

## Toxic Ex 336

### Chapter 336: She Is Nothing But a Plaything That Can't See the Light of Day

Lin Yixun had been in the hospital for days, and Leng Yixiu never showed up. She was actually quite free and easy about it, wishing that he would abandon her right now.

For fear of worrying her mother, Lin Yixun lied that she was on a business trip out of town and would be back in a few days. Her mother did not suspect anything. In her mother's eyes, Lin Yixun was still the one who never lied, unaware that everything had changed.

Sometimes, even Lin Yixun had to doubt whether she had the potential to be a fraud. She always deceived those who loved and cared for her, no matter the reason. But a lie was still a lie, and lies did not deserve to be forgiven.

Staying in the same hospital to avoid running into her mother unexpectedly, Lin Yixun mostly holed up in her ward, reading books and occasionally browsing the web.

Unavoidably, she would sometimes see news about Ouyang Hao online. In the past, Lin Yixun managed to numb herself with work or by dealing with Leng Yixiu, giving her no time to think of anything else.

However, once a person has free time, they can't help but think about many things. The rumors about Ouyang Hao were like dull knives, slicing her skin again and again, causing a deep, raw pain.

She clearly could ignore some of the news about Ouyang Hao, could choose to remain indifferent. But every time she made up her mind, she would keep going back on her decision.

Thus, she repeated this cycle, masochistically reading the news and gossip about Ouyang Hao. It was as if only by tormenting herself time and again could she be sure that she was still alive.

She despised herself for behaving this way. The more she thought about it, the more pitiful she felt.

When Lin Yixun was discharged from the hospital, only Old He came to pick her up. Leng Yixiu was still nowhere to be seen. Lin Yixun had no idea what had happened that night. She assumed that Leng Yixiu had been with Cheng Ying these past few days, since he was engaged, after all.

Thinking about it, Lin Yixun couldn't help but curl her lips into a mocking smile. Someone like Leng Yixiu, who had to keep his fiancée company while still dropping by to make his presence known to her, didn't he find it exhausting?

Returning to the Half Mountain Villa, Lin Yixun wanted to rest but was surprised to find other people in the villa.

One of the women, dressed fashionably and even somewhat eccentrically, stepped forward and introduced herself, "I am Alin, the chief stylist of New-image."

"Hello?"

Lin Yixun was momentarily puzzled and turned to look at Old He behind her. Old He explained, "Sir said there is a gathering tonight and he wants you to attend."

"A gathering?" Lin Yixun frowned and asked in a low voice, "Can I not go?"

She knew her place. A mistress should have the awareness of being a mistress, merely a plaything for Leng Yixiu's private amusement, unfit for the public eye.

Even if she had the thickest skin, she did not want others to know about her disgraceful status.

"Miss Lin, Sir has said you must attend tonight's gathering."

Must?

What was Leng Yixiu planning? Did he really want to announce her identity to the whole world? Wasn't he afraid of disgracing himself by bringing her out?

She pulled out her phone from her bag and dialed a long string of numbers, but unfortunately, no one answered from the other end.

Seeing Lin Yixun's extremely poor expression, a mixture of anger, hatred, and sorrow interweaving, Old He couldn't help but feel a twinge of pity and softly said, "Miss Lin, rest assured, sir has always been prudent. What you are worried about will not happen."

"Heh..." Lin Yixun suddenly let out a cold laugh, "Does he know what I care about? Even if he does, would he really consider my feelings?"

### Chapter 337: The Scars Are Still There

Even though Lin Yixun had a thousand reasons to refuse, she still had to accept Leng Yixiu's arrangement. She sat in the chair like a doll, allowing Alin to handle her.

"Miss Lin, your natural features are actually quite good. Your skin is fair and tender, which makes makeup easy. It's just..." Alin's gaze fell on the long scar on the right side of Lin Yixun's face.

The scar was too long and deep, and no concealer could cover it. Even an experienced stylist like Alin rarely encountered such a situation.

She frowned in frustration and murmured softly, "What a pity."

Such a good face, how could there be a scar?

