

Toxic Ex 316

Chapter 316: Don't Go

The man's gaze was too intense, making Lin Yixun feel nervous. She pressed her hand against the man's chest and said in a deep voice, "Leng Yixiu, you're drunk."

The man suddenly smiled at her, "No, I'm not drunk. If you don't believe me, smell."

Saying this, Leng Yixiu leaned closer to her, bringing his lips near her nose. His sudden approach threw Lin Yixun into a panic, and she instinctively pushed him away with force.

Logically, a drunk person's reaction should be slow, but even when drunk, Leng Yixiu's sensitivity was astonishing. Not only was he not pushed away, but he held Lin Yixun tightly, slightly leaning in, his thin lips seemingly instinctively finding hers.

The cold temperature pressed deeply against Lin Yixun's lips, dominating them. Gradually, the man seemed unsatisfied with just a light kiss and deepened it.

The cold temperature mixed with the heavy smell of alcohol gradually surrounded Lin Yixun. She glared fiercely at Leng Yixiu, hatred filling her heart. This man always acted on his own whims and never knew the meaning of respect.

However, just as she was hating Leng Yixiu to the core, the man's deep and sorrowful voice suddenly sounded in her ear, "Yixun..."

Such simple words made Lin Yixun's heart tremble slightly. She raised her eyes in disbelief, wanting to find answers in the man's eyes, but saw that he had already closed his eyes and fallen asleep on her shoulder.

Lin Yixun laughed at herself mockingly. It must have been an illusion just now. How could this man call her name like that? She thought she must have been hallucinating.

Leng Yixiu was tall and strong, and now that he was unconscious from drunkenness, Lin Yixun naturally couldn't move him back to the villa by herself. So, she called the British man from earlier to help.

"Mr. Leng got drunk again?" the British man asked.

"Was he like this before?"

"Yes, Mr. Leng doesn't come here often, about once a year, but every time he comes, he gets drunk. And... Every time he's drunk, he calls a woman's name."

Lin Yixun's heart skipped a beat. She wanted to ask what that woman's name was but hesitated and ultimately gave up. For some reason, she felt afraid of hearing that answer.

If the answer was the one she feared, she thought she might go insane. She could accept Leng Yixiu's coldness and cruelty now, but she couldn't accept...

When the British man helped carry Leng Yixiu back to the villa's master bedroom, he was already panting from exhaustion. Before leaving, the considerate British man reminded, "Drink some honey water; it helps with sobering up."

After the British man left, Lin Yixun glanced at the unconscious Leng Yixiu on the bed. Her gaze fell on the quilt beside him, but she didn't step forward to cover him with it.

She wasn't someone who forgets the pain after healing. The few days of kindness from Leng Yixiu were never enough to dispel the hatred in her heart.

Lin Yixun turned to leave the master bedroom but was suddenly grabbed by a large hand around her wrist, "Don't go..."

Lin Yixun looked back at the hand on her wrist, a sarcastic smile forming on her lips. Did Leng Yixiu mistake her for Cheng Ying?

However, she was not Cheng Ying, the woman he loved dearly. If what he wanted was gentleness and affection, then Lin Yixun was destined not to provide it.

She used her other hand to pry each finger off her wrist one by one, then turned and walked out without looking back. What Leng Yixiu had done to her made her lose all illusions about him, so she would not let herself get burned again.

Chapter 317: Indulgence

When she went downstairs, Lin Yixun was sitting alone in the living room, turning on the TV and switching through many channels, but not being able to focus on any of them. Leng Yixiu's eyes before he got drunk seemed to be branded into her mind, unable to be erased.

She let her entire weight sink into the leather sofa behind her, slowly closed her eyes, and fell into deep thought, trying to sort out everything that had happened recently. However, she found herself even more entangled, with things becoming increasingly complex.

She slowly reached out to touch the long scar on her right cheek, a bitter smile tugging at the corner of her lips. No matter what Leng Yixiu's motive was for doing this, she would never forgive him.

...

