

My Toxic Ex-Wife: BOSS, Stay Away !

#Chapter 31 Why Does He Treat Her Like This? - Read My Toxic Ex-Wife: BOSS, Stay Away ! Chapter 31 Why Does He Treat Her Like This?

Chapter 31: Chapter 31 Why Does He Treat Her Like This?

Lin Yixun felt stabbed and bleeding from those two words; Leng Yixiu always managed to effortlessly hit her where it hurt the most, then deliver a fatal blow.

But why, why did he have to treat her like this?

She had repaid everything she owed him three years ago. She didn't owe him anything anymore, so why did he still act as if she owed him a million dollars?

Lin Yixun quickly gathered herself from the initial panic. She even felt somewhat grateful, thankful that the years at Nightshade had given her an inhuman self-healing ability and the skill of disguise.

She suddenly smiled, "Oh, it's Mr. Leng. Sorry, I didn't recognize you at first."

Before going out tonight, she had meticulously applied her makeup. Under the dim yellow light, her eyes were big and bright, her palm-sized face was as fair as snow, and her beauty was breathtaking—though the smile did not reach her eyes.

"Mr. Leng?" The man raised a displeased eyebrow, his gaze turning cold. "Three years and you've become distant."

"We were never that familiar, so there's no question of being distant or not."

"Is that so? So, does sleeping together count as familiar?"

Lin Yixun's expression changed but quickly recovered. She took a deep breath, "Mr. Leng knows very well what the truth is. I remember clearly what you said to me back then."

On their wedding night, he had told her that even if every woman on earth died, he still wouldn't touch her with a finger. And later, he indeed kept his word.

Leng Yixiu was the kind of person who, no matter how ambiguously Lin Yixun spoke, could catch the key point.

He suddenly laughed, but his smile made Lin Yixun flinch a bit. "Are you blaming me for not touching you back then? If that's the case, it can still be remedied."

Lin Yixun's eyes widened in disbelief, staring at him as if he were a monster. What did he mean by this? Was he mocking her or humiliating her?

Lin Yixun didn't understand what Leng Yixiu was up to, but no matter what he intended to play, she had no interest in playing along!

Summoning strength from somewhere, she forcefully broke free and said flatly, "Sorry, Mr. Leng, this deal is off."

Surprisingly, the man did not stop her, letting her walk step by step towards the door.

As her fingers touched the doorknob, Lin Yixun couldn't help but breathe a long sigh of relief. But before she had time to celebrate, the man's mocking voice came from behind.

"Lin Yixun, three years and you're still so naïve?"

Psychologists often say that to understand what someone is thinking, you should look into their eyes. But sometimes, just listening to their voice will suffice.

And right now, from the man's voice, she read one message—danger.

Alarm bells rang in her head as she hurriedly opened the door. But as soon as it was ajar, it slammed shut with a "bang," and the man's strong body pressed tightly against her.

Her body suddenly felt light as the man lifted her horizontally. Before she could react, she was thrown heavily onto the king-sized bed.

Her vision darkened momentarily, and she couldn't see anything. But she couldn't bother with that, she turned to get off the bed, yet the man's body loomed overwhelmingly over her at that moment.

Her vision gradually cleared, and what filled her sight was an enlarged, handsome face.

Chapter 32: Chapter 32 What Do You Think You Are?

Three years later, Leng Yixiu was still handsome. Time hadn't left a mark on his face, but instead made his features more distinct, adding a touch of masculinity to his charm. Heavenly fortune had always favored him, not only giving him a prominent status but also a good appearance.

However, those sensual thin lips uttered the most malicious words.

"Lin Yixun, what do you think you are now? You're nothing but a hooker. Have you ever heard of a prostitute having the right to choose clients?"

Leng Yixiu's words were like knives, mercilessly scraping over Lin Yixun's heart. His sharp eyes stared at her without blinking, as if to catch every single expression on her face.

He succeeded. No matter how well Lin Yixun pretended, the disguise on her face still cracked layer by layer.

The man stared at Lin Yixun's pale face, a mocking smile curling at the corner of his lips. As if that wasn't enough, he sneered, "Since you're selling yourself, why act like a virtuous woman?"

With that, he took out a thick stack of cash from his wallet and threw it at Lin Yixun's face, "Isn't it money you want?"

Lin Yixun had no time to dodge. The corner of the banknotes scratched her left cheek. The wound was shallow, but Lin Yixun felt a searing pain, finally understanding this man's intention.

It was clear he wanted to humiliate her.

Time couldn't erase his hatred for her. He hated her, even more than before. But why did he hate her? What right did he have to hate her?

Lin Yixun clenched her fists tightly, rasping, "Mr. Leng, four years ago, it was my fault for forcing you to marry me. But I've paid the price. I owe you nothing now. Mr. Leng, we're even."

