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Joshua did not answer Jim's question and instead stared out the window at Malcolm in the distance.

Seeing that he did not reply, Jim could not help continuing to probe at him, "Luna doesn't want to see you, yet she's willing to see Malcolm... Do you think it's because she trusts Malcolm more than you?"

As soon as he said this, Harvey furrowed his brows and piped up, "Mr. Landry, you're overstepping a line."

He knew that Mr. Joshua was already upset, yet Jim continued to bring this up.

To Harvey's surprise, however, Joshua said impassively, "You're right. She's...more trusting in Malcolm than me."

Jim and Harvey exchanged glances when they heard this. None of them had expected that...Joshua would admit it so willingly.

Joshua turned and stared at the two dumbfounded father and son duo as he asked, "Is it so hard to understand? I...did many things that hurt Luna in the past.

"Six years ago, she got into an accident and gave birth, yet me, her husband, wasn't there with her.

"Six years later, she and our children appeared in my life, yet I still continued to hurt her over and over...

"To her, she's more willing to trust the man who saved her life, helped her undergo plastic surgery, and raised her three children... This is perfectly understandable."

Jim narrowed his eyes when he heard Joshua's perfectly sound logic.

It turned out all members of the Lynch family were the same: clear-cut and capable of differentiating between emotions of love and hate.

However...

"I don't think Malcolm's intention of helping Luna undergo her surgery was for her good at all."

Joshua raised his eyebrows and turned to glance at Jim. "What do you mean by this?"

Before he could finish, Malcolm's calm, gentle voice rang out from the table in the distance, "Long time no see, Luna."

Joshua furrowed his brows and glanced in the direction of Malcolm's voice.

Luna, bare-faced and wearing an army-green trench coat, sat down right across from Malcolm.

From Joshua's seat, he could clearly see the look in Luna's eyes when she gazed at Malcolm. It was that of a calm, serene, and trusting one.

Joshua's jaw tightened when he saw this.

He did not think it was wrong of Luna to trust Malcolm at all.

After all, Malcolm was a man of trickery and deceit. He had spent six years of his life packaging himself as a different man and had indeed helped Luna tremendously. Luna had always been an appreciative and loyal person, so her trust in him and lack of suspicion in his motives toward her were not her faults at all.

If one had to blame someone, it would be Joshua because he had given her too little to trust him.

"Malcolm." Luna gave him a gentle smile. "I'm sorry it took me so long to meet up with you. I shou1d've met you in person when I decided to postpone the engagement, but at that time, we weren't in a good place at all..."

Malcolm gave her a small smile in return and pushed a glass of lemon tea toward her. "It's okay. What happened that night was indeed my fault. I hadn't planned everything thoroughly, and I was too impatient to host the engagement party, so much so that I didn't allow you the time to talk things through with Joshua...

"It was all my fault, and it's perfectly reasonable you didn't want to see me after that."

Malcolm's words made Luna feel even more guilty. She bit her lip and replied, "It's not that I didn't want to see you, but..."

Her pregnancy symptoms were so severe during those few days that she could not see anyone at all.

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On the other hand, Bonnie, under the suggestion of her three children, had kept a close watch over her and forbade her from seeing anyone from the outside world.

"It's okay. " Malcolm did not care about why Luna refused to see him and instead handed her a jewelry box, smiling. "Take a look."

Joshua and Jim were too far away from their table, so they could not make out the contents of the jewelry box at all.

Harvey propped himself up against the window and whispered, "Wow, is it a wedding ring?"

Joshua furrowed his brows and observed Luna's expression carefully. "No."

If it had been a wedding ring, Luna's expression would not look so serious at all.

Her expression at this moment, however...

She seemed to be carefully eyeing something that she had lost and found to make sure it was the same one she had lost.

Harvey glanced at Joshua. "How do you know it's not?"

Joshua gently stroked Harvey's hair and replied, "I just do."

"It's because you like her, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Jim watched the look on Joshua's face and shook his head helplessly.

He picked up his cup and took a sip of his tea.

