

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2509

"Do you know you vomited blood?" Luna brought up the incident to Gwen, who forced a smile on her pale face. "I'm fine," rasped Gwen. "This isn't the first time this has happened over this one year. Didn't I make it through every time?" Luna was lost in words by Gwen's reply. In the past, she was always fooled by what Gwen said and thought her friend was fine. Thinking about it at this moment, how could a person be fine if they vomited blood occasionally? She thought she was doing fine because Luke always had blood donors ready for her. At this point, Luna's heart ached more because she felt bad for Luke. During the year and more, he had done so much for Gwen without anyone knowing it. Luna sighed and held Gwen's hand lightly. "I know you said you're fine every time, but you still need to take care of yourself. Don't let Luke...and I worry about you."

"Alright, I know." Gwen smiled helplessly and looked at the nurse who was wheeling her bed. "Let's head back to the ward." The nurse nodded immediately and pushed Gwen back to her ward. Luna looked at Luke and quickly followed Gwen and the nurse, leaving Luke in his spot. He watched Luna's and Gwen's back from behind while he slowly curled up his lips. "The blood in the hospital is yours, isn't it?" rang a woman's steely voice out of the blue.

Luke looked back.

Rachel was taking off her white coat as she walked toward him. "I checked her admission record. Every time she has an episode, the person who donated blood to her is always here. The hospital even has spare blood for her. I can't think of anyone else other than you who could be together with her twenty-four hours every day and donate blood to her anytime, anywhere." Luke smiled. "Dr. Liddell, don't forget that I'm a gang leader in Merchant City. If I want to grab my boy to donate for her, it'll be a piece of cake. There's nothing hard with it at all."

Rachel let out a faint sigh with Luke's answer. "What about the surgery a week later? Both of you have scheduled surgery together. What's your illness?" Luke's eyes turned sharp. "Why do you know everything?" Rachel smiled. "I showed Luke her identification card. "Mr. Fisher, let me

introduce myself. My name is Rachel Liddell. I'm a doctor and also a partner of the medical organization called Kimry, the one you engaged in. Before Kimry got bought off by the Miller Group, I was already one of the partners, but I'm more into the research on the treatment of vegetative patients, and I disagree with Kimry's vision to serve the rich over the years.

"While Kimry had eliminated my name on paper, I'm still one of the partners with shares. It's a piece of cake for me to check the information since Gwen's and your surgery are under Kimry."

Luke squinted at Rachel sharply. It was complicated enough that Luna knew about this, and he did not expect Rachel would find out about it, too.

“Don’t worry, I’m not a busybody.” Rachel hung the coat in her arms gracefully.” As a doctor, my principle is to save patients and respect their destiny. I’ll treat a patient, but beyond that, I don’t care about anything else, so don’t worry.

“It’s just that...”

She lifted an eyebrow. “I’ve seen enough cruelty and kindness in the world. I’m still shocked that you’re willing to do this for Ms. Larson. Is she more important to you than your gang and your brothers?”

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Dead silence blanketed the hallway when Rachel posed her question. Luke narrowed his eyes and looked at her. The coldness in his eyes could seemingly freeze the air in that area.

While looking at Rachel, he spoke coldly, “What if I say they’re not as important as Gwen?”

He had known Gwen before his brothers. Perhaps Gwen did not remember what happened the first time they met, but Luke did. He remembered it all too well.

The smile on Gwen’s face, her teary eyes, and her hair that fluttered with the breeze because of the wind; he remembered every single detail.

At that time, he just arrived at Sea City without any education and background. He worked in a restaurant as a part-timer. He thought that as long as he was willing to work hard, he would eventually make a good future.

However, things did not turn out the way he thought they would. He spent his day moving bricks on the construction site to earn money. Very often, he was bullied because of his feminine, elegant appearance.

The day he first met Gwen was during a sunny day when he was tormented yet again. He was beaten to the ground by his co-worker and smeared with dirt. At that time, Gwen was only 17 years old. She followed her father for inspection at the construction site. When she saw how he was tormented, she immediately opened the car door and got out of the car.

