

Chasing After My Beloved Wife by M. Fei Chapter 41

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A villa for his son?

A conflicted look flashed across Dr. Wood's face. The car accident had cost him a lot of money, and now he was stuck in a department without a future. His son's girlfriend was kicking up a fuss about wanting a four-room house for marriage, or she would not marry his son. It had caused him and his wife plenty to worry about.

"Dr. Wood, the result of this DNA test can bring not much change to me, but a lot to you."

Vivian's smile was light and gentle. The more she smiled, the more she exuded a tempting aura. She was offering a house! Houses in the city were extremely expensive. No matter how much he made in the future, he would not be able to afford a villa.

"If I faked the DNA results for you, what would you do?"

"What would I do? I love Shawn, and you know that. My son is only three years old, and he is so young. His only wish is to have a father. Now that Shawn is by his side, he can be happy. I only want him to be happy and for the DNA results not to affect his happiness. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Dr. Wood clenched his fingers as complex emotions filled his eyes. If she had been more arrogant by threatening him with money, he would have turned her down. Yet, she was behaving politely. He found it hard to reject her request.

"If you're worried that you might be implicated by this matter, you can rest assured that you can issue two different reports. If there is a problem, I will say that I amended the results. You can give the other report to show your innocence."

With a smile, Vivian tucked her hair behind her ear and smiled more gently. She was considerate enough to think of a way out for him.

"Are you sure that you won't implicate me?"

"It's meaningless for me to get you involved, isn't it?" Vivian asked with a smile, knowing that she had succeeded.

She took a check from her purse and handed it to Dr. Wood. He clenched his teeth and accepted it.

"Alright then. I will give Mr. Richard a copy of the report that you want to see."

At noon the next day, Salmon handed over the document to Shawn. Shawn opened the file, taking out the DNA result and scanning it before he smiled.

Dalton was really his child!

Salmon didn't dare to say anything. He stood beside Shawn. Why did he feel that Shawn didn't want such a result?

Shawn's expression became more indifferent as he held the report. After a long time, he said, "Go and contact Mr. Ronson."

He put the report back into the file bag. His frown disappeared. Now that he found out that Dalton was his son, he had to take on the responsibility as a father.

Salmon was stunned. "Do you mean..."

"Ask him to draft an agreement. According to what Baird said before, transfer all the shares of the Richard family and the real estate under my name to her."

"All your real estate?" There were a lot of shares in the Richard Group under Shawn's name, and if he gave her all his real estate, he would be left with nothing.

"I'll contact him right away." Salmon did not dare to question Shawn anymore and quickly went to do the task.

Shawn was the only one left in the quiet office. He leaned against the sofa, his jaw hardened. He narrowed his eyes and took out his phone to call Connor. "Where are you?"

"Where can I be? I have to be in my nest, of course." Connor's light-hearted tone came from over the phone.

Shawn hung up the call and walked out.

At Red Sleeves, Connor was sitting on the sofa of the private room. There was no wine on the table, but there was a rose-gold suitcase with a decoded lock lying wide open. The gorgeous clothes inside made him smile.

"Geez. She isn't young anymore, yet she loves such flowery dresses. She has to start dressing her age."

"Sir, this isn't a good idea, is it?"

The waiter was in a dilemma. It was not right for Connor to go through people's things like this.

"What's wrong? It's been here for three days, so it's basically unwanted trash. Let me ask you. If you throw a watch in the bin, can't I pick up your trash?"

"Sir, are you here to go through trash?" The waiter asked timidly. Connor was the second son of the Turner family, and he grew up with a silver spoon in his mouth.

"I was giving an example!"

Connor time rolled his eyes and continued to dig through the belongings in the suitcase, not knowing what he was looking for.

When his fingers touched the bottom compartment, he found a laptop, ID, and passport.

"How careless she is. How could she not come back for her luggage when there's something so important inside?"

He opened the passport and looked at the photo, smiling at the attractive lady in the photo.

Thinking of the feelings from that night, he felt his throat dry up. He had been with countless women, but she was the only one he lost control with.

"Boss, do you want to return it?"

"There's no need to return it. If she wants it, she will come to get it."

The waiter interrupted Connor's memories from that night. Connor put down the passport, opened the laptop, entered the password he decoded from the suitcase lock, and the screen was unlocked immediately.

"I knew it would be like this."

With a snort of accomplishment, he looked through the documents inside, but he was intrigued by a locked file. He keyed in the same password again, and the file unlocked. There was only a photo inside, and it was Janina kissing a man, but the man's face was photoshopped into a dog's.

"Boss, what an interesting lady. Why would she think of venting her anger this way?"

The waiter couldn't hold back his laughter, but Connor's face darkened. He directly put the laptop on the table and said, "What do you know? Take these things away and send two bottles of wine to me."

"D-Do you want me to throw away the suitcase?"

Connor was irritated by the waiter's stupid words and kicked him. "Why don't you just go away!"

The door of the private room was pushed open from the outside. The waiter gasped when he saw Shawn. "Mr. Richard, the boss has been waiting for you for a long time. I'll go get you guys some wine." He shut the suitcase and ran off.

Shawn threw the clothes aside and sat down next to Connor. "Whose is this?"

"A guest left it here. Why are you looking for me now? Did you miss me?"

Shawn pulled his collar in frustration, unamused by Conner's joke. "The child is mine."

Connor was stunned for a second, and the playful look on his face disappeared. His expression turned grave as he asked, "Did you decide to divorce Joye?"

As someone who knew Shawn since childhood, Conner knew that Shawn would never dismiss his biological child.

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Have I not given in to her whims?"

Shawn furrowed his brows as he spoke. Was she going to be with Yvon after the divorce?

Why did he feel upset? Was he unwilling to let her go?

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Inside the villa.

Vivian looked at the text message on her phone, and her red lips curled into a smile. She clicked delete as though nothing had happened.

"Mom, I just saw an advertisement on TV, and I like that watch. It can make calls and is waterproof," Dalton said as he ran over wearing slippers, his gaze full of expectation.

"Are you talking about the genius smartwatch?"

After hearing the full name of the watch, Dalton nodded frantically. He hugged her arm and said, "Yes, that's it. Mom, can I have one?"

"Of course."

Vivian smiled and nodded. She reached out and touched her son's tender cheek. She squatted down and looked into Dalton's bright and clear eyes. "Do you want Dad to give it to you?"

"Dad? He'll give it to me?"

Dalton was particularly close to Shawn. Whenever he heard Shawn's name, his eyes would light up.

"Of course. You are his son. As long as you follow what I say, I promise you that Dad will buy anything you want."

"Okay. I will do as you say."

Seeing Dalton shaking her arm excitedly, Vivian reached out and picked him up. "Go take a cold shower. Are you scared of the cold?"

"But didn't you say that children shouldn't take cold showers and that we will fall sick?"

Even such an innocent child knew what he could and could not do. So why was his mother asking him to take a cold shower?

"Silly Dalton. Don't you remember that I just told you you have to do everything to keep your happiness with dad?"

"But what does taking a cold shower have to do with happiness?"

