

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

Chapter 37

Despite suddenly becoming the target of everyone's critical gazes, Renee remained perfectly

calm. "Wait," she chuckled, "surely you guys aren't suspecting me of being Phoenix, are you?"

"I'd just gone out to the restroom for a few minutes," she said incredulously, "and in that time, I somehow turned into a famous genius hacker! What a magical turn of events! Perhaps I should celebrate it with fireworks!"

"I think it's all just a coincidence," Elijah chimed in quickly. "Based on my understanding of Mrs. Hunt's character, her shrewdness and practicality are more suited for a housewife. Her proficiency with computers is limited to watching movies and videos online. She doesn't even play any video games... If someone like her is a genius hacker, then I must be the president of this country!"

Although his words were unflattering at Renee's expense, he had only said that to help get her out of trouble, and it worked well. Everyone thought that Elijah's words made a lot of sense.

"That's right," said Renee with a smile, the picture of innocence. "Everyone knows how much I love Stefan. If I really was Phoenix, I would've done everything I could to help him. There's no way that I would ever sabotage him!"

"Is that so?" Stefan, who had been silent all this time, finally spoke up. His pointed gaze was fixed on the woman as he sneered, "I think you've sabotaged me quite a few times before."

Renee laughed awkwardly. 'What a hateful man,' she thought bitterly. How could he just pull the rug out from under her feet like that?

Stefan slowly stepped towards Renee and reached out to grip her chin, lifting her head to his. His gaze was searching, meticulously dissecting every emotion on her face.

"So, are you Phoenix?"

Renee could not help feeling somewhat guilty, and she quickly averted her gaze. She could easily fool the others, but she knew full well that the scarily shrewd Mr. Hunt was not someone to be trifled with.

All she could think of was to give him an ambiguous answer. "If you think I am, then I am. If you think I'm not, then I'm not." "Very good," he responded. "That's exactly the right kind of meaningless crap to say."

His strikingly handsome face was emotionless as he demanded, "Give me your phone."

After all, the entirety of anyone's secret life would surely be hidden on their phone in this day and age. If there really was something suspicious about Renee, he could easily figure it out just by browsing through her phone for a while.

Naturally, there was no way that Renee would ever let him go through her phone, because there were so many things there that could never see the light of day!

"You're invading my privacy here," she told him directly. "Please forgive me, but I won't cooperate."

She stood her ground just as firmly as Stefan. It was as if the two were playing a game of tug-of-war, and neither was prepared to give up and be subdued by the other.

The onlookers broke out in a cold sweat. None of them even dared to breathe. They truly did not expect that Mrs. Hunt, the woman who had always been so gentle, well-behaved, and compliant, would have the guts to go against Mr. Hunt. Was she so unafraid because she had a special status as his wife? Haze's eyes darted back and forth between Stefan and Renee. Suddenly, a mischievous smile appeared

on his handsome face, which had been partially hidden by the brim of his cap.

Fascinating! Extremely fascinating!

"Ah, it suddenly occurred to me that there really is something wrong with my codes!"

He then turned to the crowd and laughingly said, "I'm incredibly sorry, everyone. I've made a fool of myself! I'll go back and improve. I promise that there won't be any mistakes next time!"

And just like that, the tense atmosphere instantly

relaxed. Haze's answer made everyone heave a sigh of

relief.

Earen Renee secretly loosened her clenched fists. It would not have been that big of a deal had her secret identity been exposed, but if Stefan really did check through her phone, then the secret of her pregnancy would be out – and that would open up a huge can of worms!

She furtively glanced at Haze and saw him smiling and laughing like he had nothing to hide. She was confused. Why had he decided to help her?

"In any case," said Haze, "I'm sure that Phoenix is one hundred percent not Mrs. Hunt. Do you guys want to know why?" The crowd stared at Haze in eager curiosity.

"Because," he explained with a half-smile, "Phoenix's coding style has always been meticulous and neat. They were never sloppy. A person who could write that kind of code would never cling to a cheating man!"

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After Haze left, the atmosphere became calm again.

"If there's nothing else," said Renee to Stefan, "then I'm leaving now."

