

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 731-740

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You Don't Have Much Charm.

Not only was Sean worried about Abigail, but he also felt powerless.

Why was he home? He wanted to accompany her since she was alone in a foreign country and in a dangerous situation.

"I know, and that's why I handled the situation and called you immediately. I promise this won't happen again," Abigail said, reassuring him again.

Compared to her uneasiness, she keenly felt that Sean's uneasiness was even stronger because he was far away and couldn't find out her situation, which made him anxious.

"Okay." Sean didn't want to make a big deal out of it since Abigail was an adult and capable of handling such unexpected situations. He felt that he was just too nervous.

Abigail didn't sleep all night, and after preparing breakfast in the morning, she waited for Martin with dark circles under her eyes.

When Martin entered the living room, he noticed that Abigail was in a bad mood and asked with concern, "What's wrong with you?".

"Mr. Colleen, will you change my door lock?" Abigail was reluctant to mention that Andrew had entered her room, even though he might not feel ashamed about it.

Now that she was living here, she also had to consider Martin's feelings. If she were to tell him that his son sneaked into her room like a pervert in the middle of the night, it would damage his pride.

"Uh." However, Martin could already guess what happened.

Andrew was infatuated with Western women, and Abigail happened to be good-looking and had extraordinary elegance. Being a young man, he couldn't control himself.

"I'll talk to Andrew, and if he agrees, you can find someone to change the lock," Martin said and started to eat his breakfast.

Abigail unconsciously frowned. "Mr. Colleen, will you please respect my wishes?"

Martin looked helpless. "Ms. Quinn, although Andrew may not have strong emotions and is somewhat numb, we still need to consider his self-esteem."

"No, I'm a woman. If something happens to me, who will consider my self-esteem?" Abigail couldn't help but get angry.

"Ms. Quinn, you came here seeking our help voluntarily. From the beginning, you should have considered that living in a house with two men could be dangerous." Martin shrugged; clearly, he would take Andrew's side, and Abigail chortled in frustration.

"Fine, no need to change the lock. But if anything happens, don't say that I didn't warn you!" Abigail said, getting up and leaving.

Martin's mood worsened, and after finishing breakfast, he took Andrew to the yard to get some fresh air.

"Why can't you control yourself? Going into a woman's room in the middle of the night... What were you trying to do?" Martin asked angrily, restraining his anger.

Andrew remained silent for a moment. "I don't like seeing her so happy chatting with her fiancé. It's different when she's with us."

"Come on, they're a couple. Of course, they'll be happy chatting. Andrew, if you want her to be with you, you have to be patient. You have plenty of time and opportunities, but you chose the most inappropriate way that no woman would like." Martin couldn't help but feel that his son was clueless.

As the saying goes, "The one who is closer to the water tower gets the moon first." But he, on the other hand, got into trouble by being closer to the water tower—he wanted to pursue a romantic relationship with someone but got punched in the face instead.

Andrew seemed a bit distressed. "She has a fiancé. Doesn't that mean she belongs to someone else? She doesn't like me."

"You're not exactly a charming person, so how could she like you? Look up Sean and see what her fiancé looks like." Martin rubbed his forehead. "To be honest, there are many beautiful Western women without boyfriends. Why don't you find someone else?"

"Then, find someone better than her, and I'll switch." Andrew was acting like a child.

Martin grasped his son's shoulders firmly with a grave expression. "Promise me, don't act recklessly, alright? Don't enter her room at night because it will frighten her. She's a delicate woman, and women are like water—easily startled!"

Curious, Andrew earnestly asked, "What will happen once she gets scared?"

Martin sighed. "If she gets scared, she will lock the door tightly, regard you as an enemy, develop a strong dislike for you, and might even poison our food, endangering both of us!"

Filled with fear, Andrew lowered his gaze. "Should I apologize to her?"

"Apologize and assure her that you won't enter her room again. We must show her respect. She's a human being, and people deserve respect to be treated well." Although his son was foolish, he had a good heart.

"Alright, I will do that," Andrew replied softly.

Rising to his feet, Martin reassured Andrew, "There are countless beautiful women in the West. Once I succeed in my research and make money, we will go to Eswadia, and you will see a multitude of beauties, all different types."

Upon hearing this, Andrew started to daydream. "Then, I will apologize to her, and once everything is resolved, we can go to Eswadia together."

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### Childish

Abigail was sound asleep when she heard a knock on the door. Immediately, she woke up, got out of bed, and went to the door, moving the cabinet and chair aside before opening it.

Noticing that she didn't look well, Andrew apologized, "I'm sorry, Ms. Quinn. I made a mistake last night. I just didn't like seeing you chatting happily with Sean Graham. It made me feel bad, so I wanted to ruin it, which was why I came in."

Abigail felt a bit unsure how to respond to his honesty. Andrew, who was tall, strong, and appeared decent, seemed somewhat foolish.

Still, she tried to reason with him. "I am a woman who has a fiancé, and you are a man, so you can't simply enter my room in the middle of the night. It makes me feel unsafe."

"But I really like you, a foreign woman. I can't control myself when I see you talking happily with other men on the phone. What should I do?" Andrew expressed his distress.

Then, Abigail noticed an issue. "Are you monitoring my phone calls?"

"Um... I developed it myself. As long as it is sent to the other person's phone, I can monitor their calls and even access the camera," he openly admitted.

Abigail was shocked. "Why did you do that?"

"I want to hear your voice, but you usually go back to your room without paying attention to us after you're finished with the cooking and chores," Andrew said matter-of-factly.

"You know, invading my privacy like this is a violation. If you want to talk to me, you can just come and tell me directly instead of sneaking around," Abigail said, feeling helpless.

Andrew nodded. "Alright, then, I'll disengage the monitoring program."

“Thank you, but I want to change the lock. I’m worried you won’t be able to control yourself and sneak into my room again. You really scared me last night,” Abigail sincerely expressed her concerns.

