

## Chasing After My Beloved Wife

### - Chapter 71 Are You Really Going To Give Up On Shawn?

The Richard family plummeted into chaos and Baird was admitted to the hospital immediately. Following Shawn was Vivian, whose eyes filled with concern. "Shawn, will grandpa be fine?"

Staring at the door to the emergency room, Shawn lowered his head to look at her. He didn't soothe her with comforting words. He only wore a faint aloof expression on his face.

"Take a taxi back."

"I'm sorry. It's my fault that grandpa was admitted to the hospital."

"It has nothing to do with you. Do you need me to get you a taxi?"

Raising his eyebrows, he impatiently wheeled around to the elevator, which was a few metres away. Vivian's face turned evidently awkward

at his cold disposition. She tried her best to keep her smile on, but her fingers were tightly clenched behind her back.

"No, I can hail one by myself."

Maisie couldn't bear to see her upset. "Shawn, they're still trying to save grandpa. Why don't you send her off first? It won't take much time."

"Grandpa must be livid because of my issue. So I must stay here."

Although he only mentioned Baird, anyone could tell that he was actually refusing to send Vivian home.

"Shawn is right. It's all our fault today. Uncle, auntie, I'll take my leave first. I'll bring Jasper along to pay grandpa visit after he gets better."

With an aggrieved look, Vivian spared a glance at Xaria Howard, who was next to her. Then, she turned around and entered the elevator.

"Vivian didn't do anything wrong. It's not like Joye lost her child because of her," said Xaria casually. But she buttoned up her mouth nervously at the very next second.

The child was gone because of her.

Shawn's mind was filled with the cruelly terminated child, and hence didn't notice the uneasiness on Xaria's face at all. Yvon narrowed his eyes and turned and descended the stairs.

After leaving the hospital, the pretense on Vivian's visage wore off. With fists clenched tightly, her gaze turned cold as if she was another person.

"That old codger of the Richard family should just die. Without him, I will soon be accepted by the Richard family," thought Vivian.

"Vivian!"

The sudden voice from the back surprised her. She quickly put on another expression before turning around, looking at Yvon in confusion.

"Yvon? Why did you come down?"

"No matter what you're up to, don't hurt Joye. Otherwise, I won't let you off that easily."

Yvon stopped with a cold expression. After all, he had grown up in the Richard family since young. It was true that Xaria had some tricks up her sleeve. However, someone must have back her up for her to be so cruel towards Joye's child.

No one apart from Vivian came to his mind.

"Yvon, I don't get what you mean. I didn't mean to hurt Miss Leonard. If the Richard family can't accept Jasper and me, we can leave Shawn."

Seeing that she was still putting up an act, Yvon's face turned sombre and his voice sank. "Do you really don't understand?"

He scoffed.

"Yvon, thank you for the warning. But let me remind you something — — even if Joye and Shawn divorce, she is still your once sister-in-law. So what do we call it if the two of you are together? It's..."

No longer pretending to be gentle and frail, she snickered and raised her eyebrows while mouthing the word "incest". Ignoring the change in expression on Yvon's face, she turned around and hailed a taxi to leave.

He stood riveted for a long time. It wasn't until the taxi Vivian took had vanish from sight, that he gradually regained his senses. An inexplicable glint flashed in his eyes, then he turned around and returned to the hospital.

The news of Baird's sudden admission bruited the next day. Realising that her worries had turned into reality, Joye stuck in a dilemma.

"Don't tell me you want to go to the hospital."

Janina , who was lying on the sofa, warily watched her walking back and forth. Even though Shawn didn't represent the entire Richard family, that didn't stop her detestation of that family.

Joye face fell as Janina saw through her.

Baird had always doted on her ever since she was young. He even loved her as if she was his granddaughter after she married into the Richard family. Even if she requested a divorce, he respected her decision instead of putting her in an awkward position.

"It seems that you really want to go, but what if you meet Shawn?"

Janina's reminder caused her to frown again. She hesitated because she didn't want to meet him.

"Janina, could you help me?"

"Joye, you're seriously pissing me off."

Janina pretended to be angry and threw the pillow at her, who caught it with a smile. She was not soft-hearted. She just felt the need to pay a visit to the old man, who had been nice to her.

Janina put on a makeup, trying to prevent from being recognised, and went to the hospital.

As the nurse refused to tell Baird's whereabouts, she ended up wandering around for an hour to find his ward. She observed inside from the window, only to find the old man of the Richard family was on the hospital bed. He was alone in the ward.

"Looks like God is on Joye's side today."

She mumbled while scanning the ward from several angles to check again and again. Then she gave Joye a call. The latter was waiting for her in the parking lot downstairs.

"The lookout is over. It's your turn now."

Joye went upstairs with a bucket hat on. Meanwhile, a nurse happened to come over and saw Janina pacing at the door of the intensive care unit.

With a cautious look, the former warned her to leave, "This is the hospital. Interviews are prohibited."

"..."

Janina's face was full of resentment. With such engaging beauty, did she seem like a paparazzi hanging around?

"Miss, why aren't you leaving yet?"

"My leg hurts. Can't I walk slower?"

Janina rolled her eyes, and the nurse stepped forward to support her by the arm. Joye dashed into Baird's ward after expressing her gratitude with her eyes.

The beeping sound of the monitor was steady. She made her way to the bed quietly. Looking at her grandfather, who seemed to have aged a few years despite haven't meeting him for two weeks, tears began brimming in her eyes.

"Little girl, is that you?"

She tried to breathe as quietly as possible, but it might have waken the bedridden old man. He struggled to lift his eyelids and squinted at her.

"It's me, grandpa."

Joye smiled and nodded, but her vision seemed to be glazed over by something.

"I knew that you would come to see me."

He reached out his hand weakly and Joye came forward to hold onto it.

"Girl, tell me, are you really going to give up on Shawn? So... so that's why you went for abortion?"

Tears filled his murky and droopy eyes. He closed his eyes immediately.

He hoped for Shawn and her to be able to live happily for the rest of their lives, which explained why he was unwilling to let them be separated again and again.

As his mind was in a haze, there was only one thought left in his mind.

"It's all my fault. If I hadn't insisted on marrying you to Shawn, you wouldn't have been hurt so much."

"Grandpa, don't say that."

She couldn't control her tears anymore after holding it back for a long time. Back then, she married Shawn on her will, and it was something that she had yearned for.