

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 771-780

5-6 minutes 10/27/2024

I Can't Go Back

After striving for so long, Abigail thought she could finally go back to her loved one, only to end up with this outcome.

"It's in the past now. You need to look forward. Life is still long," Martin comforted Abigail like an elder.

Abigail reached out and embraced him, whispering, "I really liked him... From when we were young, I've liked him until now. We've argued, we've divorced because we didn't understand each other... He persistently pursued me just to make me forgive his past mistakes. He risked his life to save my best friend... This time, he spent over two hundred billion, just wanting to take me home..."

She sobbed uncontrollably, gasping for breath between cries.

"Martin, my heart really hurts. It feels like it's been pierced by something. It hurts so much," Abigail said, releasing him and looking at him through tear-filled eyes.

"It's alright... it's alright. It will pass. Everything will pass." Martin had never loved so deeply. He had memories of Alice, while regrets and unwillingness towards his wife.

But with time, he slowly let go of these emotions.

In one's lifetime, what couldn't be forgotten?

Suffering was always temporary; continually forgetting was the reality.

After crying her heart out this one time, Abigail never mentioned Sean again.

A week later, she found Simond.

"Do you have a phone?" She still couldn't see but had gotten used to the darkness.

Simond looked at her with a cigarette in his mouth. "Why?"

"I want to call Grandma. She'll be worried if I don't go back. She's almost eighty and hasn't seen me in two years," Abigail said softly, well aware that Simond would not allow her to go back, so she could only make a phone call.

With Sean no longer a threat, Simond was not concerned about Abigail contacting anyone.

"We will arrive shortly, so make the call quickly." Simond handed her the phone.

Abigail, feeling the touch screen, couldn't help but say, "Dial for me."

"You don't even like me, yet you always bother me!" Simond grew impatient again.

She looked at him with her unseeing eyes.

Simond was irritated. He bit his cigarette, unlocked the phone, and asked, "What's the number?"

Abigail Gave him a series of digits, and Simond dialed for her.

Soon, the call was connected.

"Grandma..." Abigail spoke softly.

Analise was momentarily stunned, then exclaimed, "Abigail, where have you been for so long?!"

"I'm abroad, and I may not be able to return for a while. Can you go to Capitalis for me and tell Josh to sell L.Moon and Fairy Meadow? Whatever amount from the sale, give it all to Sean," Abigail said softly.

"Why do you want to sell the company out of the blue?!" Analise became anxious. "Do you know that Sean's company is in trouble? The funding chain has broken, former partners have withdrawn,

everyone is turning against him, and you still won't come back?!"

Abigail covered her mouth. She hesitated for a moment before saying, "That's why I want to sell the company."

“Selling your company won’t be enough. I heard it’s several hundred billion. I don’t know what business he did to dig such a big hole. Your Grandfather auctioned off the house in Pendorf, but it’s not worth much.” Analise’s voice was filled with anxiety.

“Then don’t tell Josh. Just stay well at home.” Abigail felt it wasn’t safe for Grandma to go to the Capitalis alone, as she had finally returned home.

“Oh dear, please call Sean and let him know. Sean’s Grandfather is staying with me. He’s unwell and has been admitted to the hospital. I’m not sure if he’ll pull through. You should come back and see him,” Analise said gently.

Abigail couldn’t go on. She took a deep breath and tried to compose herself, “Grandma, I can’t go back. I—.”

“Why can’t you come back? What’s stopping you? Sean’s Grandfather is at death’s door. He’s worried about debts, and he’s lost a lot of weight. Abigail, if you still consider me your Grandma, you must come back!” Analise became angry.

“Grandma, I really can’t go back.” Abigail began to cry. “I just can’t go back.”

Analise seemed to realize something, paused for a moment, and then said, “Abigail, what’s happened to you?”

“I’m fine. It’s just that I can’t come back. Grandma, let me tell you some good news. Luna has had a baby, a very beautiful one, almost a year old now, and he’s calling me Mom...” At this point, Abigail couldn’t continue.

She covered her mouth and choked softly. “Grandma, I’m sorry for Sean. He is in debt because of me. I have to sell the company to help him through this tough time, even if we can’t be together.”

She was afraid that if she didn’t speak up this time, she might not have another chance.

“Abigail, what’s wrong? Tell me, don’t make me worry. Luna hasn’t returned for a long time. Who is the father of her child? Why haven’t we heard about her getting married?” Analise asked anxiously.

“Grandma, please take care of Grandfather. I’m fine out here. Everything is under control. Luna has some issues and can’t come back right now.” Abigail choked out.

Analise also started crying, “Why do you all worry me so much? None of you let me have peace of mind.”

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Fate Has Ended

Abigail was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of filial guilt.

She found herself questioning whether her past decisions to persevere were justified or not.

Now, as everything seemed to be falling apart, she couldn't help but think of Sean. Despite their differences, they were still in the same city...

“Grandma, I’m sorry, but you need to stay home. Sean needs you, his grandfather needs you, and Lina needs you too,” Abigail said with a heavy heart.

Analise’s diabetes was worsening, leading to moments of confusion and impaired vision.

Abigail's heart ached for everyone, yet she was powerless to do anything.

She felt responsible for everything that had gone wrong. It's all my fault.

After ending the call, she turned to Simond with teary eyes.

“What do we do now? It’s not like we can just teleport back there. Eswadia is 15,000 miles away. We can’t just snap our fingers and be there,” Simond remarked unsympathetically.

Sniffing, Abigail pleaded, “Could you please dial another number for me?”

Simond asked her to provide the number.

Once the call connected, Abigail said softly, “Josh...”

Josh knew it was her as soon as the call connected. He had a strong intuition about this call.

“I’m aware of your situation. Tell me what needs to be done.” Josh had been overwhelmed lately. He assisted Sean in raising funds, yet Sean remained adamant and refused any help.

Josh heard that after Sean and Abigail broke up, Sean treated the Pearsons as strangers and refused to meet them in person.

“Please sell the company for me. Fairy Meadow and L.Moon...” Abigail’s voice trailed off.

