nearly broke down his clinic door. His medical skills couldn't be that bad.

With this thought, Ouyang Hao felt a bit more reassured. He quickly undressed and got on the bed, lying down comfortably next to Lin Yixun.

As he covered himself with the blanket, Ouyang Hao slightly curled his lips and turned to look at Lin Yixun's profile. He shamelessly extended his arm, pulling Lin Yixun into his embrace.

Lin Yixun was very thin, and he easily pulled her over. Although the girl in his arms wasn't as plump and cozy as before, hugging her was still a bit uncomfortable, Ouyang Hao felt a strange sense of satisfaction in his heart.

He lowered his eyes and glanced at the woman in his arms, surprised to find that although Lin Yixun's face was very pale and she looked malnourished, her skin was exceptionally good. Even at this close distance, he couldn't see any pores.

Ouyang Hao stared at Lin Yixun for a long while, and the more he looked, the itchier his hands became. By the time he realized it, his hand had already pinched her face several times.

Seeing that she let him knead her face without making a sound, Ouyang Hao found it amusing and pinched a few more times. After a long while, he reluctantly withdrew his hand and lowered his head to kiss Lin Yixun's forehead.

"Silly girl, goodnight."

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Leng Yixiu received news the next day that Lin Yixun had been bailed out. He was somewhat surprised. As far as he knew, apart from the deceased Xing Yi, Lin Yixun didn't seem to have anyone reliable in T City.

"Sir, the people at the detention center said it was a gentleman named Mu Chen who posted the bail."

"Mu Chen?" The man narrowed his eyes slightly, his thin lips parting, "Mu Family's successor, Mu Chen?"

Chapter 144: Ice Cube Face

"That's right, it is him."

The man leaned back against the pillow, slowly narrowing his eyes, sinking into thought. When did Lin Yixun get involved with this successor of the Mu Family?

Lin Yixun, just how many things about her does he not know?

Suddenly, the man opened his eyes and told the butler, "Let this matter rest."

"Sir?" The butler couldn't quite grasp his meaning. So the sir isn't planning to pursue this?

"I'm a bit tired. You can leave now."

The butler glanced at the man's weary face, hesitating to speak before eventually withdrawing. Walking out of the hospital room, the butler sighed and shook his head, finding it increasingly difficult to understand the man's thoughts.

If he didn't want to pursue the matter, he should have told him to let it go yesterday. But if he did want to pursue it, why say to let it rest now?

Despite being puzzled, the butler still followed President Leng's instructions, turning a big issue into a small one and a small one into none.

Cheng Ying was the most dissatisfied with this turn of events. She initially thought that since Lin Yixun had injured Leng Yixiu and almost cost him his life, the previous Yixiu wouldn't have let her off easily. Who could have imagined it would end up like this?

She wanted to fan the flames in front of Leng Yixiu but feared he would misunderstand her intentions, leaving her angry but unable to speak. Should Lin Yixun, that bitch, just get off so easily?

The more Cheng Ying thought, the angrier she became. The issue was not only Lin Yixun escaping unpunished, but also that Leng Yixiu was so lenient towards her!

Why is this happening? Leng Yixiu wasn't like this before!

Suddenly, a thought flashed in Cheng Ying's mind, accompanied by the photos a private detective had given her not long ago.

"No, it can't be! How could it be possible?"

She shook her head vigorously. From beginning to end, Leng Yixiu had only loved her. Over these years, she was the only woman by his side. Four years ago, Leng Yixiu had looked down on Lin Yixun. How could he fall for that ugly woman now?

Thinking this, Cheng Ying's wildly beating heart gradually calmed. Yet, despite this, she couldn't feel at ease. As long as Lin Yixun existed, she could never escape the shame of the past.

She suddenly curled her lips, a trace of madness flickering in her beautiful eyes. Lin Yixun, you were never meant to exist in this world.

Last time, there was that fool Xing Yi who died in your place. So what about this time?

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Leng Yixiu didn't like being kept in the dark. Soon, the relationship between Lin Yixun and Mu Chen was thoroughly investigated.

