

Chasing After My Beloved Wife by M. Fei Chapter 11

"Mr. Shawn, are you not going over?"

The servant asked in confusion. Shawn frowned and shook his head, not noticing the heartache he felt for Joye. If he went there now, she was likely to hit him.

His mobile phone vibrated. He took out his mobile phone, annoyed. Seeing that it was a strange number, he hung up right away.

Just as he was about to put it back into his pocket, his phone vibrated again. It was a text message.

"Shawn, I'm coming home. Are you alright?" Attached below the message was a piece of flight information.

He knew who it was from. Daily Latest update

Staring at the words on the screen, helplessness consumed him.

Rain fell into his eyes when he raised his head. Then, he stuffed the phone into his trouser pocket.

When he looked at the graveyard again, Joye's thin figure was gone. He quickly looked around, only to discover that Joye had already gotten into Yvon's car.

Why were they together?

"It seems like Madam Joye has gotten close to Mr. Yvon lately."

The servant followed Shawn's gaze and spoke. The servant immediately realized that she had spoken too much when she noticed Shawn's deathly glance.

When did the relationship between Joye and Yvon start?

Ever since Joye got in the car, she had been looking out of the window in silence. The rainy weather perfectly reflected what she was feeling right then.

She was not in tremendous pain as in the beginning, but the pain was there to stay. She wondered if it'll always be there.

Yvon tilted his head to look at her and couldn't help but comfort her, "Time is the best medicine. Everything will get better."

She moved slightly but continued to stare into the distance. With a slightly hoarse voice, she asked, "Can you take me to a bar? I feel like drinking." Daily Latest update

Yvon frowned. She shouldn't be drinking at a bar with how she was. So, he suggested, "Our army has an art performance today. I can take you there to take your mind off things."

"I only feel like drinking. If you don't want to bring me there, please stop the car and let me down."

When she turned around, the rims of her eyes were red and full of stubbornness. What she wanted to do most now was to find a place to get herself drunk and vent her suppressed emotions. Otherwise, she wouldn't know how to muster enough courage to bear it for a month.

The guard looked over at Yvon with questioning eyes. Yvon pursed his lips and nodded. "Okay, let's go to the nearest bar."

Five minutes later, Joye was seated by the bar counter, the bottle in front of her was left with two-thirds of wine.

A violent cough suddenly sounded.

Joye was drinking so quickly that she choked. Subconsciously, she bent over, and tears came out of her eyes. Yvon, as a gentleman, reached out and patted her on the back.

"Don't drink so fast. Since I brought you here, I won't interfere with how much you drink."

He would rather she drank away her sorrows.

"Thank you."

She forced out a smile that was uglier than crying, before wiping away the tears that sprung from her eyes after coughing. Then, she raised her head and continued to drink.

After another few glasses of wine, her pale cheeks turned red, and her eyes became misty. She reached out to pinch the cheeks of the man in front of her. Daily Latest update

"Shawn, why did you do this to me?"

"Since you don't even like me, why did you agree to marry me? Do you think I could stand seeing you with other women every day? I am only human. I have a heart too. I am done enduring it."

In a daze, she complained about Shawn as tears rolled down her face. At first, she was sobbing silently, but it soon turned into a hysterical cry.

Did he even know how much he hurt her? Did he know how weak she was because she loved him?

But he hurt her so badly.