“Abigail, Sean won’t accept our money. He’s determined to sever ties with you. My parents and I have tried countless times to meet him. We even offered substantial funds, but he declined everything and avoided meeting us.” Josh sighed heavily.

Abigail gripped the phone tightly. She was at a loss for words.

“So...” Her voice carried a heavy sense of disappointment.

“Can’t you come back?” Josh asked softly, “I heard you chose Simond. I know you had your reasons, but whenever you get the chance, you must explain... And also, Mom and Dad are really worried sick. They’re getting so stressed that they have aged a lot. Everyone’s really worried about you.”

“I’m fine, really. I just can’t come back for now,” she reassured him.

Josh nodded. After a moment of silence, he continued, “Are you getting used to the food out there?”

“I’m managing,” Abigail said, her mood gradually calming down.

That was her strength. No matter how tough things got, she could remain calm. Perhaps witnessing Luna’s death had extinguished something in her that night.

“I’ll wait for your return. You can trust me to take care of L.Moon and Fairy Meadow,” Josh said softly. Deep down, he knew Abigail might never come back.

It was nothing more than the entire family breaking apart.

Their parents had aged significantly and lacked the energy to handle everything. With Vincent and Molly closely overseeing things, Josh had to comfort his parents while also supporting the company.

...

Josh felt a quiet, relentless drift as if he was continuously losing Abigail.

Abigail briefly returned, only to leave again.

After hanging up the phone, she handed it back to Simond.

Since that phone call, she had completely fallen silent. She spent her entire days lost in thought, sitting and staring blankly in various places.

And just like that, a week had passed. It wasn't until Simond noticed they were nearing land that he sought out Abigail.

She sat on the deck, cradling Larry in her arms, with the wind gently tousling her hair. It gave her a serene appearance, like that of a painting.

One-year-old Larry pointed excitedly at the seagulls, calling out, "Bird! Mama! Bird!"

Abigail responded with a soft "mm." She couldn't see anymore because she had been blind for almost half a year, so she learned to recognize various people's footsteps in the darkness.

For example, right now, she knew Simond was standing beside them.

"We're nearing land. Feel free to ask anything," Simond said to Abigail as he took a seat next to her.

Abigail already had a pretty good idea of what he meant, so she wasn't particularly interested in asking anything.

"Forget it," she said lightly.

In the past few days, Martin had told her that once they reached land, there would be plenty of places for research, and then he could help her find medicine to improve her eyesight.

Currently, Simond was keeping a watchful eye on her to ensure her eyes didn't worsen, but he did not allow the development of any medication to restore her sight.

"Abigail, this is your only chance," Simond said.

"I don't need this chance," Abigail said with indifference. When she was hurt by Sean before, she had kept moving forward without looking back.

It was Sean who had made an effort to catch up to her. He gradually caught her hand, which ultimately led them to reconcile.

Now, he had once again left her and no longer pursued her. Nevertheless, she would continue to move forward.

The initial fear brought on by blindness had slowly faded from her memory.

However, Simond had taken her away, deceived her, and caused Sean to suffer greatly for it. For this, she would find a way to settle the score.

“You are truly unique,” Simond remarked with a smile.

After being reprimanded by Abigail a few times, Larry also distanced himself from Simond.

This was because Simond had persuaded him to address him as ‘Dad.’ When Abigail discovered this, she scolded Larry harshly.

The gentle breeze soothed Abigail’s heart, and the ship, under her calm demeanor, arrived at the archipelago nation in the northern Avalon.

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A Cunning Plan

The architecture reminiscent of castles from the Equaian century dotted the landscape.

Simond was quite considerate when preparing a wheelchair for Andrew.

As Martin wheeled Andrew around, Andrew was exceptionally delighted. Their journey across the seas to the archipelagic nations gradually opened up his world, and he was no longer confined to his cage-like laboratory.

“Dad, the houses here are so beautiful, and the colors are so vibrant,” Andrew said to Martin.

Martin nodded. Simond had warned him not to mention the name of this place, so he had to avoid it and said, "Yes, many countries have houses like these in various colors. In the future, if we have the chance, we'll see many beautiful sights."

Abigail, being led by Simond, couldn't see and had no one to tell her where they were.

The group got into the car.

Andrew remained quietly content as he gazed out the window throughout the journey. He knew Abigail couldn't see and might feel sad about it, so he suppressed his own joy and chose to quietly relish the moment.

They arrived at a heavily guarded ancient castle. Simond waited for Martin and Andrew to alight from the car before assisting Abigail.

Abigail held her child as she slowly made her way out of the car, and then Simond embraced her shoulders.

"You remember my voice, don't you?" Simond's voice turned serious.

Abigail murmured in agreement.

"Let's go," he spoke softly and led her forward. "If someone who isn't with me tells you to go out for dinner or anything like that, don't listen to them."

"Okay." She complied obediently.

Simond quite liked her. Despite enduring so much, she never completely succumbed to despair, nor did she ever have a major outburst or breakdown. She would cry and then bounce back.

With someone like her, he didn't need to spend extra time and effort to make her submit to him.

Inside the castle, it was eerily quiet, with rows of black-clad bodyguards, each as imposing as the devil.

Although Abigail couldn't see, she could feel the serious atmosphere. It felt so solemn that even breathing had to be done cautiously.

Martin was even more apprehensive and kept Andrew close behind Simond.

Andrew, like a child, stole a few glances before quickly averting his gaze in fear.

At that moment, Larry's mouth quivered. He was about to cry when Simond promptly covered it.

"Keep him quiet, and don't let him disturb anyone," Simond said coldly.

Abigail covered Larry's eyes and gently rocked him.

Finally, they reached the room, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

Andrew and Martin were separated from Abigail, leaving only her and Larry in the room.

Simond instructed Henri, who had trailed them, "Stand guard at the door. If she calls for you, then you may enter."

"What if she needs to use the restroom?" Henri asked, sounding a bit clueless.

The question momentarily stumped Simond.

"Just show me the way to the toilet. I can manage with my hands," Abigail said mockingly.

"Alright," replied Simond before swiftly exiting the room.

