

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Isn't Easy chapter 2635

"Let her cry."

Upon saying that, the waiter came in and brought the restaurant's most expensive wine.

"Gwen." Luna picked up the bottle of wine and poured Gwen a glass. "You must know that you've just finished the surgery. Your body won't be able to take it, but before we left Merchant City, I asked the doctor if you're able to have wine when you're in a bad mood. The doctor said that once is alright. "So, I'm only going to allow you to drink once. After tonight, you can no longer drink. You have to be responsible for your body, as well as for the person that donated the heart to you."

Gwen clutched her face and nodded.

Then, she let go of her tear-soaked hands, picked up the glass that Luna poured for her, and downed it.

'I'd choose to go with you if I could, Luke. I don't want to continue this torture here on earth alone.'

"Luna, does Gwen..." Looking at Gwen drunk, Yannie bit her lip. She lowered her tone. "Does she...really like Mr. Jones that much?"

Luna paused for a while before smiling bitterly and nodding. Previously, she also thought that Gwen did not like Luke that much. After all, Gwen had tried many ways to leave Luke. She also did not feel that Luke did not like Gwen that much either. After all, he always put her under house arrest and bullied her.

However, it was until she found out that Luke died for Gwen that she realized that Gwen and Luke's relationship was much deeper than she imagined.

Alas, the wheels of fate had other, more heartbreaking plans for them.

Gwen drank the entire night. After drinking the most expensive bottle of wine, she asked for another bottle from the waiter, crying as she drank. She had completely given up on her composure. She has given up staying strong in front of Luna. She yelled Luke's name hysterically. She cried so loud that the entire hotel could hear her hoarse voice.

Luna did not sleep well for the entire night as she took care of Gwen. It was only at three in the morning that Gwen finally stopped and slept soundly. Luna, who was up the entire night, could finally take a break. She took a shower and rested in bed.

However...

Luna did not know that after she slept for less than two hours, Gwen, who was lying in bed, suddenly opened her eyes. She was not completely sober yet. Half-dreaming, she seemed to have seen Luke standing in the snow waving at her. Thus, Gwen stumbled, grabbed her coat, and headed out.

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At five in the morning, there was no one in the streets. Saigen City was about -20 degrees Celsius, and the cold slowly sobered up Gwen. With her coat around her, she wandered the snowy streets. Snowflakes fell on her hair and lashes, turning her into a snowman. However, she did not feel anything. She was walking on the streets like a lifeless zombie. Screech!

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When she was crossing the road, a piercing car breaking sound rang out.

She stood in the same spot and looked in the direction in which the sound was coming from.

The car door opened, and a man dressed in black came out of the car. Gwen looked at that man stiffly.

The moment her gaze met with the man's face, she was struck dumb on the spot. Luke! It was Luke!

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At that moment, Gwen could not believe her eyes. She felt her blood rushing to her head.

Was she...hallucinating? How could this be?

She bit her lip harshly and subconsciously rubbed her eyes.

She was not hallucinating! The man in front of her was Luke!

"Miss, are you alright?" Steven Hughes slowly walked toward her and looked at this woman shorter than him by a head.

He could recognize that she was the woman that he followed on social media. How small the world was.

He had only noticed her on social media two days ago, yet he almost crashed into her on the streets that morning.

It was still alright before the man spoke. The moment he spoke, Gwen's tears fell instantly. That voice... It was clearly Luke's voice!

How could someone's look, aura, and voice seem so much like Luke's?

It was Luke... It had to be!

Excitement and grief flooded her at the same time. She could no longer hold back her tears.

She looked up at the man in front of her fixedly with teary eyes.

"You're not dead, right? You're not dead!" She immediately rushed into his arms, clenched her fists, and punched him while crying. "You lied to me!

"Luke Jones, you lied to me! You ganged up with Joshua and the others to lie to me!"

She was crying so badly that she was gasping for air. "I knew it! I knew that you wouldn't die that easily! I knew you weren't dead!"

Luke always used to tell her that people living on the edge of danger never died that easily. If they did not have a tough life, they would have long been chopped to death. She should have thought of it! "You bastard! "You asshole!

"Do you know how terrible I've been feeling for the past month? ..."

wing and Id "Miss." Steven furrowed his brow as he pulled Gwen's arm. He tried to pull her off himself, but he could not do it no matter how.

He furrowed his brow and looked at the woman who his arms. His eyebrows knitted together. "Have you mistaken me for someone else?" However, it was as if she could not hear him. She continued being in his arms, sobbing, talking to herself.

Steven's eyebrows pressed tightly together. He never liked being in contact with other people,

especially women. Even his fiancée, Kate, could only hold his arm usually. She was never so bold to hug him that tightly. For some reason, however, he was not annoyed or disgusted at this woman's hug. On the contrary, he found it endearing. It was as if...he had known her for a long time and even had a close relationship with her before.

However, he did not know her. He had never met her before. Heck, he did not know any other women other than his mother, sister, and Kate. He did not know how to react to this woman's actions at that moment. From the way she was sobbing and saying, she seemed to have mistaken him for a man called Luke Jones. Luke Jones must be her boyfriend and no one else.

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This was why this woman got so agitated when she saw him and immediately rushed over to hug him in tears.

