

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

Chapter 101

Old Mr. Hunt put down the brush pen and opened the desk drawer while saying these to Renee. Then, he solemnly took out a rosewood box and handed it to Renee.

“Ren, open it up.”

Renee took the box and opened it with care. Inside the box was a medal engraved with a dove of peace and a sword. Renee turned to Old Mr. Hunt with confusion. “Grandpa, is this...”

“Child, your grandfather gave me this before he died. This medal was dear to him and symbolized his heroic life. Now, I’m passing it on to you.”

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Old Mr. Hunt sighed as he recalled the legendary life of his dearest friend Maurice Everheart. Your grandfather was most worried about you before his death. He repeatedly told me to pass the medal to you four years after your marriage with Stefan...”

“It’s now the fourth year of your marriage. The medal carries your grandfather’s blessing to you both. It’ll bless you both with a happy ever after marriage!”

Renee looked at the gold medal in her hand with teary eyes. It was as if she had traveled beyond life and death and felt the touch of her grandfather’s rough but gentle palm.

“When Grandpa was still around, he was always worried about me. Although he’s gone, soul is still watching over me. I’m such a useless granddaughter. I’ve always caused him trouble...”

his

She remembered her grandfather’s last moments-he told her over and over again, urging her not to return to the dangerous and complicated circle. She did not have to be more capable or bring back the Everheart family’s glory days-all he wanted was for her to spend the rest of her life as an ordinary woman. His last wish was for her to play the role of Mrs. Hunt well. It was only then that he’d be able to rest in peace.

‘But now, it’s...’ Renee sighed and blamed herself for her weakness. She couldn’t even fulfill the simple last wish of her grandpa.

It would be hard to control one’s heart. She could take revenge and restore the Everheart family’s glory, but there was nothing she could do about a man who did not love her.

Thus far, she had done her best. With no light at the end of the tunnel,

her only choice was to give up without regret.

“Silly child. What are you saying? In our eyes, Renee, you’re a

wonderful girl. How can you be useless?” be

Old Mr. Hunt looked at Renee lovingly, his eyes full of admiration. “Besides... My grandson has

been difficult since he was a child. The fact that you’ve tamed him proves you have something in you that other girls don’t.”

“Ahem,” Renee coughed lightly. She avoided the Old Mr. Hunt’s gaze, feeling weak. She and Stefan were already formally divorced. If Old Mr. Hunt knew that, he would be enraged!

Renee hurriedly changed the subject. “Uhm, Grandpa. I went on vacation with Stefan and brought you some gifts. I hope you’ll like them.”

“Really? You’re so thoughtful. Hurry up and show me.”

Renee brought out the local specialties she had prepared ahead. “We’ve got you some coffee beans, fruit tea, and coconut powder. These are all the specialties from Semponia, and this...” Renee opened a jewelry box, revealing a beautiful round pearl. It seemed to be shining. “This is a natural black pearl found in the deepest part of Para Island. The pearl took hundreds of years to develop and has absorbed the best of the earth and sea. It has remarkable healing energy. Keeping it in the room will give you a calming effect at home.” (1)

Although the vacation was fake, getting the pearl did cost her a fortune. It was her way of giving Old Mr. Hunt a token of appreciation before she left.

“This is a really nice pearl. I like it.”

Old Mr. Hunt played with the large black pearl in his hand, visibly pleased and amused. His granddaughter-in-law was thoughtful and had good taste. This was one gift he really adored

“Grandpa.”

At the same time, Stefan’s cold and low voice came outside the

door. As Renee turned around, their eyes met.

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When the two left the Beach City Courthouse, they went their separate ways as if they would never see each other again. Who knew they would meet again in just a few hours?

Without the marriage license restraining them, the way they looked at each other seemed to have changed slightly.

Old Mr. Hunt’s old eyes were filled with complicated emotions as his

gaze traveled back and forth between the two.

“You two. You just came back from a vacation together. Shouldn’t you be all lovey-dovey? Why did you come to visit me separately? Did you have a fight?”

“We’re...” Renee bit her lips, feeling torn. She was unsure if she should be honest or keep lying.

Things were different before they were officially divorced. Renee could forge a lie without feeling the slightest guilt. Besides, she was not trying to deceive him. However, her relationship with Stefan had changed so much that she found herself unable to pretend.

“We’re so in love. How could we ever fight?” Stefan said calmly and wrapped his arm around Renee’s shoulders. He behaved naturally and acted as though such intimacy had always been part of their daily routine.

Any outsider would immediately think that they were deeply in love!

Renee's cheeks flushed. She followed with a fake smile and said, "Yes.

How could we have fought?" "We'd just get divorced!" she thought to herself.

"That's great." Old Mr. Hunt nodded. Then, he turned to Stefan and asked him, "Tell me, Fan. Did you have a good vacation? Where did you go?"

