

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 721-730

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What Do You Feel About Her?

Abigail frowned. Kevin's oath was too harsh.

"You don't have to be so hard on yourself. Just follow me. Why do you need to ask so many questions?" Abigail said, pulling her eye mask back on.

"Tell me!" Kevin was about to be driven crazy by her behavior.

Abigail fell silent, contemplating whether he could be trusted or not. It would definitely be more convenient to do things together, but when it came to Larry... She really didn't dare to take the risk.

"Abby... Abigail. Abigail!" Kevin shook her arm.

Abigail responded with a grunt, "Stop it."

"Come on, tell me, all of you are so secretive. Meanwhile, I'm idle all day long, and I feel like I'm being left out!" Kevin persisted, jostling her arm.

Abigail sighed and took off her eye mask. Seeing that the flight attendant hadn't come over, she finally told him, "I'm going to meet an important person."

"What kind of person? What does it have to do with you?" He immediately leaned in closer.

"I'm looking for a doctor. There's something I want to ask them." Abigail wasn't sure if Kevin could really keep her secret, so she could only give a vague answer.

"Oh, are you infertile?" Kevin couldn't help but let his imagination run wild.

She had been married to Sean for three years, and they had also had sexual relations, so why hadn't she gotten pregnant? This urgent need to find a doctor must be related to this issue, right?

Abigail took a deep breath and resisted the urge to punch him. She smiled at Kevin and rolled her eyes before putting on her eye mask.

It was already the evening of the next day when they arrived in Europe, and they were taken to the hotel arranged by Simond.

As there were people assisting them from the moment they got off the plane until they reached the hotel, Kevin couldn't help but comment, "Who's the big shot behind you who's arranging everything for you in a foreign country?"

"Just focus on your stay. Why do you talk so much?" Abigail dragged her luggage into the elevator.

Kevin entered the elevator and glanced at her sideways. "I'm just worried that there might be men who have inappropriate thoughts about you."

"So what? It doesn't matter if someone has feelings for me or not. What matters is where my heart lies," Abigail said as she leaned against the elevator and sent a message to Simond on her phone.

Kevin wanted to read the message as well, but he felt it was important to respect Abigail's privacy.

"Sean has really made it after all his efforts... Your heart only lies with him, right?" he teased.

Abigail raised an eyebrow. "What do you think?"

Hearing that, Kevin became curious. "Hey, tell me, what kind of feelings do you have for Sean now?"

Thinking of Sean, a smile appeared on Abigail's lips. "What other feelings can there be? It's love, deep love."

The love that was once uncertain had now become clear to her. It did take them a lot of time to confirm their feelings for each other, but fortunately, they were now back together and understood that they were a perfect match.

"You rarely say things like this. Now I'm sure you really love Sean," Kevin said happily, immediately taking out his phone to message the man in question.

As soon as the message was sent, Sean gave Abigail a video call.

She answered the call and looked at Sean on her phone, a smile spreading across her face. "Sean, I've arrived. What do you think of this hotel?"

She walked around, showing her surroundings to him.

"It's nice. Remember to tell Kevin everything. It's not as safe abroad as it is at home, so be extra careful," Sean instructed with a slight smile on his lips.

He had heard Kevin say that Abigail said their love was deep, and now the smile on his lips was even more difficult to suppress than AK's.

"I understand. It's late here, and I'll take a shower and rest soon." She always felt tired as soon as she boarded a plane; it had become a routine for her body.

"Alright." Sean finished speaking and ended the video call.

Abigail put away her phone, a smile forming on her lips.

They both returned to their respective rooms, and she soon received a message from Sean.

'Have you arrived in your room? Did Kevin follow you?'

Abigail wondered why he asked that but still replied to him.

'Yes, why would he come in? I'm tired and planning to go to sleep after taking a shower.'

'Then let's video chat now?'

Abigail accepted Sean's video call with a face full of exhaustion. "Is there something else?"

"No, I just wanted to see you before you go to sleep," Sean replied, thinking that he would have passionately kissed her after hearing her previous words if he were at home.

"But I need to take a shower," Abigail said.

"You can go ahead, and I'll watch my sweetheart," Sean's voice was slightly hoarse.

Abigail's cheeks turned red. "What are you talking about? Video calls aren't secure. What if it gets leaked?"

“Alright.” Sean was also afraid of any mishaps, but he really wanted to see her.

Abigail looked at him for a moment before saying, “If you can immediately find a secure video app, then I’ll agree to your request.”

Sean looked at her, his eyes slightly curved. “Forget it; it’s fine just to see you like this.”

“In that case, I won’t hang up.” He could still see her face even if she didn’t let him see her body.

“Okay.” Sean continued to stare at her.

Abigail busied herself with getting dressed. Once she reached the bathroom, she placed her phone in a secure spot and slowly undressed.

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Wanting to Devour Her

Sean was completely captivated by Abigail, and his heart was sent into disarray.

“I miss you, honey,” he said in a low, husky voice, his eyes devouring her.

Abigail turned on the shower and looked back at Sean, raising an eyebrow. “What?”

“I miss you,” he repeated.

Through the misty air, Abigail’s face looked especially gentle.

“I’ve only been gone for two days.” She stood under the shower, her face dripping with water droplets.

Sean gazed at her and said, “Yes, I miss you for every minute and every second you’re away.”

“Stop being cheesy,” Abigail chided, but she felt pleased inside.

After she finished showering, Sean ended the video call. Lying in bed, Abigail messaged him, asking about Simond’s plans for tomorrow, and Sean quickly replied to her message.

'I talked to Martin yesterday. He refused to communicate with me unless you came in person.'

At the end of the day, she probably had to get Alice's approval.