"Even?" The man suddenly laughed, the smile on his face instantly turning to ice. He grabbed Lin Yixun's throat, furious, "You think what you owe me has been repaid? Far from it. Not even close!"

Excruciating pain radiated from her neck, and Lin Yixun could barely breathe. She had no doubt that Leng Yixiu might end her life in the next moment. Leng Yixiu seemed very angry, extremely angry.

In her memory, Leng Yixiu never bothered to get angry at anyone. Most of the time, his demeanor was indifferent. In her impression, he had only lost his temper at her twice: once when they got married, and the other time, laughably, was when they got divorced.

But why is he angry now?

Is it because it's her who showed up tonight, making him sick to his stomach?

As the air in her lungs dwindled bit by bit, Lin Yixun's face gradually changed from white to blue. Just when she thought her life would end here, with a tearing sound, her chest suddenly felt a chill.

"Still don't have any self-awareness?" The man's deep voice came from above, with a touch of sarcasm at the corners of his lips, "Or do you prefer something different?"

As he spoke, the man deftly pulled out a tie from his neck, effortlessly binding Lin Yixun's hands tightly. Finally, he brought out a piece of black cloth from somewhere.

In the moment her eyes were covered by the black cloth, Lin Yixun finally realized what Leng Yixiu meant by "something different."

In front of her was darkness. She couldn't see anything around her, nor the expression on the man's face. But the faint breath brushing against her face and the rustling sound of clothes falling made every hair on her body stand on end.

Chapter 33: Revised: Chapter 33 She is Just a Dot

Lin Yixun's lips trembled uncontrollably, "Leng Yixiu, you're drunk, you must be drunk! Look at me, see clearly who I am! I am not Cheng Ying, I am..."

"I know, you are Lin Yixun."

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Tears silently seeped from the corners of her eyes, slowly soaking the black cloth. Lin Yixun let out a sorrowful laugh. She had imagined this day countless times, even secretly hoped for it, but she never thought it would happen this way.

How ridiculous!

Lin Yixun continuously hypnotized herself, she was just a point, just a point...

...

Ouyang Hao felt unusually restless tonight. Images of Lin Yixun asking him for an advance on her wages a few days ago kept flashing through his mind.

On set, after numerous NGs, he finally couldn't suppress his temper and stormed off, leaving the crew standing there, blowing their beards and glaring.

The red sports car sped all the way from the set to the apartment, reducing the usual two-hour journey to just one hour.

He kicked open the apartment door, instinctively scanning the place, but saw no sign of Lin Yixun. Had she left?

Ouyang Hao squinted suspiciously, realizing that he had rushed back in such a hurry just to see that wooden fish head. His anger flared up. Had he lost his mind?

What did it matter to him whether that girl was dead or alive!

He kicked off his shoes and flung himself onto the sofa, flipping through his phone out of boredom. He found nothing interesting online, just stories about who had a tryst last night or who got hacked by a maniac in the street.

He was about to toss the phone aside when it started vibrating.

Ouyang Hao answered the call impatiently, "If you have something to say, say it. If not, get lost."

"Oh, since when did our Second Young Master Ouyang grow a heart, acting like a melancholy damsel?"

"Get out of here. I'm annoyed right now."

"They say youths don't know the taste of sorrow. So, what's this, Second Young Master Ouyang finally ripened?"

"What ripe melons are you talking about? Nonsense."

"Yeah, yeah, someone who's been seasoned since their teens is well overripe."

"Stop babbling. What do you want? If there's nothing, I'm hanging up."

"Don't, I've got quite the show lined up for you here."

"Not interested."

"Come on, buddy. You haven't turned soft, have you? Or maybe there's a problem in that area? Want big brother to treat you? Come on, everyone's here, we're just waiting for you."

Ouyang Hao, fed up with his pestering, thought there was nothing else to do at home anyway, so he agreed, "Where are you guys?"

"Rice Hotel."

Chapter 34: Chapter 34 Are You Planning to Be a Saint?

Mu Chen and others booked a private room at the Rice Hotel. As soon as Ouyang Hao pushed the door open, he heard the "clack-clack" sound of mahjong tiles from inside, instantly feeling bored.

He glanced at the card table, where there was already an extra player. Lazily withdrawing his gaze, he decided not to join in. Instead, he walked over to a nearby sofa, crossed his legs, and started smoking a cigarette on his own.

Today, he had just attended an event, and his hair was dyed blue-purple. This hair color is extremely picky; if not done well, it could look like cosplay. But on him, with his unruly personality, it was surprisingly eye-catching.

Amidst the smoke, he smoked alone, his sharp eyebrows furrowed, seeming to be contemplating something.

Suddenly, a man's disgruntled voice came from the private room, "What's wrong tonight? Are you all teaming up against me? It's been less than an hour, and you've already taken most of my money."

