

Toxic Ex 416

Chapter 416: Suicide

The man's face darkened as he nodded, crossed the police cordon, and approached Lin Yixun step by step.

Her face was streaked with tears, indicating she had been crying for a long time. Her hollow, dark eyes terrified the man like never before.

He had never seen Lin Yixun so desperate and helpless; she looked like a soul-less puppet, sitting motionlessly with her entire being emptied.

The man's heart tightened involuntarily, even in the lavender field back then, she had never looked like this.

The man opened his mouth, and after a long while, managed to utter in a strained voice, "Lin Yixun..."

But Lin Yixun didn't respond, remaining motionless as before.

Seeing this, Leng Yixiu stretched out his hand and gently patted Lin Yixun's shoulder, "Lin Yixun, let go of your mother. Your mother is gone, she needs to be buried peacefully."

"Buried peacefully?" Lin Yixun suddenly turned her head, her bloodshot eyes coldly staring at Leng Yixiu, "What do you mean buried peacefully? My mom is just sleeping, she is only sleeping!"

"Lin Yixun..."

The man's words were cut short by Lin Yixun's cold interruption, making a gesture to silence him, "Shh! My mom is sleeping, don't disturb her!"

Saying that, Lin Yixun looked down at Lin's mother in her arms, gently wiping the blood off her forehead, and whispered softly, "Mom, you must be tired, it's okay, sleep for a while, I'll wake you at mealtime."

Old He noticed Lin Yixun's strange demeanor, and instinctively moved closer to Leng Yixiu, whispering, "Boss, Miss Lin seems to have suffered a severe shock. At this rate, she might stay here all day. Should we have someone separate her from Mrs. Lin?"

Leng Yixiu gave Lin Yixun a deep glance but shook his head, "No need, she needs time to accept all this."

Leng Yixiu understood very well that this incident was a heavy blow to Lin Yixun. To accept Lin's mother's death, she must come to terms with it herself, others couldn't force it.

The man stood quietly behind Lin Yixun, waiting patiently. As time passed, the surrounding onlookers gradually dispersed, leaving only the responsible police and Leng Yixiu's team.

Seeing the late hour, Old He began to worry, "Sir, I think Miss Lin cannot accept all this for the time being. If we let her continue like this, her body might not be able to endure."

Upon hearing this, the man's face darkened. Old He had a point. If Lin Yixun continued to hold onto Lin's mother, without eating or drinking, her body wouldn't last long.

Thinking this, he reluctantly signaled the bodyguards behind him to forcibly separate Lin Yixun and Lin's mother.

The bodyguards received the order and respectfully approached Lin Yixun, "Miss Lin, excuse us!"

"What are you doing? Let go of me!"

As soon as the bodyguards touched Lin Yixun, she went wild, struggling frantically. She wouldn't let the bodyguards touch her, nor Lin's mother. But, due to the difference in strength and the bodyguards' training, Lin Yixun and Lin's mother were eventually separated.

Watching Lin's mother being carried onto a stretcher by the police and loaded into a police car

"What are you doing? Where are you taking my mom?"

Lin Yixun suddenly found the strength to break free from the bodyguards and crazily chased the police car. Leng Yixiu quickly approached and embraced her from behind.

"Yixun, calm down. They are just performing their duties, investigating your mother's cause of death."

"Cause of death? My mom is just sleeping, she's not dead!"

"Yixun, this is already a fact. Your mom is dead, the dead cannot come back to life."

"No, you're lying! My mom is not dead! You're lying! My mom is not dead! She's just sleeping! Let go of me, let go of me!" Seeing the police car start, Lin Yixun panicked and suddenly bit down hard on Leng Yixiu's arm.

Leng Yixiu grunted in pain but didn't release her, instead holding her tighter. He let Lin Yixun bite him, thinking that maybe it could alleviate her pain.

Lin Yixun grasped his clothes tightly, her teeth deeply embedded in his flesh, yet her heart refused to accept Lin's mother's death.

