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## Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2141 - 2150

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2141

Christopher then hung up the phone without even sparing Jim any time to think, much less respond.

Sitting in his study, Jim could not help sneering as he stared at the phone. Christopher had not changed at all; he would always retaliate whenever he felt he had been mistreated.

Jim had just hung up on him because of his bad mood, and within minutes, Christopher had called him again to do the same thing in revenge. However, on the flip side, this meant that Christopher had recovered greatly and was more or less back to his normal self. Jim sat in his chair, contemplating for a while more, before finally standing up. He had yet to find any clues about Number-9 from the information his assistant had gathered, and he knew that it would not be easy trying to track down Number-9. Since that was the case, there was no harm in meeting Christopher for a quick drink. Besides, he was convinced that Bonnie had sent Christopher to talk to him about her and was curious to find out what he had to say.

As soon as he thought of this, Jim called his assistant, ordering him to continue gathering as much information as possible, and strode out the door. As soon as he left the house and got into his car, he received a call from an unknown number. Not only that, but the call was received on his personal number. Jim furrowed his brows.

He did not recall giving his personal number to any stranger recently.

Despite this, he picked up the phone.

"Hello," a woman's voice he had never heard before rang out from the other end of the line.

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The woman sounded in her mid-twenties, and her voice was gentle and melodic.

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“Nice to meet you, Mr. Landry. My name is Sarah Duncan; my father is Paul Duncan.

“My father told me that you took a very important name list from him, and he requires this document for his future use, so he sent me over to help you, Mr. Landry. “When you finally find whomever it is you want to find, i’ll have to take the name list from

you.”

She chuckled and added, “Don’t worry, Mr. LCSFPM\_xrry, I won’t charge you for helping you locate this person. “I myself had stayed in the orphanage for some time when I was young, and maybe I can provide you some clues.”

Jim furrowed his brows when he heard this. A split second later, he curled his lips into a smile and replied, “Thank you in advance, Ms. Duncan.”

Then, he hung up the phone without giving Sarah any chance to ask further. Would she be able to give him some clues just because she had lived at the orphanage for a while when she was a child? If that was the case, why was he still unable to track down Number-9, even though he, too, had stayed there for some time? Not only that, but even after he was convinced that he had found the right person, which was Charlotte, it turned out to be a lie... As soon as he thought of this, Jim closed his eyes and chuckled bitterly. The image of the little girl dressed in red appeared in his mind’s eye, standing before him with her arms outstretched to protect him. He let out a sigh, opened his eyes, and toyed with the necklace in his hand. “Where are you, Number-9?” This was the necklace he had given Number-9 a long time ago. Initially, Jim thought that as long as he found the person who possessed this necklace, he would be able to find her.

However, it turned out the person who owned this necklace was not Number-9 at all, and he ,had been deceived for many years...

Where was the real Number-9? Had she forgotten entirely about him and started her life afresh? No matter what happened, even if she had already married someone else, he would do everything he could to find her! This was his promise to her, and it would never change!

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## Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2142

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At the pub, Christopher was dressed in a green shirt, sitting in the corner of the room as he sipped his beer while glancing at the time.

He emanated an aura of elegance and aloofness that drew women to him, but even as countless women walked past him, he gave neither of them a glance and instead waited patiently for his mate to arrive.

“What is he doing here?”

In the distance, Laura picked up her glass and took a sip from it as her gaze landed on Christopher. She had come to the pub that night to drown her sorrows alone. Initially, she thought that if she remained by Joshua's side long enough, he would realize how successful and attractive she was and see that she was so much better than Luna. She never thought that someone as handsome and successful as Joshua would turn out to be such a simp! He loved Luna so much that he would not change his mind about Luna no matter what Laura said.

In Laura's mind, if this were directed toward her, she would call this devotion, but if it was directed toward another woman, it was nothing but stubbornness and ignorance!

Because of this, Laura had come to the pub to drown her sorrows in alcohol.

She was devastated by her failure to seduce Joshua, but at the same time, she could not help thinking that it was Joshua's loss to miss out on such a good woman like herself.

She lifted her head to glance at Christopher and finally could not stop herself from walking over to his table. “Drinking by yourself, Dr. Roberts?” Christopher and Laura were both the top performers in the medical field. Christopher was more focused on drug research, whereas Laura was well-versed in clinical medicine.

