

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy Chapter 2167 Read Online

Chapter 2167

"Mr. Joshua, do you intend to let Uncle Lucas off so easily?"

Joshua responded faintly and continued with his work.

"Unbelievable." Nigel pursed his lips. "I thought that you'd punish him severely, given how mad you are."

With his lips curled up, Joshua gazed at the woman beside Nigel who sported pale yellow pajamas and was texting with her phone in a terrible fix. She was probably busy discussing with and Gwen about June's disappearance and Laura's incident.

The way she looked when she was replying to the text with seriousness was so endearing that Joshua wanted to just pull her into his arms. Nonetheless, he knew that it was not the time to get cozy and lovey-dovey.

Therefore, Joshua could only look the other way and smiled. "Remember, your mother pleaded for him."

There was a pause for a moment, and Nigel finally understood after a while.

Luna had purposely asked Lucas to tell the truth because she was pleading for him.

Nigel sighed and was about to say something when all of a sudden, the phone in his hand rang.

It was a text message from his cousin, Harvey.

[Nigel, help!

[Your future sister-in-law has been kidnapped!]

[Her hair has been shaved, too-it's what she cares about the most!]

[What should we do?]

Nigel furrowed his brow and replied, [Why don't we buy some wigs for her?]

Harvey's response came instantly. [I already did!]

[I still don't think that is enough to comfort her.] [I'm thinking about shaving my head, too, but I feel awkward if I do it on my own!]

[Cousin, why don't we do it together...?].

Nigel's response came with indifference.

[I refuse.]

[If you're that awkward, you can get Mr. Jim to shave his head with you.]

[I'm not going to entertain you.]

Looking at the text messages, Harvey sighed. He sat on the couch with the phone in his hand, his palm-sized face filled with sorrow.

Jim, who was busy investigating June's location, glanced at his son. He got close to Harvey and took a look at Harvey's phone.

"You're planning to shave your head and turn ugly with June?"

Harvey nodded. "Yes. Do you want to do it with me, Mr. Jim?"

Jim laughed. "I'm afraid I'll have to decline."

He stroked Harvey's head EPNjWA<3 added, "Have you forgotten? I'm marrying your mother next week."

Harvey rolled his eyes. "But she hasn't said yes to you yet."

"I'll have her agree to it."

Jim looked at Harvey's little face solemnly, extending his hand to grab Harvey's.

"I've decided"

Before he could finish his sentence, Jim's phone rang. It was a call from Assistant Lowe, whom he had sent to investigate the orphanage. "Mr. Landry, I have new information about the name list from the orphanage."

This page doesn't seem to exist.

It looks like the link pointing here was faulty. Maybe try searching?

Search for:

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy Chapter 2168 Read Online

Chapter 2168

Jim furrowed his brows and stood up, moving to another spot so he could answer the call.

Before he could take another step forward, however, Harvey grabbed the hem of Jim's top.

"Daddy, didn't you just tell me that you've made up your mind to be with Mommy? Why do you plan on taking this call behind my back now? Are you still thinking about searching for Number 9?"

Even though Jim had never told Harvey about Number-9, Harvey grew up together with June, and Christopher, the girl's father, was a parent who treated June like a friend. Hence, no matter what June asked, Christopher would tell June if he felt that June could understand.

Christopher, thus, must have told June about Number-9. Since June knew about Number-9's existence, there was no reason that Harvey did not know about her.

Harvey clearly heard Assistant Lowe mention the children's home from the other line, so he knew that this call must have been about Number-9. Jim's brows furrowed at Harvey's words and stern expression

Jim was silent for a good few seconds before he sighed and sat back down on the sofa next to Harvey. Then, he switched the call to speaker mode.

"Assistant Lowe, what new information do you have?"

Assistant Lowe paused for a second before he began his report, "I contacted Mr. Duncan's daughter. She grew up in the children's home too and had many memories with children living there. Moreover, she is still in contact with most of the people on the name list. Although she's not sure what name Number-9 goes with at present, she can use her identity to help you ask around..."

After finishing that, Assistant Lowe took a deep breath.

"She...also asked me something. Do you know anything else about Number-9, apart from the fact that that's her number and that red was her favorite color?"

Jim furrowed and muttered to himself, "Other information..."

He narrowed his eyes and suddenly thought of the birthmark on Number-9's shoulder.

She could throw away a token, and her favorite color might not be red anymore. She could even forget her name, too.

The birthmark on her shoulder, however, could not be erased.

Even Charlotte, who knew Number-9 so well that she could pretend to be her, did not know about this birthmark. Jim had noticed the birthmark because he had helped Number-9 wrap up her wound on the shoulder when she had a fight with another child.

