

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

Chapter 136

The audience started clapping as soon as the emcee finished speaking.

All the bosses and big shots stared at the door in anticipation, wondering who the new director of the Electronics Technology Association would be. This person would be the one guiding the industry of electronics technology for the next four years.

The spotlight shone on a figure walking through the door clad in a black power suit with her hair tied up in a high

bun. a professional-looking woman

“What?!” Elijah exclaimed in disbelief. He was the first person to respond, Rubbing his eyes, he added, “Is there a problem with my eyes? Because I think that’s Mrs. Hunt!!”

Stefan frowned slightly. He stared at Renee’s graceful figure, completely caught off guard.

Renee walked up to the podium with her head held high, her eyes scanning the audience below. She then introduced herself, “Good afternoon, everyone. My name is Renee Everheart, and I

am the new director of the Electronics Technology Association.”

Renee used to either dress casually or glamorously, but today, she was dressed professionally in a power suit, paired with silver- rimmed glasses, which lent her an air of smart competence.

Her narrow pencil skirt hugged her shapely hips, and her light colored silk stockings emphasized her long and slender legs, adding a touch of alluring charm to her slick

appearance. Needless to say, the eyes of all the men in the audience were instantly glued to

her as soon as she appeared.

Nevertheless, although her appearance was impeccable, the people who participated in the summit forum were all top dogs in their fields. There was no way that they would allow an unqualified woman to take up the important position of director of the association! And so, after getting over their momentary awe over her looks, they all started grumbling in dissatisfaction.

“Isn’t that President Hunt’s ex-wife? Is she so distraught from getting dumped that she wandered into the wrong room?”

“Are the standards for the director of the Electronics Technology Association so low nowadays that they just pluck a random person off the streets to take up the position? They’re clearly messing with us!”

The emcee was beginning to feel disconcerted as they faced a tide of mockery and cynicism in the room.

“Everyone,” he implored, “please calm down and listen to me. Ms. Everheart has been selected as the director of the association because she fulfilled all the requirements for the position. All

the information that she submitted is also completely in line with the qualifications to be selected. Her academic background is also incredibly impressive, and she has published numerous papers in famous journals both in this country and abroad. It’s only a shame that we’ve always regarded her as the wife of Mr. Stefan Hunt in the past and totally overlooked her skills and excellence in other aspects...”

“But the most important thing,” he added, “is that she is the biggest investor of this summit, and she’s also the one Mr. Y personally selected as the director of the association, thus proving that she undoubtedly deserves this position!”

Upon hearing this, the crowd quickly shut their mouths. Since she had been handpicked by Mr. Y himself, perhaps there really was something special about her.

Renee smiled calmly, scanned the audience, and picked up the microphone, saying, “I can perfectly understand your biases against me. After all, in your eyes, I’m nothing but a pitiful, useless woman who’s been discarded by a man. But that doesn’t matter, because I’ll use my skills and strengths to banish all of your preconceived biases!”

After that, she proceeded to give her inauguration speech.

“In my view, chip technology is the core of the electronics industry, and it’s also the area that presents the most challenges to overcome, namely from the development of semiconductors and microparticles...”

Her speech flowed as smoothly and naturally as a river. Although the audience initially paid attention to see how she would make a fool of herself, they gradually became convinced of her capabilities and were then immersed in her eloquent speech.

Stefan’s gaze was laser-focused on Renee from start to finish, and he became more and more lost in her as time went on. Every move of her eyebrows, every glance, every frown, and every smile was so lively and enchanting that he felt like he was meeting her for the first time.

Although he was only a few feet away from the stage where she stood, he could not help

but feel as if the distance between Renee and himself had stretched out into a distance as

vast as the impassable sea....

Renee received a thunderous applause at the end of her speech. This signified that her position as the new director of the association had been accepted without question.

Meanwhile, Jake Hunt stood at the exit, right at the very edge of the venue. He leaned his tall figure against the wall lazily. His dashing flawless face, which resembled Stefan’s, was partially hidden under the mask, but beneath it, a wry smile had cropped up.

It was clear that he had made the perfect choice. This woman was even more of a hidden gem than he expected her to be. What a huge loss for Stefan, to have let her slip through his fingers so easily!

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Chapter 137

Renee shot up to instant fame after the summit forum despite being completely unknown prior to it. She had become the darling of the electronics technology industry. Many people came to chat with her and wanted to take photos with her, and it was almost as if everything else was forgotten.