“Changing the lock won’t help. I can pick locks, and I’m good at it. Do you want to see it?” Andrew said calmly.

Finally, Abigail understood. Although Andrew seemed foolish, he was actually quite intelligent and had been using his skills for shady purposes.

Silently, she looked at him. “If I change the lock and you want to see me, you’ll pick the lock, right?”

“Yes, I will,” he admitted with a nod.

She crouched down and met his eyes. “Andrew, do you understand the difference between right and wrong?”

“You tell me,” he answered with a pure expression, looking like an innocent child.

Abigail pushed his wheelchair, and they left the study, taking a leisurely walk in the yard.

“You can’t go around picking locks like this because everyone has their privacy. The reason why doors are locked is to protect that and the security of each family’s property,” she explained patiently to him.

At that moment, Andrew felt an unprecedented sense of calmness in his heart. He enjoyed it when she talked to him and took him for walks.

“So, if I forget this ability and stop picking locks, then everything will be fine, right?” Andrew turned his head to look at her, a smile on his face.

“Yeah, you’re smart. You can do a lot of useful things,” Abigail said.

“I’m so bored here. My dad is always upstairs doing research, and I’m alone downstairs. I can’t go out every day. My dad says that Eswadia is very big, and it will take more than ten years to eat all the food in just one town without repeating the same food.”

His eyes were filled with longing, and she felt sorry for him. She had learned a little about him from Martin. After he had a problem from taking the wrong drug, he had been in the research room all the time.

When Martin's health began to decline, he became frightened and kept Andrew locked in the research room all day, afraid that he would be discovered and dissected.

Fortunately, the medicine didn't have any significant effects; it simply rendered him useless.

"When Larry's issue is resolved, I will speak to your father and take you to Eswadia for a visit." Abigail crouched down and said gently, "Just don't enter my room without asking me first."

"Can you cancel your engagement? I don't like your fiancé. He's more attractive and wealthier than me. I truly despise him." Andrew didn't know what was going through his mind, but he felt irritated being compared to someone else.

Abigail sighed. "That's impossible. I was previously married to him and love him very much."

"Huh?" Andrew was confused. Aren't they husband and wife if they're already married? Why is she referring to him as a fiancé?

Noticing his confusion, Abigail chuckled. "We got divorced, and now we're in love again."

"It's complicated," Andrew said, scratching his head. "Why did you two get divorced? Did he sneak into your room and frighten you?"

Abigail pondered how she should explain it. "No, it's not that. You'll understand it in the future," she said in the end, thinking that Andrew had a limited understanding of life.

Although he was a grown-up, his mentality remained as a child and he had no idea of anything.

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## Important News

Abigail spent two hours with Andrew and played games with him for a while. Compared to the previous few days, his mood was much better.

While she was preparing lunch, he also helped out in the kitchen. They made a mess, and it took them a while to finish the meal.

When Martin came downstairs, he heard that Andrew already made plans with Abigail to prepare dinner together.

“What can you do?” Martin sat at the dining table and asked with a deliberately stern face, “Don’t cause trouble for her. Cooking is already hard enough.”

Immediately, Andrew turned to her.

“It’s okay. He can do a lot of things. Look at how well he slices the vegetables. Each piece is so neat,” Abigail said to Martin, pointing to a plate of purple cabbage.

“That’s really impressive.” Martin noticed that Abigail was intentionally or unintentionally teaching Andrew some life skills.

Under his care, Andrew had lived as a dependent person for over twenty years. If it weren’t for the medications he researched, he would have been sedentary all day, with muscles atrophying and organs failing, and would have died long ago.

Abigail looked at Andrew, and her lips curved into a smile. “He’s very intelligent, and his brain works exceptionally well. He understands things as soon as they are explained.”

Martin nodded, a loving gaze appearing in his eyes as he looked at Andrew. “As long as he’s happy.”

After finishing the meal, he took Andrew for their usual walk. They watched the fountain, and Andrew whispered, “She’s really nice.”

Martin looked at him and said, “I have a lot of photos of you two interacting. If you really like her, I can take care of Sean for you.”

“No need for now. It’s enough for me to see her smile,” Andrew replied, no longer the naive and childish boy he used to be.

"In that case, I won't go the extra mile," Martin said, guiding him back home.

Lately, Martin had been busy, unlike before when he had plenty of time to take him out for walks and help him with his muscles.

Back at home, Martin hesitantly asked Abigail, "Will you massage his legs for me? I might need your help for the next month because I'm at a critical point in my research."

"What about Larry?" Abigail asked, rocking the cradle with a somewhat reluctant expression on her face.

There were only three people in the entire research lab, and she had to shoulder so much responsibility. Now, she even had to massage Andrew, who was tall and muscular, every day. Could she handle it?

"Just for a month," Martin replied awkwardly. "I'm working on Larry's medicine, and it will be effective in a couple of days. Once that happens, I'll let the people outside know, and you can take Larry to the hospital for confirmation, alright?"

Upon hearing the possibility of going out, Abigail reluctantly agreed, "Fine, just let me know two days in advance when I can go out. I'll have to make arrangements to take Larry with me." As for her, she had to meet Sean.

Martin was well aware of her intentions, but considering the contributions she had made to him and their son recently, he decided to turn a blind eye. He was nearing the end of his life, and there was no need to be too demanding of her.

One day, if he died in the study, there would be no one to take care of Andrew. Maybe Abigail would be kind enough to take care of his disabled son.

"I'll help you ask for two days off when that happens. Take good care of yourself and stay safe," Martin advised before turning and walking toward the stairs.

"Thank you, Mr. Colleen," Abigail thanked with a joyful smile.

It seemed that Martin was a good person after all, and he would give her time to go on a date with Sean.

Upon seeing Abigail's radiant happiness, Andrew felt a pang of sadness in his heart. "Are you going to meet your fiancé again?"



“Yes, what’s the matter?” Abigail openly admitted.