"President Leng, after investigation, Miss Lin and this successor of the Mu Family are not familiar with each other. They might not even know each other. However, the successor and Ouyang Hao are on very good terms, and Miss Lin works as Ouyang Hao's housekeeper. Most likely, Ouyang Hao, being a celebrity, couldn't personally go to the police station to bail her out without causing a huge stir. So, he entrusted the Mu Family's successor to bail her out instead."

"So, Ouyang Hao is the one backing Lin Yixun?" The man raised an eyebrow coldly.

"That seems to be the case."

The man fell silent, his face gradually growing colder. Just as Assistant Chen began silently cursing his luck, the man spoke sternly, "Alright, I understand. You may go now."

"Yes, President Leng." Assistant Chen, as though released from a heavy burden, quickly left.

After a long while, the man's icy expression finally melted, but a strange smile curled at the corner of his lips. "Ouyang Hao, huh?"

Chapter 145: Get Lost, All of You Get Lost

Lin Yixun had many dreams. She dreamt of being locked in a cold cell with no lights, no bed, not even a blanket to keep her warm.

She pounded the cold iron door with all her might, shouting desperately, but outside the hallway was pitch black and empty, not a single shadow in sight.

Suddenly, a bright light shone in front of her, piercing her eyes so she couldn't open them. When she finally focused, she saw two people standing outside the iron door—Leng Yixiu and Cheng Ying.

Cheng Ying nestled like a bird in Leng Yixiu's arms, her face adorned with delicate makeup, wearing a victorious smile as if to say: Lin Yixun, you can't defeat me. Look, the man you love, everything you have, will all be mine.

And the man holding Cheng Ying tightly, looked down at her like a king, his gaze cold and arrogant, as if she were not a person, but an ant, beneath his feet.

"Get out, all of you!"

Lin Yixun shouted at them, but was met with the cold laughter of Leng Yixiu and Cheng Ying. "Lin Yixun, you're destined to live in the mire for the rest of your life."

Amidst the arrogant laughter of the man and woman, the surroundings suddenly changed, transforming into a presidential suite in an instant.

The scene before her was so familiar that she instinctively wanted to escape. Yet, before she could reach the suite door, a large hand grabbed her collar and yanked her back forcefully.

As the room spun around, she was thrown onto the bed, followed by a man's rigid chest. A cold, unfeeling voice resonated from above.

"Lin Yixun, aren't you here to sell yourself? Fine, as long as you serve me well tonight, I'll give you however much you want!"

Lin Yixun stared at the cold face before her, her heart sinking into an icy abyss. She pushed against him with all her strength, but couldn't budge him an inch.

The difference in strength between them was too vast; in a flash, she was stripped clean. She opened her mouth to call for help, only to find, to her despair, that she couldn't make a single sound.

She watched helplessly as the man's face came closer, little by little, engulfing her, making it hard for her to breathe.

But she was unwilling, not willing at all. Even if the odds were against her, she wanted to make the man pay the price.

"Ah!" A pained scream suddenly echoed through the large master bedroom.

Ouyang Hao jolted awake from his sleep. Lowering his gaze, he quickly found the source of his pain. Seeing his arm being tightly gripped by a small hand, the irritation in his heart surged like a thousand wild horses running amok.

"Let go, Lin Yixun!" Ouyang Hao was in such pain that his tone was anything but pleasant.

No matter how much he yelled, the culprit didn't respond, her fingers still tightly squeezing his arm with a force as if he had wronged her ancestors.

"Will you let go or not?" Ouyang Hao snapped, grabbing her hand, prepared to forcefully pry it open.

To his frustration, despite Lin Yixun's usually frail appearance, her grip was surprisingly strong. It took him a long while to free his arm from the agony.

Ouyang Hao took a closer look, and sure enough, his arm had a large bruise.

He glanced at Lin Yixun, squinting dangerously. Did this girl hate him so much? Otherwise, why would she use such force on him?

Ha, he had kindly rescued her from the detention center and fussed over her until midnight last night, and instead of thanking him, she turned against him, not even recognizing his kindness.

What's more frustrating was that this tough piece of wood still hadn't woken up.

Ouyang Hao stretched out his leg and kicked Lin Yixun's thigh forcefully, his tone extremely unpleasant, "Lin Yixun, get up!"