

# Chasing After My Beloved Wife by M. Fei Chapter 13

"Shawn, what nonsense are you spouting!"

Yvon's face turned pale, and his tone became serious. "Joye is drunk, so I am sending her home."

"She's mine, so you don't have to trouble yourself."

Shawn tilted his head and rubbed his finger against the corner of his mouth. His dark eyes gradually became cold, but he smiled and reached out to pull Joye away. His smile gradually turned into a devilish smirk as he said, "I will send my wife home."

Joye heard the word wife coming from Shawn. Shortly after that, she felt a chill on her body. When she came to her senses, she found that he had taken the suit on her shoulders and hung it on the half-open door.

"Come on, Yvon. Don't you know drinking makes one

? You'll make her too warm if you do this."

Yvon understood the meaning of his words. Hiding the worry in his eyes, he smiled, "In that case, I'll leave my dear sister-in-law to you then."

After that, he circled the car and got in from the other side. The guard glanced at them from the rearview mirror before he drove away.

Just then, Joye sobered up. She frowned and looked at the charmingly dangerous man beside her, pushing him away. "What are you doing here? I don't want to see you."

All she needed

to do was

hang on for another month. After that she would have nothing to do with Shawn.

"I know. Or why else would you jump into an affair? It seems like you don't know me well. Did you think I wouldn't notice?"

A voice colder than the night breeze sounded. His cold eyes fell on the flushed cheeks of the drunk woman in front of him, and there was annoyance and anger in his eyes. He reached out to grab her wrist and stuffed her into the passenger seat of the car.

The cold wind grazed her cheeks from the open window. Looking at the man driving with a straight face, she turned to look out of the window, letting the wind numb her tender skin.

More than ten minutes later, the silence of the journey was broken. Shawn stopped the car, went around the front, and dragged Joye out of her seat.

“Take your hands off me!”

She wanted to shake him off, but he was too strong for her as he gripped her wrist tightly, refusing to let go. With that, she could only follow him into the villa.

It was late at night, so everyone was already asleep. Only when they entered the bedroom on the second floor did he loosen his grip on her wrist.

Before she could breathe a sigh of relief, he suddenly closed in on her. The familiar scent of alcohol from his body eluded a seductive aura. She instinctively retreated, but she was forced to stop when her back touched the cold tiles of the bathroom wall.

“Let me see if you have sobered up.”

His tease sounded above her as he lifted her chin with his long fingers. Forced to raise her head, she looked into his narrowed eyes.

Whoosh!

He blew onto her eyes, stinging her with his alcoholic breath on purpose. She trembled and closed her eyes instinctively.

Shawn let out a soft chuckle as his lips curled up wickedly. He grabbed her waist with one hand, causing her to open her eyes in shock. She thought he was teasing and humiliating her as usual, but the hand on her waist landed on the wall behind her without doing anymore more.

What was he trying to do?

“It seems that you’re still tipsy.”

He inched closer to her, smiling as he did. There was a trace of anger in the depths of his eyes as he remembered her bold actions of hugging another man.

Suddenly, cold water poured from the shower above her. Unprepared, she trembled as her clothes were drenched, causing them to stick to her body. She stared at the man with wide eyes as he twisted the tap with a faint smile.

“Are you mad?!”

**“Mad? As if. I was just going to wash your dirty body. You should smell like me and not someone else.”**

**The smile disappeared, replaced with anger. Whenever Shawn thought of the scene of Joye hugging Yvon, a wildfire would burn in his heart.**

**They hadn't even gotten a divorce, yet she was already looking for another man. Damn it! Why must it be another of the Richards?!**