Thinking of this, Jim furrowed said, "Number-9 has a birthmark on her shoulder. It's on the right side, in fact."

Assistant Lowe quickly recorded down the information and repeated, "So, Ms. Number-9 has a birthmark on the side of her shoulder, yes? Do you remember the shape of the birthmark?"

Jim pressed on his brows. "It's red-long and meandering. It looked terrible."

Despite the unsightly shape and color, however, Jim could never forget it since it was Number-9's birthmark.

Assistant Lowe nodded. "Have you any more that I should note, Mr. Landry? I will record them all."

Jim's brows furrowed in deep thought. "That's all."

"Understood. I will contact Ms. Duncan now."

Assistant Lowe instantly hung soon after.

After putting away the phone, Jim turned around to look at Harvey, who gave him quite the peculiar stare. It was as if he was staring at a stranger instead of his father.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Jim curled his lips and extended his hand toward Harvey, but the boy dodged it keenly.

This page doesn't seem to exist.

It looks like the link pointing here was faulty. Maybe try searching?

Search for:

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy Chapter 2169 Read Online

Chapter 2169

“Don't touch me!” Harvey flinched, moving backward as he stared at Jim warily. “Are you still thinking of finding Number-9? Are you still thinking about marrying her?”

“You said you'll marry Mommy and be with her, but you're just lying to me, aren't you? To you, Number - 9 is the most important person in this world—more important than me, Mommy, and Shelly. So important that you can forget about us, isn't it?”

Harvey's heartache only grew the more he poured out his heart. “You broke Mommy's heart over and over again when you thought Charlotte was Number-9, all because you loved her. All that, and you're still looking for her right now! “What if you find her, then? Are you going to abandon Mommy, me, and Shelly? If that's the case, I'll go find Grandpa and Granny tomorrow to change my name! My name will no longer be Harvey Landry; I'm going to just be Harvey Craig!”

Harvey's gaze burned with rage as he stared at Jim, who felt helpless with the way his son was acting. He sighed and reached out to grab Harvey's hand, but Harvey dodged it again.

Helpless, Jim stood up and approached Harvey to pull him into his arms.

Harvey tried to struggle. “Let go of me!”

“No.” Jim's lips curved into a smile as he held Harvey closer to him. “I will not let go of you and your Mommy.”

He then looked at Harvey's face solemnly. "Harvey, you always said that you're not a kid anymore. You are six years old now, and you should know that a person must always keep his promise and see it through to the end. Even if I can't be with Number-9 anymore, I just want to fulfill the promise that I made when I was just a boy. I just want to find her, apologizing

hat I can't be with her anymore. That's all." He continued, "Besides that, think about it. You're already six years old, and maybe Aunt Number-9 is already married and has kids of her own. Even if I find her, I don't have to be together with her. Am I not right?"

Nonetheless, Harvey's frown did not leave his face even after hearing his father's explanation. He sighed. "Then..." He stuck out his pinky finger, intending to make a promise. "You have to promise me that you'll marry Mommy ATTMljac never regret this decision!"

Jim furrowed his brows when he saw how dead-set Harvey looked.

He knew that marrying Bonnie was the best choice he had. Whether it was for the sake of his parents, his children, or his family's dignity, Bonnie was the best choice.

Moreover... If the old Jim truly loved Bonnie, he would not regret this decision after his memory was restored.

Nonetheless, Jim narrowed his eyes and internally questioned himself, 'Do I truly like Bonnie now?'

He did not know the answer to that, either.

"Daddy?" Harvey called out, noticing that Jim did not give him any response.

It was only then Jim returned to his senses. "Alright, I promise you..."

"You don't have to."

Just then, Bonnie walked down the stairs with a cold sneer. “Jim, haven’t you learned the lesson from Number-9’s case? You shouldn’t make promises hastily.”

She then walked up to Jim and passed him the phone, saying, “Gwen had just requested Luke to help with the investigation. Charlotte is now in Quinn Mansion; she should be locked in the dungeon. Joshua and Luke are on their way there as we speak. “Do you want to go, too?”

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn’t Easy Chapter 2170 Read Online

Chapter 2170

Jim’s brows furrowed as he looked at the phone Bonnie handed to him.

The screen showed a photo of Charlotte lying in a dungeon in Quinn Mansion. The dungeon used to be gloomy and damp, but in this photo, it seemed to have been decorated with a brighter light with a large bed, and there was even an aroma diffuser and recreational facilities in it.

The luxurious setting no longer made it look like a dungeon; it instead looked more like a place for a vacation.