Once the door shut behind him, his gaze turned cold as he made his way to Martin and Andrew's room.

He leaned against the door and lightly tapped on it.

Martin opened the door. He was about to ask a question, but upon seeing the unusual look in Simond's eyes, he instinctively took a step back.

The unmistakable presence of a mercenary laid bare at that moment, with no effort to conceal the bloodthirsty soul that seemed to emanate from his very core and a fierceness reminiscent of a wild predator etched in his gaze.

Martin's throat bobbed as he asked, "Is there something you need?"

“Come with me.” Simond’s voice was devoid of emotion and sounded more like a killing machine.

“Andrew, don’t wander off,” Martin instructed before hastily following Simond. At that moment, he finally understood the terrifying nature of this place.

It was a family of mercenaries with generations steeped in bloodshed... Each individual appeared to be a precise cog in a machine or, perhaps, a chilling murder weapon.

They made their way to a bedroom, where Martin saw a frail woman lying on the bed.

The woman didn’t appear old. Due to her paralysis, she was skinny, and her skin had an unnatural hue.

Martin immediately suspected that she might have been drugged.

“Take a look and see what’s wrong with her,” Simond coldly instructed him.

Martin approached, furrowing his brow as he examined her. Then, he said, “She seems to be suffering from elemental poisoning. To confirm this, I’ll need to conduct a blood test. Oh, right. Since the woman is in this state, Abigail might be able to assist. Wouldn’t you want her to regain her sight?”

“What can she do?” Simond inquired.

“You sought me out because she possesses Alice’s letter, correct?” Martin deduced everything at that moment by just observing the woman.

Simond knew that he could only approach Martin and make him leave voluntarily through Abigail. However, with Richard keeping a close eye and Martin secluding himself for research, even establishing contact required considerable effort. Moreover, during that time, Martin couldn’t leave his research room due to Andrew.

Therefore, he brought Abigail by his side.

This reminded him of Andrew’s future arrangements.

“She is indeed a skilled traditional medicine practitioner. I searched extensively in Eswadia. If it weren’t for the incident involving Sean, I would have searched even longer. However, I

am aware that Abigail did not inherit her abilities.” Simond was very thorough in his investigation.

Alice’s expertise as a traditional medicine practitioner was so advanced that Abigail, who had been under her tutelage for six months, could not learn much.

Martin hesitated for a moment before lowering his voice. “But Abigail must have observed how Alice treated Sean. I have a prescription here that’s very effective for muscle atrophy.”

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A Big Lie

Simond’s cold gaze fixated on Martin.

Martin shivered and stuttered, “My son used it for a few days, but... due to plans changed, I haven’t had a chance to see its effects yet.”

“The prescription? Wasn’t it a letter?” Simond confirmed during his investigation that it was indeed a letter.

The request for Martin’s help for Larry was in the letter, and the prescription inside was beneficial for Larry. It was just a traditional remedy for clearing the blood virus, but not for this individual.

“The letter and the prescription are combined. It’s a new prescription. You know Eswadians like to create cryptic puzzles.” Martin murmured with a touch of nostalgia. “Alice was very talented. She wrote many things that only I can comprehend. That’s why we got married back then.”

Simond remained unfazed.

He seemed like a different person, devoid of the emotions typically associated with humans.

“Research and develop a medication that can help her eyes see as soon as possible. I’m giving you one month. If there’s no progress within that time, I’ll personally see to it that

Andrew loses both his legs and becomes dog food!" With that ultimatum, Simond turned on his heel and departed.

Martin's legs trembled, and he was drenched in sweat.

After escorting Martin back to his room, Simond commenced the setup of the research institute.

Of course, preparations for these had been made in advance, but they were not yet complete.

He walked into the main castle.

The staircase was steep, and Simond climbed it step by step until he reached the fourth floor.

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In a four-story study, a middle-aged man sat inside writing documents. Upon hearing a knock on the door, he calmly stated, "Come in."

The middle-aged man's gaze was sharp yet very cold.

Simond pushed the door open and entered. After shutting the door, he approached the man's side and said, "Mr. Simpson, we have located the individual."

"And you've also brought a woman and a child. What's the situation?" Stephen set down the quill in his hand and inquired indifferently.

Simond maintained his cold expression. "The woman requires a potion. Once her eyes recover, she can utilize it."

"What about the child?" Stephen asked calmly, his hands clasped together on the table as he looked at him.

Simond replied, "When the child is gone, she'll follow suit as well. She's just an ordinary woman who's fragile both physically and emotionally."

Stephen nodded in agreement. "Indeed, women are indeed fragile and prone to mishaps when they do something. If you want to keep her, then keep her, but only if the treatment is successful. Otherwise, they should both be dealt with together."

Meeting Stephen's gaze, Simond's voice remained icy as he asserted, "If she recovers, I want both her and the child."

"Are you developing feelings for a vulnerable woman?" Stephen's tone betrayed a hint of surprise.

In reality, as mercenaries, few of them had any feelings. The whole family was cold, not because they were born that way but rather hardened by witnessing life and death repeatedly.

"Somewhat," Simond admitted frankly. He knew that without honesty, there would be no chance.

Stephen responded with a grunt. "Why do you develop feelings for such a weakling?"

"She possesses a keen intellect and emotional stability. If it weren't for her cooperation, I wouldn't have returned so soon," Simond honestly replied.

"We're not lacking intelligent women here," Stephen remarked indifferently.

"Indeed," Simond didn't argue with Stephen because what he said was true.

Stephen looked at him for a while before asking, "Is she very attractive?"

"Yes," Simond answered seriously.

"Even heroes fall for a beauty's charm. No wonder Eswadia's Sean Graham spent nearly 30 billion on her. A woman worth 30 billion must be the finest in the world. I must say, Eswadia is truly a land of opportunity... it truly evokes nostalgia in me." After uttering this, Stephen turned his head, picked up his quill, and resumed writing.

"Mr. Simpson, I'll take my leave now," Simond intended to depart.