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Even though technically they were in different subspecialties, they were nonetheless among the best in their field and therefore had met each other on countless occasions before.

Christopher lifted his head to glance at her when he heard her voice. "Aren't you here by yourself too, Dr. Suess?" Laura smiled. "It's not strange of me to do so. After all, I've always participated in wine parties, but..."

She gave Christopher a once-over EWAXK\_xn added impassively, "This might be the first time I ever see you drinking, Dr. Roberts. What's wrong? Something on your mind?" "Not really." Christopher curled his lips into a smile and shot Laura a polite but somewhat distant glance. "I'm meeting my friend here; he's the one with something on his mind." Then, he lowered his head to glance at his phone. "He's about to arrive soon. Please excuse

me, Dr. Suess." Laura narrowed her eyes when she sensed how indifferent Christopher was toward her. She had heard plenty of rumors about Christopher's sexual orientation. In her mind, it was one thing to be undesired by Joshua, but another thing entirely to be looked down on by someone who clearly liked men and befriended women. Was something wrong with her? No, that was impossible! She, Laura Suess, was God's treasured child and the rising star of the medical world, so how could there be something wrong with her? Surely Joshua and Christopher must be the ignorant ones! As soon as she thought of this, Laura sat down in front of Christopher, smiling instead of leaving as he wanted. "Dr. Roberts, I remember that you have a daughter named June, right?" Christopher paused, frowning, then glanced at her. "Yes. Why are you asking?" Laura smiled. "I just think it's such a coincidence, but I happen to have a young patient by the same name whom I saw recently. She looks about five or six years old, and I think she's about the same age as your daughter, Dr. Roberts. "She has big, beautiful eyes and rosy skin, and she loves wearing traditional dresses. "When I saw her, I thought, 'How could every pretty girl who likes wearing traditional dresses possibly be called June? Was this a coincidence?'", Christopher furrowed his brows.

## Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2143

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2143 A young girl about five or six years old with big, beautiful eyes, rosy skin, and who loved wearing traditional dresses... This was June, no doubt. As soon as he thought of this, Christopher's gaze on Laura softened as he asked,

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"You say you came across her recently as a patient? What's wrong with her? Where did you see her?" Laura sighed. "I saw her at Mr. Joshua Lynch's house.

"That poor child. She doesn't have a mother, and her father recently left her too. She had no choice but to be put under the care of her father's friend, where she had to beg for her meals... "If this friend of her father's hadn't treated her so terribly, she wouldn't have fallen ill so easily. "I hear that she came all the way from Banyan City. That poor child..."

Then, she glanced tentatively at Christopher, trying to observe his expression. "Don't you agree, Dr. Roberts?" Christopher narrowed his eyes and replied impassively, "Yes, indeed. What a poor child; I especially pity her for having such a bad doctor who shares her personal information so publicly even though she's sick.

" Then, he lifted his head to shoot Laura a cold look. "Don't you agree, Dr. Suess?" Laura's expression darkened upon hearing this. She bit her lip and was about to say something in reply when Christopher's phone rang. "I'm sorry," he said before picking up the phone. Jim's cold voice rang out, "I'm here." "I'm sitting in the corner of the room." As soon as he said this, Christopher hung up and glanced at Laura. "Are you going to stay here, occupying my friend's seat, and listen to our conversation, Dr. Suess?"

Sensing his irritation, Laura bit her lip and stood up. "Well...since your friend is already here, Dr. Roberts, I won't take up more of your time. Goodbye."

Then, she turned and left.

She had just taken a few steps when Jim, who was walking in the opposite direction, bumped into her harshly. Laura winced from the pain, but there was not even a hint of emotion on Jim's face as he said, "Sorry." His voice was low and melodic, EVAVI\_lV as soon as she heard this, Laura waved her hands at him. "No need to apologize. It was my fault too, ..." However, before she could finish her sentence, Jim had already sat down next to Christopher.

Laura narrowed her eyes and suddenly understood that Christopher had deliberately invited Jim here so that he could get him drunk. Therefore, she hid in a corner, intending to eavesdrop on their conversation. "Why did you return to Merchant City all of a sudden?" Jim asked. Christopher poured Jim a glass of wine and replied, "I could tell you were in a bad mood, so I invited you out for a drink." "Did you come back...for Bonnie?" Jim asked as he picked up his glass. Christopher smiled. "Yes, and no.

