

# The Untouchable Ex- Wife

Chapter 1131

"It's nothing!" Leia snapped, quickly turning away and hiding her face with her hair, reluctant to let others see her vulnerability.

"Nothing? Your face is already swollen!" Xavier exclaimed as he gently lifted her chin and brushed her hair off, studying her face with a pained look.

Who could have imagined that in just a matter of days, the woman who strutted like she owned the place would end up looking so pitiful?

"Who did this to you?" He demanded, his brow tightly furrowed as if his favorite toy was broken, and he looked bent on cutting the culprit into pieces.

"No one. I fell," Leia said, moving away from his touch and turning her back on him.

She was just like Renee—she held herself with great pride and would act nonchalant even if she was bruised and battered.

Xavier was not easily fooled, however, and took her hand as he growled. "We're going back."

"Back? Back

where?" "The

detention center."

"No! It took me so much to get out—I'm not going back! That place is hell. It's not for

humans!" Leia struggled violently, her obstinate carapace peeling off and revealing her fear.

She had not been in the detention center for that long, but she was tormented by her cellmates everyday—having her hair pulled, being spat in the face and slapped.

She tried to fight back, but that would only get her a worse beating—just like today, where she was given the worst beating that left her face bruised!

There was no way she would return to that nightmarish place!

"No, you must go back!" Xavier grabbed Leia's shoulders and said somberly, "Pull yourself together! Just tell me who hit you, and I will return the favor—what are you worried about? I have your back."

"What..."

Leia's eyes were welling with tears as she stared at him in surprise.

"What do you mean, 'what'?" Xavier exclaimed angrily. "Am I wrong? You're the heiress of the Osborne family. Who do they think they are, doing you dirty like this?!"

To him, Leia was no different from his daughter. He was allowed to 'bully' her occasionally for her mischief, but he would never allow anyone else to even touch a strand of her hair!

Leia, in turn, gained confidence from that serious look in Xavier's eyes and clenched her knuckles. "You're right. I shouldn't let myself be bullied."

They returned to the detention center, with Xavier pulling some strings with a warden, who brought him to Leia's cell.

"You may go in. By the way, the cameras are out—I would need around half an hour to fix it," the warden told Xavier and Leia.

"Thanks, beautiful," Xavier flashed his trademark smile at her, even making a heart gesture with his

fingers. "Y-You're welcome..." The warden blushed, lowered her head, and turned to leave.

"You're a real embarrassment everywhere you go," Leia snorted, rolling her eyes at

him. Xavier ignored her and quietly entered the cell while Leia followed him closely.

"Who is that?!"

Leia's five sleeping cellmates were immediately alerted when they heard the door open.

However, the lights were off, and they could only make out their silhouettes.

Leia folded her arms and sneered as she strode towards them, "Hello, cellmates. Did you sleep well?"

## The Untouchable Ex- Wife

Chapter 1132

“Isn’t that No.29, that heiress?”

The tough woman was immediately excited, smacking her thighs as she chuckled, “Welcome back. And here I heard someone bailed you out... My shoulder just happened to be feeling sore, so come here and give me a massage.”

“You’re sore everywhere, everyday anyway. Here—let me give you some proper treatment,” Leia retorted and slapped the tough woman across the face.

“H-How dare you hit me?!” The woman was left dumbstruck by the slap and stared at Leia in disbelief while clutching her swelling cheek.

“That’s not all—I’ll kick you like you kicked me! What are you going to do about it?” Leia snapped and kicked the woman squarely in the stomach.

She stumbled but quickly snapped at the other intimates, “What are you spacing out for?! Get her!”

However, the other women were all huddled together and shuddering in fear, staring at the burly man standing behind Leia.”

“Go on if you dare,” Xavier said as he slowly lit himself a cigarette, illuminating his handsome face and quietly intimidating presence.

He was not saying much or doing anything, but that was enough to intimidate those women.

“Who the hell are you?!” The tough woman demanded, clearly hostile and uncowed despite noticing Xavier. After all, she was a mob boss before her incarceration and had taken the lives of people.

“Who, me?” Xavier took a long drag and flashed a vague smile. “I’m here to back up my kid, so you should take her beating lying down if you’re smart.”

“Your kid?!” The tough woman did not have the patience to listen—her flabby cheeks were stiffened as she balled up her fists, ready to retaliate.