"Save Sage, obtain the information we need, and the heir to this castle will be you. You're fortunate, Simond. Your brother Abigail has not returned yet, and two others have perished." Stephen offered a sincere blessing to Simond, though his expression remained stoic.

"Thank you, Mr. Simpson," replied Simond before exiting.

He always appeared robotic, devoid of emotion.

A week later, Abigail's eyes began to respond to the medication.

The medication was formulated by Martin.

"After three days of use, there should be a reaction." Martin was confident in his research on the medication. Being able to say this meant there were indeed no major issues.

"Why would you suddenly help me regain my sight?" Abigail asked him.

Martin licked his lips. "You have to brew traditional medicine. There's a patient who needs you to take care of her, give her medicine, and massage her. Your massage skills are good, aren't they? Oh, and you've learned a lot of dietary therapy from Alice at home, all of which we'll need to use. We only have one month. If we don't cure the person, all four of us will die."

Abigail remained calm and simply asked, "Are you confident then?"

"It's not a challenge at all. I have identified everything, the elements and chemical compounds that nearly killed that person," Martin stated calmly.

To put it plainly, it was just another sacrifice in the struggle. Perhaps harboring a very important secret...

Otherwise, why would this mercenary family expend so much effort to save her?

Abigail hummed. "So, am I really beneficial?"

"Do not underestimate Alice's prescriptions. Everything she asked you to do is beneficial. Traditional medicine practitioners are highly valuable. At times, only traditional medicine practitioners can resolve these types of issues," Martin stated solemnly.

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So Talented to Enter the Entertainment Industry

It was unfortunate that Abigail couldn't practice acupuncture. Otherwise, why would she need massages?

“Remember Alice gave you that book? You can look through it and maybe find a traditional medicine practitioner. It could speed up the process.”

Abigail recalled the book contained information on acupuncture points.

Skilled traditional medicine practitioners could achieve a lot through acupuncture.

“I’ll check it out when we get back. We have to fight hard for our lives.” Martin sighed.

Abigail couldn’t help but smile.

By the fourth day of Martin’s treatment, Abigail could see light again, though her right eye still had a cloudy layer, as if something was stuck on the eyeball, making it uncomfortable.

Fortunately, this sensation didn’t last long, and she fully recovered within a week.

And so, her journey of dedication began.

Every day, she brewed medicine, fed it to Sage, and gave her massages.

Abigail had to walk a considerable distance each day from the kitchen to Sage’s room, with a bodyguard stationed every few meters along the way in the spacious corridor.

It was very stressful.

While brewing the medicine, Abigail felt conflicted about how to get this group of people to show some expression...otherwise, the pressure would be too much.

She was staring at the jar when she suddenly sensed someone watching her.

Abigail turned to look and saw Simond leaning against the kitchen door, watching her.

It was rare for him to cross paths with her. In fact, she could count on one hand the number of times she’d seen him clearly in a week.

At this moment, Simond’s demeanor was completely different from when he was on the ship. He had no smile, no emotion, like a robot.

After staring at her for a while, he was about to turn and leave.

“Wait,” she called out to him.

Simond stopped in his tracks and looked at her. "What's the matter?" His tone was icy.

Abigail thought to herself, This person is quite good at playing two different roles. It's really a shame he didn't pursue a career in the entertainment industry.

"The ingredients in your kitchen are not sufficient to treat Sage," Abigail stated bluntly.

"With Martin present, you are merely assisting; do not interfere," Simond warned her coldly.

Abigail approached Simond. She was unafraid of his wolf-like demeanor. "Are you speaking to a food therapy expert? Do you truly comprehend traditional medicine or food therapy?"

Simond was momentarily unable to respond, as if his brain had malfunctioned.

"You see, you cannot answer." Abigail shrugged. "Sean Graham was on the brink of death once, and I cooked for him daily to nourish him. What is the fundamental principle for a person to recover? It's to eat well. Without proper nutrition, how can one recover?"

Simond regarded her calmly. "You are very cunning, I know."

"Cunning does not mean I desire death, right? Do you think one month is a long time? In traditional medicine, one month is nothing. Sean underwent two years of treatment to fully recover," Abigail continued.

When she discussed Sean, she did not appear as wounded as she did initially.

Simond had no choice but to inquire, "What ingredients do you require?"

After I finish my tasks, I will compose a menu for a month, and you can purchase accordingly," Abigail said, turning back to the pot of medicine, and pretending to carefully inspect the herbs.

In any case, they would not comprehend.

Simond departed.

Once he left, Abigail couldn't help but mutter to herself. She planned to prepare a variety of dishes for a month, with no repetitions, and she was confident that the individuals here would enjoy them.

Of course, if they truly did not wish to eat, then so be it.

She was not joking about the significance of nutrition.

The body required energy, and energy was derived from food.

Hanging on a nutrient drip all day long wasn't just a setback for a month; it could hinder one's vitality for ten months straight.

After wrapping up her chores, Abigail settled into her room and slowly jotted down the ingredients for nutritional supplementation.

To take care of Andrew, she had received numerous nutritional recipes from Sean. Plus, she had been practicing cooking repeatedly for half a year, so her culinary skills had become quite advanced.

It was only at this moment that Abigail realized that there was no such thing as a kitchen killer; she simply hadn't been pushed to the brink.

By the time Simond arrived, she had already written several pages.

"Buy according to these. Of course, if you want the best results, it's best to only buy ingredients for three days and then buy fresh ones after three days," Abigail advised Simond.

Simond quickly flipped through it and found it quite complicated. He immediately stopped reading. "The first one is enough to kill you with tricks."

She approached him and gazed into his eyes. "Simond, what are you pretending for?"

Simond took two steps back. "Don't wander around here."

"You're quite the actor," Abigail teased. "Hurry up and go buy them. Don't delay my survival."

Simond delegated the task to a professional chef to purchase the ingredients.

When he visited Sage, he specifically glanced at the room where Abigail was.

Abigail was engrossed in bidding and appeared quite relaxed.

He felt reassured and left without looking back.

Before lunch, the kitchen was filled with a peculiar and enticing aroma that wafted through the corridor.