Jim narrowed his eyes. To be able to request such treatment in the dungeon of the Quinn Mansion... That must have meant that Charlotte was a very important person to the Quinn family or, more specifically, Quentin.

He lifted his head and looked at Bonnie. “They’re already on their way?”

“Yes,” Bonnie replied. She took her phone and walked toward the door. “I know that Mr. Jim is a nostalgic person. If you don’t want to look for Charlotte with us, it’s fine.” With that, Bonnie then took her red trench coat from the door and instantly wore it, opening the door to leave.

Looking at Bonnie’s slender and tall figure, Jim furrowed and immediately strode after her. “I have no more feelings for Charlotte.”

Worried that Bonnie might misunderstand, Jim added, “My feelings for her originated because of Number-9. Since I know now that Charlotte isn’t Number-9, why would I have feelings for her?” Bonnie

paused for a while and curled her lips to a small smirk. "Since you have such deep feelings for Number-9, how come you don't even remember what her characteristics and temperament are?"

She had never understood why Jim would stubbornly believe that Charlotte was Number -9. None of their characteristics, habits, or temperaments were the same! Was it genuine when Jim said that he had only treated Charlotte differently because of Number-9?

Bonnie did not believe that at all.

Jim was startled at Bonnie's words as he opened the door for her. His grip on the handle remained as he felt all of the joints on his body stiffened. A moment later, he smiled. "I thought after all these years, Number-9 had changed." "If you really like someone, you won't think that they'd simply change," countered Bonnie as she shot Jim a meaningful look. "Just like someone who had lost his memory, I believe his temperaments are still the same." Bonnie briskly walked past Jim and left the house. As she did, the unique fragrance that wafted from her fanned his face. It was a little itchy, and yet, it smelled good. Jim hurriedly followed after Bonnie. "I used to believe that Number-9's characteristics would never change, too, but when all the evidence pointed out that Charlotte was Number-9, I could only believe her and talked myself into it. Other than that, I have no other choices."

Bonnie sat in the front passenger seat. "Is that right? Or, are you unwilling to dig deeper? Jim, if you truly feel it with your heart, you'd no doubt notice that the difference between Charlotte and Number-9 is glaringly obvious."

Jim sat in the driver's seat and started the engine, sporting a smile on his face. "From what you're saying, I might misunderstand that you, Ms. Craig, are Number-9 instead." He tilted his head to glance at Bonnie. "It has been so long that I don't even remember what kind of person Number-9 is. Do you know?"

Bonnie fell silent right after due to Jim's words, shifting her gaze to look out the window to ignore him.

She could not deny how agitated she felt when Jim implied that he was not sure if Charlotte was her. She did not long to be Charlotte and would never, ever be Charlotte in this lifetime. Jim had practically humiliated her with his words!

Noticing Bonnie's silence, Jim merely gazed ahead as he drove. Smiling, he said, "Bonnie, I'm starting to have good feelings about you. Don't tell me that you're Number-9 now. I'd think that you'd do anything just to be together with me." The car fell into silence once more with Jim's comment.

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy Chapter 2171 Read Online

Chapter 2171

Bonnie looked out the window and could not bother to even glance at Jim.

"Oh, don't worry about that."

She never wanted to tell the truth anyway, and since Jim had said such things, she would never consider bringing up the past in the conversation. Moreover, even if she told him that she was Number-9, he would just think that she was playing tricks just to be close to him purposely. That would not be fun.

Very soon, the car reached Quinn Mansion. When Jim and Bonnie arrived, Joshua, Luna, Luke, and Gwen were already waiting inside the mansion's lobby.

Noticing Jim and Bonnie's arrival, Gwen sported a faint smile, her eyes vaguely gleaming with satire. "Has Mr. Jim's hand recovered from its burn? Why did you come here?"

She remembered that moment when her hand was burnt by Charlotte, and Jim stepped forward on behalf of Charlotte, placing his hand on the kettle in a silent plea of leniency for Charlotte's sake.

"Mr. Landry's humble sacrifice for Charlotte had broadened my mind. I thought that since Mr. Landry has such deep feelings for Charlotte, you'd follow us to come to look for her." Jim's face slowly contorted bitterly. "Ms. Larson, aren't we all friends? Why do you have to say such sour things?" Gwen chuckled. "Well, why didn't Mr. Landry think of this the last time we met and punished Ms. Jacobs on my behalf?" She accepted the peeled grape from Luke and ate it. "If you had punished Ms. Jacobs at that time, maybe she wouldn't be a murderer and fugitive now, don't you think so?"

Jim furrowed and said nothing. Gwen looked at him again and giggled teasingly. Then, she looked at Bonnie with a smile. "Come sit with me."