Dalton didn't understand what she meant. If he took a cold shower, he would fall sick and have to take a jab and medicine. Why did his mother associate this with happiness?

"What if I tell you that by taking a cold shower, your dad will stay by your side and love you? Will you be willing?"

Vivian said these words energetically. Dalton blinked his eyes. He wasn't quite sure about what she meant, but he nodded.

"Mom, I'll take a shower and do whatever you want me to do. As long as you and Dad can be together."

After receiving a satisfactory reply, Vivian looked away from Dalton's innocent eyes, and her guilt disappeared. "Good boy. I promise I won't let your efforts go to vain, and you will get what you want."

Just as Shawn was about to open the second bottle of wine, his phone rang. He looked at the caller ID on the screen and frowned.

Connor tilted his neck and took a look. There was a hint of schadenfreude in his eyes. "Vivian? Answer it quickly. Your wife and child are waiting for you."

Shawn's frown deepened after being teased by Connor. He was quiet for a few seconds, and he had no intention of picking up the call.

But the phone kept ringing. Connor chuckled, reached out to grab the phone in his hand, and pressed the answer and handsfree button.

The moment the call was connected, Vivian's anxious voice sounded. "Shawn, Dalton has a high fever. Can you take us to the hospital?"

Shawn's expression instantly changed. He picked up the phone on the table and asked, "Why does he have a fever? Wasn't he just fine this morning?"

"I don't know either. After dinner, I took a shower for Dalton. When I tried to get him to sleep, I felt that his temperature was almost 40 degrees. What should I do?"

The more Vivian said, the more frantic she sounded. Shawn quickly stood up from the sofa and put on his jacket with a grave expression. "Don't worry. Get him dressed, I'll be right back."

Seeing that he hung up the phone anxiously, Connor immediately stood up and said, "I didn't believe in the power of family before, but I believe it now. Go quickly. My mother said that a high fever could fry a kid's brain and leave a long-lasting illness."

Shawn nodded, opened the door, and quickly walked out.

Ten minutes later, the Rolls-Royce stopped at the gate of the villa. Shawn quickly came down and pushed the door open. Vivian was already waiting in the living room with Dalton, whose face was red. Seeing Shawn come in, she was about to burst into tears.

"Shawn, Dalton is unconscious."

"Don't cry. I will take you to the hospital now. Everything will be alright."

Shawn comforted Vivian and held Dalton in his arms. The burning heat transmitted from Dalton's skin to his heart. His beautiful eyes narrowed as he patted Dalton's back. His voice became gentle. "Dalton, don't be afraid. Dad is here."

Vivian followed him out of the villa. She almost could not keep up with him. She smiled slightly, but her tears kept rolling down her cheeks.

She would turn Shawn into Dalton's father completely.

"Mr. Richard, the child must have caught a cold. It's the cold season now. He should be fine as there is nothing wrong with his lungs. He will recover after taking some medication."

The doctor examined Dalton before putting down the stethoscope. Shawn was still a little worried. "Are you sure there's nothing else?"

"Rest assured, Mr. Richard. It's just a minor cold. How about this? I will get the nurse to give him an IV drip to lower his temperature."

"Okay."

Only then did Shawn let out a sigh of relief. He turned his head and looked at Dalton, who was lying on the hospital bed. Dalton's flushed little face melted his heart.

The nurse carefully pricked the needle on Dalton's hand. She adjusted the speed of the drip and then went out of the ward.

Vivian sat beside the bed, holding Dalton's hand that was not infused with a needle. She put her face close to him and said, "Dalton, you scared me."

"The doctor said it's just an ordinary cold. Don't scare yourself. Dalton will be fine."

Shawn noticed that she was crying so hard that her voice was hoarse. A complicated expression flashed across his eyes as he stood behind her.

Vivian put her arms around Shawn's waist. "Shawn, Dalton is my life. Just now, I was really scared."

She kept crying. Shawn put his hand on her trembling shoulder.

"Don't cry. I will take good care of Dalton and you in the future. I will never let you feel fear."

"Shawn."

Vivian cried even harder. She tightened her arms around Shawn's waist as if she were hugging onto dear life. No one saw the smile behind her streaming tears.

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Early in the morning, Joye drove to Leonard Group. Sitting in the passenger seat, Janina smiled with satisfaction. "I suddenly feel as though I am satisfied with my

new job. There's a place for me to live, free food, and my boss picks me up. It can't get better than this."

As soon as she finished speaking, Joye stepped on the brake. Janina's face turned pale in an instant, she turned her head to look at Joye with fear in her eyes.

"Sorry. I was a little dizzy just now."

Joye quickly released the brake, her expression was still pale. She stopped the car abruptly because her sight was growing hazy as well as her consciousness for that brief moment. She had almost forgotten Janina was sitting next to her.

"Stop by the side and let me rest for a while."

Janina pointed to the side of the road. Joye quickly pulled over and watched as Janina threw up. She regretted stepping on the brake so hard just now.

"Janina, are you feeling better? Sorry. I didn't mean it."

After emptying her stomach, Janina raised her head. She managed to smile at Joye. "I'm fine. I just need some time to recover."

"I'll get you some water to rinse your mouth."

Joye turned around and walked to the trunk. She felt dizzy again. Fortunately, she held the lid of the trunk and did not fall. Although Janina was still unwell, she was worried about Joey. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. Maybe I didn't rest enough recently. I'll be fine after a good sleep tonight."

Joye shook her head and felt much better. She took the water and handed it to Janina. Seeing color returning to Janina's face, she breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'll get a driver over to drive us." She was not suited to drive in her condition, and neither was Janina.

After making an appointment with the designated driver from the app, they continued to make their way to the office.

"President, I have informed all the departments about the meeting at 10 o'clock this morning. You will have a new product meeting this afternoon, and President Lee of Packard Bank wants to have a dinner appointment with you tonight."

As soon as Joye entered the office, Linda roughly told her about the plans for the day. When she saw Joye, she frowned for a moment and said, "You don't look well."

"Refuse the appointment with President Lee. If the meeting is not urgent, push it to another day too. Joye was dizzy on the way here."

Janina had recovered, and there was no trace of pain and paleness on her face like before. On the contrary, Joye looked terrible.

"Don't mind her nonsense. I'm fine, so just go with the scheduled ap"

As soon as Joye finished speaking, her stomach suddenly churned. Almost instinctively, she covered her mouth and rushed straight into the bathroom. Janina and Linda hurriedly followed in. Seeing that she was continuously retching, they were deeply concerned.

"Oh my god, it's not that, is it?"

Joye understood the meaning of Janina's words. She was shocked, but she discounted the possibility. She and Shawn had been married for more than three years. He had never left his seed in her body. How could she be pregnant?

Linda was also worried. "You should go for a check-up at the hospital. Just to be safe."

"I'm fine. I'm just exhausted. Please head out first, and let me have a rest."

Joye's stomach was no longer uncomfortable. She stood up and rinsed her mouth.

"Well, if you are still unwell, you must tell me."

Janina left uneasily. Before leaving, she asked Linda to inform her if anything happened.

