

My Toxic Ex-Wife: BOSS, Stay Away !

Chapter 6: Chapter 6 Lin Yixun, what are you doing here?

Her body was surrounded by the unfamiliar scent of a man, Lin Yixun felt all the hairs on her body stand up. She instinctively began to struggle, accidentally spilling all the red wine onto Mr. Tang.

Covered in red wine, Mr. Tang became furious and slapped Lin Yixun hard, "Damn it! Don't refuse a toast only to drink a forfeit!"

Lin Yixun lost her balance and fell heavily onto the leather sofa, her cheek burning with pain, and she could even taste the blood in her mouth.

She tried to get up from the sofa, but at that moment, a large hand suddenly gripped her neck tightly. A hideous face instantly enlarged before her eyes, its eyes staring fiercely at the scar on her right cheek, like a ravenous wolf.

"So you're an ugly freak, wasting my precious time. How do you think I should settle this debt?"

The man's predatory gaze made Lin Yixun feel as though she had returned to three years ago, three years ago she lost her face, what was she going to lose today?

Just when Lin Yixun was in the depths of fear, an irreverent voice suddenly came from the entrance of the private room, "Hey, Mr. Tang, what show are you putting on here?"

Lin Yixun followed the voice towards the door, wanting to seek help from the man, but when her eyes met his, she froze in place.

With just one glance, the man recognized her, "Lin Yixun?"

Before Lin Yixun could react from the shock, the man's irreverent smile disappeared from his face, and with a few swift strides, he approached them and punched Mr. Tang in the face without a word.

Mr. Tang cried out "Ouch" as he was knocked to the ground. He climbed back up with a black eye, all his arrogance gone, trembling like a mouse in front of a cat, he asked, "Young Master Zhong, do you know this woman?"

The man called Young Master Zhong, with a somber face, didn't even look at him, his voice icy cold, "Get lost!"

"Alright, I'll get lost! I'm leaving now!"

In an instant, the large private room was left with only the man and Lin Yixun.

The air was somewhat stagnant, Lin Yixun felt difficult to breathe. She didn't know why Zhong Chu appeared in T City, much less expected to meet him in her most pathetic state.

She got up from the sofa, tidied up her messy clothes, and lowered her head, speaking emotionlessly, "Thank you, sir."

Without waiting for Zhong Chu to respond, she passed by him, preparing to leave.

"Why are you here?" Zhong Chu blocked her path, his eyes fixed on her, growing anxious as she remained silent, "All these years of your disappearance, have you been stuck in this damn place? Do you even realize..."

Before he could finish speaking, he was interrupted by Lin Yixun's cold voice, "I'm sorry, sir, you have mistaken me for someone else."

"Mistaken? How could I mistake you? If you don't admit it, I'll go ask your manager and find out." Zhong Chu grabbed her hand and dragged her towards the door of the private room.

Lin Yixun struggled forcefully but couldn't break free. She had no choice but to speak, "Zhong Chu, let go of me!"

"You finally recognize me! Lin Yixun, why are you working here? And, what happened to your face?" Zhong Chu stared intently at the scar on her right cheek.

"It's nothing, just a fall." Lin Yixun said flatly.

"A fall could cause such a long gash?"

Zhong Chu looked at her small face, feeling a pang of sorrow. In his memory, Lin Yixun had always cared about her beauty, even in winter, she would apply multiple layers of sunscreen before going out, but now...

"If you have nothing else, I'll get back to work." Lin Yixun broke free from his hand and turned away calmly.

She was already used to this kind of gaze, her heart was as still as water, she didn't need his sympathy.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Lin Yixun, Is It Worth It?

Zhong Chu opened his mouth, wanting to stop her, but couldn't think of any reason.

He was also involved in the downfall of Lin Yixun's father back then. He was well aware of how miserable Lin Yixun was made by Leng Yixiu at that time. Back then, he only thought Lin Yixun deserved it and didn't feel the slightest sympathy. Later, after Lin Yixun left, he gradually forgot about it, not expecting to meet her here.

The once high and mighty young lady, now lives by pleasing others in a nightclub, enduring bullying and humiliation in silence. She seemed like a completely different person, shedding her pride and arrogance, leaving only indifference and numbness, cautious and humble like dust.

