

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

Chapter 561

"Of course I don't! Why the hell would I ask you if I knew?!" "Since you're so clueless, then allow me to educate you. We are Carmine Pawnshop's men. Since you're here in Water Dock, I'm guessing you can't be such an idiot that you've never even heard of Carmine Pawnshop, right? So, are you going to get out of the way now?"

"Ah... so you guys work for Carmine Pawnshop, huh?"

Renee pursed her lips and nonchalantly added, "But how could such a reputable pawnshop act like thugs and gangsters? How could they resort to murder over such a small matter? You sent out a whole gang of burly men just to look for one woman? Is this the kind of man that the Carmine Pawnshop's boss really is?"

Those words were simply outrageous. The men in the black suits were instantly enraged. They raised their clubs, eager for Renee's blood, and threatened, "She can insult us, but if she dares to insult our boss, then she needs to be put in her place!"
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"Go ahead," said Renee with an anticipating smirk. "Put me in my place."

Renee clenched her fingers, eager to see how this would play out. It was a great opportunity to figure out how strong Carmine Pawnshop actually was, given its terrifying reputation. At the same time, this would give her some confidence when she tried to negotiate a good price with Mr. Q, their boss, later.

"Everyone, back down!"

A man's voice was heard coming from behind the crowd. It was a surprisingly gentle and refined voice, perfectly calm, and somewhat youthful.

Seconds later, a handsome young man clad in a pale white coat walked up from the crowd, holding a fan in his hand.

"Mr. Cheever!" the man in the black suit immediately bowed reverentially as he saw the young man.

The young man elegantly let out a long sigh before saying, "How many times do I have to tell you? Carmine Pawnshop is a respectable business establishment. We must always present ourselves as warm and friendly, and we must remain civilized. If any dispute arises, we must deal with it with good communication... Put away your clubs. You're scaring the good people here."

"Yes, sir!"

The burly men then proceeded to put their weapons away. It was clear that this young man held a high position in the Carmine Pawnshop's hierarchy.

Renee eyed him up and down before she mockingly teased, "Now that's more like it! A mild-mannered gentleman that's more in line with Carmine Pawnshop's image!"

The young man smiled to himself before reaching out his hand and saying, "Pleasure to meet you, Miss. My name is Chase Cheever. I am the person in charge of Carmine Pawnshop. I must beg for your forgiveness on behalf of my men here. They are uneducated, so they always resort to brute force. I am deeply sorry."

Seeing that the person in charge seemed so polite and humble, Renee's attitude quickly turned serious.

"Don't mention it, don't mention it. I was only butting heads with your people because I saw an injustice taking place, but I also happen to have business matters to attend to with your boss. Do you mind introducing me to him?"

"Well...!" Chase smiled apologetically. "Our boss is usually extraordinarily busy. There is no telling where he could be. I'm not saying that you can't meet him, but only those who have brought exceptionally rare and priceless goods, or something exceedingly interesting, would have a chance to meet him in person."

This reminded Chase of the woman who had brought a little boy to his boss not too long ago. His boss dropped everything and even went out to appraise the "goods" in person himself. That boy turned out to be a true diamond in the rough, but before he had any chance to properly polish him, his boss inexplicably let the boy go. He really had no idea what his boss was thinking. It was such a shame to lose such a rare find!

"Don't worry," Renee assured him with full confidence. "I have no doubts that your boss will be interested in what I'm about to pawn because it is truly one of its kind."

"I wouldn't be so sure, Miss. My boss has a much keener eye than I do. He's seen all kinds of rare treasures under the sun. It won't be an easy feat to pique his interest..."

As he finished his sentence, he added with curiosity, "Perhaps you would consider showing me your treasure so I can take a good look? If it turns out to be really precious, then I might recommend it to our boss. Please forgive us for being so tight with the rules, but our boss really is so very busy..."