"President, about today's arrangement..."

"As usual."

"Okay, I'll go and prepare for the meeting."

Linda nodded and went out of the office. Joye came out of the bathroom, feeling weak. She lay down on the sofa.

When she was at the hotel the last time, Yelena had accused Joye of being barren. How could she be pregnant?

She thought that she would be well after a few days of rest. But a few days had gone by, yet her condition had not improved. Instead, it had gotten much worse.

"That's it. You've been like this for a good few days. You have to go to the hospital. I know how much work means to you, but your life is more important than your work."

Displeased, Janina dragged Joye out of the Leonard Group. Joye had no choice but to listen to her and got into the taxi. "I'm just tired. It's nothing else."

"Let the examination results make sure of that."

Janina rolled her eyes and smiled at the driver. "Please send us to the hospital."

Soon, the taxi arrived at the hospital. There were not many people around. Watching her blood being taken and transmitted into a bag, Joye felt dizzy again. She couldn't help but feel worried that she would be diagnosed with cancer like in the TV shows.

"The result will be released in thirty minutes." After saying that, the nurse continued taking blood from the next patient emotionlessly.

Thirty minutes felt particularly long. Joye looked at the report nervously, and her face suddenly changed.

"What's wrong? What did it say?"

Janina looked at the report from the side and her gaze widened. Joye was pregnant with that scumbag's baby!

"Impossible! This is impossible!"

Joye was stunned as if she was struck by lightning. He would always pull out every time they had sex, and he specifically told her that she didn't deserve to carry his child.

It must be wrong! The result must be wrong!

"Don't panic. Let's ask the doctor about it."

Afraid that something would happen to Joye from her surging emotions, Janina comforted her. She handed the result to the female doctor who gave them the results. The doctor looked at them then adjusted her glasses, saying, "You are pregnant."

"I'm not pregnant!"

Unable to accept such an answer, Joye stood up abruptly, slamming the table with her hands, her voice quivering.

The female doctor was shocked. She pursed her lips a few times to calm herself down. "The results can't be wrong. You are around one month pregnant now."

Since it's different for everyone, you'll only know the specific weeks by getting a B-scan."

One month?

Joye felt her head getting heavier. Her mind cleared up, and she remembered the time Shawn took her in the bathroom.

Reminded of her wound, she felt her legs go weak. Luckily, Janina supported her so that she didn't fall to the ground. Was Shawn crazy?

"Joye, don't think too much about it. It doesn't mean anything." Janina was also shocked by the sudden outburst of emotions and tried to comfort Joye.

"It doesn't mean anything?"

Joye's gaze was blurring, and her expression was ugly. How could it not mean anything when she had a new life inside of her?

There were still three days left until the one-month deadline! She was about to cut all ties with Shawn and had nothing to do with him. But how could she leave the relationship she dreaded when a child was tying them together?

"If you don't want this child, you can get rid of it while it's still early. It would hurt less."

The doctor's advice made Joye's lips tremble. She was so frustrated that she couldn't decide if she wanted to keep the child or not.

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Joye walked out of the consultation room, still feeling stiff. There were many people around her, but she did not seem to notice them.

“Come on, Joye. All Shawn did was contribute one seed to the baby is in your belly. It’s your choice if you want to keep the baby, it has nothing to do with him.”

Even Janina couldn’t have accepted if she were to get pregnant with the scum of a husband’s child before the divorce.

“Janina, tell me, why must this happen to me?”

Why did they have to be entangled like this? Why couldn’t there be a clean break?

“Joye, it’s not the time for you to be upset. Look at that person!”

Janina saw the person coming in from the door. She grabbed Joye’s arm and forced her to regain her senses. Joye looked over and saw Vivian walking over with a thermos.

Her back stiffened, and the corners of her lips tightened. How could she bump into Vivian here?

Vivian saw Joye as well. She stopped for a moment, smiled, and walked towards Joye. “Mrs. Richard, what a coincidence. I didn’t expect to see you here. Are you not feeling well?”

Being the proud person she was, Joye would never show her hatred to others. She smiled at Vivian and said, “I’m fine. Thank you.”

“That’s good to know. I would feel guilty. Dalton is running a fever, and Shawn insists on being here to take care of him. He stayed there the whole night, so I brought some breakfast for them. I am sorry that he has to be here instead.”

Vivian raised the thermos in her hand, and her kind words felt like a knife stabbing into Joye’s heart. Shawn had been taking care of his and Vivian’s child all night. She could almost imagine how happy the three would be while eating breakfast together.

The grip on her waist tightened.

Her husband had a son with another woman, and she had been made fun of for being barren for three years of their marriage. Yet she found out that she was pregnant with her husband's child just before their divorce?

What a joke!

"Miss. Hilary, you must be close with Shawn, but don't you think he's such a scumbag?"

Janina stepped forward. Her usually smiling eyes were unusually cold at this moment. Even Vivian could not help but frown. "Do I know you?"

"You don't need to know me. But I have to tell you, a b*tch like you do suit a scumbag. I was almost fooled by your proper manners, thinking that you would never tear up one's family. I guess I was wrong. Can't you be any more shameless?"

"I'm sorry, but I have to correct you there. My son with Shawn is already three years old. How have I destroyed anything? I don't think it was me who destroyed anything."

Although she was insulted, there was not a trace of anger on Vivian's face. In fact, she was still smiling at Janina, who was about to explode. Just then, Joye held her back.

"I guess it means that you're unlucky. You have a child with Shawn, but you're still not part of the Richard family."

Vivian shrugged indifferently. "That's okay. The position of Mrs. Richards would be vacant soon, so why the rush to marry into the family?"

Joye clenched her fists and wanted to fight back, but she felt helpless. She said, "Janina, let's go."

"Are we leaving just like this?"

Janina was furious. She had seen her fair share of arrogant mistresses, but not someone as hard to deal with as Vivian.

She wanted so bad to pinch Vivian to death.

"Not everyone is worth our time."

Joye spoke casually, not wanting to appear indignant in front of Vivian

"You're right. What's the point of wasting time with a mistress who can't even show her face?"

After Janina finished speaking, she walked away with Joye.

The smile on Vivian's face disappeared, and a hint of gloom and anger flashed across her eyes. Just as she was about to head back to the ward, she stopped, seeing the test results that they left behind.

She bent down and picked it up. When she saw the results and the name of the owner, her expression changed slightly.

She balled the results. So Joye was pregnant, huh?

She raised her head and looked in the direction where Joye and Janina had left. There was a hint of viciousness in her eyes, and the corners of her lips lifted.

When Joye and Janina came out of the hospital, Joye felt strength leaving her body. She pushed herself too hard until she was feeling nauseous. Yet, she couldn't vomit anything.

Janina patted her back gently. She was in a bad mood as well. "I have never seen such a shameless mistress like her. She's so hard to deal with."

Joye's eyes were teary, but she managed to hold her tears back. She took a deep breath, and her ghostly complexion was pitiful.

"Why don't you get rid of the baby and leave him? You don't need to keep anything that belongs to him. You have a bright future ahead of you. Just treat it as if he isn't destined to be with you."