“Let him go!” yelled the girl dressed in a white dress, her eyebrows pressed together in agitation. A supervisor obsequiously hissed, “Didn’t you hear? This girl asked all of you to let go of him!”

However, Luke was already beaten so badly that he could not get up from the ground. Through his messed-up fringe, he saw her: clean, gentle, and ethereally elegant.

She squatted and gave him his pink wallet. "There's a few hundred bucks in here. Take this and go see a doctor. You're too thin. This job doesn't suit you. After you get treated, use the remaining money to buy new clothes and change your job." After that, she stood up and used her clear voice to order the supervisor, "Help him get up on his feet, give him something to eat, Gco({}D{ send him to a hospital."

The young Gwen turned around and got back into the car. When Luke got on his feet with the help of the supervisor, he saw Gwen's gentle back with her long hair. "You're damn lucky. This is the first time Ms. Larson came to inspect the construction and probably the last in her life. Not only did you see her, but she even gave you money!" Luke remembered how sarcastic the supervisor was when the supervisor was helping him. Later in the future, he always thought to himself—was he truly in luck at that time? Why else would he have the chance Gwen at the lowest point of his young adult life, and why did he see her again when he was successful and when Gwen needed him the most?

If Gwen did not get down from the car to shield him, Luke would not have become the man he was at present. Thus, he was willing to sacrifice his life for her.

"I don't have any more questions." Rachel smiled when she saw the determination look in Luke's eyes. "I just didn't expect that you, Luke Jones, the gang leader that rules Merchant City, to be such a loyal and loving man." Luke glared at Rachel indifferently, "Is it weird?"

"Yes." Rachel curled up her lips and changed to a more comfortable posture to stand beside Luke. "I always thought that people like you merely give and take what was dealt to you, that your mood decides your decision. As it turns out, your obsession is so strong that you can give up your life."

"I do think you and the rest of the doctors can accept everything." Luke glared at Rachel. "What if Theo is in a similar position? If he's sick and you're the only one who can save him, how will you choose?"

Rachel did not expect Luke to involve her and Theo in the conversation, and her expression hardened. "Mr. Jones, there are things you shouldn't simply speak of.

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"Theo and I have nothing to do with each other anymore. My fiance is Caleb Crawford, the heir of the wealthiest family in Lincoln City." Luke smiled when he heard this. "Since when did Caleb become straight?" The color drained from Rachel's face. She pursed her lips slightly and stood up with a flourish. "I intended to talk to you about Ms. Larson's

condition, Mr. Jones, but if you insist on chatting about unrelated topics like this... I shall leave now."

With that, she turned and strode away.

Luke let out a snort and left the hospital too.

Gwen had been doing fine up until this moment, but according to Rachel, she had vomited blood once more... This meant that she probably did not have even a week left. He needed to bring the surgery forward.

That evening, a van pulled up in front of the gates to Swan Lake Chalet.

The grocer got out of the van and ordered the driver to help him unload his groceries, all the while muttering about how annoying the three children were under his breath. "Get all the vegetables out of the car and bring them into the kitchen. Don't linger around the house for too long; the three children will get mad if they catch you!"

The driver, who was dressed in black and wearing a cap and face mask, nodded obediently, limped toward the back of the van, and started unloading it.

He dragged the sack of groceries into the kitchen and let out a sigh of relief after he put everything down. As soon as he turned around, however, he caught sight of a familiar pink silhouette.

Nellie, who was wearing a pink dress, blinked innocently as she stared at the man. "Is that you, Uncle Malcolm?"

Malcolm was so shocked that his entire body froze up. A split second later, he took off his mask, frowning, and asked in a low voice, "How did you know it was *me*?"

Nellie grinned at him. "I guessed so! You promised us that you'd find a way to come see us at Swan Lake Chalet today and that van was the only car that had

arrived the whole day, so I figured it was you!" Then, she handed him a glass of lemonade, smiling. "You're probably tired from doing all that work, aren't you, Uncle Malcolm? Here, have a drink!"

Malcolm glanced at the lemonade rather dubiously, and after a moment's hesitation, he finally took the glass from her.

Truth be told, he was worried that this sly little girl would have spiked his drink, but...

He remembered the call he had received from Neil that afternoon.

