

My Ex-wife Is Beautiful After Divorce

Chapter 3: Repressed for Too Long

Song Nian lay in bed until the afternoon before she finally got up.

She took out her phone and sent a message to Zheng Chengyang to see if he was busy.

She did not expect Zheng Chengyang to call her the next second. He asked immediately, "Are you really divorced?"

Song Nian turned her head to look at the divorce certificate beside her pillow. "Yes, we're divorced. The divorce certificate is still warm. Do you want me to send you a photo of it?"

"There's no need," Zheng Chengyang let out a long sigh. "Tell me, why did the two of you suddenly get divorced? I've never heard of any conflicts between the two of you."

Song Nian laughed, "You shouldn't be asking me that. You should be asking your boss. He was the one who asked for the divorce."

Zheng Chengyang immediately admitted defeat, "I don't have the guts to do that."

Qi Yu was usually very serious. He did not usually smile. Although Zheng Chengyang had been by Qi Yu's side for many years, he was still afraid of him.

On the other hand, although Song Nian was also the lady boss and his superior, he was very comfortable around her. When he was free, they could gossip and joke around. Occasionally, they would even tease each other.

Song Nian turned around and got down to business, "Your boss said that if I need any help in the future, I can look for you."

Zheng Chengyang patted his chest, "No problem. Let me know if there's anything."

Song Nian took up the offer right away and said, "I want to go for a vacation. Choose a place for me and sort out things like hotels and flights. The sooner, the better."

Zheng Chengyang paused for a moment and asked probingly, "Anywhere is fine? Don't you have any requirements?"

"It's a vacation. Of course, I want somewhere with beautiful mountains and clear waters. It would be even better if there were handsome men! Don't get me somewhere in the wilderness. How can I relax that way?" Song Nian mumbled.

Zheng Chengyang chuckled, "Alright then. I'll choose somewhere that meets your requirements."

Song Nian was not in a good mood. She hung up the phone after she was done talking. She sat in the bed in a daze for a while before she slowly got up and went to the living room.

Sitting in the spacious living room, she tried hard to think about how other people coped after divorce. She could not come up with anything good.

She didn't have any relatives or friends around her, so there was no one to discuss how to deal with a situation. Song Nian was a little dispirited. She used her phone to search for some strange methods before choosing one that seemed more reliable.

She skipped over the suggestions to have one-night stands to celebrate being single again. Although she was sad about her divorce from Qi Yu, she wasn't about to start depraving.

Song Nian chose to get drunk to numb herself. When she went out at night, she put on a slightly flirtatious make-up.

When she married into the Qi family, she didn't have any status or background. In addition, the reason she married Qi Yu was too old-fashioned, so the Qi family didn't like her very much.

She lived carefully in the Qi family. She was afraid that she would make a mistake. Perhaps she had been repressed for too long, so much so that even with her smoky makeup, she felt as if she had been reborn.

Song Nian put on a slightly sexy dress from the wardrobe and looked at herself in the dressing mirror for a while before nodding in satisfaction.

After leaving the house, she took a cab to the largest bar in the city center. The moment she entered, she felt it was noisy, and the music was deafening. The bar was huge, and there were several sections separated across two floors. On the central dance floor, men and women were dancing close to each other, swaying their bodies freely along with the music.

There was also a business section not far away. It was probably reserved for business people. So, she was not interested in that.

Under the guidance of the bar attendant, she found a private seat in the public area and sat down. She ordered two bottles of drinks and some snacks. She leaned against the sofa with a glass in her hand and squinted at the men and women swaying on the dance floor.

The lights were a little bright, and she couldn't see their faces clearly, but she was keenly aware that they were all delighted.

Of course, she was happy, too. She could brag that she was richer than most people on the dance floor, so why did she have to be unhappy? With that thought in mind, she ordered an extra-large fruit platter for herself with that thought in mind.