Janina did not want to say such words. However, in this situation, it was best not to have this child.

"Janina, let me think about it quietly, okay?"

Joye raised her head, looking at Janina helplessly. She put her fingers on her flat lower abdomen, and her mind was in a mess.

"Baby, tell me. What should I do?" Joye questioned herself silently.

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"Dad, you're so awesome. I want to be just like you when I grow up."

In the ward, Dalton looked at the toy in Shawn's hand with admiration. Vivian pushed the door open, wearing a gentle smile on her face.

"Be good, Dalton. Dad's been taking care of you the whole night. He must be tired. Shawn, I've made some of your favorite soup. Go wash up and have some."

"Mom, the doctor came to check on me just now and said that I can be discharged from the hospital today."

Seeing the excitement on his face, Vivian smiled and kissed his face. She turned around and looked at Shawn. "Once you're done with breakfast, Mom and Dad will bring you home, okay?"

Shawn was lost in thought but was pulled back to his senses when he heard Dalton's laughter.

After they finished the discharge procedures for Dalton and returned to the villa, it was past noon. Vivian put Dalton to sleep and came out of the room.

"Dalton said he hated the smell of disinfectant in the hospital. He prefers the smell of home. I think he's just afraid of needles and medicine."

The corner of Shawn's mouth twitched, but he said nothing. In three more days, he would be divorced from Joye.

"What's on your mind? You must be exhausted."

Vivian walked behind him and placed her slender fingers on Shawn's shoulders. Before she could massage him, he grabbed her hands.

"I'm not tired. You don't have to do this."

"I just want you to relax. You have much to do at work, yet you have Dalton to worry about as well."

Vivian smiled and pulled her hand back. She sat on the sofa next to Shawn. "Sometimes, I feel useless. I can't help you with your work, and I can't take good care of Dalton."

Shawn paused and asked, "If you want to work at the Richard Group, I can arrange that for you."

"There's no need. It will be awkward for me to see Mrs. Richard."

Vivian lowered her head bashfully but then raised it again and smiled.

"Dalton is asleep. Come and watch TV with me. Like old times, okay?"

Shawn was stunned for a moment but hid his surprise. "Okay"

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Vivian was smiling happily. She moved to look for the remote and turn the TV on, but there was a trace of embarrassment on her face. "Shawn, would you be okay with me watching soap operas? I am at the age already."

"It doesn't matter. Watch whatever you want."

Shawn's thin lips twitched, but there was no emotion in his eyes. In fact, he didn't want to watch TV at all. All he wanted was to make up for the hardship that she had faced for raising their child alone in the past few years.

"Okay."

Vivian saw these emotions on his face, but she did not show what she thought. Seeing that there were no good shows, she said, "I guess we can only make do with this one."

Shawn responded and looked at the TV, but his mind was on other things.

In the show, two women were arguing on the stairs. It was apparent that the weak-looking leading actress was no match for the aggressive supporting actress.

"Do you think you can stay in this house just because you have Richie's child? Don't be so naive."

The supporting actress laughed and grabbed the female lead's arm, pushing her down the stairs.

"How cruel. It would be a pity if she lost the baby in her belly."

Vivian's distressed eyes were fixed on the female lead on the screen. Sure enough, the leading woman cried, "Help me! My stomach hurts a lot! My child!"

Shawn was pulled back to reality by this cry. He glanced at the female lead and said, "She's too weak if she can't even protect her child."

What was there to sympathize with this kind of woman?

"Perhaps, or maybe she didn't want the child in the first place. TV shows can be so f*cked up sometimes."

Vivian shook her head, smiled, and continued watching TV. Shawn frowned and focused on the show too.

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After leaving the hospital, Joye went straight back to the apartment and lay on her bed in a daze.

"You can get rid of it while it's still early."

"Joye, get rid of this child!"

The doctor's and Janina's words rang in her ears as Joye bit her lip and touched her belly.

"Should I get rid of you? If you come into this world, I can't give you a happy family. Will you blame me for giving birth to you?"

Tears rolled down the corners of her eyes as she turned to unlock her phone with trembling fingers.

"Hello, I want to ask about an abortion."

"How long have you been pregnant?"

Hearing the gentle voice of a woman, Joye tightened the grip on her phone. "Just a month."

"Oh, that's easy. You can opt for a medical abortion or a manual abortion. Both are painless. If you're worried about funds, you can go for a medical abortion. The process will last about fifteen to thirty minutes."

The voice on the phone was so relaxed, but Joye was so uneasy that she couldn't breathe. "Is it going to be so simple?"

15 to 30 minutes to end a life?

"Of course, it will hurt, but the intensity differs from person to person. Just treat it as a one-time painful period. You'll get through it before you know it. You'll feel something small coming out from you, and that would be the fetus. Then, all you have to do is get a B-scan at the hospital after the bleeding to confirm the completion of the process."

A one-time painful period?

Hearing this, Joye wanted to laugh. Her hands fell by her side as even more tears streamed down her face.

She would be taking one's life, so how could the receptionist describe it as just a painful period? She couldn't imagine seeing the fetus and knowing that it was her child.

"Miss, are you still there? Do you want to make an appointment? We can give you a discount."

The receptionist's singsong voice sounded once again. Joye said, "I don't want an abortion," and hung up her phone.

Since her baby was already formed, she would be a murderer if she aborted it.

After making up her mind, she got up from the bed, put on her coat, and went downstairs.

"Miss, is there anything I can help you with?"

Seeing her coming in, a young woman at the pharmacy greeted her with a smile. Joye looked around and asked, "Is there folic acid for pregnant women?"

"Yes, we have those here."

The young woman introduced two brands of folic acid to her. Joye chose the more expensive one. Since she would keep the child, she wanted the best for it as it would not have a father.

When Janina came back from the company and saw the folic acid, she understood Joye's decision.

"Have you decided to keep the baby?"

"Yes." Joye nodded.

She wanted this child.

"Have you thought about what will happen if Shawn finds out that you're pregnant?"

What if he wanted custody of the child?

"I will not let him know. I will go to the Richard family to sign the divorce agreement in three days and ask Linda to arrange for me to work in the United States."

She would give birth to the child and never let him know about it. He could live happily with Vivian and his son.

"Then what about your future? What are your plans now that you will have a child?"

Janina had to ask this. It would be difficult for a woman with a child to start a new life.

"I'll be satisfied with my child and you."

Joye looked at Janina with a determined look in her eyes. She couldn't let the child in her belly become a bloody mass in the toilet that would be flushed into the sewer.

"It seems that I can't persuade you. Since you have made up your mind, I will support you. Your child will be my godchild, and we will raise the child together. I wouldn't have to worry about not having anyone to care for me when I am old too."

Janina had a relieved smile on her face. Some things might sound complicated, but there was nothing to be afraid of once one made up one's mind.

Shawn contributed nothing but his seed. She could raise her child just fine without him.

"Janina, thank you."

Joye smiled, looking better now. Even if the future was uncertain, she had her child and Janina, so everything would be alright.

