

Read Pursuing My Ex-Wife Is Not Easy Chapter 2971

Pursuing My Ex-Wife Is not Easy chapter 2971-Gwen furrowed her brows and instinctively turned to glance behind her.

A man dressed entirely in black, with a cap and a face mask, was sitting at a table not far away from hers, staring at her. When he noticed her looking, however, he quickly picked up the menu and pretended to skim through it.

“He looks a little suspicious...” The waiter frowned and reminded her in a voice that was barely above a whisper, “Do you need me to call the cops?” “No need.” Gwen smiled. “Thank you for your kindness.”

The waiter paused, unable to believe his ears. “Do you know him?” “I guess you can say that.” She curled her lips into a smile and pointed at the menu. “Get him one of these, but don’t tell him I sent you.” “Alright.” As puzzled as the waiter was, he still nodded and abided by her request.

After the waiter left, Gwen glanced once more at the man in the distance, then returned to enjoying her tea.

This man had been following her around for about a month now, and at the start, she had been so spooked by him that she almost called the cops herself, but...

Eventually, her missing items would magically appear on her doorstep the day after she lost them.

When she forgot to pay for her meal at a restaurant, she discovered that someone had paid the bill for her when she returned to the place.

Once, when she was molested in the streets by a passerby, she realized that a few days later, that same man was avoiding her, his face swollen and bruised as though someone had given him a bad beating.

Gwen’s instinct was telling her that this was all the man in black’s doing. Although she had no idea who he was or what his intentions were, she could feel that he did not mean her any harm, and so she continued to allow him to do so. After some time, she gradually became to grow comfortable with the idea of having him around.

With his presence, she would no longer be afraid, whether it was a dark, desolate night or a heavy storm.

Therefore, on this beautiful afternoon, she wanted to share her good spirits with him.

After some time, the waiter strode over to his table with a small piece of pastry. “Your cake, sir.”

The man who had been staring at Gwen all this while paused, then lifted his head to glance at the waiter. "I didn't order this."

The waiter smiled. "Someone ordered it for you."

The man froze, then quickly glanced in Gwen's direction.

She had already disappeared, but there was a piece of paper left on the table.

He leaped out of his chair, sprinted over to the table, and picked up the slip of paper.

Gwen's intricate handwriting read, [Two of my best friends have gotten married today, and so I'm in a splendid mood. I'll be going home now. Feel free to take the afternoon off for yourself.]

A glimmer of shock and panic flashed through the man's eyes when he read this.

When...did she come to know of his existence? Did this mean that...she knew who he was?

"Sir?" the waiter's voice pulled him back to reality.

The man furrowed his brows and returned to his seat.

The pastry Gwen had ordered for him was one of her favorites. He stared at the little piece of cake for a long time before finally instructing the waiter to wrap it up for him in a to-go box.

Meanwhile, on the second-floor balcony, Gwen leaned against the railing as she watched. A glimmer of disappointment flashed through her eyes when she saw the man leaving with his to-go box.

She had ordered him this cake in hopes that he would remove his mask to eat it, and that she would be able to discover his true identity.

Unfortunately, the man had his guard up, and her plan had failed.

Gwen let out a sigh and turned around, intending to leave herself.

"Gwen Larson?" all of a sudden, a man's voice rang out from behind her.

Gwen furrowed her brows and glanced in the direction of the voice.

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