

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 741-750

I Want a Divorce [On

.com6 min read

Meeting His Wife Soon.

Andrew reminisced about a flower that he had once been particularly fond of. He looked at Abigail, his eyes shimmering with excitement. "Have you heard of Gabriel Rose?".

"Gabriel Rose? It's a type of shrub rose, right? The one that boasts a stunning coloration of white with delicate lavender tracing throughout the petals?" Abigail was a fashion designer, after all. Therefore, she possessed extensive knowledge about flowers and plants.

"Yes, that's the one. I really like it." Andrew had stumbled upon it online once and was captivated by its beauty. He yearned to see it in person.

Abigail nodded. "Although I haven't grown it before, I can try."

At this moment, Andrew's imagination ran wild. He started envisioning a yard adorned with blooming flowers. How great it would be if Abigail could reciprocate my feelings. That way, I can spend the rest of my life here without ever feeling bored.

....

When Sean woke up, he was slightly surprised by the speed at which Abigail had sent him the application.

After installing it, he opened the app and downloaded the underlying code. Then, he forwarded it to Xavien.

Xavien was an expert in computer science. He called Sean moments later to share his views.

"This app is flawless. We can use it without any issues. But I will make a few modifications. That way, even the app's creator won't be able to gain access." Xavien's voice brimmed with excitement. "This person is incredible. They can easily rank among the top three internationally."

Unfortunately, unintentional words carried meaningful implications for the attentive listener.

Like Xavien, Sean had no idea where Abigail had found such a talented individual. Still, although he was slightly concerned about it, he figured it wasn't appropriate for him to inquire.

"Can we recruit this person for our company?" Xavien asked Sean.

"Abby sent it to me. You can ask her if she can persuade her friend to join our company," Sean replied indifferently.

Since he had just woken up, his voice sounded hoarse. Upon sensing a subtle hint of jealousy in Sean's voice, Xavien dared not to probe further. At once, he changed the subject. "Let me make some changes first. Once I'm done, we can begin testing."

Sean hummed in response. He ended the call, ran his fingers through his hair, and got out of bed. Despite feeling jealous, he realized he needed not to be overly pessimistic, considering that Abigail had already arranged their meeting.

After freshening up, he responded to Abigail's message.

'I have received your message. The app is perfect. Please thank your friend on my behalf. If I have the chance to meet him, I'll treat him to a meal.'

'No need to treat him to a meal. I've already taken care of that. By the way, I'm free in three days. Will you be free during that time?'

As Sean read the message, the jealousy in his heart instantly dissipated.

'I'm free. I'll make arrangements right away.'

After completing my work for the day, I can fly to Perou in the evening.

Sean finalized his travel plans before heading to the company.

The day passed by quickly. In the afternoon, Sean returned to the Pearson Residence earlier than usual.

Josh was waiting for him at home.

"I'm leaving for abroad tonight. I just wanted to inform you that the app is ready. We're currently conducting stress testing. Once that's done, it should be good to go." Sean sat at the dining table and explained to Josh.

His words took Josh aback. "That's fast."

"Yeah. Abby's friend helped us. It's the same person who assisted us with obtaining the information last time." Sean, once again, couldn't conceal his jealousy as he elaborated.

Fortunately, he would soon be meeting his beloved wife.

Grasping his chin, Josh remarked, "Abby's friend is truly talented. Developing such an app must have taken a long time, yet you said that her friend completed it in just one morning. Is this person part of a professional team?"

"I have asked Kevin about this. He confirmed that there is no professional team involved," Sean replied. Kevin was sure that it was the work of a single individual.

"Did she really encounter a genius?" Josh's tone was full of disbelief.

"It's not that surprising, though. There are many talented individuals like Abby's friend abroad, not to mention even more skilled individuals in the

underground. We also have such experts in Eswadia. When we need them, they can quickly form a team," Sean said calmly.

Upon hearing that, Josh nodded. "That's true. Geniuses always have some peculiarities."

Even so, he still felt that the person Abigail knew was exceptionally remarkable.

Sean swiftly finished his meal. Then, he patted Josh's shoulder. "I have to go now. Let your parents know."

"Okay." Josh stood up and said, "I'll drive you to the airport."

Men—the bond between them could easily become close.

If truth be told, Josh was reluctant to part with Sean. After all, they could chat together in the evenings after Sean came back from work when he was around.

But now that he was leaving, Josh would be alone in this house.

Once they got into the car, Josh drove while speaking gently, "Call us once you've arrived safely. Otherwise, my parents will be worried. Also, I'll visit your grandparents in the next few days. So, don't worry."

"I'll only be gone for less than a week. Plus, I'll spend two days on the flight. Yet, you're making it seem like I'll be away for a long time." Sean shook his head helplessly.

After that, he sent a message to Abigail, informing her that he had arrived at the airport.

"I'm just worrying about you... After all, the situation is different now." Josh drove with a serious demeanor while casually conversing with him.

Ever since Luna died, he had always been vigilant about his surroundings. He worried about every person who went traveling, for he feared losing important individuals in his life.

Sean hummed and added, "Don't worry. I will message you."

"It feels like the house is empty once you leave." Josh's voice sounded slightly down.

Sean turned his head to look at him. "I will be back soon. If Luna is still alive, we will definitely rescue her. That way, you won't feel lonely anymore."

I Want a Divorce [On

.com5 min read

New Information.

With a smile, Josh nodded. "Alright. You're the boss."

At his age, Josh didn't expect that he would still need comfort from Sean.

When he was about to leave after dropping him off at the airport, Josh ran into Eric, who had just returned from his event.

As it had been a while since Josh last saw Eric, their unexpected encounter made him feel somewhat uneasy.

"You've been quite busy all year round," Josh said with a smile.

Raising his hand, Eric adjusted his mask. "I'll rest at the hotel for a while and prepare dinner. Why don't you come over and join me? It's been ages since we last got together, so I want to chat with you."

"Sure." Considering that he had nothing else to do and his house was empty, Josh didn't feel like going back.

Once they arrived at the hotel, Eric took off his coat, sunglasses, and mask. Then, he walked to the couch and picked up the remote control to close the curtains.