'Okay, I'll come tomorrow, but I'm planning to bring someone with me. Is that okay on your end?'

'Who?'

'Sean's brother, Kevin. I have no choice. Sean would get worried if I don't bring him along.'

'...'

Abigail fell into silence as she read Simond's message.

'What's wrong?'

'Nothing. Do what you want.'

She stared at the message for a while before continuing to type.

'I'm sorry for getting angry at you last time.'

Abigail was referring to the day Luna had a depressive episode.

'I'm a pretty gracious person, so don't think of me as someone petty. Next time, just let me know in advance if you're bringing someone new instead of telling me after they've arrived.'

'Oh, but I still have my own opinion of things.'

Abigail felt that Simond was completely in control of everything and only wanted her to do as he said, but it wasn't just about him; they both had their own purposes.

Once she sent the information over, Simond called her, and she pressed the answer button.

"I'm not saying you can't make your own judgments, but the premise is that this is a plan between the two of us. If you bring in one more person, there will be more danger," he said.

Of course, Abigail knew that he was right as well.

“What you said makes sense,” she agreed. However, Kevin had already arrived, and after some consideration, she figured that it might not be a bad idea if there was someone she could trust to help with the work.

“So?” Simond felt like she hadn’t finished her sentence.

“So... Kevin will still come with us. He is Sean’s best friend, and if something goes wrong and we leave him alone here, I won’t be able to explain myself when I go back,” Abigail continued, feeling a bit embarrassed.

Simond silently took a breath. “He’s a grown man, what could go wrong? Besides, he has traveled to Europe more times in a year than the time you and Sean have been in a relationship. Are you worried about him?”

“The situation is different, and it’s something you can’t generalize. Don’t you understand?” Abigail rebuked angrily.

“Fine... I don’t understand.” Simond felt speechless.

Abigail cleared her throat. “Then I’ll bring him along tomorrow.”

“Up to you. Either way, it depends on Martin whether you can meet him or not,” Simond said before he hung up the phone.

Abigail threw her phone aside and yawned tiredly. Then, she fell asleep.

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Early in the morning, Abigail finished tidying up and left her room.

Kevin had already bought breakfast for her. “There are only some hamburgers and coffee here. You’re going to have to make do,” he said.

Abigail nodded and took a bite of her hamburger as she informed him, “I’m meeting someone today. You can come with me, but whether you’ll get to meet him depends on him.”

“Is this person important?” Kevin asked.

“Yes.” She nodded. She was currently torn between one thing—Luna’s child was still in Eastbay.

Although Ronaldo Fernandez didn't care about finding a doctor, Larry had always been concerned. After all, he may act tough, but he had a soft heart.

As they exited the hotel, Abigail and Kevin saw Simond's car parked in front of them. Abigail opened the car door and got in, while Kevin hesitated for a moment before joining her.

In the front seat, Simond glanced at him before starting the car.

Kevin naturally struck up a conversation with him, "You're the young master of the Simpson Family, right? I heard you had to come back to the country after not being able to go abroad."

"Can't you keep quiet?" Abigail berated Kevin inwardly for making more trouble for her as soon as he opened his mouth.

However, Simond didn't pay much attention to Kevin's words. His attention was on the road as he said, "We'll be arriving at the John Biological Research Lab soon. I informed Martin in advance, and he said he'll wait for you."

"Meeting at the research lab?" Abigail was somewhat surprised.

The first time they met, she thought he would choose to meet at a restaurant due to the confidentiality of their work.

"Yeah." Simond's face turned serious. "I heard that Martin has a peculiar temper, and... He's different from the people you know. He's already remarried and has a son."

Upon hearing this, Abigail simply acknowledged the information. She wasn't sure whether Alice had ever considered Martin as a potential partner.

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Who Is His Father

However, Abigail wasn't sure how Alice felt about Martin.

When they arrived at John's biology lab, Abigail and Simond got out of the car together.

Kevin was the last to get out of the car, and he looked at the lab with a serious expression. "Abigail, why did you want to meet someone from this lab?"

"Because there's something I want to figure out," Abigail replied, and she walked towards the entrance of the lab with Simond.

The independent lab was located in a relatively remote area. The white building looked cold and devoid of any human touch, and it was surrounded by iron fences, making the interior of the lab resemble a wild beast trapped in a cage.

Simond stopped in front of the iron gate and pressed the doorbell.

After a while, the door opened, and two people holding AK rifles walked out.

Simond stepped forward and said, "We had an appointment yesterday. Ms. Quinn is looking for Mr. Martin."

One of them looked at the group warily while the other took out a walkie-talkie and said a few words. After receiving confirmation on the other end, they stepped aside.

"Only she is allowed to go in." The person with the walkie-talkie said to Simond in Aktani.

Hearing that, Simond looked at Abigail with concern in his eyes. No matter what relationship Alice had with Martin in the past, it had been a few years since then, and even the deepest feelings would have faded away.

"Alright," Abigail immediately agreed without a hint of hesitation.

"Abigail... How much do you know about this place? Are you sure you want to go in alone?" Kevin worriedly held onto her.

"This is a proper establishment. Don't worry," She replied before walking in.

As the door closed, Kevin became anxious. He looked at Simond and asked, "Are you sure they're reliable?"

Simond leaned against the door, looking at Abigail's figure getting farther away behind the iron mesh. His brows furrowed, and he said, "I don't know, but Martin is the person she's been looking for."

Kevin licked his lips and took out his phone to message Sean.

“What are you doing?” Simond snatched his phone, his gaze icy. “Messaging Sean? Didn’t Abigail tell you that her situation is confidential for now?”

“Oh, I forgot. I was too anxious,” Kevin said, reaching out to snatch his phone from him.