Since Larry was fast asleep, she decided to give Andrew a leg massage while she had the opportunity. Guiding him back into the room, she helped him onto the bed and sat beside him to massage his legs.

Andrew gazed out the window and, after a while, murmured, “If my father passes away, will you take care of me?”

Taken aback, Abigail looked at him and replied, “Your father is still healthy. Don’t dwell on such thoughts.”

“People eventually pass away, and he is already quite old,” Andrew softly pointed out. Having lived with his father for many years, how could he not be aware of his father’s emotional fluctuations?

“It’s a natural part of life. If that day comes, I will take care of you. I have a brother, and adding one more person won’t be a problem,” Abigail calmly assured him.

Andrew nodded and slowly closed his eyes. After finishing the massage, Abigail felt sore all over. She returned to her room and leaned against the windowsill, lost in thought.

Life, aging, illness, and death? When Luna unexpectedly departed, Abigail wasn’t as composed as she seemed and harbored resentment and anger, even to this day.

However, she didn’t even know who her adversary was. All her current efforts were dedicated to uncovering the mastermind behind Luna’s death. Even if it meant traveling to the farthest corners of the earth, she would find a way to seek justice for Luna.

“Luna, in another six months, Larry will be fine. By then, I will know who his father is. I promise you, your death won’t be in vain,” Abigail softly murmured.

Lately, she hadn’t had much time to indulge in idle thoughts. Ironically, discussing life and death today had brought her a sense of tranquility.

Indeed, being occupied could help one forget many negative emotions. Just as her heart was filled with longing, her phone rang.

Whisking out her phone, she saw a text from an unfamiliar number.

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## The Informant in the Dark

‘Capitalis. Davidson Family.’

Abigail glanced at the message and felt a bit puzzled. Davidson Family? Eric’s family? What happened to his family?

Sean and Josh also received the message. Josh originally wanted to ask Eric about it. Considering that the message came out of nowhere, he hesitated and decided to call Sean instead.

“Sean...” As soon as the call connected, he intended to discuss the message.

“Hey, Josh, I’ll be home for dinner later. You’re at home, right?” Sean interrupted him.

“Uh... Yes, I’m at home.” Josh felt that Sean was being secretive, but it was still the same even though Josh had said it in his own home.

Sean hung up and immediately went to the Pearsons’ house with Xavien.

The two sat in the expansive yard and ate fruit. Sean whispered, “This feels like some sort of clue.”

Upon receiving the message, he found himself contemplating many things. Why can’t they find anything for such a long time? Is there an issue with the website’s transaction record, and it simply isn’t identified? Now that I think about it, the person hiding in the dark is truly cunning.

Josh looked at him. “Who do you think provided us with these random hints?”

Sean looked at the fruit in his hand and took a long time to answer. “I don’t know. But the next time we receive such a message, let’s discuss it at home. There’s no need to rush. If the other party is assisting us, we’ll make good use of it. If they’re trying to lure us into a trap, we’ll still proceed.”

Josh looked at him with concern. "Originally, these matters should be left to the professionals to investigate. I'm really worried that you'll get into trouble again. Otherwise, Abigail won't be able to handle it."

"We can't simply ignore it just because we've offended someone. Things will only get worse if we avoid them," Sean said calmly. Certainly, this was merely his excuse. He wanted to continue investigating because of Luna. Abigail is devastated by Luna's departure. If I don't resolve this matter, Abigail will blame herself for the rest of her life. Perhaps she went abroad for her design. Or maybe it has something to do with Luna?

He didn't want to ask. He just wanted to give Abigail time to do what she wanted and make her feel better.

Sean ate a piece of fruit, and Kevin arrived late.

Josh saw Kevin and raised an eyebrow. "Why did you let him come as well?"

"I asked him to help me with something." Sean leaned back in his chair and elegantly observed Kevin as he approached.

"Sean, what do you need me for?" Kevin came over and carelessly plopped down on a chair.

"Travel to Perou and conduct a thorough investigation. Find out what Abigail is doing. Please let me know if there is anything. If she's doing something I don't know about, you don't have to tell me. Just make sure to protect her properly. I'll have Cameron provide you with some qualified individuals." Sean was always concerned about Abigail's safety. She is alone abroad, and I can't relax.

"Alright, Sean. I'll make sure to do a good job!" Kevin knew what Abigail was doing, but he couldn't say it. He was also in agony.

"Someone sent us a message today." Sean showed his phone to Kevin once more.

Kevin saw the message. After a moment of silence, he spoke up, "I have an idea. Do you want to hear it?"

"What?" Sean looked at him.

Josh carefully peeled the grape. The three of them chatted naturally as if it were a normal conversation.

“Do you think Luna is really dead?” Kevin asked mysteriously.

Sean instinctively glanced at Josh.

Josh pursed his lips, his face pale. “I witnessed it firsthand... Her hand was covered in blood. There was so much blood in the room. You’ve also seen the crime scene photos.”

“I find it hard to believe,” Kevin said. “Despite Luna and Abigail having different personalities, they share common traits of resilience and intelligence. Otherwise, Luna wouldn’t have been able to manage L.Moon on her own for three years.”

Sadness filled Josh’s eyes. “Luna is still a woman, no matter how intelligent and resilient she is. What is Golden Triangle? Sean nearly lost his life by going there. Plus, she’s a woman.”

“Don’t underestimate women. Look at how Kelly handled Sean when he was being reckless. She practically took away half of his life and left him almost broken. He was practically useless.” Kevin criticized Sean without considering his dignity.

Sean kicked him. “Stick to the topic and refrain from using unfair tactics.”

Josh chuckled. “You always loved being reckless.”

“Let me tell you, I may not know much about other things, but when it comes to women, I understand them very well. I’ve encountered various women and observed their actions. Based on my intuition, and I have never been wrong,” Kevin truthfully stated. I have always believed that Abigail is involved with Luna, but Abigail vehemently denies it. However, I don’t investigate among friends. When I do, she offers no explanation! This proves that my intuition is accurate and never wrong.

