

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2197

Quentin clenched his fists tightly. He never thought that he would be forced to prove his relationship with Charlotte by someone younger than him.

Someone like Joshua. He glared daggers at Joshua, knowing at that moment that Riley was no longer the trump card he could rely on.

Despite having Riley with him for so long, Joshua never expended much effort to search for Riley. Even when Joshua knew that Riley was with him, Joshua never rushed to him and demanded the child be returned.

Joshua must have known that he would use Riley as a bargaining chip, but Joshua did not panic at all.

In a situation like this, using Riley as leverage was a dangerous move, but he could only take the risk because of Charlotte.

At this moment...

The silence prolonged for several seconds before finally, Charlotte broke the silence before Quentin could say anything. "I have the evidence!" Charlotte struggled and yelled hysterically, "There's a DNA paternity report of me and Mr. Simms; it's in my left pocket!"

Luke immediately signaled his men at this information, and his subordinates quickly ran over and searched Charlotte's pocket. Eventually, they found an old DNA report in Charlotte's pocket, and it clearly stated the name of the man and woman: Quentin Simms and Charlotte Jacobs. "After the test, Sample A and Sample B are found to have a 99.9% possibility to be biological father and daughter. Alright, you got the evidence that you want."

As Joshua and Luna read the DNA paternity report, Charlotte started laughing wildly, arrogantly. "Let go of me! I'm Quentin's biological daughter! Joshua said that he'd let me go!"

"Wait," interjected Joshua as he passed the DNA paternity report to Granny Quin.

As Granny Quinn struggled to get out of the bed, she accepted the report with shaky hands. Her vision went black, and she nearly fainted after reading the words on the report. After a while, her lips trembled. "I see...I see..." She looked at Joshua. "Mr. Lynch, why don't you help us? Since... Charlotte is Quentin's daughter, let us show leniency."

Joshua's lips curved upward FTWfl=KN nodded. "Let go of Charlotte."

The man in black paused for a while before he immediately released Charlotte. Similarly, Quentin pulled no tricks as he handed Riley to Joshua quickly. When Riley

was finally back in Joshua's arms, Luna rushed forward and took the infant into her arms. She bit her lips as she looked at Riley's face, all the while trying to hold back her tears to avoid crying. 'Is this child truly my child with Joshua from my second pregnancy? She looked so tiny and

thin! She's the same age as Shelly, but she's a size smaller than Shelly, it seems...! "Someone, come and capture Quentin and Charlotte for me!" Amid Luna's heartbroken state, an elderly, stern voice stabbed the atmosphere, causing her to pause and subconsciously lift her head. It was none other than Granny Quinn, who had just requested Joshua to release Charlotte.

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Everyone, except for Joshua, was shocked by Granny Quinn's order. Luna stared at Granny Quinn, wondering if she had heard her words wrongly.

Did she just ask to capture Quentin and Charlotte? Why? Quentin is Granny Quinn's godson, and Charlotte is Quentin's biological daughter! Why is she treating them like this?

Granny Quinn was very supportive of Quentin even before Luna finally held Riley in her arms, and the elder even looked at Charlotte with vague affection and warmth.

It was not only Luna who was dumbfounded. Even Butler Barton, who had served Granny Quinn for many years, was startled at Granny Quinn's sudden change of reaction.

"Old Madam Quinn, are you mistaken? Why are you asking the man to capture Mr. Simms and his daughter? You"

"You don't know anything!" Granny Quinn sneered and glared at the bodyguards, who had been standing at a fair distance, unmoving, even after she gave an instruction. "I know that all of you take orders only from Quentin now, but don't forget who is really the person in charge of the Quinn family now-me!

"All of the assets are under my name, and Quentin has merely represented me. Are you really going to ignore my instruction?"

The bodyguards looked at each other and hesitantly walked toward Quentin and Charlotte, restraining them loosely soon after. Quentin frowned and looked at Granny Quinn. "Godmother, are you fooling around? This isn't funny!"

He did not think that Granny Quinn had any ulterior motives for him. All that he thought was that Granny Quinn was getting old and too foolish to make such a decision. "So you think I'm joking with you?" Granny Quinn looked at Quentin's face sharply before a cold smile appeared on her face. "Tell me: who are you, really?"

The question had startled Quentin, his brows furrowed tightly together. After a while, his lips curved into a smile. "I'm Quentin, your godson. Have you gone mad?"

"Have I gone mad, or do you think I have?" With the support of Butler Barton, Granny Quinn slowly stood up. As she stood before Charlotte, she looked into Charlotte's eyes without taking off the woman's mask. It was as if she knew what Charlotte looked like and avoided looking at it.

She vaguely looked at Charlotte's eyes, and then into Quentin's eyes once more.

"I see no strong resemblance." Lowering her upper body, she looked into Charlotte's eyes from a condescending angle. "Tell me: what's your relationship with this guy?" Charlotte frowned and did not dare to look into Granny Quinn's eyes.

Despite being aged and her body in a frail state, Granny Quinn's gaze did not lose the intensity it always had, the glare that could kill.

Those eyes scared Charlotte out of her wits. She bit her lip and looked at Quentin helplessly.

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Granny Quinn sneered and raised her hand to turn Charlotte's head over and forced Charlotte to look straight into her eyes. "I'm asking you a question. Why do you need to look at Quentin? He can't answer it for you." "Say it!" she snapped. "What's your relationship with this guy, Quentin?"