Simond handed the phone back to him and warned, “If you have any questions, ask her to clarify things for you. If you ruin my plan, I’ll leave you here for the dogs!”

“Oh, how scary,” Kevin said, putting his phone back in his pocket.

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Abigail entered the interior of the research room and discovered that the first floor was actually a living area, which meant that the drug research was probably on the second floor.

Just then, a man with graying hair walked out. Despite his age, he still had a spirited demeanor, and his gaze was sharp.

Abigail guessed that he must be Martin and called out, “Mr. Colleen?”

“Yes, please sit. You can speak in Corynthean,” Martin said, walking over to take a seat on the couch.

Seeing that he was still wearing their traditional clothing, Abigail felt somewhat relieved. His clothes indicated that he acknowledged her as a fellow countrywoman.

“I heard that Alice gave you a prescription. Can you show it to me?” Martin went straight to the point without beating around the bush.

Abigail took out a photocopy of Alice’s prescription from her bag and handed it to him.

After Martin accepted the copy, his face became serious as he read it, and he pondered the prescription for a long time without saying a word.

Abigail didn’t dare to speak either, and she only quietly watched his expression change.

After a long silence, Martin slowly folded up the prescription. “She didn’t say anything else?”

"No, but before she passed away, she instructed me to regularly browse through her bookshelf. However, when I went to retrieve the books from the bookshelf, there was only one book, and this prescription was tucked inside that book," Abigail explained, taking out the book left by Alice from her bag.

Martin reached out and took it from her hands.

The book had a blue cover. It was a traditional medicine book with a thread-bound spine, and the corners of the pages were turned up, indicating that it had been frequently perused.

"What do you need from me?" Martin looked up at Abigail.

"I have a friend whose child has a genetic condition. We are unable to determine his genes accurately; thus, we cannot ascertain his father's identity. However, knowing who his father is holds great importance to me," Abigail stated, looking directly at him.

Ever since she first laid eyes on Martin, she had believed in him. Not for any other reason but because he had once been loved by Alice.

Martin gently caressed the book with his fingers. "In that case, it appears that you will have to bring the child here and stay with us for an extended period of time."

"I can't stay here..."

"Ms. Quinn, I am not discussing this with you. I am telling you to go back and contemplate it on your own," Martin said, standing up.

As he was about to turn away, Abigail sensed that someone was observing them.

Trusting her instincts, she glanced over, only to see a man sitting in a wheelchair, staring at the two of them. The man had a very pale complexion, giving him an ill appearance.

"This is my son, Andrew. He suffers from a peculiar illness," Martin explained to Abigail.

She silently nodded at Andrew and turned away.

As she exited the laboratory, Abigail felt a heavy heart. Could Martin truly cure Larry? However, Alice had instructed her to find Martin, so it must be alright. Now the question was, how would she

inform Sean about this?

“What did he say?” Simond immediately approached her as they walked out of the iron gate.

Abigail looked at him. “Let’s discuss it later.”

She had no intention of informing Kevin, and she also needed to persuade Kevin before she could return and look for Sean.

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Won’t Let Him Worry

Kevin always felt that Abigail was involved in something he couldn’t understand.

Why did she have to contact the medical research institute? Why did she have to find this person? Why was everything so secretive?

After getting in the car, Kevin took the initiative to ask, “Abigail, I shouldn’t interfere in your affairs, but... why would someone who designs clothes be connected to a biological research institute?”

Abigail looked at Kevin and said, “Kevin, when Sean went to the Golden Triangle to save Luna, his body was so depleted that he almost died. I was really scared back then, and when he slowly recovered, I made a promise to myself that I wouldn’t let him suffer such harm again.”

Kevin didn’t know about Sean’s situation, and his expression became serious. “How could that...”

“Luna is no longer involved in this matter, but... She left something very important for me to accomplish. This is something I can’t share with anyone, including you and Sean. She’s gone, and I have to honor her memory.” Abigail was doing this for Luna’s reputation and the future of the child, so there was no way she could tell Kevin that Luna had a child.

Kevin nodded gently. "I understand. The deceased should be respected. But you must take care of your own safety. You know very well that if anything happens to you, Sean might really go with you."

"I know." Abigail nodded. If it really came to that point, she would choose to break up with Sean, even if he hated her. After all, hating her was a better option than him getting into harm's way from staying with her.

Back at the hotel, Abigail and Simond discussed Martin's request.

"I don't care how you make the decision, but I can assure you that Martin has no connection to the money laundering gang." Simond certainly hoped that Abigail would agree to Martin's request.

Once Luna's child's genes stabilize, they can use genetics to conduct the search, and they could narrow down the search range by matching genes by entering Larry's genes into the gene database.

Of course, this was an optimistic scenario. If the father's genes were not in the gene database, everything they were doing now would be in vain.

The search was difficult, but even if there was a glimmer of hope, they could not give up.

Abigail held her phone, her eyes solemn. She definitely wanted to agree, but what about Sean? How should she explain it to him?

"If you don't know how to explain it to Sean, let's stage an accident." Simond took her phone away, his eyes filled with a cunning smile. "For example, getting shot in an accident or disappearing."

"What are you talking about?" Abigail snatched her phone back from him. "I will talk to him myself."

"I hope you make a decision soon," Simond said, then turned and left.

Abigail sat by the window, looking at the pitch-black outside, sighing.

Simond's idea was certainly good and the most suitable, but she didn't want Sean to worry about her.

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The next morning, Abigail brought Eswadian breakfast to Martin's John's research room.

She had specifically asked Sean for the recipe last night and got the ingredients from the hotel, and she had been cooking since before dawn.

Although she was not as skilled as Alice, Martin should still enjoy it, right?

Martin came downstairs wearing a white coat and was surprised to see the basket in Abigail's hand. "Eswadian food?"

