

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

Chapter 661

The pub owner likely didn't expect Renee to be here to redeem the man's freedom and didn't quite know what to do at that moment.

"Why are you hesitating? You're asking them to dance and entertain the customers to earn money, right? So what's the difference if I make a full payment?" Renee asked.

She knew money couldn't solve everything, but it did, at least, have the ability to solve most. At the very least, for greedy businesspeople like these, money was their kryptonite.

"You are absolutely right, Miss Everheart. But we'd still have to think about this matter thoroughly. Why don't you wait for a bit while I discuss this with my business partners? We'll give you an answer shortly," the pub owner said and left the room.

Although it was her excuse to leave, she actually was reporting back to Stefan. "Buy my freedom?" Stefan seemed intrigued upon hearing this.

After a short pause, he ordered the pub owner, "Tell her it's possible, but there would be terms...."

"I understand! Don't worry, Mr. Hunt, we will definitely do as you say." The pub owner quickly returned to the waiting room after receiving orders.

Renee was starting to feel quite impatient, urging. "So, how did it go? Can I end his contract or not? Just give it to me straight."

The pub owner replied, "I just asked our business partners, and they said it's possible. They even said they don't need you to pay, but you'll have to follow a few rules."

"They don't need me to pay?" Renee felt quite surprised.

She thought to herself. 'I didn't expect the pub owner to be so virtuous to have let go of such a great opportunity to earn!' "Tell me about these rules," Renee asked curiously.

"Firstly, Isaac is our star escort, as you know. He's earned our pub a lot of money, and we naturally treat him as family. That's why you have to promise to treat Isaac well after you've bought his freedom. You mustn't let him suffer in the slightest."

Renee raised a brow. "Of course. I can do that."

She was more than capable of handling another man's living expenses, after all.

"Secondly, Isaac has....quite a bit of an ego. If you really do wish to provide for him, you still mustn't force him to do anything he doesn't like. "

Renee felt speechless. "Don't worry, I just felt pity toward him. I didn't want a young talent like him to be wasted in a pub, that's all. I don't intend on doing anything to him."

"Uhm, that's actually not what we mean. " The pub owner explained. "You see, Isaac has a habit of wearing a mask at all times. It is to protect the last bit of dignity he has left. So if he is unwilling to take it off, you can't force him to.'

"No problem. I like it more when he has his mask on anyway," Renee replied swiftly. After all, she actually preferred Isaac with his mask, as it gave her a sense of familiarity and made her heart flutter.

"Looks like there'll be no issues then! Once you've signed this contract, Isaac will be yours, and you can do whatever you want with him." The pub owner said swiftly.

Renee hadn't expected everything to go so smoothly. She then happily dialed Isaac's number, still holding the contract in hand. "Hey, pretty boy, where are you? I prepared a surprise for you."

"Oh really? I'm home, but I have to go to work soon." "Hold on. I'll come over right now."

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Renee still remembered where the man lived, a cheap apartment near the pub.

She was initially in a bad mood earlier today, but after the accomplishment of performing the good deed of 'saving a young man's future,' her mood naturally improved.

By following her memory, she arrived at Isaac's apartment unit and rang the doorbell.

A while later, the door swung open as Isaac walked out in a simple white shirt and black formal pants. His handsome face was once again wearing his usual white feather mask. He looked like he had been waiting for Renee for quite sometime.

"It's been a while, my goddess. I thought you forgot about me..." The man's voice was gentle.

Renee instantly felt like spring had come and couldn't help but lift the man by the chin. She smiled and said, "How could I ever forget you, my little escort? Your last hypnosis helped me get great rest! I've long wanted to have you do that again to me, you know?"

"It really is an honor... Don't worry, my goddess; I will give my all to you this time so you may sleep better."

"You're too considerate; no wonder you're so popular." The more Renee looked at him, the more her fondness for him grew. 'Tsk tsk, handsome gentlemen are healing to the soul. Thinking back to how cold Hunt was... Isaac is an absolute angel!'

Unfortunately, Renee likely wouldn't have ever guessed that this absolute angel was her terrible husband, who she hated so much.

After receiving a report from the pub owner, Stefan quickly rushed to Isaac's place and replaced him.

"Oh, pretty boy, I just so happened to find out about your sad past, and I felt really bad. That's why I decided I had to save you..." Renee said as she brought out the contract, speaking in a confident tone. "Look at this. Do you like it?"

"Th... This is...?" Stefan took the contract obediently, pretending to read through it. Suddenly, he turned away from her, his shoulders trembling slightly, acting quite melancholic.

"What's wrong? Are you so touched that you cried?" Renee patted the man on the back, asking like a confident maneater. "You don't have to thank me, I didn't even spend much. All I have to do is provide for you, and I can definitely do that.'

"Provide for me?" Stefan slowly turned back and asked Renee, "So you're going to be my sugar mommy?"