The bodyguards standing on both sides remained focused, but their throats were moving up and down... What kind of food could produce such a fragrant aroma?

In the kitchen, Abigail couldn't resist and had a bowl of soup from a clay pot.

Reflecting on the few months she had spent with Alice, she realized her research on food therapy was unique and even surpassed national boundaries.

Abigail also knew that Simond originally hailed from Eswadia, so indeed, he understood the culinary prowess of Eswadian cuisine.

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Culinary Skills Are Talents Too

Carrying the delicious food to Sage's room, Abigail deliberately paid attention to the faces of the bodyguards.

It is just the beginning...

As Sage, who was in a vegetative state, regained a bit of consciousness under the effect of the medicine developed by Martin, she still needed assistance to move around. Even her meals took her a long time to eat.

The dish Abigail made this time involved soaking rice for two hours, smashing it to make soup, and scooping out the large grains of rice while cooking. The soup base was completely mushy and combined with high-quality ingredients to emit a tantalizing aroma.

Sage lay on the bed. She struggled to see what Abigail was carrying.

Seeing Sage's eyes moving, Abigail immediately said to Martin beside her, "Her eyes moved!"

"It's because your food smells too good. She hasn't eaten much for a long time, and she's craving it." Martin smiled and injected the medicine into her body.

With his help, Abigail helped Sage sit up.

Sage's throat rolled as she always wanted to see what Abigail had cooked.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Abigail picked up the bowl, cooled it down, and brought it to Sage's mouth.

Sage swallowed, and as Abigail fed her the food, tears welled up in her eyes.

It seemed like she had suffered a great grievance, but good food always had the power to heal the heart.

Abigail slowly fed her until Sage finished the meal, feeling that her mood was much better.

After Sage lay down, Abigail left with a tray of dishes.

Martin followed her.

As for what exactly was going on with Sage, neither Martin nor Abigail knew.

As to why the Simpson Family's mercenary group had saved Sage, the two of them also had no idea.

Abigail was thinking about leaving, but at the moment, she was completely clueless.

There were bodyguards on both sides of the corridor, and they hardly dared to communicate their thoughts.

"Let's go to the kitchen and have something to eat. I made quite a lot," Abigail invited Martin.

"I'll bring Andrew to eat with us," Martin immediately said.

Abigail couldn't help but notice how much Martin had visibly aged recently and couldn't help but think that he and Andrew were really unlucky.

However, he had fallen to this point because of his own talent.

She couldn't help but think that in the past, the beauties in TV dramas, because they were so beautiful, were fought over by various forces. They would still fade away in the end.

Now, Martin was in a similar situation.

The two of them brought Andrew to the kitchen.

They sat down at the kitchen table to eat.

Andrew slowly ate his soup; his mood had been bad since he had arrived here.

“When can we leave?” Andrew asked Martin. The initial excitement had faded, leaving in its wake only boredom.

Abigail glanced at Martin but didn’t answer.

The answer might be that they had no chance of leaving at all.

It was said that they could go back once Sage was cured, but who knew if they would be eliminated directly after she was cured?

“I know it’s boring here, but we might have to stay here for a long time,” Martin said.

The security here was tight, and their daily activities were limited. It was easy to feel bored and frustrated here.

Andrew used to watch TV, but now there was no TV.

He sighed because even the delicious food couldn’t lift his spirits.

While the three of them were quietly eating, Simond came over and glanced at the counter, looking at Abigail. “Is there anything left?”

“Serve yourself from the pot,” Abigail said softly.

“Prepare something. It’s not for me to eat,” Simond said coldly.

Abigail stood up, took a plate, served various dishes and soup, and filled a cup of soup.

Simond left after finishing his meal.

She settled back down, grateful for her newfound cooking skills.

It used to be Sean who did the cooking, and if she stayed out of the kitchen for too long, she would quickly forget the steps.

But now, she had to prepare three meals a day.

...

Simond entered Stephen's room and placed the dishes on the dining table by the window. Then, he respectfully informed Stephen, who was seated at the desk, "It's ready."

"It smells delicious. I just hope it tastes as good," Stephen remarked as he stood up and made his way to the table.

Simond was surprised by Abigail's cooking abilities, but judging from its presentation, it seemed promising.

Stephen leisurely donned a napkin at the table and then sampled the soup. His eyebrows lifted in approval. "This is truly delicious. I don't think I've had such flavorful food even back in Eswadia. The cooking is truly impressive."

Simond gazed at his now slightly softened expression with satisfaction.

"You should definitely try some later, it's really delicious." Being from Eswadia, Stephen naturally had a preference for Eswadian cuisine.

Moreover, Eswadia's culinary offerings were incredibly diverse, catering to all tastes.

"Alright." Simond nodded.

Stephen savored each bite, thoroughly enjoying the meal. Despite his usually small appetite, he found himself finishing every dish without hesitation.

Upon finishing, he couldn't help but feel a slight sense of unease. "Was this meal specifically prepared for Sage?"

It seemed a bit intentional. If it was for Sage, a single portion would have sufficed.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

It's Just 400 Million

“It’s for Sage, but I know her. Since she started cooking, she will definitely make a portion for everyone who wants to eat,” Simond responded immediately without hesitation.

Stephen nodded and didn’t ask any more questions.

After clearing the tableware and going downstairs, Simond returned to the kitchen to find that the pot was already empty of soup. Most of the delicious food was also gone, leaving only the meals prepared by other chefs for the bodyguards.

Simond could only silently eat the mediocre foreign food.

Abigail deliberately didn’t leave anything for him, letting Martin and Andrew finish everything.

She couldn’t make things difficult for others, but couldn’t she also make Simond, who was brought here against his will, feel wronged?

In the evening, when Abigail returned to her room, she sat by the window and watched the moon with Larry.

She really missed home.

Pointing at the moon, Larry held Abigail’s hand and said, “Moon!”

“Yeah, the moon. Does it look like a plate?” Abigail held him in her arms, resting her chin on Larry’s head.

Larry leaned against her, swinging his little chubby legs, giggling. “Moo…”

His favorite thing to do was call out to Abigail.