He couldn't remember the last time he had Eswadian food.

Abigail nodded. "My fiancé was sick before and lived with Alice for two years. He learned Alice's cooking skills, and I learned from him."

Martin nodded and sat down at the table before he took out his phone and sent a message.

Soon, Andrew left his room in a wheelchair. He looked sickly, with pale skin like a vampire; even his lips were devoid of color.

Fortunately, the breakfast Abigail made today was nourishing.

She opened the lunch box and served Martin a bowl of nourishing soup, bringing out the other breakfast items one by one.

Yesterday, she noticed that there were no other people in the research room, and it was very quiet. Hence, their meals should be simple as well.

Martin was wearing a white robe, which was even lined with fur. It seemed that his strange illness was quite serious.

He took a sip of the nourishing soup, and his furrowed brow relaxed, as if a lion that was pleased after tasting delicious food.

Seeing that, Abigail felt herself relax a little.

Martin took a few bites, and a nostalgic expression appeared on his face. "Her cooking skills have improved a lot."

“To be honest, what I make is not as delicious as what she makes,” Abigail said softly.

“Alice and I met because of our medical backgrounds, but unfortunately, she is a traditional medicine doctor while I am a Western medicine doctor. Due to our different perspectives on medicine, we went from discussing everything to arguing every day. When we got divorced, it was an amicable separation,” Martin sighed as he held his bowl.

Abigail handed a plate of shrimp dumplings to Martin, placing it in front of him. “Alice is doing well. She has a new social media account where she shares videos of her life. Would you like to watch?”

“No, thank you,” Martin replied softly.

Abigail fell silent as well.

Andrew quietly ate a substantial breakfast, and his cheeks turned slightly red after finishing.

“Is it delicious?” Martin asked Andrew gently.

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Teasing

Martin glanced at Abigail and advised, “You should make a decision soon. I’m only giving you a chance because Alice recommended you. Normal people can’t come here.”

Abigail inferred from his words that he was a cautious and meticulous person.

Considering the nature of his work, it was indeed necessary for him to be cautious and not easily assist others whom he didn’t fully trust. That’s why she couldn’t miss this opportunity.

“I have made up my mind, but I... I hope to visit my country every two weeks. Otherwise, my fiancé —”

“Ms. Quinn, your family matters are not my concern. Do you understand the nature of my work? Do you realize that this is a foreign country?” Martin coldly interrupted her.

Abigail pursed her lips and remained silent.

“I am saying this out of concern about your safety. You can also choose to put yourself in danger at any time for the sake of love, but I am curious about one thing. Does your fiancé prioritize your safety, or does he prefer to have romantic encounters with you in dangerous situations?”

Upon saying that, Martin pushed Andrew out, intending to take him for a walk outside the courtyard.

Abigail tidied up the utensils on the dining table, feeling conflicted.

She realized that Martin had asked her to stay there because he himself was in danger, and they were only safe inside the research institute.

...

Meanwhile, Andrew was taken to enjoy the sunlight in the courtyard. Instead of staying quiet as usual, he asked Martin, “Will she stay?”

“She will,” Martin replied calmly.

“She cooks delicious food,” Andrew remarked.

“In the future, you’ll be able to eat even better food. She has brought us hope.” Martin bent down and held his hand, excitement evident in his eyes. “That prescription is not for treating genetic issues. It’s for treating your illness. I wrote her a letter years ago, asking for her help, but I never received a reply. I thought there was no hope.”

Andrew looked at Martin. He was not as joyful but rather calm. “Madam Alice doesn’t like me. That’s why she didn’t reply to you.”

“It’s not exactly that. She and I have been separated for forty or fifty years. Although our love for each other was passionate when we were young, it has already faded away after spending a few years apart. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have remarried and had you, my precious son.” Martin reached out and touched Andrew’s head.

Andrew nodded. “Are you really going to help her?”

“Of course, it’s Alice’s request, and I’m willing to help. Besides, she sacrificed her life to find the prescription to cure your illness. This exchange is beneficial for us. Moreover, if you like her, I can help you keep her by your side for the rest of your life to take care of you,” Martin said, holding his hand tightly again. “You said it yourself. She doesn’t look down on you.”

Andrew fell silent for a moment, a slight smile appearing on his lips. “Eastern women are truly beautiful, just like on television. Their skin is as fair as jade, their eyes and brows gentle like water, and their temperament as graceful and elegant as distant mountains.”

“Not every woman is like that, but Abigail is definitely one of the most beautiful women among Eastern women,” Martin said, feeling a slight sense of pleasure because he liked her.

As long as his son liked her, he would support whatever he wanted to do!

“But she has someone she likes.” Andrew expressed his dissatisfaction.

“She will stay here for a long time, and you will have many opportunities,” Martin reassured him.

After Abigail left, Andrew returned to his own room.

Martin stood in the yard, holding a prescription in his hand and murmuring, “Alice, the prescription you sent is effective, and you are a good person. When Andrew recovers, I will take him back to our country to see you.”

...

Abigail returned to the hotel with a worried expression on her face.

As soon as she opened the door to her room, Kevin’s voice suddenly rang out. “Where did you go? I bought breakfast for you and waited for you all morning!”

Abigail was taken aback and placed her hand on her chest as she entered the room. “You entered my room without telling me?”

“I only went in after making sure you weren’t there,” Kevin said, noticing the plastic basket in her hand that was filled with utensils.

Upon seeing that, he realized that she had gone to see Martin and even made breakfast for him.

“Kevin, I bought a ticket back this afternoon. Everything has been arranged at home, and I have to go there for some business.” Abigail had already made up her mind when she returned. She would

have a good talk with Sean when she returned.