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"Actually, Bonnie is not the main reason I'm here. "I flew back here because of you."

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"Me?" Jim snickered and glanced at Christopher. "I didn't think you'd care about anyone else but Bonnie now."

Then, he shifted into a more comfortable position, leaning against the bar table, and added, "When you brought her up immediately after calling me, I thought you were here to speak on her behalf."

"No, I'm not. She doesn't need to be friends with someone like me who hurt her in the past, much less... speak to you on her behalf." Christopher sported a self-deprecating smile, then

lifted his head to stare at Jim. "Jim, I'm in the middle of something important now, and as soon as I'm finished, I might bring June with me to someplace up north.

"Aunt Rosalyn had already given me the recipe to formulate the drugs for my illness, and I'll be able to produce my own medicine in the future. I..."

He paused for a moment before continuing, "I want to bring June with me to someplace where nobody knows us and start a new life there." Jim's entire body stiffened when he heard this. He lifted his head to stare at Christopher in shock. "But you've lived in Merchant City for the past twenty years... All your friends and family are here, so you..." Christopher picked up his glass and drained its contents before finally replying, "It's precisely because I've been living here for more than twenty years that I want to leave. I can't let myself remain stagnant forever, so I want to go somewhere up north to a foreign city and start our

lives afresh." He lowered his head to stare at his empty glass and sighed. "I want June to experience the life she's always wanted..." Jim sighed. "Are you going to come back in the future?" "I don't know." Christopher let out a bitter chuckle. "It's still too early to plan this yet since I haven't yet finished what I'm doing..." He lifted his head to meet Jim's gaze.

"Therefore, I hope you and Bonnie can help me look after June before I finish what I started.

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"The only person I care about now is June, and if anything happens to her...I'll never be able to devote my time AYESJAsp energy to my research." Jim furrowed his brows, picked up his wine glass, and gently clinked it against Christopher's. Then, he smiled and downed the contents of his glass. "Don't worry; I watched June grow up before my own eyes, and if anything bad happens to her, I'd be worried sick, too."

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After getting Jim's word, Christopher exhaled and lifted his head to stare earnestly at Jim. "Actually, there's another reason I returned to Banyan City. I have something I wanted to talk to you about, apart from this..." He poured himself another glass of wine. "The baby that Bonnie aborted...wasn't mine."

Jim furrowed his brows and shot Christopher a look of disbelief. "Not yours?" He recalled how confident Christopher had been that Bonnie was pregnant with his child and how he even forced Jim to go with him to Joshua's house to bring her home... "That's right." Christopher sighed. "Even though I was already sick at that time, I was still sane."

"I hadn't said that because I was in a psychotic state, but because I didn't want you and Bonnie to get back together again, so, out of my selfish reasons, I told you that Bonnie was pregnant with my child... "That way, you would give up trying to get back together with her because you thought she had moved on and was dating me." Jim narrowed his eyes upon hearing this.

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"This means that...the child she had been pregnant with was not yours, but..." "It was yours," Christopher said, staring intently at Jim. "The only person Bonnie has ever loved and been intimate with was you. As for me and her... "It has only been my wishful thinking since the start, and she never liked me back at all." Jim was holding his glass so tight that his knuckles had turned white. "She...was pregnant with my child?"

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“Yes.” Christopher sighed. “In the past, I used to think that you and Charlotte were meant to be since both of your lives had been intertwined since young when you first met at the orphanage. “Therefore, I thought that...even if I lied to Bonnie about you and made her abort the child, it’d still be for your good. After all, there was no way you and her would ever be together again, so what was the point of keeping the child? “However, I never thought that...”

He closed his eyes and let out a bitter chuckle. “I never thought that Charlotte had been lying all along.” He lifted his head to glance at Jim. “Are you still going to track down Number-9?” Jim nodded in reply. “I’m already searching for her.” “You shouldn’t.” Christopher curled his lips into a bitter smile. “Bonnie loves you more than anything. Not only did she give birth to Harvey for you, but she even aborted the second child because of you. “You should know that...her health hasn’t been at its best lately. She shouldn’t have gone through with the abortion at all, considering how difficult it had been for her to even get pregnant in the first place.