After all, she had performed the obligatory public display of affection, and even Haze had left. There was simply no reason for her to remain at H Group

"Free up your evening." Stefan ordered as he sat at his office table, burying himself in his work.

Renee was extremely irritated by the authoritative air he exuded, as if he was ordering her around.

"What for?" She growled.

Stefan did not answer her. Instead, he opened a drawer and took out a beautiful gift box. He handed it to Renee and said, "Be at the banquet hall on the first floor of the Cosmopolitan Hotel this evening, at eight o'clock sharp. Make sure to dress well."

"What's this? You're giving me a present? Renee found it so surprising that she wondered if the sun was going to rise in the west tomorrow.

Unable to stifle her curiosity, she opened up the present. Inside, she found a silvery dress that looked extremely expensive, but was overly modest in style.

At first, Renee was about to give Stefan a piece of her mind about it, but an idea suddenly popped up in her mind. A sly smile appeared on her face.

"Okay, I'll be there right on time."

That evening at eight o'clock, the open-air parking lot of the Cosmopolitan Hotel looked like a luxury car show, as the place was littered with all kinds of luxury cars.

It was the annual Beach City Charity Gala Dinner, where dignitaries and celebrities from all over the country, and even from abroad, gathered once every year.

Renee had just arrived by taxi. She was wearing a drab brown windbreaker and her hair was casually tied up in a messy bun. Her appearance was a stark contrast to the other ladies around her who were all dolled up in glamorous dresses.

Unsurprisingly, she was stopped by the security guard when she was about to enter.

"Show me your invitation card," the guard demanded.

"I don't have one," she replied honestly.

"Then get the hell out of here. This is an exclusive event, so you can't just barge in here."

The security guard probably did not watch the news much, which was why he had no idea that Renee was the wife of Beach City's most distinguished VIP, Stefan Hunt.

Or at least, she still was... for now.

Just as Renee was about to explain herself, she was interrupted by the sound of a red Ferrari supercar screeching to a halt in the parking lot. Out stepped Stefan's cousin, Charlotte Milford, clad in a pink gown. and looking like a proud peacock.

She was accompanied by her new boyfriend, Micah Larson, as well as... Briar Desrosiers.

"Be careful, Bri. Don't forget that you've got my cousin's baby in your belly!" In contrast to her usual bratty demeanor, Charlotte gently held Briar's arm as they walked, displaying genuine concern and affection for

the pregnant woman.

"Everheart?" Charlotte's smile faded as soon as she recognized Renee at the entrance. "What are you doing in a place like this?"

Ever since Renee married Stefan four years ago, she had never gotten along with Charlotte. To be more accurate, it was Charlotte's one-sided animosity towards Renee that caused the rift. She would jump on any chance to mock Renee, and on occasion, would even resort to physical violence.

*Renee replied nonchalantly, "I'm here for the gala dinner, of course"

"You?" Charlotte scoffed as she glared at Renee spitefully. "You're attending the dinner? A leech like you who's only managed to survive till now by sucking the blood of the Hunt family, who ended up becoming the unwanted wife who'll soon be discarded, has no place at an event like this!"

"Charlotte," Briar intervened soothingly, "don't be so harsh on her. At the end of the day, she is still your former cousin-in-law, and you're younger than her, so you should be more polite to her."

"Polite?!" Charlotte spat. "Stefan is going to get rid of her soon, so there's no need to be polite to her!"

The security guard was no idiot, and realized from the women's conversation who Renee really was.

"Excuse me," he said, "are you actually Mrs. Hunt, Mr. Stefan Hunt's wife?"

"She used to be," Charlotte immediately said before Renee had a chance to answer the question. "But not anymore! Now she's just a woman that my cousin kicked out of his house! You don't have to be so polite to a woman like her! Hahahaha!"

"It sure looks like being Mrs. Hunt comes with a lot of perks," Renee sneered. "In that case, I think I won't be getting a divorce anymore. Besides, in the period before the divorce is finalized, if either the husband or the wife wishes to cancel the divorce, the divorce will be declared invalid. And if I remain Mrs. Hunt, we'll still be in-laws too! Isn't that just great?"

Both Charlotte and Briar were horrified by the words that left Renee's mouth.