It was customary for the successful conclusion of the summit forum to be followed by a celebration banquet attended by all of the big players in the industry. Naturally, Stefan and Renee were both expected to join the banquet.

The two sat down at the same round table, but there were several people seated between them. Despite having been in a very intimate relationship as husband and wife in the past, not a single word passed between them for the duration of the event. In fact, they did not even make

eye contact once.

Truthfully, it was Renee who did not spare Stefan a glance. Stefan, on the other hand, kept his eyes fixed on Renee, giving her the legendary ‘Hunt Stare’ the whole time.

With a glass of drink in her hand and a casual smile on her face, Renee was able to interact with the big names of the industry

with ease. The sight of her laughing and chatting with everyone else made her look like a successful entrepreneur who had been in the game for many years. There was not a single trace of the old Mrs. Hunt, who was always shy, reserved and

submissive.

Stefan wore a gloomy expression throughout the meal. It was as if he had a ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign on his face. Anytime someone came up to him to propose a toast or to congratulate him, they would be scared off by his icy, piercing glare. This kept everyone there from approaching him, and they resorted to merely observing him from afar.

This created an interesting scenario in the banquet hall, where the people were clearly divided into two main groups – on

Renee’s side, everyone was laughing and chatting away happily; on Stefan’s side, everyone was silent and the atmosphere was gloomy.

Elijah was standing behind Stefan, and just like him, his eyes had been following Renee very closely.

“Mr. Hunt,” he uttered in a hushed voice, “I never imagined Mrs. Hunt had such a powerful side to her personality that’s been tucked away for so long! Not only did she turn out to be a technological genius, she’s also a masterful communicator too! How did we never notice this?”

Stefan pursed his lips and said nothing in reply, but his expression turned even

darker. “Didn’t you even say,” Elijah babbled on like an idiot who did not know

how to read the room,

that you'd let the new director of the association blacklist Azure Group? Well, now it looks like we'd be lucky if Mrs. Hunt doesn't blacklist H Group! What a slap in the face! I must say, that's really impressive of her."

Stefan threw a chilling glare at Elijah, then hissed dangerously, "You should cut off that tongue of yours since it's so useless."

"Mr. Hunt," Elijah daringly continued like someone who was not afraid of death, "I think you'd better just set your ego aside and remarry Mrs. Hunt. She's no longer the kind of woman who's afraid to even step outside. She's now the respected director of the Electronics

Technology Association. If you remarry her, both of you can form a powerful alliance that can easily conquer the world!"

Stefan remained silent, but he stared at Renee even more intently. The Hunt family was the head of the eight most powerful families in Beach City, and H Group was so powerful that it was practically invincible, so there was no need for Stefan to be thinking about finding a wife just to make himself even more powerful. But still... there was no harm in considering remarrying Renee. After all, he despised the way she surrounded herself among all those men.

away from everyone All he wanted to do right now was drag her home and hide her away

else!

The possessiveness and jealousy that burned in him shocked Stefan himself, and the furrow between his brows deepened without him realizing it.

Seeing that Stefan said nothing in reply, Elijah assumed that his boss agreed with his suggestion. Mustering up his courage, he cleared his throat and turned to Renee. "Ms. Everheart, Mr. Hunt here would like to have a drink with you. He's got something he'd like to talk to you about in private!"

At the time, Renee was happily chatting away with the Minister of the Technology Industry and other prominent figures in the field, but as soon as she heard what Elijah said, the smile on her face faded abruptly.

She swirled the glass in her hand, which was filled with orange juice, and turned towards Stefan. An expression that Stefan had never seen before appeared in her eyes. With an

inscrutable air, she said, "Since it's an invitation from Mr. Stefan Hunt himself, it's an honor I can't possibly refuse,"

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

Chapter 138

Like a proud emperor, Stefan sat there and haughtily glanced at the glass in Renee's hand, which was filled to the brim with orange juice.

"Is that how you show your sincerity towards this industry?" He sneered. "Sincerity

is measured by what I do," Renee retorted coldly, "not what I drink."

She then turned to the top figures in the room and humbly stated, "Gentlemen, please forgive me for drinking orange juice instead of wine. I'm allergic to alcohol so unfortunately, I can't join you for a glass. Nonetheless, please know that I hold all of you in the highest regard."