He could tell what Bonnie was thinking just from the look on her face. Did this mean he liked her?

What nonsense!

Therefore, to determine what one was thinking just from looking at their face...did not require any feelings of love at all.

"Malcolm, I've confirmed that this isn't the ring that I lost." Luna closed the jewelry box's lid and shoved it back to Malcolm. A hint of helplessness passed through her face as she added, "I know you must've put in a lot of effort into finding this ring, but this isn't the one I'm looking for."

Malcolm feigned shock and widened his eyes. "Isn't it? My men spent more than ten days searching in the sewers, so how could this..."

Luna pursed her lips when she saw the expression on Malcolm's face. "Are you sure you spent more than ten days looking for this?"

As a jewelry designer, she had an extremely keen eye for things like this. After observing and feeling the ring in her hands, she could even estimate the date this jade ring was produced.

From her experience, this ring was probably made about three days ago.

Therefore, it was impossible that Malcolm's men had spent more than ten days looking for this.

As for the fake ring, even though it was a counterfeit, it was still expensive to produce. Even if Malcolm's men were to make a fake one, they would not be able to afford it.

Therefore, Malcolm must have been the one who ordered this counterfeit ring to trick her.

Because of this, Luna could not help feeling repulsed when she saw the shocked look on Malcolm's face. She did not know why Malcolm, the man who had always been upfront and honest with her, would use a fake ring to attempt to trick her.

Malcolm furrowed his brows when he heard Luna's question.

All of a sudden, he recalled that... Luna was a genius jewelry designer.

As soon as he thought of this, Malcolm gripped the box so hard that his knuckles turned white. "Luna, I was just too desperate to see you—"

"Well, you saw me now." Luna let out an exhale and fixated her penetrating stare on Malcolm. "I guess you must know that your brother Hunter and the rest of the Quinn family are searching for me, as well as Ms. Heather Landry, although I am unsure of the reason.

"You knew full well how dangerous of a situation I was in, yet you still made a counterfeit ring to trick me into meeting you, all because you wanted to see me."

Luna stood up and added, "I 'm not reprimanding you for this, but all I'm thinking is that you're no longer the Malcolm that I knew, the one who'd put everyone's needs above his own.

"I'll be off now. Goodbye.

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Luna had barely sat down and did not even take a sip from her drink, yet she already wanted to leave.

Malcolm was shocked by this.

His men had not even placed the tracking device onto her yet!

As soon as he thought of this, Malcolm quickly said, "Luna, I know I made a rash decision, but it's all because I miss you too much."

He wheeled himself to Luna's side and reached out to grab hold of her wrist. Sadness and guilt were etched in his eyes. "Since you've already come out... Why don't you join me for dinner?

"I missed you so much during this time that I couldn't eat or sleep properly. I knew that you wouldn't leave the house for no specific reason, so I used this as an excuse to get you to come out and see me..." he said in a pleading tone.

Luna furrowed her brows and glanced at Malcolm's face. Even though she was still a little averse to the idea of him tricking her...

Malcolm noticed that her expression had softened, so he let out an exhale and gripped Luna's wrist tightly, intending to use her pity to change her mind about leaving.

Meanwhile, he gestured at someone in the distance behind his back.

A man walked over to their table and, seeing that Malcolm's wheelchair was blocking the way, kicked him and shouted, "You useless cripple! Don't block the way! "

The man had kicked Malcolm's wheelchair so hard that it toppled over, bringing Malcolm down toward the floor—

As soon as she saw this, Luna lunged forward, about to help Malcolm up, when a pair of small hands grabbed hold of his wheelchair handles.

The boy who had caught Malcolm's wheelchair in time and prevented him from falling was none other than Harvey.

"How careless." As soon as he righted Malcolm's wheelchair up, Harvey caught sight of a small keychain on Luna's backpack that had not been there previously.

He narrowed his eyes and understood what it was immediately.

The man who had kicked Malcolm was his own subordinate. He had deliberately done this so that while Luna was distracted trying to help Malcolm, he would be able to place the tracking onto her bag.