“However, because you had lost your memories and chose Charlotte over her, she lost all hope in your relationship and therefore decided to abort the child despite the health consequences. “She’s a good person, so you should stop trying to look for Number-9 and cherish what you have right now instead.” Jim let out a sigh but did not reply. He poured himself another glass of wine and continued drinking. “I’ve already told you that I don’t like her that way. If I choose to be together with her despite this, it won’t be fair to either of us.” Christopher sighed DRDXL\_mr had no choice but to explain the effects of the drug to him.” The reason you don’t remember her is not because you don’t love her, but because you loved her too much in the past.”

Jim sneered and lifted his head to meet Christopher’s gaze. “What if I had done so simply

because I had felt guilty for putting her through all the suffering of childbirth? If this is the case, then I don’t truly love her at all.” Christopher did not know how to answer this.

Even though he was Jim’s best friend, he could not guarantee whether Jim had known about Bonnie’s true identity as Harvey’s mother before losing his memories. As soon as he thought of this, Christopher sighed but remained silent, not knowing what to say. Instead, he continued drinking in silence.

Jim, too, joined him. For some reason, he could not help feeling frustrated and helpless ever since finding out about Bonnie’s abortion.

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He and Christopher drank until midnight. After coming out of the pub, Christopher hailed a taxi back to his hotel.

In his intoxicated state, Jim got back into his car. "Where should I take you, Sir?" the driver asked when he saw how drunk Jim was. Jim laid in the backseat and closed his eyes, his mind in an utter mess. The driver asked the same question again. With his eyes still closed, Jim unconsciously gave him the address of a familiar place. "Take me to Tea Cottage."

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Tea Cottage? The driver froze when he heard this name that had not been brought up in a long time. "Sir, just to confirm...you want to head to Tea Cottage?"

He remembered that the only time Jim had gone to Tea Cottage after losing his memories was to confront Bonnie, so why did he suddenly want to go there at this moment? Besides...had Bonnie not moved out of Tea Cottage? By right, Tea Cottage was nothing but an abandoned mansion. "How is this any of your business?" Jim furrowed his brows when he heard this. He laid in the backseat, his eyes still closed, and said with a hint of impatience in his slurred voice, "Do as I say. Are you the driver, or am I?" The driver immediately shut up and started the engine when he heard the anger in Jim's tone.

The car pulled onto the main road. Despite his eyes being closed, Jim could not stop uttering Bonnie's name under his breath. The driver sighed. As he drove, he could not help glancing out of the corner of his eye at the man lying in the backseat. Maybe it was only during his drunken state that Jim returned to being his old self, the man who would frequent Tea Cottage to spend time with the love of his life. Soon, the car reached its destination. The driver initially thought that the house would be empty. After all, he had been working for Jim for a long time and had overheard the events that transpired between him and Bonnie.

Therefore, he knew that Bonnie had already moved out of Tea Cottage a long time ago and was now living with Joshua and Luna. However, to his surprise, Tea Cottage was brightly lit and flourishing with activity that night. Not only was the house occupied, but there were also many guards outside the door and gate, keeping an eye on things. The driver was frozen in shock for a moment, but when he heard the vague sobs of a baby coming out of the house,

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he knew that Bonnie and the children must have returned. He quickly opened the car door in relief and helped Jim out of the car. "I'm here..." Jim chuckled as he stared at the strange yet somehow familiar house in front of him. "Bonnie...Bonnie is waiting for me... My precious B..."

Then, out of nowhere, he summoned the strength to push the driver away, then hobbled drunkenly toward Tea Cottage.

The guards standing outside the door stopped him, but as soon as they saw it was Jim, they hesitated for a moment but eventually allowed him to pass.

All of these guards were chosen personally by Lucas, so they were not only strong and burly but intelligent, too.

After working for Joshua for so long, they were familiar with Bonnie and Jim and knew of the relationship between the two.

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Therefore, Jim managed to enter the house unobstructed.

At this moment, the living room was quiet and empty. Bonnie was in the kitchen, getting a drink of water after finally managing to put a crying Shelly to sleep. She had just taken a sip of her water when she heard someone knocking on her door. She furrowed her brows in confusion. Who would be visiting at this hour? She and the children had only moved back to Tea Cottage that night, and already, there was a guest. The fact that the bodyguards had allowed them through meant that it was someone they recognized, but... Bonnie had just gotten off a video call with Luna and Gwen, so she knew that it would not be them.

Could it be Sean?

'As soon as she thought of this, Bonnie frowned and strode toward the door, intending to open

it, but suddenly, she heard the sound of keys jingling in the door. Then, the lock clicked, and the doorknob turned. The door slid open.