His shirt was soaked with warm tears, the hot sensation gradually spread from his skin to his heart, turning dull pain into sharp agony.

Leng Yixiu never imagined things would come to this. He thought that ending his relationship with Cheng Ying and spending time with Lin Yixun would eventually mend their relationship because he had a lifetime.

However, fate played a cruel joke. Lin's mother's death meant losing the last leverage to keep Lin Yixun by his side.

Between him and Lin Yixun...

He couldn't bear to think of the consequences.

He bitterly curled his lips; he thought he had plenty of time, but it turned out their time was running out.

Lin Yixun cried in his arms for a long time until she fainted from exhaustion. The man carried her and instructed Old He to find Cen Lin to check on her.

"She's just overly sad and fatigued, nothing seriously wrong, a bit of IVF will make her fine."

"Is she really okay?" The man glanced deeply at Lin Yixun on the hospital bed, still worried.

"Don't you trust me?"

"That's not it, I just..."

"I understand, you're anxious." Cen Lin gave him a look, "Her physical condition is fine, but I can't guarantee her mental state. After all, her relative died. Moreover, she already had depressive tendencies, so extra caution is needed during this period."

"Hmm."

After checking Lin Yixun, Cen Lin wrote a prescription, gave a few instructions, and left. Soon after, Assistant Chen entered.

"Boss, the forensic examination results are out. As described by the witnesses on-site, it is indeed suicide."

"Suicide?"

"Yes, that's the forensic's conclusion."

The man's eyes darkened in thought. If the forensic results showed Lin's mother died from suicide, it was baffling.

From what he knew, Lin's mother was about to be discharged. She had endured the toughest surgery, so under normal circumstances, she wouldn't have a motive for suicide.

Then why would she suddenly commit suicide?

Retrieving his thoughts, he told Assistant Chen, "Investigate who interacted with Lin Yixun's mother in the past few days."

Chapter 417: No, don't leave me!

Lin Yixun had a very, very long dream. In the dream, she seemed to have returned to her childhood. In an independent small courtyard, she wore a princess dress and sat on a swing. Behind the swing was a big hand. Every time she descended from a height to the lowest point, the big hand would push her hard, sending her back up.

"Higher, higher!" She laughed joyously, only wishing to be thrown higher by the swing.

"This is the highest already, mommy can't push anymore."

"Hmph, didn't mommy say she was Superwoman? Isn't Superwoman very strong?"

"Even Superwoman gets tired. Superwoman needs to rest now."

At that moment, the dream's scene suddenly changed. The flowers and plants in the small courtyard withered instantly. The once vibrant courtyard became desolate, and her mother suddenly aged a lot. She wore a blue-striped hospital gown, yet her face still bore a kind smile, just as it did in the old days.

"Mom, you woke up?" Lin Yixun's heart leaped with joy, and she opened her arms to hug her.

But at that moment, a stream of fresh blood trickled down along Lin's mother's hairline from her cheek. Seeing Lin's mother's body waver before her eyes, Lin Yixun's heart tightened. She reached out to grab her, but the moment her fingers touched Lin's mother's body, they passed through as though she wasn't there.

Lin Yixun stared in disbelief at her empty hands and then looked at Lin's mother, who smiled gently at her.

"Yixun, I have to go."

"Mom, where are you going?"

"To a very, very far place."

"Mom, don't you want me anymore?"

"Silly child, how could mommy not want you? Mommy is just going to another place. Yixun, you must remember, no matter where mommy is, she will always be with you."

Watching Lin's mother walk away step by step, Lin Yixun reached out, wanting to grab her, but could grasp nothing. She could only watch helplessly as her mother drifted further away, unable to do anything.

"No, don't leave me. No, don't leave me!"

Sister Yi felt heartache seeing Lin Yixun talking nonsense, cold sweat running down her forehead.

