

The Untouchable Ex- Wife

Chapter 821

Stefan was enraged but helpless at the same time. “How long have you known him? You haven’t even seen his face, so why are you so attached to him? What’s so good about that man?”

“He has lots of good qualities!” Renee protested drowsily. “Like what?”

“He’d cook for me! Every day, no matter how tired I am from work, seeing a warm meal specially prepared for me just melts my heart...”

“Anyone can cook – all you need is cooking classes.”

“Yeah, millions of people can cook, but Mr. Q is special. He’s one in a million. My trashy ex-husband could never replace him.”

“Have you ever thought of the possibility that... they’re the same person? In that case, there’s no need to replace anyone at all.” When Stefan revealed this information, he quickly regretted it. He was indeed Mr. Q, or more precisely, he was his substitute.

After being defeated, the real Mr. Q’s fate was unknown after their previous battle.

For years, he had taken over Carmine Pawnshop using a mask and a modified voice. With that, he was able to establish a new order within Water Dock. He had never intended to involve Renee and the kids, but destiny had other plans and brought them together regardless.

It was true that one big lie required a thousand smaller lies to cover up. When he put on the mask and faced Renee as ‘Mr. Q’, he knew that there was no way of turning back, especially when she had started depending on him, and even falling for him.

If he were to come clean right now, Renee would definitely accuse him of purposefully toying with her and humiliating her. He knew just how much her dignity meant to her. The cracks in their relationship would only grow bigger then, to the point where they wouldn’t be able to fix it even if they tried...

‘But if I don’t tell her, how am I supposed to win her back? Hah, how ironic. My rival is myself! Is this what they call karma?’

“Mr. Q, you dummy, I won’t let you insult yourself like that...” Renee continued mumbling, still embracing the man. “You’re a kind, gentle person... So how could you be the same as that iceberg? Unless, of course, you have a split personality!”

“You’re right, we’re not the same person, but our love for you is the same.” Stefan had been maintaining his position for quite some time now, and both his neck and back were sore all because he wanted to let Renee sleep comfortably.

The man then patted her on the back, speaking in his softest voice, “Sleep well, Renee, sweet dreams. Tomorrow will be a new day.”

Hearing this, Renee smiled and fell into a deep sleep.

The next day, as sunlight flooded the spacious backseat of the Rolls-Royce, Renee opened her eyes slowly, only to find herself lying on top of Stefan.

Their bodies were basically glued together – her head on his shoulder, and her nose brushing his neck. Their position was... quite intimate, to say the least.

Her entire face flushed red, and she held her breath as she carefully tried getting up.

Suddenly, Stefan tightened his grip, firmly holding her by the waist. This pulled them into an even more intimate position. “Let go of me, Hunt!” Renee struggled, feeling embarrassed.

“You’ve slept with me for a whole night, yet now you’re asking me to let go? Is this really how you repay me?” Stefan said as he stared at the woman, his gaze piercing.

Renee couldn’t bear his intense gaze and averted her eyes. “I was drinking in the bar! When did I even sleep with you? This is slander!”

“You got drunk and your wild instincts took over. Shouldn’t you be at least a little aware of this?”

The man’s words were irrefutable, so Renee decided to put on a tough act instead. “So what if I slept with you? It’s not like this is the first time it happened!”

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Stefan froze, and finally realized that Renee could have misunderstood him.

They didn't exactly sleep with each other, they merely slept together, but... he didn't exactly intend to clear things up. Instead, he smirked slyly and teased, "What do you take me for? Do you really think you can just sleep with me whenever you like?"

"I take you as a toy, okay?" Renee blushed and quickly got out of his embrace. She then rummaged through her pockets and took out six hundred dollars, finally throwing the cash at the man's handsome face.

Putting on an arrogant face, she said nonchalantly, "Here's your payment – just tell me if it's not enough." Stefan was speechless, and smiled icily. "How generous!"

"Good! Now bye!" Renee waved and opened the car door, getting ready to make her escape.

'You'll have to be a little shameless if you want an easier life, after all! Anything that seems indecent won't make you feel as bad, nor would you need to face the consequences.'

