

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy by Inked Snow

Chapter 1621

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When Luna and Joshua arrived at the cherry blossom tree, it was already

2

a.m.

Lucas and his men used gigantic flashlights to illuminate the night for the two of them.

Initially, Joshua had wanted to use a shovel, but he suddenly recalled that

the child they buried underneath the tree did not have a casket and that the

shovel might accidentally destroy the child's corpse. Therefore, in the end,

he asked Lucas to find them a small spade instead.

It was in the middle of the night, so Lucas had no choice but to send the men out to search for a spade nearby.

However, after Lucas left, Joshua turned around to discover that Luna had

already kneeled on the ground and started digging the grave with her bare

hands.

A twinge of pain shot through Joshua's eyes as he watched her scrawny figure as well as her hands that possessed only nine fingers digging in the

dirt. He let out an exhale and quickly strode over to grab hold of her soiled

hands.

Her hands were so soft that after only a few minutes of rubbing against the

dirt, they became bloodied.

Joshua stared at her bloodstained hands and let out a deep sigh. "Let me."

With that, he shoved her aside and started digging the soil himself.

Luna stared at him for a moment, then lowered her head to glance at her

bloodstained hands. A split second later, she still reached out and started

digging alongside him.

Seeing that she was joining him, Joshua knew that there was no way he

could stop her. He let out a sigh and continued digging.

However...

Both Luna and Joshua recalled that they had not buried the child deep in the

soil at all, but after digging for half an hour, there was still no sign of the corpse.

Joshua checked the signpost he had left again and confirmed that they had

not been digging in the wrong place.

What was going on?

Joshua fell silent for a moment, then picked up the abandoned shovel and

brought it down hard onto the soil—

His guesses were right.

There was nothing buried under the cherry blossom tree apart from layers

and layers of soil.

Luna bit her lip.

The corpse could not possibly have rotted to nothing in just a month's time,

and even if it had decayed, there surely must have been something left behind.

Could their child's body be...stolen? She glanced at Joshua.

Joshua's face was etched with shock and confusion as well. However, a split

second later, he reverted to his calm facade and said, "Maybe someone discovered a dead body here and didn't think it was appropriate, so the city

council took it away."

He let out a sigh and gently patted Luna's shoulder in reassurance. "It's getting late now; you should go back to get some rest. Tomorrow, I'll send

my men to get the security footage over the past month and ask the city council what happened."

Luna bit her lip and stared at the deep hole they had dug. After a moment,

she lifted her head to glance at Joshua and said in a wavering voice, "Do you

think...our child could still be alive?"

Joshua sighed. "If she is, then I'll stop at no means to track her down."

Luna fell silent once more, then finally nodded. "Alright."

"Lucas, send her home."

"Yes, Sir." Lucas nodded, strode over to Luna, and escorted her back, reassuring her that they would be able to find the child.

Joshua remained motionless, watching Luna and Lucas leave intently.

After Luna's figure disappeared from view, Joshua's expression relaxed, and

he tucked the bloodstained cloth that he had been clutching in his palm into

his pocket.

"Where are we headed, Sir?" the driver asked as soon as he got into the car.

Joshua fell silent for a moment, then shifted into a more comfortable position on the backseat. "Find me the nearest DNA Diagnostic Center."

When Luna returned from the cherry blossom tree, Gwen was the only one

left in the yard. Her eyes were red-rimmed as though she had been crying.

Seeing that Luna had returned, she quickly stood up and asked, "What happened?"

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"Did you manage to find the baby? Did you do a DNA test?" Luna shook her

head in despair. "We couldn't find it..."

She continued solemnly as she headed toward the house, "Gwen, don't you

think it's strange that someone had stolen me and Joshua's dead child?"

She bit her lip and tried to suppress her tears. "Why would someone want to

steal a dead baby's corpse? What use would they get out of stealing a baby

that had died soon after birth?"

Luna sniffed and continued, "Could it be that whoever stole my baby hated

me or Joshua so much that they couldn't let our newborn baby rest in peace?"

Gwen held onto Luna's trembling body and felt a twinge of pain shoot

through her heart as she listened to Luna's sorrowful, despairing voice. She bit her lip and recalled what Vivian had said. "Luna, please don't be so pessimistic. What if what that servant said was true? Maybe your child is still alive, and the dead one was a fake."

Luna furrowed her brows and let out a deep sigh. "Well... since it's a fake, why would it be stolen?"