She couldn’t refuse Martin’s request.

Kevin nodded. He felt that Abigail had been burdened with many things since she arrived, things that he didn’t know about.

When Abigail booked her ticket back to the country, she replied to Martin, planning to bring Larry with her when she returned.

The following afternoon, she arrived in Capitalis. After dinner, Abigail took Sean into her room.

“What’s wrong?” Sean had already guessed that there must be something going on as her plans had suddenly changed.

Abigail didn’t say anything. Instead, she simply wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his lips, and Sean immediately responded to her kiss.

Pushing her onto the bed, he supported himself with his hands on her sides. “What’s going on?”

Abigail looked at him, a smile on her face. “Don’t you like it?”

“What do you think?” Sean asked her in return.

Before Abigail could answer, he kissed her again.

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I Just Want to Respond to You

Abigail felt dizzy from his kiss and held onto him tightly.

Sean buried his head in her neck and gently asked in a hoarse voice, "What do you want to say?"

"You said you missed me, so I came back," she said with a smile.

"Is there something that you must do behind my back?" he asked, confused by her sudden behavior. How could he not sense that something was bothering her?

"Are you mad at me again?" She playfully pinched his waist.

"Abby, tell me. What are you going to do?" He looked up at her.

Abigail raised her hand and gently caressed his face. "Nothing. It's because you missed me that I came back immediately. The design competition over there hasn't even started yet, so there's no rush."

"You're not someone who's so melodramatic. I've always understood that." Sean squeezed her hand.

"That was before. I couldn't feel your affection for me, so I always kept my feelings suppressed. Now that I'm sure of your feelings for me, why can't I be more honest with you?" she said earnestly.

"You've convinced me." He kissed her fingertips.

Abigail let out a soft sound. "Sean, it's because you kept saying you missed me on the phone. Every time you said it, my heart felt like it flew back to you. And when you said it twice, I couldn't help but want to be close to you."

It was the first time he heard her speak such sweet words.

He kissed her passionately and tore off her clothes without hesitation.

She responded eagerly to him.

After shamelessly spending two days at home with Sean, Abigail boarded a plane to Perou again.

Simond had secretly sent Larry from Eastbay over to Perou to wait for her there.

“I agree with your suggestion, but let’s not make it too obvious. Just arrange something to keep me here.” Abigail thought for a few days but couldn’t come up with a convincing reason to persuade Sean.

She could only pretend that she couldn’t go back due to work commitments, which allowed her to enter Martin’s research lab successfully.

“Okay.”

...

When Abigail returned to Martin’s research lab, she handed Larry over to Martin.

Andrew wheeled himself on the wheelchair to a room door, reached out to turn the doorknob, and said to Abigail behind him, “This is your room. It’s equipped with everything a child needs. If you need anything else, just inform the guard at the door.”

“Okay, thank you.” She walked to the door and glanced at the room’s interior.

The room was simply furnished, with all the necessary items and nothing unnecessary.

Andrew looked at her and secretly admired her body curves in his mind.

Abigail didn’t notice his actions. She turned to look at him, and he immediately averted his gaze. “Is there anything else?”

“No, thank you.” She walked into the room and placed her suitcase on the bed.

Andrew shut the door gently and wheeled the wheelchair around.

Martin grinned at him before scooping up Larry and heading upstairs.

The fair-skinned Larry didn’t show any fear. Instead, he gazed curiously at Martin with his bright eyes.

Martin understood why Abigail chose to save this child because he was indeed very likable.

Abigail checked the room and made sure there were no surveillance cameras before replying to Simond.

'The room's interior is safe, and there are no hidden cameras or anything like that, so rest assured.'

'That's good. If you need anything, feel free to call me. Although there are armed forces here, you can trust me completely. I'm no worse than them.'

Abigail felt completely at ease after reading Simond's message.

After tidying up the room, she walked out of it.

In the living room, Andrew was engrossed in watching a fantasy TV drama.

"Do you like costume dramas from Eswadia?" Abigail walked over and sat down beside him.

Andrew nodded. "Their people look beautiful in their long dresses, and the elaborate jewelry on their heads is especially stunning."

She nodded in agreement but didn't say anything further.

"I heard you're a fashion designer. Can you make these clothes?" He turned to ask her.

She leaned back on the couch. "Yes, as fashion designers, we have the ability to custom-design clothing. Those who cannot are merely amateurs."

Andrew looked at her with interest. "Really? My father often talks to me about Eswadia. He says the variety of cuisines there is endless, and the clothing styles are diverse. They change with each era."

"That's true. After all, Eswadia boasts a history of five thousand years." She willingly shared these insights with him.

After all, she still relied on Martin to provide medical treatment for Larry.

"I feel quite bored here alone. I can only pass the time by watching these TV dramas. But I want to know how the five thousand years of history have been passed down. I've read some books, but they all seem complicated to me. I can't quite grasp it," Andrew said slowly. He noticed that whenever he talked to her about her country, her eyes lit up.

It seemed like he had stumbled upon the right topic to engage in conversation.

Abigail felt he had asked a very complex question.

Explaining the intricacies of a 5,000-year history would require a significant amount of time.

“To understand this, one must study slowly. Even children in our country, from middle school to university, may not delve into it extensively.” She scratched her face with her hand. She was willing to talk about it, but her understanding of the subject wasn’t very deep either.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Lying Again

The topic of studying history quickly faded from Andrew’s mind as he became engrossed in the television.

After spending a few days at Martin’s house, Simond established a connection with the design competition organizers. The competition schedule was changed, and the process was extended to nearly a year.

Late at night, while preparing a midnight snack, Abigail called Sean.