For example, although she slept with Stefan, he couldn't exactly blame her for her actions. He only has his good looks to blame. He was clearly trying to seduce her!

Stefan tried to get out of the car as well, but his entire body was feeling quite stiff and sore, especially his back. Just as he sat up, he heard a cracking sound coming from his back, and then he couldn't move.

"Damn it!" He cursed. Elijah was right after all – Stefan had strained his back. "Everheart!"

Stefan called out to the woman coldly.

"What is it now?"

"Come and help me out." Stefan was quite embarrassed, as his ego didn't allow him to ask for help unless absolutely necessary. "Help you?"

Renee turned around, staring at the stiff man in confusion. "You don't look like you need help though."

"I strained my back, I can't move."

"Why would you strain your back out of nowhere?"

"Why do you think?" Stefan scowled menacingly. "You slept on me the whole night – anybody's back would strain!"

He only intended to rant about how Renee had slept on top of him for the entire night, causing his entire body to become stiff from overexertion. However, hearing this made Renee blush, and she scolded herself in her mind. 'Damn, what the heck, Renee Everheart? Just how much did you take from this man? That's the legendary Stefan Hunt, and his back has been strained... If people find out about this, I'd be known as a succubus that hunts down strong men!'

"You... really strained your back?" Renee might blame herself, but she still refused to believe that she had done so. "You're not trying to scam me, are you?"

Stefan's expression darkened, and he clenched his fists as he huffed. "You would've been done for... if I could move."

Renee pondered slightly and figured that he was right, letting out a sigh of relief. She walked up to him, and put a finger under his chin, lifting his head slightly. "Hey pretty boy, if your body is in such bad shape, don't talk big! If you need my help, you can be a little sweeter about it, you know? What are you so mad about?"

"Don't push your limits, Everheart!" Stefan bit out icily.

"I'm just stating the facts. You're pretty weak, aren't you? Your back was strained after just one night! How long has it been since you stopped training? Those old gears are rusting..." Renee gave a cheeky smile and pinched his face, then punched his chest and sighed deeply.

"Ah, this poor man won't admit that he's weak. No matter how much potential you have, you didn't train yourself well! It's a waste of talent, you know?" Renee said dramatically.

Stefan wanted to punch someone, but knew that he had no choice but to compromise.

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Stefan put on a fake smile, and said smoothly, “You’re right, I should train more. Once I’ve recovered, why don’t you train with me?”

“Ahem!” Renee couldn’t help but imagine it, and she felt so awkward that she was unable to keep up her arrogant front. She changed the topic immediately. “Fine, I’ll get you to the hospital.”

“No need.” Stefan seemed to have a plan in mind. “They’d just ask me to rest anyway. Just get me back to my room and inform my family doctor about my condition. Ask him what we’re supposed to do about this.”

“Sure.” Renee found his idea pretty good. The Hunt family’s doctor was a professional from the most prestigious hospital in Beach City, after all. His skills were unmatched.

“Put your arms around my neck then, I’ll get you upstairs.” Renee bent down and grabbed Stefan by the hand, placing it on her shoulder.

Seeing this, Stefan felt his heart ache for her, and rejected her offer. “It’s okay. You’re too small, I’m worried you might strain your muscles too...”

“Hey, are you underestimating me? I can take you to the second floor, no sweat!”

“Don’t play tough, you’re just a woman... Ah!” Stefan let out a startled yell as Renee carried him on her back. The woman didn’t seem to struggle at all, as if he was as light as a feather. Her strength was able to shut him up right away.

“This is nothing! When I was still in training back then, I had to carry three sandbags, which amounted to three hundred pounds, you know?”

Stefan was speechless as he laid on Renee’s back, not even daring to breathe. He was quite impressed, thinking, ‘As expected of Maurice Everheart’s daughter. She isn’t a spoiled rich girl at all, she’s practically a nuclear weapon! How did she hide all of this during our marriage?!’

In just a few minutes, Renee was able to get Stefan back to his bedroom. She ordered, “Lie still for now. I’ll call the doctor over.”

“You should rest too.” Stefan was still worried about her. No matter how powerful she was, her stamina was probably limited due to her small build. Hence, he didn’t want her to exhaust her body, as it might cause future health issues.

