

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 761-770

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5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Having Ulterior Motives Toward Her

The sound above her head didn't stop.

Abigail's emotions tensed up. During that long silence, her vision cleared up.

She noticed Martin's clothes were soaked in blood, while Andrew appeared pale as he leaned against the side. Blood continued to flow steadily from his shoulder and face.

Abigail reached out and touched his head. Upon confirming it was just a graze from a bullet, she quietly took off her bag to retrieve some disinfectant, anesthesia, bandages, and hemostatic drugs.

Martin looked at her, and a smile appeared on his lips. He was surprised at how well-prepared she was.

She first cleaned the wound on Andrew's head and then stitched it up. Being a designer, she was skilled at sewing.

After applying the hemostatic drug, she removed the bullet from Andrew's wound.

She was prepared for the worst from the beginning, so she had everything ready.

After removing the bullet and stitching up the wound, she moved to Martin's side. She reached out and touched his heart. Then, she looked at where the bullet had lodged itself. She murmured, "It didn't hit any vital organs."

Martin nodded.

Abigail administered anesthesia to him.

Soon, he passed out. She immediately removed the bullet, disinfected the wound, and stitched it up. It was all done in one go.

After completing all of this, she was exhausted, but she didn't stop.

The basement was large, and this was just a corner of it.

Abigail searched the basement for a long time with Larry and found a generator, but it seemed to be useless.

Soon, she spotted a pipe opening that was tightly sealed by an iron gate, but it looked difficult to open due to rust.

She thought about the chemical liquids that Martin carried with him, so she retracted her steps.

He carried a lot of chemical sprays with him, and all were large-sized cans. So, it was no wonder he felt so tired helping Andrew.

What was the difference between carrying a bunch of mineral water?

She took a green spray, went to the pipeline entrance, and sprayed it on top.

After spraying, she quickly stepped back.

Gradually, the rust corroded.

After the rust corroded, she found a leather glove to open the pipeline door.

Soon, the glove was corroded, and her palm felt a piercing pain, but she didn't stop.

With a dull thud, she opened the pipeline door.

It was dark inside the pipeline, with a smell of decay mixed with rust, but she could feel a slight breeze.

So, it's highly likely that the pipeline connects to the outside, she mused.

Considering that the basement was sealed, this pipe should be for ventilation. Otherwise, the people inside would suffocate.

Abigail looked at her figure and felt that she could crawl out with Larry.

Upon returning to where Martin and Andrew were, she took the table lamp with her.

She entered the pipe and slowly crawled forward.

The pipe was long, and her body was drenched in sweat. Her hands, which were already almost rotten, were pierced by rusty iron scraps.

She was in so much pain that her face turned pale, and the sweat on her forehead stung her only eye hurt, which made it hurt even more.

However, she knew she had to find a way to survive, even if it was just a glimmer of hope.

Finally, she faintly saw a light.

Her entire body lay flat in the pipe while her breaths were shallow. After taking a brief rest, she would be ready to continue crawling toward the end.

As Abigail thought to herself, a smile crept onto her lips. As long as I can find a way out and get Martin and Andrew to the hospital, they'll be safe.

After taking a brief rest, she resumed crawling.

...

When Kevin contacted Sean, Sean was already in Perou.

"It seems like something happened with Abigail and Simond. Hasn't she contacted you?" Kevin's voice was filled with seriousness.

After discovering that Abigail had lied to him, he decided to distance himself from their affairs, but Sean expressed his desire to personally meet her and uncover the truth.

"What happened?" he inquired.

Abigail had messaged him three days ago, but he was too angry to respond at the time.

Most importantly, he wanted to come over himself to talk to her and clear things up.

He doubted that the child was Abigail's, but he couldn't explain the involvement of that man. If that was the case, he couldn't be blamed for his skepticism when she couldn't provide an explanation.

Kevin pondered for a moment before saying, "It's quite serious. When Simond called to scold us for backing out at the last minute, I heard bombs in the background."

Sean was waiting for Xavien at the hotel when he suddenly sat up straight upon hearing this. "And you didn't ask why the bombing happened?"

"He didn't tell me. He angrily hung up and blocked my number." Kevin's voice carried a hint of grievance.

Sean immediately tried calling Simond, only to find that his number was also blocked.

He couldn't help but laugh bitterly.

In such a dangerous situation, why would Simond block him? Wouldn't having an additional ally increase their chances of success?

Although he didn't understand why Simond would help Abigail and even assist in her hiding, he sensed that Simond had ulterior motives toward her.

But as Sean thought about Kevin's words, a sense of unease washed over him.

Ever since he arrived in Perou, he had been restless. Could something have happened to her?

Sean called Abigail but found that she was out of the service area.

Unable to sit still any longer, he got up and dialed Xavien's number.

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A Fresh Start

Abigail climbed out of the tunnel and was surprised to see a picturesque landscape outside with lush forests. After a glance, she began to climb back with Larry.

Upon their return, she found that Andrew and Martin were awake.

She held up the lamp and said to Martin, "I found the exit, but..." She paused when she realized that it would be quite difficult for Andrew to climb up.

Martin observed her bloodied hands and deduced that she had used a corrosive agent to open the passage door.

"Perhaps we can wait here a little longer," he suggested. He was feeling exhausted and knew it would be challenging for Andrew to climb with his injured legs.

"Let's see if there's any rope. I can drag him," she suggested. "We can't stay here too long. They'll eventually find us."

It was evident from movies that those from Perou enjoyed having outdoor basements.

There was no reason why Nick wouldn't be aware of it.

With a sigh, Martin had no choice but to listen to her.

Abigail quickly took action. She found some rope and tied up the disheartened Andrew all over before tying the same rope around her waist.

She also tied a rope around Martin. "If you can't keep up, let me know, and I'll take you both together."

Martin looked at her solemnly and finally nodded slightly.

"Andrew, do you have a phone?" she asked him.

Andrew shook his head gently.

Abigail had already discarded Martin's communication device, and now they had no way to contact Simond. They didn't even know how long it would take to climb out of there.