Before, Sister Yi had looked down on Lin Yixun because she had interfered between the gentleman and Miss Cheng. Although she treated her respectfully on the surface, deep down, she despised her. Such a young girl, why choose to be someone else's mistress?

However, after spending some time with Lin Yixun, Sister Yi realized that she was different from those vanity-loving women outside. She didn't like wearing branded clothes, nor did she care for luxury goods. She even ignored the gentleman most of the time.

At the Half Mountain Villa, she seemed very unhappy. A smile rarely appeared on her thin face. Sister Yi did not know why Lin Yixun was so morose, but seeing her grow thinner each day with increasingly dim eyes, she couldn't help but feel sorry for her.

She thought, perhaps Miss Lin stayed with the gentleman out of some unavoidable reason. After all, as a servant, she had no right or ability to meddle in the master's affairs. All she could do was be kind to Lin Yixun, making her suffer a little less.

In the dream, Lin Yixun found herself in a fog, searching everywhere for her mother's figure, but couldn't find her. In her anxiousness, she heard a familiar voice calling.

"Miss Lin, wake up, please wake up; Miss Lin, wake up!"

Lin Yixun didn't want to listen, but that voice seemed to have a magical power, pulling her in a certain direction. A sudden bright light flashed before her eyes, startling her awake instantly.

White walls, white sheets, and doctors in white coats. Her pupils slowly regained focus, and only then did she realize that she was in a large hospital room.

"Miss Lin, you're finally awake. Just now, you were unconscious, and it scared us to death."

Sister Yi was about to get up and call Leng Yixiu to tell him that Lin Yixun had woken, but Lin Yixun grabbed her arm and urgently asked, "Where's my mom, Sister Yi, where's my mom?"

"Your mother... she... I'm not sure either." Sister Yi lowered her eyes, avoiding Lin Yixun's gaze, and said softly.

Lin Yixun immediately felt something was off. She reached out to pull the IV needle from her hand and lifted the quilt, ready to get out of bed. Sister Yi's heart tightened, and she hurried to stop her.

"Miss Lin, you're very weak right now, you can't get out of bed."

Lin Yixun was too preoccupied to care about anything else.

She didn't know where she got the strength from, but she forcefully shook off Sister Yi, got out of bed, and murmured, "No, I have to find her! Without me by her side, no one is there to talk with her or keep her company. She must be so bored!"

Lin Yixun insisted on leaving, and Sister Yi couldn't stop her no matter what. The doctors and nurses in the ward, constrained by Lin Yixun's identity, didn't dare to intervene.

Sister Yi had no choice but to follow Lin Yixun out of the ward, saying as she trailed behind her, "Miss Lin, to find your mother, you need to know where she is first."

Lin Yixun suddenly stopped, turned around, and looked at Sister Yi, "Do you know where my mom is?"

"This..." Sister Yi lowered her head, a bit distressed. The gentleman had repeatedly instructed not to tell Miss Lin where her mother was until noon.

Seeing Sister Yi hesitate, Lin Yixun pressed on, "Sister Yi, you know where my mom is, don't you?"

"Your mother... she... she's at the crematorium now."

Seeing Lin Yixun's face turn deathly pale, looking ashen as a corpse, Sister Yi instantly regretted it. She should have followed the gentleman's instructions and not told Miss Lin.

But where in the world is there a remedy for regret?

Watching Lin Yixun rushing out of Shengde, hailing a taxi on the road and heading straight for the suburban crematorium, Sister Yi gazed at the departing taxi, anxiously called Leng Yixiu, and nervously narrated what had just happened.

"Why didn't you follow her?" the man asked with a frown.

"Miss Lin moved too fast, I couldn't keep up, but I noted the taxi's license plate number."

"Okay, I understand. Send me the license plate number."

Leng Yixiu hung up the phone with a stern face and then asked Assistant Chen to check that taxi. The cab was indeed heading towards the crematorium.

The man lit a cigarette, leaning against the cold wall and took a deep drag. He didn't have anyone stop the car because what was meant to happen would eventually happen.