“Why would I? I’m not tired at all.” Renee waved at him nonchalantly. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll be off now.” “Leaving already?”

“Yeah?” The woman figured she had done all she could for him.

“You have to take full responsibility for what you did to me.” Stefan tried to blackmail her as he spoke seriously. “Look into the vows – married couples have a responsibility to take care of each other. If you don’t care for me, you’ll be breaching your vows.”

“You... You’re bluffing!”

“If you don’t believe me, take a look for yourself. As your husband, I’m just asking you for what is obligatory.”

‘Uh, I guess they did say in sickness and in health...’ Renee couldn’t deny it. ‘I have to get this guy to agree to a divorce, or else he’d just pester me for eternity!’

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After considering it, Renee decided to stay and discuss the divorce with the man.

Soon, the Hunt family's doctor arrived at the manor. With his years of experience in the medical field, he diagnosed Stefan with mechanical back pain. His back muscles were slightly damaged, so it would take a lot of effort to even walk or sit.

"Mr. Hunt, your back is severely damaged due to excessive strain. Now, I need to ask you a few questions to determine the appropriate treatment for your wounds..."

"Go ahead."

"Well..." The doctor glanced at the two, hesitant to speak.

"Doctor, is something the problem? Are his injuries so serious that he's going to be partially paralyzed, or worse, bedridden?" Renee asked anxiously.

Normally, doctors would only behave this way if a patient was about to pass. Thus, the woman naturally jumped to the worst conclusion possible.

"Umm, well, no. I'd just... like to know how you hurt yourself, Mr. Hunt. This is a very serious injury, but I didn't think it was appropriate to ask." The doctor rubbed his hands together, his expression awkward.

"O-Oh." Renee's cheeks were painted a bright shade of red, and she quickly turned away. 'Lord, how do I even answer that? This is so embarrassing!'

On the other hand, Stefan seemed rather calm. "It wasn't anything extreme. I was just in the same position for too long, so that's probably how I overexerted my back muscles."

After hearing this, the doctor finally returned to speaking professionally. "If it's merely an injury caused by prolonged immobilization, it shouldn't be too serious. Just apply some medicinal oil and rest for up to three to five days."

Stefan nodded. "Anything else I need to be aware of?"

"Let's just say..." The doctor looked contemplative. "Being in the same position for too long can indeed damage the back muscles, so I suggest changing positions more in the future."

Stefan nodded sagely. "I will look into different positions with my wife."

The doctor continued. "Not only can good positions improve your relationship, but it can greatly improve your health as well."

Stefan continued, his expression still completely serious, "What kind of position is considered good then, doctor? Are there any specific guidelines?"

The doctor replied, "No, but since I am a professional orthopedic surgeon, I have encountered enough patients to come up with a complete guide for intercourse positions, as most of them were couples who have had similar issues. If you need it, I can send over a soft copy for you and Mrs. Hunt later."

Stefan smiled pleasantly. "Of course, we appreciate the offer."

Meanwhile, Renee had been covering her face with her hands the entire time, wishing she could just disappear into thin air.

After the doctor gave Stefan his medication, he turned to leave.

"Doctor, don't forget about the position guide." Stefan reminded the doctor in a stern tone, still laying flat on the bed. With that, both Stefan and Renee received a soft copy of the guide three minutes after the doctor exited the manor. The moment Renee clicked into the PDF, her face turned as red as an apple, and she quickly closed it.

On the contrary, Stefan scrolled through the document in interest. "Wow, this PDF takes up a whole gigabyte, and it includes pictures. Every position comes with a medical perspective too... I think this guide is quite valuable, everyone should learn a thing or two from this."

Renee couldn't take it anymore, and snapped, "Is this not enough for you, Hunt? Do you think this is funny?" Stefan lifted his gaze, confused. "I don't understand what you mean."

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“You’re toying with me again! How could you discuss such intimate topics in front of a woman?!”

“What do you mean? This is merely a normal conversation between husband and wife...” Stefan said casually, but his eyes were filled with pride. “Don’t forget, we are legally married now, so this isn’t crossing any lines.”