Sean looked at Kevin with a penetrating gaze. I have long suspected that Luna is sending the message. The surgery took a significant amount of time that day. Later, when we went to the morgue, no one removed the white cloth covering the body. Even with modern technology, what can’t be achieved through facial reconstruction during the burial? Some bloggers earn a living by impersonating various celebrities, and it’s more complex than just applying makeup.

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## Seize the Only Opportunity

“Was the Luna I saw wearing special makeup?” Josh looked at Sean, his eyes filled with shock. “If that’s the case, why did she...”

He suddenly remembered that he had been guarding Luna’s grave before. It seemed as though someone was secretly watching me. Could the shadow at that time be her?

Josh’s heart began to beat faster. I want to respond to that message and ask her if she is okay or if she has suffered.

“When the enemy is too cunning, you must dig deep to find something,” Sean whispered. If this is Luna playing a trick, I genuinely admire her. This woman possesses an incredibly astute business mind and thrives under challenging situations. She is still sick and suffering from depression.

Kevin looked at Josh and patted his shoulder. “Stay calm. It hasn’t been easy for her to come this far. She has endured a lot of hardships. Once everything is revealed, she will be rewarded.”

Josh’s eyes turned red, and his voice sounded slightly choked. “I’m just afraid that she... I’m afraid she will be bullied and worried that she will have a hard time alone.” When Luna left, it felt like the fire consuming the blooming flower and ending its life prematurely, leaving me with a bloody and unforgettable scene. My heart died at that moment.

Sean handed him a tissue. “Luna is powerful. I used to underestimate her.” But after thinking about it, her ability to form a close friendship with Abigail must indicate that there is something extraordinary about Luna.

Josh wiped away his tears as he looked at the message on his phone and whispered, “She’s still alive...”

“Hey, don’t get too excited. I didn’t say it had to be her. Intuition can be unreliable at times!” Kevin was worried. He was afraid that he had raised Josh’s hopes for nothing.

“It’s okay. I imagine she’s still alive and somewhere we can’t see.” Josh’s face displayed a hint of joy. After all, there is still a glimmer of hope, isn’t there?

Sean looked at him and asked, "So, what's the plan?"

Josh put away his phone and composed himself. "The Davidson Family, apart from the main branch led by Eric, has many other branches. And you know what Eric's parents do? As far as I know, when Old Mr. Davidson was alive, he and Mrs. Davidson held high positions in Capitalis. Later, due to changing times and in response to the family's call, those who engaged in business focused on their trade, whereas those who ventured abroad sought success. In short, the entire Davidson Family, including Eric's and other branches, has been thriving."

"Do you think... there might be something wrong with Eric's parents?" Sean looked at Josh. After all, he was from Pendorf and didn't know much about the Davidson Family.

"Since we were young, the Pearsons and the Davidsons have had a special relationship. As far as I know, Eric's parents are doing well. Otherwise, why would Eric be able to choose to become a celebrity? His parents are quite open-minded," Josh said in a deep voice. Based on my interactions with Eric's parents. They are sincere.

"To be honest, I never expected it to be connected to a branch of the Davidson Family." Sean leaned back in his chair, and his brow furrowed. The Davidson Family's branch is nearly invisible. They conduct their business honestly by staying focused on their work and operating with high transparency. But now, upon reflection, being in a transparent state is the most terrifying. As a celebrity, Eric is the focal point of all discussions about the Davidson Family. On the contrary, it allows the other members of the Davidson Family to maneuver.

"I was wondering if Uncle Vincent could do such a thing, and Old Mrs. Davidson agreed to let Eric marry Lynette. Then, could Old Mrs. Davidson also be involved?" Kevin couldn't help but interject, "I once looked into Old Mrs. Davidson. She has an extraordinary background."

Sean turned to look at him, signaling for him to continue.

"Old Mrs. Davidson used to be a wealthy woman from Herith. Her parents held high positions there, and you know what the situation was like over there in the past." Kevin didn't say anything else. In the present, those influential and powerful individuals can easily manipulate the lives of others and control the fate of celebrities. Whether in the workplace or the entertainment industry, it often feels like a game of palace intrigue with fierce battles. These affluent individuals manipulate and play everyone like pawns strategically positioned on a chessboard.

After analyzing the situation, Sean also felt that Old Mrs. Davidson's actions at that time were reasonable. It turns out that everything will leave a trace, but we have never paid attention and ended up overlooking some of the most essential information. "Now that I think about it. Luna doesn't seem to have been drugged and used as a pawn in the Golden Triangle. As far as I know, global pharmaceutical research hasn't reached that level yet." Sean looked at Josh. It is always someone on the inside who's harming Luna.

"My negligence has resulted in Luna's current whereabouts being unknown." Josh immediately blamed himself.

"Now is not the time to discuss this. Investigating the Davidson Family and others now will undoubtedly impact the individuals supporting us from behind. If it is Luna, the fact that it took her so long to send this message indicates that her situation is extremely difficult. For the sake of her safety, we must devise a foolproof plan. Assuming she is still alive, we cannot miss this opportunity to save her," Sean said while straightening his posture and adopting a serious expression.

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### Super Brain

This was a life-and-death struggle. Whether the person behind this message had good or bad intentions or not, they had to prioritize the positive side.

Sean's words gradually calmed Josh's emotions. Sean is right. Luna's actions must have a plan and purpose if she is still alive. Now, what I have to do is appreciate her sacrifice.

...

Abigail was unable to calm down when she looked at the message. She grabbed her phone and went to locate Andrew as she couldn't casually head out now. Andrew was the only one who could help her.

"Can you help me find out who sent this message?" Abigail brought her phone to Andrew's room.

Andrew took her phone and looked at the message. "You need to call him. Only then can we find out more."