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Bonnie's entire body froze in shock. Apart from her and Luna, there was only one other person who possessed the keys to Tea Cottage...but what was he doing here?

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"Bonnie..."

The stench of alcohol wafted into the house as the door swung open. Jim staggered into the room, clearly intoxicated, and hobbled over to Bonnie's side. "I miss you." He grinned at Bonnie, then laid against her limply. Bonnie did not see this coming at all, and so she lost her grip on her glass, spilling water all over herself and Jim. However, Jim continued to hug her tightly as though he could not feel the water seeping into his shirt at all. "I haven't seen you in such a long time..."

"I miss you so much..." Bonnie furrowed his brows and pushed him away, then glanced at his inebriated face. "How much did you drink?" The stench of alcohol wafting off his body overpowered her nose. Jim giggled, then extended his index finger toward her. "Just...just a little." Then, he reached out and wrapped his arms around Bonnie once more and said with a hint of adoration in his voice, "

"I miss you so much..." No matter how hard she tried, Bonnie could not release herself from Jim's grip. Finally, she had no choice but to relent. This was not the first time she had seen him drunk during their relationship, but this was probably the most intoxicated she had ever seen him. She had to coax him for a long time before he finally allowed her to let go of him so that she could make him a bowl of hot soup. Jim lay on the sofa and watched with glazed eyes as Bonnie busied herself in the kitchen.

"Bonnie..." he called softly.

"Yes?" Bonnie replied as she prepared the ingredients of her soup. "I'll be out soon." "It's okay, take your time..." Jim replied, smiling, then said in a hoarse voice, "I just...can't help feeling guilty." Bonnie's entire body stiffened when she heard this. She immediately lifted her head to glance in Jim's direction.

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At this moment, he was lying on the sofa, staring at her with glassy eyes. He looked conscious but somehow intoxicated too.

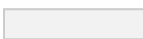
When he saw Bonnie staring at him, Jim curled his lips into a smile and said, "Christopher came to talk to me today..."

"I finally found out that nothing had happened between you and him at all...and that the baby you aborted was not his...but mine..."

Jim closed his eyes and continued bitterly, "Christopher said that...it was difficult for you to get pregnant, but despite that...you still chose to abort the baby because I had chosen Charlotte over you..."

He let out a bitter chuckle. "My first thought was that you're crazy; how could you have been pregnant with my child but refused to tell me? "However, on second thought, I knew that even if you had told me the truth, I wouldn't have believed you anyway."

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Tears slid down Bonnie's cheek upon hearing this. She sniffed and replied, "It's all in the past now."

"No, it's not." Jim lifted his head to meet her gaze, smiling. "Actually, I'm not drunk at all. Christopher told me to give up trying to find that little girl I had been in love with since young. He told me I should cherish the person that's right in front of me." He stood up, stumbled over to Bonnie's side, then hugged her from behind. "I want to marry you, like my parents wanted me to. "Will you marry me?"

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As soon as Jim finished his sentence, the entire room fell silent. Pin-drop silence. Bonnie held her breath and stared at Jim, feeling as though all the cells in her body had frozen. Her mind had stopped turning, she could not utter a single word, and she felt as though her heart had skipped a few beats.. She bit her lip and stared dazedly at the painting on the wall in front of her. This was a painting that she and Jim had bought from a street painter that they encountered on their trip six months ago. It was a drawing of her and Jim, standing side-by-side on a bridge by the seaside, watching the sunset.

They had not known that the artist was painting them, and it was only after they finished watching the sunset that the artist ambled over to them and showed them the painting, claiming that he could not resist recording this magical moment in his art.

At that time, the artist had wanted to gift this painting to them to show his gratitude for being able to capture such a beautiful scene.

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However, Jim insisted on paying him for his work, and in the end, he had shoved a check into the artist's hands.

The check was written for a large sum of money because Jim had prepared this money in advance for his business meeting.

When the artist finally left, Bonnie had even shot him a disapproving glare since the artist was not a famous painter, and she did not think it was worth it to pay him so much money.

However, Jim smiled and pulled her into his arms. "It's not about the money... It's about the fact that he had complimented us and even captured this moment in his art. To me, this is worth far more than any amount of money I can give."

Even until present, Bonnie still remembered his every word.