In this environment, Martin and Andrew's wounds were bound to get infected.

“We’ll talk once we’re out,” she said softly as she led them toward the exit of the tunnel.

Abigail didn’t know how long they had been climbing. Along the way, Larry woke up, and she fed him some food and gave him some sleeping pills to help him rest again.

At this moment, she had to make sure he stayed asleep.

When she finally emerged from the exit, she caught a whiff of fresh air.

The sky was already brightening.

She pulled out Andrew and Martin, and the three of them lay on the grass while taking in deep breaths.

“What’s the plan now?” Martin asked after a brief rest.

Abigail blinked. Her right eye was still blind, so she covered her left eye with her hand and confirmed that she couldn’t see anything with her right eye. She sighed softly. “Let’s rest for half an hour.”

Upon saying that, she took out three bags of bread and three cartons of milk from her bag. “I made these on the spot. They might not taste great, but they’ll help regain our strength.”

Martin nodded in acknowledgment.

Andrew grew even quieter than before as he slowly nibbled on bread and drank milk. He did not utter a single word the entire time.

Once they had rested enough, Abigail stood up and turned to Martin. “Are you familiar with this area?”

Martin also stood up and brushed off his dirty clothes. He looked around and then said with certainty, “Southwest. If we head southwest from here, we’ll reach downtown.”

“We might not be safe in the downtown area.” She sat back down.

They didn’t have any means of communication now, so how could they contact Simond? That was a problem.

After a long silence, she continued, “Are there any inhabited houses nearby?”

“What if those houses are also compromised?” he asked her.

“We have medicine, right? If we find inhabited houses, we could potentially get a phone,” she suggested.

“Let’s go then. I recall a few scattered households.” Martin bent down to help Andrew up.

Andrew winced in pain. He was already injured, and being supported like this only intensified the discomfort in his shoulder.

“Hang on a little longer,” Abigail whispered.

He nodded in agreement.

The three of them supported each other and continued their journey. As night fell, they spotted the first house.

Abigail crouched in the grass and observed from a distance.

“There’s a dog.” Andrew’s voice quivered.

The presence of a dog meant that any action at night would risk alerting the household.

“Let’s look for another house,” she said as she swiftly decided.

It wasn’t until late into the night that they stumbled upon a residence that did not have a dog.

Abigail approached stealthily while holding a tranquilizer.

Martin tagged along, leaving Andrew alone.

Using the chemical to dissolve the lock, Abigail and Martin slipped into the house unnoticed. He used a disorienting drug while she injected the middle-aged occupants inside with a tranquilizer.

While she quickly searched for a phone, he went in search of food.

Their bread was unappetizing, and he couldn’t stomach it. There wasn’t much food left either.

Once she found the phone, she immediately tied up the couple and gagged them. Then, together with Martin, they helped Andrew inside.

After closing the door and barricading it with a table, Abigail reached out to Simond.

When the call connected, Simond answered promptly.

“Abigail?” His voice betrayed a hint of realization, and it was filled with excitement.

“Yes, it’s me. I’m still alive. Can you track my location?” she inquired.

“Right away. Hang tight.” Simond made a conscious effort to remain composed.

He hadn’t expected her to be still alive.

After an exhaustive search of the area, he couldn’t locate the three of them, so he speculated that she must have escaped, but he didn’t know where she had fled.

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Let Her Cry

Abigail ended the call with Simond and hesitated for a while before dialing Sean’s number.

She made several attempts, but Sean didn’t answer.

She speculated that he might consider it a strange number and mistake it for a scam, so he chose not to pick it up.

After a moment of thought, she decided to send a message to Sean. ‘I’m Abigail Quinn. My phone was destroyed, and I’m borrowing someone else’s.’

Shortly after sending the message, she received a call from him.

She quickly answered the call and felt a sense of relief as tears welled up in her eyes. “Sean, I—”

“Can you explain what you’ve been doing?” Sean’s voice was cold. “You’ve been lying to me, haven’t you?”

Her throat tightened as she struggled to express the multitude of emotions. Eventually, she let out a forced laugh. "Yes, I've been lying to you all along. I was planning to explain everything to you after it was all over."

"If it's because of Luna, you could have just told me. Why didn't you? Do you really think so little of me that you'd rather believe Simond than me?!" Sean's voice was filled with anger.

Abigail listened quietly while being unsure of her feelings.

She felt sorry for him, but she wasn't overly upset by his questioning today.

This day was bound to come. Sean had found out, and she no longer needed to live burdened by secrets.

"It's not that I don't believe you, but there are things I must keep from you," she said softly. "I apologize, but... if you can't forgive me, I won't blame you."

"Abigail." Sean's voice trembled with emotion, but he quickly subdued it. "You're with another man and raising a child in secret. How am I supposed to accept that? Tell me whose child it is and what your relationship is with that man. I won't inquire about anything else. Just tell me, and we can pretend none of this ever happened."

"I can't reveal the child's identity yet. It's not the right time. As for the man, he's just a doctor's son. I went to see him regarding my matters." Abigail's voice grew steadily calmer.

In truth, she didn't believe that he truly wanted to pretend nothing had happened.

They would have disagreements in the future, and he might dwell on these thoughts, leading to unnecessary worries.

"Do you truly not care about our relationship?" he asked her.

"Do you not know whether or not I care about our relationship? Sean, I know it's wrong for me to keep things from you, but I have my own matters to attend to. I need to finish what I have to say. If you don't want to forgive me or get angry with me, I'll explain when I come back." She didn't want to argue with him over the phone.

And she didn't have the energy for it anymore.

Originally, she had only called to hear his voice, but she didn't expect this outcome.

Sean's throat tightened, and after a moment of silence, he said, "Fine. If you don't want to say it, then forget it. Do as you please."

"Okay," she replied before ending the call.

Abigail held her phone tightly. Then, she silently ran her fingers through her hair, lowered her head, and bit her lip to stifle her sobs.

Upon seeing her tears, Andrew crawled to her side despite the pain in his body. He gritted his teeth as he sat up and gently placed his hand on her shoulders.

