

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2415

Looking at how puzzled Luna was, Joshua closed his eyes and changed to a more comfortable posture to rest on the leather seat. "First of all, me agreeing to sign the contract with Uncle Samuel doesn't mean that I'll let Malcolm go. I have men stationed inside and outside of the mansion. Once Malcolm leaves the mansion, my people will capture him. Secondly, do you really think that Samuel was trying to help Malcolm by giving the Quinn family to me? You're wrong."

Luna was baffled at this. She furrowed her brow to look at Joshua while more questions popped out. "Why not?"

Samuel only stopped Joshua and told him his intention when Joshua wanted to get near to the statue. Was not that for Malcolm?

"He did want me to let go of Malcolm, but that's not the real reason." Joshua curled his lips. "Think about it: why would Malcolm rather give out his identity as the eldest young master of the Quinn family and be willing to work for Thomas?"

Luna paused. "He wants to come back to Merchant city to finish what he started: attacking you and me... and to regain control over the Quinn family?" That was all she could think of.

"Yes." Joshua curled up his lips. "Malcolm wants to attack you, me, and Uncle Samuel. Since Uncle Samuel transferred all of the Quinn family's assets to me, he's now without anything. Do you think Malcolm will continue troubling him?"

Luna was speechless. She had never thought of all this before. All this time, she thought Samuel went soft again, that he did not want Joshua taking Malcolm away and wanted to protect her son with the Quinn family's resources.

It never occurred to Luna that Samuel was afraid of the trouble. He was afraid that Malcolm would keep troubling him and would rather give Joshua everything to cut ties with Malcolm. This explained why Samuel insisted for the secretary and lawyer draft the contract today.

He wanted to let Malcolm witness it himself.

Luna's head buzzed with the revelation. "So... Uncle Malcolm has given up on his son now?"

"Something like that." Joshua smiled bitterly. "He is a person with a clear mind, E=ApNóXX he knows what is the consequence after Malcolm comes back this time, so he chose to give up everything to cut ties with Malcolm. The medicine box I gave him had an air ticket and a check inside, apart from the necessary medicine. It's enough for him to leave Merchant City to any place that he wants."

Luna nodded. "He has nothing left anymore... It's better to leave this city."

Back in Quinn Mansion.

The stench of blood permeated the air.

Malcolm had a knife at hand as he pushed Samuel down against the couch. "You old man! You did it on purpose, didn't you? How dare you give away the Quinn family to another person right in front of me? Do you know that I'm going to kill you now?!"

Samuel smiled and threw the medicine box Joshua gave him into the rubbish bin. He looked at Malcolm indifferently. "Kill me, then."

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"Do you think I won't dare kill you, you old man?!" Malcolm pressed the knife against Samuel's neck, and the tip of the knife stabbed into Samuel's neck while blood oozed out from the wound.

However, Samuel did not feel anything, even though his neck was injured by the knife. He leaned back on the couch and looked at Malcolm with a smile. There was, however, a glint of disdain in his eyes as he sneered, "I never thought that you won't dare kill me. On the contrary, I'll die in peace if I die by your hands. H

In his entire life, he had never done anything sinful. Even as a member of the notorious Quinn family, he could bravely and frankly say that he did not commit any sin. That was why he dared to become a priest; to help others overcome their sins as others referred to him as Father Samuel.

However, was that truly so? Had he never committed any sins? In fact, he did.

A year back when he was drunk, he had missed Lucy so badly that he treated Malcolm's mother as Lucy and bedded her. This was the most sinful thing Samuel had ever done.

He had been brooding about this incident ever since, thinking he could never compensate for the sin he committed. However, he forgot that he had a son, Malcolm.

If Malcolm was the one who killed him, it would be the best place for him to be in this life, right?

"You pathetic old man!" Malcolm gritted his teeth as his eyes burned with hatred, glaring daggers at

Samuel's face. "Do you think I'll go soft on you? All these years, you didn't even care for me—not even a day!

"I don't give two shits about you. If I want to kill you, I'll kill you!"

