

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 751-760

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Because You Are a Good Person

Abigail's eyes flickered as she observed Martin and silently watched his every move. She softly said, "If I could, I would take you with me. Don't consider sacrificing yourself. Survival is instinctual, and you mustn't forget that."

Martin paused. He stopped in his actions as he remained silent.

"Perhaps you believe that you are old and don't need to live much longer, but that's not true. You haven't reached that point yet. Striving to live is what you should be doing," Abigail calmly advised him. "I have a vast network of contacts. If I can assist you, I most certainly will."

Suddenly, he felt reassured by Andrew's decision. He gazed at her, and his heart rate gradually increased. "Alright."

"Let's have a meal first," Abigail suggested. Afterward, I can make plans. Martin is a talented individual. It would be a waste if he were to disappear just like that.

Once they finished their meal, Abigail asked Martin, "May I visit your laboratory?"

"Uh, sure." Martin didn't object to her visit.

However, Abigail was known for her strict discipline.

He accompanied her to the second-floor laboratory. It was only at that moment that she realized that it wasn't just an ordinary laboratory but a biochemical one. Numerous animals are immersed in liquid tanks. Looking at them makes me unsettled.

"There's a special room you shouldn't enter as people are inside. However, they were donated or purchased with money," Martin explained in a gentle tone.

Abigail appeared surprised. "People?"

“Yes,” Martin confirmed and led Abigail into his cultivation room. The room was filled with various plants and animals.

No wonder he can't leave this place. A significant amount of funding must be required to achieve this level. “If you were out there, your reputation would be renowned. Alice was in a similar situation and was retreating to the mountains. If she had been out there, she would have become an internationally acclaimed traditional medicine doctor,” Abigail remarked and turned to Martin. Indeed, geniuses attract other geniuses.

Upon hearing Abigail's words, Martin smiled. “You're mistaken. I wouldn't have accomplished all of this if I were out there. It's because someone funded me that I could reach this stage. Without financial research support, even great abilities would gradually fade away.” One can only pursue these endeavors when they are well-fed and nourished.

Abigail nodded in agreement.

“My friend received an injection. She spiraled into depression. Do you think such a medicine exists?” she asked Martin.

“It certainly exists, but the psychological implication is even more terrifying. People are crushed by psychological suggestions many times. Let's say that I'm telling you now I've spiked the food you ate before and that you'll become gravely ill after a year. You'll eventually die, too,” Martin said with a smile. This proposition was also presented by the individuals who approached me. They desire for Abigail to perish quietly, and the condition is finding a way to make me leave this confinement.

“I suppose so,” Abigail replied with a nonchalant expression. However, her heart felt somewhat unsettled. When Martin was approached by someone yesterday, did they offer similar conditions? Luckily, Andrew is on my side.

After Abigail concluded her visit, she marveled. “You've invested a substantial amount of money into this research institute. Perhaps the other party genuinely hopes that you can achieve something.”

Her unintentional words ignited a spark within Martin's heart. It has been eight or nine years since I last made significant breakthroughs, yet the research institute continues spending money. Of course, there is pressure from higher-ups, but what sets me apart from other research institutes is my ability to quickly develop medicine whenever a new disease emerges, thus earning a fortune for the institute. After all, the pharmaceutical industry is

lucrative. That's why the research institute is willing to retain me. As long as I can develop a particular medicine quickly whenever a new disease emerges, they will continue to support me.

Now that he reflected on Abigail's words, he realized he had some ability. For the past few years, he had been feeling down because he hadn't developed any potent medicine. However, Abigail's words soothed his heart and gradually washed away his frustration and pain over the past few years.

Abigail descended the stairs while Martin sat in the research room as he quietly contemplated his past years.

Andrew had been waiting downstairs for a long time. When he saw Abigail, his eyes brightened. "Why haven't you watched my surveillance footage yet?"

"I'll watch it right away." She smiled as she approached him. Then, she carefully observed Andrew briefly before softly saying, "Although I don't know what you did, I'm grateful to you. Trust me, I'm on your side."

"It's because you are a good person. I believe in good people but not in bad ones. They have deceived many individuals, causing them to suffer and lose everything. They lack morals." Andrew looked back at Abigail with sincerity.

Abigail gazed at Andrew and felt pleased. "What would you like to eat tonight? I can cook for you."

He licked his lips. "I want to eat braised pork! I don't want anything stewed. It's too greasy!"

"Alright. I'll let you indulge once," Abigail said as she guided him toward the room.

She opened the computer and inserted the chip into a USB drive. The surveillance footage should have been recorded on the phone and then transferred to the computer.

Abigail observed several tall men entering before Martin went forward to greet them. Their conversation confirmed what Martin had said. They want to drug me to make me chronically ill, and they even give Martin a vial of medicine.

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Luna Smith

Andrew was concerned that Abigail might dislike Martin, so he quickly explained, “My father has been researching a medicine that can cause cancer in cells. Don’t worry; he will replace it with something else. We will work together and put on a show.”

“Do you mean your father can’t leave?” Abigail felt that staying here would always be restrictive, and there would be no freedom.

“You saw those people at the door. There are many more in secret. If possible, I hope my father stays here,” Andrew whispered. “Although I know the outside world is beautiful, I would rather not trade it for our lives.”

She suddenly felt that his words were strangely heart-wrenching and asked softly, “Do you remember your days being outdoors?”

“I don’t remember. I have been here since I was very young. I had forgotten everything before I fell sick.” Andrew shrugged.

After watching the surveillance footage, Abigail patted Andrew’s shoulder and said, “This footage is beneficial to me.”

She had only said such words because she caught sight of the other party’s face.

While Abigail was preparing dinner, she sent the surveillance footage to Simond. ‘Andrew secretly recorded this. It should be useful.’

Simond quickly replied to Abigail’s message. ‘Very useful. I will hire a detective and uncover these people. Things should be easier then.’

Abigail’s heart was filled with emotions upon seeing Simond’s text. “Luna, whether you are alive or dead, we are getting closer to the target.” After so much effort, we finally have some clues.

...

The night was serene.