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Renee spread out her arms and in a helpless tone replied, "I'm sorry. What I'm pawning is too hard to show. All I can do is make a guarantee that your boss will definitely take a liking to it. You should take a plunge and give me a chance. If he really likes it, he might even give you a generous bonus."

Chase raised his eyebrows. He was beginning to find this woman more and more fascinating. Based on her outlandish courage alone, he knew that she wasn't one to be underestimated. Perhaps she really did have something interesting to pawn?

"Okay. I'll take a gamble based on your spunk and confidence. People like us in this line of work need the courage to make a bet every once in a while. I'd gladly introduce you to our boss, but..."

His gaze shifted from Renee and fell on the woman cowering behind her. He smiled and continued, "I must insist on letting us handle this woman ourselves. Please don't meddle with our business and hand her over."

Renee turned around and glanced at the woman who was shivering in fear. She asked Chase, "If I hand her over to you, what are you guys going to do to her?"

"We are not at leisure to divulge that. This woman has violated the rules of Carmine Pawnshop, so we're going to deal with her according to our rules."

He then turned and coldly peered down at the quivering woman, saying, "You've caused enough commotion, Rosie. It's time to stop and come back with us!"

"No!" the woman clung onto Renee's arms and pleaded with reddened eyes, "Please don't hand me over to them! I beg you! They'll never let me go! I can't die! My son will die too if I die... I know you're no ordinary woman, so please help me! Please!"

Renee heaved a long sigh, then pried the woman's fingers off her arms one by one before saying, "I want to help you, but you are in the wrong. You stole from them, so it's their right to deal with you and punish you. If I help you, it means that I'm helping a thief to get away..."

The woman's expression turned cold in an instant. Her tears vanished as if by magic as she sniggered, "As expected of Maurice Everheart and Liliana Schneider's granddaughter... Your eyes are sharp indeed. When did you realize I was lying?"

Renee was taken aback by the fact that this woman knew her, but she then realized that if she had not, there was no reason why she would choose a fragile-looking woman like her out of all the other potentially powerful people in Water Dock to be her savior.

"That's right," Chase interrupted in confusion. He was just as puzzled as the woman as he asked, "How did you know that she

stole something from Carmine Pawnshop? I hadn't even mentioned anything!"

Renee turned to the woman and explained, "Because the wound on her head was clearly not caused by your men. She must've inflicted it on herself to invoke my pity..."

"Carmine Pawnshop's men," she continued, 'were all holding clubs in their hands, yet the wound on her head was obviously a knife cut. Besides, if Carmine Pawnshop was as wealthy and powerful as it was rumored to be, they could easily buy her item at a high price if they really found it that interesting. They wouldn't risk tarnishing their name, causing such a huge commotion by trying to rob and kill a woman in the middle of such a busy market..."

"That is why," she concluded, "there is only one explanation for this-the woman must've stolen something from Carmine Pawnshop and got caught, then hurt herself to try to look like the victim to save herself!"

Renee's assessment of the situation was so clear and logical, so well- founded on reasonable facts that the crowd around her applauded.

The woman knew then that there was no use in arguing anymore, so she handed the treasure she had been holding over to Chase and sneered, "I've failed you, Mr. Cheever. I've failed despite your trust and all your guidance. Just take me back and punish me however you like. I've accepted my fate."

Chase said nothing to her, he just turned to the men behind him and ordered, "Take her back to the pawnshop and lock her up in the water prison. We'll wait for Mr. Q to decide what to do with her.'novelxo.com fast update

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cheever!"

The woman closed her eyes. Though her face was cold and stony, there was still a trace of emotion left, though she seemed to have been so devastated by years of misery that only a look of despair seemed permanently etched on her face.

Renee was very familiar with the signs of exhaustion on the woman's face. It was the kind of exhaustion that any woman who had been a mother before would viscerally sympathize with.

"Wait!" Renee stopped the man who was about to take the woman away. The

woman frigidly turned to her and smiled bitterly.

"Are you going to save me?" she asked.