She nodded and pondered momentarily. Then, she asked, "Can I borrow your phone to make a call?"

Her phone number was domestic and had roaming enabled. She couldn't expose the sender if this message were meant to hint at something.

Andrew handed his phone to Abigail. She dialed the phone number correctly and connected, but there was no answer.

He connected the phone to the computer and said, "Try again."

Abigail continued to dial. This time, it only connected for a moment before the line was cut off. It was enough for Andrew, though. He tapped on the keyboard and located the sender. Then, he

immediately sent them a package that contained a virus.

"I'm monitoring his phone now. What do you want to know?" Andrew sat in his wheelchair with a solemn expression.

"Check who has been messaging me," Abigail said. "Will we be discovered?"

"No, we won't," Andrew said confidently.

She looked at him. "How can you prove that? This is a matter of great importance, and our identities must not be discovered."

He hummed and furrowed his brow in thought. "Never mind about that. Look at his phone messages first."

"Let my father tell you. I don't know how to prove it either," he added while operating the computer.

Soon, two numbers appeared. Abigail was almost shocked when she saw those two numbers. "The sender only sent three messages without making any calls and included a new SIM card. The phone owner's name is Jimar Gibbs?" The message's phone numbers belong to



Sean and Josh. This implies that Jimar knows the three of us, but who is he? I don't know him at all.

Andrew searched using this name and quickly found the person's ID card. This led him to discover many online registered information associated with the ID card.

"Jimar is a normal man." Based on the information that was found, Andrew knew he was just average. After speaking, he noticed that Abigail was lost in thought. "Ms. Quinn?" He nudged her arm.

Abigail snapped back to reality and looked at Andrew. "I don't know this person." However, if the other party wants to give me a hint or lure me with the information, they would use someone else's

phone number. Buying and selling phone numbers is a widespread practice in Eswadia.

"Andrew, thank you." Abigail stood up and held her phone.

"Is there anything else I can do to assist you?" Andrew felt a bit disheartened by her mood.

Abigail shook her head and said, "The other party doesn't want to reveal their identity. But it seems like they're trying to communicate with me."

"I can monitor their camera," Andrew suggested, "if you want to see what they look like."

"Perhaps this phone won't be used by the other party tomorrow," she said. A ridiculous thought crossed her mind as she noticed Sean and Josh's phone numbers. After calming down, she knew it was just wishful thinking. I miss Luna and can't believe she could be dead. But my mind is telling me to accept reality.

Andrew watched as she left the room. He felt disappointed and unsure of what to do next. He stared at the computer screen and grew increasingly frustrated.

Abigail returned to her room and read the message. She was wondering what it was trying to convey. Is something going to happen to the Davidson Family?

During dinner that evening, Abigail messaged Sean to inform him that she had also received the message.

Sean replied, 'Josh and I have also received it, so you don't need to worry about it. We already have a plan in place.'

Abigail replied, 'There's nothing I can do from abroad. I just wanted to inform you.' What's the point of investigating when I can't leave here?

Sean replied, 'Okay, take care of yourself abroad. Don't worry about the family. I will handle everything.'

Abigail read Sean's message and felt a deep longing for him. She suppressed her yearning and replied to the message while intending to focus on her meal.

"Dad, tell her how skilled I am with computers." Andrew was unaware of his abilities.

Martin unconsciously glanced at Abigail.

Abigail quickly explained, "I casually asked him because he helped me with something today, but I wasn't aware of his abilities."

"He can hack into any network communication if he wants to," Martin said. Despite Andrew's physical limitations, he possesses a brilliant mind and can quickly learn anything. Of course, it is also related to the medication he has taken in the past.

Abigail didn't expect Andrew to be so talented. She admired him and said, "Your abilities can lead to great financial success and a promising future."

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### Making You Happy

Abigail's words sparked a new idea in Martin's mind. When I first came to Perou years ago to pursue my career, it was solely driven by money. Andrew's body became stiff until now after he accidentally took the medicine. I have never seen him as an independent individual. Even my research is motivated by his desire to secure financial stability after my death. However, Abigail's perspective is entirely different. She doesn't view Andrew as a disabled person but rather as a person with inherent value.

“What do you want to do?” Martin asked Andrew.

Andrew looked at Abigail and replied, “I want to do something for Abigail. She received some bad news today, and I want to bring her happiness.”

Abigail’s face showed a look of surprise. She had been feeling down since her arrival, but Andrew’s words warmed her heart. “Thank you. I’ll be fine tomorrow,” Abigail told Andrew.

“If you need his help, you can directly ask him. He is very skilled in computer technology.” Martin gently suggested to Abigail.

She nodded and said, “Okay, thank you.”

“Don’t always say thank you. Andrew genuinely wants to see you happy and considers himself someone you can rely on,” Martin said softly.

Abigail only saw Andrew as a friend but had never considered relying on him. After dinner, she busied herself with cleaning.

Meanwhile, Andrew sat in his room and stared at the computer for a long time before finally typing ‘Abigail.’ Within ten minutes, he had gathered all the information about her and figured out her entire

life story and relationships. When he came across the name ‘Eric,’ he clicked on it and continued searching for Eric’s personal information.

After Abigail finished cleaning, she returned to her room to rest. As the sky gradually brightened, she woke up and prepared breakfast. However, she noticed Andrew’s room door was half open. The lights were still switched on inside.

Andrew woke up so early? In her memory, Andrew always enjoyed sleeping in. Now that her curiosity was piqued, she walked to the door and gently pushed it open. Surprisingly, she found him sleeping in front of the computer, which was still on.

How could he sit on the chair all night with his leg issues and stiff body?

Abigail walked over and gently shook him, saying, “Wake up.”

She called out several times before Andrew slowly opened his eyes. When he saw Abigail, a smile appeared on his face. “I found something for you. Take a look.”

“What is it?” Abigail asked, feeling a bit confused.