However, when she finally had a good look at Xavier’s face from the glow of his cigarette, she dropped to the floor while her face paled as if she just saw a ghost. “Y-You’re Xavier Stuart?!”

“Yes,” Xavier, whose family was involved in legally-gray businesses, nodded. Moreover, the tough woman had the fortune to meet him once, with those good looks of his particularly memorable.

And she was immediately on her knees, pleading with Xavier, “I-I’m so sorry, Mr. Stuart. I didn’t know No.29 was with you. I would have definitely been giving her my best hospitality if I knew... Please, don’t hold it against me, Mr. Stuart. Forgive me...”

She did not fear being in jail, but she feared the Stuarts. She would be in for a world of pain when she got out, and her family would suffer with her.

The consequences were certainly unimaginable.

Nonetheless, Xavier simply smiled haughtily as he took a puff, though there was icy cruelty in his eyes that would leave anyone shuddering.

“You never hurt me,” he said. “Why are you apologizing to me?”

The tough woman was certainly smart enough to turn to Leia and kowtow to her. “I-I’m sorry, No. 29. I must be blind to make things so unpleasant for you... I’m so sorry! Please forgive me!”

Their other cellmates did the same, but Leia remained impassive as she said coolly, “None of you have to apologize because I’d never forgive any of you. I will, however, return the favor for everything you put me through.”

With those words, she slapped the tough woman across the face with the back of her hand. She’d return what she’d been given, in full, one painful bit after the other.

“No!!! Please, stop!!! We won’t do it ever again!” They kept begging for mercy—their desperate cries eerily resounding across the hollow detention center.

Eventually, Leia was exhausted and done with her revenge. Turning towards

Xavier, she said, “I’m done. Let’s go.”

“Alright!” Xavier snapped his fingers and gently opened the door for Leia.

The women in the cell were left watching, stunned... They would never have upset someone that important if they had known!

## The Untouchable Ex- Wife

Chapter 1133

Having vented all her grievances, Leia stopped assaulting the women and warned them even as they shook in their boots. "I will spare your lives today, but remember-bully another innocent, and you will suffer a worse fate!"

They promptly kowtowed to Leia. "Thank you, thank you! We will always remember that!"

Having endured such a terrible experience, they were made to understand that there was always a bigger fish and that they should never be so quick to bully.

With that, Leia and Xavier left the detention center without leaving any evidence behind—as if they had never been there before.

"Hand," Xavier suddenly told her.

"Hand?"

Leia had no idea what he intended, but she was in a good mood and generously held out her dainty hand.

His large palm wrapped around hers right then, gently caressing it as he said seriously, "You must be tired. Let me give you a massage."

Under the bright moonlight, the affection he had for her was so obvious in his flawless, handsome face.

Leia spaced out a little but quickly withdrew her hand as her heart was racing because of him.

Keeping her hand behind herself, she appeared exasperated as she told him off, "Don't be so naughty... You've done enough for one night; any more, and I'd misunderstand."

Everything about him was perfect, not least of all the sense of security and comfort he could give a lady, not unlike the feeling of seeing a knight in shining armor. And Leia herself was not heartless—so how could she not be drawn to him?

However, past experiences told her that she would suffer if she fell for Xavier again. That was why she had to restrain herself as much as she could!

"Misunderstand what?" Xavier asked innocently, looking at her with doleful puppy eyes despite her sudden coldness.

"What do you think?!" Leia snapped, frowning. "Don't you know how charming you are, bewitching me all the time, only to tell me 'we're just friends' afterward and abandoning me? Is teasing me like that fun for you?!"

"So you're saying you're falling for me again?" Xavier flashed his unrepentant playboy smile, slipping his hands in both pockets. He was certainly pleased to have elicited such a response from Leia, like a cat catching a mouse.

They had been brought back together after drifting apart for so long, and past sentiments remained without fading—in fact, it was burning even more passionately than before.

In other words, he was special, even irreplaceable to her, and that was enough for him!

"So what if I am?" Leia retorted. "Do you feel a sense of accomplishment from this? Don't you feel bored, an old-timer like you, manipulating a virgin like me?"

In reality, Leia never avoided confronting her feelings for Xavier, but she just could not understand how his mind worked—what was the point of his repeated advances?