The three children had sobbed to him on the phone, wailing about how Joshua and Luna had neglected them.

According to the children, Joshua and Luna had been so obsessed with Riley and their lost daughter that they no longer cared about the triplets, so they wanted to run away from home to stay with Malcolm. Since they had spent six years by Malcolm's side, they were more willing to trust him than their father, Joshua, who had abandoned them and only reappeared in their lives a year ago.

Despite initially having a sliver of doubt...Malcolm still chose to believe them.

He had watched the three children grow up before his eyes, and he had never once mistreated them, so it made perfect sense that they would rather live with him

than with Joshua.

Not only that, but at this moment, Nellie was staring at him with her big, pleading eyes... Malcolm let out an exhale and drank the lemonade.

Frankly, he was thirsty from unloading the van.

"How does it taste, Uncle Malcolm?" a glimmer of mischief flashed through Nellie's eyes when she asked this.

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Malcolm placed the empty glass on a nearby table and replied, "It's delicious." It had been a while since he last tasted such good lemonade.

The last time he enjoyed luxury was before he was kicked out of Merchant City and had to rely on Thomas' help.

Thomas had taken him in as a subordinate, but he treated his employees poorly. Malcolm had to force himself to eat and drink the disgusting food provided every day, or he would have starved! Malcolm could not help feeling sorry for himself at the thought of this.

Even though Thomas had promised to take him in, he did not treat him well at all and instead forced him to work as a slave.

According to Thomas, laying low was the best option they had. Malcolm had to work and suffer as a subordinate in silence until, eventually, when everyone in Merchant City had forgotten about his true identity, he would be given a new identity as Lucifer Howard.

However, Malcolm could not help thinking that Thomas was patronizing him.

He was, in fact, using him without a single regard for his dignity.

He had wanted to dispose of him after he got what he wanted, which was information about Riley's whereabouts.

Otherwise, Thomas would not have humiliated him so badly in front of Samuel, his own father!

This was why *Malcolm* had no choice but to accept the next job that came his way, which was to poison and assassinate Bonnie. The person who hired him promised she would give him a large sum of money that would turn his life around as long as Bonnie died, but...

That afternoon, Malcolm received the news about Bonnie's miraculous survival.

This utterly shattered every last ounce of hope he had. Thankfully, Neil got in touch with him... Malcolm could not help shifting his gaze onto Nellie as he thought of this. Thank heavens! He would not have to suffer any longer!

As long as Nigel, Neil, and Nellie still adored him, he would be able to win over their trust and lure them away.

As soon as he got his hands on the three children, Joshua and Luna would have to do anything he said! Malcolm took a step forward Dco(_Al grabbed hold of Nellie's hand.

When a person hit rock bottom, there was nowhere to go but up.

The reason he had rescued Luna and helped her take care of the three children was to keep them as his gambit so that he could threaten Joshua into doing whatever he wanted and bring glory to the Quinn family!

At present, Granny Quinn had passed away, Samuel had abandoned him, and Hunter was in prison.

Even whatever remained of the Quinn family fortune had been given away to Joshua by that wretched Samuel.

Because of this, Malcolm was convinced that the Quinn family had fallen and that he had no other way out of his misery. However, at this critical moment, Joshua's three children had shown up right when he needed them most!

As long as he got his hands on them, Joshua would surely give the family fortune back to him, and as soon as he got the money back, he would be reinstated as *Master Quinn*, the heir to the Quinn family fortune!

Malcolm's voice began to tremble in excitement at the thought of this. "Where are your two brothers, Nellie?"

"They're waiting for you in the study!" Nellie beamed as she clutched Malcolm's hand, leading the way. "Neil and Nigel said that they've prepared a surprise for you, Uncle Malcolm, and they want me to bring you there personally!" Malcolm grew even more delighted when he heard this. Judging from the adoring tone in Nellie's voice, she still trusted him, and he could not help feeling triumphant at this realization. So what if Joshua was their real father? He was the one who had taken care of them for six years, and if it were not for the fact that they had Joshua's blood running in their veins, he would have taken care of them for the rest of their lives. Unfortunately, they were nothing but mere pawns in his glorious game of chess from the beginning!