Andrew took some printed papers from the cabinet. He handed them to Abigail solemnly and asked, “Are you looking for the person who killed Luna? I found some things that might be useful to you.”

“How do you know Luna?” Abigail’s mind went blank. She took the stack of papers that Andrew gave her. She couldn’t quite believe he had completed all this in just one night.

“I wanted to bring you happiness, so I learned about your past. I know it’s wrong to investigate you without permission, but I didn’t want to see you sad.” Andrew looked tired and furrowed his brows, but his eyes sparkled brightly.

Tears welled up in Abigail’s eyes. “Thank you... Andrew.”

“My dad did say not to thank me all the time. He hopes you can rely on me.” Andrew held her other hand and, speaking sincerely, “I want you to be happy. Happy for the rest of your life.”

Emotions surged within Abigail’s heart, and she sniffed before forcing a smile. “Okay, I will be happy.”

Andrew let out a yawn. “You don’t have to make breakfast for me. I already had some cake from the fridge. You can cook for Dad. If you’re in a hurry, just steam the buns you made for him. He’s not picky anyway.”

“Alright,” Abigail agreed and allowed him to hold her hand.

Andrew held her hand for a while and yawned repeatedly.

“Go to sleep. I’ll give your leg a massage first.” She put down the documents and helped him push the wheelchair.

Under Abigail’s skilled massage, Andrew quickly drifted off to sleep. Abigail didn’t slack off, either. She massaged him for half an hour before leaving Andrew’s room with the documents.

Following Andrew’s instructions, she steamed buns for Martin and prepared seafood soup and a few side dishes. Regardless, she still had to ensure that Martin ate well so that he would have the energy for his research.

When Martin woke up, Abigail sat at the dining table. She reviewed the information that Andrew had found. As she reviewed these materials, she realized how impressive Andrew was. Based on her limited information, he had already uncovered details about everyone in Eric's family.

"Andrew found this out for you last night. How do you plan to thank him?" Martin had stayed up late and was aware of Andrew's efforts.

"Let's ask him when he wakes up." Abigail took a sip of her coffee.

Martin nodded and took a bite of his steamed bun. Unconsciously, he glanced at Abigail and asked, "Are you going up against a criminal organization? Do you realize they would do anything for money, even if it means risking their lives? Your friend has already lost her life, and yet you still want to investigate?"

Since he was already aware of the situation, there was no need for her to hide anything. She lifted her gaze from the documents with her eyes filled with hatred. "If you had experienced what I have gone through, wouldn't you want to investigate?" I was thrown into the sea as a child, and my parents have suffered in agony for over twenty years. If it weren't for their relentless search for me, they would likely have passed away long ago.

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

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How Can Hatred Be Forgotten?

How does one let go of the hatred stemming from the ruin of a family?

Unaware of the full extent of Abigail's life stories, Martin stated, "Please share your story with me."

Upon hearing that, Abigail thought, So, he dares to ask me not to seek justice against my enemy when he truly has no knowledge of what I have endured and only has a vague understanding?!

"When I was a child, my uncle and aunt joined hands and threw me into the sea because they were interested in illegal activities. However, fate intervened, and a madam who owned a

seaside resort found me. She became my grandmother and raised me. My parents searched for me every year. My father was tormented by sleepless nights and the agony of losing me. My mother was young and beautiful when she held on to her last breath. Do you know why?" Abigail slowly revealed her story to Martin.

Martin was a little shocked. She got thrown into the sea by her biological uncle and aunt...

"Why?" he asked subconsciously.

"Because she feared I wouldn't recognize her if she grew old. She believed that even if I remembered her even a little, I would recognize her if I saw her among the vast sea of people. Unfortunately, when I got thrown into the sea, the lack of oxygen caused me to lose my memory. As a result, I have no recollection of having parents." Abigail gently took a deep breath after saying that.

The story might sound serene, but no one truly understood the pain Lawrence and Scarlett endured for twenty years after losing their daughter.

They could only cling to the hope that they hadn't seen her remains. Even though they knew their hope was dwindling, they never gave up.

Sometimes, when Abigail pondered this, she would feel that parents who loved their children resembled a tree. They would continuously grow to provide shelter and protection for the grass and flowers beneath their branches if circumstances permitted.

Martin finished his bun and never uttered a word.

"They sent my dearest best friend, Luna, to Golden Triangle because she had discovered their plot. Sean, my beloved fiancé, suffered severe injuries when he went to rescue her. He and his special assistant nearly lost their lives in the process. Even so, he suddenly fell severely ill shortly after his return. Medical examinations revealed that all his organs were failing. It was Alice who treated him for two years and saved his life," Abigail continued.

"Afterward, Luna suddenly fell ill. They said she was injected with something, and she suffered from depression and DNA problems. She became pregnant, but I still don't know who the baby's father is. I don't know what happened to her, but she will forever be absent from my life now." Abigail lowered her head and took a deep breath at the mention of Luna's passing.

She simply couldn't control her emotions when it came to Luna.

After all, Luna was like a sister to her. They had endured numerous hardships and shared countless memories. But from now on, Luna would never be by her side, laughing and playing together.

"If only you had brought her to me earlier, maybe things would have been different," Martin whispered. "I have been studying modern medicine for many years."

"Alice was desperate. That was why she asked me to find you. Truthfully, she knows very well that you have your own life. She wouldn't disturb you if it wasn't necessary," Abigail choked with sobs. "She is an exceptional doctor. In fact, I still keep the letter she wrote to me."

"May I see it?" Martin asked Abigail. If truth be told, I had long forgotten what Alice looked like.

We were both under thirty when we divorced. Now, I'm over seventy. Several decades of separation had caused her voice and appearance to fade away from my memory with time.

Abigail stood up. "I will show it to you."

Then, she handed Alice's letter to Martin. Once he finished reading it, he fell into deep contemplation.

Back then, I chose to pursue a career in medicine for financial gain. Alice, however, truly embraced the profession to save lives. Her love for traditional medicine was so deep that she remained steadfast in her beliefs even when its medical practice was in decline.

