

Luna & Joshua 2151

Chapter 2151

He felt just as relaxed at that moment as how nervous he was earlier on. After he lay on the couch for a while, Vireo unexpectedly had a dream. In that dream, he met that face that was exactly like his again.

That face was beaming from ear to ear, and he was very satisfied.

“You...your name is Holden? You are the younger brother of Sebastian, the director of the Ford Group?” asked Vireo.

The man did not answer. He just smiled. Vireo repeated himself again. That man, however, floated backward and got further and further away. It was after Vireo’s vision was blurred and he could no longer see clearly that he heard a distant voice.

“That’s you. You’re talking about yourself. You are me, and I am you...”

“Don’t go. Don’t you go away. Tell me what the hell is going on. Why is this happening? You...” “That figure was no longer visible anymore.

“Take care of them...”

In the end, that voice said that again when it was on the verge of vanishing

“Don’t you go...” Vireo abruptly woke up from his dream. The first thing he smelled when he woke up was something burning. It was that kind of burning smell that came from the kitchen and was food-related. Why would there be a burning smell?

Before Vireo came to his senses, he was stunned again.

Everywhere that his sight could reach looked brand-new. It was very clean and also very tidy. It was just that the room was lacking in potted plants and greenery. He had to make some time to buy some home. That way, the house would seem even homier. That was great.

However, what was with the burning smell? Vireo then followed the direction where the burning smell was coming from and looked towards the kitchen. Only then did he hear the clanking in the kitchen that sounded like a performance of an orchestra.

He got up and tip-toed out of the living room. While walking, he looked around at the same time. The clothes racks and hangers, all sorts of things, and the bathroom essentials that were originally messily stacked along the hallway from the living to the bedroom were already gone.

The whole hallway was so cleaned that a person’s shadow could be reelected off it. Vireo was initially attracted by the burning smell in the kitchen, but he actually turned around FQN” YASIN went to the

bedroom. The huge bed in the bedroom was already made. There was an ash gray quilt blanket covering the bed and a corner of the blanket was lifted. It was as if he had always been living there.

How cozy.

He then turned around and went to the bathroom. All the toiletries, toothpaste, bathroom cups were neatly placed in the bathroom. Vireo simply leaned on the side of the bathroom door and quietly enjoyed this feeling for a while. He was thinking that the only thing lacking was to hang a picture at the end of the hallway. It would then be perfect.

But, what to hang? The first thing that came to his mind was actually his and Isadora's wedding photo.

If Isadora was all dolled up, she certainly would be very

beautiful. Vireo thought that when he was off duty, he would then accompany Isadora to buy all sorts of beautiful clothes to wear at home and outside. All kinds of it. He had to especially design a walk-in closet for Isadora in the future. Since he had decided to support her for the rest of her life, he had to let her be pretty for the rest of her life.

While thinking of that, Vireo suddenly wondered where Isadora was.

She was not in the living room, bedroom, and also bathroom. Oh, right. The kitchen! She was in the kitchen. Vireo then recalled the burning smell that came from the kitchen. Shit! Vireo turned around and ran straight to the kitchen. When he got to the entrance of the kitchen and saw everything in there, he was stunned.

After Isadora, who was fumbling around in the kitchen, heard a voice behind her, she turned her head.

“Well, Holden, I...”

“Pfft...haha!” Vireo, who had always been very calm and composed, suddenly burst out laughing so hard that had to bend over.

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When Isadora saw Vireo laughing, she felt even more embarrassed.

“Holden, I’m sorry. I feel that I am a woman, so I should know how to cook. I wanted to cook something good for you and I’m afraid that you’ll be hungry, but...”

However, she had already finished using all the ingredients in Holden’s fridge. In the end, she did not even manage to make a single decent dish.

She was thinking that he had seen Jane making gnocchi when she had nothing to do at home. She had

put tomatoes and some vegetables in it and the gnocchi was extremely delicious. Gnocchi were easy to make. It was just mashing and mixing some flour, potatoes, and egg, and it was all done after just boiling them. In the end, Isadora failed at making gnocchi even after she had finished a small bag of flour that Vireo had bought. Instead, her face, hair, and apron were all covered in flour.

Since she failed at making gnocchi, she thought of making custard pudding. Isadora had often seen Jane making custard puddings for the children. It was very delicious and was very smooth.