“Hmph, legally married?!” This angered Renee, and she scoffed. “You played despicable tricks to obtain my documents, and bribed the registration personnel too! How could you bring that up with absolutely no shame?!”

“Of course. But if you have any objections regarding this matter, you could just try to annul the marriage. We’ll see if the judge supports you on that.”

“You really are a despicable man, Stefan Hunt. You’re a fraud!” Renee yelled at the man, helpless. She knew well enough that the judge wouldn’t support her even if she tried. Stefan Hunt was a perfectionist, and would definitely make sure to avoid every single loophole when carrying this plan out.

The woman knew that there was only one way for them to separate at this point, which was to make him agree to a divorce on his own accord. It was the quickest solution as well.

“Stefan Hunt... Mr. Hunt... Please, I’m begging you. Please stop this nonsense and let me go.” Renee stopped acting tough and lowered her head, having no other way to resolve this. “Let’s just get a divorce. I won’t stop you from seeing the kids at all – you can come visit them any time, I promise.” She knew that the man had never wanted her, he just wanted to take the children from her through legal means. Hence, this was the biggest compromise she could make.

Stefan smiled softly. Despite his condition, his intimidating, cocky aura still filled the room. “Do you take me for a fool, Everheart? Right now, I can have both you and the children. Why would I ever agree to a divorce?”

This question was enough to make the woman explode, and she howled, “You jerk! What do you want from me?! Are you trying to drive me insane? Why don’t you kill me instead? I’d rather take death over this torture!”

Stefan felt his heart ache. The man stared at her with cold eyes, asking, “Have you ever considered that I’m doing all of this, going through so much trouble, because I want to start over with you? And yet you’d rather die than give us another try?”

“I can’t!”

“Why not?”

Renee rested her head in her hands, racking her brain and thinking of an excuse to escape this stubborn man. ‘This is so weird! Isn’t he cold and distant all the time? Why is he suddenly acting like a lovesick puppy? It’s like there’s no end to his pestering!’

“B-Because I’m not a reliable person. I’m not suited to be a

wife.” “I beg to differ.”

“How am I suitable? I was just pretending to be a good wife back then. To be honest with you... I have a lot of bad habits, and dark secrets that I keep to myself too. If you found out about any of them, you would definitely want to stay away from me,”

Renee said desperately, all in the hopes of escaping this marriage.

“Secrets?” Unfortunately, this only piqued Stefan’s interest. “I love secrets. Do tell me about

them.” “Alright then, you asked for it! I have violent tendencies, and I love beating people

up.”

“That’s not exactly a secret. I experienced it firsthand long

ago.” “But did you know that I’m a murderer too?”

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Stefan's gaze turned cold, and shock flashed in his eyes briefly. However, he was able to compose himself within seconds, putting on a fake smile. "Your martial arts skills are quite impressive, so that's not surprising."

He had long guessed that Renee was someone with great power. Her identity as the gentle daughter of the Everheart family was a mere mask to please the public. Her secret identities would definitely blow everyone's minds if she were to be found out.

However, the man never found enough concrete evidence to rip that mask off. Thus, he was very excited to hear her reveal her secrets.

"Really now?" Renee cracked her knuckles and approached the bed, smirking coldly. "Are you not afraid that you'd be my next target? After all, you can't move. A mere flick of my finger would be enough to take your life. Our marriage would automatically be dissolved then, so I wouldn't have to negotiate senselessly with you."

She then placed two fingers on the man's neck, as quick as lightning. "I'll be honest, the last man who died in my hands was way stronger than you. But my thumb and pointer finger were enough to snap his neck in an instant. The way his tongue fell out was similar to those horror movies too!" After revealing this information, Renee hoped that Stefan could finally see just how cruel and cold-blooded she could be, and would voluntarily distance himself from her.

Unfortunately, it seemed that she had achieved the complete opposite instead.

Stefan didn't seem scared at all, and his eyes filled with admiration as he asked, "Did you really snap someone's neck using only two fingers?"

Renee was dumbfounded. 'Is this guy for real? Why is he focusing on that instead?'

"According to my knowledge, there are no more than five people who have that kind of strength, and those people are quite infamous for their crimes. Don't tell me you're one of them?" Stefan looked as if he was teasing her, but was actually trying to fish information out of her.