"Nope. I won't get bored as long as it's you," Xavier grinned, baring his squeaky-clean teeth—he had the charm to bewitch all living beings, but he obviously needed a good punch just then.

Leia was left huffing, a sign that she had truly lost to him. "I get bored even if you don't. Do whatever you like—I don't care!"

She was not about to play along to the playboy's flirtatious routines like some blockhead once more.

Either way, the only way to escape his manipulation was to stay away from him.

## The Untouchable Ex-Wife

Chapter 1134

Leia decided to do what she had been doing for a while and focus on her career. Men are nothing! There's no reason to let them affect her emotions!

"Anyway, thank you for today. I'll make it up to you somehow. Goodbye!" Leia told Xavier and walked up to the side of the road to stop a cab.

She wanted to stay away from Xavier-not because she hated him, but because she was just too vulnerable and fell in love too easily. Therefore, she would quarantine herself and force herself to get away from him.

Nonetheless, Xavier stepped in front of her, stubbornly stopping her from leaving. "Be more direct with your gratitude. It lacks sincerity if you put it off."

Leia glared at him, but she was also curious. "In that case, what do you want? I don't have any money with me."

"You have time, don't you? I'm hungry and was thinking about supper. You can keep me company," Xavier said directly. "A playboy like you could summon a truckload of ladies with a single phone call. And you'd still rather have me?"

"Of course. You, and only you. So? Are you game?"

"Yes!" Leia agreed to it right away, resigning herself to her fate. "It's my fault that I have to owe you."

"Then get in the car," Xavier beamed, skipping towards his car to open the door for her. He would rather relish in this delight than enjoy the company of a dozen ladies.

They drove steadily through the night sky illuminated by myriad lights-on streets completely devoid of traffic and pedestrians. Neither spoke as a relaxing tune played on the radio, leaving the air charged with a touch of playful flirting.

It was not until Xavier drove into a luxurious apartment's basement that Leia realized something was wrong.

Leaning tightly against her seat, she stared nervously at him as she demanded, "Aren't we going for supper?"

Where are we?!" "My place!" Xavier said, focusing on his parking at his reserved lot just then, twirling the steering wheel handily.

"Your place? W-What do you want?!"

"What could I want? To cheer you up," Xavier replied, reclining against his seat as he stared at her, his flirtatious gaze seemingly drawing her in.

Leia folded her arms before her chest and glared at him warily. "You're a monster! I just got out of prison, and that's all you can think of?"

"What did I think of?"

"You know damn well what," Leia snapped, her face flushed as she tried to exit the car. "To think that I actually felt touched by what you did for me. But you turned out to be a pig! Just like every other man in the world! Now open the door, or I'm calling the cops!"

Xavier finally understood what she meant. He couldn't stop himself from laughing while clutching his stomach. "Haha! You're really wary, aren't you? I'm telling you, you're just adorable!"

Even so, there was no hiding the tenderness in his eyes.

"You're laughing?! I'll beat you up, believe it! You saw I can dish out a beating!" She cried, raising her fist to hit him.

Nonetheless, Xavier handily caught her wrists and held her against her seat, and said with a tone brimming with desire, "Weren't you always dissatisfied that we're just friends? We could breach that gap tonight and properly enjoy..."

## The Untouchable Ex- Wife

Chapter 1135

Leia was left flushing all the way to her ears by Xavier's obvious innuendos.

"Y-You're such a pig!" She snapped, and slapped him across his chiseled cheek before shoving him as far as she could. "I must have been crazy to think that you were nice, but you're nothing but a pig!"

Seeing that she really was upset, Xavier finally stopped smiling and explained, "Okay, okay —I was just messing with you. Also, I don't mean 'enjoy' in the way you think. It's a misunderstanding."

"Then how do you mean it?!"

"I heard from someone that you like crayfish, and I bought ten pounds so that you'd have enough for a while. In some cultures, it's a food that wards off bad luck too. How is that for your enjoyment?"

"Crayfish?!"

Leia's eyes lit up at those words-she had to admit that crayfish was her favorite food, bar none. She would devour them whenever they were in season, or she could not stand it.

And while she was incarcerated, it was what she missed most of the world outside.

In that case, Xavier did understand her-and at that moment, even reaching into her very soul!