"Why thank me? I am still upset that I have to be raising Shawn's child. Remember to fight for more alimony for the child, okay?"

Joye didn't refute, but she had already decided that she would only want the Leonard Group and nothing else.

She could raise her own child. She didn't want to have anything to do with Shawn

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On the wide road, a Bentley attracted many people's attention, but Xaria did not seem to care. She instructed her driver, "Drive faster. I don't like seeing these poor people here."

An awkward expression flashed across the driver's face as he quickly sped up. No one else in the capital could rival the wealth of the Richard family. In Xaria's eyes, everyone else was poor.

Xaria fiddled with the phone in her hand. It was the day that the b*tch would sign the divorce papers. No matter what, she could not let her get her hands on Shawn's shares.

"Are you sure that poor... Vivian lives in the villa here?"

"Madam, yes, I am sure. Ever since she and the boy came back to the country, Master Richard housed them there."

"That boy is the grandson of the Richard family!"

Xaria glared at the driver with dissatisfaction. Vivian was really lucky. With her lowly background, she would have never been able to join the Richard family. But she had Shawn's son. What mattered now was that Joye was trying to get hold of the Richard Group's shares, otherwise, Vivian would never have been able to marry into the Richard family.

"Hurry up. If I'm late because of you, you can leave the Richard family!"

"Yes, madam."

When the driver heard that he might lose his job, he drove faster and soon stopped outside a villa.

Xaria was in no hurry to get out of the car. She gave the driver a look, and the driver immediately got out of the car and rang the doorbell.

"Shawn, you're back?"

Vivian asked while happily pushing the door open. When she saw that the person standing at the door was not Shawn, her smile disappeared. "Who are you?" she asked.

"Miss Vivian Hilary, I am the driver of the Richard family. Madam wants to see you."

A hint of surprise flashed across Vivian's face. She nervously tugged on her clothes and followed the driver toward the car.

Xaria saw Vivian's reaction earlier and smiled arrogantly. Poor people were undoubtedly poor. Just by looking at her behavior, she could tell that Vivian was lowly. But this was good because Vivian would be easier to handle than Joye. Once Vivian and her son were accepted into the Richard family, it would be easier to push her around.

"Madam, Miss Hilary is here."

When the car door opened, Vivian looked at Xaria and shifted her gaze away. She just stood at the door of the car and did not move, emotionless. Xaria snorted coldly and said, "What are you doing, just standing there? Get in."

"Yes." Only then did Vivian sit in the car, but she did not move at all.

"I'm here to see you today because I want to give you a chance. I know what happened between you and Shawn, that you have a son with him who is already three years old. People like you will not be allowed to enter the Richard family, but since you already have a son, I will not be so heartless."

Xaria said arrogantly, "As long as you listen to me, I will allow you and your son to be part of the Richard family."

Vivian seemed frightened and had nowhere to place her hands. "Aunty, I brought Dalton back not because I want to use him to get close to Shawn. It's just that out there, Dalton is considered a b*stard, and I don't want him to get bullied, that's why..."

"A b*stard! How dare they bully a grandson of the Richard family!"

Xaria had always been protective of what was hers. When she heard that her grandson was being bullied, her expression changed.

There was a flash of emotion in the corner of Vivian's eyes. She lowered her head and said softly, "I know that you don't like me, and I don't expect you to accept me. But the reason that I came back this time is to show my son that he has a father, a grandmother, and a grandfather as well."

Hearing the word "grandmother," Xaria's expression calmed down. There was even a look of anticipation in her eyes. She wanted to hear Dalton call her that.

"You said that his name is Dalton?"

"Auntie, I'm sorry. I missed Shawn too much, so I named him Dalton. It's kind of a nickname."

Seeing the frightened look on Vivian's face, as if she was afraid that she had said something wrong, Xaria raised the corner of her mouth slightly and said, "It's fine, he can have a different name when he grows up."

"Sure, I'll do as you say. But Shawn has not thought of a name."

"What is there to think about? He should be called Jasper Richard. It is a good name."

"Jasper, it sounds like a good name."

Vivian smiled slightly and quickly lowered her head. Xaria looked satisfied and said, "I was also the one who gave Shawn his name."

Xaria had always wanted a grandchild, and she was happy that she could find such a good name.

"Thank you, Aunty. Dalton will be called Jasper in the future."

"Yes."

"Now that you've distracted me, I forgot what I wanted to talk to you about. Bring Jasper with you to the Richard family later."

It was only then that Xaria remembered her goal in seeing Vivian that day. As long as Baird, the head of the Richard family, could see his grandson, Shawn would not

give his shares to that b*tch. Baird might even feel guilty and take all the shares back.

"Aunty, Shawn is getting a divorce today. I can't go."

Vivian lowered his head to avoid looking at her face, and then she heard Xaria's angry voice.

"You will go when I tell you to go. You don't have to worry about anything else. As long as you follow my instructions, I will let you and Jasper live in the Richard family."

"Yes, I will do as you say."

Everything was as Xaria had expected. Vivian loosened her grip on the hem of her shirt. Xaria thought she was still the same person she was three years ago, someone who would not rebel at anything. She didn't understand that people could change.

Joye had been resting at home for three days. Linda was in charge of everything in the company. Joye ate a lot and slept until she woke up naturally. Looking at her ruddy face in the mirror, she became more determined.

As long as she signed the divorce papers with Shawn, their relationship would be over.

She would arrange for Leonard Group to go somewhere else to raise her baby.

"Do you want me to go with you to the Richard family?"

Janina approached her worriedly. "Ever since I woke up in the morning, my eyelids have been twitching. I feel uneasy."

"Your eyelids are twitching because you've been staying up late and played too many games."

Smiling and putting down her lipstick, Joye touched her flat lower abdomen with a touch of guilt in her eyes.

"Baby, I'm sorry. I promise that this will be the last time I apply makeup while I'm pregnant. But today, I must leave him, so will you please forgive me?"

"Joye, if anything happens, you must call me immediately. If anyone in the Richard family dares to bully you, I'll protect you."

Janina's words amused Joye. Joye tidied up her clothes and walked out with a smile.

She had been married to Shawn for more than three years and she had liked him since he was young. It was time to end this.

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The Richard family.

Baird Richard sat on the sofa. Maisie Richard was there as well, but he did not say anything. He just looked at his son with a frown.

“Have you really thought it through? You want a divorce?!”

Baird’s voice was cold. He tried to suppress his anger through his serious expression. Joye was the most suitable woman for Shawn. If they were together, they would be able to happily spend their days together forever.

But he was now getting divorced because of another woman! How could he have such a misbehaving grandson!

“I’ve asked the lawyer to draft a divorce agreement. I’ll give her all the shares and real estate under my name.”

Shawn stood by the side. His black suit made him look even taller and more erect. His facial features were still the same, but he looked cold and aloof. He gave off a very complicated aura.

After the divorce, Joye could officially be with other men.

“How can you give everything to her?”

Before Baird and the surprised Maisie could speak, Xaria’s sharp voice could be heard. Seeing Vivian and Dalton following behind her, Shawn immediately frowned.

Why were they there?