When making custard puddings for the children, even though she made it for the children, Jane always made some for Isadora as well. It was just a few eggs, but Isadora enjoyed it very much every time she had it.

Custard pudding was so easy to make. It was just whisking some eggs and milk and boiling it over medium heat. In the end, the custard pudding that Isadora made was blackened and was covered in bubbles. How could it have the slightest sense of smoothness at all?

Isadora was so dejected. Seeing that it had already been more than an hour, she was thinking that Vireo should be waking up soon. What should she do? What should she do? Isadora was so anxious

that she was on the verge of crying. However, she had to do what she said she would do. She had said that she was going to cook for Holden.

Screw it! She was going to go all out! She put the pan on the stove, and then she imitated the way Jane fried eggs. She poured some oil in and then directly cracked the eggs into the pan.

‘This must work! Haha!’

Isadora then put the lid on the pan waited while standing in front of the pan. She wondered how long it would take for the eggs to cook. She waited and waited. In fact, it had not been that long. It was just a few minutes.

When she took the lid off, she saw the eggs were all burnt. Oh! Isadora truly felt so embarrassed that she did not know if she should cry or laugh. Just as she was clueless about what she should do,

Holden had unexpectedly woken up and came to the kitchen. She had turned the entire kitchen into a huge mess as if it was the ruins after a war.

“I’m...sorry, Holden.” Isadora hung her head and was very embarrassed.

After Holden was done laughing, he came to the front of Isadora, and he carefully looked at the girl with a face full of flour, soot, and eggs. He suddenly thought about how she could be so cute.

She was so cute that his heart had completely melted. She was so great that he could not bear to let her go.

He put the girl in his arms in one fell swoop and put his chin with ashy stubbles on the top of her head.

Then, he mumbled softly,

“Isadora, you truly are the priceless treasure that God has given me. My girl. From now on, you’re my girl, my life, and my everything.”

Isadora was so touched that she cried. She nestled in his arms.

“But, Holden, I am so stupid. I thought that I could cook. I am already in my thirties. How could I not even know how to cook? I can’t even make such simple dishes.”

“You don’t know how to cook, but I do,” said the man gently.

Isadora looked up at Vireo with her teary eyes.

“You...don’t need me to cook for you?”

“Silly girl, have you forgotten we had just come home from the restaurant? In fact, I’m not hungry at all,”

said Vireo.

"I saw that you did not eat anything at all at the restaurant, and you had already slept for almost two hours after coming home. I was afraid that you'll be hungry, but I don't know how to make anything. I truly have embarrassed myself big time." Isadora had a nasal voice and was particularly embarrassed.

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After all, there was no other candidate more suited to be his wife than her. As soon as she thought of this, Bonnie mustered a bitter smile and replied, "Have you forgotten something, Mr. Landry?

"When your parents asked me to be their future daughter-in-law, I had rejected them, and even after explaining this to me, I still turned you down.

"I refuse to marry you. I refuse to become a replacement for Charlotte, and if you want to marry me simply to save face and not let all the money you put into the wedding preparations go to waste...I refuse."

Then, she strode down the last few steps, stomped over to the front door, and flung it open.

"You're not welcome in my home, Mr. Landry, and it was already generous of me to take you in for the night, but please don't overstay your welcome. Please leave." Jim furrowed his brows upon hearing

this.

This was the first time anyone had ever kicked him out of their house in his life!

How dare Bonnie do this to him? Did she somehow think she was better than everyone else? Did she think she was special and that he had no one to turn to except her? Did she think that his wanting to marry her somehow gave her the green light to do whatever she wanted?

As soon as he thought of this, Jim stood up, sneering, and said, "Bonnie, I sincerely hope you think this over. After all, you're not the only woman left in this world, and if you refuse to become my bride, there's plenty of other people clamoring for this opportunity, but...

He glanced at Harvey.

"Harvey and Shelly are going to be living with me after I get married, and if you're fine with letting the children live with a stepmother, then be my guest."

With that, he circled past Bonnie and strode out the door.

Bonnie narrowed her eyes as she clutched the doorknob tightly. She stared at Jim as he left the compound, got into his car, and drove away without turning back

When the car finally disappeared from view, a drop of tear that she had been suppressing for a long time finally slid down her face.