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At this moment, she was staring at the painting as she felt Jim's breath on her skin. A split second later, she let out an exhale, regained her composure, and shoved Jim away." This isn't funny."

If the person hugging her was the old Jim, the man who would put her before anything else, she would be touched by his words, but he was not. After losing his memories, Jim had become an entirely different person. To Bonnie, the only thing these two men had in common was their shared looks, but they were two different entities.

He was not the old Jim she knew.

If Jim had proposed to her like this in the past, she would have been touched, but at this moment...

She could not help feeling like he was mocking her. If she agreed to marry him, he would grab her throat in the next second EQEUM\mw cackle about how he had known she wanted to marry him all along. She had already grown used to his tactics, so this time, she did not intend to give him the satisfaction. As soon as she thought of this, Bonnie let out an exhale, pushed Jim out of the kitchen, then slammed the door shut behind her. After the scent of alcohol dissipated from the air, Bonnie exhaled and gently patted her chest to soothe her rapidly beating heart. "Thank God I didn't fall for it this time." Then, she resumed preparing

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the ingredients for her soup. She had to make the soup for him as fast as she could to nurse him back to consciousness and kick him out of the house. That way, he would not be able to use his drunken state as an excuse to harass her anymore.

Jim narrowed his eyes as he stared at the vague outline of the woman dressed in red through the matte glass door, bustling about in the kitchen. Truth be told, he was not really drunk at all. Perhaps it was because of his recent amnesia, or perhaps because he had been in a terrible mood ever since finding out about Charlotte's deceit...but for some reason, even after Christopher had almost passed out from the alcohol, he remained wide alert

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At the same time, Jim was not fully conscious, either.

If he had been fully conscious, he would not have asked the driver to bring him to Tea Cottage, nor would he have said all those things to Bonnie.

Truth be told, he had shocked himself when he pulled Bonnie into his arms.

It was as though...there was a signal in his mind and body compelling him to do so.

He did not even know why he had done that. He had felt as though there was another version of himself trapped inside him, ordering him to find Bonnie and propose to her.

As soon as he thought of this, Jim closed his eyes and let out an exhale, then gently knocked on his forehead.

Could Christopher have been telling the truth? Had he and Bonnie been in love before he lost his memories? Could he have forgotten Bonnie because she mattered too much to him? This sudden realization made Jim frown and pursed his lips in deep thought.

A split second later, he shook his head.

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Maybe it was just the alcohol playing tricks on his mind. He...he would never have fallen for Bonnie, even in the past. After a long time, Bonnie finally finished cooking.

She brought out a bowl of soup from the kitchen and placed it in front of Jim. "Drink it. As soon as you're done, you should go home.

"This isn't a place where your presence is welcome, so you're not allowed to spend the night here.

"You have your own house, so you should go back there."

Then, she stood up and made her way toward the stairs. She had just taken two steps when suddenly, she turned around as though something had occurred to her. "Jim, I don't know if you'll remember how you got here or what you did to me when you wake up tomorrow, so let me tell you this. "It'd be great if you remember nothing, but if you do, you should pretend this is all just a dream. I won't hold your actions against you, so you shouldn't do the same to me. From today onward, we're going our separate ways."

Then, she turned and disappeared up the stairs. Jim curled his lips into a smile as he watched her leave, still poised on the sofa.

A split second later, he lowered his head to stare at the bowl of soup before him, his smile still hanging on his lips.

He could not believe that Bonnie knew how to cook. Judging from how quickly she had prepared this, she was adept at this.

Had she...done this before?

Had she only cooked for him?

Have any other men tasted her cooking before?

All of these questions flashed through Jim's mind.

A split second later, he lowered his head to take a sip from the soup.

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However, almost immediately, his entire body froze.

This tasteAVK&YAJN the same time, Jim was not fully conscious, either. If he had been fully conscious, he would not have asked the driver to bring him to Tea Cottage, nor would he have said all those things to Bonnie.

Truth be told, he had shocked himself when he pulled Bonnie into his arms.

It was as though...there was a signal in his mind and body compelling him to do so. He did not even know why he had done that. He had felt as though there was another version of himself trapped inside him, ordering him to find Bonnie and propose to her.

As soon as he thought of this, Jim closed his eyes and let out an exhale, then gently knocked on his forehead.