"Why don't you tell your fiancé about the child?" he asked softly.

Abigail didn't answer. She choked softly as her tears fell to the ground one by one.

Martin sighed softly. "Never mind. There must be reasons she can't talk about."

"Abigail... don't cry." Andrew awkwardly tried to comfort her.

Abigail's nose tingled, and Andrew's attempt at comforting her only intensified her pain. She suppressed her sobs as her shoulders shook with emotion.

He started to feel uneasy as he diverted his clear gaze to Martin, who gently shook his head. "Let her cry it out for a bit."

After having narrowly escaped death, she joyfully called her fiancé, only to receive such devastating news. Who wouldn't be heartbroken?

In her moment of greatest need, the absence of encouragement felt like her mental support had crumbled.

...

Sean held his phone and remained silent for an extended period.

Seeing his distress, Xavien hesitated before speaking up, "She might be really in trouble this time... It doesn't seem like Simond to deceive us."

"Might?" Sean's eyes were bloodshot as he questioned.

He had searched day and night, only to discover that she was safe with Simond.

She would rather trust Simond, an outsider, than her own fiancé, which was he himself. While he was worried sick about her, she was still playing dangerous games with Simond.

Xavien bowed his head in the face of Sean's anger.

Sean didn't want to take it out on him. Back during the Golden Triangle incident, when Xavien risked his life to save him, Sean had already considered him as one of his kin.

"Let's wait until she's back in the country before we talk more. I don't care if she's still acting or trying to trick me into forgiving her." Sean stood up.

"Mr. Graham, you should rest. I'll handle the investigation," Xavien reassured him.

Sean patted his shoulder. "Thank you for your hard work."

He appeared composed, but as soon as he entered the room, he forcefully slammed the door shut.

Xavien found Abigail's phone number and dialed it.

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Something's Wrong

When Abigail was feeling upset, Xavien's call came in. She made an effort to calm herself down before answering.

"Hello." Her voice was slightly hoarse.

"Abigail, I've located your position. If you want to continue with Mr. Graham, stay where you are and don't go with Simond. Simond might—"

Before he could finish his sentence, the call was interrupted due to a poor signal on Abigail's side.

She tried calling back, but her phone showed no service.

Furrowing her brow, she decided to stand up and search for a stronger signal. Right at that moment, a knock sounded at the door.

All three of them felt uneasy.

Martin glanced at Abigail, who had her lips pressed together while she stared at the door.

Just as the tension reached its peak, Simond's voice came from outside. "Abigail?"

Abigail let out a sigh of relief. She thought Xavien was going to say that something happened to Simond. Luckily, he was fine.

She walked over, moved the table aside, and then opened the door. "You finally came. If you didn't, we would have gotten infected wounds."

Simond nodded and walked in with his men. He looked at the disheveled Martin and Andrew and asked in a deep voice, "Is everyone okay?"

Martin nodded, and Andrew mumbled in agreement.

A collective sigh of relief filled the room.

Abigail's tense nerves eased as she flashed Simond a relieved smile. "Thank the heavens you're alright. I feared the worst."

"No matter what comes my way, I'll be fine," Simond reassured her gently. "Let's get moving."

She murmured in agreement.

Andrew was carried by a tall man Simond had brought.

As they drove off in the Land Rover, Abigail looked out at the receding scenery and gradually felt drowsy.

Both Martin and Andrew had already fallen asleep.

Simond drove along the winding road while occasionally stealing glances at Abigail beside him.

Abigail struggled to keep her eyes open, but she was just too tired. She cradled Larry in her arms and gradually drifted off to sleep.

...

Upon learning that Abigail had once again lost contact, Sean furrowed his brow. "Find a way to contact Simond!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Simond's phone rang.

Xavien immediately answered the call.

"Mr. Simpson?" Xavien's voice became cautious as he asked, "Did you block our number?"

"Mr. Summer, I notified you to cooperate with me, but unfortunately, you refused," Simond's voice carried a sinister laugh.

Xavien handed the phone to Sean, who said in a deep voice, "For a mercenary family who was expelled from the country, you've hidden yourself quite well."

Initially, the information Xavien found was that Simond was a retired special forces soldier lurking abroad only for the country's safety. However, after days of relentless investigation, he discovered that the Simpson Family in the country was a forged reputation, a mere facade.

In reality, they were bloodthirsty mercenaries roaming various countries and engaging in unknown dealings.

"I didn't expect you to find out. However, it's a pity that I've taken Abigail, Martin, and Andrew with me," Simond said with a smile.

The sound of waves came from Simond's phone.

Sean's face changed. "You better bring Abigail back! As for Martin and Andrew, I'm not interested!"

Simond shrugged. "Abigail is important to me. Jealousy is a dangerous game. Your fiancée was in deep trouble, and instead of helping, you're blaming her. You've got enemies, you know. You're dealing with more people than me since you have offended others.

Dealing with one gang but angering many others? It was a recipe for disaster.

"I'm telling you one last time: bring Abigail back!" Sean growled.

“She won’t return. I’ve asked the people around her. When she needed you the most, she reached out to you. Due to your jealousy, you broke her heart. It’s such a shame that she followed you. Goodbye, Sean,” Simond said with a smirk.

As he spoke, the wind howled, followed by a splash and the sound of water from the phone.

Sean clenched his phone tightly, and his face twisted with anger.

Simond had tossed the phone into the water. No matter how powerful it was, it wouldn’t last long, and he was using the sea to flee.

“Track this phone!” Sean instructed Xavien. Even though he tried to remain composed, his hand couldn’t stop trembling.

Xavien quickly connected to the phone that Simond had called from and began tracking it, but he knew very well that if Simond were in Tidalyn, they wouldn’t be able to locate him at all.

As for the Simpson Family, they traveled to various countries, but no one knew their true intentions.

Due to the unique circumstances in Eswadia, they had established a facade of a prominent family there.

...

Out in the vast ocean, Simond turned around with a grin and stepped onto the ship. His subordinate immediately approached him with a respectful expression and said, “Ms. Quinn has woken up.”