“Shawn, just because you and Joye are getting divorced doesn’t mean that you have to give all your assets to her. Don’t forget that you have a son now. Even if you don’t think about yourself, you should think about your son and Vivian.”

She pushed Vivian and Dalton forward and said, “Baird, this is the grandson of the Richard family. Jasper, address your great-grandfather.”

Dalton didn’t know what was going on. It took some time for his brain to react properly. He said to Baird, “Great-grandfather, nice to meet you, my name is Jasper.”

His mother suddenly told him that he had a new name in the future and he had to tell everyone loudly that his name was Jasper. But he preferred his old name, Dalton. He found it to be more pleasant.

There was a hint of joy on Baird's face but he furrowed his brows in dissatisfaction. "As I said, the Richard family's eldest great-grandson must be from Joye! I won't accept him!"

"Dad, what do you think the kid wants? He is the descendant of our Richard family. You might not accept it, but Maisie and I will. Jasper, this is your grandfather."

Xaria bent down and held Dalton's hand, pointing at Maisie, who looked embarrassed.

"Hello, Grandpa. I'm Jasper."

Maisie looked at the child and then at the angry old man. In the end, his embarrassed gaze fell on Xaria's face, but he saw her gaze. He just waved his hand and said, "Behave, Jasper. Come to Grandpa's side."

"Yes."

Now that he had a father and a grandfather, Dalton immediately had a happy smile on his little face. He took small steps and walked to Maisie. His good behavior gave others a better impression of him.

"Dad, look, Jasper and Shawn looked so much like each other when they were young. I remember a photo of Shawn from when he was a child. They look exactly like each other."

Xaria's tone changed. She looked at Maisie. Maisie then said to Baird, "Dad, he does look like Shawn. Especially when he's wearing this. It's like time has turned back and Shawn is a child again."

Vivian lowered her head and didn't open her mouth, but she was smiling. She had specially prepared this set of clothes based on Shawn's childhood photos. Of course, Jasper would look like Shawn.

"Regardless of whether he looks like Shawn or not, he cannot be the eldest great-grandson of the Richard family. Shawn, I'm ordering you to end your relationship with this woman and with this child!"

Baird was so angry that he stood up from the sofa. His angry look frightened Dalton. Dalton ran into Vivian's arms and he began crying.

"Mom, I'm scared."

Only then did Vivian take action. She squatted down and wiped Dalton's tears away. She looked sadly at Shawn and said, "Shawn, Aunty, I'm going to bring Jasper home now."

"You can't go back!" Xaria shouted just as Shawn was about to say something.

"You don't have to go. We will be done soon."

With this, she turned to the door and looked at Joye, who was standing at the door.

She had already arrived for a while and saw the scene just now. Other than Baird, everyone else in the Richard family had accepted Vivian and her son. They hadn't even waited for them to finalize the divorce procedure.

"Joye, my dear."

When Vivian heard the old man's voice, she came back to her senses. With a smile on her lips, she walked in demurely in her high heels. "Grandpa, I'm here to sign the papers."

Divorce! There was no other option!

"Joye..."

"Mr. Richard, this is the divorce agreement that I asked my lawyer to prepare. Have a look."

Joye handed over the file in his hand, but Shawn didn't take it. His lanky figure stood before her like a stranger. He looked down at Joye with a firm gaze.

"You had better sign the divorce agreement I prepared. I couldn't have slept with you for three years for nothing."

Joye stayed silent.

Joye felt as though she had been stabbed in her heart. Her face was pale, and her stomach hurt. She wanted to throw up.

"I'll go to the bathroom first."

She was afraid that her reaction would cause her some trouble, so she quickly ran up to the first floor.

"Shawn, can I take Jasper away for a while? I don't want him to be part of all these adult matters."

Vivian was in a dilemma. She held Dalton, who was still crying and looked at the bedroom on the first floor.

Shawn pursed his lips and looked upstairs. "Take Dalton and wait for me in the bedroom."

"Okay, we will go up first."

After saying that, Vivian nodded and took Dalton to the first floor.

Baird was so angry that his crutch fell to the ground. "Shawn, are you trying to piss me off? Even if you are going to get a divorce, you don't have to humiliate that girl like this!"

Hearing what Shawn said had made Joye run upstairs. The sight made Baird want to beat him up him.

"Grandpa, can't I exchange all my assets for freedom?"

Shawn retorted with a cold voice and tried his best to suppress the irritation in his heart. That woman had dared to appear in front of him to talk about divorce, and even called him Mr. Richard. Very well then!

"You b*stard!"

Baird was so angry that he stretched out his leg to kick Shawn. But due to his age and lack of strength, his reaction did little to hurt Shawn.

Joye retched for a long time, but she couldn't vomit anything out. She was just disgusted by Shawn's words. She had slept with Shawn for three years, and now she was pregnant!

But she couldn't do that. She wanted to completely end her relationship.

She turned off the tap, opened the door, and went out of the bathroom. She didn't expect to meet Vivian there.

"Mrs. Richard, we meet again. Next time we meet, I think I can call you Miss Leonard."

Vivian raised her head with a smile and a hint of mockery in her eyes. Finally, the title of Mrs. Richard would belong to her.

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"I hope that when I see you next, I can call you Mrs. Richard."

Joye's hands were hanging by both sides of her body, and her eyes were fixed on Vivian. She was neither angry nor upset. From the moment she decided to get a divorce, it was none of her business who was with Shawn.

"I hope your words will come true. Even if I'm not Mrs. Richard, that's okay. I still have Dalton. Having a child is a blessing, but sometimes it can be a curse too."

"What do you mean?"

She was stunned by what Vivian said, and then she saw Vivian's smiling eyes sweep across her belly, and her heart instantly sank. Did Vivian know that she was pregnant?

"I mean that sometimes a child can be used as a weapon against a man, to manipulate him into taking care of the child. Sometimes, it can cause him to hate you. What about the one in your womb?"

Vivian smiled and stretched out her hand. She touched Joye's belly with her pink manicured fingers. Joye felt herself turn cold like she was being sliced apart.

"Why are you so afraid? I don't want to hurt him yet. I will only destroy useless tools." Vivian wanted to use this child against Shawn.

Joye took a step back and heard Baird shouting downstairs. She turned around to look, but Vivian grabbed her hand. "What do you want to do?"

"I know what you want to do. I'm just curious. In a few seconds, will Shawn believe me or you?"

At first, Joye did not understand what she meant.

When Joye finally understood what Vivian meant, it was too late! She was pushed forward, and she rolled down the stairs.

Her child!

She opened her eyes wide in horror and tried to grab onto something, but could not. She was falling, fearfully.

"Ah! Be careful!"

Vivian's screams alerted everyone downstairs. Shawn saw what was happening and ran toward the stairs.

"Girl!"

Baird was also frightened. He was shocked to see Joye and Vivian, both rolling down the stairs.

Shawn ran as fast as he could, but he felt that he was too late. He felt as though he could not breathe. He just stared at the two women in front of him.

Seeing Joye look at him with pain and helplessness in her eyes, the fear in his heart suddenly covered up his hatred. He quickly reached out to hold her, but Vivian's painful voice followed.