Renee shook her head. "I neither have the intention nor the capability to do that." "Then

what are you trying to do?"

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"You said you have a son, and that he will become an orphan once you die.

Is that true?" "That wasn't a lie," the woman's smile became even more bitter now. 'I do indeed have a son who's seriously ill. He needs a lot of money for the treatment. That's the reason I stole from Carmine Pawnshop, that's why I broke their rules. But I guess without me my son wouldn't really be orphaned, since he still has his father..."

"That's fine, then."

The heavy burden weighing on Renee's heart lifted a little. If anything really happened to this woman, at least her child still had his father, so he would not be totally alone and abandoned in this world.

"Still, his father is now married to his former mistress, and they have another son who's turning a month in a few days, so I fear that he would have no time to take care of my son..."

"Then..."

Renee suddenly became distraught again. Just as she was about to say something, Chase coldly urged the man, "Stop wasting time! Take her away! ■

The man in the black suit then escorted the woman as she disappeared into the darkness of the night. No one knew what eventually happened to her, much less what became of her son.

Renee could not help but think of her children, Adie and Abby... If anything ever happened to her, then her twins would suffer exactly the same misfortune as the woman's son, with their fates hanging by a thread...

Chase turned to Renee and asked her, "You feel sorry for her don't you?" "I just feel sorry for her son."

"There's nothing to be done," he said. "She made this choice herself. Her name is Rosie. She got divorced about three years ago. When she hit rock bottom, she couldn't even afford to fill her belly with food. By chance, I stumbled upon her and asked her to come work at Carmine Pawnshop with me. She became my helper and was pretty talented in appraising precious items. I had planned to train her as my apprentice, but... it turns out that I've been raising a wolf that would eventually betray me. How disappointing!"

"Perhaps she really was at wit's end, that's why she..."

"No matter how desperate she was, she has to be punished for breaking the rules of Carmine Pawnshop. You must understand that in our line of work, betrayal is the worst crime and is absolutely unacceptable. If we don't set a good example, we will lose the trust and respect of the public!"

Chase clenched his fists and seemed just as upset as Renee was. He was clearly feeling sorry for his apprentice too.

Seeing this, Renee said nothing more about it and glanced at her watch.

"It's getting late now," she said, "and your pawnshop is going to open soon, so can you take me to your boss now? You made me a promise, you know."

"A gentleman always delivers on his promise. I gave you my word, so I'll naturally take you to him. Follow me..."

After finishing his sentence, Chase strode forward with his long legs and led the way. His green coat billowed under the silvery moonlight, accentuating his graceful figure. It was as if he was a character who stepped out of the old poems, where men were not just handsome and powerful, but graceful and delicate.

Renee was about to follow him but suddenly remembered something when she saw the silk handkerchief in her hand.

'That's right! I was going to ask the old man where he got this handkerchief from!'

But as she turned around, not only was the old man gone, his whole stall along with all his wares had vanished into thin air...

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Renee found it weird, but because she still had an important business to attend to, she had to leave the matter there.

With Chase leading her, she passed through the whole of Water Dock unimpeded and finally arrived at the center of the downstream zone, where Carmine Pawnshop proudly stood.

"So this is the legendary Carmine Pawnshop?" asked Renee as she stood at the door. She looked up at the gilt letters

proclaiming its name on the door plaque and very bluntly commented, "It looks so... ordinary!"

From the outside, the pawnshop looked like any other mansion. It just looked too "normal" and not at all befitting the "lawless land of heinous crimes" reputation that Water Dock had garnered over time. In fact, it looked too simple and clean if anything.

Renee found it hard to believe that such a mundane building had been hiding priceless treasures from all over the world that inspired great fear and trepidation in the hearts of many!

"What did you expect?" Chase turned around and smiled gently. "Carmine Pawnshop has always been an ordinary place. It was you people who have elevated it into a powerful, godlike establishment... or should I say, twisted it into an evil lair of demons.