When Lin Yixun arrived at the crematorium, she saw Leng Yixiu and his group in the lobby at the entrance.

She strode forward, walking up to Leng Yixiu, and coldly asked, "Where's my mom?"

Chapter 418: He is Slowly Losing Her

Seeing the man with a stern face not answering her, she raised her voice again, repeating, "Leng Yixiu, where's my mom?"

The man lifted his eyes, casting a complicated gaze at her, "She's in the cremator."

As soon as Leng Yixiu spoke, his neck suddenly tightened, his collar was ruthlessly grabbed by Lin Yixun. Lin Yixun's eyes were red as she glared at him viciously, "Leng Yixiu, what gives you the right to do this?! What gives you the right!"

Lin Yixun clutched his collar with one hand and shook him violently, while the man did not push her away, but gently persuaded, "Yixun, your mother is gone, let her rest in peace."

"What do you mean gone? She was perfectly fine!" Lin Yixun pounded him with all her might, screaming hoarsely, "She's not dead, why did you cremate her? She's not dead, why did you throw her into the cremator, Leng Yixiu, you murderer! Murderer!"

The man did not fight back, standing still, letting Lin Yixun hit and curse him. He knew that at this moment, Lin Yixun needed an outlet to vent her anguish.

If hitting him could lessen her heartache and help her accept her mother's death, then this pain was nothing for him.

No one knew how long it took, but Lin Yixun finally exhausted her strength and stopped. She collapsed weakly on the ground, weeping sorrowfully.

Actually, she knew deep down that her mother had already left her, but she just couldn't bear to accept this fact. Everything was fine just the day before yesterday; why did everything change after just one sleep?

What had she done in a past life to deserve this? Why, whenever happiness seemed within her grasp, did fate strike her a fatal blow and tear all her hopes apart?

The man looked down at the helpless and aching Lin Yixun on the ground, feeling as though a sharp knife was carving away at his heart.

He squatted down, reached out his arms, and pulled Lin Yixun tightly into his embrace, sadly realizing that at this moment, there was nothing he could do for her other than silently staying by her side and giving her a hug.

Since Lin's mother was cremated, Lin Yixun was deeply traumatized and had been running a high fever. Despite this, she took care of every detail of her mother's funeral personally, firmly refusing to let Leng Yixiu handle any part of it.

Lin Yixun had her reasons for doing so.

When Lin's mother was alive, she hated Leng Yixiu the most; it was Leng Yixiu who sent her only support in life to prison, and it was Leng Yixiu who caused her daughter to fall from grace.

She didn't want to see Leng Yixiu when she was alive, and after her death, she wouldn't let her enemy arrange her funeral!

Leng Yixiu naturally understood this, so even when he saw Lin Yixun, weak as she was, personally overseeing the grave selection and hiring a priest, he did not stop her.

He thought that maybe this way, Lin Yixun would feel a bit better.

However, seeing Lin Yixun's thin figure shuttling back and forth, he couldn't help but worry, fearing that she would collapse at any moment.

What Leng Yixiu didn't know was that something even more troublesome was waiting for him.

In the middle of the night, Leng Yixiu received a call from Assistant Chen. A sudden change threw him into a panic, and lowering his voice, he asked, "What did you say? When did it happen?"

"An hour ago, a sudden myocardial infarction. He must have been shocked by the news of Lin's mother's death. The prison sent him to the hospital for emergency treatment, but the situation doesn't look good."

The man's brows furrowed tightly. Looking down at the already asleep Lin Yixun, his gaze fell on her swollen eyes, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes.

He got out of bed, reached out to touch Lin Yixun's forehead, still slightly warm but better than during the day, and some of his tension eased a little.

Even so, he felt anything but relaxed.

As he went downstairs, Leng Yixiu woke Sister Yi, giving her instructions before leaving, "I need to go out for a while. Please take care of Lin Yixun for me. If anything urgent happens, call me."

