

## The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

### Chapter 671

With that thought, a chill ran down Renee's back as she considered her options carefully.

There was no movement inside the house as if the cries for help had just been Renee's imagination.

"Okay. I know you're scared. You don't have to answer me. I'll kick the door open and get you out. All you need to do is expose the ugly side of that guy to my two children after this!"

As Renee said this, she prepared her hands, reaching out to break down the door.

Suddenly, a deadly vibe burst out from behind her, and someone reached out to catch her wrist in a deadly grip, freezing her completely in her tracks.

"Why are you in the restricted area of the shop?"

The man's low voice gave off an eerie chill as it resounded from above her head.

Renee turned around to see Mr. Q standing behind her with a cold look on his face.

In the darkness of the night, the name 'Night Demon,' coupled with the black mask he wore, really suited his image.

Though Renee was not a coward, she was still in someone's territory, not to mention the man was also notoriously known as a villain.

With that, she sensibly loosened her stance and awkwardly laughed, "Haha... Weren't you cooking, Mr. Q? Why did you suddenly stop and appear behind me? You scared me!"

"I'm done cooking, so I came to see where you were..." Mr. Q said and pursed his lips.

There was a strong, cold, and oppressing air around him, and he slowly approached Renee and asked, "You look a little guilty, hmm?"

"You're joking! I just visited these pavilions and marveled at your breathtaking financial prowess. Why should I be feeling guilty?" Renee said stiffly.

"Didn't Chase tell you the price of randomly walking around Carmine Pawnshop?"

Mr. Q still held Renee's wrist, and though his voice was soft and calm, it carried a terrifying undertone. "W-what is it?" Renee asked cautiously.

"Those who trespass into the restricted area will be locked in here and never leave!" Every word Mr. Q said was like announcing a death sentence to Renee.

"Never leave?"

Renee was initially fearful, but she couldn't help but burst out laughing when she heard those words. She didn't care about her reputation at the moment and simply laughed.

Mr. Q's expression turned colder as he asked in a dangerous tone, "Why are you laughing?"

"Don't you think those words are very funny? Are you shooting a movie? Never leave? Why don't you just say never reincarnate?"

After Renee stopped laughing and calmed down, she turned serious and fired up again.

"Yeah, I trespassed into the restricted area of your shop. If I didn't, I wouldn't have known what a dignified jerk you were!" "Dignified?"

The air around Mr. Q dipped lower, and he pulled Renee into his arms with a yank. "I've never been dignified, nor have I ever been a good guy. I'm a notorious villain. Didn't you already know that from the start?"

"You!"

Renee didn't expect the man to be this honest, so she was at a loss for words. She quickly gathered her thoughts and shot back angrily, "In that case, stay away from my children! I don't know what kind of enchantment you put on them, but they like you a lot, so what are your intentions?!"

"I told you. I like the two children. I want the two children," Mr. Q said it so matter-of-factly that Renee, as their mother, felt that she was the one unreasonable, i

"I-if you like children, just make some yourself!"

"With you?"

Mr. Q's lips suddenly curled up in a smirk. "That sounds like a wonderful suggestion."

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Renee suddenly felt a chill run up her spine as she shoved Mr. Q away and coldly. "There's something wrong with your head, isn't there? How could you joke about something like this? I'll cut you down if you do it again!"

Even though her financial strength may not compare to his, she could definitely subdue him in a matter of minutes. If he forced her hand, she wasn't about to show him any mercy!

Mr. Q approached Renee again with a solemn expression as he said seriously, "I never joke. To have given birth to two lovely children like Adie and Abby, I'm sure you have good genes. It's barely worthy of me, but I'm sure if we come together, we can give birth to a child more perfect than the two. Are you sure you don't want to try?"

"Blargh!"

Renee didn't buy it at all. She made a throwing-up motion before shooting back sharply, "Please get this straight. Children aren't the product of just one parent. That's impossible! My children are great, maybe because they got my perfect genes, and their father's genes are also very strong! You, on the other hand, are far worse than him, okay?! Don't be so confident in yourself!"