The truth is, this place is not at all as terrifying as it's rumored. At the end of the day, we're just another pawn shop like any other."

"You say that," argued Renee, "but you still accept everything under the sun, whether legal or not. You'd accept it as long as it's worth good money, wouldn't you? I hear that you'd even let people pawn their own lives-a deed sinister enough that befits your reputation."

What was truly frightening about Carmine Pawnshop was that no legal rules applied there. If anyone wanted to pawn something valuable in exchange for the life of an enemy, as long as Carmine Pawnshop deemed their offering worthy enough, they wouldn't hesitate to kill to get it, which was a horrifying thing!

"The way you put it," said Chase, "it's as though Carmine Pawnshop is some purgatory. In truth, as our boss has mentioned before, this place is more like a charity hall than hell."

"What?"

"Think about it. In your most desperate times when you have nowhere else to turn to, you bring the most valuable thing in your life here to solve the most pressing problem in your life. As long as you gain enough strength to pay the agreed price later, you

can always get that most valuable thing in your life back. If you can't get it back, then it means that thing that you pawned wasn't really the most valuable thing in your life, since you didn't strive enough to earn back what you lost. You can't blame Carmine Pawnshop for being cruel or unfair, don't you think that makes sense?"

"Well..."

Renee stroked her chin, thinking that what the man just said did make some sense. After all, it was precisely for this reason that she decided to make this deal with Carmine Pawnshop, confident that she'd one day gain enough strength to get back the most valuable thing in her life!

"You're back, Mr. Cheever!"

A beautiful female employee in a traditional dress was standing at the door, politely greeting

Chase. "Mm-hmm," Chase nodded, then led Renee into the interior section of Carmine

Pawnshop.

Renee was instantly mesmerized by the sights around her when she finally got inside. She was now in the courtyard of Carmine Pawnshop, which had traditional architecture, making it look like a museum where every little room was a small exhibition for countless rare items.

But she was in no mood to admire these items right now. She followed Chase closely behind and asked, "Can you take me to your boss now?"

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Just then, a beautiful woman meekly interrupted them and announced, "The boss has returned tonight, Mr. Cheever, but he is extremely busy, so he said not to disturb him if there's nothing urgent."

"Really?" Chase's eyes lit up. "That's great! Where is he right now? What could make him so busy? Did he find something precious?"

"Um... Boss is in the kitchen. I think he's... busy cooking." The

woman smiled awkwardly.

"Cooking?!" Renee felt like cursing them all. She turned to Chase and asked, "Is this what you mean when you told me your boss is always so busy with a million things to do every day?!"

"Well..." Chase could hardly believe it himself. But to mend the situation he shamelessly suggested, "I guess our boss must've found some rare precious pots to try!"

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Before she came here, she assumed that Carmine Pawnshop was a hellish place where fearsome demons gathered, but she realized that it was more of a house full of comedians! Even their boss-the infamous Night Demon seemed to have lost his mind. Why would he be busy cooking in the dead of night if he wasn't?!

"I'm glad he's here! I'll go over there and inform him about you. Please follow Jenny for now, she will take you to the living room and my boss will meet you there."

"Okay," Renee nodded and followed Jenny into the living room to wait for Mr. Q.

Chase then headed straight to the kitchen, and in the distance he could already hear the clamor from the kitchen, accompanied by a man's voice cursing.

"F*** it! How is this beef so tough?! I've been cooking it for half a day and it's still as hard as a rock!"

Apart from the clanging noise, Chase could also see billowing smoke rising from the kitchen that brought with it a clashing mixture of smells.

"Boss...?" he cautiously said. "Could you please... turn off the stove for a while?"

His voice so startled the tall muscular man that he dropped the spatula in his hand, causing it to crash loudly down onto the floor. He turned around. The face underneath the mask was still as perfectly cool as ever, and in a calm tone that still exuded an air of intimidation, he said, "Who gave you the permission to come in here? You've ruined my pot roast!"