“Great, I’ll check on her,” Simond said joyfully.

He walked all the way to the most exquisitely decorated room on the ship and saw Abigail sitting on the bed. He smiled warmly as he approached her and asked, “What’s on your mind?”

“Are we on a ship?” Abigail inquired. Since waking up, she had sensed that something was amiss.

It was hard to explain, but something just didn’t feel quite right.

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The Wolf by My Side

Simond sat on the edge of the bed and looked at her intently. "What's the matter?"

"We don't need to take a ship to return, Simond," Abigail murmured as her hand slowly reached for the syringe concealed at her waist.

It was a tranquilizer given to her by Martin.

"Return to where?" His smile turned sinister as if taunting his prey.

Abigail's face slowly paled. Xavien's words didn't imply that Simond might be in trouble but rather that he might have ulterior motives.

"Why, Simond?" She gripped the syringe tightly.

"Because I'm a bored mercenary and a pirate at that," he replied and laughed loudly. His amusement seemed to stem from the novelty of the situation. "You're quite clever to cooperate with me so well. That's rare in a woman."

Abigail set the syringe down, and her gaze dropped. "And what about Larry?"

Seeing that she complied immediately, Simond was a bit surprised. "Are you not resisting?" he questioned.

"Should I resist against your entire crew?" Abigail smirked self-deprecatingly. "You asked me to trust you and claimed you were trustworthy. It's my foolishness for believing in you, so I have nothing more to say."

Simond lifted her chin. The smirk on his lips gradually faded as his expression turned unusually cold. "Indeed, but women are always naive, especially when they're facing a handsome guy like me, aren't they?"

She stared at him coldly. "You're not as handsome as Sean, that's for sure."

“It doesn’t matter. Sean will never find you again, so there’s no need to be sad.” He let go of her chin, and his mood lifted once more. “This journey has been rather enjoyable. From Eswadia to Perou, this feels like a play, and I’ve been fully immersed. It makes me very happy.”

Abigail tightly held onto her pants, and her eyes slightly reddened.

His game involved Larry’s origin and Luna’s life and death.

This world was always cruel, to begin with.

Simond noticed that she was about to cry. He shrugged indifferently and said, “I thought you were stronger than this, but it seems you can cry.”

“I still don’t know if Luna is alive or dead,” she said softly.

“Don’t fret about that,” he replied casually. “Before I left, I made inquiries. If she yields to an older gentleman, she’ll live comfortably enough. And this old fella isn’t half bad with the ladies, either.”

Abigail wished she could slap him across the face. But over the years, she had encountered too many despicable people, such as Vincent Pearson, the people behind the Davidson Family, and now Simond.

Each one made her utterly disgusted.

Simond noticed the hatred in her eyes, but he paid no heed to that. He simply reached out and patted her shoulder. “Rest well.”

“Give me Larry,” she spoke in a low voice.

“Okay, as you wish,” he said. Then, he called out, “Bring the child over.”

When she saw Larry, tears streamed down her face uncontrollably. She hugged him tightly, and after a while, she turned to Simond. “Why did you lie to me?”

Though she verbally accepted the deceit, she felt deeply hurt inside. Previously, she truly believed in him.

Simond felt a little annoyed by her tears and answered, "Some people get bored and want to do something exciting. I'm sorry for lying to you, but there's nothing I can do about it."

Upon seeing Abigail cry, Larry frowned and was about to cry when Simond suddenly covered his mouth and warned her irritably, "Let me tell you, if he cries, I will make him die immediately!"

"Kids cry! It's normal! You were a child once, too. If he dies, I'll follow him too. I doubt you can keep an eye on me round the clock!" She snapped in frustration.

Upon seeing them arguing, Larry waved his hands and laughed.

Simond uncovered his mouth.

Larry tugged at Abigail's clothes and continued shouting, "Mom! Mom! Sparrow! Sparrow!"

As he shouted, he waved his little hands.

Abigail's heart instantly softened, and she pressed her face against Larry's. "Mommy is here. There are no sparrows to see right now."

Larry, obedient as ever, gently held her face as his eyes sparkled. "Mom! Mom!"

"I'm here, my little darling," she responded to him.

Simond observed Larry for a moment and thought to himself that if this child could bring her some temporary comfort, staying here wouldn't be a big deal.

He stood up and said to her, "If you want to eat something here, ask the people at the door, and they'll take you. As long as you don't try any tricks, you will be our partner in the future."

Of course, he was more inclined for Abigail to become his woman.

After just having an argument with Sean and still being in the midst of a heartbreak, Simond knew that, as a gentleman, he should wait for her to forget about this painful experience before considering another romantic relationship.

Abigail sat for a while but eventually left the room with Larry in her arms.

Simond's boat was large and had a very adolescent vibe, which indicated that he was a man with a touch of adolescent fantasy.

She asked for the restaurant and was led upstairs by a tall, burly guy.

The second-floor restaurant was relatively quiet.

As soon as she went up, she saw Martin and Andrew sitting together and eating. She walked over immediately. "Are you guys okay?"

Martin nodded. His wound had been treated, and apart from the pain, he didn't feel anything else.

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Your Woman Has Lost Her Sight

Andrew looked her up and down before lowering his voice. "There's something peculiar about this place."

Since they did not know they were being taken back to Eswadia, they remained completely unaware that Simond was the source of their troubles.

"In short, we've been kidnapped by Simond, but I suspect his target is you." Abigail looked at Martin.

If Simond was doing it for fun, he wouldn't have brought Andrew and Martin along.

Martin suddenly realized. "No wonder we're on a ship. It's not surprising that I'm his target."

He seemed surprisingly optimistic. After all, this might just be his fate.

"I didn't expect him to go through so much trouble just for you. I have caused you inconvenience," Abigail said, her tone filled with self-blame.

“Forget about it. Anyway, this is my fate.” He waved his hand as he looked out the window and couldn’t help but sigh. “The scenery outside is not bad, right? If I’m useful to him, then it’s not so bad. At least Andrew and I are still alive.”