"Shawn, is my arm broken? I can't feel it anymore."

Shawn's hand froze midair and he shifted his gaze to Joye's waist. Vivian's arm was still wrapped around her waist, but at this moment, it looked like it was broken. Her forehead was bleeding as well.

There was sorrow in his eyes. He furrowed his brows and looked at Joye. He then changed directions and held Vivian.

Joye was lying on the ground, looking at Shawn's actions. Time suddenly stopped, and she couldn't even feel her own heartbeat. Suddenly, she thought of a childish question. If his wife and mother fell into the sea, who would he save first?

But now, what was humiliating was that he chose his lover whom he was about to marry over the wife he was about to divorce.

A painful sneer appeared on her pale lips. "Child, I want to keep you and grow up with you, but I may not be able to do it," Joye thought.

"Joye!"

An urgent voice came from the door. She saw Yvon running toward her with an anxious look.

Two strong arms supported her painful body. She wanted to laugh, but she couldn't. She could only slowly close her eyes and let her consciousness drift away.

"Take her to the hospital!"

Baird came to his senses and hurriedly asked the driver to prepare the car. Yvon picked Joye up and strode past Shawn, who was holding Vivian, to the door. However, he stopped and glanced at him angrily. "Shawn, you really don't deserve to have her!"

After saying that, he quickly carried Joye into the car whose engine had just been turned off. Shawn frowned as he looked at the car that was leaving quickly. His gaze became darker.

If he didn't deserve her, then did he, Yvon, deserve her?

"Shawn, I'm sorry. I didn't have time to stop her. Believe me, I didn't push her."

Vivian blinked her blood-stained eyelashes. She looked anxious before she finally fainted.

After this happened, the Richard family members all went to the hospital. At the door to the emergency room, there was no expression on Shawn's face. On the contrary, Yvon walked back and forth anxiously.

When the doctor finally came out, Baird immediately went forward to grab his arm. "How is she?"

"Baird, Miss Hilary's injury is quite serious. Her left arm has been broken in two places, and we have already put a cast on her. It shouldn't be a big problem if the wound on her forehead isn't infected, but we have to observe if there is a concussion."

"I'm not asking about her. I'm asking my granddaughter-in-law, Joye!"

Baird was furious. The doctor replied, "Miss... Mrs. Richard's injuries are not too bad, but..."

Shawn furrowed his brows slightly and felt as if a hand had grabbed his collar. He wanted to say something but Yvon asked, "But what?"

"Are you not aware? Mrs. Richard is pregnant. There was a problem with the baby, but we managed to save the baby. She just needs to be more careful.

Shawn felt like he was struck by lightning.

After the doctor finished speaking, the corridor suddenly quieted down. It became painfully silent.

Shawn's hand, which had been stuck in his pocket, suddenly trembled. It was as though something in him exploded.

She was pregnant?

Once, this possibility had crossed his mind. But she was now actually pregnant.

He pinched his fingers in his pocket. Only when he felt the sharp pain of his nails on his skin could he confirm that it was true.

Yvon stood there like a zombie, unable to say a word.

Joye was pregnant with Shawn's child!

"Do you mean that my granddaughter-in-law is pregnant?"

Baird supported himself with his crutch, but his steps were still a bit unsteady. A hint of surprise flashed across his face when he heard that Joye was pregnant.

"Yes, it has been more than a month, but..."

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"What else is there? Can you finish your sentence?"

Xaria was also shocked. She glared in annoyance at the doctor who was still talking. She did not understand how Joye could not get pregnant for three years, but now that they were getting divorced, she was pregnant with Shawn's baby.

"It's like this. Mrs. Richard had previously come here for a check-up and discovered she was pregnant. The doctor told her that her situation was not particularly good so she needed to be careful. That is why we're keeping her here now to ensure that her baby isn't affected."

The doctor said that it tactfully, but he had made himself clear. If Joye fell again, it would be impossible for her to keep the baby.

"Do you mean that she already knows that she is pregnant?"

Shawn suddenly raised his head. The suppressed excitement in his eyes instantly turned to anger. She knew that she had a child in her belly, yet she still wanted to get a divorce. She even fell down the stairs!

"Joye, I thought you didn't care about your body and were just putting on a show. It turns out that you don't want our child!" Shawn thought to himself.

"Mr. Richard, there are hospital records. It is confirmed that Mrs. Richard has been examined."

The doctor's affirmative answer made Shawn even angrier. He clenched his fists.

"Ask the lawyer to print the divorce agreement again!"

"Sir?"

The driver was startled by the anger in his eyes. He looked at Baird, but Shawn grabbed him by the collar.

"I asked you to contact the lawyer. Do you hear me?"

Shawn's eyes were red and murderous. He looked so scary that no one dared to say anything.

In a short while, a divorce agreement was delivered to him. Shawn didn't even bother to look at the contents as he pulled out a pen from the doctor's chest pocket. Then, the tip of the pen fiercely signed his name on the last page.

"B*stard, I won't allow you to leave this marriage!"

Baird did not expect Shawn to want to get divorced now. He walked over, hobbling on his crutch, and said, "Are you crazy? Joye is already pregnant with your child! Do you want your child to be fatherless?"

When he heard the word "child", Shawn's fingers began to tremble. He even broke the pen and was stabbed by the sharp edge of the pen. Blood began to ooze out of his fingertips and fell next to his signature. Shawn laughed coldly.

"Yes, I'm crazy. Why does it matter to me whether this child has a father or not?"

Joye did not want the child in the first place, otherwise, she would not have hidden the fact that she was pregnant. She would not have caused such a scene that day.

The pain in his fingertips increased, but it could not suppress the anger in his heart.

"Joye, I really underestimated you. To get rid of my child, you used a lot of effort to put on such a good show!" He thought to himself.

"What nonsense are you spouting? Shawn, even if you sign a hundred divorce papers with that girl, it'll still be useless. I do not agree to your divorce!"

Baird was so angry that his entire body was trembling. He had seen his grandson grow up. How could he be so heartless?

"I want a divorce, and no one can stop me!" Shawn threw the pen on the ground, looked fiercely at the door of the emergency room, then turned around and strode away.

"B*stard! What a b*stard!" Baird stomped his feet. He wanted to hit Shawn but could not catch up with him.

"Doctor, please try your best to keep the baby."

Yvon recovered from his shock, but his throat inexplicably became dry. There was now a child between them.

Baird looked at Yvon in surprise, and there was a trace of doubt on his angry face. Even after Yvon finished speaking and turned to leave, Baird was still frozen.

Could this child be...

Shawn quickly walked to the front of the car and narrowed his eyes. He slammed his fist into the car window, but he felt no pain.

Before he could retract his fist, a hand appeared on his shoulder. He turned around and felt a punch land on his face.

Before he knew it, Yvon had rushed over to hit him. Yvon looked livid as he shouted, "Shawn, you b*stard!"

As he spoke, Yvon swung his fist toward Shawn's face again, but Shawn blocked it with his arm and struck back with his fist.