In this cold environment, Larry was her only comfort.

She held Larry and asked softly, “What’s wrong?”

Larry slowly turned his chubby body to face Abigail, hugging her. “Moo!”

He loved to babble, often followed by a string of gibberish that Abigail couldn’t understand.

Abigail understood very well that when he grew up and could talk, he would definitely be a chatterbox.

“Alright.” Abigail nodded.

She didn’t understand, but she would respond.

Larry kept babbling on, and after he finished, he started to doze off.

Abigail carried him back to bed, put him to sleep, and then sat alone by the window, sighing.

There was nothing she could do here.

There was nothing here. Even though there were people everywhere, not even a whisper could be heard.

She finally understood what it meant to be isolated and helpless.

During this time, she thought about it. Did Sean really collapse after borrowing 400 million to save me?

Even the sum of her assets was more than 400 million, let alone Sean’s.

Of course, she still felt guilty that Sean did so much for her, only for her to let him down.

Abigail had no means of communication now and didn’t know anything about what was happening at home.

She sat alone in the room, worried, until late at night before finally closing the curtains and preparing to rest.

She had to get up early tomorrow and work.

Meanwhile, at Capitalis, Josh once again blocked Sean.

He looked at Josh impatiently. “What’s up?”

“I know your company’s situation. The banks are not willing to lend to you now. Are you really so stubborn that you refuse to accept my advice?” Josh blocked his way, his expression stern.

Sean looked at him. “It’s just 400 million. Do you think I, Sean, will collapse because of this?”

“Sean,” Josh called out. “I know you will find a way to solve it, but it will be very difficult. Let me help you. It will make you much more comfortable.”

“Grandpa really hopes to talk with her. If you can get in touch with her, ask her to call Grandpa via video. We, the Grahams, don’t hold any grudges against her. We just want to clarify where she stands.” Sean frowned, his expression tinged with annoyance. “After this call, the Grahams will have nothing to do with her.”

“I haven’t been able to reach her for a month, and the last phone card has been deactivated.” Josh sounded a bit despondent. “Sean, she has her own reasons.”

“What does that have to do with me? I tried to save her, but she chose to go with Simond. Whatever her reasons might be, it’s her own decision.” Sean finished speaking and pushed Josh away.

Josh stepped forward again. “Will you consider my suggestion—”

“Josh, don’t push it. I can accept advice from any stranger, but when it comes to Abigail, no way!” Sean cut Josh off in a calm tone.

Josh didn’t care about being scolded.

“If you hate her, just say it. Abigail has never been afraid of your hatred.” Josh sighed softly. “Since you are determined to cut ties with the Pearsons, I respect your decision. Perhaps the first divorce was a sign that you were never meant to be together. Otherwise, why would you guys have divorced?”

He finished speaking, released Sean’s hand that was blocking him, and walked away.

He had tried hard to keep Abigail, but Sean was not grateful.

Sean tightly held the hand at his side. Is fate something that had been determined from the beginning? Abigail and I destroyed with our own hands the bond we shared when we decided to divorce.

He had tried to woo her after the divorce, and she responded to his efforts, but their ending was already fated.

The moment he returned to Pendorf from Capitalis, Sean rushed to the hospital where Old Mr. Graham was.

Seeing him return alone again, Lina immediately grabbed him. “Where’s Abigail? Still can’t reach her?”

“Well, forget it,” Sean said in a low voice.

No one knew where Abigail was or what she was up to.

“What are you going to do?” Lina’s eyes turned red. “So, it’s like what your grandpa has said? You two have broken up? You’ve been together for so long that it’s a shame to give up like this.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Plain and Simple

“Grandma, Grandpa is seriously ill now, and the only thing he can’t let go of is my matter. Can you help me look around?” Sean looked at Lina and said, “If it’s appropriate, I’ll get married.”

I’m not waiting for Abigail.

Colby heard him mention Abigail’s matter and urged him to get married every day.

Every time Sean came, he would be nagged by Colby. Nagging could easily endanger the elderly man’s life, and Sean was tired.

Having loved openly and honestly once was enough for Sean.

Lina looked at him and said after a while, “Have you made up your mind?”

“Grandma, love can’t be consumed like food, nor can it sustain a lifetime, don’t you think?” Sean said softly. “I made a mistake, causing Grandpa to become like this.”

Lina approached him and patted his hand. “If anyone is to blame, it’s me.”

“We were never meant to be together. We’ve been through so many ups and downs over the years and are still not married. It means we’re not meant to be. Forget it. Help me look around, and we’ll get engaged soon.” Sean finished speaking and walked toward the door of Colby’s ward.

Sean looked at the door and pondered for a long time before grasping the handle.

Opening this door would turn the page on everything that came before.

He entered the ward and saw a pale Colby lying on the bed, breathing heavily.

Sean's heart was trembling as he murmured, "Grandpa."

"Ah, Sean... My dear Sean is here. She still can't be contacted?" Colby struggled to speak clearly, expending a lot of effort to say this complete sentence.

He suffered a setback and then had a stroke, making it difficult for him to speak clearly.

They consulted many doctors, but there was no solution.

Alice, who could treat him, had already passed away.

"Grandpa, I've thought about it. I'll look for a kind woman. If we get along well, we'll get engaged right away. What do you think?" Sean sat by the bed, holding Colby's hand.

Upon hearing that, Colby nodded repeatedly. "Good... That's good! You should get married and have children soon. I worry about you. Without a family, you don't know responsibility, and you act recklessly... I already have one foot in the grave, but you're still young. Don't be impulsive..."

Sean lowered his head and said softly, "I know. I was wrong."

He shouldn't have gambled on the company's future.

Colby looked at him before he said worriedly, "Sean, I'm afraid that you won't live well in the second half of your life. Find someone suitable, and live a peaceful life. That's all there is to it. After all, life is long. Once you've experienced love, it's enough."

"Okay." Sean nodded.

Once, he was arrogant, disregarding the opinions of everyone in the family.

Over the years, he also thanked Abigail as she taught him to cherish everyone who was good to him.