As soon as she spoke, Alin realized she had misspoken and glanced cautiously at Lin Yixun, who remained indifferent, showing no sign of emotion.

She was long accustomed to such looks and said expressionlessly, "The scar is too deep and long; no makeup can cover it. You might as well save your efforts."

Everyone desires beauty, but as the saying goes, a woman dresses up for the one who pleases her. Lin Yixun hated Leng Yixiu, even to the point of resenting him, so being with him made her feel no need to dress up meticulously.

"How could that be? Don't worry, the scar on your face can be dealt with; it's just a little more troublesome."

Saying this, Alin took out a pencil-like tool from her makeup bag and began to draw on Lin Yixun's face. Lin Yixun didn't know what she was doing but didn't care much; she closed her eyes slowly and rested in the chair.

After a long while, just as Lin Yixun was about to fall asleep, Alin's voice came from above, "Alright, all done."

Lin Yixun opened her eyes and looked at herself in the mirror. A subtle change flickered in her indifferent eyes.

She quietly observed herself in the mirror. Her pale cheeks had become rosy and radiant due to the foundation and blush, and her eyes appeared more vibrant with the eyeliner and mascara. One had to admit, the makeup artist was like a magician; after her delicate work, Lin Yixun looked brighter and her aura even more refined.

"Indeed, Miss Lin is a great beauty," Alin said with a satisfied smile, but what she was most pleased with was how she had adorned the scar on Lin Yixun's right cheek.

By some coincidence, to cover the scar, Alin had drawn a beguiling phoenix tail flower there.

Lin Yixun stared intently at the phoenix tail flower, her thoughts drifting back to distant memories.

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"Mr. Ouyang, I'd rather change back. This attire is very inconvenient."

"What's inconvenient about it? It's not like I'm asking you to carry bricks or haul cement. Stop complaining. If we wait for you to change, the award ceremony will be over."

"But I..."

"No buts! I've been waiting outside for two hours already. Do you want to make me wait even longer?"

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Even though those events were long past, Lin Yixun discovered that she remembered every detail clearly, even recalling the arrogant yet roguish look on Ouyang Hao's face at that time.

It was the same exquisite makeup, the same beguiling phoenix tail flower, but her feelings were entirely different. Back then, when she first saw the phoenix tail flower, she was amazed; it proved that beautiful things could indeed cover scars.

But now, the phoenix tail flower constantly reminded her that scars are ultimately scars, and no matter how good the cosmetics or how beautiful the cover, they could never be erased.

The scars were still there.

Chapter 338: She is not afraid of death, but fears being half dead.

The makeup artist noticed Lin Yixun's gloomy expression and couldn't help but ask, "Miss Lin, do you not like it? If you don't, there's still time to redo it."

"No need, your makeup is very good."

It's not that she was dissatisfied, she was just heartbroken. To someone in despair, even the most beautiful makeup is meaningless.

In addition to doing Lin Yixun's makeup, the makeup artist also brought several dresses. With just a glance, Lin Yixun could tell these dresses were incredibly expensive.

"Lin Yixun, these dresses were custom-made to your measurements. Do you have one in mind for tonight?"

Lin Yixun glanced at the dresses and pointed at a black one, "How about this one?"

"Don't you think black is a bit too plain?"

"Let's go with this one, it doesn't matter which one I wear."

By the time the stylist finished Lin Yixun's look, an hour had passed. Old He's car had been waiting downstairs all this time. Seeing Lin Yixun coming down, he got out to open the rear car door for her.

Lin Yixun remained silent the entire way, her face showing no emotion. Watching the swiftly receding streetscape outside the car window, Lin Yixun felt nothing but desolation.

She did not know what kind of gathering it would be tonight, but she was well aware that going to the banquet with Leng Yixiu was akin to ruthlessly tearing away her protective layer.

From then on, she would wholly become the type of person she once despised the most.

A sudden thought crossed her mind—what if she opened the car door and jumped out right now?

But she soon dismissed the idea. The car wasn't moving fast enough; even if she jumped, she wouldn't die. At most, she would end up half dead, half alive.