And the man was resting his chin under his hands with a vague smile." Yeah. It's your favorite, and I just happen to know how to cook them to perfection. Coincidence, huh?"

"Wait, you know how to cook crayfish?"

"Soup, stew, salad, with potatoes. It goes with everything."

"Perfect!" Leia exclaimed impatiently, gulping her drool that was threatening to leak. "What are we waiting for? Let's 'enjoy' already!"

"Indeed," Xavier replied with a smug smile and got out of the car, thinking to himself that she had to be such a glutton to get swindled just by waving crayfish in her face.

However, would he really spare her so easily?

They both alighted and headed to the basement elevator, which took them up to Xavier's apartment.

It was a nice, homely place, with the interior covered with raw wood, as was the trend these days. There were plush toys at every corner, helping to create an atmosphere of calm and soothing frayed nerves.

"Take a break or a shower. Maybe play a game or something while I cook," Xavier told her as he put up an apron.

When he did, he suddenly appeared to be a domestic husband, and there was hardly a hint of the playboy that he really was. "Okay," Leia replied tamely. Though she was suddenly a little wary, she gulped, finding herself staring stupidly at him.

She had to give it to him-a man in an apron was awfully seductive, and her appetite for the man was whetted more than her appetite for crayfish.

While he cooked in the kitchen, she could not help surveying his house gingerly out of curiosity.

Tut, tut.

3,000 square foot apartments really were luxurious, and all five rooms were so wide one could jog in it. The interior of Xavier's room was actually kept prim and clean, and nothing special about it.

The others were the same-clean and homely, not unlike that from a sample house, and showing little individuality. However, the last room was closed, which somehow made it stand out.

Leia's hand was already on the doorknob, and she was hesitant if she should go in for a look. It would be impolite if she did, but she could not resist the curiosity in her either.

After all, you could not stop yourself from finding out more about a person when you loved them-it was just like opening stacking dolls-you would always hope to see something you've never seen...

In the end, she gritted her teeth and opened it!

## The Untouchable Ex- Wife

Chapter 1136

The instant Leia opened the door and saw the interior, her expression of anticipation stiffened on her face.

Within the 300 square foot room, all the walls were covered in huge posters of Shirley White, the recently crowned best actress.

It was not just posters-everything from magazine covers, figurines, and photo albums of Shirley was there!

It was as if the huge room was a realm that Shirley ruled, the shrine of a zealous devotee! Just as Leia thought, Xavier loved Shirley-to him, Shirley would always be the one who got away.

Even as her heart seemed to clench, Leia stopped at the doorway and turned away, closing the door firmly behind her.

At the same time, sizzling could be heard from the kitchen-the crayfish was soon cooked, and Xavier carried two plates full of crayfish. Five pounds were seasoned with pepper, while the other five were seasoned with lemon, all served with two large cans of beer.

“Come on, eat up!” He exclaimed cheerfully.

Leia took a deep breath, composing herself despite her disappointment, and walked up with a smile, her eyes glowing as she stared at the red crayfish filling the plates to the brim, steaming and sizzling.

“Goodness, it smells so good,” she gushed. “Be honest-your real profession is a chef, isn't it? Showbiz tycoon is just a side job.”

“You flatter me. I actually just learned it,” Xavier smiled, passing her a pair of gloves before remembering something and quickly saying, “Wait, weren't you allergic to shrimp? Are you sure you can eat this?”

“I'm just allergic to shrimp. Crayfish live in freshwater, so they're not seafood. There are no problems there,” Leia replied as she picked up a steaming crayfish still dripping with sauce, peeling it and chomping down.” Mmmhmm. I can already tell this is fantastic from just one bite!”

It would not lose out to crayfish cooked by Michelin chefs.

“Take your time. There's plenty,’ Xavier said, watching her with a tender smile and quietly peeling off the crayfish one after another, even skewering them for her.

Leia stared at the skewers he passed her, her eyes suddenly red, perhaps from the spiciness of the pepper. “Be honest. Why are you being so nice to me?”

Xavier paused for a moment, a look of half-amusement showing in his eyes just then.

“Is that so wrong?”

“Yes, it's absolutely wrong,” Leia shook her head, her eyes turning redder. “I will get serious, even addicted. What would happen to me if you stopped being nice to me?”

“That won't happen,” Xavier said, taking a sip of beer while watching her with tender affection. “I will always be nice to you.”