With that, he quickly walked out of the villa.

Old He's car had been waiting at the entrance for a long time. After getting in the car, the man's face remained very somber, his feelings increasingly complicated.

Lin Yixun's father, the man who had caused the death of his father and was his sworn enemy, was now fighting for his life in the hospital. Six years ago, that man had set a trap that led to Leng's nearing collapse and caused his father to commit suicide in despair. To Leng Yixiu, he hated that man, even wishing for his miserable demise.

But ironically, that man was Lin Yixun's father, her only kin in this world, her only attachment. Her mother had just passed away a few days ago; if something happened to Lin's father too, he feared Lin Yixun wouldn't be able to handle the successive blows.

The man leaned wearily against the leather seat, slowly closing his eyes, feeling utterly exhausted. How was he supposed to handle such a situation?

At that moment, his phone suddenly rang. The man quickly opened his eyes and turned to the phone screen. It was a call from Assistant Chen. Without a second thought, he answered.

"What's the current situation?"

There was a moment of hesitation on the other end before Assistant Chen's reluctant voice came through, "He didn't make it."

Leng Yixiu's fingers trembled slightly, almost dropping the phone. After a long pause, he regained his composure and said softly, "Okay, I understand."

As he ended the call, Leng Yixiu felt his world crumbling bit by bit.

He knew how much Lin Yixun valued her family. She would sacrifice everything, even her own happiness, for their sake, living like a walking corpse if needed.

If her last remaining family member left her too, how could she bear such a blow and continue to hold on?

He found himself desperately wishing it was all a hallucination. He even hoped that Lin's father—the man who had caused his own father's miserable death—was still alive.

Compared to Lin Yixun's wellbeing, all grudges seemed insignificant. He only wished for Lin's father to be alive so Lin Yixun could have the strength to keep going.

But now Lin's father was dead, and Lin Yixun's last bit of hope in this world had vanished.

Leng Yixiu felt himself losing her bit by bit, and it devastated him to realize he was powerless to do anything.

Fearing Lin Yixun couldn't withstand the blow of losing both parents, Leng Yixiu decided to temporarily keep Lin's father's death a secret, hoping it might give her some time to recover. But in this world, there are no secrets that stay hidden forever.

Chapter 419: Piercing Pain

When Leng Yixiu returned to the Half Mountain Villa, Lin Yixun was still not awake. In her sleep, her delicate brows remained tightly furrowed. The man reached out, wanting to smooth her frown, but withdrew his hand when it was halfway there.

Father Lin's sudden death left him unable to cope. He stared deeply at Lin Yixun's small face, unable to look away. He suddenly realized that even moments like this were a luxury.

Lin's mother's funeral was very low-key. Apart from a few colleagues who had a good relationship with Lin Yixun, there were hardly any relatives or friends. Lin's mother did not like ostentation in life, so everything at the funeral was kept simple.

When Lin's mother was buried, a light drizzle began to fall from the sky. Lin Yixun looked at the gray sky, her eyes vacant. Even the heavens are grieving for her mother, are they not?

After the funeral, Leng Yixiu saw Lin Yixun standing in front of Lin's mother's grave, refusing to leave for a long time. He couldn't help but worry. He wanted to persuade Lin Yixun to leave soon and not dwell on grief, but knew that his presence might make things worse.

So, he called Sister Yi and asked her to persuade Lin Yixun.

Sister Yi, holding an umbrella, approached Lin Yixun from behind and softly urged, "Miss Lin, let's go back."

Lin Yixun didn't turn her head, her gaze fixed unwaveringly on Lin's mother's portrait. In a low voice, she said, "Sister Yi, you go back first. I want to stay here a little longer."

Sister Yi looked at Lin Yixun's dim eyes and pale face. She couldn't help but turn back and shake her head at Leng Yixiu, who stood not far away. The man quickly understood Sister Yi's meaning; he had anticipated this outcome.