Gwen swiveled her eyes in thought and replied, "Maybe the person who stole the child didn't know it was a fake, or maybe the person who switched out your child with the fake one was worried that you and Joshua would suspect this in the future and dig out the corpse to do a DNA test, so they stole the body before you can do that."

The more she said this, the more confident Gwen grew that she was right.

"Yes, this must've been what happened, so you shouldn't be too upset, Luna. Your child might still be alive and healthy!"

Not only did Gwen's words fail to reassure Luna, but she grew even more anxious instead.

After returning to her room, Luna lay on her bed, staring up at the ceiling, her mind filled with confusing thoughts.

On the one hand, she had a feeling that Vivian had said all that out of desperation that she would save her...and therefore could not be trusted.

After all, people were willing to do anything to survive, not to mention Vivian, the servant who was so cruel that she would hurt Rosalyn like this after receiving so many people's bribery.

Because of this, Vivian's words could not be trusted at all.

On the other hand, Luna hoped that what she said was true. If her child were still alive...even if the child could not return to her side, Luna would still be happy!

Luna lay on her bed and drifted off to sleep in the midst of wondering whether Vivian had been telling the truth or not. She dreamt that she and Joshua's child was still alive, but the child was not someplace else, buried instead underneath the cherry blossom tree where they had buried her.

Underneath the tree, the child was screaming that Luna and Joshua had buried her alive.

The baby's blood-curdling screams and its twisted, grotesque face, like something out of a horror film, woke Luna immediately.

Luna sat up from her bed, her entire body drenched in sweat.

She took out her phone, shaking, and dialed Joshua's number out of instinct.

At this moment, Joshua was sitting on a sofa in the DNA Diagnostic Center.

"What's wrong?"

Luna's breathing was very heavy, and she said in a trembling voice, panting,

"Joshua, when we buried the child

...she was indeed dead, wasn't she? We didn't bury her alive, right?"

"Yes," Joshua replied in a low voice. "What's wrong? Did you have a bad dream?"

Luna let out a sigh of relief. "Yes."

"Don't worry too much. As soon as I hear any news about the child, I'll let

you know immediately," Joshua reassured Luna as his gaze landed on the

report sitting on the table before him.

A row of words read, [Specimen A and Specimen B were determined not to

be genetically matched.]

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After hanging up the phone, Joshua narrowed his brows and stared intently

at the report before him.

The child that had died a month ago was not his at all.

Therefore, the servant had not been lying; this was not his and Luna's child at all.

However...

Their child's whereabouts, and whether she was still living or not, were all in the unknown.

Therefore, before tracking down the child and confirming that she was still

alive, Joshua did not intend to tell Luna.

She had just gotten over her grief of losing the child, and if he gave her hope at this moment...

He was worried that if the outcome was not what they expected, Luna would

not be able to bear the emotional burden.

Joshua closed his eyes and leaned against the sofa.

Truth be told, he could confirm that the person who had ordered the sniper

to kill Vivian was none other than Malcolm. Therefore, he knew that Malcolm

was the most likely person to have switched out his and Luna's child with

another one.

What was he trying to do? Where was their child? Joshua rubbed his brows

in frustration.

A split second later, he lifted his head to glance at Lucas. "What has Hunter

Quinn been up to lately?"

Lucas quickly got out his laptop, and after searching for a while, he replied

obediently, "After failing in his conquests against me multiple times and causing tremendous financial losses to the Quinn Group, Hunter Quinn

has

been fired from his position at Quinn Group.

"A month ago, a girlfriend of his appeared at Quinn Mansion with a baby,

and so the Quinn family hosted a discreet wedding for him and sent him, his

wife, and the baby on a trip around the globe."

Joshua narrowed his eyes.

Hunter was not someone who would knock a woman up by accident, but a

„girlfriend“ suddenly appeared with a baby around the same time Luna had

given birth...

This did not seem right.

Joshua narrowed his eyes and ordered, “Track down Hunter Quinn’s whereabouts.”

Lucas paused. “Sir, are you suspecting his child...”

“Of course not.” Joshua curled his lip into a small smile. “Hunter Quinn’s

leaving could very well be just a distraction, but just to be safe and to let them think I had fallen for

their tricks, we should still track him down.”

Lucas paused for a moment, then nodded. “Alright.”

“Oh, and on top of that,” Joshua added, “keep a close eye on Malcolm Quinn.”

In the morning, at Quinn Mansion.

Malcolm had just awoken when he received the news that Joshua had gone

to a DNA Diagnostic Center after digging his child’s grave under the cherry

blossom tree.