Only then did Renee realize how rash she had been, nearly exposing her hidden identity right then.

The man only needed a bit of research to see who had been recently killed with just two fingers. With that, he'd be able to realize that she was one of the most infamous, ruthless bounty hunters – Frost.

However, now that things had played out this way, she didn't feel the need to hide anymore. "That's right, I am. Scared, huh? Just so you know, I have a lot of blood on my hands, so I can't be your innocent, gentle little housewife. If you're smart, you'd agree to a divorce right now, and we can both have our happy endings. And... if you ever need to assassinate someone, I can give you a twenty percent discount!"

Renee refused to believe that a meticulous man like Stefan would still want to stay married to a cruel murderer who prioritized profits.

"So you've been beating around the bush, even going as far as exposing yourself, all because you wanted to convince me to get a divorce?" Stefan smiled widely. "Well, I do love challenges. Think about it... The infamous, terrifying bounty hunter Frost... as my wife! Don't you see how cool that sounds? And that just means more protection for me. Who would even dare to give me trouble when I have you as my wife?"

Renee instantly became speechless after hearing Stefan's 'open-minded' explanation. She thought to herself, 'Is this man mad? He is, isn't he?'

"Aren't you very picky? How can you be so accepting now? You know I like someone else, you know I like violence, you know my hands are drenched in blood, and that I am a greedy, ruthless murderer! How could you not mind at all?" Renee started backing away from him, absolutely stupefied. "I really suggest you get your brain checked."

"Don't you think it's possible that I just don't mind any side of you... because it's you?" Stefan asked finally.

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Stefan remained composed, despite facing Renee's utter disbelief.

"No... No way! That doesn't make sense at all!" The woman had goosebumps all over her body, and she quickly left the room. She had always thought that Stefan had some kind of ulterior motive for pestering her so much. The kinder he seemed, the worse his schemes could be. Hence, she knew that she couldn't let her guard down.

Since she couldn't seem to read him, the only thing she could do was distance herself from him, not giving him a single chance to 'plot against her'.

However, she was still considerate of his current condition, and knew that he wouldn't be able to survive on his own for the next few days.

Thus, she dialed Francine's number, getting straight to the point. "Your son's back is strained, so you should hire a caretaker for him."

Francine, on the other hand, seemed overjoyed to receive a call from her. She said brightly, "Oh, my dear daughter-in-law, I was just about to call you! Guess where I am right now?" She seemed to have completely ignored the fact that her son was injured.

Renee frowned, asking in a dismissive tone, "I don't know, where are you?"

She then, once again, mentioned Stefan. "Your son is injured, you know? It looks pretty serious."

Francine replied, "Haha, oh my dear, I'm bringing Abby and Adie to see their grandpa and great-grandpa! They're definitely going to love these little rascals! Come quickly, and bring Stefan with you too. The old man would be even happier to see all of you together!"

"What?! You took Abby and Adie?" Renee was outraged. "Who gave you the right to take my children wherever you want?! Bring them back right now!"

This was the reason she didn't want her children's existence to be known. The stubborn Hunts were a large family, so once they found out about the kids, she would have to face all of them.

"Deary, now how is that fair? I am their grandmother, so it's not wrong for me to take them to visit family now, is it?"

"It is if you did it without asking for my permission!"

"Fine, I'll ask for permission now. May I take the children to see their grandpa and great-grandpa, please?" Francine sounded slightly annoyed, clearly trying to control her temper.

"No!" Renee rejected her immediately. "Where are you now? I'm heading over to pick Abby and Adie up. As for your son... he's your problem now!"

"My son?" Only then did Francine mention Stefan, but she sounded indifferent. "You said he strained his back, didn't you? Then so be it! It's not like he'd die from that. If you can, just bring him with you. I don't really care as long as he's still breathing... Okay, so that's all for now! My grandchildren are rushing me!"

Renee fell silent, thinking to herself, 'Francine sure is an extreme mother. She just abandoned her son because she has grandkids.'