At first, he thought they were doomed, so being alive felt like a stroke of luck.

Abigail pondered over it and agreed. When the gunshots rang out at the beginning, she thought it was the end for her.

Martin and Andrew were seriously injured and went to rest after eating.

She fed Larry some milk and fed herself some food as well.

While she was carrying Larry downstairs, she took a couple of steps, and suddenly, everything went black. She abruptly stopped.

She reached out her hands and waved, only to find that she couldn’t see again. Could it be that her left eye had only temporarily regained its sight? She became anxious and rubbed her eyes forcefully.

But still, everything remained black.

Abigail felt a sense of panic as she stood still and blinked incessantly. This time, her vision didn’t return. She went from panic to gradually calming herself down.

A tall figure named Henri Tizy approached the stairs and noticed her standing still while holding onto Larry. He walked over to her.

Abigail stared ahead with a puzzled expression and tried hard to make out the sound.

Henri quickly grasped the situation. It seemed she had lost her sight, and her eyes were unable to capture light.

He was so scared that he quickly turned around. As he hurried down the stairs, he shouted, “Your woman’s gone blind, boss!”

Simond, who was studying a nautical chart, shoved the chart into his arms. “What nonsense are you talking about?!”

“I’m not making it up. She really can’t see!” Henri insisted.

Like a gust of wind, Simond swiftly made his way to the first floor where the restaurant was located. Upon seeing Abigail fumbling around, he strode over and grabbed her slightly trembling hand.

“What happened to your eyes? Did something explode near you? No, if something exploded, it would affect your ears. What’s wrong with you?!”

“It’s a bit complicated to explain. Let’s not dwell on it. In short, I might have lost my sight.” Abigail tried to calm herself down, but everything around her was pitch black, and she couldn’t help feeling scared.

This meant that she was truly trapped by his side.

Simond instructed Henri beside him, “Fetch the doctor, and also, bring that old man up here!”

He paused for a moment and sternly warned her. “Don’t play tricks on me. Your eyes were fine just now!”

Perhaps Abigail was too familiar with him as she became angry upon hearing his words. “Are you implying I’ve blinded myself for no reason? Are you sick or just out of your mind?!”

Simond was taken aback by the scolding, but after a moment, he lifted her chin and said, “Considering your blindness, I won’t argue with you.”

“What difference does it make if you argue with me? I’m blind, and I can’t see anything!” She couldn’t hold back her tears. “I don’t want my world to be plunged into darkness!”

“Alright, I won’t be too hard on you. Don’t we still have Martin with us? Once the ship docks, I’ll find a skilled doctor to treat you. You’ll definitely recover.” He comforted her immediately when he saw her tear-streaked face.

Abigail sobbed. “I can’t see…”

To have her world suddenly turned black and enveloped in utter darkness was something she never experienced before.

Simond placed a hand on her shoulders. “It’s okay, I’m still here. What is there to fear?”

She tightly held onto his hand with a look of genuine fear evident on her face.

The doctor and Martin were brought in together.

Simond sat beside Abigail and held her hand.

Martin spoke up first, “Her eyes have been damaged by my medicine. To treat her, we’ll need to find a research institute where I can analyze the blood in her eyes and prescribe medication based on the severity of the condition.”

Another doctor examined Abigail’s eyelids for a long time before informing Simond, “Indeed, her eyes have been affected by the medication. I’ve never seen anything like this before.”

Simond’s expression darkened. “You’ve never seen anything like it before? How did you become a doctor with such incompetence? And how did you end up on my ship as a doctor?”

The doctor didn’t argue back and silently stepped aside.

“Martin’s medication is really potent. Can you stop blaming him all the time?” Abigail couldn’t help but speak up.

“You’re really kind-hearted. No wonder I was able to deceive you into boarding this pirate ship.” Simond immediately controlled his anger and tried to cheer her up with a smile.

Abigail remained silent.

After joking, he turned to Henri and said, “Let’s dock at the nearest country with the best medical facilities.”

Eyes weren’t like other organs. Once a problem arose, it needed immediate treatment. If it was left untreated for a long time, it might have become incurable.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Lost Love

Martin couldn’t help but suggest, “How about we get a few people to take a speedboat or something and buy the medicine I need? It’ll temporarily stop the toxins for her. Otherwise,

by the time we dock, it might damage her optic nerves. I'm afraid that even if a great immortal shows up then, it might be too late to cure her eyes."

Henri glanced at the map and then turned to Simond. "Boss, if we take a speedboat, we can be back in two or three days."

"You better jot down what to buy and make sure everything I need is there. We still have a long journey ahead, and we can't afford any mishaps along the way. Otherwise, I might as well just toss you overboard to feed the sharks!" Simond threatened Martin with a stern expression.

Martin nodded repeatedly.

Henri accompanied him downstairs.

Martin held Abigail's hand and said gently, "I'll help you down."

Abigail knew that she could only rely on him at this time. Simond had taken care of Larry before, and Larry was familiar with him. She reached out and held Simond's hand. "I'll trust you to take care of Larry."

"Sure, I can treat him like our own child," Simond replied without hesitation.

Abigail was a bit annoyed at this. "Can't you be serious for once?"

"I'm serious. Why? Are you still thinking about Sean, that heartless guy? Even when you were in danger, he still managed to upset you. I'm different. I've been by your side all along," said Simond as he gently took Larry into his arms.

Abigail gripped his clothes tightly. "Simond, please promise me you'll take good care of Larry. He's the child of my dearest friend. I'm begging you."

Since Abigail was living under his roof, she had no choice but to yield to him, especially now that she was blinded and unable to care for Larry.

If Larry annoys him, Simond would just toss him into the sea, and I wouldn't even know.

"Don't worry, I promise to keep my word!" Simond replied as he grew a bit impatient.

She continued to grip his clothes tightly and dared not let go. "You said my friend is still alive. Is it true?"

"I gain nothing from lying to you," he said casually.

She gradually relaxed, but she still held onto his hand. "I want to go back to my room."