Bonnie nodded and walked toward Gwen, sitting next to her.

Gwen, who had never peeled any fruits before, suddenly started peeling an orange for Bonnie. "Here you go. Someone is blind to see the good in you. Ah, but it's alright-I'll cherish you and take you instead!"

As she discreetly glanced at Jim's bitter expression from the corner of her eyes, Bonnie curled her lips into a smile. "Thank you."

From a distance away, Luna observed the look on Gwen and Bonnie's faces. She wanted to laugh but dared not to; Jim was her brother, after all.

Luna repressed the giggle that threatened to escape her lips.

Joshua, sensing Luna's emotions, pulled her into his chest and buried her face. Luna was momentarily baffled at what Joshua did, but soon realized that he wanted her to laugh without

anyone seeing

'So sweet,' she mused to herself. Feeling Joshua's cold temperament, Luna thus relaxed as the laugh and smile she fought off before finally revealed themselves to Joshua's chest.

As he felt the light vibrations from Luna's body as she laughed, a faint smile appeared on Joshua's face, too. Then, he raised his head, his expression shifting to a stern one as he glared at the Quinn family's butler.

"We've been waiting for ten minutes. When are Granny Quinn and Mr. Simms coming?"

"I..." The butler sighed embarrassingly and continued to refill the tea in their tea cup. His eyes sparkled. "I can't intervene...what my masters decided to do. Perhaps they need a little while longer-"

“There’s no need for that,” interjected an orotund voice before the butler could finish his sentence. After that, everyone could see Quentin walking down the stairs glancing coldly at everyone in the lobby. “Two of Merchant City’s most prestigious businessmen and the gang leader, gathering in the Quinn family’s mansion. What an honor for you to come to visit us here. May I know how I can help all of you?”

Luke curled up his lips indifferently and threw a stack of photos toward Quentin. “Do you need to ask? We’re here for her.”

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn’t Easy Chapter 2172 Read Online

Chapter 2172

Quentin’s eyes narrowed at the photos scattered on the floor, and his pupils darkened instantly.

These were photos of Charlotte enjoying her time, lying on a bed in the dungeon of Quinn Mansion.

According to the angle of the photos, it was all taken in the dungeon and right at Charlotte. None of Joshua’s or Luke’s men could sneak into such a secret place in the mansion.

This could only mean one thing: Joshua or Luke’s men had infiltrated the mansion, and they had a mole in the building!

With that thought in mind, Quentin smiled and squatted, picking up the photos one at a time. “Where did Mr. Jones get these photos?” Luke sneered and glanced at Quentin. “Why? Are you hoping that I could help you to eradicate the threat in your mansion?”

Quentin laughed. “Of course not. It’s just that...” He chuckled once more. “It’s just that these photos are fake and have been edited.”

Quentin then turned and sat on the sofa, elegantly and proudly, as he slowly went through each photo. His expression only grew haughtier as he flipped through the photos; he looked like he could care less.

“I never thought Mr. Jones and Mr. Lynch would believe in such poorly edited photos. I thought the three of you are the best young talents in Merchant City with sharp and calm judgment, but I stand corrected.” His gaze became ruthless as his timber dropped when he declared, “First of all, there are no

beds nor recreational facilities in the dungeon in this mansion. The dungeon is used to lock up traitors and a place for members of the Quinn family to reflect on themselves. It won't serve its purpose if it was decorated like this."

Pointing at Charlotte's image in one photo, he smilingly added, "Secondly, isn't this woman Mr. Landry's ex-fiancee? Although we used to be close with the Landry family, ever since Heather passed away and Malcolm was kicked out of the Landry family, we've cut all ties with the Landry family. "Since there is no association between me and Mr. Landry, why would I want to keep his fiancee here?"

Finished with his answer, Quentin placed the stack of photos on the table as he goaded, "As for this woman, Charlotte? I have heard something about her before. I heard that she just killed her best friend yesterday, FVRLoxfc every police team in the city is looking for her. However..."

He turned to look at Jim and said coldly, "Why do all of you need to go through all the trouble here if you want to look for that woman? Mr. Landry is a person who values feeling and emotion. Maybe he's the one hiding his fiancee?"

The look on Quentin's face cracked Jim up.

Jim sneered and replied, "Yes, I've had a close relationship with Charlotte before, but

everything came to an end yesterday. Mr. Simms, the reason why we're here is that we have enough evidence to prove that Charlotte is here. You don't have to look for an excuse or reason to divert our attention."

Quentin smiled. "I was just making a reasonable assumption. You don't have to get so worked up, Mr. Landry."