Renee, afraid that Stefan would let the cat out of the bag, tried to answer first. However, Old Mr. Hunt stopped her. "Ren, I'm asking Fan. You stay silent."

Stefan looked over the local specialties on the desk and was drawn to the bag of coffee beans. Then, he said with a straight face, "We went to Zambawi."

After all, the best coffee beans in the world originated from Zambawi.

Renee was speechless hearing his answer. Now at a complete loss for words, she simply gave up on him.

She was never on the same wavelength as Stefan. A pristine island like Semponia was what she'd consider a dream vacation spot, while his....

Zambawi?!

Semponia and Zambawi were two completely unrelated places. Renee did not know how to cover up their lies. "Good one! Zambawi!"

Old Mr. Hunt's kind look was instantly gone, and in place was a hard and stern countenance. What a good grandson. You even lied with a straight face. You two must really think I'm blind and old!"

Stefan tried to explain himself,

"Grandpa, I..." "On your

knees!" Old Mr. Hunt yelled in

a rage.

If Stefan's anger could be described as the roaring wind in a raging storm, his grandfather, Sullivan Hunt's rage would be like a nuclear bomb!

Sullivan Hunt was a great hero who once fought on the battlefield. Born with power, shake the room with his roar. "I'm sorry, Grandpa. I shouldn't have lied to you."

he could

Renee knew her mistakes and felt guilty. She almost knelt obediently out of her filial love for the elderly.

Old Mr. Hunt saw her actions and quickly stopped her. "Child, what are you doing? You'll hurt yourself, kneeling on the hard floor. I was telling this brat to kneel!"

Stefan pursed his lips tightly and looked as cold as ever. He did not hesitate and

knelt down immediately. "Grandpa, I'm guilty. I'm willing to accept any punishment,"

replied Stefan unflinchingly while lowering his eyes.

Old Mr. Hunt had absolute authority over the Hunt family. Stefan had always looked up to his grandfather as a role model and had been respectful and dutiful to him. Ever since a child, he had always obeyed Old Mr. Hunt's orders unconditionally.

However, his marriage with Renee was an exception. He had to disobey him for once.

"You kid. You're quick at admitting your fault. In that case, I'll give you one last chance. Be honest with me. Apart from the vacation, what else are you two hiding from me?"

Stefan looked down coldly and

remained silent. "Not saying

anything, are you?"

Old Mr. Hunt took a deep breath and showed a meaningful expression. "Even if you stay silent,

I know what happened. I guess Ren must have suffered but dared not resist. That's why she gave me the pearl as a hint..."

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"Hint?" Renee listened in confusion. She gave Old Mr. Hunt the black pearl in the hopes that it might bring him health and peace. What did she hint at him? How could she not know?

"As soon as I saw the pearl, I thought of how it symbolized fertility and childbirth..."

Old Mr. Hunt's face turned grim. He sternly questioned Stefan, who was kneeling on the ground. "You b*stard. Tell me honestly. Are the rumors true? Did you really knock up another woman behind Ren's back?"

Since the matter had digressed to this point, Stefan found no reason to hide anymore. Although he was still on his knees, he kept his back straight and said with a cold and firm voice, "Now that you know, I have nothing to say. The child does indeed have the bloodline of the Hunt family. It needs a legitimate identity and a competent father."

"You!" Old Mr. Hunt held his chest and almost skipped a breath. Then, he slammed his cane on Stefan's back with no mercy. "You fool!"

"That child needs a legitimate status and respect. What about Ren? Have you ever considered her feelings? She's your wife! Over the years, hasn't Ren been devoted to everyone in the family, including you and me?"

"You're the closest person to her, yet you don't care for her or love her. Fine, but how could you hurt her?!"

Old Mr. Hunt became angrier as he spoke. With authority, he ordered, "I don't care. Send the immoral woman to the hospital right now and get rid of your illegitimate child!"

"I'll only accept you and Ren's children to the family. I won't

recognize anyone else!" Stefan kept his head down and

outright refused. “I’m sorry. I can’t comply.”

Stefan’s reply was the last straw. Old Mr. Hunt was seriously pissed.

“Great. You’re so stubborn, aren’t you? You won’t even listen to me because of a woman. If this is it, I’ll serve you with the family punishment!”

Old Mr. Hunt opened the bookcase after saying that. He took out a long whip and

struck it at Stefan without warning. “I haven’t used this whip for years. I’ll let it end

your life today, or I won’t be able to answer

Maurice!”

Old Mr. Hunt was a soldier who didn’t fool around with the whip. He hit so hard that Stefan could feel the pain shooting into the bone.

Stefan remained silent as excruciating pain split his back. Even so, his lips kept themselves shut without so much as a grunt or frown.

If this would ease Grandpa’s anger, he was more than willing to accept the punishment!