After Colby fell asleep, Sean and Lina left the ward.

Lina escorted Sean downstairs. In the elevator, she suddenly said, "Your grandfather didn't choose to be with me because he liked me. He was indeed handsome and talented when he was young, and he had his eye on other girls, but in the end, he chose me because I was suitable."

Sean couldn't help but glance sideways at her words.

In fact, he had sensed when he was young that Colby didn't have that kind of love for Lina.

It was more like supporting a long-lost relative. Even though Lina was causing a scene, Colby didn't take it to heart, but he also didn't have any special emotions because of her antics.

When Sean was arranged to marry Abigail, he felt that Colby had lived his life in a similar way and went along with the arrangement.

"When I was young, I used to listen to him because he was good-looking. I wasn't as emotional as I am now. Maybe as people age, we all change." Lina smiled.

Meanwhile, Sean remained silent.

"Finding the right partner to share your life with is crucial. Why go after so much trouble?" Lina added. "Everyone says to find a supportive woman who can boost your career. Why spend so much money? What did you achieve? If this were the olden days, Abigail wouldn't be considered a suitable match. They would say she brings discord to the family. I'm not saying she's unsuitable. I just hope you can let go. You have great skills. If you hastily switch to someone else, the company will suffer. You will definitely regret it. Love is blind, you know... It's all a deception to fool naive and young people."

Sean listened quietly without saying anything.

As Lina dropped him off at the hospital entrance, she whispered, "Go back and talk to Analise. Our two families have some connection. Just inform her, alright? Don't let the old lady feel bad."

"Okay," Sean humbly replied.

Lina smiled. "Tomorrow, I'll ask the people I know to find a local girl for you."

Sean nodded in agreement.

As the car window slowly rolled up, Sean watched as Lina waved goodbye, gradually getting further away. In the end, he looked away.

At that point, Xavien commented, “I think we can close the trap now. Since we started monitoring the website, we have already caught 60% more fraud than before. If we close the trap now, we will have a substantial amount of money. Those who tried to deceive us will regret it.”

Sean closed his eyes as he pressed his fingers to his forehead. “Let’s wait a little longer until we can’t extract any more value from them. Then, we’ll close the trap.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Mr Graham Is Going for Blind Date?

Xavien felt a twinge of anxiety.

“What if they discover the truth?”

“It’s not a problem to close the loop when they do,” Sean remarked casually.

They had set the trap, and Sean controlled all the funds in the website’s account.

Xavien nodded in agreement and remained silent.

The following day, just past noon, while Sean was occupied, Lina phoned him.

“I’ve arranged to meet a few potential matches for you. I believe one of them is quite promising. Would you like to come over and meet her? I’m spending time with the girl at home,” Lina inquired.

“Alright, then. I’ll prepare a gift first,” Sean responded.

“Great! Etiquette is indeed important,” Lina replied affirmatively.

After ending the call, Sean turned to Xavien, who was about to order food and said, “No need to order. I have a prior engagement. Let’s head to the mall first.”

Xavien promptly stood up and agreed, "Okay."

Upon arriving at the mall, Xavien trailed behind Sean as the latter entered a high-end handbag boutique.

To Xavien's surprise, it was a women's handbag store.

Xavien was filled with questions as he curiously observed Sean.

Meanwhile, the sales manager nearby had been observing Sean for a while. Seeing that he hadn't found a suitable bag after half a day, she approached and asked, "May I ask who the bag is for?"

Recognizing the salesperson's high emotional intelligence, Sean replied, "It's for a blind date. We're meeting for the first time today."

"Ah, I see. This black and white checkered one is just the right size and features a classic style that suits any woman, regardless of her personality or appearance." The sales manager recommended a bag and presented it to Sean.

Sean reached out to inspect it carefully.

"We only have three of this style in stock. One was purchased by a wealthy lady overseas, and another is owned by a popular actress in the entertainment industry, so there won't be any bag clash scenarios," the sales manager added.

Impressed by Sean's refined demeanor, she assumed he must be quite discerning.

"I'll take this one," Sean stated.

The sales manager promptly had the bag wrapped by a salesperson.

As they exited the store, Xavien couldn't resist asking, "Are you really going on a blind date?"

After all these years, he no longer viewed himself as subordinate in personal matters.

"What's wrong with that? Can't I go on a blind date?" Sean responded calmly.

Xavien furrowed his brows, struggling to voice his thoughts, and eventually asked softly, "Are you no longer waiting?"

“Didn’t you see what happened that day?” Sean replied calmly.

It was Abigail who had given up on him, not the other way around.

While he had been envious before, he failed to rush to her aid when she was in danger. But later, he invested 400 million to establish maritime routes in various countries for her, as a way of atoning for his mistakes.

For Sean, the chapter with Abigail had closed when she chose Simond.

Xavien stated, “If you’ve made up your mind and genuinely like the other person, I will treat them as I would Abigail.”

Only Abigail could compel Xavien to address her so affectionately.

“Alright.” Sean nodded. “Let’s forget it. After all these years, I’m weary. Life is meant to be simple and straightforward, devoid of grandeur and excitement.”

Sean drove back home while Xavien headed to a hotel for dinner.

Having sold the Graham Estate, Sean now resided in a property he had purchased downtown.

Returning home with the gift box, he spotted a woman seated in the living room and momentarily felt disoriented.

Despite claiming to have moved on, Sean couldn’t help but feel a pang of unease upon realizing it wasn’t Abigail. It was almost as if he wanted to flee rather than confront the situation.

Even he himself didn’t know if he would regret it someday in the future.

“You’re back.” Lina stood up in surprise and quickly introduced Sean to the woman. “This is my grandson, Sean. You must have heard of him.”

Indeed, Sean’s affairs were quite famous in their circle.

He gave away 400 million just like that, and all for a woman.

Presently, the young woman put down her teacup and stood up, turning to Sean with a gentle smile. “Hello, Mr. Graham. I’m Irene Walker, the second daughter of the Walkers.”

Sean walked over and handed her the gift box. “Then I don’t need to introduce myself.”

“Thank you.” Irene took it and placed it on the coffee table.