“Yes, the competition schedule has changed. It looks like I’ll have to stay here for at least ten months,” she apologized to him. “I didn’t expect this, but I’ve already signed the contract. If I back out, there will be a hefty penalty, and besides, I really want to win the prize.”

Of course, winning the prize was already guaranteed.

However, the competition that she participated in was not very significant. With her abilities, participating in such a competition was simply adding prestige to her name.

Winning a prize was an effortless task for her.

And because of the guaranteed award, she felt guilty. She had also invested a lot of money in the competition and more than tripled the original prize pool. Anyone who participated in the competition and received an outstanding award would receive a considerable amount of money.

“Ten months... That’s too long,” he said reluctantly.

“Yeah.” She agreed and felt guilty about lying. If she could still go back and see him from time to time, it wouldn’t be a big deal. However, the main problem was that there was no possibility of going back at all.

“In that case, I’ll come over when I have time to see you.” Sean didn’t want to sound like he was blaming her. She had her own pursuits, and he would support her, even though he had doubts about the situation.

“Okay.” Abigail reluctantly agreed. She planned to figure out a way to stop him when he decided to visit.

After ending the call with Abigail, Sean immediately called Kevin.

Kevin answered promptly.

“Do you know anything about her going to Perou for a design competition?” Sean asked. He felt that Kevin, as his friend, would tell him if there were any issues on Abigail’s end.

Kevin hesitated for a moment and replied, “I don’t know much about it. You know I’m not interested in those competitions.”

“So, she really is participating in the competition, right? Kevin, you’re not lying to me, are you?” Sean’s voice carried a hint of coldness.

“Sean, why would I lie to you? What’s the point?” Kevin’s voice rose. He was perspiring from his guilt.

Thankfully, he had checked out Johnson Hospital’s research lab and made sure it was safe enough to keep Abigail out of harm’s way.

Otherwise, if he continued to deceive Sean like this, they could forget about being best friends anymore.

Sean hung up the phone.

He put his phone down and asked Xavien beside him, “How did the investigation into the website’s finances go?”

"I found some issues." Xavien immediately approached him. "I checked all the websites of this kind and discovered that many have closed down in the past two years. Their financial records were mostly negative, too. They were losing money every year, except for the one Abigail signed with. Suddenly, their finances went downhill, and they also had losses last year."

Sean nodded. "Let me take a look at the information."

Xavien immediately handed him the folder.

One of the websites was owned by a second-generation rich person, but it closed down due to consecutive losses.

It indicated that running such websites was not profitable anymore.

So, what was the motive behind the internet celebrities lavishly spending money on these websites?

"I inquired with the relevant departments about the procedures for fraud," Xavien spoke slowly. "They said there's a method of money laundering that goes unnoticed. Some people in Eswadia browse certain websites and end up getting scammed. In such cases, their cards might not be usable anymore because they've fallen into the hands of criminals."

"I'm aware of that. Once their accounts are in the hands of criminals, they become unusable," Sean replied.

After finishing, he paused abruptly and looked at Xavien. "While I was watching Abby's video earlier and leaving her with a trip, I saw a comment. I didn't pay much attention to it, though."

"What was it?" Xavien asked immediately.

"There was a very ordinary comment asking why a person would be willing to give such a large sum of money as a tip to someone they only know online. Do you think it's something that someone who earns money would do?" Sean asked Xavien.

"Aren't there many men who spend a lot of money just to be with those female streamers?" Xavien felt this situation was quite common.

“Forget about people like me who know Abby personally and those who are solely attracted to her physically. What about the rest of those big spenders? Do you think it’s normal?” Sean questioned.

As online fans, will they really give 150 thousand or even 2.8 million for no reason other than liking a streamer? Xavien looked at him and thought.

Sean’s expression turned cold. “What I’m saying is, if this account is being used for shady dealings, and the fraudsters are posing as... the owners of the website. And what if the website has made agreements with these impostors? Turning dirty money into clean cash always comes with risks, but the website might only be seeing the profits. Why wouldn’t they go along with it, right?”

After all, the users of these dubious websites likely had legitimate accounts and did not commit any criminal activities.

Even if the website was investigated, the truth might not be revealed.

Xavien caught on. “So, are you saying the website we invested in was targeted by fraudsters without our knowledge?”

Sean smirked. “Whether we’re aware or not, who knows?”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

From Passive to Active

Money was often considered the root of all evil, and people would go to great lengths for it.

They were under close surveillance, and suddenly, the website started experiencing issues. Was it merely a coincidence that they were being targeted?

“Whether it’s a coincidence or not, it doesn’t matter. You can continue investigating the issues with the website, but if you can’t find anything, we need to shift from a passive to an active approach.” Sean looked at Xavien, his gaze particularly cold.

Xavien nodded. “What should we do, then?”

Sean motioned for him to come closer. If someone dared to play dirty right under his nose, he wanted to see who would come out on top!

After Sean finished speaking, Xavien immediately took care of it, and Sean leaned back in his chair, his gaze returning to his phone. Are the ten months of the competition going smoothly?

Abigail's sudden change in behavior—coming back to him and being so proactive—now seemed strange when he thought about it.

...

After finishing her late-night snack, Abigail saved some for Martin and took another portion to Andrew. As Andrew had told her that she could enter his room by knocking on the door, she entered his room with the snack. Just as she placed it down, she turned around and saw him coming out of the bathroom with almost nothing on.

Her eyes widened for a moment, and she quickly moved toward the door. "Sorry, I didn't realize you were taking a shower this late."

Martin would stay up late every day conducting experiments, and she understood that, but why was Andrew showering so late?

"Oh, it's nothing," Andrew said casually. He pushed his wheelchair to the wardrobe and randomly grabbed a towel to wrap around himself. "Don't leave just yet."

