

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2147

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“Bonnie...”

The stench of alcohol wafted into the house as the door swung open. Jim staggered into the room, clearly intoxicated, and hobbled over to Bonnie's side. “I miss you.” He grinned at Bonnie, then laid against her limply. Bonnie did not see this coming at all, and so she lost her grip on her glass, spilling water all over herself and Jim. However, Jim continued to hug her tightly as though he could not feel the water seeping into his shirt at all. “I haven't seen you in such a long time... I miss you so much...” Bonnie furrowed his brows and pushed him away, then glanced at his inebriated face. “How much did you drink?” The stench of alcohol wafting off his body overpowered her nose. Jim giggled, then extended his index finger toward her. “Just...just a little.” Then, he reached out and wrapped his arms around Bonnie once more and said with a hint of adoration in his voice, “I miss you so much...” No matter how hard she tried, Bonnie could not release herself from Jim's grip. Finally, she had no choice but to relent. This was not the first time she had seen him drunk during their relationship, but this was probably the most intoxicated she had ever seen him. She had to coax him for a long time before he finally allowed her to let go of him so that she could make him a bowl of hot soup. Jim lay on the sofa and watched with glazed eyes as Bonnie busied herself in the kitchen.

“Bonnie...” he called softly.

“Yes?” Bonnie replied as she prepared the ingredients of her soup. “I'll be out soon.” “It's okay, take your time...” Jim replied, smiling, then

said in a hoarse voice, “I just...can’t help feeling guilty.” Bonnie’s entire body stiffened when she heard this. She immediately lifted her head to glance in Jim’s direction.

At this moment, he was lying on the sofa, staring at her with glassy eyes. He looked conscious but somehow intoxicated too.

When he saw Bonnie staring at him, Jim curled his lips into a smile and said, “Christopher came to talk to me today...

“I finally found out that nothing had happened between you and him at all...and that the baby you aborted was not his...but mine...”

Jim closed his eyes and continued bitterly, “Christopher said that...it was difficult for you to get pregnant, but despite that...you still chose to abort the baby because I had chosen Charlotte over you...”

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He let out a bitter chuckle. “My first thought was that you’re crazy; how could you have been pregnant with my child but refused to tell me? “However, on second thought, I knew that even if you had told me the truth, I wouldn’t have believed you anyway.”

Tears slid down Bonnie’s cheek upon hearing this. She sniffed and replied, “It’s all in the past now.”

“No, it’s not.” Jim lifted his head to meet her gaze, smiling. “Actually, I’m not drunk at all. “Christopher told me to give up trying to find that little girl I had been in love with since young. He told me I should cherish the person that’s right in front of me.” He stood up, stumbled over to Bonnie’s side, then hugged her from behind. “I want to marry you, like my parents wanted me to. “Will you marry me?”

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As soon as Jim finished his sentence, the entire room fell silent. Pin-drop silence. Bonnie held her breath and stared at Jim, feeling as though all the cells in her body had frozen. Her mind had stopped turning, she could not utter a single word, and she felt as though her heart had skipped a few beats.. She bit her lip and stared dazedly at the painting on the wall in front of her. This was a painting that she and Jim had bought from a street painter that they encountered on their trip six months ago. It was a drawing of her and Jim, standing side-by-side on a bridge by the seaside, watching the sunset.

They had not known that the artist was painting them, and it was only after they finished watching the sunset that the artist ambled over to them and showed them the painting, claiming that he could not resist recording this magical moment in his art.

At that time, the artist had wanted to gift this painting to them to show his gratitude for being able to capture such a beautiful scene.

However, Jim insisted on paying him for his work, and in the end, he had shoved a check into the artist's hands.

The check was written for a large sum of money because Jim had prepared this money in advance for his business meeting.

When the artist finally left, Bonnie had even shot him a disapproving glare since the artist was not a famous painter, and she did not think it was worth it to pay him so much money.