"It's been a while, Josh." Eric's expression turned serious.

"What's wrong?" For some reason, Josh sensed that Eric wanted to tell him something based on his demeanor.

"There's something... I'm not sure if it's just my speculation or if it's true. It's about Luna." Eric raised his head and looked at Josh with a serious expression.

Josh didn't say anything. However, his face turned pale, and his hand by his side couldn't stop trembling.

"I have a cousin who is pretty close to me. Because she used to dislike Abigail, she paid attention to her and Luna. She told me that she seemed to have seen Luna at her house. Doesn't that sound terrifying to you?" Eric stared straight at Josh.

Josh's lips turned pale as well. His voice trembled slightly. "Is it true?".

"I'm not sure... My cousin said she accidentally saw her one night. But Luna clearly..." Eric couldn't continue the rest of his words, for he knew very well the feelings Josh had for Luna.

Even though the news was hidden from the public when Luna died, some prominent families knew about it.

"Which cousin are you talking about?" Josh remained calm.

"My third uncle, Levi Davidson's daughter, Emma Davidson. My uncle has been doing business overseas and rarely comes back. He only returns during New Year's. Back then, my uncle and aunt were busy with work, so Emma stayed with us for a long time. We are close, so I believe her words." Eric deliberately chose to return at such a crucial moment, hoping he could run into Josh and share this information with him.

"Eric... do you know why Luna died?" Josh's voice was bitter and filled with pain.

"Of course!" Eric's voice grew louder a little. "I'm scared now. I fear what Vincent did was the same as what my Uncle Levi did... including the involvement of many other individuals we don't know."

Although he maintained his sincerity, he knew very well how immense the network of interests in these circles was after spending years in the entertainment industry.

Josh pondered. Actually, Sean and I already know all of this.

Even my seemingly kind and generous Grandmother might also be involved.

"Eric, what will you do if it really turns out as you think? Do you trust your parents?" Josh asked calmly.

"I trust no one until the truth of the matter is revealed. How about you? Will you trust Vincent? I don't think so, right?" Eric felt that since this matter involved plenty of money and even Luna's life and death, he couldn't just blindly trust anyone, not even his own parents.

"Of course, I don't believe Vincent. It's a fact that he committed a crime. It's just that there's no evidence," Josh said coldly.

"Josh, perhaps you are unaware of the structure of the Davidson Family. My Grandma was once a prominent lady in Herith. Having married into a prestigious family like my Grandpa's, do you think there's a chance she merely appears gentle and friendly?" Ever since Eric learned that Luna might be at Levi's house, he felt that everything in his family had become unfamiliar.

Now, I am hesitant to trust anyone solely based on family ties.

I, too, have my own judgment.

Grandma clearly knew Vincent had committed a crime. Yet, why did she still insist that I marry the person who drugged me?

Would she sacrifice my happiness and future if there was no benefit for her?

I was doing so well in the entertainment industry. If Grandma had considered my future, she should have known that this marriage would bring me no good and could potentially tarnish my reputation due to Vincent's actions.

Yet, Grandma still agreed to this marriage.

It was inherently unreasonable in the first place.

Is this so-called family friend truly more important than me?

"Can I trust you?" Truthfully, Josh was somewhat uncertain about the truth behind Eric's words.

He had only recently received the information, and Eric subtly brought news that Luna might still be alive.

While Kevin's claim was a guess, what Eric said was a concrete fact, something he witnessed with his own eyes.

"It's understandable that you don't believe me. After all, Luna's situation is so complicated. If it was me, I wouldn't trust anyone either," Eric said and sighed. "But if you want me to continue helping you, I will talk to Emma and ask her to find a way to take photos. But don't get your hopes up too much. Her family has lived overseas for a long time, and I'm unfamiliar with my Uncle Levi's character."

Eric's words are clear. Supposing his uncle and grandmother were truly involved in what Vincent did, they would most likely abandon their own family when things get exposed. After all, isn't that what happened to Vincent's family? Vincent severed all ties with his daughter once he found her no longer of use to him.

I Want a Divorce [On

.com6 min read

Her Longing Has Grown Deeper.

In that case, Emma's safety might still be at risk.

While having another child is a possibility, once the money is gone, it becomes difficult to earn it back. After all, they had operated the business for years. They will definitely try their best to keep it running, even if it means sacrificing more lives.

After careful consideration, Josh spoke in a deep voice, "Eric, It's a favor to me that Emma can provide you with some information. However, you must not ask too much of her. If her family truly is involved in this, that means they're also a family of demons. Do you expect a money-minded demon to show her mercy?".

Eric started to feel a sense of fear from his words. "Josh, I'm a little scared. It seems like the police can't find anything. How many people do you think were involved to completely cover it up like this?".

Upon hearing that, Josh approached him and patted his shoulder. "Tell Emma to be careful. As for the rest, take it slow."

I understand Eric's mindset very well. Being caught in the network of interests, he knows how greedy and ugly human nature can be. But what terrifies him the most now is that his own family might be connected to this matter. That's why he finds it hard to accept.

Eric hummed in response.

At this moment, the doorbell rang. It was the food delivery guy.

Despite having already eaten, Josh still stayed and had some with Eric.

Before leaving, Eric couldn't help but grab Josh's sleeve. "Josh, if you really want me to help, I will find a way to get Emma to confirm it."

"It's fine." Josh looked at him gratefully. "Your priority is Emma's safety. As for Luna, maybe Emma had made a mistake. I witnessed Luna's burial with my own eyes, after all."

As he spoke, his eyes instantly welled up with tears.

Eric watched him leave with a heavy heart. Unable to hold back, he caught up with him. "Hang in there, Josh. Don't be too sad."

He knew very well Luna's passing not only brought pain to Josh but also to Abigail.

"I know." Josh's voice sounded slightly strained.

"Josh, call me if you need anything." Eric looked at him with sincere eyes.

"Sure. Thanks," Josh said and left.

Eric returned to the room and sat for a long time. When he looked up, his expression became particularly determined.