Since the "Nightshade Scandal," the relationship between Ouyang Hao and Li Yun'er had become even more enigmatic.

People couldn't help but be puzzled. Just a while ago, Ouyang Hao had publicly confessed to another woman at a press conference, and yet, in just over a month, he was tangled up with Li Yun'er again.

"Why else? Ouyang Hao probably wants to get back with her," said one bystander.

"But it seems to me that Ouyang Hao is quite infatuated with that woman named Lin... Lin what?" said another bystander.

"Infatuated or not, have you ever seen a celebrity relationship last long in the entertainment industry? People here are very messy. Today, they're with this person, tomorrow with someone else. It's all too common," said the first bystander.

Another bystander couldn't help but sigh, "High society is really so low!"

"Exactly, the richer they are, the less bottom lines they have, especially those rich without much education. Most celebrities fit this profile. Besides, who doesn't know about Ouyang Hao's womanizing ways? Maybe after a while with Li Yun'er, they'll break up again," said the first bystander.

"Hmm, makes sense, makes sense," said the second bystander, "Forget it, let's stop discussing other people's business. Let's eat."

As for Ouyang Hao himself, he never publicly clarified the media reports. To others, his silence was no different from tacit acknowledgment.

Despite the scandals, he continued to do as he pleased, frequently appearing in the various entertainment venues of T City, seemingly returning to his former unrestrained lifestyle.

One day, he invited a group of old friends to "Nightshade." Inside the VIP room, the playboys were all accompanied by scantily clad, ostentatious female companions, and Ouyang Hao was no exception, laughing and chatting with the woman by his side.

"Hao, you look quite pleased with yourself lately."

"Indeed, with a beauty by my side, what's not to be happy about?" Ouyang Hao flashed a wicked smile, filled up a glass of red wine, took a sip, and said to the woman beside him, "Isn't that right, Qianqian?"

The woman pouted in dissatisfaction, "Young Master Ou, I'm Tingting, not Qianqian."

"Oh... my mistake, my mistake. That's my fault, I'm sorry."

"Mistakes need to be punished."

Ouyang Hao pulled the woman towards him with a strong arm, "Fine, however you want to punish me, it's up to you."

The woman smoothly sat on Ouyang Hao's lap, hugged his neck, leaned close to his ear, and whispered something.

Ouyang Hao narrowed his eyes and chuckled wickedly, "That's easy, a piece of cake."

With that, Ouyang Hao picked up the wine glass from the crystal coffee table, took a deep gulp, then clasped the back of the woman's head, transferring all the wine in his mouth to hers.

Chapter 318: Mister, please save me!

A round of cheers erupted around them, but Mu Chen stood aside, eyes full of worry. Recently, Ouyang Hao seemed to have reverted to his old self — flamboyant and unrestrained. However, this wanton behavior made Mu Chen feel a hint of unease.

After a long while, Ouyang Hao finally ended the French kiss and left the private room with his female companion.

Seeing this, the group of young scions couldn't help but tease, "Yo, can't wait any longer?"

Another playboy chuckled mischievously, "Heh, you just don't get it, do you? Delicious food should be eaten while it's hot; otherwise, it won't taste as good if it gets cold."

"He never seemed this impatient before."

"Maybe he hasn't had a taste of something new for a while and got greedy. Plus, look at that fresh model who just started her career; her skin is so tender it could ooze water, and her figure is hot enough to make any man tempted, especially since Hao had a bit to drink tonight."

Listening to the men's filthy words, a female companion couldn't help but scold coquettishly, "You men are just terrible!"

The playboy wrapped his arm around her and kissed her on the cheek, "Isn't it you women who love bad men?"

The men and women bantered back and forth, and with the mood being so flirtatious, everyone decided to part ways, each taking their companion to get down to some serious business.

On the tenth and eleventh floors of "Nightshade," there were specially designed guest rooms for visitors with particular "needs" to spend the night.

Ouyang Hao's female companion was a fresh-faced model eager to climb the social ladder through Ouyang Hao. Seeing him somewhat tipsy, she quickly seized the opportunity and asked coquettishly, "Young Master Ou, where should we go later?"