Renee stood by with no intention of intervening. After all, Stefan was a grown man towering at nearly 190 centimeters. Taking a few lashes was no big deal. He would not die from it.

However, Renee did not expect Grandpa Hunt to beat his own grandson so severely.

After a few lashes, Stefan’s shirt was ripped open, and his open wounds bled. Even so, begged for no mercy, vowing to protect his child with Briar to death.

he

Renee was Stefan’s ex-wife, but Stefan’s deep love for Briar and their child only made her seem pathetic and redundant.

Lurch, the butler, was anxiously sweating outside the study. He mustered his courage and tried to persuade Old Mr. Hunt. “Master, stop it! If you continue this, he will die!”

“Master Tristan is already gone. If anything happens, that’ll be the end of the Hunt family!”

Old Mr. Hunt did not soften up and whipped Stefan harder. “So be it! It’s better to end such heartless blood in the Hunt family!”

After a while, Old Mr. Hunt asked Stefan again. “So, will you

repent? Will you ask that woman to abort your child?”

Stefan answered with nothing but silence. His face had turned

pale because of the pain, and soon, his forehead became

sweaty.

When Renee saw that Old Mr. Hunt was about to swing the whip again, she hurried in front of Stefan and pleaded, “Grandpa, don’t hit him! He’s not a fault. I don’t blame him!”

“Ren, what are you doing? Move aside!”

Old Mr. Hunt tried to withdraw the whip, but it was slightly slow. The whip left a bloody red mark on Renee’s arm, stinging her with pain.

Stefan saw the situation and quickly pulled her over. He took a closer look at her injured arm and frowned at the red mark. “Don’t meddle in my affairs!” he hissed coldly.

Just when Old Mr. Hunt was about to praise his grandson for not being too heartless, he saw a little red book fall out of Renee’s shirt pocket...

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The chaos in the room instantly came to a halt. Everyone was

staring straight at the little red book.

“Sh*t!”

Renee quickly crouched down and tried to hide the book. However, it was too late. The divorce certificate was clearly printed on the cover.

The message was blaring loudly despite the silence in the room. Stefan

and Renee were divorced! “You... You two...” Old Mr. Hunt held his

chest, looking in pain.

“Grandpa!”

Stefan and Renee both ran to help Old Mr. Hunt at the same time.

Old Mr. Hunt, however, shook Stefan’s hand away and chided coldly, “Don’t call me grandpa. I can’t accept it. You’re all grown up, and you’ve stopped listening to me. How dare you sneakily divorce Ren! Are you trying to kill me?!”

“In that case, I’ll do as you wish...” Old Mr. Hunt suddenly pulled open the drawer and took out a loaded pistol. He said with a sad look, “This gun saved my life many years ago. Ren’s grandfather gave it to me. I’m too ashamed to live anymore. I better go to meet Ren’s grandfather and confess!”

After that, Old Mr. Hunt pointed the gun directly to his head and appeared like he

would pull the trigger at any time. “Grandpa, no!”

Renee and Lurch were so scared that their faces turned white. They didn’t dare to move an inch.

Stefan appeared calmer than them. He said expressionlessly, “Grandpa, stop it. I made a mistake. You can punish me as you like, but don’t fool around with your life. When Grandma does this, it works. But... this is really very childish.”

When Stefan was a child, he lived with his grandparents and shared a strong connection with them. He knew his grandparents’ personalities and tricks like the back of his hand and could easily see through their deception.

“Fool around?”

Old Mr. Hunt enunciated each word slowly with a stern face and a serious tone, “I’ll give you three days. First, abort your child with that woman. Second, remarry Ren.”

“If you don’t do it in three days, you’ll know how serious I can get!”

Sullivan was not kidding. A soldier was a man of promise, not

to mention it was a promise made to his sworn brother.

Four years ago, he promised Maurice that the Hunt family would be responsible for Renee and that Stefan would care for her for the rest of his life. Despite that, Stefan broke his promise and made Ren suffer so much. It was only fair that he atone for his sins through death!

“I disagree!”

Renee spoke before Stefan could say anything. “I was the one who asked for the divorce. Remarriage is impossible.” “Silly girl. What are you thinking? Why are you still defending this brat?”

well. You

Old Mr. Hunt said with distress, “I know you loved him so much. How could you be the one to initiate the divorce? He must have been bewitched by the evil woman and forcefully divorced you. Don’t be afraid! I’ll back you up!”

“Grandpa, I’m sorry to disappoint you. Although Stefan and I were married, we had no feelings for each other. We divorced to pursue our happiness.”

Renee silently clenched her fingers, trying to stay sensible and maintain a sober look. “We both have someone else now. Being tied will only do us harm, so please give us your blessings.”

“What...” Old Mr. Hunt was flabbergasted to discover that Renee was the one who initiated the divorce.

