

## Chasing After My Beloved Wife

### - Chapter 72 the Richard Family Still Belongs to Shawn

"It's Shawn's unfortunate if you break up with him. He would regret it for the rest of his life for letting you go."

He held Joye's hand tightly as he spoke, but he was still unwilling to give up and hence asked the question again.

"Girl, tell me, do you really don't love Shawn anymore?"

Joye lowered her head before bursting into tears.

From sheer affection to love, her gaze had always fallen onto Shawn for more than 20 years now. How could she say that she didn't love him anymore just like that? But her rationality told her that she couldn't continue to love him anymore, at the very least.

Twenty years had passed. She'd rather take another another four decades to forget about it than continuing to wallow in mistakes and pain.

"Girl?"

"I don't love him anymore, and I won't."

She raised her head when he called her with a low voice. Though she tried to look determined, the overflowing tears blurred her vision, thus missing the sight of the figure flashing across outside the ward.

"Grandpa, please take care of yourself. I have matters to attend so I'll take my leave first."

Joye was afraid that she might not be able to maintain her determination in the face of such gentleness and care, so she let go of his hand.

"Take care of yourself too, Joye. Live every day happily."

Joye walked quickly to the door and stopped. She couldn't control her tears anymore. Her back was stiff and she bit her lip before saying,

"Grandpa, actually... the baby is still in my belly. I just... don't want to have anything to do with him anymore."

When the old man heard this, his wrinkly eyes twinkled but the beam of hope extinguished instantly the next second. However, he still seemed relieved. "Joye, I knew you wouldn't do that. Don't worry, your secret is safe with me."

"Thank you, grandpa."

Leaving the ward, her eyes were already red and she couldn't see clearly. She ran into the elevator in panic, and burst into tears as soon as the door closed.

While looking at the changing digit of the elevator, which was going down, Shawn's expression simmered. She said she didn't love him anymore!

Dead silence filled the corridor outside the ward. Only the mirror-like elevator door reflected his tightening jaw, and his clenching fists under his sleeves.

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"Mum, is dad still working overtime? Why can't he spare some time to come back and play with me?"

Dalton was upset because he had not seen Shawn for several days. Despite his favourite dishes being placed on the table, he seemed to have lost the appetite.

Vivian smiled and added a piece of sweet and sour pork rib to his plate.

"The adult's world is different from a child's. Dalton, do you want to keep your father by our sides with me in the adult's way?"

"What is the adult's way?"

Despite the confusion, just the thought of keeping his father by his side all the time had awaken his will to try.

"In the adult way, you'll need some means sometimes. It's not as simple as just saying something right or wrong.

"Dalton, all you have to know is that everything I tell you to do is just to keep your father staying by our side. Got it?"

"Got it. Mum, I still prefer you calling me Dalton. Although Jasper is a nice name, it's not cute at all and the pronunciation is hard."

The little fellow raised his head, wondering if she could change his name back to "Dalton", but she refused.

"Remember, you are 'Dalton' in front of me. But you are 'Jasper' in front of others."

This name was given by the Richard family, symbolising the Richard family's great eldest grandson.

"Oh, I see."

He nodded unhappily and ate a few spoonful of rice. Then, he got off from the chair before heading back to his room. Frowning, Vivian looked at the closed as her grip around the spoon tightened.

She became Shawn's acknowledged fiancée, yet all of this wasn't suffice.

She wanted to become Mrs. Richard, the one every women envied and admired.

"Joye Leonard, you're in my way and Shawn can't get over you yet. So don't blame me for being cruel."

Baird was bedridden in the hospital for a week. Since he had recuperated, he was discharged. His placated anger had rejoiced Xaria as well.

That woman had lost her baby. So without the Baird's support, she wouldn't be able to cause any trouble in the future.

In a few days, she would ask Shawn to fetch her eldest grandson home, and enjoy her days to the fullest by then.

"Dad, you should take good care of yourself. You have to see your grandson's wedding for yourself in future."

As Xaria broach the sensitive word, Maisie quickly signaled her to zip her mouth. However, to their surprise, Braid didn't get angry. He was calm.

"You're right. I'll try my best to live a long life to see my great-grandson getting married and having children."

"Dad, you're right to think this way. After all, it's our Richard family's bloodline."

"Yes, the Richard family's bloodline."

Braid nodded with a smile, but Xaria was perplexed. Could it be that the old man had changed his temper during his days spent in the hospital?

Otherwise, according to previous experiences, he would act coldly at the mention of Vivian's child. Yet, this time, he was kind and gentle.

Before she could figure out what was going on, Baird looked at Mr.

Vega, who was entering the ward. "Vega, you're here."

"Mr. Richard, nice to meet you."

"Dad, why do you need to see Mr. Vega?"

Staring at Mr. Vega's briefcase, Xaria wondered, "Is this old codger planning to leave a will?"

The thought fled across her mind, and came true at the very next second. Baird got up from the sofa with a cane in hand and announced,

"I asked Vega to come to make a will."

This time, even Shawn and Yvon, who had been quiet all the time, was shocked to the core, let alone Xaria and Maisie.

He had always been healthy and well. So why the sudden will?

"Grandpa?"

"Yvon, don't talk. Let Mr. Vega read my will first."

Mr. Vega took out the will from his briefcase and cleared his throat.

"Everyone, allow me to read the asset distribution first. From Baird Richard, Mr. Richard and his wife will have 15% of the Richard family's shares, and the two young masters will each be bestowed with 15% share."



"What about the remaining 55%?"

Hearing this number, There's a subtle change on Xaria's expression. This way, they would only get their hands on 30% of his shares only.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Richard. For the remaining 55%, 40% of it will be the Richard family's great grandson's fund, while another 15% of it will still be Baird's temporarily. After a hundred years only it will be divided equally among the Richard's family."

"I see. Dad is really thoughtful."

A few moments ago, she was in fact worried that the shares would fall into someone else's hands. But now, the weight had lifted off her chest now. The Richard's family's great-grandson was none other than Jasper, thus the share was his. Hence, Yvon wouldn't get as much even if the 15% was divided equally by then.

The Richard was still Shawn's.