"Awh, come on, don't say it like that. You're just having it rough right now and lost your ability to make a living out of dancing. I'm just temporarily providing for you, and once you're back in university to finish your studies, you'd be able to earn a proper job. And I won't provide for you after that," Renee said bashfully.

She knew that their current relationship was no different from a sugar baby and a sugar mommy at this point. Moreover, she had no idea why she was being so nice to the man.

In better terms, she was a kind person who just loved helping others in need.

In worse terms, she just felt oddly possessive towards Isaac and didn't wish to see any other woman lusting over his body. It was likely that she started seeing Isaac as a substitute for Stefan.

However, this 'Stefan Hunt' was an idealized version instead, the version that would be gentle and warm towards her. She placed this 'Stefan' on a pedestal and was unwilling to let anyone taint this lovely being.

"Yeah, you know I lost my dancing career because of you, and I'm nothing but a poor peasant now! You'll have to take

responsibility for me, or I might actually starve to death!" Stefan said as he quickly embraced Renee with a pitiful expression on his face.

"I offended the boss lady because of you, and no one dared to hire me anymore. The Blue Inn was the only reason I was able to earn a living, but now that you've bought my freedom, I can't even go back there! I can only follow you, so please never abandon me!"

Renee patted the man on the back, comforting him as if he were her lover. "Don't worry, I bought your contract, so I'd naturally take good care of you."

"But... won't your husband get mad at you? I heard that Stefan Hunt from H Group could get extremely jealous at times. Aren't you worried he might explode at you after finding out you're taking care of another man?" Stefan asked, hoping to test what she really thought about him.

He was rather curious as to what he meant to the woman right then.

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"Who cares?!" Renee felt enraged for some reason, despite her being in a good mood at the start. 'Do you lack tact or something? Why would you even mention that jerk out of nowhere? It's repulsing!"

Stefan's expression darkened, yet still hid his anger. "What did he do to you to make you hate him so much?"

"He's a jerk. That's what he is!" Renee clenched her jaw. "I slept with him for all but one night, and he's threatening me with it the next day and made me cook skewers for him and his friends... Honestly, how could he?!"

"Is that it?" Stefan found it hilarious.

He sometimes found Renee quite complicated, so much so that it felt like he never really understood her. Yet, at times, he found her as simple-minded as a child, devoid of cunning thoughts behind those crystal eyes.

This juxtaposition made his heart feel rather conflicted as well.

His rationality told him he should stay away from her, yet he still subconsciously wanted to get closer. That was why he came up with the ridiculous idea of clinging to her using the identity of a pub dancer.

It was as if he no longer felt embarrassed about his actions while being under a mask.

"Of course not!" Renee suddenly felt the urge to rant, so she rolled up her sleeves, getting ready to nitpick on every little horrible thing about Stefan.

"Your arm..." Stefan was sharp enough to notice the burn wound around her arm, which made him frown deeply. 'I

knew it! She was burnt by the charcoal this morning, just like what happened to Seraphina!"

'But... Damn it, how could she have such high pain tolerance?! How did she not even whine a little when she's been burnt so badly?!"

"Yeah! I was burned! It hurt so much!" Renee yelped.

She wasn't used to complaining about her pain, but she felt oddly different with Isaac and started pouting sadly over it.

It was likely that he was now hers. He was basically her therapist at this point, her dumpster for emotions. Armed with the knowledge that he would support her, heal her, and stay by her, come what may, there was no need to put on a tough act in front of him.

"Come here, sit down!" Stefan dragged her to the sofa and forced her into a seat.

"What are you doing?"

"Stop moving around, I'm going to apply medicine for you!" Isaac took out some antiseptic cream from his first aid kit as he ordered Renee harshly.

"It's fine, I already applied some..."

"Listen to me and give me your hand!" Stefan's voice became slightly deeper.

Hearing this, Renee quickly fell obedient, reaching her hand out to him. She thought, 'Why do I feel like I can see a bit of Stefan's bossy attitude in this living angel?'

'Well, I guess it's not really that weird. I only noticed Isaac because he has similarities with Stefan, and I wanted him as a substitute for that man!'

Renee continued staring at the man, who was focused on applying medicine on her arm. She just couldn't believe how similar he was to Stefan, down to his hair.

Suddenly, she had a courageous thought...

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Stefan was still concentrating on treating her wounds, whereas Renee's free hand caressed his head all of a sudden, like petting a dog.

"Can I ask you a question, pretty boy?" Renee asked as she brushed through Stefan's hair gently.

The man froze and lifted his gaze, looking at the woman who wore an odd expression, slightly alarmed. "What is it?"

"Oh come on, don't be so nervous, it's not like I'm going to eat you up..." Renee's face flushed as she collected herself before being completely straightforward with him. "I'd just like to know if you're really experienced with love, since you're such a popular star, especially... you know, that type of experience? Like, are you super good at it?!"