Chase felt that he was unjustly accused, and he explained, "I've been here for a long time, Boss. I called out for you, but you didn't answer me. As for the failure of your pot roast, that has everything to do with your lack of skills. You can't blame me for that!"

He continued, "What's gotten into you lately, Boss? Why are you suddenly cooped up in the kitchen? Did you find some kind of rare pot? Or was it the spatula? I should tell you that you're not suited for this kind of thing, Boss. You should just give up..."

"Shut up!" Mr. Q felt thoroughly humiliated that he did not know what to say. "What are you doing here anyway?"

"I just wanted to tell you that I stumbled upon a woman today, Boss. Her temperament is unlike anyone else I've met. I could tell from a glance that she was special. She insisted on seeing you. She said she's got something very special to pawn. If you've got some time, would you go out and meet her?"

"I'm busy!" Mr. Q refused flat out. If he could not manage to cook this dish properly, he would never pass Adie's test.

"But that woman really is unique, Boss! Even her last name sounded special! I think it was Everheart..."

"Where is she?" Mr. Q asked in a brusque tone. "I'll go out and meet her now."

By the time he finished his sentence, he was already striding out of the kitchen, full of enthusiasm

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Renee sat in the living room, staring up at the artwork on the wall.

The artist who painted the masterpiece, Dost Wurst, happened to be her father's favorite painter.

Her father's favorite artwork, Evening Song of the Shepherd Boy, was destroyed in the fire. 2

The artwork in front of her was titled Snow Before the Shepherd Boy, and it resembled the Evening Song of the Shepherd Boy in several ways. It was also the artwork that her father had been looking for while he was alive but had not found it.

Nonetheless, she was still able to locate it. This made her question whether this was destiny. "Do

you understand drawings as well?" Behind her, a stern and chilly voice spoke out.

Renee was taken aback by the familiar voice and immediately looked around.

The guy was towering and imposing. Dressed in all black from head to toe, his black feather face mask seemed delicate, surrounding him with an air of mystery. The chilly grin on his face instilled terror in everyone around him. It was easy to see why he was dubbed the Night Demon.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Q. I've heard great things about you."

Renee was not afraid; instead, she stretched out to shake his hand while smiling cordially.

The guy, on the other hand, was icy-he looked at her hand and decided not to shake it. "I heard you have a very valuable item to pawn, and you insist on my coming here myself?" he inquired.

"That's exactly right."

Renee agreed and added, "However, the item I want to pawn isn't an antiquejewelry, or anything illegal."

"Oh?"

Her statements piqued his curiosity, so he said, "Do elaborate?"

"I'd like to sell my private island." It may be found in Southeast Aeos. The geographical position is incredible, and it has yet to be marked on a map."

"If it's not because I don't have other choices, I wouldn't be pawning the last piece of clean land I have," Renee bemoaned while looking dejected.

"Are there no other options?"

In contrast to the island, he appeared to be more interested in Renee's present predicament. "Yes.

I require funds."

She had no intention of telling him anything else. "Don't worry. I'll repurchase it in six months," she answered with a sad grin.

She simply required money right now, based on the circumstances. After she got through this critical juncture, money wouldn't be a problem anymore.

As a result, she was willing to incur the risk of temporarily pawning the island.

Mr. Q remained quiet for a few moments before saying coldly, "How much money do you need?"

"1.5 billion."

Renee was forthright.

He laughed coldly when he heard this. "Do you think I'm doing charity?"

Even the surrounding islands are only worth a few million dollars, with the most costly being several billion dollars. Aren't you asking a little too much for a small island in Southeast Aeon?"

"I dare to ask because that's what it's worth."

When he said it, she unlocked her phone and showed him photographs of Sun Island.

"Take a look. It has a big surface area and pure, clean water. The crucial point is that the island has a well-built infrastructure. The structures alone cost me many millions-every requirement is met-you could live on this island for the rest of your life trouble-free."