Lin Yixun painfully closed her eyes. She realized she lacked the courage to die, wanting to but not daring to. She could only continue to eke out her existence in this world.

The car eventually drove into a private villa estate. When Lin Yixun got out of the car, she saw Leng Yixiu's figure in the distance. It seemed he had been waiting for a while, as his handsome face showed

signs of impatience. But upon seeing Lin Yixun, his expression softened, and a hint of amazement flashed in his deep eyes for a moment.

For some reason, Lin Yixun did not like Leng Yixiu staring at her like that. She averted her gaze and coldly stood still until she heard his low, seductive voice in her ear.

"Let's go inside."

The man reached out and naturally wrapped his arm around Lin Yixun's shoulder. The action felt casual, as if he had done it countless times, but Lin Yixun couldn't face it calmly.

From the villa entrance to the living room, Lin Yixun's entire body was tense. Tonight, she wore only a black dress, her shoulders bare. The man's cool hand on her arm gave her a familiar yet strange feeling, leaving her at a loss.

To Lin Yixun's surprise, the villa was not as lively as she had imagined. On the contrary, it felt somewhat cold. The spacious villa living room was empty, save for a well-dressed and distinguished-looking couple. There was no one else.

Could it be a private gathering?

The thought made Lin Yixun's heart skip a beat. Mixed with her surprise was a growing sense of unease. At that moment, the couple who had been sitting by the coffee table stood up and walked towards them.

The strikingly handsome man among them teased with a smile, "I thought you fell into the toilet, turns out you went to pick up a beauty?"

#### Chapter 339: Blue Demoness Under the Nightshade

The words "beautiful lady" were clearly meant as a compliment, but they deeply hurt Lin Yixun. She sorrowfully realized that she still retained a tiny bit of self-respect, and hearing "beautiful lady" made her feel incredibly ashamed.

She didn't know if the man in front of her knew who she was, but judging by his tone when speaking with Leng Yixiu, they appeared to be quite close. Therefore, he must have known that Leng Yixiu had a fiancée. Leng Yixiu bringing her to this kind of occasion probably gave the man some clue about her identity.

So, what were the intentions behind this man's smile?

Was it mocking, contempt, or disdain?

Lin Yixun's thoughts were in a whirl. Naturally, Leng Yixiu, who was by her side, could sense her thoughts from her tense body and expression. His fingers on her arm slightly tightened.

He introduced her very naturally to the couple, "Lin Yixun, my... companion."

Leng Yixiu paused for a moment mid-sentence, ultimately refraining from using the most disgraceful words. Even so, it made Lin Yixun feel like she was sitting on pins and needles.

"So, this is Miss Lin. I've heard President Leng mention her multiple times. Meeting her in person is indeed different. I'm Fei Yichen, and this is my wife, Mu Yi."

Fei Yichen?

Lin Yixun had heard this name before. In T City, you might not know the mayor's name, but no one was unfamiliar with this name.

She had assumed Fei Yichen would be an older man but was surprised to see how young and handsome he was, and even more surprised that Leng Yixiu was connected to him.

As the saying goes, "one doesn't hit a smiling face." Although Lin Yixun did not like getting involved with someone with a complex background like Fei Yichen, she still faintly smiled, "Mr. Fei, Mrs. Fei, hello!"

"Hello, Miss Lin!" Mrs. Fei responded with a smile.

Hearing this, Lin Yixun couldn't help but roughly size up the woman in front of her. Unlike other socialites with intricate makeup, Mrs. Fei had a plain face without any cosmetics. Despite this, her eyes were very clear and free of any arrogance, instead, they were extremely gentle, giving people a very comfortable feeling.

Compared with the woman in front of her, Lin Yixun suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of inferiority. She couldn't understand why Leng Yixiu brought her here.

The men gathered and talked about nothing but politics and business. Lin Yixun sat to the side, seeing Leng Yixiu and Fei Yichen chatting animatedly, but found herself uninterested. It seemed Mrs. Fei felt the same, propping her little head in boredom, almost falling asleep.