However, he was not Luke Jones. He could not give her the response that she wanted, nor the hope that she hoped for.

Thus, he took a deep breath and pushed her away.

“Miss.” He furrowed his brow and gazed at the sobbing woman in front of him, her face red. “You got the wrong person. I don’t know you, and I’m not Luke Jones.”

Then, under Gwen’s dazed gaze, he turned around and headed toward the direction of his car.

He nearly missed her and his car nearly slammed straight into her due to him not being aware, which was why he came out of the car to check on her due to worry.

However, it appeared that this woman was completely unharmed, and he did not need to waste his time with her. He pitied her for not having a boyfriend, but this was not a reason for her mistaking a stranger as her boyfriend, punching him and crying at the same time.

It was not because her punches were painful. He only felt that a woman burying herself in another man’s arm while thumping her fists against him was too flirtatious.

He, on the other hand, had a fiancée and was about to be married soon. It was inappropriate for this woman to do that to him.

“What did you say?” Being pushed out from his arms, Gwen furrowed her brow. She looked at the man fixedly with tears in her eyes. “You said that you’re not Luke?”

“Please, look yourself in the mirror when you lie, Luke! Although we’ve only been together for more than a year, I’m familiar with every single part of your body. You dare tell me you’re not Luke with this face? Do you think I’d buy it?”

Then, she took a deep breath and looked at him seriously. “Tell me why are you here? Did Joshua get you to come, or was it Jim? I’m telling you, I can forgive all the other pranks you did on me before, but not this one! If you’re not going to properly coax me, I won’t stop being angry!”

Steven furrowed his brow and looked at the stubborn woman in front of him.

He knew that she was immersed in her fantasy and would not listen to anything he said. Thus, he furrowed his brow and sternly spoke, "Miss, I'm going to tell you one last time. I'm not Luke Jones; my name is Steven Hughes. Take care."

Then, he turned around and strode away. Gwen furrowed her brow. Steven Hughes? Why did that name sound so familiar? It was as if she had heard it somewhere. She looked up once again and noticed the man had already opened the car door, about to get in the car. Emboldened by her inebriety, Gwen rushed over. Right before Steven closed the door, she entered the car and sat next to him.

He looked at the woman in shock, stunned at how quick she was. "Miss, you... I'm going home.

Please get out of the car." Gwen rolled her eyes. "It's just nice that you're going home, right?" Why did she have to get out of the car if Luke was going home? Did they not live in the same house?

At that thought, she pursed her lips and leaned her head on his shoulder. "Are you going to continue pretending that you don't know me just because I don't forgive you? I forgive you then. Stop pretending." She looked up at Steven with tears in her eyes. Her tone sounded rather aggrieved. "I'm not mad. Let's stop quarreling. Luke, don't pretend that you don't know me, alright? We've been together for such a long time, and now you say you're another person and that you don't know me. Will you be happy seeing me sad?"

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Gwen's tears seeped through Steven's shirt, wetting his chest. Feeling her tears and hearing how aggrieved she sounded, Steven had an urge for that one moment.

He had the urge to admit that he was Luke Jones, and this baffled him tremendously.

All these years, although he did not encounter many women, there were still a few who wanted to get close to him. Those women have used assorted ways and tactics, but he never once fell for it.

However, the woman in front of him was different from the rest. He could feel her grief. He could understand her broken heart and her helplessness.

She was so weak and fragile that it was heartbreaking to see.

It was so heartbreaking that he even thought of pretending to be the Luke Jones she was looking for, just to console her a little.

However, his rationality told him that he could not do that. He had a fiancée, after all, and Kate had been by his side for so long. He could not let her down. Even comforting

this stranger would be equal to disappointing her. At the thought of this, he took a deep breath. He lowered his gaze to look at the crying woman leaning on his shoulders and said in a hoarse voice, "Miss, I guess...that you're clear that I'm not exactly the same person as Luke, right?" Gwen's heart skipped her beat upon hearing what he said. She bit her lip tightly and said nothing. Indeed. Although this man's figure, looks, appearance, and even voice were similar to Luke's, his gaze, scent, aura, and even his gaze at her... It gave her an inexplicable foreign feeling.

Luke was the gang leader of Merchant City and Sea City. He got Sea City with the help of Joshua, but Merchant City was taken down punch by punch with his subordinates.

Luke had a regal arrogance but also an indomitable ferocity to it.

Gwen did not see this man. Even so, she still believed that he was Luke.

A person's aura and gaze could be faked, and Luke had always been a pro at faking!

Otherwise, he would not have hidden the fact that she was sick for almost a year. He even often showed her how heartless he was so that she mistook his feelings for her.

"You are Luke." Gwen took a deep breath and looked at the man in front of her determinedly. "Even if you're that good at lying, you are Luke. I am not wrong." She could mistake any other person, but she would not be wrong about Luke. They had been together for more than a year. Other than a few months apart, they slept together almost every day. She was very clear about every single detail of his body.

Steven furrowed his brow as he stared at this nonsensical woman in front of him. His head

suddenly hurt. She was clearly drunk—reeking of alcohol, might he add. He almost knocked her over a moment ago.

Throwing her out on the street was not too good of him, but if he did not kick her out, she would surely continue being a lunatic. "Luke, stop pretending that you don't know me, please?"