

WILL YOU MARRY ME, MY EX-WIFE (LUNA AND JOSHUA)

Chapter 14

Joshua's hand that held his chopsticks paused slightly.

He raised his head, and those black eyes looked at Luna's face indifferently. "If I asked her to move in,

then those women who set their sights on me wouldn't have a chance anymore, would they?"

The man's words made Luna squint slightly, but after a while, she smiled. "I always thought that the

relationship between Mr. Lynch and Ms. Gibson was strong enough. It seems that I've been thinking

too much."

Joshua curled his lips faintly. "Even so, some people who approach me with a purpose from the get-go

stand no chance."

"Then Mr. Lynch is a very dedicated and affectionate man," retorted Luna. "It seems that I

misunderstood you."

Noticing that the atmosphere on the dining table grew more intense by the moment, Nellie quickly

stretched out her little hand and placed it between their eyes as a barrier.

"Stop arguing!"

"We're not."

Her daughter's anxious voice made Luna come back to her senses.

She quickly calmed herself down and gave Joshua a faint smile. "Mr. Lynch, don't get me wrong. I just

think that the future lady of the family is hostile to me, so it's not appropriate for me to live here all the

time."

Joshua's black eyebrows furrowed tightly. "This is my home, and whether you live here or not will only

be decided in my hands. Also, you're just a servant. Don't worry too much about your boss. Aura isn't the master of this house."

As he spoke, he lowered his head and gently speared some vegetables onto his fork for Nellie. "This villa has always had its mistress."

Luna sneered quietly.

The person Joshua referred to the hostess of this villa was not her, was it? It was hilarious to her.

He never showed her warmth when she was with him, and he even killed her for Aura, yet he pretended to be loyal and loving all of a sudden.

He was just putting on a show for Nellie, was he not?

Had he realized how shameless the things that he did back then were?

Thinking of this, Luna smiled faintly. "But isn't the former lady of this house dead?"

"She's not dead!" Joshua frowned and slapped his spoon on the table fiercely. "My wife is still alive."

The man's gaze was fierce and sharp. "Beware of your words; they may cause you imminent danger!"

Luna met his gaze fearlessly. "But I read on the news that your ex-wife is dead. If you say she's still alive, where is she now?"

The man glared at her, and his bottomless eyes seemed to burn with anger.

The two people looked at each other, and the atmosphere at the table grew so cold that one could

barely breathe in their vicinity.

"Enough!"

Nellie put down her fork and spoon, her little eyes red as a hint of a sob was detected in her delicate

voice, "This is the first time we have dinner together. Do we have to fight?"

With that, the little girl turned around and ran upstairs.

Joshua frowned and got up to run after her, but not before throwing Luna a cold glare.

Luna sat on the chair and watched him run after Nellie's retreating back, silently closing her eyes.

She should not have quarreled with Joshua in front of Nellie, but she had endured too much pain and torture in the past six years.

Every night when she lay awake in bed struggling to fall asleep, she wanted to fly back to Banyan City, find Joshua, cut his heart open, and see if it was pitch-black inside.

Upstairs...

"Nellie." Joshua opened the door to the children's room and walked carefully to the little girl's side.

She covered herself with a quilt. Her thin body laid on the bed, curled up in a small ball, and his heart

melted at the sight. The man gently sat down on her bedside, raised his hand, and gently stroked her

back that shook from her sobs. "Don't cry."

He did not know how to coax such a young girl, so he could only stroke her comfortingly, trying to make

his voice soft and gentle.

After a long time, Nellie's back finally stopped trembling.

She crawled off of the quilt and looked at him with red eyes. "Daddy, don't blame Auntie."

Joshua paused.

After she stopped crying, he thought the first thing she would do was to whine and complain to him, but

it turned out that the first thing this little girl did after successfully holding back her tears was to plead

for Luna?

The man's heart instantly melted into a warm mess.

He picked her up. "Do you like her that much?"

"Yeah." Nellie sniffed as her little head rested on the man's shoulder. "I like her very much, so don't

blame her for this, okay, Daddy?"

Joshua pursed his lips. He was a little reluctant, but since his baby girl said so, he could not really kick

Luna out.

The man sighed and nodded gently.

A moment later, he raised his hand and stroked her back. "Why did you cry just now? Do you miss your

mother?"

Nellie pursed her lips and nodded silently.

"Then, do you know where your mother is?" he lowered his voice, attempting to induce her. "Why not

let me take you to her?"

"No." Nellie shook her little head like a rattle. "Mommy said that when the time is right for her to meet

you, then you'll meet. She asked you not to try finding her, Daddy. Just be nice to me."

Joshua looked at the little girl's face, her features almost a copy of her mother's, and pressed his thin

lips tightly.

"Daddy." Nellie laid in his arms and sniffed, "I just heard from Auntie that you're going to marry the evil

lady from yesterday..."

She raised those big dewy eyes and looked at him. "Is it true?"

Joshua had no response for a while, so he frowned and said, "These are adults' matters. It has nothing

to do with you."

"How so?" Nellie bit her lip. "Daddy, why do you want to marry someone else? Don't you like Mommy

anymore?”

Did he not like Luna Gibson anymore? This question caused Joshua to sigh heavily.

If he could stop liking Luna Gibson, he would have done so a long time ago. She had been gone for six years, but his feelings for her had been carved into his bones.

It was a pity that when they were together back then, he never realized his feelings for her...

The man's silence caused Nellie to sigh a long sigh. "You definitely don't like Mommy." Nellie flattened

her lips. "There aren't any pictures of you and Mommy at home."

Ever since Nellie could remember, Luna had been wearing this near-perfect face. Her two brothers said

that Mommy's face was artificial, and she did not look like this before.

She truly wanted to know what Mommy used to look like, but even after she ruffled through every

corner of the house, she could not find a single picture of a woman.

The man sighed and promised earnestly, "Sleep tight, and when you get up in the morning, you'll see

pictures of me and your mommy."

Nellie nodded. "Okay."

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Early the next morning, Aura pushed past the security guard at the door. As soon as she walked in, she

saw the wedding photo hanging in the middle of the living room.

In the photo, Luna Gibson stood on the beach as she wore a white wedding dress, and Joshua was

walking toward her with flowers.

Staring at that photo, the anger in Aura's chest began to surge.

She remembered how, the moment she was announced dead, she had burned all of Luna Gibson's

photos on the pretext that Joshua would be saddened at the memory.

Nellie, the little brat, just came back two days ago. Why was this photo hanging magnificently in the

center of Blue Bay Villa?

The furious Aura walked over angrily, took the photo down, and threw it on the ground with a

resounding slam.

What a b*tch!

All of them—b*tches!

Luna Gibson was a b*tch, and even her evil little brat followed in her footsteps!