Bonnie froze, then lowered her head to glance at Harvey, who was staring up at her with his arms around her leg, his chubby little face raised to look at her.

“Are you going to marry Daddy because of Shelly?” Bonnie paused, removed Harvey’s arms from her leg, then knelt to meet his gaze.

“Do you think I should marry your Daddy because of you and Shelly?” Harvey bit his lip and fell into deep thought, then finally replied,

“I long for nothing more than to see you and Daddy overcome your differences and be together! I can’t help feeling that you and Daddy are meant to be. You two started dating even before finding out that you’re my birth mother, and to me, this feels like fate-like God wanted our little family to be complete!”

Then, he lifted his little face to stare at Bonnie.

“But if you’re not going to be happy with Daddy, I don’t wish to put you through this. I’m sure that even if

Daddy married another woman, me and Shelly would be fine!”

Then, he reached out to gently stroke Bonnie's face and added, "To me, what's most important is your happiness, Mommy."

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A surge of warmth spread through Bonnie's heart as she stared at Harvey's wide-eyed, child like gaze.

A split second later, she reached out and hugged Harvey close to her.

"Thank you, Harvey." He was just six years old, and Bonnie knew how much he longed to have a family.

After all...she had grown up as an orphan, and when she was young, there was nothing she wanted more than to be reunited with her birth parents.

Even with their predicament, Harvey was reassuring her calmly that even if she did not want to marry Jim, he would understand and respect her decision.

How could she not be touched by having such an understanding son? The two of them embraced for a long time until finally, Bonnie's phone rang. It was a call from Luna.

"Bonnie, can you help me? Theo..." Bonnie furrowed her brows when she heard Luna hesitating.

“What’s wrong?” Luna sighed, then explained everything that had happened to her, including Theo’s stubborn insistence to marry Roanne, who had died.

“Theo and I were close, and at one point, he had saved Neil’s life, so I...”

Bonnie frowned upon hearing this. She could understand how tough of a situation Luna was in. On one hand, Bonnie knew that Luna was right, and someone had to put their foot down and snap Theo out of this.

On the other hand, Theo had helped Luna countless times in the past, and if Luna were to scold him for this, he would think that she was ungrateful and did not appreciate him for the sacrifices he had made.

Even though Luna would not be doing anything to harm Theo, Bonnie knew that Luna could never bring herself to scold or reprimand Theo. Therefore, she needed Bonnie’s help more than ever.

Bonnie immediately replied without a second thought, “Don’t worry. I’ll be there soon. Where is he now?”

Luna sighed.

“He’s...at the Civil Rights Bureau, trying to get his and Roanne’s marriage registered. Rachel is with him now.”

Bonnie gasped, then quickly replied, "I'll be there as soon as possible!"

Then, she hung up and stood up from the ground.

"Mommy!" Harvey chased after her just as she was about to head out the door, having put on her coat.

"I'll go with you!"

Bonnie paused for a moment, then nodded.

"Alright." She knew that Harvey was trying to cherish every last moment he had with her, so she

reached out to take his

"Let's go." Before they left, Bonnie informed the guards and servants of where they were headed and

told them to keep a careful eye on June and Shelly.

One of them was still sick, and the other was just an infant, so she could not help feeling a little worried

about leaving them at home.

After the babysitter promised up and down that she would take good care of them, Bonnie and Harvey

finally set out toward the Civil Rights Bureau.

There was a black car parked near Tea Cottage, and when Bonnie's car left the house, the driver inside

the vehicle saw this and dialed a number.

“Mr. Simms, Bonnie and the child have already left Tea Cottage. Should we do it now?” Quentin curled

his lips into a smile when he heard this.

He glanced at Charlotte, who was lying on the bed in the underground prison, and asked, “Shall we go

through with it?” Charlotte rolled her eyes in indignation.

“Of course!”

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“I spent so much time and effort making Jim forget the past and drug him into listening to my every

word, and now that Christopher is trying to formulate an antidote for the poison, you’re asking me if I

want to stop him or not?” She pursed her lips and added,

“Sirius, if you want to hear me calling you Father in your lifetime, you have to do as I say!” Quentin

sneered.

“Alright then. We’ll proceed with the plan.” Then, he narrowed his eyes, walked over to Charlotte’s side,

and grabbed hold of her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze.

“I don’t like the face you have now. Why don’t I help you turn it into what it’s supposed to be?”