"Josh, Abigail... if it really was someone from my family who harmed your loved ones, I will take some responsibility for it," he murmured.

Early the next morning, Abigail checked her phone, intending to check the situation back home. Suddenly, a trending headline popped up.

'Eric Davidson is suspected to have a major accident at a hotel. His life and death remain unknown.'

However, Abigail didn't have much emotional fluctuation. She messaged Josh.

'Did Eric really have an accident?'

Since she was far away, she couldn't return and check on Eric. Hence, she figured she would call and ask him about his condition once the news was confirmed.

'Yes. It's serious.'

'What happened exactly? Will it affect his acting career?'

'He's disfigured... He said the floor tiles were too slippery, so he slipped and hit his face on the ground. He's currently in the hospital.'

Abigail could hardly believe the explanation. The hotel floor tiles were too slippery? Seriously? But Eric stays at the finest hotel.

'Uhm...'

She was bereft of speech. Could this truly reflect the saying that when one is unlucky, everything can be against them?

'It's okay. I'll check on Eric once he wakes up. No one can enter the ward where he's staying right now. The media and paparazzi are all waiting outside.'

After Abigail replied, she realized how many things had happened this year.

From Alice's passing, me parting ways with Ronaldo, to Luna leaving, and now Eric accidentally falling on his face.

It seems like everyone around me isn't doing well.

Now that I will be able to see Sean in two days, I can feel the longing that has been trapped inside me seem to be intensifying. Oh, how I wish these two days could pass quickly!

Abigail put her phone away and focused on preparing breakfast.

Before she could finish, Martin hurriedly came downstairs. Standing by the kitchen door, he instructed Abigail, "Get ready quickly and take Larry away. Someone's coming over."

"What's happening?" Abigail was slightly confounded. Didn't Martin inform his business partner about him having a visitor?

"It's not just any business partner. I received some confidential information that someone else is coming to inspect. I'm not sure if it will be risky for you, but owning a gun is legal here. You know what that means, right?" Martin was extremely anxious.

Abigail hummed. She couldn't worry about too much at the moment and immediately left the kitchen.

Martin escorted her out through the back door. "Stay in touch. The people through this back door won't breathe a word about this. Don't worry. Stay safe."

"Thank you." Abigail expressed her gratitude.

"No need to thank me. Hurry up and go. Otherwise, you can't make it out," Martin urged.

....

Abigail walked down the street with her bag and found a hotel. After checking in, she messaged Simond.

'There's been a slight issue on Martin's side. I'm in a hotel now. Are you still in Perou?'

'Yeah, I'm still here. By the way, Kevin also came over. He's with me now. Which hotel are you at? Send me the address.'

Abigail was surprised as she didn't expect Kevin to come to Perou without informing her.

She sent Simond the address.

Not long after, Simond and Kevin arrived.

Abigail opened the door and immediately looked at Kevin, who was smiling as if he owed her an explanation. "You came and didn't say anything?"

"Sean asked me to come. He was concerned about your safety, so he asked me to watch over you silently." Kevin's tone was casual.

The door was closed.

As Abigail heard him mention Sean, her longing grew even deeper.

I Want a Divorce [On

.com5 min read

Can't Wait to Get Rid of Her.

Abigail whispered, "He's always like this. Even though he's worried about me, he never says anything and is always doing things behind my back." How would she know what he has done for her and how well he had been treating her if he didn't say anything?

"Sean is just afraid that you'll overthink things. He's worried about you, but he's also afraid to overstep the boundaries you set," Kevin said as he sat down on the couch and casually turned on the TV.

Having a conversation with the TV on would be safer.

"Either way, he's already on the plane. I'll just ask him when he arrives," Abigail said with a smile on her face.

Hearing this, Simond frowned. "Why didn't you tell me that he's coming?"

"We're just going on a date. What's there to tell you?" Abigail said. "Oh, you need to take the kid to the hospital for a check-up. I was planning to wait until he arrives before telling you.".

"Are you a fool? What if Sean gets involved in things with Martin?" Simond angrily berated.

"Why are you getting angry? Neither Sean nor I can get angry at her. Who do you think you are?" Kevin immediately grabbed Simond's shoulder, looking ready to fight.

"Alright, alright, let's not talk about this. Let Mr. Simpson continue," Abigail said with a serious expression.

Simond pushed Kevin aside with a serious expression. "I told you to be careful when you're overseas. We can't be sure if those people are running any businesses abroad. Seeking help from Martin is a secret arrangement, but do you think they can't find out? If they find out and collude with the people here, who knows what they're plotting against you."

Abigail pursed her lips and remained silent.

Previously, Martin didn't want her to meet Sean either, and at that time, she thought it would be fine to wait it out for a year or so.

However, Martin changed his mind halfway, and she gladly accepted it.

Now, thinking about it, Simond's words make sense.

"He's already on the plane. It's not realistic to send him back." Abigail looked at Simond.

Simond was on the verge of rolling his eyes from frustration. "Why do I have to suffer just because you two are in love? Can you let me know next time before you meet him? My brothers didn't come to protect your lovey-dovey relationship."

Abigail could only clasp her hands together and thank him. "Thank you for your hard work and suffering. Can I give your brothers a reward? 30 thousand each to ensure Sean's safety."

"Alright, I know you're rich. There's no need to show off!" Once Simond finished speaking, he called his subordinates to make arrangements.

Kevin wrinkled his nose. "Mr. Simpson really is sharp-tongued but soft-hearted."

Simond ignored him.

"When will the traditional medicine arrive?" Abigail asked Kevin in a low voice.

"Tonight," he replied, leaning closer to her. "About that... Do you still want to buy flower seeds? Are you really planning to get along with them?"

"Martin and his son are quite decent people," Abigail said. They hadn't spent much time together, but Andrew was someone worth befriending, and Martin... For now, he was fine as well.

Kevin leaned back on the couch. "I have to say, this situation is so complicated. I don't trust anyone involved, and I'm really worried about you."

"Don't worry about me," Abigail said confidently. She was certain that Martin was trustworthy.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have helped her investigate the Davidson Family.

"Okay," Kevin conceded, no longer saying anything.