He had always believed that this silly girl was deeply in love with his grandson. How did her feelings change so suddenly? It was simply too bizarre!

“Fine, forget it. This brat has been cold and unloving since young. He only cares about his work. Now that he has cheated, he probably can’t give you happiness. It’s good that the divorce happened.”

“However, you remain my good granddaughter despite being divorced. Come and spend time with me whenever you’re free. If you need any help, just ask!”

Old Mr. Hunt held Renee’s hand with a face full of kindness. However, it immediately turned grim as he turned to face Stefan. “As for you, kneel in the family’s memorial chamber for three days and three nights and reflect on yourself!”

“I understand!” Stefan lowered his head and accepted the punishment willingly. Even so, his mood suddenly turned sour for some reason.

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The Hunt family memorial chamber housed the altars of the Hunt family’s ancestors. Kneeling in the memorial chamber was considered the most severe punishment in the family.

Stefan remained silent the entire time. He knelt in front of all the ancestral tablets on the cold hard ground with his back covered with whip marks.

“Send someone here to watch him. I’ll see how long he’s going to stay without food and water for three days!” Old Mr. Hunt told Lurch sternly.

Lurch was worried about Stefan’s bloody back. “Master, he is seriously injured from the whipping,” he boldly pleaded. “He won’t get through three days kneeling without food and water!”

Old Mr. Hunt was relentless in his pursuit. “He agreed that he should receive punishment for this mistake,” he ruthlessly spat without looking at Stefan.

“B—but Mrs. Hunt said she was the one who initiated the divorce. She’s in love with someone else now. How is this considered his fault?”

“I don’t care!” Old Mr. Hunt’s stony demeanor remained, though it clearly demonstrated his double standards. “Ren’s feelings must have changed because of his actions. He must have hurt her. He should reflect.”

“He cheated on his wife and knocked up someone else. That in itself is a terrible mistake!”

Lurch understood Old Mr. Hunt’s temper well enough and knew this wasn’t something he’d tolerate. If Stefan’s parents were alerted, things would only become worse.

Lurch thought about it and decided that the former Mrs. Hunt was the only one who could save Stefan.

The atmosphere at the dining table was peaceful.

“Ren, try this fish. I know fish is your favorite. We have a new chef this time. Maybe he’ll suit your taste.”

“Thank you, Grandpa.” Renee obediently received the fish and chewed it.

The food was tasteless.

“There are many ways to prepare fish, either by steaming, roasting, or frying it. Steaming fish takes the most skill...”

Renee listened, distracted.

Old Mr. Hunt seemed so relaxed. His dearest grandson was still kneeling in the chamber with blood on his back, famished and freezing. Why was he so excited to discuss the different cooking methods used to cook fish with her?

When dinner was over, it was time to leave. Renee looked back as she left the premises. It was as if she wanted to say something but could not.

“Child, go home. Remember to visit more often!” Old Mr. Hunt waved at Renee with a big smile.

“Grandpa, I think...”

“If you want to plead for that idiot, you better stop. He made a mistake, and he should be punished for it. This is the rule in the family. No matter who, pleading for mercy is futile. If you say anything more,

you'll join him!" Old Mr. Hunt said, a cold sparkle gleaming in his eyes. After that, he turned around and went back to his study.

Renee stood in the cold wind, not knowing what to do.

After giving it some thought, she decided to forget about it. After all, she was already formally divorced from Stefan. He was just her ex-husband, and his life or death no longer mattered to her anymore.

Soon, Renee left the house and waited for a taxi at the roadside.

Lurch rushed over, panting and anxious. "Mrs. Hunt, are you leaving already? If you leave, Master Hunt will die! You can't just leave!"

"Stefan and I are divorced. Please don't call me Mrs. Hunt anymore. Besides... I don't think I'm the one in charge. Why don't you talk to the future Mrs. Hunt about this?"

"Mrs. Hunt, aren't you just hurting us with that statement?"

Lurch continued in distress, "Old Mr. Hunt hates that woman so much. Her presence would only fuel the fire. As for Master and Mrs... If they find out, things will only get messier. Old Mr. Hunt treats you as his own granddaughter. He won't blame you for your actions. You're the only one who can save Master Hunt. Please!"

"It's hard to change Grandpa's mind and decision on something. I can't help. You should find someone else!"

It was not Renee's fault for being cold and heartless. After all, she was already divorced. She was done with Stefan. Besides, it wouldn't be good for them to meddle in each other's affairs.

The taxi approached slowly. When Renee was about to get into the car,

Lurch stopped her. "You don't have to change Old Mr. Hunt's mind. You

just have to provide a little help..." "Look. I just took this photo. Master

Hunt is seriously injured. He hasn't eaten, and he won't hold on for long.

If this goes on, I'm afraid his life will be in danger!"

Renee could not help but look at the photo and started feeling an ache in her chest.