He led her downstairs.

Abigail walked slowly and finally returned to the room. She reached out her hand to him. "Let Larry stay with me for a while."

Simond handed the child to her.

She held Larry as she climbed onto the bed. After she lay down, a wave of discomfort washed over her, and she closed her eyes.

Initially, she thought of finding an opportunity to escape, but her blindness made it impossible for her to move even an inch.

Perhaps this is my fate, she pondered.

So many things had happened, and it caused her to lose love. Now, her vision was gone as well.

...

It had been three days since they lost contact with Abigail, and it was only then that Sean's ship found the phone thrown into the sea by Simond.

The phone had already run out of battery and shut down.

Truth be told, Simond's phone didn't have much battery left, either. So, as soon as Xavien hurried to locate it, his phone immediately shut down.

Sean squeezed the phone and gazed out at the vast sea. His breath grew heavier as he did so.

No one on the ship dared to make a sound.

“Tidalyn is too vast.” Xavien frowned. “Even if we use the most foolish method, it will still take a very long time.”

Even if they had nautical charts, what good would it do? If they chose the wrong route, it could take anywhere from a few months to several years.

Sean’s eyes were bloodshot. He hadn’t slept for three days, and his emotions were stretched to the limit. “Why are we taking our sweet time to search? We’ve spent money to buy this ship. I refuse to believe that with all our ships occupying every route in Tidalyn, he can still escape!”

Xavien immediately responded, “If we hire ships to occupy all the routes, we’ll need to spend around 400 billion in cash.”

Coming up with 200 billion in cash was impossible. Graham International still required funds for circulation, and Abigail’s L.Moon also needed money for circulation. He calculated all the accounts,

including asking Eric and the Pearsons, and they were only able to gather 190 million. Even with a loan from the bank, he could only borrow around 30 million, which was far from enough.

Sean lifted his hand to press against his throbbing temple. “Buy as many as we can. I’ll figure out the rest.”

“Mr. Graham, Abigail will be fine,” Xavien reassured him.

Sean suppressed his anger. “I know she’ll be fine, but I don’t trust her being with Simond. Take care of it. Use all the funds for hiring ships, except for what’s needed for operations.”

He also knew that doing this would likely provide an opportunity for the people behind Vincent, but he deserved it. Even if he ended up in poverty in the future because of this, it was his own fault.

It was he who didn’t respond when Abigail needed him, and now she had been kidnapped.

No matter what her reasons were, he shouldn’t have cared. She clearly loved him, and he had once again lost her.

Lost in his thoughts, Sean couldn’t help but feel anxious about her whereabouts in the vast sea.

After gazing for a while, his phone rang again.

He pressed the answer button.

Josh's voice came through the phone. "Any news?"

"None. I can't find her." Sean's voice was hoarse.

Josh pondered for a moment before saying, "The sea... doesn't seem like it wants to let her go."

Sean thought of Abigail being thrown into the sea. His breath hitched, and it almost choked him.

"I'm sorry, Josh. It's my fault for arguing with her at such a critical moment and for not knowing how to cherish her." Sean felt a surge of regret like never before. He was always plagued by regret. He was like that during his divorce in the past and now repeated the same mistake.

He simply hadn't learned his lesson!

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-8 minutes 10/27/2024

Women Are Delicate

Josh comforted him in a gentle voice. "It's not your fault, and it's not her fault either. Each of you had your own hardships. You need to take care of yourself. Xavien mentioned that you haven't rested for three days. Go and get some sleep. If something happens to you, who will be there to save her?"

Sean's throat tightened, and after a moment, he grunted in a low tone.

Xavien had been busy as a bee all week. In the end, he managed to raise 16 million, which was 40 million less than originally planned. He approached Sean and tried to sound energetic. "In total, it's only 16 million. I've managed to establish communication with all the parties involved..."

Before he could finish his sentence, everything went black before his eyes.

Sean quickly caught him. "I understand. I'll take care of the rest."

Xavien straightened up and handed the tablet to him. "I've caused you trouble."

"You're not a god," Sean replied. Then, he turned to the bodyguard beside him and said, "Take him to rest."

After Xavien left, Sean opened the tablet, and after a brief glance, his eyes darkened gradually.

...

Time flew by in a blink of an eye.

Abigail spent a month on the ship, but she fell ill because she couldn't adjust to life at sea, and her sickness coincided with her menstrual cycle.

She couldn't stop coughing, and her vision plunged into darkness, which made her extremely uncomfortable.

"Mr. Simpson, she's not used to being at sea for so long. Her body can't take it anymore," the doctor told Simond after conducting an examination on her.

Simond felt irritated. "Why are women so troublesome?"

The doctor couldn't provide a satisfactory answer. After all, it was Simond who insisted on bringing her along. Who could have predicted this outcome?

"I'm asking you!" Simond's frustration grew.

"Well, women are delicate. No matter how intelligent, capable, or resilient they may be, they'll become vulnerable at certain times," the doctor replied shakily.

"And when are these 'certain times?'" Simond furrowed his brow.

"It's when they have their menstruation. They'll experience bleeding. During these days, their bodies become weak, which makes them susceptible to viruses," the doctor explained from a scientific standpoint.

"Is there any way to solve this?" Simond now understood.

"I'll give her some medicine and see if her condition improves when her menstruation cycle ends," the doctor said. "For now, I'll prepare some warm water for her," he added.

Simond didn't say anything and walked into Abigail's room.

Her face was pale, and she looked thinner than when she first boarded his ship.

She truly couldn't adapt to life at sea, and the change in environment was affecting her health.

He lifted her and gazed at her tenderly. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine—"

Cough!

Abigail covered her abdomen, and her face contorted in discomfort. Sitting in this position made the discomfort in her abdomen worse. She hadn't experienced such discomfort during her menstruation before.

Simond observed her for a moment before reaching out to press her abdomen.

Abigail's body trembled, and she pushed him abruptly. "Don't touch me!"

She retreated to the corner of the bed, and her face tensed with caution. "Don't touch me. I don't want your help!"