"Home..." Ouyang Hao slurred, then paused and said, "No, not home!"

"Then how about we go upstairs?"

Ouyang Hao's mind was a bit blurry, and he didn't catch what his companion said, so he just nodded. Seeing this, the woman felt a surge of joy; it seemed luck wasn't treating her badly, as she managed to hook a big fish so quickly.

The woman arranged for a room in "Nightshade" and supported Ouyang Hao into the elevator, heading up to the eleventh floor. The eleventh floor was the highest standard in "Nightshade" and the price was quite steep, causing the woman a moment of heartache. But thinking of how she'd soon climb up thanks to Ouyang Hao, she felt the expense was worth it.

With this thought, they went up to the eleventh floor. "Nightshade" was renowned in T City as a den of debauchery, and the eleventh floor was exclusively for VIPs. Naturally, the owner of "Nightshade" had spared no expense in decorating and furnishing this floor.

Ouyang Hao's steps were a bit unsteady, feeling as if he was walking through a long, deep alley, all wobbly. At that moment, a piercing scream snapped him back from the void, and the next instant, a white figure fell into his view. He squinted his eyes at that white figure, and his vision gradually cleared.

"Sir, please, save me!" It was a woman, and behind her, a man with a fat head and big ears was chasing after her.

Scenes like this were not uncommon in a place like "Nightshade." Ouyang Hao just needed one glance to understand what was going on.

Ouyang Hao was no saint; for some people, he could even be considered harsh. In the past, if he encountered such a situation in a good mood, he might intervene, but now, he wasn't in a particularly good mood.

Seeing Ouyang Hao's indifferent expression, the woman despaired but refused to give up on him as her lifeline.

She clutched Ouyang Hao's thigh desperately, pleading in a low voice, "Sir, please, save me! If you don't help me, I'll die! I really will die!"

Chapter 319: What if I Don't Release Him?

The woman was holding onto Ouyang Hao's injured thigh. Ouyang Hao gasped in pain, wanting to push her away, but his female companion was quicker to act.

The female companion saw Ouyang Hao sweating from the pain and urgently asked, "Young Master Ou, are you okay?"

As she spoke, she gave the woman a fierce glare, "Let's go, don't bother with this crazy woman."

With Ouyang Hao supported by his female companion, they were about to leave when the man chasing the woman had already caught up. The man seemed to have drunk a lot, his steps were unsteady, his appearance menacing, and he slapped the woman hard.

"What, you take the money and run? Still dreaming of being a chaste woman while being a whore?"

"Sir, I can't continue anymore, I can't. I'll return the money to you, will that be fine?" With that, the woman took out a check from her handbag.

The man took the check from her hand, smiled, and then viciously threw it back into her face, gripping her jaw, mocking, "I'm not short of this money. Since you agreed to sell yourself to me back then, now you can't regret it."

"Sir, I truly can't do it. My mother is ill and needs money urgently. I had no other way, that's why I agreed..."

"Since your mother is ill, now you have such a good opportunity to make money, shouldn't you seize it tightly? If you want to be a filial child, do it thoroughly. Don't you agree?"

"No, there are other ways, there must be other ways! Sir, I beg you, be merciful, let me go, alright?"

But her plea was answered with a loud slap, "Bitch, don't act pitiful and chaste in front of me, I'm not falling for it! I'm telling you plainly today, you will sell yourself whether you want to or not!"

The woman staggered and fell heavily to the ground. In the next moment, the man pulled her up again, dragging her towards a certain room.

Ouyang Hao watched everything that was happening before him. He stared intently at the woman in the white dress, saying nothing, yet as the two passed by him, he saw the despair in the woman's tear-filled eyes.

In that moment, his heart trembled violently, and Lin Yixun's pale face suddenly flashed in his mind.

Four years ago, when she was bullied, was she also as helpless and desperate as this woman before him? Did she also seek help from a stranger? Was she also coldly watched and then wantonly humiliated?

"Wait a moment!" Ouyang Hao suddenly spoke, stopping the man.