For some reason, seeing her frail silhouette made him feel a twinge of pity in his heart.

That night, Lin Yixun couldn't sleep again.

As soon as she closed her eyes, the past replayed in her mind like a movie, scene by scene.

Meeting Zhong Chu did not leave her as calm as she appeared. The wounds that had gradually healed were torn open again with the appearance of Zhong Chu, causing her unbearable pain.

She closed her eyes in deep pain, hoping that Zhong Chu's appearance was only a coincidence and that he wouldn't mention seeing her in T City to that person.

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Zhong Chu stayed in T City for three days. In addition to handling business affairs, he also had someone investigate everything about Lin Yixun over the past few years in T City.

"Mr. Zhong, everything you asked for is here."

"Alright, thank you."

Zhong Chu picked up the thick pile of documents on the table, his eyes skimmed over the pages filled with shocking photos, his brows furrowing uncontrollably.

After a long while, he threw the documents down heavily, his gaze landing on an invitation on the desk, his expression somewhat solemn.

"Lin Yixun, Lin Yixun, was it worth doing so much and paying such a high price? Was it worth it?"

Was it worth it?

Lin Yixun had asked herself countless times if it was worth loving Leng Yixiu so recklessly.

Thinking about it now, the question of worth doesn't really matter, it's just fate.

She had hated, she had resented, but in the end, she realized that all of this was ultimately her own fault—her own arrogance and stubbornness led to today's outcome.

No one else was to blame.

Zhong Chu's appearance was like a stone dropped into a lake, creating ripples in her heart, but over time, these ripples gradually calmed down.

Maybe life's struggles had worn down her edges, making her numb, as even when she learned about Leng Yixiu and Cheng Ying's engagement three days later, she remained calm.

On the TV screen, that familiar handsome face became clearer. Three years hadn't left any trace on his face but instead added a touch of mature charm to him.

When he announced his marriage with Cheng Ying on major media outlets, his face and eyes were full of affection and gentleness—expressions he never showed her.

Lin Yixun forced a stiff smile. The man she had once loved to the bone was about to marry another woman. In the past, this might have broken her, but now...

She reached out to touch her heart, where it was calm as dead water, unable to stir any waves.

The old wounds were deep, torn open with flesh and blood, then healed at an astonishing speed. When they were torn open again, it didn't hurt as much.

Leng Yixiu and Cheng Ying had been together for so many years, it was time for them to get engaged. To be precise, they should have gotten married three years ago.

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Leng Yixiu, I Saw Lin Yixun

Three days later, A City witnessed an unprecedented engagement party.

The engagement party of the head of Leng Group and the double award-winning actress was a standout event. Not only were the protagonists highly distinguished, but the grand affair also gathered domestic and international business elites, as well as a constellation of stars. It could be said that this engagement party was no less grand than any award ceremony.

Various media outlets flocked to the scene, arriving early to the engagement venue, fearing that if they were even a minute late, they would miss the headlines.

Luxury cars, lawns, champagne, roses, and the melodious sound of violins filled every corner of the venue with a romantic atmosphere. And among all this, the most eye-catching were the protagonists of this engagement party.

This was their big day. Before the ceremony even started, they were surrounded by a group of childhood friends. Some made jokes, some offered blessings, it was very lively.

However, this time, Zhong Chu did not join the bustling crowd. He stood alone in a corner not far away, quietly watching everything that was happening before him.

He took a glass of champagne from a waiter, tilted his head back, and drank it all in one go.

He frowned, why did the alcohol taste so bad today?

From the start of the ceremony to the end, he kept drinking one glass of champagne after another. He didn't know how much he had drunk until he heard Leng Yixiu's voice from behind him.

"So you were hiding here alone."

Zhong Chu's eyes flickered slightly, and when he turned around, he had already put on a playful and unrestrained handsome face, "You're so busy with your affairs, you don't have time to pay attention to me. Naturally, I'm wherever it's cool and comfortable."

"At least you have some self-awareness."

"My level of understanding has always been high," Zhong Chu saw him alone and couldn't help asking, "Why are you alone, where's your future wife?"

Leng Yixiu pointed to the crowd not far away, "She can't get away for the time being."

"As her fiancé, aren't you going to help her out?"