Jonell Davidson walked into the study with a severe expression on his face. After sitting down, he dialed Nick's phone number.

Nick answered the call immediately.

"Nick, it seems that Martin has been living with Abigail for some time now. I heard from the bodyguard at the research institute's entrance that Andrew has feelings for Abigail. I'm afraid your plan won't work." Jonell didn't believe it and sent someone to inquire about it.

"I'm trying to contact Martin's superior. That disabled person Andrew likes Abigail?" Nick sneered. My men saw Andrew when they went there that day. Andrew has used a wheelchair for a few years. He has been in a vegetative state for a long time. Without his somewhat helpful father, he will experience muscle atrophy and become brain-dead.

"I have seen Sean brave the Golden Triangle for love. Don't underestimate the power of love," Jonell said coldly. He was a man approaching fifty and took good care of himself. On top of that, he was handsome but had a particularly gloomy temperament.

"Martin is looking after a disabled person, and he's not much of a threat either. I have thoroughly researched his background. He is dedicated to research and possesses some talent, but he is not outstanding. I can contact his superior and completely take over his research institute. As for Abigail... Even if we don't drug her, she will be under our control," Nick said calmly. "Remember to transfer the 4.5 million to my account immediately."

"Right away." Jonell was satisfied with Nick's attitude. Without Plan A, there is still a Plan B. He hung up the phone and leaned back in his chair to press his temples. At that moment, he glanced

out the window and noticed a woman sitting on the swing outside. His eyes widened as he observed her until she left. After that, he withdrew his gaze.

As he left the study, he hurried downstairs and unexpectedly ran into Vaniqua coming up the stairs. He instantly became angry as he barked, "Why are you in such a hurry?!"

Vaniqua took two steps back and stood silently on the steps with her head down. After Jonell left, she turned around and looked toward the entrance. It was a slender woman walking past, but Vaniqua only glanced briefly at her before quickly looking away.

Jonell went outside and saw the woman heading toward her own place, so he followed her.

When the woman arrived at the door, she noticed Jonell following her. So, she turned around and looked at him with a blank look. "Is there something you need?"

"Why did you come out today?" Jonell approached her. His voice involuntarily became much softer.

"Just getting some fresh air," she replied gently.

He took her hand and paused momentarily when he saw the various scars on her arm. Then, he raised his other hand and gently touched those scars. "It must have been painful at the time, right?"

Luna's gaze was vacant. "What pain?"

"This wound here," Jonell asked softly.

Luna stared at the scars briefly before saying, "I don't remember."

He pulled her into his arms and embraced her waist as his hand moved slowly. "You know, from the moment I saw you, I was very fond of you."

Luna pushed him away abruptly as her vacant eyes filled with disgust. "Don't touch me!"

In an instant, Jonell was infuriated by her words. He stepped forward and tightly grabbed Luna's collar. "I've put so much effort into allowing you to live here. What's wrong with me touching you?!"

"If you touch me, you'll see a dead body tomorrow," Luna said. She looked up at him with an icy gaze. "Go ahead and try."

Gritting his teeth, Jonell slowly released her collar and lifted his hand to caress her face. "Alright, I won't touch you then. Once I finish my business, I'll take you to many places, and you'll gradually accept me."

Luna turned her head, entered the house, and slammed the door shut.

Jonell's eyes were filled with gloom. Sometimes, women are too strong-willed, which isn't good. If only there is a way to make her more submissive. As he thought this, he suddenly remembered Martin and couldn't help but narrow his eyes.

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She Is Valuable to Me

Simond had been investigating for almost a week. Finally, he discovered some leads.

“These three individuals are subordinates of a man named Nick. Nick holds considerable influence in Perou and conducts extensive business. Everyone in Perou is willing to appease him. Most importantly, the strength he displays may not align with his actual power.”

In other words, Nick withholds his full capability.

As for the extent of his concealment, I fear no one but him knows.

But there’s one thing for sure. Considering Nick dared to take action at the airport, we must not underestimate his strength.

“So, it will be tough to fight him?” Abigail’s voice turned serious.

“Quite. It’s okay. I will think of a plan,” Simond spoke in a deep voice. After all, this was an international affair. Even if they wanted to confront Nick, they needed a legitimate reason. Otherwise, neither he nor Abigail could return to Eswadia.

“Tell Martin to prepare in advance. Nick will definitely contact his research institute’s higher-ups. The life of a researcher will be insignificant once real confrontation breaks out,” Simond said before hanging up.

Abigail sought out Andrew with her phone in her hand.

Andrew sat in front of the computer and was engrossed in his work. Abigail felt overwhelmed when she looked at the screen filled with code.

“I need to discuss something with your father for a while. We need to—”

“Shh.” Andrew raised his finger and placed it on his lips. “Someone is monitoring us.”

“What?!” Abigail’s scalp instantly tightened.

Andrew picked up a notebook next to him and wrote a sentence.

'I have just discovered today that everything in our house that's connected to the internet is being monitored, including our phones and computers.'

A chill ran down Abigail's spine when she thought of the phone call she had with Simond. She stood next to Andrew and wrote.

'I just had a phone call with a friend, and he conveyed some important information to me. We might be in danger, so we need to find a way to leave this place.'

After writing down his message, Andrew held the pen and tapped slightly on the paper.

'I'm trying to find a way to breach the system. Hold your horses. Let's pretend we don't know anything and just say whatever we need to say.'

At this moment, Andrew appeared particularly astute.

Seeing this, Abigail wondered if she would be doomed if Andrew wasn't skilled with a computer.

Has everything truly been predetermined in the depths of fate?

During lunch, Abigail deliberately repeated what Simond had said to Martin.

Martin looked at Andrew. One look and one understood the message he was trying to convey.

"I don't know much about Nick and even less about him as a businessman." Martin tilted his head and said flatly.

Indeed, he lacked knowledge in the matters of business.

"Do you think your boss will truly be swayed by him?" Abigail asked with some concern.

Upon hearing that, Martin pondered momentarily before replying, "I don't know, but doesn't that imply that he's giving up a large fortune if he ditches me when I've progressed this far in my research?"