It was also due to our differing beliefs that we got divorced. I went abroad while Alice remained in her hometown. We never had any contact again.

If it hadn't been for the unexpected news about Andrew and the accident, I wouldn't have written a letter to Alice.

Sadly, Alice had already passed away and didn't respond to my letter. Instead, she sent a young girl with a child to find me.

She was indeed determined, just as she had been in her pursuit of studying medicine.

Even if it meant sacrificing herself, she wanted to save the life of a newborn.

Her favorite tale was the legend of “The Sainly Doctor’s Herb-Tasting Journey.”

After finishing her meal, Abigail silently cleared the table.

Martin waited for her to come out of the kitchen. “Alice is truly remarkable. She is a genuine doctor. Unfortunately, I still haven’t come to my senses.”

“Why did you choose to come here?” Abigail asked Martin.

“At first, it was for the money. Now, I have no other option. You’ve seen the situation outside. You’re not allowed to know about the things I research as they are all confidential. But rest assured. They’re only related to medicine. I bet you are also aware of this, right? Whoever develops the latest and most powerful drugs in the pharmaceutical industry makes a fortune. I want to spend my entire life researching and developing a unique and effective medicine. Only then will my mission be fulfilled.” Martin stood up and stated slowly.

“Can you achieve it?” For some reason, Abigail felt that this goal seemed unattainable.

“I don’t know. I’m just worried that it will affect Andrew if I don’t produce results,” Martin replied as he turned around and walked toward the stairs. “I have no choice and no way out.”

I have taken the money and signed the contract, so I can only be trapped here for the rest of my life.

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

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### A Strange Telepathic Connection

“If you leave, I will take care of Andrew for you. To repay him for his help in finding all this information, I will take care of him as long as I am alive,” Abigail said to Martin’s back.

Martin turned around and looked at Abigail. A slight smile formed on his lips. “Thanks. I will solve Larry’s issue as soon as possible.”

Even though he now had an idea, everything had to wait until Larry’s genes stabilized.



After Martin went upstairs, Abigail immediately took photos of all the information Andrew had given her and sent them to Sean one by one.

Upon receiving hundreds of photos from her, Sean immediately called her.

“Where did you get these?” Sean and Josh were still planning how to investigate the affairs of the Davidson Family. To their surprise, Abigail had already completed the task.

Abigail sensed the surprise in his words. Therefore, she couldn’t help but ask, “Is this exactly what you need?”

“Yes. We also realized that the Davidson Family doesn’t refer to just Eric’s family. Instead, it’s the entire Davidson Family, including his grandmother.” As Sean looked at the hundreds of pages of analysis, his scalp tingled with amazement at Abigail’s actions.

“I met someone super talented, but it was also a coincidence. Just tell me if it’s useful or not.” Abigail couldn’t contain her excitement.

Sean chuckled. “It’s useful. Very useful. We were still planning how to obtain all this. Surprisingly, you just handed it to me. It’s like we indeed have a telepathic connection.”

When Abigail heard his words, she couldn’t help but shiver.

If there’s anyone with a telepathic connection to Sean, it will likely be Andrew.

But this also illustrates a truth—“Great minds think alike.”

Andrew is smart. So is Sean. They quickly figure out where to start when they receive information. Unlike me, I’m still pondering what this piece of information means.

“Message me if you need help with anything else.” Abigail was glad to be of assistance to Sean.

At least they were fighting side by side rather than leaving him to struggle alone.

“I plan to develop a private messaging application. Can you ask the person you know if they want to join?” Sean was interested in the person Abigail knew. In addition, he also wanted to find out if that person was a man or a woman.

“I’ll ask him later.” Abigail accepted his proposal.

Seeing how readily she agreed, Sean suddenly felt that his own thoughts were a bit narrow-minded.

“Abby, I think about you all the time... and I’m always worried that there might be another man who treats you well and makes you fall for him.” Sean didn’t want to hide his feelings from her. He always felt jealous and feared that someone overly outstanding like her would be taken away.

“Even if there is a man who treats me well, I won’t respond. So, don’t worry.” Abigail smiled and reassured him. She had long known of Sean’s jealousy.

Sean nodded and hummed, “I’m about to finish work and go home to be with your parents. Do you miss them?”

“Yes, but I should have two days off in a while. I’ll let you know by then, and you can come see me in advance, okay?” Abigail playfully asked him.

Her initiative surprised Sean a little. “Are you sure I can go and see you? Will it not interfere with your work?”

Sean knew that Abigail was busy with her design work. He had asked Selena, Abigail’s slovenly assistant, about it before. According to Selena, Abigail would stay up until 2 a.m. or 3 a.m. when L.Moon was just starting out. Sometimes, she would even personally go to the Fairy Meadow’s factory to fix any issues and stay there all night to resolve them.

Indeed, working in the fashion industry was always terribly stressful. From start to finish, even the slightest mishap would result in both the client reducing the payment and the risk of having to redo all the clothing.

That was why Sean never disturbed Abigail while she was working.

“No, you won’t. I purposely cleared my schedule for two days just to see you.” Abigail, too, eagerly anticipated seeing him.

Upon hearing that, Sean hummed in response. His tone carried joy that couldn’t be concealed as he added, “I’ll wait for you to message me then.”

No matter how busy I am, I will fly over and meet her.

After ending the call, Abigail held her phone. The sweet smile on her face remained.

Andrew slept until the next morning, which shocked Abigail. Remembering that he hadn't eaten anything for nearly twenty-four hours, Abigail prepared a plate of spaghetti bolognese for him. After filling his stomach with the food, Andrew looked at Abigail with satisfaction. "It's wonderful to wake up to a warm breakfast."

"Do you want anything else? I'll make breakfast for your Dad later." Abigail gazed at him tenderly.