"Haha!" The man laughed before saying vaguely, "So, you're also aware that children are not the product of a single person?" Of course! Are you saying that you alone or I alone can give birth to a child? M

Renee thought this man was strange and full of nonsense!

"In that case, why not let your children meet with their father? You deprived them of their father's love, and you didn't even think to ask for their opinion? Aren't you being selfish?"

Mr. Q's tone had a little anger in it, but also a hint of heart ache for the two

children. "What's it to you?"

Renee looked at the man warily and said, "Didn't I already tell you that their father is a scumbag and dead? There's no need to tell them anymore because of that! It's enough that they have a perfect mother like me!"

"Then tell me, who is Adie and Abb/s father? Let me be the judge of his genes and compare whether his or mine is superior!"

Mr. Q insisted aggressively that Renee confess everything to him. Renee found it ridiculous and retorted rudely, "That's my personal affairs! Why should I tell you? Moreover, the so-called superiority or inferiority is relative. If I think he's better, then he is! There's no need for you to judge!"

The man stared at Renee for a long time. After thinking about it, confusion flashed in his eyes, and he shook his head.

"Woman, I really don't understand you. One moment you say the children's father is scum, and the next moment you're so protective of him. Can I understand why? Is it because you still love the children's father that you can't accept anyone else in your heart?"

"No!" Renee exclaimed before she gritted her teeth and said, "I can't hate him enough, so how could I love him?!" "Then, prove it to me..."

Mr. Q caught Renee's wrist again and pinned her against the door. He lowered his head to her ear and said, "Accept me and prove that you've forgotten him."

"No way!"

Renee was inexplicably nervous, and she felt short of breath. Her cheeks were flushed, and she hissed through gritted teeth, "Just because I don't love him doesn't mean I have to accept you. Both of you are short! Why do I have to pick between two bad men? Besides... there's one aspect which he definitely wins over you!"

"Oh?" Mr. Q's lips curled into a playful smirk as he asked curiously, "What is it?"

"His appearance is better than yours! He's more handsome!" Renee confessed bluntly.

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Back then, when Renee had fallen in love with Stefan at first sight, wasn't it also because of his appearance? If he didn't have that handsome face of his, she wouldn't have foolishly waited for him for four years, and she likely wouldn't have agreed to marry him.

That's why being obsessed with appearances only called for bad luck. Despite that, she was a die-hard lover of outward looks, even now!

"I see..." Mr. Q said with a sigh as disappointment streaked across his face. "If that's the reason, then I really can't compare. I used to be very handsome, but unfortunately, I'm disfigured now. The scar on my face... let's not even mention others; even I can't stand the sight of it!"

Renee couldn't help but feel a twinge of sympathy upon seeing the proud and arrogant man suddenly become so self-deprecating and downtrodden,

She forced a smile on her face and comforted him, "Hey, it's okay. Men don't have to rely on looks to get a wife, you know? The treasures in your collection alone are enough to buy you ten wives. You can have as many children as you want with them too!"

"No!" Mr. Q said seriously. "You've piqued my interest. I want to marry you and have cute children like Adie and Abby with you. No other woman can take your place. If you marry me, you don't have to return the money to me, and all the treasures in Carmine Pawnshop will be yours. Deal?"

"Sigh. Why are you so stubborn? I told you that I'm a sucker for good looks! Why don't you find someone who isn't as concerned as looks like me?" Renee refused exasperatedly.

In fact, the man's conditions were sincere and tempting, and her children liked him so much that they even saw him as their father. It wouldn't be such a bad outcome if she agreed to marry him.

But... Deep inside her heart, there was still a wall. She couldn't bring herself to accept anyone as her husband except for a certain man.

"Sucker for good looks..."

Mr. Q suddenly became angry and slammed his fist on the wall.

"It's all Stefan's fault! If he hadn't cut my face with a knife back then, I wouldn't need to wear a mask like this! I've decided to get back at him! I'm going to cut his face in the same manner, so he'll also have a taste of what it's like to be disfigured!"