Seeing blood at the corner of his mouth, Shawn laughed coldly and said, "If I'm a b*stard, then what are you? Take a good look at yourself in the mirror. My dear brother, lusting after my woman. Now she is pregnant with my child. Aren't you lucky that you get to have both of them?"

"You're talking nonsense!" Yvon didn't expect him to say this. He was furious. He grabbed Shawn by the collar and the both of them started fighting.

In the end, a group of security guards gathered their courage to pull the two men away from each other.

"Shawn, from today onward, I will no longer have to worry about whose wife or ex-wife she is. To me, she is Joye, a woman who is truly worthy of my love!"

Blood gathered at the corner of Yvon's mouth. He wanted to fight Shawn again. Shawn had seemed to have stabilized his emotions, and his gaze was arrogant.

"It's a pity that I've taken the position that you want to be in. Be it in her heart or her body, you, Yvon, will never have the chance to take the place of me."

After that, he reached out and pushed the security guard aside. He opened the door and got into the car. The Rolls-Royce gave off a loud roar, and Shawn rolled the window down. He put his injured shoulder out of the window and smiled coldly.

"Joye has loved me for 20 years, and she will not be able to love anyone else. You can keep on waiting."

After that, he put down his arm, flashed the car lights, and drove the Rolls-Royce away.

Looking at the car leaving at top speed, Yvon clenched his fists.

Shawn was overconfident. Yvon was committed to getting Joye to fall in love with him.

In the ward, Joye had already woken up. The moment she opened her eyes, her hands instinctively touched her belly.

“Don’t be afraid, girl. The baby is still in your belly.”

Hearing the old man’s voice, Joye felt more secure. She started crying.

“Grandpa...”

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Baird held her hand. Tears were welling in his eyes. He said, “Don’t cry. The doctor says that you need to take care of the baby. Joye, please don’t get a divorce, okay?”

“Not get a divorce? Do you think there is still a possibility of happiness between me and Shawn?”

She raised her hand to wipe away the tears in her eyes, and a self-deprecating smile appeared on her pale face. There was Vivian, a child, and all kinds of distrust between them. How could she be happy?

Baird looked at her sadly.

Her retort made Baird swallow his words. He might be able to get Shawn to split up from Vivian, but ultimately, Jasper was a part of the Richard family. Shawn could not pretend that he did not exist.

“Grandpa, in a marriage, it is not enough that I love him.”

Joye bit her lip hard. She had liked Shawn since she was young. But she only just understood that he did not love her. He could not give her happiness.

So she compromised. She didn’t want to stubbornly hold on to a mistake and suffer her whole life in misery.

“Girl, I’ve put you in a difficult position. But please trust me. Shawn just is not sure of how he feels. He really does love you.”

“But I’m tired. Grandpa, please, may I rest?”

Seeing that she had turned her head away, Baird couldn’t persuade her anymore. He sighed and walked out of the ward with his crutch.

The only sound in the hospital was of the medical instruments whirring. Joye pulled her blanket up to her head and began to cry.

Ever since Shawn reached for Vivian earlier when they fell down the stairs, she was unable to muster up any energy. She knew that Shawn had picked Vivian. Even though she nearly lost her child, she knew that was not worth mentioning to him.

Thinking of something, she pulled off her blanket. Her eyes were red, but she was awake.

Why did Vivian push her down the stairs, but also try to protect her baby? What did she have to gain by protecting this baby?

In another ward, Vivian's face was pale and her arm was in a cast. Maisie and Xaria were there, too. Dalton was crying and said, "Mom, I don't want you to die."

"Jasper, I'm fine. Look, I've only gained a little weight on my arm."

Vivian wanted to raise her arm, but she began to sweat. Xaria snorted coldly and said, "All of this is Joye's fault. She scared my grandson."

"Dear, it's not necessarily Joye's fault."

After Maisie defended Joye, Xaria rolled her eyes. "If it wasn't her, who else could it be? Vivian, tell me, what happened? How did Joye fall down the stairs?"

"Auntie, I took Jasper upstairs to avoid embarrassment, but I didn't expect to see Joye there. She suddenly grabbed my hand, but I don't remember what happened. I tried to pull my arm away but I couldn't. Then, we both fell down the stairs. Is Joye okay?"

"Don't worry, Joye is fine. She needs to rest because she is pregnant."

At the mention of Joye's pregnancy, Xaria became less angry. After all, even though she hated Joye, Joye was still carrying her grandchild.

"Mrs. Richard is pregnant?"

As if provoked by something, Vivian's lips trembled and tears welled up in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Uncle and Auntie, I didn't know that she was pregnant. This time, I brought Jasper back in hopes that the child would have a father. I never thought about taking away someone else's happiness. I did not want to take a child's father away from him. I know that I'm not from a noble background and that Mr. Richard doesn't like me. I'm sorry, I will take Jasper away. We won't come to look for Shawn ever again."

Vivian struggled to get up from the bed and she hurt her arm. She held her son's hand and said, "Jasper, be good. I'll take you away. Say goodbye to Grandpa and Grandma."

Although Jasper was young, he understood what was going on. He had a father, and now he suddenly no longer had one.

"I don't want to go. I want my father. I want my grandparents. It was that lady who fell down the stairs, so why do I have to lose a father? Mom, I don't want to go, please?"

Dalton burst into tears, so much so that Xaria and Maisie couldn't bear to look, so they held him in their arms.

"Jasper, if you stay here, the baby in that lady's belly will not have a father. Your great-grandfather will hate you even more. Come with me, and be a good boy."

Jasper broke away from Vivian's grasp and looked at Xaria, "Grandma, does Great-grandfather not like me because of the baby in that lady's belly?"

Xaria was speechless for a moment.

"Of course not..."

Just as Xaria was about to comfort Jasper, she thought of something. Baird had always liked Joye. If three people died in the Leonard family, then Joye would get the shares. All the shares in the Richard family would belong to Joye!

No!

The Richard family was Shawn's! The Leonard family should not be able to benefit from this.

She immediately made up her mind. She bent down and pinched her son's little nose. "Be a good boy. I won't let anyone take you away. You will stay with your parents, with your grandpa and grandma by your side."

"Vivian, don't worry. Jasper is the grandson of our Richard family. No one can reject him."

"Dear? What--"

Maisie didn't understand why Xaria would suddenly say this, but she elbowed him. "Don't you want to see our grandson all the time?"

At the thought that he was about to say goodbye to his grandson, Maisie kept quiet. He wanted to cry, but he smiled instead.

Vivian thought, "Joye, I won't be so stupid as to let you have a miscarriage now. Soon you will understand that sometimes having it is more terrible than losing it."

She sneered inwardly, "Forget the baby in your belly. I want to see you lose Shawn's heart. Your baby would be as good as dead then."

Joye didn't dare to leave the hospital in a hurry because she was concerned about her child. She stayed at the hospital for a week. Then Janina finally came to help her take care of her discharge procedure.

"It's really troublesome to get discharged from the hospital now."

Janina sorted out the various procedures and said, "Also, that scum Shawn didn't even turn up to see you while you were in the hospital. What a terrible person."