Abigail fell silent. Things like interest can always be forsaken, especially since Martin is already old.

But of course, we're merely putting on an act for now.

After finishing their meal, Martin decided to call his boss, Richard Koney.

Abigail sat beside him and watched as he put the call on speaker.

Before long, the call was connected.

Martin conversed fluently with the other party in Aktani, "Richard, I heard someone had gone to see you because of a woman who came to my research institute. Is that true?"

As someone devoted to research, he had no emotional intelligence whatsoever.

Richard was clearly displeased. "Mr. Colleen, your duty is to conduct research. As for the rest, it is none of your concern."

"This concerns my personal safety. Of course, I have to care about it. Don't you think there's something wrong with what you just said?" Martin sneered.

"Mr. Colleen, my suggestion is that you obey the instructions of the person who comes to seek you and handle that woman from Eswadia accordingly. We have been working together for so long. Are you still not aware of what kind of person I am?" Richard's tone carried a hint of impatience.

"She is valuable to me," Martin replied bluntly.

Upon hearing that, Richard made a sound of acknowledgment. "So, you won't follow the instructions given by the other party? Mr. Colleen, I consider you and your son as my family. After learning about your passion for research, I invested heavily in you. I'm your friend, but you're treating me like a stranger for the sake of an insignificant woman from Eswadia. That isn't a wise decision, is it?"

"Her reputation in Eswadia is quite prominent. If something happens to her under my watch, I fear the Eswadian embassy will take action against us. As you know, Eswadia is highly protective of its citizens," Martin reminded him calmly.

Richard fell silent.

Since this matter will involve the Eswadian embassy, I have no choice but to consider Martin's words.

After all, I'm still conducting pharmaceutical business with Eswadia. Among all the countries, only Eswadia has the largest market with a constant flow of orders.

It's also because of my business with Eswadia that I have made a fortune. Indeed, it would be unwise to harm another well-known female designer from Eswadia.

Moreover, the business in Eswadia is endless.

Although the money from Nick is tempting, it will still result in losses if we look at it from a long-term perspective.

Thinking of this, Richard said, "I will seriously consider your words, Mr. Colleen." After that, he hung up the phone.

Martin breathed a sigh of relief. "I suppose you know what you should do now."

Abigail nodded.

She immediately had Simond contact the embassy. If anything happened to her here, Nick and his subordinates wouldn't be able to escape without consequences.

However, Martin felt that the situation was still unfavorable.

Even if Richard doesn't cooperate with him, Nick will find other ways.

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Full of Doubtful Points

After a busy day, Andrew finally made a breakthrough.

Even though his opponent this time was equally powerful, Andrew didn't want to waste his time on strangers. He created an app and directly installed it on their computers and phones.

"When you use this app on your phone, it will automatically block the surveillance. Just use it as it is for now. They will start a new round of surveillance if they discover our

countermeasures. I don't want to waste time on these people." Andrew returned the phone to Abigail. His tone sounded incredibly calm.

Abigail nodded. "What you did is great."

After saying that, she went upstairs to find Martin.

At this moment, Martin was focused on his research. When he saw Abigail, he gestured for her to sit down.

"This is my latest development," Martin whispered to Abigail.

Abigail looked at the transparent liquid in the test tube. With her face showing confusion, she asked, "What is this?"

"It's a colorless and odorless poison," Martin explained in a low voice. "I plan to use it on those people outside the door."

"A-Are you planning to rebel against your boss?" Abigail was a little surprised.

"Death is our only outcome if we stay here. How can we safely leave this place if we don't prepare in advance?" Martin drew the drug into a syringe.

"But... aren't there people secretly watching you?" Abigail felt that his approach was somewhat risky.

Not even Simond knows how many people are secretly watching this research institute. Does Martin honestly think Richard will let him run away after spending all the money on his research development?

Moreover, Richard is aware that Martin is researching medicine. There is no way he won't take precautions in advance.

Abigail's mind was full of doubts. However, she didn't voice them out.

"Be careful and stay safe," Abigail said before getting up and preparing to leave.

Martin handed her a syringe. "Keep this on you. It might come in handy."

"Okay." Abigail reached out and took it.

Since the syringe Martin gave her was different from the usual ones, he explained to Abigail how to use it, "You have to use a lot of force to push the needle out. So, it's safe for you to carry at all times."

"Okay. Thank you."

With that, Abigail took the syringe back to her room, closed the door, and frowned as she looked at it.

Martin's plan has many loopholes. But then again, he was straightforward and didn't seem to have much intelligence when he spoke to Richard earlier.

Could it be that he really never thought of the hidden dangers behind all this?

Nevertheless, Abigail still sent a message to Simond.

'Martin has his own plan.'

She repeated what Martin had said to her to Simond.

'He's not considering the consequences at all. I couldn't even find out how many people Richard has placed around the research institute. Does Martin seriously think Richard is doing charity by giving him millions of dollars every year for his research?'

'He doesn't seem that unintelligent. But then again, he appears to lack common sense when he talks to Richard. What should we do if he really carries out his plan?'

Simond didn't reply to Abigail for a long time.

Just when Abigail thought he wouldn't reply today, he sent another message.

'Keep Martin in check first. Make sure he doesn't do anything stupid anytime soon. I'll investigate Richard's background. If we can bring him and Andrew out, it will be worth sacrificing some people.'

Martin himself has a high net worth. It's very beneficial for Eswadia if he doesn't want to serve Richard.

'Okay.'

Abigail put down her phone and could only patiently wait for Simond's results.

A few days later, with dark circles under his eyes, Martin pulled Abigail and said excitedly, "Larry's gene mutation issue is about to be solved!"

Tears immediately welled up in Abigail's eyes. "Really?!"

Martin nodded. "Although there is still a slight difference from the previous data, his genes have completely stabilized after I conducted several tests these few days."

"I can now finally locate Larry's father!" Abigail covered her mouth as tears welled up in her eyes.

Martin handed her the research data. "Take a look. These are the genes of a healthy individual. I will continue to stabilize Larry's genes for a while longer. Once it's all good, there should be no further issues."

