

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy

Chapter 1813 Read Online

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Chapter 1813

Luna bit her lip and looked at Charlotte in front of her.

"Was this your doing, turning my brother into this person?"

Charlotte sneered. She gracefully leaned on Jim and smiled a little.

"What nonsense are you talking about? Since when has Jim changed? He has always been that person that loves me, listens to me, and trusts me.

"I have to thank you, Luna. If it weren't for you helping me get the skin regeneration drug, I wouldn't have been able to transform into a more beautiful person than before."

"Stop talking with her." Jim swept Luna a cold look. His hand that had the jade ring on gently swept Charlotte's hair behind her ears.

"Didn't you say you were tired? Let's go back to rest."

Charlotte smiled tenderly and said, "Okay."

Then, she smugly laid her head on Jim's arms.

"Luna, if you don't want things to turn for the worse tonight, you'll stop disturbing our rest."

Then, she held onto Jim's arm, turned, and left with Jim.

Looking at the two of them, Luna clenched her fists tightly by her sides.

After a while, when Charlotte was almost in the mansion, Luna took a deep breath and asked loudly, "Charlotte, what about the thing that you promised me?"

Charlotte promised that she would return Luna's child to her if Luna helped Charlotte with the drug.

At that moment, Charlotte had regained her beauty. She even reconciled with Jim.

What about Luna's child? Luna's child was her weakness. If Charlotte did not threaten her with her child, she would not have helped Charlotte with the drug!

Charlotte stopped in her tracks upon hearing Luna's words.

She turned around and smiled at Luna.

"Are you saying that bastard that belongs to you and Joshua? Luna, I lied to you. I never found your child. I only stumbled upon that DNA report."

Charlotte knew that if she did not show a real DNA paternity test report, Luna would not believe her or help her with the drug.

Charlotte smiled and said smugly, "Heather was right; you're a softhearted person. Your children will always be your weakness. You're too easy to manipulate."

Then, Charlotte turned around, held Jim's arm, and entered the mansion.

Luna stood in the same spot. Her heart hurt so badly that it felt as if someone had wrung it tightly.

Charlotte was right-she was too easy to manipulate. She was too naive when it came to her children.

Jim had become that way because of her. Because she was too desperate to look for her child, Charlotte took advantage of her.

Luna had reason to believe that the night Charlotte went to her mother's warehouse, she definitely took more than the skin regeneration medication.

Jim's condition at that moment should be related to the drugs in her mother's warehouse.

Luna lifted her head and looked in the direction of the warehouse. The fire was still burning. A pungent smell wafted over by the winds, choking her and making her head hurt.

Mickey had said that every time Rosalyn comes up with a new drug, she would get Christopher's father or Christopher to come up with the antidote.

Rosalyn started creating drugs and poison because she wanted to find a better way to help Charles escape from his nightmares and traumas, not because she wanted to harm others.

Charlotte had gotten Jim to ruin the warehouse and burn it to the ground. She was stopping them from finding the antidote, to let Jim regain his senses.

At that moment, the warehouse had been burned to ruins. It was unknown when Rosalyn would come around from her coma.

Luna stood in the same spot as she gazed at the fire in the distance. She then looked at the closed door of the Landry Mansion.

Despair overwhelmed her.

It was all her fault.

It was all her fault! Luna bit her lip harshly. Anger and despair washed over her in waves...

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Chapter 1814

Slap!

Luna slapped herself fiercely.

It was all her fault. She should not have looked for her child with Joshua. She should not have blindly trusted Charlotte because of the child!

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Luna slapped herself repeatedly. Because of her child, she had disappointed her mother in bed, her father who had lost his mind, and Jim who was under Charlotte's control.

Everything that happened to her was because of her decisions. She deserved it!

Theo, startled by Luna's behavior, immediately threw the umbrella aside and grabbed Luna's hands.

"What are you doing?"

Luna was crying, slumped on the ground, under the heavy rain. She sobbed, "Theo, it's all my fault. It's all my fault! If it wasn't for me..."

Luna sniffled, her tears mixed with the rain droplets.

"Had I not been so desperate to see my child and choosing to trust Charlotte, this wouldn't have happened!"

She hated Charlotte, but she hated herself more.

Theo bit his lip and immediately hugged Luna.

"It's not your fault, it isn't! Charlotte has stuck to her promise before. She rescued you out of prison and has also helped you in your business. It's not your fault that you trust her. Stop blaming yourself, Luna. There is always a solution!"

Luna sat on the ground, drenched by the rain. She wrapped her arms around Theo, her body chilled by the cold.

"It's all my fault. It's all my fault..."

Luna looked up. Her eyes that gazed at Theo were suddenly in a daze.

"Joshua, what should I do...?"

Theo was about to reach out to pat her shoulders to comfort her when his hands suddenly stopped in mid

-air.

He looked at Luna, stunned.

"Who...am I?"

"You're Joshua. Joshua, help me, please?"

Theo sighed and turned his head. He glanced at the black Masevati across the street.

In the car, Joshua looked at Luna with reddened eyes. "Lucas, let me out!"

Lucas was looking at the few cars filled with reporters.

"Sir, hold on for a while. Mr. Jones is on the way. We'll wait for him to deal with the reporters..."

Joshua looked at Luna's emaciated figure in Theo's arms. He clenched his fists tightly.

"I don't want to wait anymore!"

Then, Joshua punched the car window, causing it to crack, much to Lucas' shock.

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No longer daring to hold back Joshua, Lucas instantly unlocked the car door.

“Go...go ahead.”

Before he could finish his sentence, Joshua had already opened the door and got out, sprinting maniacally toward Luna.