“But your heart is like your room. You don't clean it up...”

Leia finally gave in, turning to look at that very special room, and asked him, “Why would you abandon her when you love her so much?”

If she remembered correctly, back at Quartz Island, Shirley threatened him with suicide just to make him stay with her.

Even as she teetered over the sea, he rejected her resolutely. And that was something Leia struggled to understand.

Xavier's gaze turned cool in turn, and he chugged the beer he was holding before he said coolly, “Did no one tell you that it's basic manners to not barge into someone's room when you visit their house?”

Leia's heart was stung right then, and she took off her gloves as she rose to her feet.

“I'm sorry. I was out of line, though I'm used to pulling out before I get hurt. So this is it!”

She could not help giving the crayfish one last look as she did, resisting the urge to ask if he could box it up for her.

And he would never know how hard he tried to stop himself from looking behind that door! Seeing that she was determined to leave, Xavier took off his gloves as well and caught her by the wrist. “What if I told you that I was hoping that you can clear my ‘room’?”

## The Untouchable Ex-Wife

Chapter 1137

Leia froze, feeling as if every fiber of her being was jolted while her heart raced.

She turned towards Xavier and feigned nonchalance as she scoffed. "I have to give it to you-you really know your way around a girl's heart. But I'm immune now, so just spare me." In fact, it was almost a habit for him to flirt-to speak ambiguously, then make a clean break from her when she was lost in love. When that happened, she would not even cry... Hah! That was why no matter how much her heart raced for him-no matter how much she loved him, she was not about to fall for the same trap.

All those ambiguous words, stirring emotions, and enigmatic affection? She would rather live without those!

"Really? What a shame..." Xavier trailed off.

However, a hunter as experienced as he understood that Leia was just being obstinate and not actually eager to leave.

As such, he walked up to her, staring at her dainty, fresh face as he wiped the pepper sauce staining the corner of her lips, and said slowly, "Ruthless, aren't you? Leaving just as I finally found my resolve to get in the game."

Leia's heart pounded, a little deflated as she gulped, "What do you mean, 'get in the game'?"

"I, Xavier Stuart, sincerely invite you, Miss Leia Osborn, to clean this messy room of mine and be my new guest."

"W-What are you talking about, cleaning my room? What do you take me for If

Before she could finish, Xavier had leaned in to kiss her in the next instant- gently, briefly, and innocently. His eyes were closed as he locked his lips against hers with focus and tenderness, his long, thick eyelashes brushing against her cheek like how a butterfly's wings would flutter.

It was a strange coincidence of metaphors since Leia did feel butterflies in her stomach, and she felt like she could take flight-her toes and fingers stiffened as she stood there, her mind going blank as if she had been sealed within a bottle.

Nonetheless, she could not help closing her eyes and answering his kiss.

As he pulled away reluctantly after a long while, he asked with a raspy voice and a light tone, "Is this definitive enough for you?"

Fiery passions seemed to linger in the air, leaving it steaming and charged with excitement. Leia pursed her lips and shyly lowered her head, not unlike a virgin that just had a taste of the forbidden fruit, as she murmured meekly, "I-I think so.."

"Good. Then don't let your mind wander anymore, and feel with your heart," Xavier told her solemnly.

Though he was certainly unreliable and almost too used to charminghaving decks of premeditated conversation at the ready to bewitch the ladies, he was somehow clumsy now that he got serious, and his charm seemed to fly out of the window.

Still, Leia found everything so hard to believe and looked up at him with seriousness in her eyes. "You kissed me... Does that mean you love me?"

Xavier nodded. "Yes. I kissed you, and I love you—I want to start a meaningful relationship with you."

He did not run away this time and gave her a definitive answer.

"Oh, you finally came around! My faith is really rewarded!" Leia exclaimed in joy, not holding back at all just then as he eagerly wrapped her arms around his neck. "So? Was kissing me beautiful? Is your heart racing?"

"Hmm..." Xavier frowned in thought for a while before saying seriously, "It's a little spicy." "Haha! That's spicy? Don't you know that I'm feeling embarrassed about this?"

"Well, it really was spicy... Just like pepper crayfish."

The man held back a laugh as he confessed his true feelings.

Her lips were soft, but the taste of spiciness lingered since she had so much pepper crayfish.