Noticing his wife's lack of interest, Fei Yichen fondly rubbed her hair and softly said, "If you find it boring, why not take Miss Lin for a walk in the garden behind?"

Mrs. Fei, thinking dinner would still take a while, considered it a good idea and suggested to Lin Yixun, "Miss Lin, shall we ignore them and take a walk in the back garden?"

Lin Yixun, thinking it was better to stretch her legs rather than sit around like a log, agreed.

It turned out there was a vast back garden behind the villa. In the garden, there was a swimming pool, and not far away was a large sea of flowers.

As Lin Yixun walked closer, she realized it was Blue Demoness. The Blue Demoness flowers were well taken care of, blooming beautifully, and under the moonlight, they looked especially vibrant and alluring.

#### Chapter 340: He Must Love You Very Much

The beauty of the scenery made her temporarily forget that she was in an unfamiliar environment. She couldn't help but turn her gaze towards Mrs. Fei next to her, "How did you manage to grow so many Blue Demoness flowers?"

It is said that cultivating Blue Demoness flowers is exceptionally labor-intensive. To nurture such a vast sea of them, it must have required an incredible amount of effort.

"I don't know either. My husband grew them. I was very surprised the first time I saw these Blue Demoness flowers too. It's amazing that a tough guy like him could grow such beautiful flowers."

Mrs. Fei's eyes sparkled with a smile. When she mentioned Fei Yichen, her eyes gleamed even brighter. It was easy to see how much she loved her husband.

Her smile was carefree, and her eyes were so pure without a hint of impurity. Lin Yixun was a bit surprised. How could someone like Fei Yichen, who had such a notorious background, have a wife like her?

It was evident that Mrs. Fei was very well protected by Fei Yichen.

"Mrs. Fei, your husband must love you very much," Lin Yixun said sincerely.

Lin Yixun couldn't help but feel a bit envious. How wonderful it would be to find someone you love who also loves you back, and be able to stay with them forever.

Upon hearing this, Mrs. Fei lowered her head and smiled shyly, "It's alright. Yichen is indeed very good to me, although he can be a bit overbearing. But luckily, I have a trump card, hehe..."

"What's your trump card?"

"I cry and make a fuss! Every time, as long as I cry, he gets flustered. No matter how angry he is, or whose fault it is, he will always relent and apologize to me."

"Apologize?" It's hard to imagine someone like Fei Yichen apologizing, especially when he's not at fault.

"Yes. So, you see, a woman's tears are very powerful."

"That's because Mr. Fei loves you."

If a man doesn't love a woman, no matter how much she cries, it's all in vain.

The two of them strolled and chatted around the back garden. Lin Yixun never imagined that one day she would have such a pleasant conversation with someone she had just met.

"Besides Yun'er, I don't have many friends here. I feel a great connection with you. Please, don't keep calling me 'Mrs. Fei.' It sounds awkward. Why don't you call me Yi instead?"

Lin Yixun saw the sincerity in Mu Yi's eyes and felt that they really got along well, so she nodded.

"Great, then we'll be friends from now on. In the future, if you have nothing to do, you can come and visit more often."

Lin Yixun was about to agree but then thought of her identity. Mu Yi was the kind of straightforward and kind person who hates evil. Looking at Mu Yi's friendly attitude, it was clear that she didn't know Leng Yixiu was already engaged. Perhaps she thought she and Leng Yixiu were the real couple.

If one day, she finds out that Leng Yixiu has a fiancée, she probably wouldn't look at her as kindly, nor would she want to be friends with a homewrecker.

Just as Lin Yixun was hesitating, Mu Yi's phone suddenly rang. She answered with a smile, "Where are you? We're all waiting for you!"

A woman's voice came from the other end of the line, "I'm at the villa's entrance. Why haven't you come to welcome me yet? By the way, I brought someone with me. Hope that's not inconvenient?"

"Of course not! What's one more set of bowls and chopsticks? Is it a man or a woman? Don't tell me it's your boyfriend?"