"Will there be any side effects in the future?" Abigail asked curiously.

"It shouldn't be the case." Martin hesitated.

Sensing his hesitation, Abigail stared at him intently. "Genetic issues are challenging to resolve. I have only eliminated the medication that was disrupting his genes, but some medications can have latent effects. But for now, there should be no problem," Martin elaborated subtly.

Abigail nodded and refrained from saying much.

Upon returning to the room, she found Larry sitting on the crib and happily playing with the toys.

Meanwhile, Andrew sat next to Larry. He was shaking and spinning the tambourine that Abigail had specially bought for Larry. "Play with this."

However, Larry ignored him. He disliked tambourines.

Upon seeing Abigail enter, Larry tossed his toy aside and crawled toward the crib's edge. Then, he reached out for her.

Abigail immediately embraced him and asked, “What’s wrong? I was just gone for a while. Have you missed me already?”

“M-Mama!” Larry had always called her that whenever he saw her.

Abigail patted his back and gently rocked him. “Yes, I’m here. Mama is here.”

“Mama!” Larry grabbed her clothes and exclaimed, “B-Bird!”

He pointed outside the window, trying to convey something to Abigail.

At once, Abigail turned her head and looked outside. She saw a sparrow tilting its head and preening its feathers on a tree.

“That is a sparrow, my dear. A sparrow.” Abigail taught him to speak.

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One Lie After Another

“Sparrow! Sparrow!” Larry exclaimed with joy.

Abigail held him and walked to the window, allowing him to observe the little sparrow up close.

The little sparrow chirped, and Larry imitated its call.

Abigail realized that as his gene mutation issues were slowly being resolved, Larry became livelier.

He used to sleep all the time. He would either sleep after his meal or quietly bite his fingers and stare at the ceiling. He rarely had moments when he shouted aloud like this.

Andrew pushed his wheelchair to Abigail’s side. His eyes were filled with tenderness as he looked at her. “What does it feel like to have a child?”

Considering he was mentally immature, he didn’t pay much attention, even if his body occasionally reacted.

Abigail felt a bit embarrassed. “I haven’t given birth, so I don’t know. Larry is my friend’s child.”

Upon hearing that, Andrew nodded before asking, “Will you have a child with your fiancé?”

“Of course,” Abigail answered without hesitation.

If I hadn’t encountered these events, Sean and I would have remarried long ago and already considered having children.

Andrew visibly looked disappointed. “Why don’t you have a child with me?”

Abigail couldn’t help but chuckle. “How can I have a child with you? My feelings for you are that of a friend, not love. I won’t get aroused, and we won’t have any intimate connection.”

“Um... Is it useless even if I try my best?” Andrew was very naive.

Abigail smiled, stretched out one arm, and patted his shoulder. “It’s no use. Love is mysterious. Once you fall for someone, you only have eyes for them. It’s not love if you waver.”

“Alright.” Having failed in his confession, Andrew pushed his wheelchair out in disappointment.

Abigail shook her head gently. I can’t deny that Andrew is intelligent in many things. But when it comes to relationships, he is indeed a bit childish.

...

Sean was in the middle of a business discussion when his phone kept buzzing with message notifications.

He picked up his phone and checked the messages. When he saw the continuous stream of photos sent from an unknown number, he clenched his phone tightly.

In the pictures, Abigail was holding a child by the window while a stranger sat on a chair and looked at her tenderly.

A child... Where the hell did Abigail get this child from?

Moreover, they seem very close.

Sean felt his blood freeze as he stared at the photos repeatedly. After making sure they weren't photoshopped, he called Xavien in.

Upon seeing the unprecedented paleness on Sean's face, Xavien became slightly worried. "Mr. Graham, what's wrong?"

"Check these photos. See if they're real or photoshopped." Sean handed his phone to Xavien, his lips losing their color.

Xavien took the phone. Once he saw the photos, he, too, felt as if he had been struck by lightning.

"Ms. Quinn... It can't possibly be her, right?" Xavien immediately defended Abigail.

The child in the photos seems to be a few months old. So, it can't be hers, right? After all, she should have been showing signs of pregnancy starting last year if she was pregnant.

"Look it up first." Sean tried to keep himself calm.

Xavien swiftly took the order and left with the phone in his hand.

Deep down, he hesitated whether to ask Abigail. But if he did, Sean would definitely fire him if things went wrong.

Therefore, he eventually chose to say nothing for now.

Sitting in his office, Sean felt like his heart had been hollowed out.

He couldn't convince himself, no matter whose child it was in the photo. If it turns out to be true, that means Abigail had been hiding it from me all along, from her strange behavior to this moment.

Whose child is it? Why did a child suddenly appear? Why did she keep it a secret from me?

She probably even kept it from Kevin. Otherwise, Kevin would have disclosed some information to me.

Oh, I can't! I can't accept that Abigail had kept this from me.

The photo looks like a family of three, whereas I look like a fool who's thinking about her day and night in Eswadia.

I know Abigail is hiding some secrets, but I never expected it to be such a huge secret.

Xavien returned after a long while.

After handing Sean the phone, he whispered, "The photo is real, and it was from today. I know where this place is. It's the Apex Research Institute."

Xavien had previously investigated the Apex Research Institute due to its potential connection to the Davidson Family.

Now that he connected the dots, everything seemed to fall into place.

They set out to find Abigail.

Abigail isn't participating in any competition. Instead, she's leading a different life at the Apex Research Institute.

She's living with a child under the care of a stranger.

But why?

Xavien couldn't comprehend.

"Gather information about the Apex Research Institute. Find out its occupants and that child's identity. Find out everything for me!" Sean's face turned livid.

Nevertheless, he believed that Abigail should not have kept this from him.

He could accept everything else, but her unexplained adoption of a child and cohabitation with a stranger was too much for him.

What does she think of herself?

The last time I heard that man's voice, he had appeared in her room after she had fallen asleep.

Yet, she still deceived me!

As for Xavien, he was deeply concerned about Sean. He left the office and breathed out a sigh.

