

## Read Pursuing My Ex-Wife Is Not Easy Chapter 2983

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Is not Easy chapter 2983-The man dressed in black ignored Winson and looked at Gwen." Remember what I told you."

Odd as it sounded, Gwen felt like she was looking at...Luke.

When Luke was still alive, Luke would shoot her an annoyed look when someone interrupted them mid-conversation. The conversation often ended with Luke saying, 'Remember what I told you.'

Every time, she would giggle and nod back at him to show that she remembered what he said, though she always forgot them.

Instead of being irked, however, Luke would rub her head softly and sigh." Sigh! What are you going to do if I'm not around..."

It hurt Gwen terribly to recall her memories with Luke. It took more than a while for her to withdraw herself away from the sadness.

She lifted her head and looked at the man dressed in black while earnestly replying, the same way she would always do when met with this question by Luke, "I know. I'll remember them."

The man dressed in black faltered for a moment briefly, and he nodded." Alright.'

After that, he lowered his head again and continued to treat his wound.

A pang of confusion hit her as she stared at the man. Every time Gwen replied the same way she did to Luke before, he would always tease her," You keep saying you remember it, but do you honestly remember?'

After that, she would throw herself into Luke's arm and giggle.

Several seconds later, Gwen curled her lips and smiled bitterly. Frankly, there was nothing for her to feel upset about. She knew better than anyone that Luke was gone, and he was never going to come back.

Even Steven, who took Luke's body, was nowhere to be found.

This man in front of her, who had been protecting her, was just a bodyguard Joshua hired.

How could she even assume the wild thought that this bodyguard would indulge her by having a conversation she used to have with Luke?

She thought too much of it. Her head was in the clouds.

Up until this point, she took a deep breath and looked at Winson. 'Let's go in.'

Winson was stunned. He quickly turned around and spread his arms in a welcoming gesture before walking into the art exhibition with Gwen. "Gwen, let's go to the painting section, and let me show you that drawing! The person Theo Allen drew looks too much like you..."

When Gwen and Winson were further away, the man dressed in black frowned and rolled up his sleeve. Under the black clothing, there was a deep cut on his fair arm, and it bled profusely.

He took out the bandages Gwen bought from the bag and bit it with his mouth. Then, he used the alcohol pad to sanitize the cut.

The sun was shining brightly, and the pain from his arm had his forehead sweating as if it were raining. He sweated so profusely that his hoodie was soaked.

Despite that, he did not take off his cap and mask, keeping his face obscured from all prying eyes.

After an excruciating pain, he took a deep breath and used the bandage to patch up his arm like he had done it a million times. As he finished putting away everything, he leaned back on the pillar of the gazebo with his hands supporting his body to take a rest.

Just then, his phone rang.

He furrowed his eyebrows and answered, 'Hey, Joshua, what's up?'

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