"Orange juice instead of wine?" Stefan scoffed. "Do you think this is child's play? The world of business is a battlefield where people fight to the death. No one here has any time to play with you. If you can't adapt to this world, you'd better just go home now and not waste anyone's

time."

Hearing this, the crowd immediately sensed a rivalry between them. If they did not pick the right side, their days in the field would be numbered. And so, they targeted Renee, echoing the sentiments that Stefan just made.

"Mr. Hunt has a point, Ms. Everheart! No one drinks orange juice at the bar. Are you making

fun of us here?"

"You might be the new director of

treatment just because you're a wo association, but surely you're not expecting special right?"

"As the director of the association, you will have to attend a lot of events in the future where socializing is necessary. If you can't adapt to this kind of situation, then I think you'd better step down as soon as possible!"

Stefan swirled the glass of red wine in his hand and raised his brows in satisfaction. He stared at Renee with a smug expression on his face, as if looking down at a pesky bug who should never have been there in the first place.

Renee cursed him silently. She should have known that a spiteful and vindictive man like Stefan would never miss a chance to embarrass her! The truth was that Renee could hold her liquor remarkably well. The only problem was that she was pregnant right now, so she could

any alcoholic drink. not

touch

'Fine,' she thought, 'since Stefan is trying to challenge me, I'll just have to teach him what regret really feels like!'

"You've made a great point, Mr. Hunt. It is my fault that I never considered this deeply enough.

You're right, I should drink some alcohol," Rence said graciously, then downed the entire glass of orange juice in one gulp and picked up the wine decanter from the table. She poured herself a full glass of red wine, then, with a mysterious expression on her face, she turned to Stefan and suddenly said, "But wait! What's the fun in just drinking the wine? Why don't we play a finger guessing game, Mr. Hunt? If you win, I'll drink as much as you like."

Stefan's icy gaze betrayed his disdain. Because of his status and reputation, he had never played such a trivial drinking game with anyone before, much less a woman.

you "Are you reluctant to play," teased Renee with a sly smile, "because you're afraid that might lose? If you're afraid of a woman, Mr. Hunt, then I think you're even less suited for the battlefield of business than I am!"

Everyone in the room gasped. What a bold and daring woman Renee Everheart was! It proved that you really shouldn't judge a book by its cover. However, considering these two used to be married to each other in the past, they could not help but wonder if this was actually a lover's quarrel with a flirtatious undertone.

Stefan stared at her coldly with his searching eyes and asked, "Are you sure you want to play this game with me?" "Of

course! And the loser must agree unconditionally to anything that the winner requests. Are you game?"

"Fine. I'll humor you this time, but don't blame me if you regret it later." Stefan clasped his long fingers together. It was such a rare sight to see him agreeing to play such a trivial and common drinking game.

The truth was that he had not succumbed to Renee's pressure. He was only trying to make her realize how hard the world of business was and retreat. If she could not handle a simple situation such as drinking alcohol in public, then she'd be taken advantage of at every turn once she formally entered the field.

Meanwhile, Elijah was so shocked at what was happening that his eyes almost fell out of their sockets. He simply could not believe that Stefan, who had always despised drinking games like this, would be willing to play one with Mrs. Hunt, and in front of all these influential figures

too!

If this was not a clear sign of love, he did not know what was!

Still, Elijah knew that no matter what, men were always better at the finger-guessing game than women were. He could not help but worry about Renee, so he cautiously reminded Stefan, "Please go easy on Ms. Everheart, Mr. Hunt. She's not been out much before, so she's definitely

not experienced in this kind of game."

Renee put on a pitiful expression and echoed, "That's right, Mr. Hunt! Please go easy on me... I'm

just a girl, after all!"

However, in her heart, Renee was saying, 'I'll show you who's boss, Stefan Hunt, you douchebag!'

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

Chapter 139

"If you really are allergic to alcohol," Stefan told Renee snidely, "it's not too late to back out."

His sole purpose was to make her realize the difficulty that came with her new position and give up, not to harm her in any way.

But Renee kept on pretending to be a pitiful young girl and replied, "It's okay. I just want to prove my sincerity in front of everyone."

What a silly and stubborn woman! Now that his patience was exhausted, Stefan held his head high and declared, "Let's begin, then."

Everyone held their breath and subconsciously stepped back a little to quietly observe the game.