Could Christopher have been telling the truth? Had he and Bonnie been in love before he lost his memories? Could he have forgotten Bonnie because she mattered too much to him? This sudden realization made Jim frown and pursed his lips in deep thought. A split second later, he shook his head.

Maybe it was just the alcohol playing tricks on his mind. He...he would never have fallen for Bonnie, even in the past. After a long time, Bonnie finally finished cooking. She brought out a bowl of soup from the kitchen and placed it in front of Jim. "Drink it. As soon as you're done, you should go home. "This isn't a place where your presence is welcome, so you're not allowed to spend the night here.

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## Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2150

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2150

Jim lifted his head to stare in the direction of the stairs and called out, "What did you add to the soup?"

Bonnie froze in her steps, then came back downstairs. She shot him a strange look and replied, "Oat milk."

Then, she turned her head away from him and added, "I'm lactose intolerant, so I can't drink dairy, and besides, I just moved back here today, so unfortunately, I don't have any milk in the fridge.

"According to the original recipe, I'm supposed to add milk into the soup, but because I don't have any, I put in some of my usual oat milk instead."

She paused for a moment before saying, "Even though oat milk and cow's milk are very different, they're both rich in protein, and this brand of oat milk doesn't taste bad either."

She pursed her lips slightly. "Besides, this isn't the first time you tasted it. You drank it before losing your memories, and you even said it tasted good. What's wrong? Why don't you like it anymore?"

Jim narrowed his eyes when he heard this.

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He did not know whether before losing his memories, he had noticed this detail or not, but the fact of the matter was, he noticed it at this very minute.

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This oat milk...was the exact same taste as the kind of milk Number-9 had offered him before! Perhaps it was because he had lost so much of his memories, Jim could not help being even more in tune with his remaining memories than he was in the past.

Therefore, he remembered the taste of the oat milk as though it was yesterday.

He recalled that Number-9 would always give the juiciest, most delicious parts of her meal to the other children, including Number-12, and left only bread and vegetables for herself.

Despite this, every time she helped the workers clean up, she would pick up the empty bottles and use this to 'bribe' one of the workers to buy her a very specific brand of oat milk she liked.

Because he and Number-9 had been close, she had given him one of her beloved bottles of oat milk as a gift.

Jim had treasured this bottle of oat milk beyond measure EXN)W\ql refused to finish it in one go, instead spreading it over the course of a few days.

Every time he drank it, he would take a small, tentative sip to savor it because he was worried that if he finished it too soon, he would forget what it tasted like. In the end...he was admitted to a hospital due to food poisoning from drinking spoiled milk.

When the doctors entered his information into the computer system, they discovered that this was none other than Jim Landry, the young master of the Landry family who had run away from him.

From that day onward, he was brought home in such a hurry that he did not even get to say goodbye to Number-9.

Apart from the necklace he left her and the promises he made, he never saw her again.

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On the journey home from the hospital, Jim accidentally lost the empty oat milk bottle, and he did not remember the name of the brand. To make him happy, Rosalyn bought all the available brands of oat milk in Merchant City for him to try, but no matter how many bottles he drank, he never found the same taste again. After that, when Charlotte found him, he thought he and Number-9 had reunited once more, he asked her about this oat milk.

However, at that time, Charlotte sneered and replied, "I don't like it anymore; oat milk is out, and it doesn't taste good anymore. "I only drink sugar-free milk now, so I don't remember the name of that brand anymore."

At that time, Jim had forced out a smile in reply, thinking that he was the one who had lost touch with the trends.

Truth be told, however, he had been disappointed to hear Charlotte's answer. He thought Number-9 had changed, but he eventually realized that Charlotte was not even Number-9. Maybe, just maybe, Number-9 had never changed at all.

However, when he found this familiar taste in Bonnie's soup, many old memories of him and Number-9 together resurfaced.

Seeing that Jim was staring at her in silence, Bonnie furrowed her brows, strode toward him, and picked up the bowl of soup from the table. "If you don't like it, I'll make you a new bowl."

Just as she was about to leave, Jim narrowed his eyes and grabbed her wrist. "It's not that I don't like it. I just think...this oat milk tastes very special." Then, he snatched the bowl of soup out of her hand and asked, "Can you tell me the brand of the oat milk you used?" Bonnie froze for a moment, then shot him a puzzled glance. "This is my own homemade brand."

Jim lifted his head to stare at her in disbelief. Bonnie paused for a moment, then continued to explain.

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