After all, he never underestimated Abigail, including the current Luna Smith.

If Luna Smith really faked her death just to gather more information, he truly admired her.

"What time will Sean arrive today?" Simond, who was on the phone, turned to Abigail and asked.

"In a little over an hour," she replied.

Simond continued giving instructions on the phone. When the call ended, he looked at Abigail. "We are going to the airport now. Kevin, are you coming?"

"Of course I am." Kevin immediately stood up.

Simond nodded and, with a meaningful glance from Abigail, said in a deep voice, "Then you go. I have something to take care of here, so I won't be joining."

"Alright, it's not safe at the airport anyway. Abigail, you stay," Kevin said confidently and left.

Once she was certain he had left, Abigail opened the bedroom door. "Larry will be a problem for you in the near future. We can't let Kevin find out about this child."

"I understand," Simond said.

Abigail entrusted the sleeping Larry to Simond, who quickly left, carrying Larry in his arms.

*.

At the same time, Sean emerged from the airport, intending to call Abigail.

Just then, a deafening gunshot rang out, and his phone was shattered by a bullet, sending fragments of the phone into the air and narrowly missing his eyes.

A bodyguard threw himself over Sean, holding him down and rolling several times until they were behind a car. "I was sent by Mr. Kevin. Stay hidden."

The bodyguard handed Sean a handgun. Sean was trained in combat as well, and he took cover behind the car, where he saw someone peering out from the distance. He immediately prepared to fire back.

"Mr. Graham, let us handle this. If it turns into a legal matter, you won't be able to return," the bodyguard said as he held Sean back, firing a bullet at the same time.

Sean looked at him and nodded slightly. "Thank you."

"Your weapon is for your self-defense."

Sean crouched behind the car, his expression cold. He never expected Vincent's associates to

I Want a Divorce [On

.com5 min read

D*mn Couple.

Abigail had been anxiously waiting at home for a long time when a news report suddenly appeared on the television.

There had been a shootout at the airport, resulting in multiple casualties, including police officers who were mistakenly shot and over a dozen criminals who were executed.

Abigail's hands trembled with nervousness. She wanted to call Sean and Kevin, but she didn't dare to, afraid of interrupting their business.

Just then, she received a call from Simond.

Abigail quickly pressed the answer button and took a deep breath.

"Mr. Simpson..."

"D*mn it, those people are cunning. They deliberately lured the state police here, and our people were all killed by the state police!" Simond growled furiously.

Abigail didn't know whether to blame herself or feel guilty for it.

"I'm sorry..." she whispered.

"I implore you. Can you please let me know next time you meet Sean?" Filled with frustration, Simond was no longer as easy to talk to as before.

Abigail remained silent, taking the scolding.

"Over a dozen people, all dead!" Simond continued.

"I'm truly sorry." Abigail apologized again.

Simond took a deep breath. He spoke in a deep voice, "These people followed me through life and death. Just now, in an instant, they were all killed. We have no way to seek justice for them because.

they were the ones who started it."

Abigail frowned, feeling a heavy heart. She tightly gripped her phone, not saying a word.

"You still want to ask me how Sean is, right? Who knows how he is? Even Kevin can't reach him. I mean, you two, can't you use your brains when you're in love? It's already late, and you still risk your lives to meet up?" Simond vented his biggest frustration so far.

"Say whatever you want to me. I'll accept it." Abigail couldn't argue back.

Simond took a deep breath and hung up the phone.

In the end, Abigail still sent a message to Sean.

*.

Meanwhile, Sean and Kevin were hiding in a resident's house, but unfortunately, Sean was shot in the arm.

With a dagger between his teeth, Kevin bandaged his wound. He had just removed the bullet from Sean's arm, and the blood was still flowing.

"All of Simond's men are gone. He will definitely cause trouble for Abigail." Kevin mumbled to Sean, "You didn't make any preparations at all?"

"How could I not?" Sean's gaze was meaningful. "If you don't enter the tiger's den, how can you catch the tiger's cub?"

"You..." Kevin immediately caught onto his words.

Enduring the pain, Sean leaned against the wall and used his bloodied hand to take out a spare phone. He saw the message from Abigail, and a smile formed on his lips. "She messaged me."

"Can you stop rubbing it in my face already?" Kevin said, pulling the gauze tightly.

Sean took a deep breath in pain and slowly replied to Abigail with one hand.

'Kevin and I are both fine. We're hiding now. Tell Simond to wait for us at your place. We'll come later and give him an explanation.'

His message undoubtedly gave Abigail great confidence, and she immediately forwarded the message to Simond.

Night fell, and Abigail prepared dinner in the hotel while Simond waited in the living room with a serious expression, expecting Sean and Kevin.

Soon, they heard a knock on the door.

Simond stood up and reached for the weapon hidden on his body as he walked over. "Who is it?"

"It's us," Kevin answered from outside.

Hearing that, Simond put away his weapon and opened the door.

Two disheveled individuals walked in. Simond immediately closed the door, and at the same time, he smelled the strong scent of blood coming from both of them.

Kevin limped inside while Sean's hand was still bleeding, his entire sleeve stained crimson.

Upon seeing him in such a state, Abigail's eyes immediately welled up with tears. "Shouldn't you go to the hospital?"

"I'm afraid the hospital isn't a safe option either. It was quite a challenge for us to get here..." Sean and Kevin both collapsed onto the couch.

Abigail turned to Simond and inquired, "What should we do?"

"I'll call for assistance. What else can we do?" Simond asked solemnly, "Did anyone notice your arrival here?"

"Don't worry, I've already informed the hotel staff. We're safe for now," Kevin replied, leaning against the couch and applying pressure to his excruciatingly painful leg.

Abigail squatted beside Sean, observing his trembling hand, and gently sniffed.

Sean raised his other hand and caressed her face. "It's so difficult to get a look at you. It's like going through the gates of hell."

"I shouldn't have allowed you to come. I should have gone back to see you instead." Abigail looked up at him, tears streaming down her face.

"D*mn lovebirds... Am I not human to you? Man, it hurts." Kevin angrily pressed on his leg.