They decided on the simplest iteration of the game. In truth, Stefan, being the serious and austere man that he was, rarely ever played the finger-guessing game. When he did, it was only for fun when he was hanging out with Christopher and Xavier. He knew that his skills in the game were nothing to write home about, but he was sure that he could defeat a naive little

rabbit like Renee with ease.

To everyone's surprise, Renee was miraculously holding on in the

game. "Five!"

"Fifteen!"

"Twenty!"

The game kept getting more and more heated. Stefan's thick eyebrows were slightly knitted as he was forced to focus completely on the

game "Five!"

Renee was holding out five fingers in one hand and a

holding out two closed fists.

ed fist in another, while Stefan was

Renee clapped in excitement and laughed like a child. "I'm sorry, but it looks like

you've lost, Mr. Hunt! Now drink!"

"I lost?" Stefan asked, visibly confused.

It had only been seconds ago when he was contemplating whether or not he should go easy on Renee, but now he had lost to her?

The onlookers were all stumped, but none of them dared to utter a word. After all, they knew that it must have been humiliating for a grown man to lose to a woman in a drinking game.

Emotionlessly, Stefan ordered Elijah to pour him another glass of wine. He gulped it down in one go and told Renee, "Let's continue."

Renee stifled a smile and pretended to be the grateful damsel in distress, telling Stefan, "You really are every bit the gentleman they say you are, Mr. Hunt! Thank you for going easy on me

just now,

but let's both be serious this time. You don't have to go easy on me anymore, just play to your best abilities."

Stefan's expression darkened, but he merely pursed his lips and said nothing. It was just a coincidence, he told himself. What happened just now must have been a coincidence! All he had to do now was concentrate and play using his true strength!

The second round soon began.

Unfortunately, this round proved to be even more baffling, as Stefan quickly lost after

only two turns.

"You need to drink another glass, Mr. Hunt."

They then went on to play a third round, then a fourth, then a fifth...

By now it was unsurprising that every round ended in defeat for Stefan.

Although Stefan could hold his liquor pretty well, he had almost emptied the whole decanter, and his head was starting to spin.

Even Renee was getting exhausted. She yawned and lazily suggested, "Why don't we end it here, Mr. Hunt? If you drink any more, you'll certainly get drunk."

"No," refused Stefan. "We'll continue!" He looked frustrated and confused.

Left without a choice, Renee could do nothing but go along with him. She had suspected that Stefan might be pretty lousy at the game, but she never expected him to be this bad. It seemed that the man's life had been just like the man himself – cold and painfully uninteresting. She could tell with one glance that Stefan was the kind of guy who never hung out in bars and nightclubs much, which was why he was so bad at playing drinking games.

Renee herself never hung out in bars much either, but her best friend Leia had always dragged her out to drink in the past, and with that, she'd gained the experience of playing drinking games and became an expert in the finger-guessing game.

Had she been able to drink alcohol, she might have just lost to Stefan on purpose to satisfy his childishly competitive nature. That way she would be able to go home and go to bed early!

Seeing that Stefan had drunk all the wine in the decanter, Renee sighed and told the crowd, Everyone, you've clearly witnessed that Mr. Hunt lost to me. I hope that he is now willing to admit defeat. We've also agreed that the loser must agree to the winner's request..."

you,

She turned back to Stefan and said in a soft but firm voice, "I only have one request for Mr. Hunt. From now on, I hope that you will not meddle in my business and hinder my entrance into this industry. We will all compete fair and square from now onwards, and we'll meet again at the top. Everyone here shall be my witnesses!"

As she finished speaking, she picked up her handbag and prepared to leave.

"Are you leaving just like that?" Stefan's towering figure blocked Renee's way. He was exuding

his eyes still looked an air of danger as he tugged at his necktie. Despite how drunk he was, menacing – like those of a predator.

The Untouchable Ex Wife by Mizuki Sei

Chapter 140

+15 BONUS

"What else should I do?"

As Renee looked into Stefan's bleary eyes, she was reminded of the night when he blocked her way domineeringly just as he was doing now, which led to them having sex. But after that night, he pretended that nothing ever happened, and it was precisely this kind of irresponsible behavior, like a tortoise hiding in its shell, that made her furious!

"Since it's clear that I'm the winner," she said, "I'm under no obligation to be here with you as you continue to act like a madman. Don't be a sore loser, and stop wasting other people's time!"