Abigail was already at the door, but upon hearing his words, she paused. Now, she was more like a nanny and part-time chef for the Colleen Family.

"What did you make?" Andrew pushed his wheelchair to the table and glanced at the pasta on it.

"It's some simple pasta," Abigail replied. She didn't want to make complicated food so late and have to wash a pile of dishes, which would be tiring.

"Don't make this tomorrow night. I don't like pasta. My father used to be busy and always made pasta, which made me want to vomit," Andrew said slowly as he pushed his wheelchair closer to her, and she quickly moved aside.

"Help me dry my hair," he said as he left the room, leaving behind those words.

Abigail thought to herself, So, he kept me here to boss me around! Picking out a towel, she then followed him to the living room.

Andrew grabbed some snacks and started munching on them while watching a drama.

“You should make yourself an outfit like the one the woman in red is wearing,” he said to her, pointing at the TV.

“I’m here to work, and wearing that kind of outfit is not practical at all,” Abigail replied, deftly drying his hair.

Andrew nodded.

As she spent more time with him, she would find that he liked to make peculiar requests, but if she refused, he wouldn’t insist. Overall, he was easygoing.

When Martin came down, he saw Andrew snacking and immediately became angry. “I told you not to eat snacks at night because it’s not helpful for your recovery. Why don’t you listen?”

“I don’t want to eat pasta,” Andrew answered.

“She worked hard to make supper for you. Even if you don’t like it, you shouldn’t say it. Maybe you should try it before judging.” Martin sat next to him with a stern face, picking up the supper left by Abigail and taking a bite. “It’s delicious,” he said to Andrew.

Andrew glanced at Abigail, who set aside the towel she was holding and approached to assist him with the pasta.

She was undeniably exhausted, but what other choice did she have? Living under someone else’s roof, she had no option but to work hard if she wanted Larry to recover.

As she brought out the pasta, Abigail continued to wipe Andrew’s hair gently.

“This young man, before you arrived, rarely took showers or washed his hair. He was incredibly lazy. If it weren’t for his poor health and lack of perspiration, he would probably have a strong odor,” Martin casually mentioned to Abigail.

Abigail smiled. “Is that so?”

“Yes, now that someone is taking care of his hair, he will be more diligent. His physical condition is not very agile,” Martin said with a hint.

All Abigail could say was, “I will carefully study the medical books you provided and give him a proper massage.”

“Larry’s condition is very promising. I will show you the test results tomorrow. If everything goes well, we should have his genetic information in about six months.” Worried that Abigail might have some objections, Martin shared a piece of good news with her.

Six months... That’s four months less than what I anticipated, she thought and immediately expressed her gratitude, “Thank you so much. I will follow your instructions.”

“Ms. Quinn, I didn’t want you to come here and take on these tasks either, but this place is highly restricted, and ordinary individuals are not allowed entry. If you hadn’t brought the prescription, both you and your friend would have been shot as soon as you approached.” With a shrug, Martin continued eating his midnight snack.

Abigail carefully wiped Andrew’s hair. “May I ask you a few questions? If you don’t want to answer, it’s okay.”

“Go ahead,” Martin replied calmly.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-6 minutes | 10/27/2024

Sincere Cooperation

“Are you... a private researcher?” Abigail asked softly. If that was the case, she would know her boundaries and leave this place before things got messy.

“No, I’m not. So, usually, just do those things to ensure your safety as well as ours.” Martin smiled bitterly. He was helpless now; otherwise, he wouldn’t have only written letters to Alice.

Abigail nodded. “I understand. I will do my job well. Will you be able to return in the future?”

Martin sighed. “If I can research what they want, I should be able to go back, but it’s highly uncertain. I just hope my child can recover and go back with me.”

Abigail turned to Andrew, who seemed to be very indifferent in this regard.

He almost had no emotions toward normal people. No matter how many times Martin talked about these sad things, he would just entertain himself—watching dramas, reading books, or playing some games—and was never affected by them.

Could it be that his physical condition has also affected his emotions? Abigail wondered and found it very strange.

After finishing supper, she supervised Andrew as he washed up and went to bed. When she came out of his room, she saw that Martin was still awake and comparing data.

While heading toward her room, she said, “Mr. Colleen, you should rest early. Your health is your most valuable asset.”

Martin heard her words and looked up at her. “Come here, and let’s talk.”

Abigail thought to herself, These two are really... One is more skilled at manipulating people than the other. All I want now is to go back to my room and lie down. It feels like I can’t finish the daily

chores, and I’m exhausted.

Reluctantly, she trudged over and sat next to him. “Mr. Colleen, I’m tired as well.”

“I know, but I just want to have a heart-to-heart talk with you,” Martin said softly.

Hearing that he had deliberately softened his voice, Abigail held back her complaints and said, “Go ahead.”

“You’ve noticed Andrew’s condition. Not only is he physically slow and unable to move his legs, but he also has almost no emotions. It’s a mistake I made when he was a child, and I’ve always felt guilty about it. His mother left me because of this and abandoned him,” Martin started, putting down the documents in his hand.

Abigail whispered, “I’m sorry to hear that.”

“I was researching a drug but forgot to take it with me. He thought it looked good and assumed it was a tasty drink, so he drank it. Now, when I think about it, your friend left from an emotional breakdown caused by drugs, and the drug I was researching back then caused emotional

numbness and physical stiffness. Isn't it ironic?" Martin said as he handed the documents to her.

"Sorry, but I can't understand this," Abigail apologized.

What he wrote was completely different from Alice's traditional medicine, which she could search on her phone for a general idea, but this was data!

Martin apologized and took back the documents. "In short, his emotions are dull, and his body becomes more rigid due to the dullness of his emotions. As you know, all his organs will eventually fail, and he will die. The prescription you brought with you is perfect. I have tried many methods, but they didn't work."