The rain fell harder, and the wind was blowing on the mountain. Worried that Lin Yixun might catch a cold, Leng Yixiu sent Old He to fetch a windbreaker from the car and bring it to her.

Seeing Lin Yixun put on the windbreaker, the man let out a long sigh of relief, then bitterly tugged at his lips. Now, even sending her a windbreaker had to be done by someone else. Leng Yixiu, oh Leng Yixiu, when did you fall to such a state?

In fact, the reason Lin Yixun stubbornly stood in front of her mother's grave was not only because she wanted to spend more time with her mother, but also because she was waiting for someone.

From the time she could remember, her mother and father were always deeply in love. Even when her father was imprisoned and all relatives and friends kept their distance, her mother never thought of abandoning him.

Back then, they left A City partly because of Leng Yixiu's pressure and partly because Father Lin was in this city. During holidays, her mother would always personally make delicious food and take it to him. Even when her illness became severe, she would visit him periodically.

Lin Yixun did not know the prison regulations, but she had informed her father about her mother's passing, hoping that he could attend the funeral and bid her mother a final farewell.

After delivering the windbreaker, Old He walked up to Leng Yixiu, his expression grave. After a moment of hesitation, he finally spoke in a low voice, "Just now, I tried to persuade Miss Lin again. She said... she said we should leave first; she wants to wait for her father."

Upon hearing this, a deep pain flashed in Leng Yixiu's eyes. He raised his gaze to Lin Yixun's shaky figure, and his heart twisted into a knot.

She would never know that the person she was waiting for would never appear.

Chapter 420: My Purpose Here Is to Make Things Difficult for You

Lin Yixun waited for a long time at the cemetery but Father Lin still didn't show up. She thought maybe the prison didn't allow it, so her father couldn't come.

She looked up at her mother's portrait, drenched by rain, and felt a pang of sorrow. Her mother loved her father all her life, unwaveringly stood by his side, yet in the end, her father couldn't be there to send her off for the last time.

"Miss Lin, it's getting dark. Shall we go back?" Sister Yi held an umbrella for Lin Yixun and gently urged.

Lin Yixun nodded. She knew her father's awareness of her mother's death must have been a heavy blow to him. Now, she was the pillar of the family, and no matter how much pain she was in, she couldn't afford to fall.

Seeing Lin Yixun slowly turn around, Sister Yi finally let out a long sigh of relief. Leng Yixiu, who had been quietly standing not far away, was also relieved. He was really afraid Lin Yixun would stubbornly stand there all night, unwilling to leave.

After leaving the cemetery, Lin Yixun did not return to the Half Mountain Villa but went to Shengde Hospital. There were still some of her mother's personal belongings in the hospital room. Leng Yixiu originally intended to accompany her, but was resolutely refused by Lin Yixun.

"I don't want my mother's last bit of peace to be disturbed."

Lin's mother had hated Leng Yixiu deeply in life, and Lin Yixun naturally wouldn't allow him to step a foot into her mother's room. She saw the man's face remained sullen and thought he would get angry, but he did nothing, just gave a few instructions to Old He and then left.

Old He had never seen Leng Yixiu be so tolerant to a woman, not even to Miss Cheng. Seeing Leng Yixiu leave despondently, Old He couldn't help but shake his head helplessly.

For some reason, he suddenly sympathized with this cold and hard man.

Old He drove Lin Yixun and Sister Yi to the hospital and then parked the car in the underground garage. He initially wanted to go up with them, thinking he could lend a hand if there were heavy items.

"No need, there aren't many of my mother's belongings. Sister Yi and I can manage to bring them down," Lin Yixun said calmly.

Thus, Old He could only give up.

In fact, Lin Yixun did not lie to Old He. There really weren't many of Lin's mother's belongings. Apart from clothes and necessary toiletries, there was nothing else.

Lin Yixun folded her mother's clothes piece by piece. Looking at the washed-out clothes in her hands, her heart twitched with pain.