Samuel sneered and opened his eyes to look at Malcolm, his smirk laced with mockery. "Just kill me already, Malcolm Quinn, why must you run your mouth so uncouthly, still?"

He looked at Malcolm's hand, and the smile on his face grew bigger. "Why are your hands shaking? You want to be a bad guy, yet scared of killing your father?"

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"Do you think you deserve to be my father, Samuel Quinn?" Malcolm's hands trembled as he tightened his grip on the knife, hearing Samuel's taunts.

"Die!"

He raised the hA=—0I8PS with the knife and brought it down toward Samuel's neck—

Samuel closed his eyes and smiled bitterly.

'Can I...finally be free? Is it time for me to go see Lucy and reunite with her?'

His lips slowly morphed into a smile as he loosened his muscles, prepared to finally breathe his last.

However...the pain he had anticipated did not come, even after seconds had passed. He furrowed his brow and opened his eyes.

Two men dressed in black he did not recognize restrained Malcolm on the floor. Meanwhile, a handsome man sat on the couch far away. The man was wearing a black suit with straight pants, revealing his ankles.

He lazily leaned back on the couch and looked at Samuel indifferently. He sneered, "As a priest, should you truly allow your son to murder you? Father Samuel, you should know that if Malcolm killed you back there, he will no longer be respected or treated equally in Merchant city or anywhere else."

Murdering his father would be a crime that could destroy Malcolm's life forever.

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Samuel furrowed his brow and looked at the man before him with ice-cold eyes, "who are you?"

"Mr. Quinn, do you not recognize me?" Thomas felt like this was the best joke he heard so far. "My name is all over Merchant City today. How come you still don't know me? Maybe I didn't work hard enough."

Samuel's eyebrows knitted together, "who are you?"

"Let me introduce myself." Thomas stood up and walked to stand in front of Samuel, lightly grabbing Samuel's hand. "My name is Thomas Howard—your son, Malcolm's future boss. He must've mentioned me to you."

Samuel was silent for a while before realizing what he meant.

This man, who did not look well over 30 years old, had to be the man Malcolm told him about. He was the one who gave Malcolm a new name, the one who gave him a new place to stay, and the one who sustained him to live.

Samuel squinted. "You're just an actor, what makes you think you can go up against Joshua and Jim?"

Joshua was the newest and most talented young man in Merchant City for the last two years, while Jim was the son of the wealthiest family in Merchant City.

Thomas must have been very proud of himself to even initiate a war with Joshua and Jim.

"Although I'm an actor, it doesn't mean I'm one to be toppled over easily," remarked Thomas.

Joshua and Jim had put his two-month-old daughter through hell, and to that, he must do something in return.

Thomas looked at Malcolm, who was pressed against the floor by the two men in black. The corners of his mouth flashed with the taste of blood.

"I remember telling you that you shouldn't do anything you shouldn't do when you left Merchant City after seeking help from me. I also emphasized that you shouldn't wake a sleeping wolf. I don't care what relationship you had with these people in the past or future; to me, you're not related to this Quinn family. So..."

He smirked. "It was bad-mannered and rude of you to come straight to the Quinn mansion after returning to Merchant city; you've tarnished my reputation.

"Don't forget you're now called Lucifer Howard—just my driver."

With that, the two muscular men each stepped on Malcolm's hF?_wL8XP, exerting full force, causing Malcolm to cry out in pain, his whimpers echoing throughout the mansion, when he finished shouting, he was in so much pain that he had cold sweats and a pale face.

Thomas glanced at him and waved his hand lightly, signaling the two men to take Malcolm away.

When Malcolm and the two muscular men were out of sight, Thomas shifted his attention back to Samuel, who was still in shock.

“Father Samuel, we meet again,” said Thomas.

Samuel furrowed his brows slightly. “Have we met before?”

“Yes, of course.” Thomas smiled. “A year ago, someone entrusted you to help out in a small town in Europa. That night, I was poisoned and needed a woman to help... You were the one who helped me. Do you remember?”