Charlotte widened her eyes in shock.

“What...what do you mean?”

“What I mean is...” He chuckled.

“Ever since you got that plastic surgery, you don’t look like my daughter anymore, and I think you’d be better off having an ugly face.”

Then, without warning, he picked up a knife and slashed it across Charlotte’s face.

“Aaahhhh~!” Cries of agony echoed through the entire house.

When Bonnie and Harvey arrived at the Civil Rights Bureau, Theo was in the middle of a heated discussion with one of the employees.

He was a gentle and soft-spoken person, and even when engaged in a heated debate, his tone was still soft and humble.

“So I’m not allowed to make her my wife in the eyes of the law just because she’s dead? This was her dying wish, so I have to help her fulfill it!”

The civil rights officer looked a little perplexed by this request.

“Sir, you’re not allowed to get married to a dead person. If you’re really determined to do this, you can get a witch doctor or sorcerer to host a ceremony for you to bind your soul to her in the underworld...”

“No, I don’t want that. I want to be married legally to her...”

This was what Bonnie heard as soon as she stepped through the door.

Meanwhile, next to Theo, Rachel was sitting quietly, scrolling through her phone, as though she was just there as an assistant, and whether Theo and Roanne got married or not was none of her concern at all.

Bonnie sighed at this sight.

She knew exactly what had been going on between Rachel before this. In the past, even when Theo tried to paint pictures of Roanne, they would always turn out looking more like Rachel than anyone.

Rachel, on the other hand, was an extremely busy woman, but she would take hours out of her packed schedule to talk to Theo on the phone.

In the past, Bonnie had thought these two would eventually end up together, but to her surprise...

Roanne’s death had caused such a dramatic shift in Theo.

She sighed and stormed forward to tear Theo away from the fight.

“What the hell is wrong with you? Why are you insisting on getting married to a dead girl when there’s a live person here that you don’t even cherish? If you’re so determined to marry her, why don’t you kill yourself and join her in the underworld?”

Theo curled his lips into a smirk.

“Do you think that idea never crossed my mind? If it wasn’t for the fact that my parents are still around...I would’ve done that already.”

Bonnie could not help feeling that this man had gone utterly bonkers. She sighed and said, “Theo, please reconsider whether your insistence on marrying Roanne is because you truly love her or because you’re overcome by your guilt toward her? You can’t sacrifice your own happiness because of her. It’s unfair to both you and...”

She glanced at Rachel before finally adding, “And Rachel.”

At the mention of Rachel, Theo lifted his head to glance at the woman, who was scrolling on her phone in silence.

“Her? What does this have to do with her?”

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The entire room fell silent.

Bonnie furrowed her brows and shot Theo an exasperated glare.

She knew that Theo was acting impulsively because of his overconsuming guilt toward Roanne, that this was his way of compensating for Roanne's tragic death, but Rachel had been the love of his life before this!

How could he say something so hurtful in front of her? Even if he did not want to be with Rachel anymore in the future, it did not give him the green light to treat her like this.

As soon as she thought of this, Bonnie exhaled and lifted her head to stare at Theo coldly. You don't think she has anything to do with this? Can you guarantee that you won't regret what you said today?

"If you can guarantee that, then I'll let you do whatever you want, including marrying a dead girl that you won't be able to bring home to your parents. I don't care whatever you do!

"If you can't guarantee that you won't regret your decision in the future, you should take back what you just said!

“There are other ways of compensating for Roanne’s death, like helping her track down her birth parents so that she can at least rest in peace knowing she has a family, but instead, you choose to do it in the most destructive way for both you and the people around you!” Bonnie’s tone was so stern and solemn that Theo stiffened upon hearing this.

He furrowed his brows and was about to say something, but in the end, he changed his mind and remained silent.

Seeing that Theo did not reply, Bonnie immediately understood that he was not entirely gone; his rationality was intact. As long as...

“What’s going on? You chickened out?”

All of a sudden, Rachel stood up and stared coldly at Theo.

“Judging by how determined you were, I thought you’d stand by your promise of marrying that dead girl, so why are you hesitating now?.”

“Do you somehow think that I’d still accept you if you came running back to me even after all this? Well, let me tell you this, Theo: I’ll never take you back.”