Abigail glanced at him. "I care about you, too. Don't think I didn't prepare dinner for you guys."

Kevin's lips quivered. "I've never been so severely injured in my life. I almost lost my life."

He had indulged himself in all sorts of pleasures but never engaged in anything as reckless as this.

Simond looked at Sean. "You agreed to explain everything thoroughly. Go on."

"My people have discovered the identity of our attackers this time, and it is, in fact, the overseas faction of the Davidson Family. However, they have been

deeply rooted here for almost a generation, and it's challenging to conduct a thorough investigation with just a few of us. Therefore, we need to plan for the long term."

I Want a Divorce [On

.com5 min read

Stop Being Sleazy.

Simond squinted at Sean and asked, "Davidson Family?"

"Yes, they disguised themselves here. I originally came here to lure them out, but I didn't expect them to be cunning enough to attract the state police over and harm your people," Sean said, feeling somewhat guilty.

He didn't want Abigail to be picked on by Simond because of his plan, so he came to explain everything.

"Can you two d*mn lovebirds please discuss things with each other? If I had known you had already made arrangements, why would I have brought my people here? They followed me for so long, and now they're gone!" Simond said angrily.

"I'm sorry." Sean placed his hand on Abigail's shoulder and sincerely apologized.

Abigail silently leaned against his abdomen, gently circling her arms around his waist. She felt sorry for Sean. He was injured and still had to apologize to Simond.

"But since you've dug up something useful, I'll let you off this time." Simond no longer blamed him.

Sometimes, useful information requires a certain price to obtain.

After that, Simond's men brought a doctor, and Abigail helped with the water. As she poured the bucket of blood into the bathroom, it made her heart tighten.

Sean had received local anesthesia, so he wasn't in as much pain anymore, and he could finally look at Abigail properly.

"Why are your eyes so red? It's alright, I'll recover soon." Sean caressed her face, still acting as if nothing had happened.

Abigail held his hand, tears swirling in her eyes. "I shouldn't have let you come."

Sean leaned back on the couch, looking into her eyes. "Even if you didn't let me come, I would have found an excuse to come anyway. Seeing you makes me really happy."

Hearing that, Abigail threw herself into his arms.

Kevin coughed. "Shall we eat? I'm starving."

"Yes, let's eat." Abigail got up from Sean's embrace and quickly went to get the food.

Sean glanced disapprovingly at Kevin, who looked up at the ceiling.

After Abigail prepared the food, she asked Simond to join them as well.

"What are your plans for the future?" Simond asked Sean.

Sean had just eaten the meat Abigail had served him, and he hummed. "I don't have any plans at the moment. Let's eat first. I can't be in excruciating pain and think about plans at the same time, can I?"

Simond sighed. "Alright."

After finishing the meal, Simond left with Kevin while Abigail tidied up the kitchen and returned to the couch.

Sean pulled her into his arms and kissed her cheek. "Missed me?"

"I've been thinking about you all the time." Abigail leaned against his shoulder.

Sean's voice sounded somewhat regretful. "I was actually looking forward to being intimate with you, but unfortunately, my hand got injured."

Abigail looked up at him. "How are you still thinking about those things with your hand in this condition?"

A smile played on Sean's lips as he took out a condom he had prepared from his pocket. "How can I not think about these things when we haven't seen each other for so long? I've been thinking about the time we showered together, and video chatted. It's been on my mind for a long time."

Abigail's cheeks turned slightly red. "Let's go to the bathroom first. I'll help you freshen up."

Sean followed Abigail into the bathroom. Before meeting him, she had already prepared pajamas for him.

The strong stench of blood on him made her feel uncomfortable, and she was extremely careful not to touch his wounds as she helped him remove his clothes.

It wasn't until he sat in the bathtub wearing only his underwear that Abigail breathed a sigh of relief. "Don't put your hand in the water. I'll get the bath bomb."

"Thank you, honey," Sean said, his eyes glued onto her.

Abigail didn't correct him either.

Bubbles floated on the water as Abigail washed Sean's hair and body.

While she was wiping his lower abdomen, Sean grabbed her hand and pulled it down. "How about lending me a hand?"

Abigail blushed. She quickly released her hand and bit her lip tightly. After a moment, she composed himself and said, "How would you like me to help?".

"How would you like to help?" Sean's eyes burned with desire as he gazed at her.

"Well... Then... Just a little?" Abigail had never done anything like this before and felt extremely shy.

A smile played on Sean's lips. "Can't we do it together? Only one of my hands is injured. I'm not completely useless."

"Can't we do it on the bed?" Abigail didn't want his hand to get wet as it wouldn't be good for the wound.

"Well, we can." Sean couldn't do much about it, so he decided to endure it for now.

Abigail quickly helped him clean up and watched as he put on his robe and left the bathroom. Blushing, she finished her shower slowly, and when she returned to the room, Sean was already prepared.

As soon as Abigail climbed onto the bed, Sean grabbed her hand and pulled her into his embrace. "You were scared today, weren't you?".

"Yes, I thought you weren't ready," Abigail said, sitting on his lap and looking down at him.

Sean stretched his body and gazed at her. "Darling, you look stunning up there."

"Don't be so sleazy, or I'll smother you." Abigail didn't appreciate him making such remarks.

Sean placed his hand on her waist and continued to gaze at her. Abigail's heart raced, but she slowly leaned down and kissed Sean's lips.

Her kiss was gentle, unlike every time Sean kissed her, as if he wanted to consume her whole.

I Want a Divorce [On

.com5 min read

Only She Doesn't Know.

Sean's eyelashes trembled lightly as he raised his uninjured hand and cupped the back of her head, deepening their gentle kiss, while Abigail leaned over him slowly, kissing him passionately.

Gradually, Sean took control. He nibbled on Abigail's lip, deliberately teasing her. Even so, she couldn't be bothered to argue with him on account of his recent good behavior.

A night of intoxicating passion later, Abigail woke up with a sore waist and aching back. After tidying up the room, she quickly went to take a shower and changed into clothes that concealed the marks on her body.