"D*mn it. You really don't know what's good for you! Has Sean ever massaged you? Is that why you're so reserved?" Simond gritted his teeth in anger.

Abigail pulled the blanket around herself. "Mind your own business. I don't need you to touch me. If it weren't for you bringing me on this ship, I wouldn't have experienced this!"

Simond shrugged and cursed. "I don't care what you say. Just go and suffer then, d*mn it!"

Abigail didn't say anything. Her face was pale as she bit her lip tightly.

He looked at her for a while and then walked out.

Only when she heard the sound of his footsteps gradually fading away did she relax.

To hell do I want you touching me! she thought to herself.

Ever since she lost her vision, she had felt incredibly fragile despite her previous strength. Whether it was her delicate body or her fragile soul, she had despised herself.

Abigail believed that things would improve once her menstrual cycle ended.

However, her period persisted, and her illness only worsened.

She had been confined to her bed for a week. Her coughing had become so incessant that it felt as if her lungs were on the verge of bursting.

Simond grew impatient with her constant coughing and exclaimed, "What exactly should we do?!"

"I think we should dock the ship. If her condition worsens, she may become susceptible to infection," the doctor advised.

Without the specialized facilities of a hospital onboard, they had no way to determine the cause of her severe illness.

Simond's face darkened with worry.

News came from various outposts across the countries that Sean had purchased numerous ships and hired many sailors to explore all possible routes, as well as spent nearly 30 hundred million and was still pouring money into his search.

Abigail's truly worth a d*mn fortune to him. For her sake, Sean's willing to risk bankruptcy and go to great lengths to find her.

If we're to dock now, and if lady luck is not on our side, wouldn't we be captured by him?

Simond fell silent as he pondered this.

The doctor dared not say anything either, as it made no sense to dock solely for one woman.

She wasn't even their boss!

Abigail endured for another two days and coughed up blood now and then. This made Simond increasingly anxious.

Upon seeing her coughing up blood, Andrew pleaded with Simond. “Let’s dock. She’s close to dying...”

Martin observed Abigail’s condition and couldn’t help but add, “Maybe something in the seafood attacked her when her resistance was low during menstruation. We should dock and get her tested as soon as possible, or she might really lose her life.”

Simond remained silent for a long time before finally giving in. “Dock at the nearest country!”

Any country with medical facilities will be better than staying on this wretched ship!

Once again, he hated the trouble women brought.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Choose Her

Abigail was sent to the hospital in a daze, feeling like her life was coming to an end.

She was admitted directly to the ICU.

Martin also participated in the tests with the help of Simond.

In just two days, Abigail’s condition was confirmed. It was indeed the seafood that was not cooked properly, carrying parasites that invaded her body.

Abigail stayed in the ICU for a week until Martin developed a particular medicine. As he injected the medicine into Abigail’s body, he reassured her, “It’s okay. You’ll wake up soon.”

Simond stood on the side, unable to help but sigh.

Abigail would have to stay in the hospital for a while longer, which was a waste of time. In fact, there was a chance she might be caught by Sean’s men, leading to a fierce battle.

With these thoughts in mind, Simond left the ICU.

Back on the ship, he went straight to the kitchen, found the head chef, and slapped him across the face. “How do you cook? The seafood was not even fully cooked, and someone ended up in the ICU. I’ve said it before: there’s a woman on this ship, so everything must be extra careful. Did I not make myself clear?”

The head chef remained silent, just bowing his head.

After venting his anger, Simond went downstairs with a stern face and told Henri, “Get ready. Sean may have already discovered us. If anything seems off, don’t hold back. Kill if you must!”

Abigail had already caused too much delay; they couldn’t let Sean waste any more of their time!

“Yes!” Henri nodded.

...

In fact, Sean had been informed as soon as Simond’s ship neared the shore.

Given Simond’s extensive experience in naval warfare and his background as a mercenary, Sean didn’t dare to show himself rashly, so he had to make arrangements first. What made him angry was that he heard Abigail was seriously ill and had been admitted to the ICU. That b*stard Simond!

After nearly ten days of preparation, Sean felt it was time to take action.

Xavien held a tablet, said with a solemn face, “Everything’s ready. They’ve let their guard down these past few days. We can make our move tonight.”

“Okay.” Sean nodded, then asked, “You know which ward she’s in at the hospital, right?”

“Yes. I’ve already had someone sneak in.” Xavien nodded.

In the dead of night, gunfire erupted along the coast.

The continuous gunfire made the nearby residents and fishermen take cover.

Simond’s men suffered many casualties, but he didn’t panic.

Abigail woke up from the shock, screaming, “Simond!”

One of the doctors pulled down his mask. "Who are you calling for?!"

Hearing Kevin's voice, Abigail was surprised. "How did you get here?!"

"I'm here to rescue you!" Kevin whispered, "Don't yell. We'll be able to leave here soon."

Abigail was about to agree, but then she thought of Larry and immediately shook her head. "I'm not leaving. I want to see Simond!"

"Are you crazy?! Sean spent over two hundred billion to save you. If you go back to Simond, he won't have any money left to find you again!" Kevin thought Abigail was truly ungrateful.

Abigail was stunned for a moment but soon said firmly, "I need to see Simond!"

Kevin looked at her in disbelief. "Tell me! Who is more important to you?!"

Before she could answer, a gunman in front of them blocked their way.

The man didn't hesitate and started shooting at Kevin. He immediately crouched down and rolled into a nearby ward.

Abigail shouted, "Don't shoot. I want to go see Simond!"

The man walked over and pushed her hospital bed away.

Kevin, in the ward, leaned against the wall, filled with rage.

Sean's efforts are all in vain... Abigail voluntarily chose to go with Simond!

Assisted, Abigail was escorted outside, her face pale as she entered the car.

Upon arrival at the coast, everyone was aware of Abigail's presence, and all fires were put out.

Sean had already received Kevin's message that Abigail was unwilling to leave. She insisted on meeting Simond.

Though filled with disappointment, Sean still clung to a glimmer of hope.