Meanwhile, inside the office, Sean raised his hand to support his forehead. He wanted to send a message or call Abigail. But after a second thought, he realized it would yield the same result. What's the point? She will just deceive me and continue to lie.

It was the first time Sean had been so furious. He smashed everything on his desk, including his computer and phone.

The sound of crashing emanated from the office.

Xavien, who sat outside, listened to the shattering sounds with a heavy heart.

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Ulterior Motives

"Ms. Quinn, Larry's gene mutation issue is about to be solved. I plan to implement the plan in the next two days." Martin eagerly shared his plan with Abigail during dinner.

Abigail hummed and glanced at Andrew. "You should ask his opinion."

Actually, Simond hadn't replied to her yet. However, she had been dragging for almost a week. Previously, she used Larry as an excuse, but Martin had been working overtime to resolve Larry's genetic issue to put her mind at ease.

Now that Larry's genes had completely stabilized, Abigail couldn't use that excuse to stop him anymore. She feared Martin would see through her intentions.

"These two days? Won't it be too rushed?" Andrew didn't object. He simply felt that these two days weren't enough for them to be well-prepared for the escape.

Most importantly, they didn't have anything on hand except for medicine.

The people guarding outside could use guns, whereas they didn't even know how to use one.

Martin shook his head. "No. I've been preparing since a week ago. Although we don't know how to use guns, we know how to use medicine."

He seemed confident in the drugs he had researched.

In the past few days, Abigail had also learned that he had made a lot of toxic sprays.

But sprays are only effective at close range. Those people outside, on the other hand, have firearms. Won't it be like throwing straws against the wind?

I had been thinking for a week, but I still couldn't figure out why Martin wanted to do this.

Abigail remained silent, and so was Andrew.

Upon realizing this, Martin couldn't help but feel a little angry. "Just say whatever you want to say. Feel free to speak up if you have any ideas or opinions."

"Dad, do you know what firearms are?" Andrew asked Martin with a serious demeanor.

Of course, Martin knew what they were. Still, he stubbornly replied, "We can just knock out the guards at the door, can't we? They will also sleep at night. We can silently make them unconscious, so problems are solved, right?"

Abigail nodded gently. "What if the guards at the door are just the first batch? There might be others lurking in the shadows that we don't know about."

"I tend to believe that there are more guards in the shadows. Richard invests a lot of money in your research work every year. Do you think he would only assign a few people to guard the door? Let's set aside whether you have any ulterior motives or not. It's still unknown if the outside world has any ideas about you."

Andrew's words resonated with Abigail, who also nodded in agreement.

"So, what do you suggest we do?" Martin's excitement slowly cooled down because of Andrew's words.

"We need weapons, and we need to know how to use them. Otherwise, we won't be able to leave here. Alternatively, someone needs to find out the situation outside and rescue us," Andrew elaborated calmly.

The former option is simply impossible. No matter how many months we spend learning, we will never reach the level of expertise possessed by the people outside.

The second option, on the other hand, relies on Abigail.

Martin fell silent. At this moment, he realized the importance of connections.

Abigail was puzzled. Martin can totally ask for my help, yet he doesn't say anything else.

Just like that, they finished their meal. Martin headed upstairs.

Andrew, too, appeared to have something weighing heavily on his mind.

Despite being clueless about what they were thinking, Abigail had a bad feeling about it.

Could Martin and Andrew be hiding another plan from me?

Like a shot, Abigail messaged Simond.

'How did it go?'

'I was just about to tell you. Besides the guards at the entrance, there is indeed a group of armed surveillance personnel in the shadows. It's best if you don't make any moves. Also, there's a sniper. If Martin dares to use drugs against the guards at the entrance, you or Andrew will probably be the first to be sniped.'

A sniper...

Abigail's face began to take on a grim expression.

'Alright.'

Abigail put her phone away and went upstairs to find Martin.

"Mr. Colleen, we can't act impulsively right now. Since you said you wanted to leave this place, I had someone slightly check our situation. According to the informant, there's a sniper secretly watching us. If you insist on leaving, I definitely won't follow you. By the time you leave, the sniper's target will surely be Andrew and not you."

When it came to Andrew, Martin naturally wouldn't act recklessly.

“Is the information reliable?” Martin looked at Abigail, his face filled with concern.

“Of course,” Abigail replied.

Martin sighed. “Do we indeed have to be trapped here?”

“Why don’t you let me help?” Abigail didn’t want to waste any more time. If Martin truly wants to leave, I will have Simond find a solution. If that doesn’t work, I will confess to Kevin and Sean and ask for their assistance.

“I know you have the capability. But I want to leave isn’t because I want to return to Eswadia,” Martin whispered. “Someone like me will be subjected to investigation if I return to Eswadia. I may also possibly lose my freedom for the rest of my life.”

“You didn’t commit any crimes. Why would you lose your freedom?” Abigail questioned.

“But I have the ability. Do you think the government will spare me?” Martin sighed. “In addition, Richard will definitely spread rumors. When that happens, there will be countless individuals who want my help. There may even be hidden dangers.”

“In that case, it’s the safest here. So, why do you need to run away?” Abigail’s eyes dimmed.

I seriously suspect that Martin has ulterior motives. Otherwise, why would he consider relying on his own abilities to escape?

Martin waved his hand. “Let me think about it.”

“Okay.” Abigail went downstairs.

She felt she couldn’t be passive.

As for what Martin was thinking, she had no interest in knowing either.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

What Happens Behind

Now that Larry's situation had stabilized, Abigail could finally relax for a while.

Regarding Martin and Andrew, they would need to leave, whether they chose to follow her or not, once she and Simond had everything planned.

If Martin behaved himself, she could still negotiate with him. If he was playing his own game behind her back, she wouldn't be so accommodating.

At such a crucial moment, if he still harbored secrets, she didn't want to debate morals with him.

She went downstairs and saw Andrew looking at her. So, she smiled and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Are you unhappy?" Andrew asked softly. "Is it because Dad made a strange decision?"

"I'm not unhappy. Whatever plans he has, it has nothing to do with me," she replied calmly. "Six months is almost up. He has fulfilled his promise, and I've done what I should. When the time comes, we'll part ways amicably."