"N-no! Don't do that!" Renee hurriedly tried to discourage him. "You two have fought for so long, and it was so tough to call for a truce, so don't repeat the same mistake. In case you fail, he'll not only disfigure you but break your limbs and ruin your career! It's not worth it!"

"You're so panicky. Are you afraid that I would really ruin Stefan's face?" Mr. Q asked. "You're Stefan's ex-wife, so could your two children be his flesh and blood? I was wondering why Adie looked so familiar... He's actually Stefan's son!"

"No!" Renee vehemently denied it. "I'm not an idiot. Since I've already divorced him, why would I have his children? I'm not that free... I still have to care for my own children, okay?"

"Who knows? Perhaps you loved him so much that even after he divorced you, you still want to keep something of his," Mr. Q pressed further, leaving Renee unsure how to respond.

She exploded in frustration, "Stop guessing pointlessly! Who are you to pry into my privacy? You're not a good person! I will call the kids here to let them see how awful you are! I also won't turn a blind eye to your imprisoning of young girls!"

Just as Renee was about to call out to her children. Chase brought them over.

"Adie, Abby, you both came at the right time! This man that you repeatedly claimed to be good... I'll let you see his true colors!"

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Aiden and Abigail blinked their big, innocent eyes and immediately jumped to Mr. Q's defense.

"Mommy, you must have misunderstood Daddy Q! He's the most gentle and kind person I've ever met besides Daddy Liam! How could he be a bad guy?"

"Abby is right!" Aiden said as he rubbed his chin, a serious expression on his face. "I introduce Mr. Q to you as a husband candidate after careful consideration. You may not believe in my sister's judgment, but you

must believe in my intelligence."

"Well..." Renee was momentarily speechless.

Disregarding everything else, Aiden's intelligence was truly unbeatable.

Anyone who passed his assessment was either a super intelligent person who could beat Aiden, or genuinely a good person.

Currently, Mr. Q didn't seem like a good person at all. That meant his intelligence must be extremely high to have the two little children be so obedient to him.

"It doesn't matter if you don't believe me. Once I kick down this door, you'll understand my good intentions." Renee didn't want to keep going around in circles and decided to let the facts speak for themselves.

Tightening her fists, she stretched her legs and gathered all her strength before fiercely kicking the door. As she kicked down the door, she gestured for the two children to back away.

"Back up a little, you two. I don't know how depraved this villain is. There may be something inappropriate behind this, so it's best to stay back than risk getting traumatized by anything here!"

The two children were a little scared after hearing her words, and they hid behind Mr. Q and cautiously peeked around him to stare at the door.

Embarrassingly, Renee attacked the door for a long time, but it didn't even budge a single inch. She was exhausted from her efforts after a while. She couldn't understand why, as it was only a small wooden door. She should have been able to break it with her strength.

"Are you tired? Do you want to rest for a while?" Mr. Q asked "kindly" as his lips curled up slightly as if he were an outsider detached from this situation.

"Shove that fake kindness away! I can definitely break this door into pieces!" Renee shot back and wiped away her sweat as she prepared to exert herself again.

Mr. Q suddenly said coldly, "Perhaps it's best if you save your strength. This door is made of authentic Zambawi birch wood, which is harder than even iron. Even if you kick non-stop until tomorrow, you won't be able to damage it."

"So that's it!" Renee exclaimed, then frowned at the man. "You're really sick, aren't you? Choosing this kind of wood as a door to ensure that the people inside wouldn't have a chance to escape. What kind of illegal things are you doing here? Aren't you afraid of encountering ghosts at night for doing so many bad things?"

Renee had already imagined a tragic situation of the tortured girls behind this door and was convinced that more than one girl was being held here for torture!

Mr. Q hadn't refuted any of her accusations either and simply smiled and said, "If you really can't break it down, you can ask Chase for the key to open it directly."