"What type?"

"We're all adults here, so don't play dumb with me now. Of course, I'm talking about sex!" Renee didn't want to beat around the bush and came forth.

That was because she felt like she could be her true self in front of Isaac. She could say anything on her mind, and she didn't need to hide.

"Why are you even asking about that all of a sudden?!" Stefan quickly furrowed his brows, his lips frowned coldly, visibly upset.

'What is this woman thinking?! How could she ask a lowly pub escort such a private question?! Could she be still under the effects of the drug and wanted to find a professional to get some release?'

"Hey, don't misunderstand my intentions. I just think you have experience, and I have a few questions for you professionals," Renee explained earnestly.

Although she was twenty-seven, her experience with love had only been with Stefan. She had even less intercourse experience, despite going into her thirties, as she had also only ever done it with that man.

Hence, she really wanted to know if she was still longing for Stefan because she had too little experience in love. She wanted to know if her emotions had indeed been so drastically affected by him... because she lacked experience in intercourse.

"Is that so..." Stefan's expression softened lightly, which then turned into intrigue. "So tell me, what are these questions?"

"Well... Aha, it's a little awkward." Renee shed her usual nonchalant attitude and started acting like a young teenager in love. Her fair cheeks were painted in a shade of red as she bashfully continued.

"I don't have a lot of experience in dating. If we exclude my ex-husband from this equation, I basically never dated anyone, let alone... do that. So I'd just like to know if it feels the same doing it with different people?"

"And... I keep thinking about how I felt with my ex-husband. Could it be because I don't have another person for reference? Am I just

lacking in experience?"

Hearing this, Stefan felt extremely conflicted. He was just troubled and happy at the same time.

He was happy that the woman still had feelings towards him despite her cold, hostile demeanor. However, he was troubled at the fact that he didn't have any wisdom to share, as he had only ever been intimate with Renee alone.

"So you're saying you're still thinking about your husband?" Stefan asked with interest.

"Of course I am. He's my first love, after all, and it's different." Renee faced her true feelings towards this head-on, answering truthfully.

She didn't want to deny the fact that Stefan did hold an important place in her heart. However, that didn't necessarily mean that they had a chance to get back together.

After all, being unable to move on was far different than still loving them wholeheartedly. Stefan's heart instantly felt like it was experiencing large waves, thumping with glee.

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The man placed the cotton bud and antiseptic cream aside, placing his knee onto the sofa as he trapped her between the couch. His voice was deep as he asked, "If you're so curious, why don't we try it out?"

Renee looked towards the approaching man, feeling quite nervous. She gulped hard and said feebly, "Try... what?"

"Didn't you say you wanted to know how it felt being intimate with other men? You know I'm experienced, so maybe I could give you the answer!" Stefan placed his arm on the backrest, using the other hand to lift the woman's chin.

"Yeah, but isn't that... kind of inappropriate?" Renee questioned, leaning into the couch and staying still like an obedient little rabbit.

She really didn't have much experience in this field, and it would make her seem quite clumsy when compared to a professional.

"You're already my sugar mommy. Isn't it normal for me to provide service for you?" Stefan's eyes were fixated on Renee's cherry-red lips, his chest burning with desire.

'How could there be such perfect, seductive lips in this world? It looks just like the forbidden fruit that tempted Adam and Eve!' he thought to himself.

"Nonsense, I'm not providing for you because of that!" Renee became redder, stumbling over her words while explaining. "I just didn't want a young talent like you to go to waste in a pub! You shouldn't have to earn using your looks..."

"That's not important!" Stefan placed his finger on her lips, whispering. "The most important thing we need to discuss right now... is if we'd have different chemistry compared to you and your husband."

"You're right. I've always wanted to know the answer to this. I just didn't have a partner to experiment on..."

Renee looked towards Isaac and gasped to herself. "Isn't he literally a lab rat?!"

She had always kept a distance from most men. The woman would automatically shut any advances down, putting up a hostile front.

However, she felt relaxed around Isaac for some reason, to the point she wanted to get closer to him.

He had an aura that she was rather fond of, one that didn't repulse her. She had only ever found this in Stefan in the past.

"So let's start with a basic experiment first, okay?"

"What's that?"

"For example, kissing." Stefan continued staring at her lips. His voice was husky, guiding her as if it were a siren's call.

"Well..."

Before Renee could process her thoughts, Stefan's lips had already gently touched hers.

A familiar, fresh scent attacked her senses in an instant. As if it were an aphrodisiac, she felt her rationality slipping away.

Unlike before, Stefan was kissing her very softly, just like a dragonfly on water.

Renee was actually reluctant at first but managed to let loose under the man's guidance. She then started to take the lead, but her kissing skills were rusty, which caused their teeth to bump into each other frequently. It didn't feel all that nice.

Stefan grabbed the back of her head. His voice remained hoarse. "You little dummy, let me teach you how to kiss!"