

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 1437

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When Luna finally arrived at Tea Cottage, it was already nighttime.

Bonnie, who was leaning against the couch, leaped up and pulled her into a hug as soon as she saw Luna entering. "You're okay; that's great! "

Bonnie had lunged so quickly and forcefully onto her that Luna almost lost her balance. She stumbled and quickly righted herself before asking, "What's going on?"

"Just now, I saw on the news that there was a gun shooting at Lucky Den, and Malcolm had gotten hurt. I thought that— "

Luna's entire body stiffened as soon as she heard this.

She lifted her head and glanced at the television screen. The newscaster was announcing the breaking news on the gun shooting at Lucky Den in a cold voice, "The shooting had happened so quickly that by the time everybody came to again, Master Quinn's legs had already been hurt, and the shooter had fled the scene

"Fortunately, Malcolm Quinn's legs had been injured in a car accident a month ago, which rendered his legs paralyzed. Therefore, even though

he had been shot, he couldn't feel anything, and as of now, he's safe and sound.

"As for the suspect, no one was able to identify the shooter. Because the security cameras in Lucky Den had been deliberately destroyed, we're only left with an image of the back of the shooter's head..."

Luna furrowed her brows and stared at the image of the shooter on the screen.

The man was dressed entirely in black and even had on a pair of sunglasses. It was difficult to discern whom it was solely based on a picture of his back.

However, Luna knew immediately who the shooter was.

She knew this man like the back of her hand, so much so that she could identify him by the image of his back.

Her heart sank.

"Rumors are circulating about the shooter's motives behind all this. Some people say that he suspected Master Quinn's legs weren't paralyzed at all, so he shot him to prove his point..."

"Some people say that the killer wasn't aware of Master Quinn's condition at all..."

A hint of disdain passed through Luna's heart as she listened to this commentary.

There was another possibility.

The shooter was furious that she had refused to see him after so many days yet met up with Malcolm after only one invitation.

However, at the same time, he did not want to injure Malcolm out of fear that she would not forgive him for this, so he chose to shoot him in his legs instead.

"I'm fine, Bonnie. The shooting...happened after I left the restaurant." Luna fell into silence for a long while and finally exhaled. "It was Joshua who did it."

Bonnie lifted her head to stare at her in shock. "Joshua? How can that be?"

"Merchant City is both the Quinn and Landry families' territory! To shoot Malcolm Quinn in his territory...he must be insane!"

Luna curled her lips into a sneer. "Maybe he is."

After comforting Bonnie for a while, Luna returned to her room with a lot on her mind.

She lay down on her bed and could not help recalling the image of Joshua on the screen.

Who would it be if not for him?

After seeing how he had behaved over the last few days—changing his appearance for her sake and recording all the things he wanted to say to her—she thought he had realized his mistake and was working to rectify them.

Out of the blue, he went and shot Malcolm just because she met up with him for dinner!

What if Malcolm initially had hope of recovering, but after suffering two gunshots, was never able to stand back up again?

Did Joshua ever think about the fact that even though Malcolm was his competitor, he was still the man who had saved her and the children?

Luna closed her eyes.

Joshua was still just as selfish as before and never thought of her as a priority.

If he had considered her feelings, he would never commit something like this!

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Suddenly, one of the servants knocked on her door. " Ms. Luna, this is the recording device that Mr. Lynch left today—"

Luna pulled her covers up above her head and replied flatly, "Throw it away. I don't want to listen to it anymore."

The servant remained silent for a moment, then placed the recording device on top of Luna's suitcase, which was parked next to her door.

Luna closed her eyes as she listened to the servant's retreating footsteps. A bitter smile crept across her face.

How could she believe that a selfish man who had never been willing to admit his mistakes would suddenly change for her in two weeks?

She had been tricked by his sweet words.

Swan Lake Chalet.

Joshua handed the silver gun back to Jim and said, "Thank you."

Jim glanced at the gun and tossed it into the trash can. "It's of no use to me anymore."

Joshua curled his lips into a smirk and realized what Jim was talking about. "Can people identify you from the gun and the bullets inside it?"

Jim nodded gracefully and leaned against the back of his chair. "It's specially made for the Landry family, and apart from me and my father Charles, no one else in the family owns anything like this."

Joshua narrowed his eyes. "Then why did you lend it to me?"

"Well, I can tell them you stole it from me." Jim smiled and glanced at Joshua. "After all, to the rest of the Landry family, you're still our mortal enemy."

Joshua fell into silence for a moment, then lifted his head to gaze at Jim. "What about your mother, Rosalyn? What kind of person is she?"

Jim had never expected Joshua to ask about Rosalyn, so he replied impassively, "She's a kind, gentle woman. Even though she's not my birth mother, I've always treated her like that before I found out about Lucy Hamilton."

With that, he let out a sigh and continued, "Mother has sacrificed everything for Heather and me. She has always treated us as her own, and everything she gave me over the years was more than enough."