It was memorable, just like she was to him.

"Oh, you mean that?! I'm so embarrassed I could die!" Leia buried her face behind her palms, feeling so embarrassed she needed to hide right then.

"It's alright," Xavier chuckled. "That sort of spiciness applies too. I have faith in your potential."

## The Untouchable Ex-Wife

Chapter 1138



With those words, Xavier scooped Leia up in his arms, brimming with a boyfriend's energy. They headed to the bedroom-the night was still young, and there was still much to be done.

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The next day, Leia woke up feeling reinvigorated in heart and spirit, finding it a little unreal to see the handsome face asleep beside her. In reality, they did not do anything at all-Xavier's heart bled for her after she was bullied thoroughly in prison, and he tended to her wounds, then held her in his arms as they slept. She was the one who was getting restless with her dainty hands, caressing him all over as if challenging his resolve.

Still, he did not give in to her flirting at all and held her in his arms with his eyes closed.

"Calm down," he said with some detachment. "There's no need to jump into action-we have years ahead of us."

And now, she stared at him as he lay sound asleep, complaining inwardly about how he was usually a Casanova that bedded every woman he met, but he turned out to be so... chaste when it came to her.

She could not help lowering her gaze at her loose pajamas, wondering if she was too plain to whet his appetite.

The thought alarmed her, and she mustered her courage to lean in and kiss Xavier's lips, waking him right then.

"Ugh..." Xavier was still in a daze when he found the cutie throwing herself into his arms. And who could resist such temptation? He turned and moved on top of her. "You're a little inexperienced, Leia. Let me give you a few pointers."

It was a lazy weekend, fit for relaxing. Even the sun seemed languid.

However, just as they were about to go right down to business, Leia sharply said something. "Wait!"

"Wait? Why? Don't you know that men get particularly hungry in the mornings-" "Shut up! You're the one who told me to calm down last night!"

"Last night was last night. It's morning now," Xavier retorted, clearly eager to get going.

"No, that's not it! I think someone just opened the door!" Leia snapped. She gathered all her ability for restraint and reluctantly pushed him away.

Her hearing was sharp as ever, and she definitely heard the front door open.

"Is that your mother?" She suggested and promptly sat up to straighten her hair and clothes she did not want her future mother-in-law to think her unseemly.

"Fine, I'll check," Xavier's head cleared up just then, and put on a pair of trousers while his hair remained disheveled-a fact that did little to curb his charm.

Having calmed down, that aloof demeanor that returned to him became so bewitching once again.

His towering figure soon stepped out of the bedroom, though his relaxed expression soon turned cool and contorted when he saw the woman sitting in the living room.

"What are you doing here?" He demanded, his hands in his pocket while his gaze was as cool as ice.

"I missed you," the woman's eyes were red as she threw herself into his arms. "Don't you want to know how much?"

## The Untouchable Ex-Wife

Chapter 1139

Xavier stood stiffly in place as she told her coolly, 'You should have known better. What's the point of saying all that now?!'

"I made a mistake, Xavier. Can't you forgive me? I've already made it clear to the old man that I would be with you... even if he's going to cancel me!"

The woman grabbed his waist like her life depended on it and cried a river— she was none other than Shirley White, the star actress whom Xavier brought to stardom and the one who occupied a part of his heart-and the reason he had a chip on his shoulder!

Their story was one you would find in romance novels-the rich showbiz tycoon falling in love at first sight with the young actress with modest roots. He then broke the bank to push her towards stardom, even keeping himself chaste for her, as if Casanova himself decided to reform...

In fact, anyone searching for Xavier's name online would always yield results for Shirley as well. Countless netizens fawned over them, wrote fanfiction, and shipped them to kingdom come.

And yet, this heartwarming ship suddenly capsized as they drifted apart. They were never seen together since last year, and they now seemed to be complete strangers. Xavier once again regained his reputation as a Casanova.

Even so, Shirley's career was unaffected-in fact, it even rose to new heights. It was,

therefore, inevitable that rumors of Shirley finding herself a new backer started circulating-she betrayed Xavier after all he did for her, who in turn reverted to his old ways...

"Ahem!"

Leia cleared her throat awkwardly even as she stayed in bed, having seen them hugging at the door.

'There's... someone else?'