Sean watched her busying around the room from the bed, seductively raising his long legs to trap the blanket between them. "Honey."

Abigail turned her head to look at him, blushing a little at his flirtatiousness. "What are you doing?"

"Do you like me?" Sean asked, feeling idle and anxious.

Abigail walked over, pinching his face. "What do you think?"

Sean sat up and gazed at her. "I really enjoyed last night."

"Alright, get up quickly. I need to air out the room," Abigail said. The room was filled with the smell of the bedsheets that had been dirtied the previous night.

Sean nodded and slowly got out of bed while she brought the clothes she had prepared for him to the bathroom.

"If you need any help, just call me," she said, intending to go back to the room and change the bedsheets.

"Honey, help me wash up." Sean held onto her hand.

"A visitor is coming soon, and the room is dirty. We need to clean it up," Abigail said helplessly. "Just take a quick shower to freshen up, but don't get your hands wet."

"Alright." Sean's dream of getting intimate with Abigail shattered at her words.

While Abigail tidied up the room, Sean finished his shower and emerged from the bathroom looking presentable. Then, she busied herself with sorting out the clothes Sean had changed out of.

"Don't worry about it. When Xavien comes, I'll have him take care of it," Sean said gently.

"Don't always treat Xavien like a servant. You haven't even found a new assistant yet," Abigail chided, taking his clothes to the balcony.

Sean sat in a chair, contemplating what to eat later. "I've looked, but I could only find someone to handle less important matters."

Abigail nodded and didn't ask any more questions.

By the time Simond and Kevin arrived, she had finished tidying up everything.

Sean sat in the living room, listening to Xavien's report on the situation. Despite the many sacrifices made, they had obtained very little information.

"There is a person in charge of a research institute named John who had some contact with the suspects we were investigating yesterday. I am currently investigating the John Research Institute," Xavien reported over the phone.

Except for Sean, the other three people in the room all had their own concerns. Abigail felt extremely nervous and looked towards Simond, who gave her a reassuring look. Kevin's palms.

were sweating.

How did they end up investigating the John Research Institute?

"John Research Institute? Could it be related to the drugs on Luna? " Sean asked, looking at Abigail.

Abigail noticed that her mind was elsewhere and looked at Kevin. "What do you think?".

Kevin was sweating profusely. "How would I know? Don't we need to investigate the evidence first?".

"Xavien, while we still have the chance, dig up some useful information, but focus on the people we suspect," Sean ordered with a cold expression.

After hanging up the phone, Xavien coughed. "About the people you suspect, do they have any connection to the Davidson Family?".

"It won't be easy to uncover. They definitely have an organization helping them. It will take time to find concrete evidence." Sean frowned.

Simond remained silent, worried that the other party had already noticed their focus on Martin.

If Martin had made any secret deals with them, wouldn't it be a trap for Abigail to go back?

Sean was surprised by their silence. "Why is no one saying anything?".

Kevin panicked. With Sean's question, he felt a shiver down his spine. "I was wondering, is Eric Davidson's uncle's family truly wicked?".

It was reasonable for Kevin to have such suspicions, especially considering the overseas operations. After all, by doing these things in the country, the Davidson Family and Vincent might just be pawns.

"We can't be certain yet," Sean said, taking Abigail's hand and pulling her to sit beside him. "Don't worry; now that we have some leads, we will eventually find out."

"Okay," Abigail wasn't worried now but rather afraid that he would uncover any evidence that would be difficult to explain later.

Simond was afraid that Abigail and Kevin would reveal something, so he spoke up, "If you share some information, I can assist with the investigation."

Sean turned his head to look at him. "Why are you with her?"

In the urgency of yesterday's situation, Sean had momentarily forgotten about this, but now that he had calmed down, he suddenly found Simond's presence here very strange.

Upon hearing this, Simond immediately put on a smile. "I also have a grudge against the Davidson Family, so why can't I be here?"

"Don't tell me that the Davidson Family also swindled you out of your money." Sean glanced at him, his eyes filled with suspicion.

Simond shrugged. "Guess."

Sean retracted his gaze and took Abigail's hand. "Since we have already worked together once, why don't we continue working together in the future?"

I Want a Divorce [On

.com6 min read

Yet Another Farewell.

"If that's the case, then forget it. I've already lost over ten of my men before we could even start working together. What good would it bring?" Simond refused, wanting to keep Abigail's plan a secret.

While working with Sean would be great, he also needed to look out for her.

"If you don't want to work with me, then forget it. No need for all that talk." Sean's expression turned cold in an instant.

Unable to hold back, Abigail spoke up, "Are we just going to spend the day in the hotel?"

The investigation wasn't making any progress, and dragging it out like this wasn't a good idea.

"They can go back," Sean calmly said. Today was his date with Abigail, so why should they stay here and be third wheels?

Simond was only here to see the progress, and now that Sean had given the order to leave, he didn't stay for long either. Moreover, he was worried about staying and exposing himself to the way Kevin was behaving.

After Simond left with Kevin, Sean immediately turned his attention back to Abigail. "What do you want to eat, honey?"

Abigail handed him the hotel menu. "Take a look and see if there's anything you like."

Yesterday, she had specifically asked the hotel for ingredients and personally cooked, but today, she no longer had the enthusiasm for it.

As Sean carefully looked through the menu, her phone rang.

Sean looked at her. "Busy again?"

Abigail had saved the number under a client's name, but she remembered it was from Martin.

"I'm not sure. Let me take this call first. Choose something for me while I'm gone," she said, picking up her phone and walking into the corridor.

Sean continued to look at the menu, deep in thought. Both Kevin and Abigail seemed off just now, and the strangest thing was that Simond came with Kevin. If Kevin could bring Simond to the airport, wouldn't it mean that Simond had been here earlier and had come with Abigail? Clearly, they were connected in a way that he didn't know about.

Simultaneously, Abigail warily kept a lookout for Sean in case he suddenly left the room while whispering to Martin, "What is it?".

"Oh, I wanted to know when you would come back," Martin asked with concern.

Abigail felt that she should explain to him who exactly arrived at the John Research Institute, but she realized that it might not be a convenient time for him, so she could only answer, "Is everything okay on your end?".