"You know, I never get involved in entertainment industry matters."

"Really heartless."

"More heartless than our Young Master Zhong? I remember last time a little star almost jumped to her death for you, and you didn't even bat an eye, right?"

"Each takes what they need, though it's not me who makes them want to live or die, but my money." Zhong Chu swirled the wine in his high-stemmed glass slowly, his tone becoming serious, "If that woman really risked her life for me, I'd naturally be moved."

"Oh?"

"If it were you, wouldn't you be moved?"

"No."

"Ha, no wonder Lin Yixun was so miserable back then." Seeing Leng Yixiu's brows furrow slightly, Zhong Chu's playful demeanor changed, and he spoke in a deep voice, "I met Lin Yixun a few days ago."

The man's face shifted slightly, then turned cold, "Is that related to me?"

"Don't you want to know how she's doing?" Without waiting for Leng Yixiu's response, he said with a stern expression, "She's not doing well, very poorly."

"How she's doing has nothing to do with me." The man's brow raised lightly, he glanced at Zhong Chu with a hint of sarcasm in his smile, "What's this? Our smiling executioner suddenly overflowing with sympathy?"

"Me, overflowing with sympathy? I just can't stand it, back then..."

"She brought it upon herself back then." Leng Yixiu interrupted him coldly.

"She did go a bit too far back then, but the price was too high."

Seeing Leng Yixiu's face gradually turning cold, Zhong Chu knew he had gone too far. After all, tonight was Leng Yixiu and Cheng Ying's engagement party, why bring up Lin Yixun now.

He opened his mouth, but in the end, he said nothing more. But thinking about Lin Yixun's predicament at Nightshade, his heart felt a bit uncomfortable. Though that girl used to always tease him, making him grit his teeth in hatred, when all was said and done, they owed

Chapter 9: Chapter 9 Pole Dancing

In the few days after meeting Zhong Chu, Lin Yixun was worried. Firstly, she feared that Mr. Tang might retaliate against her for what happened that night, but what worried her most was that Zhong Chu might tell Leng Yixiu about their encounter.

When she divorced years ago, Leng Yixiu had once said harsh words, vowing not to let her have a foothold anywhere in A City. And he achieved it too; at that time, no company dared to hire her, not even jobs like waiting tables or washing dishes.

It was then that she finally realized how "powerful" her ex-husband was. If he wanted to deal with someone, he could destroy them just by lifting a finger.

She had no doubt that if Leng Yixiu wanted, he could reach his hand all the way to T City and prevent her from establishing herself there.

Surprisingly, none of her fears came true. When Mr. Tang saw her, he even changed his previous arrogant attitude and greeted her politely.

Leng Yixiu also did not look for her.

She couldn't help but ridicule herself; what was she to him? After so many years, Leng Yixiu must have long forgotten about her, so why would he go to great lengths to deal with her?

Time slipped away bit by bit, and soon it was the end of the quarter again, the lease for the house was about to expire and needed renewal.

Lin Yixun checked her bank account and calculated carefully. After deducting her mother's medical expenses, the remaining money was just enough to pay this month's rent.

However, just when the contract renewal was near, the landlord requested an increase in rent.

"Aunt Li, didn't we agree on fifteen hundred a month? Why suddenly raise the rent?"

"Xiao Lin, it's not that Auntie wants to make things difficult for you, but Auntie also has to eat. The prices of groceries are getting higher every day. If Auntie doesn't raise the rent, how can she get by?"

"Well, Auntie, can you raise it a bit less? You must know my situation; most of my salary is spent on my mom's medical bills. I really can't afford two thousand a month!"

"Alright, alright, I'll reduce it by two hundred, eighteen hundred, eighteen hundred is the least I can do."

"Thank you, Aunt Li! Thank you!"

After signing the contract and getting on the bus, Lin Yixun felt utterly exhausted.

The rent was increasing, the prices were increasing, and the medical expenses were astronomical. She increasingly felt her limitations.

When Lin Yixun arrived at Nightshade, she found AXing in the dressing room. Seeing her hobble in with someone's help, Lin Yixun quickly went up to assist.

"What happened?"

"I accidentally twisted my ankle on the stairs just now. What should I do? I still have to dance later!"