In the moonlight, Simond stood on the deck of the ship. His lips curled up as he watched Abigail emerge from the white car.

His coat flapped in the wind, and he stood there like the king of the sea, whistling to Abigail. "Come here yourself, and I won't involve Sean."

Abigail was well aware that he was issuing a threat.

Larry was still in his possession, along with Andrew and Martin. She had no other option.

Andrew and Martin had risked their lives to save her from two bullets, and Larry was Luna's child. All of them were now more significant to Abigail than Sean.

Unable to face Sean, she gritted her teeth and declared, "I'm sorry. I choose to go with Simond. Don't try to rescue me."

She wished her vision was clearer at that moment so she could gaze at Sean.

Just one glance would suffice. Despite their previous disagreements, she never ceased to miss him.

Sean already knew the answer, but hearing it directly still felt absurd. After a brief silence, he responded to Abigail, "Alright."

Supported by others, Abigail slowly approached the massive ship.

Simond disembarked and approached her, taking her hand. "Let's go," he said.

As he spoke, he shot Sean a challenging look.

Sean tightened his grip on the gun, watching as Abigail boarded the ship. He felt like a fool that was abandoned by her.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

From Now On, No More Involvement

Xavien hadn't expected things to turn out this way. He looked at Sean with concern, his heart filled with anger, confusion, and a bit of hatred.

Abigail was unaware that Sean had nearly depleted his wealth for her, causing a stir throughout Eswadia.

The company's finances were in trouble too. Yet, he was single-handedly supporting L. Moon, because it was a testament to Abigail's achievements. He took great care, exerted all his effort, and guarded her accomplishments.

Even though Graham International was on the verge of collapse, he still prioritized Abigail's company.

Simond's men evacuated.

The colossal wheel ship slowly vanished into the vast ocean under the moonlight.

Kevin arrived too late to even catch a glimpse of them.

Frustrated, he slammed the gun in his hand to the ground. "Abigail has gone mad! To actually leave voluntarily with Simond! You spent so much money—"

"Have you said enough?" Sean calmly interjected.

Kevin felt wronged. He stepped forward, gripping Sean's shoulder. "Do you realize the extent of your debt? You've spent so much money on a woman without a second thought, but she doesn't appreciate it!"

His eyes began to redden as he continued, "The love you pursued so desperately has now brought you to this point. All of us trying to help you can't even make a difference anymore, do you

understand?"

Due to Abigail, this business tycoon was going to fall.

Anyone could now trample on him!

Kevin couldn't fathom such a scenario.

He released Sean, moved to the side, and squatted down, clutching his hair, filled with remorse. "Why? I should have intervened from the start. Spending so much money on a woman, I was crazy; you were crazy; we were all crazy!"

Sean lowered his gaze and toyed with the gun in his hand. His tone was composed, "It's alright. At least I won't be preoccupied anymore, won't blame myself, won't feel like I didn't do enough. And I know she's living well with Simond."

At least he knew that Simond was willing to come ashore for her, letting her be hospitalized.

That means she must have quickly captured Simond's heart, right?

Kevin choked softly. "But what about the debts you owe?"

He just felt sorry for Sean, tirelessly searching for Abigail day and night, spending all his money and time. Xavien even fainted several times from exhaustion, but the outcome was this.

If they could bring back Abigail, even if Sean was in debt, he would have some consolation.

But Abigail chose Simond.

"We can earn the money back slowly. It's fine," Sean said, then threw away the gun he had treasured, "Let's go."

From now on, everything about Abigail had nothing to do with him!

Xavien, with reddened eyes, helped Kevin up, and they both trailed after Sean as he departed.

...

After returning, Abigail had been sitting in her room, hugging her knees, silent.

She still couldn't see... still filled with regrets, enduring true suffering.

Simond brought a bowl of millet soup and settled beside her. "Have some food. You've just been discharged from the hospital. Your body is frail. I altered some of the dishes in the kitchen, thinking you might enjoy vegetables and Eswadian cuisine. I purchased an abundance of vegetables."

Abigail lifted her unseeing eyes towards the direction of his voice, "Thank you."

As she spoke, tears flowed without warning.

Her tears fell like shattered strings, yet she didn't break down. Instead, she reached out to touch Simond's hand, accepted the bowl, and obediently began to consume the soup.

Simond watched her finish the soup, took the bowl away, and gently inquired, "Why are you crying? Is it difficult to part with Sean?"

Abigail wiped away her tears and whispered, "It's over, isn't it?"

After tonight's events, Sean wouldn't look back.

There was no future between them.

Abigail couldn't help but think about the agreement they made two years ago. If she fell in love with Sean, she would agree to her grandmother's request to have a child.

That possibility was gone now... there was nothing left.

Abigail's heart felt like it was breaking. The pain was so intense that she struggled to catch her breath, tears streaming down her face from soft sobs to loud cries.

The person she had loved for so long... but now she had to let go of him completely this time.

Collapsing onto the bed, she clutched the blanket tightly, crying her heart out.

"Stop it!" Simond erupted in anger. He grabbed Abigail and warned, "If you cry again, I'll throw Larry into the sea."

Despite his threat, Abigail continued to cry, her face turning red and veins bulging on her neck.

Simond felt helpless.

Slowly, he came to the realization that Abigail's love for Sean was genuine.

Even though she had kept many things hidden from Sean, her love for him surpassed everyone's expectations.

Simond felt a deep sense of unease in his heart, a feeling he had never experienced before, which left him slightly irritated.

After setting Abigail down, he stood up and stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

Outside, a crowd had gathered.

“What are you staring at?!” he snapped impatiently.

Henri couldn’t help but step forward, asking, “What happened to her? Who upset her?”

“She’s heartbroken. What else?!” Simond replied irritably.

Scratching his head, Henri questioned, “Is heartbreak really that painful?”

“Who the hell knows? I’ve never been heartbroken!” Simond retorted, pushing Henri aside before quickly walking away.

Once the crowd dispersed, Martin pushed open Abigail’s door, entered, and handed her tissues to wipe away her tears.