"Thank you." Malcolm, whose plan had been disrupted by Harvey, thanked him somewhat reluctantly, then smiled at him. "What are you doing here?"

Harvey squeezed Luna back into her seat and shrugged as he surreptitiously removed the tracking device from her backpack, placing it into his pocket. "I came here to eat chicken drumsticks by myself. Do you know that the fried chicken here is delicious, Uncle Malcolm?"

With that, he licked his lips and turned to glance at Luna with an innocent expression. "Aunty, can you buy me a chicken drumstick?"

Luna furrowed her brows as she stared at him.

Harvey was at Tea Cottage just moments ago. This meant that he had left with Jim and Joshua, did he not?

"Don't you want to buy me a chicken drumstick, Aunty?" Seeing that Luna was starting to glance around the room, Harvey pursed his lips and quickly grabbed hold of her sleeve.

Luna finally came to and replied, "I-" "That's okay. Uncle Malcolm will buy you the chicken drumstick you want." Malcolm smiled and took out the menu.

This boy's sudden appearance had helped him tremendously! If he had not arrived, Luna would have left already.

His subordinate had placed a signal blocking device onto Luna's backpack. As for the actual tracking device, it would require him to stall Luna even longer before it could be placed.

If Luna left, then their plan would fail!

"Thank you, Uncle Malcolm! " Harvey grinned as he slurped the lemon tea that Malcolm had prepared for Luna, then complimented them, "Uncle Malcolm and Aunty Luna are both kind people. You two are a match made in heaven! "

Joshua, who was sitting in the private booth, furrowed his brows when he heard this. He turned and shot Jim a cold glare. "Did you tell him to say that?"

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Jim rolled his eyes at Joshua. "Does your son listen to everything you say?"

Joshua contemplated this for a moment, then replied, "Yes, they do, and they never call me Mr. Lynch."

Jim rolled his eyes once more and snapped, "Whatever."

Soon, the chicken that Harvey had ordered was served.

One of Malcolm's men, who had disguised himself as the waiter, 'accidentally' bumped into Luna and placed multiple tracking devices onto her clothes without her noticing.

Harvey munched on the fried chicken and deliberately splattered oil onto Luna's clothes. Then, he picked up a tissue and helped her wipe her clothes clean while surreptitiously removing the tracking devices from her.

Malcolm furrowed his brows as he watched Harvey cleaning Luna. "Harvey, didn't your dad...teach you table manners?"

The Landry family was wealthy, and as the master of the Landry family, how could Jim educate his son so poorly and raise him without table manners?

"Nope." Harvey shrugged as he continued eating. "In terms of educating his children, Mr. Landry is..."

He suddenly lifted his head to glance at Malcolm and exclaimed, "Just as useless as you are, Uncle Malcolm! "

Jim's expression darkened as soon as he heard this.

However, Malcolm's expression looked even more murderous than his.

On the other hand, Luna thought that Harvey was just being cheeky. She let out a small smile and gently wiped his mouth for him. "You can't say things like this, Harvey. It's very hurtful."

Harvey feigned innocence and asked, "Did I...hurt Uncle Malcolm's feelings?"

The color drained from Malcolm's face.

However, he picked up his cup and took a small sip as he replied, "No, you didn't. Uncle Malcolm isn't as tightly wound as you think."

Harvey grinned and said, "I knew it. Uncle Malcolm is such a smart man, so I knew that you must've understood what I meant when I said you're useless. I was talking about your legs, and I didn't mean anything else! "

Malcolm put down his cup and suddenly did not feel like drinking anymore.

Seeing that Harvey was becoming more and more unruly, Luna let out an awkward laugh and said, "Alright, Malcolm. We're almost done now, so I think it's time to go. We can meet up again next time."

With that, she stood up and left, holding Harvey's hand. "How are you getting home, Harvey?"

"My driver is waiting for me outside..."

Malcolm clenched his fists as he stared at Luna and Harvey's retreating figures.

How dare that boy talked to him like that? Did he think it was okay to insult him because his father was Jim Landry?

