

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 781-790

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You're Not Suitable for Me

Sean felt that she was truly pitiful.

Could she really sell herself for just thousands?

Sean looked at her in disbelief. "Do you realize that thousands is a mere drop in the ocean for your family?"

Irene met his gaze earnestly. "Mr. Graham, thousands feel like a heavy burden weighing me down, making it difficult for me to stand tall. Regardless of the Walkers' wealth, it's not easily accessible to me. My grandparents are in poor health, and I wish to save money to ensure their comfort in their old age."

Sean was momentarily speechless.

As they arrived at the restaurant Irene had mentioned, Sean was taken aback by the fact that he had been in Pendorf for so long without discovering this restaurant.

The restaurant exuded a trendy vibe and had a unique ambiance.

Inside, artificial peach trees adorned the space, with a small pond below and mist created by dry ice, giving the private rooms a distinctive charm. It was clearly a hotspot for young women to snap photos and post on social media.

Although Sean had never visited such a place before, he found the decor somewhat tacky.

Glancing at the menu, which featured reasonably priced food, he noted that a meal for two would not exceed a hundred.

"What are you in the mood for? Feel free to order whatever you like." Sean set aside the menu, feeling unfamiliar with the offerings. Irene hesitated as she perused the menu, sensing his lack of

enthusiasm. “Do you... not fancy this place?”

This was the best option Irene could find.

Her college part-time jobs were at small, trendy eateries like this one. Having never frequented upscale establishments, she had no concept of high-end dining, its locations, or the associated costs.

“It’s just unfamiliar to me. Go ahead and order. Don’t feel embarrassed. Everyone has their own journey. Focus on living yours well, yes?” Sean reassured Irene gently.

Irene nodded, casting her eyes down as she carefully selected her dishes. Contemplating Sean’s rumored extravagance, she opted for dishes she deemed decent yet not overly pricey.

He had reportedly splurged 400 million on his fiancée, who never returned.

He’s now venturing into blind dates... Does this mean he is no longer with his fiancée?

News of his engagement and impending marriage might trigger a backlash from their supporters, leading to criticism.

Presently, the waiter retrieved the menu, returning shortly after with the bill placed on the table.

Sean glanced at it, noting it was around a hundred.

“The pulled pork here is quite delicious, and the Buffalo wings are a must-try. The creme brulee is also good. You might enjoy that,” Irene stated her recommendations.

Meanwhile, Sean settled the bill on his phone. “Ms. Walker, you’re a lovely person, but not the right match for me.”

Irene Walker was simply a regular, compliant, and driven young woman.

As for Sean...

Due to Irene’s profession, thoughts of Abigail involuntarily crossed his mind.

Suddenly, he felt somewhat foolish.

Why must Abigail go on to hurt other innocent women? What is the point of leading a mundane life by being married to a woman while having another woman in my heart?

Having missed out due to Joan back then, Sean was determined not to repeat the same mistake.

Irene appeared taken aback, clutching her bag tightly. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No, I don't wish to hurt you. There's still someone I can't erase from my heart. It wouldn't be fair to you. I sincerely apologize." Sean rose from his seat and continued, "I'll excuse myself to the restroom for a moment. Take some time to contemplate the true essence of marriage."

Irene nodded meekly, hesitant to defy Sean.

Sean hurried to the bathroom, entered the men's washroom, and gazed at his reflection in the mirror, offering a self-deprecating smile.

Letting go... Is it really that simple to let go?

He gradually composed himself and resolved to return to have a heartfelt conversation with Colby.

He couldn't bear the sight of this version of himself that he found repugnant.

Upon Sean's return, Irene had already regained her composure.

She gazed at Sean with wide eyes. "You're actually quite handsome. When I first laid eyes on you, I couldn't help but feel drawn to you. I understand that what I'm about to say may be a long shot, but I

want to fight for us."

Irene was determined to make one final attempt.

Even if he still harbors feelings for his ex-girlfriend, do I truly have no chance at all? After all, they have both moved on.

At that, Sean regarded her calmly. "Go on."

He respected her emotions.

“My perspective may be limited. I may not possess the same qualities as your ex-girlfriend, nor do I come from a prestigious background, but I am committed to becoming a successful designer like her! I believe your grandmother would approve of me, especially since we share the same profession, right?” Irene’s cheeks flushed, her voice quivering.

Sean studied her for a moment before responding, “My fiancée and I were married for three years, but during that time, I failed to treat her well. It’s not that I didn’t love her; I simply struggled to express it. I kept my emotions hidden, and ultimately, we parted ways. She couldn’t endure it any longer, despite her youth and love for me. Three years eroded all her affection for me and shattered her romantic ideals about love and marriage. You cannot fathom the agony of a loveless marriage.”

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Pretend to Be Together

If she were indifferent, Sean wouldn’t have minded. She was vibrant, ambitious, and compassionate. An unjust marriage would only bring her anguish, resentment, and tears.

“But you will—”

“You don’t know what we’ve been through. I... I may never forget her in this lifetime,” Sean interrupted.

Irene’s eyes welled up and glistened with tears. “Do I not stand a chance at all?”

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have given you false hope,” Sean said gently.

He almost made another mistake, nearly leading himself into a dead end.