She curled her lips into a smile continued, "Never. Everyone has always thought I'm eccentric, Theo, and you yourself know that, but the fact is, I'm just someone who sticks to her word, no matter how hard it is.

"Let me tell you this one last time, Theo: there's no way we'd ever be together anymore."

Then, she dangled her phone in front of them and added, "My fiance is coming to fetch me soon, and I'm going to leave now. Meanwhile, I wish you and your dead wife nothing but the best and that you'll live happily ever after. Goodbye."

Then, she turned and strode away. Theo remained motionless, staring at Rachel's retreating figure, the light dissipating from his gaze.

Bonnie furrowed her brows and nudged him.

"Go get her back!"

"It's too late now," Theo muttered.

"The moment she makes up her mind...there's no turning back."

Then, he turned to stare at the civil rights officer, who was still frozen in shock.

"Is there really no way to legally marry Roanne and me?" The officer said with a pained expression,

“Sir... I really can’t help you. If you really want to, maybe you can...you can host a ceremony to bind your souls together and feel like you’re truly married?”

Theo sighed and was about to say something in reply when Harvey, who had been silent all this while, sprinted over to them.

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Harvey then handed the civil rights officer a blank piece of paper and pen.

“Sir, can you please write an unofficial certificate of marriage for my Uncle Theo? Even though it won’t be legally recognized, I’m sure he can still accept it.” Everyone in the room froze upon hearing this.

Bonnie understood what Harvey was trying to do and immediately glanced at Theo.

“Theo, you’re not a kid anymore, and you should know if the civil rights officer tells you he can’t do this for you, he means it.

If he’s willing to write you a marriage certificate right now, at least it’ll be something, right?” Theo froze for a moment, contemplating this, then nodded reluctantly, like a child who had to give in to an undesirable request.

The civil rights officer had no choice but to do as Bonnie and Harvey said and scribbled a' marriage certificate' for him, even drawing a fake stamp to add to its credibility.

Theo held this certificate close to him, like a newly obtained treasure, and muttered, "Roanne ... I've finally fulfilled your wish.

From today onward, you're my wife... You can finally rest in peace..."

Bonnie let out a sigh, staring at this crazed man, and escorted him out of the building like a child together with Harvey.

However, to their surprise, Rachel had not left yet.

At that moment, she was standing at the curb, calling someone on her phone repeatedly while glancing at her phone once in a while, as though she was waiting for someone to pick her up.

Bonnie furrowed her brows and was about to approach her when a silver sports car screeched to a halt in front of her.

The window was lowered, exposing a man's handsome face.

"Dr.

Liddell, what made you change your mind and agree to the date my grandfather set up?" This man...

Bonnie remembered him; he was Caleb Crawford, the wealthiest man in Lincoln City and heir to the Crawford family fortune.

At one point, Luna had been tricked by Heather into going on a blind date with this man, but to everyone's surprise...not only had Caleb and Luna hit it off in a platonic way, but in the end, he became close friends with Joshua, who was his competitor.

Bonnie had always been puzzled by this but never asked Luna about what happened.

"I was feeling a little bored, so I decided to try something new." Rachel curled her lips into a smile

FSD8/JBP opened the passenger side door.

"What's wrong? Did you change your mind about me?"

"What is there to change my mind about? To be able to marry such a beautiful, smart woman like you—a doctor, no less—is a blessing for both my family and me, so what is there for me

to change my mind about?" Caleb raised his brows teasingly at Rachel and added, "Where would you like to go for dinner tonight?"

"Anywhere you'd like.

Perhaps you'd like to bring me to your old haunts where you used to bring your ex-girlfriends?" Caleb

started the engine, smirking.

"Me and my exes used to play it a little more exciting; I'm scared you might not be able to take it..."

"There's no such thing as that.

Try me." Then, without warning, Caleb's car roared to life and sped off like an arrow.

Bonnie remained motionless, gaping at the silver car that had disappeared, then turned to glance at

Theo.

"You... Why don't you go back, calm yourself down, then apologize to Rachel? Judging from the way

she and that Caleb guy talked... I think she means it when she says she's given up on you."

Theo glanced coldly in the direction the car had left in, clutching the marriage certificate in his hand.

"What she does is none of my concern anymore." Then, he curled his lips into a bitter smile and met

Bonnie's gaze.

"What would you have done if you were in my shoes?"

Bonnie rolled her eyes.