Abigail felt there was nothing more to say. She would never tell Andrew and Martin her plans, even though Andrew had done a lot for her.

When the time came, it would be just a matter of ensuring the safety of father and son. As for what they would do next, she won't interfere.

Andrew glanced at her, his gaze clouded with darkness. "Alright then."

"I'll go back to my room and get some rest," she said and headed toward her own room.

After shutting the door behind her, she furrowed her brow in thought for a moment before deciding to send a message to Simond.

'Let's prepare in advance. Martin might have his own plans, so we'll stay out of it.'

After receiving a reply from Simond, Abigail lay down and thought, Would Andrew find out about this message?

Since everything had been investigated, it was just a matter of execution.

...

Late at night, Martin made sure that Abigail had fallen asleep. So, he walked into the living room and wanted to give Nick a call. When he was about to dial the number, the lights switched on.

"What are you trying to do?" Andrew's expression darkened. He looked different from his previous childish appearance.

Martin was startled, but he quickly composed himself. "I plan to take advantage of Nick's desire to find Abigail and get us out. Along the way, I'll turn the tables on his people and then leave the decision-making to Abigail."

"What decision-making?" Andrew frowned.

"Son, that's not something you need to know. I'm doing this for you. My life doesn't matter as I have to plan for your future," Martin said gently to him. "Abigail is someone else's woman. She won't be responsible for you for the rest of your life. Perhaps something unexpected will happen along the way, and she'll abandon you."

Andrew remained silent. He naturally trusted Martin.

After all, Martin was his father, who had never abandoned him, even in his toughest times of illness.

Even if Andrew liked her deeply, he knew he wasn't her first choice.

The future was full of uncertainties, and one day, she would get tired of him and leave him.

Andrew gazed at the white strands of hair on Martin's head and realized for the first time the uncertainty of life and separation. He would have to live alone without his father and rely entirely on himself.

"Dad..." His voice trembled as he clutched Martin's hand. "Can't we just stay together?"

Martin's expression turned cold as he responded, "No. If I'm gone, Abigail will abandon you. It'll be worse for you. I have to think about your well-being. She came to us on her own, and we didn't seek her out, right?"

Andrew hugged Martin. His body trembled slightly with fear as he did so. "Dad, are you really going to leave me?"

"If things go as planned, I won't leave. If they don't, I'll make sure Abigail takes care of you. She won't be able to cast you aside in this lifetime." Martin's voice carried a hint of sadness as he gently patted Andrew's back. "If you were healthy and strong, I wouldn't worry. Given your condition, I can't bear to die, nor do I dare. Yet, I'm already in my seventies and will soon be in my eighties. There aren't many years left for me."

He had already sent photos of Abigail and her son to Sean.

At this moment, if Abigail went to find Sean, he probably wouldn't believe her anymore.

Andrew fought back tears and felt as vulnerable as a child.

"Don't be afraid. If this plan succeeds, I can still be with you for many years, and you can also be with Abigail," Martin reassured him as he caressed his face.

Andrew sniffled. "I just want you. I don't want her, okay?"

"No, I can only take care of you for just a couple of years. Abigail's not even thirty and much younger than you. In the future, she will also age slower than you. You will have someone to take care of you for the rest of your entire life, and I won't have to worry about you anymore," Martin said as he pushed Andrew away. He then squatted down to wipe away his son's tears. "You're forty years old, so you can't act like a child."

Tears continued to roll down Andrew's cheeks. "What if she doesn't like me... and abandons me after you leave?"

"So, that is why you have to be determined. You have to use your intelligence and tie her to you." Martin gently touched his face. "Don't worry; when the plan is successful, I will give her an injection and give you a bottle of medicine. Without that medicine, she won't be able to leave you even for a moment."

"But I don't want her to suffer like that." Andrew shook his head softly. "I don't want to do bad things, Dad."

"This isn't a bad thing. It's a matter of survival. She has the ability to protect you, so you must seize the opportunity!" Martin became agitated.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Longing to Return

Regret washed over him. How could he have let Andrew face this alone?

“Andrew!” Martin’s tone grew serious. “You haven’t done anything wrong. You just want to live.”

“But without you, I don’t want to live either—”

“Enough! I’ve worked hard so you could have a good life. Remember when you talked about going to Eswadia to try their food? If things work out, you’ll get that chance.” Martin was insistent.

Tears welled up in Andrew’s eyes as he nodded gently.

“Listen to me. I’ve spent half my life researching. What was it for? It’s so you can keep on living. Otherwise, why do you think I’m here?” Martin’s eyes reddened. “It’ll be okay. Maybe things will improve for you.”

There’s also traditional medicine. Maybe I can find a better doctor who can administer acupuncture for him. Who knows, he might even be able to stand up again in the future, he thought.

Andrew wept softly, and his body trembled with emotion.

Martin guided him back to his room and gently patted his head. “Alright, you’re all grown up now. There’s no need for tears. Even if I’m alright this time, time’s running out. Look at me; I’m already old.”

Andrew glanced up at him.

Martin’s face was etched with wrinkles, like a weathered tree bark.

He recognized these as signs of life fading away. He hadn’t dwelled on it much before, but now, upon careful consideration, he realized his father’s time was nearing its end.

Martin sighed. "Once this is sorted, things will improve, and you'll need to be independent."

If Abigail had heard this, she'd surely have mocked him.

Why would someone in their forties still need to be taught how to be independent?

...

When Abigail woke up, she felt like she had slept too soundly.

She had never experienced such deep sleep before, but fortunately, her body felt energized and not at all tired.

After getting up and checking on Larry, who was still asleep, she went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. Just as she started cooking, her phone beeped.

'Be careful of Martin.'

It was another unknown number.

Abigail thought about the person who had messaged her last time, even though the number had changed this time.

Is it Luna? she mused.

As she looked at the message, she hesitated for a moment and deleted it.

Had Martin really done something behind her back?

Or was this just a scheme to sow discord?

Abigail then messaged Simond.