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Just as Renee was wondering if she should just allow Francine to take the kids with her, the old woman's voice turned unusually serious. "Ren, I know you still hold resentment towards the family. I know you hate my son, and you hate me too. I understand that we were horrible towards you, but Grandpa Timothy has always treated you with nothing but sincerity, hasn't he? He always treated you like you were his own granddaughter, right?"

"I will always remember the kindness he showed me," Renee admitted.

"So please, can you go along with it just this once? For his sake? We just want him to be happy." Renee remained silent.

Seeing that the woman wasn't giving in, Francine sighed. "You might not know this, but the old man's health is deteriorating rapidly. The doctor said he wasn't even sure if he'd make it through winter this year."

"What?" Renee felt her heart sink. "But didn't Grandpa Timothy go through a heart transplant surgery? It went really well too! So why..."

"Child, have you already forgotten that the surgery was four years ago? He's become older during the time you left Beach City. Besides, a heart transplant can only do so much – it doesn't take away the health risks that come with old age. He also has other underlying health issues as well, which is why his condition isn't as good as you think."

"Grandpa Timothy never told me about any of this! Every time I went to see him, he was always so energetic. I really thought he was getting better..." Renee protested, her eyes reddening. Timothy was like her own grandfather, after all. Thinking about how the kind old man was going to go, just like how Maurice did, she felt extremely heartbroken.

"The old man talked about you every single day while you were gone, you know? He would lecture Stefan sometimes, saying that he was a fool for letting go of such an amazing wife. He prayed for you to come back all the time, wishing that you would make up with Stefan, and give birth to beautiful children..."

Francine had always been a tough person, but even she had a lump in her throat as she spoke. She let out a cough and continued, "Stef actually didn't want me to tell you any of this, as he didn't want to use this to guilt-trip you."

"The old man prohibited me from mentioning it too. All he wanted was for you two to make amends, and for you, especially, to live a happy life. He didn't want you to force yourself for any reason. But every day, I watch as the old man's condition worsens, and I get scared and worried that he might pass with regrets. So I..." Francine trailed off, unable to continue.

She knew that it was wrong to suddenly take the little ones away, and that Renee's anger was completely justified. However, she didn't want to delay this any longer, especially with the situation at hand. Abby and Adie were still young and healthy, so they could surely endure a little traveling, but the old man didn't have much time left.

"I understand." Renee took a deep breath, replying after collecting her thoughts. "If the kids can make Grandpa Timothy happy, then please take them for a visit. My issues with Stefan Hunt should not affect them at all."

"Ren, I always knew you were a generous person. I don't get how me and Stef never noticed how great you are, and fell for that sly woman's tricks instead..."

"There's no need to talk about the past. I'm not that generous either. When the children return after Grandpa Timothy's passing, I will officially wage war against the Hunts," Renee replied coldly and hung up right after.

She then returned to Stefan's room, suppressing her burning rage as she questioned him. "Why didn't you tell me about Grandpa Timothy's condition?!"

The man was calm, but his handsome face was consumed by melancholy. "It's a family matter, so there was no need to inform you."

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“Oh, to think you were just saying how I’m the only woman you’d marry! And now I’m not supposed to know about your family matters?” Renee burst out, sobbing. “Have you ever wondered how I’d feel if Grandpa Timothy passed away all of a sudden?!”

Stefan flashed her a cold smile. “How would you feel? You think everyone in the Hunt family is evil anyway. You avoid all of us like we’re the plague!”

“Stefan Hunt, you jerk!” Renee stormed over to him, and raised an arm to punch him. However, she remembered that he was currently injured, and couldn’t bring herself to harm him.

Instead, she merely yelled at him in a fiercer tone, “Who do you take me for? I’m not a cold-blooded monster like you! You know how much I love Grandpa Timothy, and you know I see him as my second grandfather! Why did you hide his illness from me?! Do you want me to feel guilty for all eternity?!”

“And what can you do about it?” Stefan’s gaze was hostile, his voice disdainful. “It’s not like anything would change after you find out about it. Or do you think Grandpa can be magically cured solely because you know about his condition?”

“At least, I won’t let him live in regret! I want him to spend the last of his days in happiness...” Renee clenched her fists, seemingly determined.

Stefan wasn’t convinced. “How so?”