Before, her mother loved beauty the most and was very particular about her attire. But since her father had trouble, she had never bought herself any new clothes. Every time she offered to buy her new clothes, her mother would always say: I'm an old woman, what do I need so many clothes for?

Thinking of the words her mother used to say and her expression at the time, Lin Yixun's nose twitched, and her eyes ached severely.

She couldn't understand it. Just a few days ago, her mother was still joking and laughing with her. They had even planned to see the tulips in the suburbs once she was discharged from the hospital. Why had everything changed overnight?

What could have driven her to choose suicide?

Lin Yixun tilted her head up, forcing back the tears in her eyes, bent down, and continued sorting her mother's belongings. Just then, she saw an unexpected guest standing at the doorway.

She looked coldly at Cheng Ying, who was lazily leaning against the doorway, then diverted her gaze and went back to sorting her mother's things. She knew very well that Cheng Ying's appearance at this moment must have a purpose, and her purpose was never in her favor.

Seeing Lin Yixun ignoring her, Cheng Ying wasn't annoyed. She stepped into the room in her ten-inch heels and stood before Lin Yixun. "What's this? Seeing an old acquaintance and not even a hello?"

"We're not that acquainted, are we?" Lin Yixun raised her eyes slowly, looked at the woman before her, and pointed to the door. "Miss Cheng, you're not welcome here. I advise you to leave before I get angry."

"Oh, come on, I came here just for you." Seeing Lin Yixun's cold gaze, Cheng Ying leaned in closer, her red lips slightly parted, and whispered in a voice only they could hear, "To see just how miserable you've become."

"As you wished. Now that you've seen, isn't it time for you to leave?"

"Not yet, I have another reason for being here." Cheng Ying toyed with her freshly manicured nails. Suddenly, her expression turned serious, her eyes sharp as she directly got to the point. "Lin Yixun, you and I don't like each other, so let's not beat around the bush. I'm here today just to make you suffer!"

Make her suffer?

"Is that so?" Lin Yixun raised her eyebrows and let out a small laugh. "I'm afraid Miss Cheng will be disappointed."

She was already in hell, a living hell. What more could Cheng Ying do to her? However, it seemed Lin Yixun had underestimated Cheng Ying and her cunning mind.

Seeing Lin Yixun turn her back and ignore her, Cheng Ying wasn't impatient. She slowly spoke, "Lin Yixun, do you know why your mother committed suicide?"

Hearing this, Lin Yixun's back stiffened, but she didn't turn around. She knew very well that the purpose of Cheng Ying's visit was to torment her. If she listened to her words, she'd fall right into her trap.

"It seems you don't want to know then. What a pity, I was really looking forward to sharing the truth of your mother's death with you. Since you're not interested, I'll take my leave."

With that, Cheng Ying acted like she was about to leave, but Lin Yixun stopped her, "Wait a minute!"

Cheng Ying suddenly smiled. It looked like the fish was about to take the bait.

Lin Yixun put down the clothes in her hands, took a step forward to face Cheng Ying, and asked word by word, "Did my mother commit suicide because of you?"

If Cheng Ying was not involved, why would she suddenly appear here and say those things?

Every clue pointed to her involvement!

"You're not completely dumb," Cheng Ying smiled and openly admitted, "Yes, I had a part in your mother's death."

"It was you!" Lin Yixun took a quick step forward, grabbed Cheng Ying's collar, and shoved her against the opposite wall. "It was you! Why? Why did you do that?"

"Why? Can't you guess my motive? You stole my fiancé, should I just swallow my anger and watch you live happily ever after?"

"That's between us! Whatever grievance you have, come at me. What did my mother do wrong? Why did you target her?"

"She indeed did nothing wrong. It's just her bad luck to have a daughter like you. What a pity you specialize in stealing other people's men. Six years ago it was like this, and it's still like this now!"

"Do you think I enjoy fighting with you? If it weren't for being forced into it, do you think I would stay with Leng Yixiu?"