“You two chat. I’ll go to the kitchen.” Lina had a keen eye, and after saying that, she quickly slipped away.

Sean sat down and sent a message to Xavien as he commented, “We can see how things go. I’m quite busy from Monday to Friday, but I can accompany you for dinners in the evenings.”

When he said this, Sean was very elegant, with a unique warmth.

Irene smiled and asked him, “Mr. Graham, what are your hobbies?”

Sean was taken aback by her question. I don’t think I have any particular hobbies...

“No hobbies,” he replied in a deep voice.

“No hobbies? I don’t have any hobbies either.” Irene smiled.

Sean couldn’t help but feel like she was a bit too typical of ladylike behavior.

Suddenly, the two of them had nothing to say to each other.

Sean felt a headache coming on, thinking it would be better to find a partner to work with so they could talk about work together.

Sitting together, the duo had absolutely no topics to discuss.

Irene hesitated for a moment and finally sighed helplessly. “Mr. Graham, I won’t pretend anymore. If you think it’s appropriate, we’ll see where this goes. If you think it’s not suitable, I’ll leave after lunch.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Her Replacement

Sean was stunned for a moment. She was putting on a ladylike act?

“Old Mrs. Graham obviously prefers gentle people, so I put on an act just to meet you. Whether we’re compatible or not is not something that can be judged by elders at a glance. We have to spend time together to truly understand each other!” Irene blurted out in one breath.

Sean nodded. “You’re right. I may be a bit reserved. Perhaps I should be more talkative.”

Irene felt relieved upon hearing that.

“My manners may not be the best. I hope you can be patient with me,” Irene commented.

Sean simply made a sound of agreement.

During the meal, Lina kindly inquired while having someone serve her food, “What’s your favorite food?”

“I enjoy a wide variety of foods. I’m not fussy,” Irene shyly replied to Lina.

She maintained a smile in front of Lina at all times.

After finishing his meal, Sean raised his hand to check the time. “It’s getting late. I need to head back to the company.”

“Irene, he’s busy with work, so don’t take it personally. I will keep you company for the meal.” Lina was much kinder to Irene than she was to Abigail back then.

“Okay.” Irene smiled and agreed.

“If you’re done eating, I’ll give you a ride.” Sean leaned back in his chair, his expression gentle.

Irene was full, but Lina had served her too much food, and she didn’t want to appear wasteful. She didn’t want Lina to think she was being wasteful and end up returning it.

“Finish your meal, and then we can go. There’s no need to worry. Oh, you can’t finish all that, can you? Sorry for giving you so much.” Lina offered her an out.

“I can’t eat all of this. I’m sorry.” Irene apologized uncomfortably.

“No need to apologize. We’re practically family now.” Lina smiled, clearly pleased.

Sean looked at Irene, unsure if she was being sincere.

After leaving the Grahams, Sean got into the car, and once Irene fastened her seatbelt, he politely asked, “Where to go?”

“I work as a designer at Allure. Just drop me off there.” Irene felt much more relaxed.

There was no need to pretend anymore.

Sean’s hand hesitated for a moment but quickly resumed its usual position.

When they arrived at Allure, Irene sat next to Sean, nervously asking, “Can I have your contact information?”

“Just scan the code.” Sean took out his phone.

Irene immediately took out her phone and showed Sean her WhatsApp QR code.

After Sean added her as a friend, she got out of the car contentedly, waving at him. “Mr. Graham, I had a wonderful time at lunch today. How about dinner tonight?”

“Sure, that sounds great.” Sean nodded.

Blind dates were just like this.

If the couple felt comfortable, they would have a meal together and get to know each other better.

Back at the company, Xavien handed over the information he had found to Sean.

Irene’s family also owned a company, but she seemed to be neglected. She had been living with her grandparents since she was young, studying to become a fashion designer and living a challenging life.

She had always been independent, with her parents never really showing much care for her.

She worked hard to put herself through college and only recently managed to pay off her student loans.

It seemed that the Walkers temporarily brought her back to see if she could catch Sean's eye.

Upon careful consideration, it was also the Walkers' attempt to get lucky. If Sean took a liking to Irene, the Walkers' family business would be secured.

Irene's older sister, Iris, had always been with her parents. She went abroad to study in middle school and excelled academically. She got into Elk Grove Institute with a major in finance and was now the chief financial officer of the family company.

After reviewing it, Xavien asked lightly, "Is there anything else you need me to check?"

"No, that's enough." Sean felt satisfied.

Grandma appears to have taken a liking to her as she's a fashion designer... After all, Abigail was also in the same line of work.

Sean could understand the elderly woman's intentions, but he felt a bit uneasy.

He always felt like he was using Irene as a replacement.

During the afternoon work, Xavien noticed Sean zoning out from time to time. He wanted to offer the man advice, but he also felt that even if he did, Sean wouldn't change his mind.

As it was almost time to leave work, Sean received an invitation from Irene.

"You can leave early. I'll go first." Sean put away his phone, stood up, and went to retrieve his suit jacket.

"I'll finish up what I have on hand. If you think she's appropriate, take your time. I'll be here at the company." Xavien said to Sean.

Sean nodded and departed without looking back.

Irene was waiting for Sean at the subway entrance. "Let's go to the restaurant I mentioned from here. There won't be any traffic, and you can go back early after eating."

She was indeed considerate.

"You've only been out of school for half a year, and you're pursuing a man like me who's almost thirty. Won't your parents object?" Sean asked intentionally after she got in the car.

“Ah... affluent families probably don't pay attention to these things.” Irene lowered her gaze, sounding as if she didn't care much about her parents' arrangements.

Sean didn't say anything further.

The car moved forward slowly.

Irene looked at him cautiously. “Actually, I don't have a very good relationship with my parents.”

There were some things about her that Lina might not investigate, but Sean would definitely look into.

Sean nodded. “Just be frank. What did your father promise you in exchange for the blind date?”

Irene seemed to be revealing an embarrassing secret in her heart as she clutched her clothes tightly and muttered, “He paid off tens of thousands of my student loans.”