Shirley did not seem to panic as she looked up from Xavier's arms, looking past his shoulder to the woman on the bed.

She was no idiot—she knew there was another woman in Xavier's bed the instant she stepped through that door.

"Xavier, if this is how you wanted to get back at me, congratulations. You've succeeded. It

hurts so much I could die, but I won't blame you..."

Shirley wept uncontrollably, her fair face that looked like something out of a poster now

looking utterly miserable. "You've now hurt me just like how I've hurt you, so we're even. Can we stop this now?"

She stood on her toes, her rosy lips pressing against his as she let her tears roll. "Let's not hurt each other anymore, alright? Or involve an innocent person..."

Xavier scowled as he pushed her away, his completely devoid of warmth. "I believe I've made it clear

I've no intention for revenge. Leia and I are in a normal relationship."

"Hah! A normal relationship?"

Shirley snorted and strode upto Leia, snapping haughtily, "I'm sorry, but my boyfriend has

been rather inconsiderate, using you to upset me. We have some personal issues to sort out right now, so do you mind leaving?"

"Why? Didn't you just hear that we're in a relationship? You're the one who should be leaving."

Leia got out of bed in Xavier's t-shirt, which stretched all the way to her thighs and made her appear indescribably relaxed.

Shirley felt like she was cut to the quick. "Y-You're letting

her wear your clothes?"

Her voice choked with tears. "Weren't you a clean freak who wouldn't let women touch your clothes?"

Leia was delighted to hear that, and did not hold back. "Yes. As you can see, I'm special to him. So I suggest you show some tact, leave, and perhaps you might just not humiliate yourself."

"You're just wearing his clothes, and you think you're special? Don't be so full of yourself-you may be special to him, but there are plenty of special people around him. They all came

and left, but I've remained his one-and- only. I'm irreplaceable." "What..."

## The Untouchable Ex- Wife

Chapter 1140

Shirley remained composed and confident as she argued, and that left Leia shaken.

She knew that Xavier was infamous for being a flirt, marred with scandals involving numerous ladies. Still, they were willing to throw themselves at him. Only Shirley was different-because Xavier was the one enslaving himself to her.

And that alone was why Leia paled in comparison.

"If my hunch is right, you must be the thick-skinned type who chased Xavier around for a long time before he finally got interested, right?"

Shirley studied Leia from head to toe, shaking her head with disdain. "If you've been around Xavier long enough, you'd know that you're not his type at all. He just happened to need someone to help him through this painful time-or, if I had to put it plainly, beggars can't be choosers. Anything is fine, and even if it wasn't you, it would be someone else.

"And now that I'm back, you're pointless as a replacement."

"Enough!"

Xavier snapped, unable to restrain himself any longer. 'How unreasonable can you get?

You're the one who gave up, and now you're being clingy?

How did I hurt you when you were the one who refused to let me be happy?! N

His bloodshot eyes were reddened in pain.

Shirley was the first woman he was willing to be serious with, the one he'd given up his

womanizing for. He gave her his heart and then some, and he was hell-bent on making her

the happiest woman in the world.

And yet, that heart of passion was trampled all over, leaving a bloody mask. So what if he loved her? So what if she was his one and only?

He was tired of it all and refused to play this game. All he wanted was someone he was comfortable with, to live with her in plain contentment...

"I was just confused and made a mistake, Xavier. Give me a chance to make things right, alright?"

Shirley held his gaze, demolishing the fort he had built around his heart with every step.

"You know you love me, and you just needed someone to rebound. But that won't work, and you'd only hurt others in return. Don't you think this is very selfish of you?"

Xavier's eyes flash, his fingers clenching.

He had to admit that Shirley's words more or less brought him to his senses.

Despite the last night's vow, and now that his head was clear, he began to wonder if he actually even loved Leia at all.

Even he could not tell!

And Leia could see all of Xavier's pain and confusion, her heart aching with every passing second.

"Do you love me, Xavier?"

She looked at him, waiting for his answer.

"I..."

Xavier's eyes quivered, and he could not answer.

"Fine, I get it."

Leia said nonchalantly, "I know that you're just confused. Don't worry. I won't bother you, so, do have a proper talk with the star actress-it's not easy finding true love these days, so learn to cherish what you have."

She patted him on the shoulder and shrugged, unconcerned. "I won't lie. I was playing too."