"Can this prescription cure him?" Abigail was somewhat surprised because he had already told her a few days ago that this prescription could not cure Larry and could only temporarily restrain his problem.

Alice developed this prescription mainly for Andrew, hoping to exchange it for a treatment method for Larry, and Abigail was truly moved by Alice's actions. Unfortunately, she was currently away and couldn't go back to mourn her.

"It is possible, but it will take a considerable amount of time. I often worry if I can truly assist him in his recovery as I'm getting on in years," Martin said.

He and Alice were both nearly eighty years old. However, the treatment with traditional medicine was quite lengthy.

"As people age, they become more fearful of accidents. I have told Andrew, but he doesn't comprehend it, so I can only confide in you. If I have an accident one day, please take care of him for me," he pleaded, holding Abigail's hand.

Feeling a bit uneasy, Abigail withdrew her hand with a smile. "Mr. Colleen, if your method can resolve Larry's issue within six months, I will certainly take excellent care of Andrew and treat him as my family."

Martin looked at her, trying to discern the sincerity behind her words, and she continued, "His treatment is not a problem as long as you instruct me on what to do. I have invested a significant amount of money and utilized numerous connections to assist him on the condition that you aid me in curing Larry. To be completely honest with you, Larry's genes are important, and I must uncover the truth behind it."

Abigail earnestly gazed at Martin. In a collaboration, sincerity was crucial. She hoped to touch Martin's heart with her sincerity and inspire him to assist her genuinely.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-6 minutes | 10/27/2024

There's a Man in Your Room

Martin had ulterior motives from the beginning, but Abigail's gaze was too sincere. After observing her for a while, he nodded and asked, "Will you tell me what it is about?"

"I don't know who Larry's father is, and I need to determine it through genetics." Abigail hesitated to mention that his father might be involved in money laundering.

She trusted Alice, but that didn't mean she trusted Martin now. After spending time together, she found him to be unpredictable.

Perhaps the young Martin was a good person, someone Alice could trust, but time flies, and people change.

Martin replied, "Don't worry about that. As long as his father's genes are in the genetic database, we can find out once Larry's genes stabilize."

Abigail stood up and said, "Thank you."

As she was about to leave, Martin couldn't help but ask, "Was this child born out of wedlock?"

"The situation is a bit complicated, and I can't disclose it," Abigail answered.

He nodded and didn't inquire further. However, he started to ponder, A woman who is at the pinnacle of the design world is here to take care of me and my son despite the danger and hardship just to find out who the child's father was. It appears that... this child is quite extraordinary.

Initially, Martin had no interest in Abigail's affairs, but after spending time with her, he found her quite intriguing, especially since Andrew liked her. As a father, he had to put his son into consideration.

Meanwhile, Abigail returned to her room and messaged Sean. 'Are you busy?' Due to the time difference, she often messaged him at this time.

'I'm available if you need me,' he replied. After he sent the message, she called him, and when he answered the call, her voice was filled with exhaustion. "I'm so tired. Will you comfort me?"

Sean chuckled softly. "Tired because of drawing design sketches?"

"Yes, and I'm not accustomed to the food here. I have to cook for myself and miss the meals you used to make," Abigail said warmly.

Andrew overheard their flirtatious conversation through the audio surveillance. Although he didn't know why he cared about Abigail's relationship with someone else, he often wanted to eavesdrop on her and find out what she was doing.

Abigail would occasionally contact Sean, who—according to Martin—was Abigail's fiancé, and their relationship was profound.

Abigail fell asleep while chatting with Sean. Listening to her shallow breathing, Sean found it endearing, but he heard a faint sound from her end.

Listening attentively, he soon realized that it was a man's heavy breathing on the other side. His blood ran cold, and he shouted into the phone, "Who are you? Why are you in Abigail's room?"

There was silence on the other end of the phone.

"Who are you?" Sean asked again.

The next second, Abigail's phone was abruptly disconnected.

Sean stood up abruptly and said to Xavien, "Find out where Abigail is!"

"What's wrong?" Xavien asked but immediately began searching.

"There's a man in her room!" Sean's breathing was unsteady, and he was so anxious that he wanted to go to Abigail's side immediately.

Xavien had never seen him so frantic that his voice was cracking from anxiety.

*

Abigail was startled awake by Sean's angry shout. Then, she saw Andrew in her room. Immediately, she ended the call and scolded Andrew, "Why did you come into my room without knocking? How did you get in?" She didn't know how to explain it to Sean.

"I'm sorry. I didn't realize you were on the phone, and I saw you sleeping without a blanket—"

"Andrew, did you know that you violated my privacy by entering my room without permission?" Abigail angrily interrupted him.

Andrew fell silent for a moment and said, "I apologize."

He was disgusted by the affection and intimacy between Abigail and Sean during their phone call, which made him feel an urge to destroy something.

Abigail's chest rose and fell unevenly. "Please leave immediately, will you?"

Silently, Andrew pushed the wheelchair out of her room, and she immediately called Sean.

The phone was answered almost instantly. "Abby, are you okay?!" Sean was as anxious as a cat on a hot tin roof.

The anger in Abigail's chest immediately turned into a hint of sadness, but she held it back and just smiled. "I'm fine. I accidentally fell asleep just now, and the hotel staff came to clean the room. I just

sent him away."

"Abby, it's not safe for you to stay in a hotel. Shouldn't you consider renting a house? I'm really worried about you like this!" Sean's tone was urgent. "Where are you? I'll come to you right away."

"No need, it was just an accident. Please don't worry. You really scared me," Abigail reassured in a gentle voice.

"Abby, I was really worried about you just now." Sean's voice sounded a bit tired.