"I just never thought that out of her two children..."

"One of us wasn't her own, and the other was a stranger's child, switched out with her own daughter many years ago."

Joshua narrowed his eyes when he heard this. He could not help recalling the sound of Rosalyn's soft, gentle voice when she delivered the soup the night before.

"Then what about..." Joshua let out a slight cough. "What about the man with gold-rimmed glasses that's always dressed in black and following her around?"

"Oh, you mean Mickey? " Jim smiled as he replied, " Mickey is an expert in poisoning, and he prides himself on producing smoke bombs with sedative effects.

"However, when the Landry family stopped manufacturing drugs and poison, he lost his job and became Mother's subordinate instead..."

With that, he raised his eyebrows and glanced at Joshua. "How do you know him, by the way?"

Joshua fell into silence for a moment and was about to say something when Jim's phone rang.

It was a call from the butler at Landry Mansion.

"Master Landry! You have to come home quickly! " the butler screamed in a hoarse voice. "Mrs. Landry passed out just now, and she's foaming at her mouth! We've sent her to the hospital. She said she's familiar with poison and knows that her time has come!

"You have to go visit her!"

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Something had happened to Rosalyn!

Jim immediately stood up and stormed out the door, having forgotten about the conversation he was having with Joshua. "Christopher! Christopher! "

Meanwhile, Christopher sprinted out of another room in a far corner of the house and asked, "What's wrong?"

Jim did not even have the time to explain. Instead, he grabbed hold of Christopher's wrist and ran out the door. Christopher was still wearing his indoor slippers, and, having been dragged out of the house, his slippers had fallen off. He was dragged onto the car with his feet bare.

Joshua stood by the window and watched this unfold. As soon as he saw the worry on Jim's face, he followed them out the door.

At night, most of the servants and the driver had already gone home for the day, and there were only a few bodyguards left.

Jim slid into the driver's seat, but he was so nervous that he could not even ignite the engine. He was frustrated by this and picked up his phone. "One of the bodyguards, come out and bring Christopher and me to the hospital!"

As soon as he made the call, someone pulled the driver's side door open.

Joshua furrowed his brows and glanced at Jim. "

There are only a few guards keeping watch at Swan Lake Chalet tonight. Both Harvey and June are fast asleep. What if something happens while the guards are away with you?"

Jim fell into silence when he heard this. He pursed his lips and replied, "But Christopher doesn't know how to drive—"

"I'll drive." Joshua let out an exhale and pulled Jim out of the driver's seat. "Rosalyn and I aren't related, so I'll be more careful than you if I were to drive."

Jim froze for a moment, then exchanged a glance with Christopher, who was in the backseat. The two of them did not say a word, nor did they move an inch.

Joshua knew what they were concerned about, so he said, "I'm just here to drive you to the hospital; I'll wait for you downstairs. If I don't go up, the Landry family won't notice me at all."

Even though he still harbored hatred toward the Landry family, Jim had helped him tremendously during this time, so he would not want to cause Jim any trouble at all.

Jim and Christopher exchanged another glance. Finally, Jim let out an exhale and got into the passenger's seat.

Joshua's driving was indeed far more careful than what Jim's would have been. He knew that Jim was worried about Rosalyn's condition, so he stepped on the gas as fast as possible while ensuring that they were within a safe limit.

The car soon arrived at the hospital.

After Jim and Christopher had gotten out of the car, Joshua lowered his seat down and laid down in the car.

There was only a single streetlight in the hospital's parking lot, so no one would notice him lying in the car.

Jim and Christopher quickly went into the hospital.

Joshua had closed his eyes and was just about to take a quick nap when he heard a deafening noise from outside.

This was the sound of an expensive sports car.

He lifted his head slightly and peeked through the tiny crack in the window.

It was Heather. She parked her convertible in a spot near Joshua's and got out of the car, tidying her hair at the same time. There was not a single hint of concern or worry on her face.

Not only that, but she even leaned against the hood of her car, lit a cigarette, and called someone on her phone. "You're quick to receive news. How many spies do you have at Landry Mansion?"

"Yes, I've arrived at the hospital. Didn't you say that Charles is an extremely loyal person? Well, when Lucy died, he almost went with her, so what do you think he's going to do if Rosalyn dies too?"

"Well, I certainly hope they both die. If they do, then the only people left to fight for the inheritance would be Jim and me. Their real daughter won't be able to come home anyway...so your plan will fail.

"This is karma for what you did to me six years ago."

Heather hung up the phone just as her cigarette had reached its end. She put it out and sashayed into the hospital, her heels click-clacking on the floor.

A disdainful smirk played on Joshua's lips as he watched her enter the hospital.

Even though neither she nor Jim was Rosalyn's child, there was still a stark contrast between her calmness and Jim's worry.

However...

Joshua closed his eyes and sneered as he laid back down in his seat.

According to what Heather had said, Charles and Rosalyn's real daughter was not Aura at all, but instead, someone else.