The man was displeased by the interruption but considering the people who could be on this floor were either rich or powerful, and Ouyang Hao looked somewhat familiar, he refrained from acting out, "What's the matter, sir?"

"Leave her here," Ouyang Hao pointed at the woman.

Ouyang Hao's female companion couldn't sit still any longer, she said coquettishly, "Hao, let's go!"

Ouyang Hao ignored her, his narrow eyes locked on the fat-faced man in front of him, and he said in a low voice, "I don't like to repeat myself."

The fat-faced man was no pushover either, he said coldly, "Why should I leave her? This is a private matter between her and me, you'd best stay out of it."

"Since I stumbled upon it, it's now my business."

"What if I don't let her go?"

"That's very simple." Ouyang Hao's lips curled into a wicked smile, followed by a fierce gleam in his eyes, and he threw a punch at the man.

He had trained before, even if he was somewhat drunk and using only eighty percent of his strength, it was more than enough for an ordinary person, and the man was quickly knocked to the ground.

Chapter 320: If You Want to Thank Someone, Thank Your Eyes

The man, with half of his face swollen from the beating, staggered to his feet and wiped the corner of his mouth. Seeing the startling red smear on his hand, his eyes turned red with rage, "You... you... dare to hit me? Do you know who I am? Watch how I beat you up today!"

The man clenched his fists and tried to fight back but Ouyang Hao easily dodged him and followed with another heavy punch. The first punch had landed on his left cheek, and now it was his right cheek; soon his entire face was swollen beyond recognition.

The commotion in the hallway quickly drew a crowd, and someone with sharp eyes recognized Ouyang Hao at a glance, exclaiming, "Isn't that Ouyang Hao? Wow, my goodness! He's even more handsome than on TV!"

In no time, more and more people gathered to watch, and they all took out their phones to take pictures. After such a scene, Ouyang Hao was mostly sobered up and had no mood to stay any longer.

Soon, staff from Nightshade also came to mediate. The man who had suffered a severe loss and faced such embarrassment from Ouyang Hao naturally couldn't swallow his pride. He spat out harsh words, "I don't care if you're some big celebrity! You're just a singer, what's the big deal? Just you wait, you're definitely going to jail for this."

The manager of Nightshade knew exactly who the guests were, especially wealthy ones like Ouyang Hao.

He walked up to the man and whispered something in his ear. Whatever he said caused the man's imposing manner to deflate instantly.

Just a moment ago, he was fiercely intent on sending Ouyang Hao to jail, but now he awkwardly put on a smile and respectfully apologized to Ouyang Hao.

"So, it's Second Young Master Ouyang. I was blind to not recognize Mount Tai and offended you. Please forgive me for my drunken behavior earlier."

Ouyang Hao lowered his eyes and looked at him coldly, easily guessing what the manager had told him; it was nothing more than his background. He had seen plenty of people like this man who bullied the weak and feared the strong, adapting to circumstances.

Ouyang Hao spoke indifferently, looking down at him, "If that's the case, then why are you still here?"

"Alright, alright, I'm leaving, right away!"

As he spoke, the man didn't even bother to pick up the check on the ground. He scrambled into the elevator and disappeared from sight, in utter disgrace.

The people upstairs, all influential figures, seeing that the spectacle had ended, dispersed as well. Even though some of the men had female companions who were fans of Ouyang Hao, they couldn't stay due to their patrons' presence, and reluctantly returned to their respective rooms.

After resolving the matter, the manager of Nightshade also quietly left after respectfully apologizing to Ouyang Hao, and the hallway quickly returned to its former tranquility.

Just as Ouyang Hao was about to leave, the woman in the white dress he had saved came up to him and knelt heavily in front of him.

"Thank you, sir! Thank you, sir!"

Ouyang Hao's gaze fell lightly on her face, "You don't need to thank me. I saved you only out of boredom. If you really want to thank someone, thank yourself."

If her eyes weren't so clear, her gaze so despairing, and so much like Lin Yixun's, he wouldn't have been moved to help her.