Perhaps to Theo, this was an impossible question to answer, but to her, she did not even hesitate.

“If I were you, I wouldn’t have chosen a dead person over the people around me, knowing that my actions would hurt them, and besides...” She turned to shoot Theo a cold glare.

“Even if Roanne were still alive, you wouldn’t have loved her back, anyway.

Your feelings toward her now are built on guilt rather than true love.

“I can never do what you did, blaming someone else’s death on yourself and sacrificing everything just to make up for that.

What happened in the past will always remain in the past, and since I can’t change anything about that, I won’t make myself miserable because of this.”

Bonnie sneered and added, “If I were you, this wouldn’t even have been a choice in the first place.”

“Is that so?” Theo could not help snickering when he heard Bonnie’s reply.

He shot her a taunting glance and said, “What if Roanne was the old Jim, and Rachel was the new him? Who would you choose, then?” Bonnie furrowed her brows upon hearing this.

“That’s not fair! They’re not the same!” “How are they different, then?” Theo sneered.

“You told me that what happened in the past will always remain in the past, and so you won’t make yourself miserable over something you can’t change, but...” He lifted his head to meet Bonnie’s gaze.

“Aren’t you keeping yourself in the past by fixating and obsessing over the old Jim? You’re so drowned by your love for him that you can’t even see the fact that he doesn’t love you anymore.

Aren’t you doing the same thing as me? Lying to yourself and making yourself miserable over something that won’t return?”

Bonnie’s words caught in her throat.

She bit her lip and glared at Theo, then said coldly, “They’re not the same, Theo! Roanne will never be able to come back from the dead, but my Jim will one day come back to his senses.

I believe that one day, the Jim that loved me and cherished me above anything will return.

“He’s going to recover his memories soon; you just wait!” Then, she took a deep breath DQB8/WBS reached out to grab hold of Harvey.

“Theo, if you’re going to continue lashing out at the people trying to help you, then I don’t intend to stay here.

Luna begged me to come to talk some sense into you, and I've said everything I wanted to!" Then, she reached out to hail a taxi, opened the door, and got into the backseat.

"Take me to Tea Cottage." "Alright," a cold male's voice rang out from the driver's seat.

Bonnie froze, then immediately lifted her head.

The man sitting in the driver's seat was none other than Jim!

At this moment, he looked even more cold and aloof than how she had left him.

He had changed into a fresh set of clothes and was sitting quietly in the driver's seat, looking like an actual taxi driver.

Bonnie froze for a moment, then suddenly realized that she had not gotten into a taxi at all, but Jim's black Cayenne! She was so outraged by Theo that she had mistaken such an expensive car for a taxi!

Seeing that Bonnie was silent, Jim curled her lips into a smirk and smiled at her through the rearview mirror.

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"I've been waiting here for a while now, and I overheard everything you said to that Theo guy.

Bonnie's entire body stiffened when she heard this.

Her expression darkened as soon as she recalled the conversation she had with Theo.

She...had been talking to Theo about Jim's amnesia.

Not only that, but she had been so angry at him that she even insulted him directly before bringing

Harvey into what she thought was a taxi.

If Jim overheard everything... "I heard everything," added Jim, curling his lips into a small smile as

though he could see through Bonnie's thoughts.

"Were you and the old Jim very much in love in the past?" Bonnie fell silent upon hearing this.

Someone had asked her this exact question after Jim lost her memories, and every time, her answer

was the same.

"Before Jim lost his memories, he and I had been so happy together, and if he hadn't suffered amnesia,

we would've been married by now."

Every time someone asked her this question, she would give this answer so confidently because she

truly believed in it.

At present, however, when faced with the same question from Jim, she somehow could not answer anymore.

“You two used to be obsessed with each other!” After a few moments of silence, Harvey let out a sigh and took his phone out of his pocket.

“I still have a video of you two spending Christmas together last year!”

Then, he clicked play on the video.

“Jim, you asshole!” “You’re calling me an asshole? Just because I hit you with a snowball?”

“Yes, you are!”

“Well, you haven’t seen the worst of me yet!”

Jim and Bonnie’s playful voices rang out from Harvey’s phone as soon as he pressed play.

Bonnie pursed her lips, and even without glancing at the video, she could remember what had happened on that very day.