Seeing her ankle swollen high, a server frowned and said, "How can you still dance like this? Don't you want your foot anymore?"

"What can I do? You know the manager's temper. If I can't find someone to replace me, he'll skin me alive!" AXing's eyes suddenly lit up when she looked at Lin Yixun, "Yixun, you can do pole dancing, right? Could you replace me?"

Speaking of Lin Yixun's pole dancing, it was a misunderstanding from years ago. During the year-end party, Lin Yixun was forced to drink a lot of alcohol.

Who would have thought that the usually introverted and quiet Lin Yixun had peculiar behavior when drunk? Instead of rambling, throwing a fit, or passing out, she danced on a pole?

But admittedly, Lin Yixun's pole dancing did have its charm.

"Me?" Lin Yixun was so shocked that her eyes widened, she quickly shook her head, "No, I can't, I can't!"

"Why not? You dance very well." AXing, who had finally grabbed onto this lifeline, was not going to let go easily, "Yixun, just help me this once, will you?"

Chapter 10: Chapter 10 Meeting

As the city lights began to glow, a black Ferrari drove into the Nightshade's outdoor parking lot. The driver got out and opened the rear door, and a remarkably handsome man in a suit stepped out of the car.

"Boss, this is the place."

Leng Yixiu lifted his gaze to the ornate European-style building in front of him, focusing on the two large characters above, his narrow eyes slightly squinting, and a cold smile spreading at the corner of his lips.

No matter how luxurious the building appeared, he could instantly discern its true nature—just a place for power, money, and exchanges of wealth and lust.

Outside the club, lights blazed brightly, quiet as the outskirts of the city, while inside it presented an entirely different scene.

Under the ambiguous lighting and the deafening music, men's gazes in the dance floor were all fixed on the stage not far away. On that stage, a woman clad in black tight leather clothing was performing vigorously.

The woman's tall and slender figure was tightly wrapped in black leather attire, accentuating her voluptuous curves. Though only a white tender waist was exposed, her semi-revealing appearance made men yearn for her even more.

With seductive movements of her hips, waist, and pelvis under the light's effects, she seemed detached from the world around her. Yet to the men watching, she was like a deadly poppy, radiating fatal allure.

Whistles from the men below frequently resounded; their eyes fixated and nearly bulging out.

"Who is this chick? I haven't seen her before?"

"Probably new, but she's hot! Wonder if she's available for private sessions. If not..."

"In this place, which dancer hasn't done private sessions? Even if she acts all high and mighty now, she'll end up like the others. Women are like shoes, sooner or later they'll have their masters and be worn!"

...

The men gawked at the dancing woman on stage, some indulging in sexual fantasies, some recording the scene with their phones, and some even going old-school, throwing money from their wallets onto the stage.

Hundreds of dollar bills fell at the dancer's feet, causing her movements to pause briefly. The next moment, she continued dancing as if nothing had happened.

Leng Yixiu coldly observed the happenings before him, his handsome face shifting between light and shadow, his dark eyes deep and unreadable, making it hard to discern his emotions.

Old He stood beside him, carefully watching his boss's changing expressions, finally steeling himself to speak, "Boss, the one on stage is..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Leng Yixiu turned his gaze sharply.

The piercing glare swept across his face, prompting Old He to shut his mouth instantly. Recognizing the dancer on stage, it was impossible that his boss hadn't recognized her.

No matter whose face it is that would be shamed seeing their ex-wife showing herself in a nightclub and dancing provocatively in front of everyone, especially when his boss was a person of significance.

But didn't Young Master Zhong say Young Madam—or rather, the ex-Young Madam—was selling drinks here? How did she suddenly become a dancer?

How should this situation be handled?

At that moment, he heard the big boss say coldly, "Tonight's photos and videos, none are allowed to leave this place."

"?" Old He stared in confusion, then widened his eyes in shock, "Boss, this... There's so many people here, to delete every photo and video on their phones would be difficult."

Old He knew what kind of sensation it would cause if photos of the big boss's ex-wife dancing in a nightclub were posted online. But the people here were all wealthy and influential, wasn't the boss giving him an impossible task?

The man cast a light glance at him, his thin lips moving slightly, "If you find it difficult, someone else can certainly do it for you."