"What could be the problem? Andrew wants to eat the food you make again," Martin said with a chuckle.

"Okay, I should be back tomorrow." Abigail felt sorry that she couldn't spend more time with Sean.

After she hung up, she felt her head ache at the thought of telling Sean. Taking a deep breath silently, she turned and went back into the house.

Sean had already ordered their meal.

*.

Martin hung up the phone, holding it in his hand without moving it for a long time.

"I won't allow you to do this," Andrew spoke up, anger evident on his face and his hand on the wheelchair handle tightened.

"But if we don't do this, there's no way for us to leave here. Our research has been stuck in a bottleneck for a long time, and the people above have already noticed. Andrew, this is our only chance to leave here safely. Abigail is just someone we happened to meet by chance. Why should we give up our own desire for freedom because of her?" Martin put down his phone and walked up to Andrew, looking at him earnestly.

Andrew shook his head. "I would rather be trapped here for the rest of my life... As I've said before, I want her to live a happy life."

"You're too emotional. Everything I've done has been for your own good. I may be older now, and being trapped here may not matter to me, but you're still young. No matter what it takes, I will find a way to get you out of here!" Martin firmly held his hand, his tone resolute. "I won't change my mind."

"Dad, you don't know the true intentions of those people. You're working with them, but many people will sever ties once their plans succeed. You always prioritize immediate gains without realizing that working with Abigail would be a better option."

Andrew didn't initially intend to say these things. He had been living here for a few years and had grown accustomed to it. Hence, whether he could leave or not was irrelevant. Martin always used him as an excuse, but did he ever seek his opinion?

"You always believe that this arrangement is for my own good, but is it really?" Andrew finished speaking and lowered his gaze. "Yes, I haven't had any contact with the outside world, and there.

are many things you haven't taught me that I don't know. However, I do know that collaborating with bad people never ends well."

"What do you want then? Are you so infatuated with Abigail that you're behaving irrationally?" Martin became angry. "I am your father. If I'm not

looking out for your best interests, then whose interests am I looking out for?!".

"I just want you to be safe with me and not harm Abigail, okay?" Andrew pleaded, looking at him. "We can find a way to negotiate with her. What if Larry really needs you? She would have to protect you. She has the Pearsons and the Grahams behind her, two powerful families. Are the people who came today any less capable?"

Martin remained silent, his expression stern.

"We don't even know anything about the people who came today. Perhaps it's best not to collaborate," Andrew tightly held Martin's hand, his lips trembling. "I only know that working with good people will never lead to a negative outcome. Even if the partnership doesn't work out in the end, it won't have a detrimental ending. After all, she is from Eswadia, and her values differ from ours in Perou."

At the very least, Andrew understood that good people from Eswadia had their limitations.

I Want a Divorce [On

.com5 min read

Be Prepared.

Furthermore, Abigail had always been actively involved in charity work and placed a high value on ethics in her profession. He couldn't comprehend why they would choose to believe someone they barely knew rather than trust someone they had been living with for so long.

After a prolonged silence, Martin stood up and locked eyes with Andrew. "If you truly wish to choose him, I will support your decision. I'm aging and can no longer do much for you. So, I can only go along with your desires."

"Dad, apart from this instance, I will listen to you from now on." Andrew embraced Martin's waist.

Gently, Martin stroked his hair and said, "It's alright. I'm concerned that if you're always so obedient, you'll be bullied by your wife in the future."

"Dad, should we take precautions?" Andrew raised his face to look at him, and he nodded.

"The other party is undoubtedly not a good person. We need to be prepared."

....

After Abigail and Sean finished their meal, they were confined to the hotel. Initially, they had planned to go for a stroll, but now, it seemed unsafe.

"I have to return to work tomorrow. How long do you plan to stay here?" Abigail leaned against his shoulder and looked up, only to see his well-defined jawline.

Subconsciously, she reached out and lightly scratched his chin, and he gazed down at her like a contented cat, replying, "Then, I'll return to Eswadia tomorrow. You'll be occupied for a while and won't be able to meet me, right?"

He had considered that this situation was simply not conducive to staying here. Abigail was staying at the competition venue, which was safer than the hotel. That place was crowded and equipped with surveillance cameras, so they wouldn't dare to target her there.

Staying here served little purpose, so it would be better to temporarily return to the country.

"Yes." Abigail reckoned that she probably wouldn't be able to meet him for a while.

Sean nodded. "That's fine. You'll be safer in a large group, and it will also be safer for me to return home. It will take a long time to sort things out here."

He rarely traveled abroad, but this incident forced him to reconsider his plans and go back.

They spent a peaceful day together, and during the night, Sean couldn't get himself away from Abigail for a long time. In the end, he only managed to sleep for two hours before being secretly taken away by Xavien.

At daybreak, Abigail packed up and went to Simond's place to pick up Larry. "Do you believe the current Martin?" Simond asked her directly as soon as he opened the door.

"Did you take Larry for a check-up?" Abigail didn't trust Martin, but perhaps she could trust Andrew. Even though she had also considered that going back might be dangerous, she was willing to take the gamble.

"I had him checked, and everything seems fine. I took a sample for genetic testing and sent it to someone to find a match," Simond said, closing the door.

Abigail entered, saw Larry sitting on the couch playing with his hands, and immediately walked over. Reaching out, she pinched his cheek, and he smiled and grabbed her hand, attempting to climb onto her. Then, she sat down and held him in her arms.

"Mama..." Larry softly called out, snuggling into her embrace. It was evident that he missed her greatly.

Abigail's heart melted as she gently patted his back, her eyes slightly teary. "I'm here."

At that moment, she felt a pang of guilt toward Luna. This was Luna's child, and if she were still alive and heard Larry call her "Mama," she would have never chosen to end her life.

"Mama..." Larry's voice was filled with joy as his little feet rested on Abigail's lap.

Simond crossed his arms. Although he was not usually fond of children, Larry was truly adorable; he wasn't noisy or troublesome, and when somebody

spoke to him, he would look at them with wide, bright eyes that were brimming with life.