With her long suppressed anger boiling under the surface, she walked away from the man with an icy expression on her face, not even looking back once as she walked out the door.

Stefan stood still in the same spot, feeling like he had just been slapped on the face. For a very long time, he just remained there with an emotionless expression, cold as ice and completely inscrutable.

Inside the room, the atmosphere was very strained. Everyone looked at each other in blank dismay as the chilling silence reigned. From what they had heard, the former Mrs. Hunt was famously meek and dignified. She was the kind of woman who was suited for the life of a housewife, but now that they had actually met her, how was she so... ferocious?

In the whole of Beach City, there was probably no one else who would dare to go up against Stefan Hunt so boldly and arrogantly. Was this the kind of brazenness borne from the knowledge that she was favored by him?

Elijah knew that his boss was now drunk. Judging from past experiences, Stefan was particularly difficult to deal with whenever

he got drunk. He usually caused a lot of trouble, so Elijah hastily got everyone's attention and told them that they could leave. Otherwise, his boss might lose all self-control in front of these people, and would not be able to be his intimidating self and deal with anyone ever again!

The people there were pretty aware of the situation, so they merely said a few words and quietly left the place.

An old man, who seemed to be rather wise and experienced, went up to Stefan and patted his shoulder, earnestly urging him, 'Don't be discouraged, Mr. Hunt. Since your woman has run off now, all you have to do is chase after her. Good luck!'

"Who's going to chase after her?" Stefan blustered angrily, swaying like a branch in the wind. "Not me! I'm not taking her back even if she cries and begs me to!"

Elijah hurriedly helped him safely to the chair and sat him down. "You're a little drunk, Mr. Hunt. Let me take you home."

"I'm not drunk!" Stefan protested vehemently. "I'm as sober as a judge!"

Like a wilful child, he then attempted to sit upright, and pointed at the empty decanter. "Get the waiter to fill it up with another bottle of wine and drag Renee Everheart back here immediately. I must beat her in the game tonight!"

"Mr. Hunt," Elijah, who was sweating profusely from exhaustion, explained helplessly, "Mrs. Hunt has already left, and so has everyone else. The dinner is over. Shall we go home now?"

"Everyone's left?" Stefan looked around in confusion, and realized that he and Elijah were the only ones left in the spacious room. "In that case, let's go and have fun somewhere else!"

After speaking, he slowly got to his feet and walked out of the door with his head hung low.

Elijah hurried after him and supported him as he stumbled around. He sighed and cautiously reminded Stefan, "It's getting really late now, Mr. Hunt. I think I'd better take you home so you can rest."

"Nonsense!" Stefan turned around and glared at Elijah. "I'm Stefan Hunt! Do you think I need rest? I'm fully charged and ready to party, and I won't go home until the sun comes up!"

Elijah massaged his temples, genuinely distressed. It was happening again, he groaned silently. It was actually happening again.

His boss was so drunk that he was going to lose all self-control. He shuddered just thinking about it.

"Take me to the usual place," Stefan ordered Elijah. "You know where it is!"

Half an hour later, the two arrived at a nearby karaoke bar. The manager led them into their most luxurious private lounge before suggestively asking, "Do you need any escorts to sing with you, gentlemen?"

"We don't need anything. Just bring us some fruits and snacks," Elijah said curtly.

"Are you sure you don't need anything else at all?"

"No, we don't!" Elijah yelled impatiently at the manager while helping the completely drunken Stefan settle down. comfortably.

The manager glanced at Stefan, then back at Elijah. He seemed to suddenly understand something and hurriedly added, "Then have fun, gentlemen! But remember, we don't just have pretty girls here. We've got beautiful boys too! So if you need anything, please don't hesitate to tell us."

"Get lost!" Elijah roared, wishing he could physically kick the manager out of the lounge.

When he turned around, he saw that while Stefan was lazily lying on the couch, he had also been selecting close to a hundred songs. He then turned to Elijah and demanded, "Sing with me!"

At that moment, Elijah wished dearly for lightning to strike him dead.

Every time his boss got drunk, he would go to a karaoke bar and sing his heart out. Usually he would stop after a few songs,

but this time, Stefan had selected more than a hundred songs. At this rate, Elijah worried that Stefan would not stop until he had scorched his throat and completely destroyed his vocal cords.

No, no, no! He had to think of a way to stop this!