The island's structures and amenities had been paid for with her and Liam's money. The island's net value was almost equal to that of the islands on Lagoonal. Her request for nothing less than 1.5 billion dollars was already reasonable.

"I don't care what your island's net value is. My query is, why should I spend that much money on your island when there are over a thousand and a million islands available to me?"

"Because..."

Renee did her hardest to think of a reason, and then an idea rushed across her head as she replied, "Because your condition is unique. You need a private retreat where you can express yourself freely and completely be yourself."

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"My condition is unique?" "Yes, but please don't get mad at me for saying this."

Renee took the risk of offending him by pointing to the mask on his face. "I heard your face was badly damaged in the fight with Master Hunt, and you've been wearing a mask ever since. You've even sworn to kill anybody who has seen your face. I know it may be difficult since you are afraid of frightening people and being repulsive. But when you're on that island, all those worries will be things of the past because you can take off your mask whenever you want. Nobody will be afraid of you, nor will they dislike you. Doesn't the island suit you completely?"

Mr. Q was at a loss for words when he heard this.

When Renee saw his confused feelings, she said, "You're enemies with Stefan, and so am I." Because we are fighting the same

adversary, I believe you should back me up. I need the money to fight H Group."

"Who are you to do that?"

Mr. Q had clearly not taken her remarks seriously.

"We'll just have to wait and see. I wouldn't have been able to tell you I'd repurchase the island if I didn't believe I could defeat Stefan."

Renee had everything planned out, else she would not have taken such a choice today. "Do

you hate Stefan?" he inquired.

She shrugged as she was taken aback by the inquiry. "I used to despise him, but not anymore. After all..."

She intended to explain that she had let go of all her grudges against him after he died rescuing her, but she stopped herself when she realized that the Hunt family had yet to disclose Stefan's death to the public.

However, there had previously been rumors about it, so she assumed Mr. Q was aware of it as well.

"There is word that Stefan is dead. It's excellent that you've let go of your animosity towards him. Fighting with the dead, after all, is pointless."

He hesitated for a while before saying, "I can buy your island, but whether it's worth 1.5 billion, I'll have to be the judge of that."

She paused for a while before nodding and consenting. "Sure!"

After all, she was on her way to pick up Abby and Margaret. "Let's

make some plans and get going," Mr. Q replied quietly.

"Are we leaving right now?" She suspected that something was amiss with the agreement's seamless execution.

"Why? Do you agree?"

"No. I simply didn't expect things to go that swiftly and smoothly."

In the expectation that it would be way more difficult to convince Mr. Q, she requested Leia's assistance to care for Adie for another half-month.

"Didn't you say you needed money? Isn't it better if we get things done quickly?"

"Yes. That is true!"

Renee nodded appreciatively. She was on the verge of dropping down to her knees and thanking him.

"Whoever nicknamed Mr. Q as Night Demon was obviously lying. He's a deity who gives me hope!" she thought joyfully.

She began to wonder whether the price of 1.5 billion was too low since Mr. Q agreed to it so soon.

It left her at a loss, having a strange urge to make up for the money she might've lost.

Then she feigned to be perplexed by the Snow Before the Shepherd Boy. "Is this the well-known painting by Dost Wurst? Is it genuine or a forgery?"

"Do you think I'll hang a fake painting on my wall?"

"Wow, that's incredible! My father used to enjoy Dost Wurst, and I've been seeking this piece for a long time..." "If

you like it, I'll ask Chase to wrap it up for you.

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"Wrap it up for me?"

Renee was taken aback and perplexed.

"You don't like it?" Mr. Q questioned, turning to face her. "No. I really

do!"

She returned her gaze to the picture and said, "Isn't it a little inappropriate that you give me such an expensive painting?"

Although she had been hinting at him to give it to her, she never expected him to be so casual about it!

"I don't see what the problem is if you like it. It's just a piece of art. There are a lot of paintings in the pawn shop," he said casually.