"No, I'm full. Was the information useful?" He didn't mention that he had dreamt of Abigail praising him enthusiastically, and he had been smiling so happily in the dream.

"Yes. Moreover, my fiancé mentioned that he wants to develop a secure messaging application. He hopes you can join him. Are you willing?" Abigail looked at Andrew with anticipation.

At once, Andrew became angry. "No. I don't like your fiancé."

"You haven't even met him. How can you not like him?" Abigail couldn't help but laugh.

"He's going to marry you. So, that means he's my love rival!" Andrew huffed as he pushed his wheelchair, preparing to leave.

Abigail caught up with him. "But do you know what a love rival is? Of course, I know you're important. But I can't do much if I don't have feelings for you, right?"

Upon hearing her say that she didn't have feelings for him, Andrew pushed the wheelchair even faster. "Fine. I don't want to have feelings for you either. Don't follow me. I want to go to sleep!"

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

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Stuck-up but Adorable

Abigail found Andrew incredibly adorable.

Upon seeing the door was closed, Abigail could only go into the kitchen and prepare breakfast for Martin first.

After finishing preparing, Abigail received a new task from Martin.

“Three days later, take Larry for a check-up and find a traditional medicine store. Ask if they have this medicine. I’ve asked many pharmacies, but none of them have it.” Martin handed Abigail a piece of paper.

Martin had yet to start Larry’s treatment because the medicine was difficult to obtain.

“How about I have someone bring a bunch from Eswadia for you?” Abigail suggested.

“Can you?” Martin was a little surprised.

“It’s just a small amount of medicine. I am rich anyway,” Abigail remarked openly. Well, I seem to have nothing else now besides my wealth.

Looking at her intentionally flexing her wealth, Martin felt a bit heartbroken.

I am indeed aware that Abigail is wealthy. Not only is she a prominent figure in the design industry, but she also owns two companies. In addition, she is the heiress of the Pearson Family in Capitalis. I even heard that she inherited a significant amount of wealth from her grandfather.

But of course, Abigail herself didn’t know about the inheritance.

The box her grandfather gave her was still in the bank safe deposit box, and she had never counted the money in it.

“Alright. I’ll let you arrange the shipment then.” Martin figured he might as well take advantage of the offer.

Since it wasn’t appropriate to ask Sean for help regarding this matter, Abigail felt it would be more suitable to ask Kevin after thinking for a while.

Hence, she sent a message to Kevin right away. She knew he might go to bed if she sent it a little later.

Abigail tentatively messaged Kevin.

‘Are you available? I need to talk to you about something.’

At this moment, Kevin had arrived in Perou. When he received a message from Abigail, he knew that she must be keeping something from Sean.

'I'm here. What's up?'

"Help me purchase a batch of medicine and have it shipped over. Just say it's a three-month supply," Abigail requested while sending the prescription to Kevin.

Without asking too many questions, Kevin immediately replied with an okay emoticon.

After lunch, Abigail planned to ask Andrew again if he wanted to join Sean's team. Andrew led her to his room.

"I've already developed the application you wanted. I won't be involved in it anyway," Andrew said to Abigail as he moved to his computer.

Abigail was surprised. "Whoa, that's fast."

It has only been a morning. Could it be that he truly is a genius?

Andrew twitched his mouth and said, "Give me your phone."

Although he wasn't thrilled about it, he still helped Abigail. He simply hoped that by doing more for her, she would pay more attention to him and less to her fiancé.

Abigail handed him her phone.

After installing the app for her, Andrew spoke, "Your fiancé should be able to handle the subsequent maintenance. So, I won't be involved in it anymore."

"Despite saying you don't want to, you still helped me. I truly am grateful to you." Abigail felt particularly happy as she watched him install the app.

"I don't want your gratitude," Andrew muttered.

Andrew quickly installed the app on Abigail's phone. Then, he looked at her. "You can just transfer the app to your fiancé in a file mode. The underlying code and everything else are in the app's file area. They will figure it out once they use it. As for the administrator's role, you guys can allocate it yourselves. Either way, they will know what to do once they see the code."

“Sure. Let me know what you want to eat, and I’ll learn. Don’t hesitate!” Abigail took the phone he handed her and looked at him gratefully.

“The food you made is already delicious. Plus, cooking is strenuous work. So, just make whatever you like,” Andrew said. I won’t ask Abigail to serve me.

Serving me will be equivalent to returning the favor. I am no fool. Of course, I am aware of Abigail’s intention.

“Isn’t that my responsibility?” Abigail asked with a smile. Shortly after, she shared the file with Sean.

Sean should be asleep right now.

‘This is the completed app. You can check its security. The underlying code is in the app’s file area. You can review it later.’

After sending the message, she couldn’t help but smile with satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Andrew felt that once he finished these tasks, he wouldn’t have much else to do.

After all, he relied on computers and didn’t have many other skills.

Because of that, he couldn’t help but think that Abigail’s fiancé must be a remarkably talented man.

He could compete with a black market that had been laying plans for so many years. If it were me, I wouldn’t be able to do it.

I don’t have that much ability. At best, I’m a tad more skillful with computers.

“Is there anything else I can do? Feel free to let me know. I’m really proficient in computer technology,” Andrew involuntarily talked about it with Abigail again.

“Okay. If I have any needs, I’ll ask for your help,” Abigail said warmly.

Since he had once entered her room, she had a particularly negative impression of Andrew at that time.

However, what he was doing now could make up for it in Abigail's eyes. After all, he didn't know much about the boundaries between men and women before.

"Alright. Then take me out for a walk. I want to enjoy the sunlight." Andrew's face brightened with a smile.

With that, Abigail pushed him into the yard. "Once your medicine arrives, there will be many flower seeds inside. By then, I will plant them and fill the yard with flowers. By the way, what kind of flowers do you like?"

Andrew looked at Abigail and fell into deep contemplation.

Abigail has a calm demeanor. She resembles a white flower when she's quiet—serene and elegant.