She wrote, 'Someone reminded me to be cautious of Martin again. What do you think?'

He replied, 'Being cautious is right. I've already started figuring out how to deal with the people surrounding Richard here. But I have one condition: no matter what Martin and Andrew do, you have to keep an eye on them!'

'Why?' came Abigail's response.

She pondered for a moment. Are you planning to send someone to continue the research in Eswadia?

‘Think about it,’ Simond explained. ‘It’s easy for me to do this, but my focus is on the father and son. Abigail, I’ve lost so many people. Without bringing back those two useful ones, I can’t fulfill my task.’

Abigail still didn’t know about Simond’s hidden identity besides being the young master of the Simpson Family. For him to be influential in Perou meant that he had some skills.

If it was about business, then wanting Martin and his son was normal.

‘If you can keep us safe, I’ll keep an eye on them.’

‘I’ll be clear. In three days, the people around the perimeter placed by Richard will be taken care of by my men. And in about a week, you can return home.’

Upon seeing this message, Abigail felt a surge of excitement. She wouldn’t need to make up excuses to hide her relationship with Sean anymore. A faint smile appeared on her lips as she held her phone.

Three days passed quickly, and Abigail had already packed up by the time she received a message from Simond. She had also informed Martin that someone would come to pick her up, and if he wasn’t ready, she wouldn’t insist.

“Mr. Colleen, I think it’s time for me to leave,” she said to Martin, who was preparing breakfast.

Andrew, who was pushing the wheelchair out of the room, looked somewhat bewildered.

“Have you made arrangements for your departure?” Martin asked with a calm expression.

Abigail nodded. “It’s been about six months, so I hope I’m not breaking our contract.”

Martin sat at the dining table, deep in thought. “Ms. Quinn, could you take us along?”

“If you’re up for it, I’d be happy to,” she replied sincerely.

His face lit up at her response. “Your friend, Richard, seems quite capable. I don’t know much about his background.”

“Don’t underestimate the Eswadians,” she said calmly.

Martin nodded and started eating with his gaze lowered.

Abigail noticed Andrew at the table and said, “You guys go ahead and eat. I’ve already eaten. I’ll head to the room to pack up. If you want to leave, we need to hurry. We have to go tonight.”

“Alright.” Martin nodded in agreement.

As Abigail entered the room, the warmth in her eyes faded gradually.

She picked up her phone and quickly sent a message.

Meanwhile, Andrew seemed conflicted and barely touched his breakfast before returning to the room.

After messaging Simond, Abigail injected herself with the syringe Martin had given her. Then, after a moment’s thought, she took out one of her jewelry pieces—a bronze hairpin.

She placed it within reach.

When she was all set, she messaged Sean. ‘I’m planning to return in a couple of days.’

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

You’re Still Too Naive to Play Tricks

Abigail held her phone and waited patiently, but she did not receive a reply from Sean.

Although she felt a tinge of disappointment, she put her phone away.

Three days passed quickly.

In the evening, she wrapped Larry around her body, and to prevent any accidents, she even gave him a sleeping pill.

After making the necessary preparations, she emerged from the room.

It was quite challenging for Martin to assist the limping Andrew. Abigail pursed her lips and said, "Let's wait for further instructions."

"Okay," Martin replied. He was prepared for anything.

Sitting in a wheelchair, Andrew looked at Abigail and asked, "I can't walk. Can you really take me with you?"

At that moment, he realized that he was merely a burden.

"If I say I'll take you with me, then I will. What is there to worry about?" Abigail's voice turned cold at this moment.

She usually had a gentle demeanor, so Andrew was somewhat surprised by her sudden seriousness.

Two hours later, her phone vibrated.

"Alright." She picked up her backpack and went to help Martin carry Andrew. "I have someone waiting outside to assist us, so don't worry about them not being able to handle him. Just follow my

lead."

Martin nodded in agreement. He didn't bring much with him, so he only gave Andrew the one bag he had.

The three of them left, with Abigail being cautious throughout the entire time.

She first threw out a doll and waited for a while to ensure there were no issues before helping Martin support Andrew toward the door.

Martin looked at the iron gate that was just within his reach, and his breath became quick.

Abigail also felt a bit nervous.

Andrew's lower body was completely paralyzed, so when his feet were being dragged on the ground, he felt no sensation.

Upon swinging open the door, she drew in a soft breath at the sight of the figure sprawled on the ground.

With Martin's help, they brought Andrew outside, and all three of them felt a bit excited.

Abigail answered the phone with earphones in her ears as she communicated with Simond. "We're out."

"Got it. Head west toward the birch forest, and hurry," Simond instructed in a deep voice.

She murmured to Martin, "West. Toward the birch trees."

He nodded and immediately followed her lead.

The birch forest to the west was not far, but it was dark and windy, and the road was not easy to traverse.

After walking for a while, both Abigail and Martin were panting heavily.

Martin paused and wheezed like a tired ox. "I can't keep going... Haven't had this much exercise in ages."

Abigail knew he couldn't handle these mountain roads anymore, whether he exercised or not. The years were catching up with him.

Even though the road wasn't crowded, they were still slowed down by Andrew.

She stopped. "Can we get someone to meet us?"

Simond responded with a grunt, "We'll be there in ten minutes."

As the night breeze blew, Abigail felt a chill run down her spine.

The birch forest was eerily quiet except for the chirping of unknown insects.

Abigail kept glancing at the time. Ten minutes felt like an eternity.

Suddenly, after only six minutes, a gunshot shattered the silence of the night. Everyone jumped, and Martin, who was sitting on the ground, leaped to his feet.

Abigail pulled him back down and pressed Andrew to the ground. "What's going on?"

“One of the people who were supposed to assist you is dead,” Martin began, but before he could finish his sentence, a series of gunshots echoed through the birch forest.

For a moment, Abigail’s eardrums were deafened by the noise, and Simond was being targeted by someone.

The gunfire continued.

She grabbed a dagger she had brought from the kitchen and held it against Martin’s neck. “I knew you would seek help from a third party. If you tell me now, I might spare you. Who is the third party?”

Andrew, lying on the ground, gazed at her in disbelief. “Ms. Quinn...”