One day, he would defeat Jim Landry as well!

Malcolm took out his phone and dialed a number. "Is the tracker working?"

"Yes, the signal is present, and its location is that of Ms. Luna's."

"Keep a close wat ch on her. If anything goes wrong, you'll lose your jobs! "

With that, he put down the phone and closed his eyes.

The sound of several cars starting rang out from outside the building. Malcolm let out a sigh of relief, knowing that it was his men who were trailing Luna as she left Lucky Den.

After a while, Malcolm heard the sound of footsteps next to him. Then, he suddenly felt as though someone had sat down in the seat across from him.

Malcolm furrowed his brows and opened his eyes.

In front of him was none other than Joshua Lynch, dressed entirely in black. He picked up Luna's cup, took a sip of her unfinished drink, and then gazed straight at Malcolm. "How do your legs feel, having sat in that wheelchair for almost a month now? Have they not gone paralyzed by now?"

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"Joshua Lynch! "

As soon as Malcolm caught sight of Joshua, he became so agitated that he gripped his cup so hard that his knuckles turned white.

Joshua glanced at his hand and curled his lips into a small smile. "Mr. Quinn, you've been searching for me for so long... Never did you expect that I'd show up in front of you, right?"

He lowered his head to glance at his phone.

At that moment, he had received a message from Harvey that read, (It's a success.)

This meant that the men whom Malcolm had sent to follow Luna were trailing Harvey's car instead.

On top of that, all the tracking devices that had been placed on Luna had been removed and stuck onto Harvey instead.

As soon as he saw this, Joshua let out an exhale and lifted his head to glance at Malcolm, who was glaring at him with a murderous expression. "If you don't stand up now, Mr. Quinn, you might not have a chance anymore."

With that, Joshua took out a shiny gun from his waist holster and fired two shots without hesitation.

Bang! Bang! Two bloody holes appeared on Malcolm's legs, one on each.

The restaurant burst into a flurry of commotion as soon as everyone heard the gunshots.

Malcolm's guards, whom he had assigned to keep a watch out for Joshua, immediately circled past Joshua and rushed to his side instead. This was partly due to their unfamiliarity with Joshua's face and partly due to concern for their master.

Joshua put on his sunglasses and disappeared into the crowd.

Behind him, he could hear the concerned voices of Malcolm's guards as they exclaimed, "Master Ouinn!"

"Master Quinn! Are you okay?!"

Malcolm clutched the wounds in his legs in agony. He was in so much pain that his face had turned pale, but he could not show any expression of pain at all.

After all, some of the people who were watching had already started to record the scene on their phones!

If he showed any expression indicating pain or discomfort, everyone would know he was faking his disability!

Malcolm clutched his legs and bit his lip, trying to suppress the agonizing pain. "Send me to the hospital and...capture Joshua Lynch!"

The guards picked up his wheelchair and replied, "But Sir, we don't have any more men to spare, you Malcolm bit his lip. "Leave only two men on each team that has been assigned to follow Luna. The rest go and chase after Joshua Lynch!"

F*ck! What went wrong?

His men had been searching high and low for Joshua for so long, but not only was Joshua unscathed, he had materialized in front of him and was even able to shoot him in front of so many people!

"That shooter was brutal! How could he hurt Master Quinn's legs?"

"Thank God Master Quinn's nerves had been injured during his accident and can't feel a thing now.

Otherwise..."

"But why does he seem to be in so much pain now?" "That's probably not pain, but anger instead."

Malcolm bit his lip when he heard the whispers and murmurs of the crowd gathered around him.

He clenched his fists and made up his mind that... He would kill Joshua Lynch at all costs!

After coming out of Lucky Den, Joshua circled Ring Road multiple times, the same way he did almost two weeks ago.

The people chasing after him soon realized this after a few rounds. Was this man trying to trick them again like last time?

However, it was not raining heavily today, so how did he think he would escape?

The men exchanged glances, then started firing shots at Joshua's car.

They had planned to shoot his tires so that he could not drive anymore, but Joshua had seen through their schemes.