When he was closer to them, he overheard what they were saying. Although Luna was hugging Theo, she was calling out his name instead.

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“Tell me, Joshua... What should I do?”

Luna sat under the heavy rain as she grabbed Theo's arms tightly. Her voice sounded lowly and fragile when she muttered, “What should I do to make everything better? I'm sure you'll have a solution. You're smart, Joshua. You'll have a solution, right?”

Hearing Luna's hoarse voice, Joshua was completely heartbroken.

He strode over and gently grabbed Luna's shoulder. His voice was extremely gentle as he coaxed, “I have a solution, but come home with me first. Please?”

Luna was taken aback by Joshua's words. After a while, she looked at Joshua before looking at Theo once more.

She let go of Theo and immediately buried herself in Joshua's arms.

“Joshua, you'll help me, won't you?”

Luna's delirious mind only thought about Joshua at that moment. No matter who she saw, she saw Joshua. Every word she spoke had to do with him, too.

“I'll help you.” Joshua took a deep breath and hoisted Luna into his arms.

“Come home with me and we'll think of a way, okay?”

“Okay...”

Silent tears fell down her face, mixed with the rain. Luna held onto Joshua tightly.

“We'll go home. Let's go home.”

Joshua sighed before nodding friendly toward Theo. He took Luna straight toward the black Masevati in the distance.

At that moment, Luke had already brought his men and were smashing the reporters' cameras.

Theo got up from the ground. He looked at Joshua carrying Luna away under the rain and smiled self deprecatingly.

Bitterness and helplessness overwhelmed him.

It turned out that even after being enemies with Joshua for a year, when Luna had a problem that she could not solve, she would subconsciously call out for Joshua.

He closed his eyes, chuckled bitterly, and headed back to his car.

Through the heavy rain, he looked at Joshua's Masevati leaving and sighed heavily.

After a while, Theo took his phone out and called Dr. Rachel.

"Yeah, it's late, but I... need to talk to you," said Theo rather dejectedly once the call connected.

"Something happened to Luna. Her father and mother..." "Are they still alright?" Dr. Rachel was not asleep yet. She had even looked into Rosalyn's condition that day.

When she heard Theo mention Luna, she furrowed her brows a little. "What happened to the woman you like?"

Although she was a genius, other than medical knowledge, she had a bad memory of everything else. She could not even remember the name of the woman that Theo liked.

"She fought with her brother. They're starting to fight for power."

Theo squinted and looked at the closed gate of the Landry Mansion.

"If her parents are to come around, perhaps...they won't fight that much."

Dr. Rachel, on the other end of the line, was silent for a while before helplessly shaking her head.

"I'm afraid I can't help you much." She sniffled. "Rosalyn's condition was indeed much better than before. She's showing signs of her coming around, but we've observed her for a day now. Other than moving her fingers this morning, she showed no other signs. On top of that, she almost came around before this, but

someone has agitated her... I think it'll take a very long time for her to come around." Then, Dr. Rachel smiled.

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"Still, I'm sure you don't have to worry too much. I remember her as a very opinionated woman. Also, other than you, doesn't she have another suitor? If you two were to help her out, you can overcome this challenge."

Theo could not help but laugh self-deprecatingly upon hearing what Dr. Rachel said.

"There is nothing I can do."

There was nothing he could do to help Luna. Even when he stayed by her side for the entire night, when she was delirious, she mistook him for Joshua.

Although Theo long knew how important Joshua was to Luna, he still could not help but feel disappointed at the incident that night.

Hearing how depressed he sounded, Dr. Rachel sighed and said, "I'm free right now. Do you want to come to Lincoln City and have a drink with me?"

Theo furrowed his brows and thought for a while. "Okay."

After all, he could not return to Joshua's mansion that night. Since he could not go home, it would be better for him to have a drink with Dr. Rachel.

At that thought, Theo immediately started his car and left quickly.

Looking at the last of the cars leaving, in the bedroom on the upper floor of the Landry Mansion, Jim furrowed his brows tightly.

Charlotte had finished showering and came out from the bathroom. She was wearing sexy pajamas that showcased her body nicely.

Charlotte walked over to Jim and held his arm.

"The people outside have left. Jim, we should head to bed, too..."

Then, she reached her hand out to unbutton Jim's gray pajamas.

"Jim, do you miss me all these years?"

Jim furrowed his brows. When Charlotte was by his third button, he reached out and grabbed her hand.

"It's late."

He placed her hand back down and gracefully buttoned up.

"Charlotte, why don't you go to bed first? I still have things to catch up on."

Charlotte furrowed her brows in displeasure. "Luna has been kicked out, and the warehouse has been burned to the ground. What else do you need to do?"

Jim smiled. He reached his hand out and caressed her head dotingly.

"I want to organize the information about Landry Group. I thought you supported me too for calculating Luna's inheritance, to kick her out of the Landry Group? I want to do this tonight. An evil person like her, well... The earlier she leaves the group, the better."

Charlotte furrowed her brows and helplessly looked at Jim.

After a while, she sighed and gently hugged him.

"Have a good rest."

Then, she looked at Jim's handsome face once more before leaving reluctantly.

After Charlotte left, Jim carefully locked the room to his study and turned on the computer,

The moment his computer came to life, the photo of a woman in a red trench coat appeared on his screen.

She stood under a red maple tree with her back facing the camera. She was in a red trench coat and long black boots. She was tall and thin, her dark hair fluttering in the wind,

Jim's brows furrowed at this. He was sure that the woman was not Charlotte. Charlotte was not that tall nor that sexy.

Jim narrowed his eyes.

Who was the woman? Why was she on his computer, set as the desktop background? Why did he have no memory of it?