“What are you doing?” Martin looked at Abigail and feigned innocence.

“Martin, don’t play dumb. The plan with Simond was between us three. You’ve betrayed me. Isn’t that obvious?” She tightened her grip on the dagger. “Ever since you showed up until now, you’ve been acting strangely. You lack the finesse in manipulation and intrigue that we Eswadians possess. Tell me, who are you working with?”

“Nick...” Andrew interjected. He had been monitoring Martin’s phone because he feared that something might go wrong and, hence, hoped to save his life.

Abigail was furious. “How could you team up with someone like Nick?!”

“You don’t believe me, so why should I believe you?” Martin’s voice dripped with sarcasm. “I desire freedom, but I know you won’t grant it to me. I can only seek another way out for myself.”

Abigail wanted to speak, but she heard him continue, “Do you know why Simond is assisting you? Do you have any knowledge about the Simpson Family?”

“Now’s not the time for these questions. Behave and stop playing games, or I won’t hold back. Think about your son.” Abigail glanced at Andrew.

Gone was her usual warmth and composure.

Martin felt a pang of intimidation from her words.

She pressed the dagger against his neck. "Take him along and follow me!"

He obediently stood up and supported Andrew as they walked.

However, this time, they took a completely different route from the original plan.

When she received the warning about Martin, she and Simond devised this strategy.

Martin and Nick might have used their Machiavellian bag of tricks on her, but they were still too naive to do so.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Escaping From Death

The three of them walked slowly toward the southern forest.

Along the way, Abigail threw away all of Martin's communication devices.

With a solemn expression on her face, she remained emotionless throughout the entire journey.

Andrew seized the opportunity to secretly observe her. At that moment, he couldn't help but feel as though Abigail resembled the cunning and intelligent female heroines from ancient costume dramas of Eswadia.

As they neared the birch forest in the south, she asked Simond, "How's the situation at your end?"

"The people have been cleared out mostly, but we still need to be cautious. Since they're Nick's people, there might be more than just this group. How much longer until you arrive?" he replied.

Before she could reply, a sudden loud bang echoed through the air. Her phone that was hanging from her chest was shattered, and it abruptly cut off communication with Simond.

A bullet had pierced her phone and injured her left hand, causing her to wince in pain as her dagger fell to the ground.

The sound of intense gunfire erupted.

...

“Abigail!” Simond roared, but there was no response from the communication device.

Gunshots from the south made him furious. He shouted, “Go to the south!”

She had no firearms, and if someone targeted her, that would be the end of her.

Simond dialed Kevin’s number again. After several attempts, he finally got through. “We agreed to cooperate. Where is Sean? And where have you been?”

“Mr. Graham has other matters to attend to, so we can’t cooperate anymore,” Kevin said calmly.

Initially, he was on Abigail’s side, but he didn’t expect her to hide a child from them and live with another man for so long.

She knew Sean was very sensitive about this matter, yet she still did it and even deceived them repeatedly.

Before Simond could say anything else, the sound of bombing came from the south. He paused and looked at the blazing flames in anger as he gritted his teeth. “You’ll regret this!”

Kevin was startled by this sudden outburst. “What’s happening?”

“Ask the devil!” Simond cursed loudly before hanging up the phone and urging his men to move faster.

The car had just accelerated when it abruptly came to a stop.

Another car came barreling down the mountain road. It slammed into his modified Land Rover with immense force and sent the entire vehicle careening off the mountainside and tumbling down.

Simond's head was spinning. He held onto the door handle as he struggled to speak.
"Faster... Faster..."

If they were any slower, there might not be anything left of Abigail.

Gunshots rang out in every direction.

Abigail regained consciousness from her dizziness and found her face covered in warm blood.

She was pinned down by someone and couldn't move at all.

Most importantly, she realized that everything in front of her was pitch black, and she couldn't see anything.

She reached out and blinked her eyes but still couldn't see.

Abigail struggled slightly and realized that her whole body was in pain.

She took a deep breath, and as her mind slowly cleared, she remembered when the hail of bullets came. Martin and Andrew had protected her.

Martin sprayed his self-made chemical to dissolve quite a few bullets.

Abigail didn't know if he was injured, but she felt remorseful for treating him that way.

The gunfire kept going.

She slowly regained consciousness and realized that one of her eyes had regained sight, but the other side remained pitch black. It was possible that her eye had been blinded by the medication that Martin had been studying.

She only worried for a moment before using the faint light to slowly get up.

"Martin," she whispered.

"I'm here... Don't make a sound. Let's take Andrew and leave quickly," he whispered back.

Abigail's hand was grabbed as he helped her up.

Together, they assisted Andrew. She checked on Larry in her arms and was relieved to find him breathing steadily.

"I can't see... Only my other eye can see a little light. Lead the way to anywhere safe," she said.

"I know a place that nobody knows about," Martin whispered.

In the dimly lit surroundings, they leaned on each other as they moved forward.

They reached a deserted area with rundown houses, and Martin led Abigail into a hidden basement.

The basement was outside and camouflaged with grass. Hence, it was hard to spot when it was closed.

Inside the basement, Martin slowly dragged his battered body toward a table lamp and turned it on.

Abigail's vision gradually returned to her one eye, but all she could see was his blurred figure.

Martin sat next to Abigail while breathing heavily.

Abigail reached out to touch his body and discovered his chest was bleeding. Her voice trembled as she asked, "Why didn't you tell me you were hurt?"

"Andrew is hurt, too. Maybe we're destined to die here," he said wearily.

She blinked repeatedly. "Is there any medicine to help my eyes recover?"

"I never imagined it would come to this," Martin whispered as he gazed at the blood stains on Andrew's body. Tears welled up in his eyes as he said, "I don't want Andrew to die..."

"Give me a phone. Do you still have one?!" Abigail urgently asked.

"Lower your voice," he said suddenly.

She fell silent immediately.

Sounds of frantic footsteps passed above them.

She gently covered Larry's mouth as she was afraid that he would wake up at this moment and cry out.

This forsaken place had been searched repeatedly.