"What are you yelling about? Last time I lost all my clothes, I didn't see you making such a fuss!" Another man pushed Mu Chen out of his seat, "Move, move, don't block my fortune!"

"Even if I lose, it's not your turn to play. If anyone's going to play, it should be Hao. Isn't that right, Hao?"

Ouyang Hao just gave them a light glance before shifting his gaze away, clearly not intending to join the game. Mu Chen, with no choice, was eventually pushed off the card table.

Mu Chen was someone who couldn't stay idle. Unable to play cards, he decided to bother Ouyang Hao. He sat beside Ouyang Hao and patted his shoulder.

"Hey, Second Young Master Ouyang, you've been sulking here alone for ages. Are you trying to become a saint or something?"

Ouyang Hao raised an eyebrow and glanced at him sideways, "I'm in a bad mood today. Go cool off somewhere else, or you'll get your ass kicked, which wouldn't be good."

The result...

Mu Chen chuckled awkwardly but wasn't angry, teasing, "You've got a good memory. How many years ago was that? You still remember."

Ouyang Hao couldn't be bothered to pay attention to him and threw away the cigarette butt, leaning back on the sofa and closing his eyes to rest.

Mu Chen looked at him, leaned closer, and said, "Bro, did some enchantress suck out all your energy? Why are you so listless? Here, let me show you something to perk you up."

"Go cool off somewhere else, I'm not interested!" Ouyang Hao said impatiently.

"I guarantee you'll feel invigorated after watching this. Come on, take a look!" With that, Mu Chen opened a video on his phone and held it up to Ouyang Hao's face.

Ouyang Hao, unable to fend him off, glanced up casually. He smirked in disdain; it was just a woman in black dancing seductively on stage, nothing new.

However, the woman in the video seemed somewhat familiar.

Ouyang Hao frowned and snatched the phone from Mu Chen's hand, straightening up to take a closer look. That face, those lips, and that dull, indifferent gaze — who else could it be but that wooden block?

"Wow, you look quite excited," Mu Chen laughed.

"Where did you get this video?"

"It was recorded at Nightshade."

Speaking of this, Mu Chen was still a bit annoyed. At the time, he had accidentally recorded this video, and the boss of Nightshade later asked them to delete it.

What a joke, who did they think he was?

Of course, Mu Chen didn't go into details with Ouyang Hao, only mentioning the part that interests men, "So, what do you think? This chick's pretty hot, right?"

Chapter 35: Revised: Chapter 35 Humiliation

"What's her name?"

"You're interested too? But unfortunately, I don't know her name either. I heard from Nightshade's boss that she is just a server there, temporarily brought in to perform that dance. Later, many customers in Nightshade specifically asked for her, but she resigned soon after. Tsk tsk tsk, with just one dance, she drove so many men crazy. She's truly a natural enchantress. Just too bad we don't know how she tastes, what a pity..."

Mu Chen kept talking to himself, not noticing that Ouyang Hao's face was getting colder by the minute.

Ouyang Hao's eyes were fixed on that alluring face on the screen, and he suddenly sneered, "People really can't be judged by their appearance."

He raised his hand and tossed the phone. Mu Chen almost failed to catch it, and couldn't help but complain, "If you break my phone, I can buy another one, but this video is the only copy. If it's damaged, it's gone... Ah! Where's the video? Why can't I find the video?"

"Deleted."

Ouyang Hao shrugged, picked up his coat from the sofa, and walked out.

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Lin Yixun kept trying to hypnotize herself, but found that the effect was minimal.

After who knows how long, the room seemed to become completely silent, and even that invisible sense of oppression vanished. Lin Yixun slowly opened her eyes, discovering that the black cloth in front of her was gone, and the restraints on her hands were removed.

Leng Yixiu was nowhere to be seen.

She struggled to get up from the bed, and accidentally saw that patch of bright red on the bed, which harshly pricked her eyes.

She slowly shifted her gaze and spotted a check on the bedside table with a string of striking numbers on it, numbers that would be extremely tempting to anyone. And she desperately needed that money.

Lin Yixun reached out, staring at the check in front of her, and suddenly laughed coldly. What is this? Payment for sex?

She scoffed at it!

Her body moved before she could think, and in an instant, the check turned to pieces in her hand. With a flick of her arm, the fragments scattered into the air. She suddenly realized that torn checks looked no different from regular pieces of paper.

Her clothes were no longer wearable, so Lin Yixun struggled to move her feet and found a bathrobe in the wardrobe. She hesitated for a moment, but ended up putting it on.

The bathrobe was too eye-catching. As she walked to the hall, she attracted countless stares, some were shocked, some puzzled, and some disdainful.

Their gazes were like thorns on Lin Yixun's back. She kept her head low, feeling thoroughly humiliated, wishing she could immediately dig a hole and bury herself in it.

Her attire made some ill-intentioned people eager. Someone even came up to her and bluntly asked her for her price for a night.