“How else, you idiot?!” Renee shot the man a dirty glare, suspecting that he was pretending to not understand.

“I really don’t know.” Stefan wasn’t lying at all. He finally realized that Renee had an extremely complicated mind, and he couldn’t read her in the slightest.

“Grandpa Timothy had always wanted us to get back together. Now that we’re legally married again because of certain mistakes, why don’t we just fulfill his wish? Besides, with Abby and Adie around, he might just be able to recover because of all the love and joy he’ll receive,” Renee said hopefully.

She never knew about Timothy’s physical condition, so it never once crossed her mind to play pretend in front of him. Now, it seemed to her that she needed to take immediate action, or else the old man might die with regrets.

“So you’re saying you’re willing to start over with me?” The iciness in Stefan’s gaze was instantly replaced with a spark of hope.

Renee didn’t care for his enthusiasm at all, quickly extinguishing any dreams he had for her. “Don’t misunderstand my intentions, I just want to make Grandpa Timothy happy. Our relationship is just an act. The day he passes away is the day I cut ties with you again,” Renee explained with a frosty expression.

Stefan huffed. “Again with the acting? If you like acting so much, why don’t you become an actress instead?”

Renee was dumbfounded. “What do you mean again? You’re being weird. When have I ever played pretend with you?”

She was a simple and direct woman, and she had never been anything other than genuine in every relationship she had. Hence, she had never played pretend with anyone in the past, apart from... Mr. Q.

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Chapter 830

‘Wait, did he find out that I was in a fake relationship with Mr. Q?! We did really well in playing the role of a loving couple to fool the kids though... No one should know about our fake relationship apart from us! Unless... Mr. Q decided to come clean to Stefan Hunt about this for some reason. If that’s the case, what is their relationship with each other? What secrets are they hiding?’ Renee’s mind was working overtime thinking about all this.

“What are you thinking about?” Stefan asked.

“N... Nothing.”

“Really?”

“Of course!” Renee clicked her tongue, feeling guilty. “I mean what I say. Why would I ever lie to you?”

“Okay then.” Stefan looked at Renee with a knowing smirk, as if he saw right through her. He knew exactly what she was thinking at that moment, but he knew he couldn’t let her find out about the truth. If she did, she’d definitely beat him to death.

“What do you think about my suggestion, Hunt? If you agree, let’s pay the old manor a visit, for Grandpa Timothy.” Renee’s tone and expression became grim as she changed the topic.

Timothy had always been caring towards her, yet she never considered his feelings when she decided to up and leave the city. Moreover, she took away his right to see his great-grandchildren as well. She now knew how selfish and cruel her actions were, so she wanted to right her wrongs while Timothy still had time.

“I have no objections.” Stefan paused for a few seconds, then continued. “But I hope our fake relationship can help develop love and affection between us... Even if there is only a one in a million chance, I hope we can try getting back together again!”

This time, Renee didn’t reject him right away. She was quiet for a while, and finally said, “Alright, let’s try it out.”

For some reason, Renee was able to think things through rationally. Life was unpredictable, and their time on Earth was limited. She realized that there were no grudges that she couldn’t possibly let go of in the face of life and death.

That was why she figured that it was worth a try, as there was still a possibility that they could live a blissful life as a couple. At the very least, she wouldn't be holding any regrets about not trying.

The two then rushed to the old Hunt manor.

Since Stefan's back was still injured, he was only able to either lay flat or sit upright. He couldn't stand at all, nor could he exert himself, so Renee was tasked with driving the car.

"Lean back against that pillow and stay still. Oh, and tell me if you think I'm going too fast." Renee grabbed hold of the steering wheel with both hands, suppressing her instinct to speed.

This was the slowest she had driven in her entire life.

Sitting in the back seat with a pillow secured behind his back, Stefan calmly questioned, "I heard from Xavier that you like speeding on the road, and that you were the champion of an underground race. You must feel pretty upset driving at this speed, huh?"

Renee sighed miserably. "I won't lie, I do feel really uncomfortable, but I have to drive slowly for the sake of your back."

She had also secretly decided to find the opportunity to go to 81 Curve to have some fun while Stefan wasn't around.