"Hah! Drop that innocent act! The evidence of your crimes are hidden inside here. Once it's opened, your hypocritical act will be up! Do you dare open it?"

"I haven't done anything wrong, so there's nothing I wouldn't dare about it," Mr. Q replied, then paused before adding, "However, the rule of Carmine Pawnshop is that the restricted area is not a place where one can casually enter. You broke a rule and must be punished."

Renee, who was in an extremely stubborn mood right now, said, "If you dare open this door, I'm willing to accept the punishment. I'm not unreasonable, after all."

Mr. Q turned to Chase and said, "Open the door for her."

"But boss, isn't it inappropriate to do so? I'm afraid that guy will go crazy and scare the kids..." Chase trailed off, looking toward the door but making no move to approach it.

At the same time, he also thought Mr. Q was acting strange. Why would he indulge this woman so much and let her take charge of the situation like this?

"Hah! Look at that! You're guilty, aren't you? I told you something unusual is going on here!"

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After hearing Chase's words, Renee became even more confident of her suspicions. She quickly pulled her two children aside and warned them, "Close your eyes first. Wait until I confirm that there's nothing inside there that's inappropriate for children, and you can open your eyes."

Then, Renee turned to Mr. Q and said, "You don't have to open the door. I'm not interested in your perverted things. As long as you admit before my children that you're a bad guy and promise to stay away from them in the future, that's enough."

Renee had considered many things and was worried that the pervert would attack indiscriminately if he were exposed, so she planned to take her children away before figuring out how to save whoever was inside the room.

Mr. Q ignored her and ordered Chase again, "I said to open the door. Didn't you hear me?" "Um..."

Even though Chase was visibly unhappy, he didn't dare disobey a direct order from his boss. He pulled out the key and opened the door.

"Watch out!" Renee stepped back instinctively with her two children.

However, there was no movement inside the room for a long time.

"Don't hide anymore. You've been clamoring to come out, so come on out and let Miss Everheart see how 'bad' our boss really is," Chase said, calling out into the room.

The lighting inside the room was poor, and it was impossible to see what was happening. Still, there was no movement even after Chase had spoken.

Then, Mr. Q spoke in a cold and threatening tone, "Come out!" Only then did a woman cautiously appear.

The woman was dressed plainly, and her hair was messy. She was thin, and her sunken eye sockets made her look like a skeleton. However, she was much more presentable than Renee had imagined.

"W-who... are you?"

Renee felt that the woman was a little familiar.

"You can leave now if you want, but don't come crying to us for help when you have nowhere to go!" Chase said as he glared at the woman angrily, feeling both pity and fury at her.

"I remember now! You're that con artist I met before!" Renee exclaimed, pointing at the woman as the realization struck her.

The woman looked at Renee and then lowered her head. Choking back tears, she said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Q. I was wrong. Thank you for giving me a chance to turn my life around. I thought about it and decided to continue staying in this room. I don't want to leave!"

Seeing the woman about to return to the small dark room, Renee quickly stopped her and said, "This guy must have threatened you, so you're afraid to resist, right? Don't be scared. I'll help you! I'll make sure he faces legal consequences for his crimes!"

Since things have reached this point, Renee naturally wouldn't give up on the chance to expose Mr. Q's true colors. "Legal consequences?"

The woman looked up with an incredulous expression.

"Mr. Q is such a good person! How could he have committed any crimes? If not for him, I would have died long ago, and my son would have starved to death. It was my fault for stealing from his pawnshop, but he didn't punish me. In fact, he saved me!"

"What?!" Renee looked at the woman in disbelief. She reached out to grasp her shoulders as if trying to give her strength. "I told you, you don't have to be afraid. He's a bad person, and I need you to come forward to expose him. Otherwise, who knows what he'd do to my children!"

"But Mr. Q really isn't a bad person. Although there are a lot of ugly rumors out there about him, they remain nothing but rumors! Those hypocrites tried to slander him... Don't believe a word they say!"

"But if he's so good, why did he lock you up in this small, dark room? Are you a masochist?!"