"Thank you!"

She quickly bowed and thanked him. At this moment, she thought even his face mask was charming. Money

was, indeed, the most powerful force in the world.

She was suddenly reminded of the elderly man's forecast that said, 'As lofty as the mountain, as boundless as the sea. An unrivaled pair, their union shall stand through eternity.'

'Is it possible that Mr. Q is the one I'll marry? If he were, it would be absurd considering he is Stefan's arch-adversary. If Stefan finds out, he'd definitely haunt me in my nightmares, she reasoned to herself.

"What exactly are you thinking about?"

Renee had been so preoccupied with her thoughts that she hadn't realized Mr. Q had been watching her for quite some time.

Her exaggerated expression piqued his interest in what she was thinking.

"Nothing!" Renee shook her head instantly. "Can I ask you something?" she ventured cautiously after a period of silence.

"What?"

"Are you seeing anyone right now? Do you have a spouse? Do you have any kids?"

Renee wasn't one to gossip, but she was intrigued by Mr. Q's want to assist her. She wondered whether he had ever had feelings for her.

After all, such was the case for Jovan, so she wanted to know whether Mr. Q was the guy she was supposed to marry.

Mr. Q was surprised when he heard her inquiry and said coldly, "I'm not seeing anyone and I'm not married. I guess I don't have any children either."

"Is that so?"

Renee's expression got more complicated.

'He's wealthy and unmarried; if he already has someone he likes, he wouldn't be a bachelor! Am I really the one for him?' She was perplexed and thought to herself.

"You are wealthy and have all the good qualities. Why didn't you find a girlfriend? Is it because you already have a crush on someone?" She persisted with her questions, hoping to get more information from him.

"What are you trying to say?" the guy questioned, his face expressionless.

As she peered into his eyes, she pulled in a big breath and decided she didn't want to beat about the bushes any longer. "Tell me, honestly, do you have a crush on me?"

When Mr. Q heard this, he was dumbfounded.

"You found my son and lied to him about wanting to be my subordinate because you want to be near me, right? Everyone says you're a Night Demon who kills without hesitation, yet you were so generous to offer me 1.5 billion dollars and the artwork. You went through all that trouble hoping to make me like you. The odd aspect is that you could be enemies with anybody in Beach City, yet you choose to be enemies with Stefan. You must be envious of him since he married me!" Renee conducted an analysis.

She wasn't a narcissist, but after the experience with Javon, she got the feeling that anything might happen. She also had to acknowledge she was indeed extremely gorgeous

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Chapter 569 'You...'

Mr. Q took a moment to process all Renee said before responding emotionlessly, ' You have a wild imagination.' "Is that not the case?"

Renee took a step closer to him before placing her palm on his chest.

When he saw this, he grimaced and grabbed her hand. "What exactly are you doing?"

"Don't worry. I simply want to know whether your pulse quickened for me."

She raised her glance to his and smiled sweetly.

He was first uneasy until a grin came over his face. He put his long arm around her waist, drew her into his arms, and murmured hoarsely, 'If you want to feel it, then come closer.'

Renee's cheeks reddened instantly, and she slipped from his grasp. "What's the matter with you? I'm not going to eat you."

It was his time to take the lead, and he grinned as he inched closer to Renee. "You said that I am your ex-husband's adversary. 'The enemy of my enemy is my friend,' as the adage goes. I believe we can give it a go and be together."

"No!"

She quickly crossed her arms.

'I knew it! I knew he had bad intentions. My sixth sense is never wrong!' she thought.

It was unfortunate that she had no desire of being in a relationship right now since she wanted to concentrate only on her work.

"I have no intention of dating anyone."

She locked her gaze on his.

"Don't worry," Mr. Q responded, shaking his head. "I'm solely interested in your island." "That had better be it."

Renee, on the other hand, was unconvinced. She believed he was lying and that she needed to maintain her distance from him so that he didn't misinterpret her and fall for her even more deeply.