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Charlotte's face turned pale, and she was downright intimidated by Granny Quinn. "... stammered Charlotte timidly, "I'm his biological daughter." She looked at Granny Quinn with a pitiable expression. "Didn't you see the DNA paternity report? I-I am Quentin's biological daughter!"

"So, you are Quentin's biological daughter, are you?" Granny Quinn sneered and looked at Quentin, who was by the side. Her lips curled up coldly. "Spill it. Who are you? I know you're not Quentin; just a man who had plastic surgery to look like Quentin."

Quentin squinted at this comment, never once thinking that the old hag would have said such a thing at this time. No one had discovered his flaws after he became Quentin and made his return. No one-not Granny Quinn, and not the people around her-noticed anything. He had been by her side for two months, and within these two months, no one had suspected him whatsoever. Why, then, would Granny Quinn ask him that question at this moment?

Assuming that the elder was just testing him, Quentin laughed. "Godmother, what are you talking about? How could someone look the same as another person just by undergoing plastic surgery? Besides, you know me well enough to know if I have actually changed at all physically! Why would you ask such a question?"

"Well, if you don't believe me, I can show you more evidence to prove that I'm Quentin. I... treated you with much respect and adoration, yet you could think I'm an imposter. That really hurts my feelings."

He looked at Granny Quinn, his eyes brimming with deceit. Granny Quinn sneered. "Do you think I care if you're sad or not?"

She stood up and sat back on her chair. "I was already suspicious when you brought this girl, Charlotte, back home. Since she's rather young, I knew she wasn't your girlfriend, but you dared to risk yourself and stole a car.

"All of a sudden, you ruined her face and sent her to the tunnel underneath my bedroom! "It was then I started to wonder if she truly is like what you've said. If she is just a leverage for you to use against Jim, you shouldn't have to ruin her face. "All the things you did for her was to make sure that no one finds her so she won't have to go to jail!"

"All this is too strange, Quentin. According to your characteristic, you won't even lift a brow if that dead person is unrelated to you, but despite that, when it comes to Jim's girlfriend, not only did you carjack, but you even ruined her face EVROL=MM even hid her! "It was then I realized that she is your daughter... And since she is your biological daughter, then you aren't Quentin!" Luna furrowed against Granny Quinn's words. On the other hand, Luke chuckled. "What makes him an imposter just because he has a daughter? Are you saying that the real Quentin is infertile and has erectile dysfunction?"

Granny Quinn laughed at Luke's comment. "You hit the nail right on the head, Mr. Jones; the real Quentin is infertile.

"When he expressed he wanted to be my godson, I had initially rejected him. I was afraid that he'd fight for inheritance rights with my biological son and grandson in the future, so to express his sincerity, he consumed a medicine that would make him infertile!"

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Having said that, Granny Quinn glared at Quentin coldly. "Tell me, then. How could you, Quentin, have a daughter you biologically fathered?" Quentin's face flushed white, while everyone else looked visibly dumbfounded. Luna looked at Granny Quinn and had a hard time processing the information she was hearing.

That meant that the real Quentin would have no sexual reaction with a woman and, thus, wouldn't have fathered a daughter at all! Luna thought. If everything were as Granny Quinn had said, then the Quentin they were looking at was just an imposter who had plastic surgery to look like Quentin. Who was the man before them, then, and where was the real Quentin? "Thank you for helping the Quinn family to get rid of this scrooge, Mr. Lynch." At that point, Granny Quinn looked at Joshua gratefully, her voice quivering in exhilaration. "If you hadn't come here today, I wouldn't have discovered that he's an imposter!" She got more excited as she talked until she had to apply pressure to her chest, breaking into coughing fits. The bodyguard thus restrained 'Quentin' in an even more aggressive manner, so much so that he would not be able to move. After a while, he composed himself and scoffed. "So, that's why you kept looking for an excuse for me to take out evidence to prove my relationship with Charlotte. You two had already colluded in the first place!" He stared at Joshua ruthlessly. "Your dearest aunt, Jim's mother, was dead because of the Quinn family! You know that, don't you? And you're joining hands with this old hag! You are a disappointment to your aunt!" Luna frowned at this. She carefully held Riley closer to her body as she stared at Quentin, and then at Joshua.

For a moment, she suddenly felt this man before her was a stranger. Analyzing the whole situation, Joshua should have known that the current Quentin was an imposter and had already talked it out with Granny Quinn in advance.

However... Joshua showed her the account that belonged to a man called Todd EXYHM>JJ many other results from the investigations from his men, all of which

manifested that the Quinn family was the one responsible for hurting his aunt and her uncle.

‘Joshua... When have you become amicable with Granny Quinn? When have you allied yourself with her?’ Luna thought. “Mr. Quentin Simms.” Joshua smirked as he approached Quentin before adding coldly, “Ah, I should be calling you Mr. Sirius Curtis instead.”

Luna was frozen where she stood. She looked at Joshua, her eyes widened as she could not believe what she had just heard. ‘Did he just say that Quentin was Sirius? Was Sirius not dead? Rosalyn and Charles said it themselves that Sirius’ house went up in flames, and he died in the fire!’

“What bullshit are you talking about?” Quentin narrowed his eyes and snapped, “I don’t know who Sirius is!”

Joshua sneered and walked over to look into Quentin’s eyes with his deep, dark eyes. “Maybe you have had plastic surgery for too long that you don’t even remember who you truly are. You said that my aunt died in the hands of the Quinn family, and of course, I know about that. However...”

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