However, Jim smiled and pulled her into his arms. “It’s not about the money... It’s about the fact that he had complimented us and even captured this moment in his art. To me, this is worth far more than any amount of money I can give.”

Even until present, Bonnie still remembered his every word.

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At this moment, she was staring at the painting as she felt Jim’s breath on her skin. A split second later, she let out an exhale, regained her composure, and shoved Jim away.” This isn’t funny.”

If the person hugging her was the old Jim, the man who would put her before anything else, she would be touched by his words, but he was not. After losing his memories, Jim had become an entirely different person. To Bonnie, the only thing these two men had in common was their shared looks, but they were two different entities.

He was not the old Jim she knew.

If Jim had proposed to her like this in the past, she would have been touched, but at this moment...

She could not help feeling like he was mocking her. If she agreed to marry him, he would grab her throat in the next second EQEUM\mw cackle about how he had known she wanted to marry him all along. She had already grown used to his tactics, so this time, she did not intend to give him the satisfaction. As soon as she thought of this, Bonnie let out an exhale, pushed Jim out of the kitchen, then slammed the door shut behind her. After the scent of alcohol dissipated from the air, Bonnie

exhaled and gently patted her chest to soothe her rapidly beating heart. “Thank God I didn’t fall for it this time.” Then, she resumed preparing the ingredients for her soup. She had to make the soup for him as fast as she could to nurse him back to consciousness and kick him out of the house. That way, he would not be able to use his drunken state as an excuse to harass her anymore.

Jim narrowed his eyes as he stared at the vague outline of the woman dressed in red through the matte glass door, bustling about in the kitchen. Truth be told, he was not really drunk at all. Perhaps it was because of his recent amnesia, or perhaps because he had been in a terrible mood ever since finding out about Charlotte’s deceit...but for some reason, even after Christopher had almost passed out from the alcohol, he remained wide alert.

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At the same time, Jim was not fully conscious, either.

If he had been fully conscious, he would not have asked the driver to bring him to Tea Cottage, nor would he have said all those things to Bonnie.

Truth be told, he had shocked himself when he pulled Bonnie into his arms.

It was as though...there was a signal in his mind and body compelling him to do so.

He did not even know why he had done that. He had felt as though there was another version of himself trapped inside him, ordering him to find Bonnie and propose to her.

As soon as he thought of this, Jim closed his eyes and let out an exhale, then gently knocked on his forehead.

Could Christopher have been telling the truth? Had he and Bonnie been in love before he lost his memories? Could he have forgotten Bonnie because she mattered too much to him? This sudden realization made Jim frown and pursed his lips in deep thought.

A split second later, he shook his head.

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Maybe it was just the alcohol playing tricks on his mind. He...he would never have fallen for Bonnie, even in the past. After a long time, Bonnie finally finished cooking.

She brought out a bowl of soup from the kitchen and placed it in front of Jim. “Drink it. As soon as you’re done, you should go home.

“This isn’t a place where your presence is welcome, so you’re not allowed to spend the night here.

“You have your own house, so you should go back there.”

Then, she stood up and made her way toward the stairs. She had just taken two steps when suddenly, she turned around as though something had occurred to her. “Jim, I don’t know if you’ll remember how you got here or what you did to me when you wake up tomorrow, so let me tell

you this. "It'd be great if you remember nothing, but if you do, you should pretend this is all just a dream. I won't hold your actions against you, so you shouldn't do the same to me. From today onward, we're going our separate ways."

Then, she turned and disappeared up the stairs. Jim curled his lips into a smile as he watched her leave, still poised on the sofa.

A split second later, he lowered his head to stare at the bowl of soup before him, his smile still hanging on his lips.

He could not believe that Bonnie knew how to cook. Judging from how quickly she had prepared this, she was adept at this.

Had she...done this before?

Had she only cooked for him?

Have any other men tasted her cooking before?

All of these questions flashed through Jim's mind.

A split second later, he lowered his head to take a sip from the soup.

However, almost immediately, his entire body froze.