Mr. Q had his own aircraft. They traveled to Sun Island as quickly as possible after obtaining an air route.

The seats on the luxurious plane were close together, yet she sat 3 feet apart on purpose to preserve her distance from him.

She stuck on her earbuds after the aircraft took off so he wouldn't disturb her.

Meanwhile, Mr. Q swayed the crimson wine glass in his palm, gazing out at the landscape.

Sun Island and Beach City were quite a way apart. When they set off, it was late at night. Renee couldn't help but feel chilly as she sat there.

She tried her hardest to withstand the cold and not say anything in order to avoid any engagement with him.

"Achoo!"

After a time, she couldn't take it any longer and curled up into a ball and sneezed. "Are you cold?" he inquired.

"No," she said, refusing to tell him the truth.

Mr. Q shook his head and said nothing to her. Instead, he instructed the flight attendant to raise the temperature.

The aircraft soon felt warm, and she thought to herself, 'It's so evident he loves me for doing this!'

After a few hours, the jet touched down on Sun Island.

It was quite early in the morning on Sun Island. The air was crisp and the lake was clear. The sun was slowly rising, and there was a pleasant breeze in the air. It was but a dream come true!

The island not only featured a gorgeous landscape but also numerous structures.

The sunflower garden, white church, floating cottages, a floating swimming pool, and a study. Everything was present. Mr.

Q was surprised since he had not expected the island to be this beautiful.

"It's worth the 1.5 billion, right?" she added triumphantly, seeing his surprised expression. "There isn't a more gorgeous sight than this!"

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

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Renee led Mr. Q to Sun Island's center, where she and her children spent most of their time.

They had to stroll through the sunflower garden to get there.

The garden was lovely, as each sunflower bloomed beautifully and grew to be as tall as humans.

One strolled in front of the house, while the other wandered in the garden.

The golden warmth of the sun shined on their head and shoulders. The sight was stunning, like something out of a movie.

Abby stood at the far end of the garden, wearing a yellow dress and a little hat. She had a tiny shovel in her hand and was digging a hole.

"Abby, the sun is up, and the temperature is rising. Let's get you home before you become ill!" Margaret said as she stepped to

the side and fanned her.

"You can go home first, Aunt Margaret. I need to cover the whole farm with sunflowers. Only then can Mommy and Adie return."

"This land is enormous. It'll be night by the time you finish planting it with sunflowers. Let's go home.." Margaret was concerned that Abby might get ill, and she couldn't help but sound solemn.

Renee had assigned her to look after Addy, so she would do her best to ensure Abby was properly cared for.

"Don't worry, Aunt Margaret. It'll be quick." Her cheeks reddened as she said to Margaret.

Suddenly, her eyes sparkled, and she hurried around behind Margaret to the other side of the garden.

"Mommy! You're here!"

Renee walked towards Abby and Margaret amid the flowers, catching Abby's attention.

Renee, of course, noticed Abby. Her heart melted in one instant.

"Abby, my sweet baby. I missed you!"

She embraced Abby in her arms and started kissing the small girl's cheeks.

Renee thought her soft and bouncy cheeks were the cutest thing she'd ever seen!

"I miss you, Mommy. Do you not want me anymore? What took you so long to come to see me?" Abby sighed and inquired pityingly.

Renee's heart ached as she saw the young girl's sorrowful expression. She immediately apologized. "I'm sorry. I wanted to return in a week, but many things beyond my control occurred, delaying my return. Are you willing to forgive me?"

"No matter what mistake you've made, I won't ever blame you," Abby whispered softly as she nodded her head and caressed Renee's neck. "Mommy, I love you!"

"You're such a sweetheart. I can no longer confront you about what you did. N

Renee was quickly overpowered by Abby.

She wanted to scold Abby for lying to her with Adie, but she couldn't bring it up since Abby had forgiven her.

"Mommy, who's this?"

Abby spotted the guy standing next to Renee.

"He's..."