Placing her hands under his chubby armpits, Abigail gently asked Larry, "Yes, I'm here. We'll meet Andrew and Martin in a little while. Do you remember them?".

Larry chuckled, saying, "Mama...".

Abigail held him in her arms again, gently stroking his head. "Did you miss me?".

Larry extended his chubby little hands and hugged her neck, happily nuzzling against her. It was only at this moment that Abigail slowly developed a different kind of affection for Larry. At this moment, she deeply understood that this child had a sense of dependence on her.

Simond noticed the tenderness on Abigail's face and pondered for a moment before speaking, "Are you planning to go back?".

"Why wouldn't I go back?" Abigail asked in return. "Martin may not be trustworthy, but Andrew is, and I need him."

Andrew had excellent computer skills, and she believed that by winning him over, he would be able to help her a lot in the future. As long as she provided him with some information, he would be able to uncover a lot of useful things.

If Sean could cooperate with him, they would eventually find the evidence and bring this matter to a perfect conclusion.

However, Simond disagreed with her putting herself in danger. "Abigail, you need to think it through. Martin is a researcher who might secretly drug you slowly and chronically. Once your task is completed, you might lose your life."

As it was still unknown who had approached Martin, he was afraid that Abigail would return there and never come out again.

"Mr. Simpson, if it is destined for me to sacrifice, I will be prepared." Abigail looked at him without any fear. "Just as my best friend did it, so will I."

I Want a Divorce [On

.com5 min read

Favor.

After finalizing things with Simond, Abigail took Larry back to the Johnson Research Institute.

Abigail's emotions were complex as she sat in the cab. She had considered what Simond had said, and relying on Andrew for help was unwise. Martin and Andrew have a father-son relationship that is much closer than our relationship as an outsider. Human nature is the most unpredictable, but it must be considered.

Lost in thought, Abigail received a call from Kevin.

Abigail answered, "What's up?"

"I heard you went back. Why did you go back so soon? Simond and I were planning to find out who contacted Martin." Kevin thought it was unwise for Abigail to return now. Martin is so anxious for her to return. Is there no problem?!

"If I wait for you to finish investigating, won't it be too late for me to return? Regardless of the other party's intentions, I have to go back first," Abigail said calmly.

He didn't know what to say for a moment. Ultimately, he sighed and said, "Alright, if you need anything, remember to call us."

"Kevin, please let me know the investigation results as soon as possible," she commented sincerely.

Kevin murmured in agreement.

Abigail pursed her lips and held Larry tightly after hanging up the phone. Larry is different from the other children. He is asleep most of the time. Martin says his physical constitution is weak, so he sleeps most of the time.

Her heart also raced when she arrived at the Apex Research Institute.

Andrew had been waiting in the courtyard for a long time. After Abigail entered the room, Andrew pushed the wheelchair forward and swiftly grabbed her clothes. "You're back."

"Yeah, what's wrong?" Abigail felt that he was a little nervous.

He looked at Abigail and took her to the fountain in the courtyard. Then, he said, "I was worried you wouldn't return."

She was momentarily stunned and then laughed. "Why would you think I wouldn't return?"

"I captured surveillance footage. Now, I'm giving it to you." Andrew whispered and secretly handed Abigail the chip he had been hiding in his hand.

"Okay." When Abigail received the chip, she felt that fate was still on her side. She had made the right bet.

"Let's go home. Don't worry. The research institute is still safe," Andrew said as he pushed the wheelchair and turned around.

Abigail did not ask further. Andrew has already done a great job. She put Larry in the room to sleep and started cleaning.

Andrew occasionally glanced at her but often watched TV dramas in the living room. Everything seemed to be no different from before. After she finished cleaning, she started cooking.

When Martin came downstairs, he saw that Abigail had already returned. He smiled. "It seems I don't need to bother with brewing traditional medicine anymore. I haven't practiced traditional medicine in a long time, and I'm not sure how to do it anymore."

Abigail smiled slightly. "It's just a simple task." Brewing traditional medicine is different from cooking. It has a fixed schedule and is very structured but easy to follow.

Martin sat down and looked at Andrew approaching, which caused his smile to fade. "I've never asked you before. What exactly is happening with you? Can you tell me now?"

Abigail glanced at Martin and then turned to Andrew before she served him food. "Can I trust you?"

Martin looked at Andrew. A warmth then showed on his face. "Of course. Compared to those who came yesterday, I know you better, right?"

"It's exactly what I told you before. There is a group of individuals involved in money laundering that encompasses multiple families," Abigail whispered as she conversed with Martin. "Initially, I thought it was just a typical chain of fraudulent activities. But it wasn't until I found myself in trouble that I realized we've gotten ourselves into a significant predicament."

Andrew listened quietly and refrained from getting involved. In reality, he was more knowledgeable than Abigail. When that group of individuals departed, he had been investigating them all along. Due to the substantial amount of money involved and the numerous people implicated, any exposure profoundly impacts the entire wealthy circle of Eswadia. Hence, they aim to eliminate anyone who delves into this matter. Furthermore, that money is already discreetly laundered through various channels. If any mistakes are made at this juncture, then all their efforts will be in vain.

"No wonder." Martin didn't inquire further. He had also heard from Andrew about the prestigious families in Perou. Once these individuals acquire money, their desire for more intensifies. Anyone who diminishes their interest becomes a target for death.

"Martin, do you have any plans?" Abigail handed the food to Andrew and earnestly looked at Martin.

"Ms. Quinn, if you trust me. I can assure you that I can cure Larry. You must also promise to take good care of Andrew, regardless of the circumstances." Martin's expression was severe. "I have made a deal with them, so you must cooperate with me."

"But what if the other party is more cunning than us?" Abigail expressed concern.

No matter how cunning they may be, we must be fully prepared. Don't you agree?" Martin held a fork and knife. "So, let's fulfill our roles rather than consider their plans."

"Yes, you're right." Abigail nodded.

"To be honest, my research has long reached a standstill. The other side has approached me, so I have no way out. All I can think about now is for Andrew to leave this place safely," Martin said and looked at Abigail.