The three of them had been fighting in the snow and building snowmen together that day, and in the end, Bonnie and Jim had kissed underneath the mistletoe, promising Harvey that they would one day become a family.

She still remembered the grin on Jim's face that night.

However, within just six months, he had turned into another person entirely.

A man who, even after knowing that Charlotte had been lying even after learning that he and Bonnie had dated in the past, still refused to acknowledge her as his partner.

Jim, on the other hand, furrowed his brows when he heard the voices coming out of Harvey's phone.

His eyes were fixated on the road ahead, focused on his driving, so he could not watch the video, but from the sound of their voices, he could imagine how beautiful the smile on Bonnie's face had been.

Had she...been so in love with him in the past? Had they at one point been happy together?

All of the memories Jim had of her were of her crying.

Tears of sadness, determination, stubbornness, and sorrow.

He had never seen her smile, and this was also the first time he had ever heard her laugh.

For a split second, Jim wished for nothing more than to regain his old memories, but at the same time, he could not help feeling scared of this.

He was worried that his guesses were right but, at the same time, terrified of what would happen if he

was wrong.

What if... What if, in the past, he had never loved Bonnie at all and had just chosen to be together with her out of guilt? What would happen to them then?

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Harvey's video had finished playing.

Bonnie's head was lowered, and she was silent.

Jim, too, was fixated on his driving, pretending as though he did not hear anything from Harvey's video at all.

The entire car was silent, as though everything that happened had just been a dream.

Finally, they arrived at Tea Cottage.

Jim unlocked the door and said, "Harvey, get out of the car first.

I have something to talk to your mother about."

Harvey sighed and glanced first at Bonnie, then at Jim.

"Alright, but you two talk this out properly.

Don't argue, and don't you dare get into a physical fight!" Then, he opened the door and got out of the door.

As he did this, Bonnie, too, placed a hand on the door handle on her side and tried to slip out of the car unnoticed.

She had nothing to talk to Jim about.

In the past, when she had been desperately trying to salvage their relationship, he had chosen Charlotte over her and rejected her over and over.

Time and time again, he had even insulted her and led to her being injured.

All of the injuries on her body had something to do with him.

Not only that, but during her meeting with Rosalyn and Charles the day before, he had not ceased to humiliate her either.

All that, and he was claiming that he wanted to marry her just a day later? What did he think she was?

Did he think she was some sort of pet that he could chase away and beckon to him at his fancy? As

soon as she thought of this, Bonnie could not wait to get out of the car, but before she could do this,

Jim caught sight of her trying to escape and swiftly locked the doors.

Bonnie almost caught her finger in the door in doing this, and as she drew her hand back quickly, she shot Jim a murderous glare and snapped, "Are you trying to murder me again?" "Did I allow you to get out of the car?" Jim curled his lips into a smirk and said curtly, "I've already said I wanted to talk to you in private, and yet you're trying to escape from underneath my nose.

This is a punishment."

Bonnie rolled her eyes at him.

"I don't know what you want to say to me but...I have nothing to say to you.

"If you want to talk to me about getting married, I've already made it clear that I refuse to do so, and as for Harvey's custody... I think it's best that we discuss this when your father and mother are present, and finally,"

She let out an exhale and glanced at him.

"Shelly is neither your child nor mine, but I intend on adopting her for now.

If you finally recall who her mother is in the future, feel free to contact me, and we can discuss this

further." Then, she closed her eyes and let out a deep sigh as though she were trying to release all the

frustration that had been on her mind all this while.

A split second later, she opened her eyes and said, "I've said all I want to, Jim." Theo was right; she

had been drowning in her love for the old Jim that she failed to open her eyes to the truth.

The fact was, the old Jim and the present Jim were two entirely different people.

Whenever she was on her own, Bonnie would ask herself, did she still love the current Jim?

The answer was yes.

She loved Jim as a person, and it did not matter to her whether he possessed memories of her or not,

and she did not care what kind of person he became.

As long as Jim was still Jim, and his voice, appearance, and personality remained the same... she

would love him till the end of time.

Despite this, she was not someone who pestered her exes even after knowing they did not love her

back.

If it were not for the fact that she and Jim had dated in the past, she would not have pestered him for so

long.

What Theo said to her that day had reminded her that she had been lying to herself too.

She had accused Theo of being so fixated on the past that he could not open his eyes to the truth and the people around him.

What made her think she was different?