This news sent a chill down Malcolm’s spine.

He had already ordered his men to remove the child’s corpse...so what could

Joshua have used to conduct a DNA test with?

“What are we going to do, Malcolm?” The color had already drained from

Heather’s face when she heard this. She asked in a low voice, “Didn’t we say

that we’re only going to use Riley toward the end of our plan? If Joshua found out the truth so early on...”

Their efforts would be for nothing!

“You should’ve thought of this as soon as the servant exposed the truth last

night.” Malcolm narrowed his eyes. “He can’t possibly not suspect us after

we killed the servant with a sniper.”

Heather bit her lip. "Since you know that using the sniper would arouse Joshua's suspicions, why did you—"

"What else was I supposed to do besides killing her? Should I let her tell Luna that I was the one who had stolen her child?" Malcolm turned to shoot

Heather a cold glare, then said, smirking, "Killing the servant would give me

more time to make other arrangements. If the servant exposed the truth right then and there, would I even have the time to move Riley to a safe place?

"Why are you so stupid?"

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As soon as he finished his sentence, Malcolm turned and strode out of the

room, adjusting his tie at the same time. "Don't worry; I have other plans."

Hunter had already left Merchant City for almost a month, and he had previously arranged for a woman and baby to show up at Quinn Mansion to

play along with Hunter's act.

Therefore, Joshua could not possibly have any time to investigate him when

he should have been investigating Hunter at this point.

Heather remained motionless and clenched her fists at her side, staring at

Malcolm's retreating figure.

How dare this man adore Luna so much and call her stupid? No matter how

many times Malcolm claimed not to care about Luna, Heather knew that he

still loved Luna and would rather have Luna over her!

If it were not for the fact that she and Malcolm had slept together by accident eight months ago...Malcolm would have disposed of her already!

What right did Luna have? Why did the two elders of the Landry family adore

Luna so much, and why was Malcolm so obsessed with her?

Heather gnawed on her lip.

Since everyone loved Luna so much... She would destroy her.

She would destroy her entirely!

As soon as she thought of this, Heather let out an exhale, returned to her

room, and put on some makeup to head to the hospital.

At the hospital, Charles was lying on his bed, eating the breakfast that

Jim

had prepared for him in a huff, snapping at the same time, "I've already been in the hospital for a day, and yet you only choose to visit me now!

Do

you still even care about your father?

"Jim Landry! You have a son of your own, yet you still treat me like this.

Aren't you worried that Harvey will treat you the same when you get old?"

Jim chuckled, his head lowered as he peeled an apple for Charles. "If he knew better than to bother me when I get old, I'd be overjoyed."

Charles could feel his blood pressure rising at this. He glared at Jim and

snapped, "Why are you the only one here? Where's Harvey? Where's my

beloved grandson?"

Jim did not even lift his head as he replied, "He's spending time with his sister."

Charles paused. "Sister?"

"Yup." Jim placed the peeled apple onto Charles' plate, then took out another one and started peeling it. "Another woman gave birth to a

daughter

for me, so now I have a son and daughter each."

Charles' eyes widened upon hearing this. "Since when do you have a daughter?"

Jim shrugged. "I don't know either, but when I conducted a DNA test on the

baby, it was proven to be mine. I guess I must've knocked the woman up

while I was drunk."

Charles was so furious that he started shaking. "You b*stard! B*stard! I can't believe you knocked up another woman without knowing and conceived another child out of wedlock!"

Jim curled his lips into a smirk. "What's wrong? Don't you want a granddaughter?"

With that, he lowered his head and continued peeling his apple. "But no

matter how I look at it, you seem to adore Heather's daughter very much."

Charles furrowed his brows, but before he could say anything further, someone pushed open the room door.

Heather strode into the room gracefully, her heels click-clacking. "What on

earth are you saying, Jim? You haven't gotten married, yet you already have

another daughter born out of wedlock. Of course, Father wouldn't like it.

"My precious Riley is different. She's the witness to me and Malcolm's love,

and since Father loves both me and Malcolm so much, it's only natural that

he adores Riley as well."

Jim could not help sneering when he saw how confident Heather was behaving. "Is Riley really you and Malcolm's daughter?"

Heather scoffed. "Of course she is!"

Jim snickered. "But I can't help noticing that she looks nothing like either of

you.

"This hospital is capable of conducting DNA tests, so why don't you do a quick check? What if it just so happened that you brought the wrong

child

home?"

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