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A split second later, he lowered his head to take a sip from the soup. However, almost immediately, his entire body froze. This taste...

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Jim lifted his head to stare in the direction of the stairs and called out, “What did you add to the soup?”

Bonnie froze in her steps, then came back downstairs. She shot him a strange look and replied, “Oat milk.”

Then, she turned her head away from him and added, “I’m lactose intolerant, so I can’t drink dairy, and besides, I just moved back here today, so unfortunately, I don’t have any milk in the fridge.

“According to the original recipe, I’m supposed to add milk into the soup, but because I don’t have any, I put in some of my usual oat milk instead.”

She paused for a moment before saying, “Even though oat milk and cow’s milk are very different, they’re both rich in protein, and this brand of oat milk doesn’t taste bad either.”

She pursed her lips slightly. “Besides, this isn’t the first time you tasted it. You drank it before losing your memories, and you even said it tasted good. What’s wrong? Why don’t you like it anymore?”

Jim narrowed his eyes when he heard this.

He did not know whether before losing his memories, he had noticed this detail or not, but the fact of the matter was, he noticed it at this very minute.

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This oat milk...was the exact same taste as the kind of milk Number-9 had offered him before! Perhaps it was because he had lost so much of his memories, Jim could not help being even more in tune with his remaining memories than he was in the past.

Therefore, he remembered the taste of the oat milk as though it was yesterday.

He recalled that Number-9 would always give the juiciest, most delicious parts of her meal to the other children, including Number-12, and left only bread and vegetables for herself.

Despite this, every time she helped the workers clean up, she would pick up the empty bottles and use this to ‘bribe’ one of the workers to buy her a very specific brand of oat milk she liked.

Because he and Number-9 had been close, she had given him one of her beloved bottles of oat milk as a gift.

Jim had treasured this bottle of oat milk beyond measure EXN)W\qI refused to finish it in one go, instead spreading it over the course of a few days.

Every time he drank it, he would take a small, tentative sip to savor it because he was worried that if he finished it too soon, he would forget what it tasted like. In the end...he was admitted to a hospital due to food poisoning from drinking spoiled milk.

When the doctors entered his information into the computer system, they discovered that this was none other than Jim Landry, the young master of the Landry family who had run away from him.

From that day onward, he was brought home in such a hurry that he did not even get to say goodbye to Number-9.

Apart from the necklace he left her and the promises he made, he never saw her again.

On the journey home from the hospital, Jim accidentally lost the empty oat milk bottle, and he did not remember the name of the brand. To make him happy, Rosalyn bought all the available brands of oat milk in Merchant City for him to try, but no matter how many bottles he drank, he never found the same taste again. After that, when Charlotte found him, he thought he and Number-9 had reunited once more, he asked her about this oat milk.

However, at that time, Charlotte sneered and replied, "I don't like it anymore; oat milk is out, and it doesn't taste good anymore. "I only drink

sugar-free milk now, so I don't remember the name of that brand anymore."

At that time, Jim had forced out a smile in reply, thinking that he was the one who had lost touch with the trends.

Truth be told, however, he had been disappointed to hear Charlotte's answer. He thought Number-9 had changed, but he eventually realized that Charlotte was not even Number-9. Maybe, just maybe, Number-9 had never changed at all.

However, when he found this familiar taste in Bonnie's soup, many old memories of him and Number-9 together resurfaced.

Seeing that Jim was staring at her in silence, Bonnie furrowed her brows, strode toward him, and picked up the bowl of soup from the table. "If you don't like it, I'll make you a new bowl."

Just as she was about to leave, Jim narrowed his eyes and grabbed her wrist. "It's not that I don't like it. I just think...this oat milk tastes very special." Then, he snatched the bowl of soup out of her hand and asked, "Can you tell me the brand of the oat milk you used?" Bonnie froze for a moment, then shot him a puzzled glance. "This is my own homemade brand."

Jim lifted his head to stare at her in disbelief. Bonnie paused for a moment, then continued to explain.