Irene sniffled upon hearing that. “I feel quite pathetic to be rejected by a handsome man so swiftly.”

“Don’t blame yourself. Everyone must believe in their own worth.” Sean reclined in his chair, feeling a bit more at ease now.

He even questioned if he truly understood love.

Why am I being so obstinate?

“May I make an unreasonable request?” Irene spoke softly.

“Go ahead.” Sean inclined his head.

Irene moistened her lips before muttering, “Could you give me three months? Let’s pretend to be a couple for that time, and I will reimburse you for everything you’ve bought for me. After three months, I will have saved up enough to renovate my home, so I won’t fear my father taking my money.”

Sean furrowed his brows. “If you don’t like the bag I purchased for you today, you can return it and ask for a refund. If he tries to take your money, you can get it back.”

“That’s yours. I can’t accept gifts lightly,” Irene stated with dignity. “Since I’ve asked for your help, I can’t take your belongings anymore.”

“Has anyone ever told you that being too prideful can sometimes be a disadvantage? In times of crisis, don’t prioritize your pride; money is the most valuable asset,” Sean remarked calmly.

Irene placed her hands on the table, looking at him disapprovingly. “You’re talking nonsense. Do you realize that?”

Sean raised an eyebrow, quite open to hearing her perspective.

“Sometimes, it’s during the toughest times that a person’s virtues shine the brightest. I’m not at a point where I must accept your generosity. Your kindness may comfort me, but it could also bring me trouble,” Irene explained earnestly.

“I’m just a person of modest means. I’ve never had much money. I lack a solid financial plan. If I receive a large sum suddenly, I fear I may change.”

Irene’s words caught Sean off guard.

Her use of the term ‘change’ was quite intriguing.

“Fair enough,” he replied softly.

“So... shall we pretend to be in a relationship for now?” Irene inquired further.

Sean pondered for a moment. If it could alleviate Colby's condition slightly, he was willing to feign a relationship, only to later admit it wasn't working out.

"Alright, then." He agreed to her proposal. "After three months, regardless of your circumstances, I will inform my family that we are incompatible."

"Deal!" Irene beamed.

Sean summoned Kevin and then took his leave.

...

Time passed swiftly, and before they knew it, a month had gone by.

Sage was able to move around.

The Simpson Family members who had been on missions began to return.

Abigail sensed a growing tension within the castle, especially after Simond's eldest brother, Samuel, came back. He would linger near the kitchen door, smoking a cigar and casting malevolent glances at Abigail.

At noon, as Abigail cooked, Samuel leaned against the door, observing her.

He continued to puff on his cigar loudly.

Abigail seethed with anger but had to endure his gaze, which led to her burning her hands and developing blisters.

"Hey, little girl!" Samuel called out.

Abigail adjusted her expression and looked at him calmly. "What's going on?"

"I heard Sean Graham spent 400 million on you, and you returned with Simond? You're quite valuable," Samuel commented nosily.

Although they were not short of money, 400 million in cash was indeed a large sum.

No one would care about assets worth 400 million. But that sum of money was spent just like that by Sean.

“Thank you for the compliment,” Abigail said humbly.

Samuel was a little annoyed, and he muttered, “When did I compliment you?”

“I didn’t return with him. My friend and child are still in his hands,” Abigail said calmly.

Samuel grunted. “So, you’re not interested in him?”

Abigail put down the spatula and asked Samuel, “What are you trying to say?”

“If you’re not interested, be with me instead. I heard you and Sean aren’t married yet.” Samuel took a step forward.

“She has her own business here, and you’re just hanging around here every day?!” Simond’s voice rang out behind him.

Samuel turned around, exhaling the smoke from his mouth onto Simond’s face. “What’s it to you? Mind your own business!”

“Sage is able to walk now, and it won’t be long. I’m in charge here, so if you cause trouble now, don’t blame me for taking action against you!” Simond said coldly, not a hint of emotion in his voice.

Samuel’s expression twisted for a moment. He glared at his brother darkly, took a puff of his cigar, and left.

As for Abigail, she really wanted to go back.

Every day here is filled with fear and anxiety.

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Incident

Simond noticed Abigail’s sour mood and reassured her, “Don’t worry about him. I’m always around.”

Abigail shot him a look of disdain. "Simond, when can I leave? Sage can already walk and talk. It's unethical to keep us here."

"She still can't recall where she stashed the items, so you guys need to look after her for a bit. Starting today, you'll be learning some self-defense techniques and firearm handling with me," Simond stated before leaving.

Abigail had no interest in learning at all.

"I want to go back!" Abigail insisted.

"Just a little longer," Simond replied before leaving.

Now that all the children of the Simpson Family had returned, they dined together in a separate dining area.

Seated at the lengthy table were the three Simpson Family members, Abigail, Martin, and his son, with Stephen at the head.

Stephen Simpson was the current head of the Simpson Family.

The other was Spencer Simpson.

Spencer, known for his short fuse, grew displeased when his favorite food wasn't within reach. "Hey, lady, don't you know I love salt-baked prawns? Why is it so far away?"

Abigail held her tongue. As she was about to rise, Simond picked up the plate in front of him and handed it to Spencer. "If you like it, just say so. She's busy all day. How would she remember your

preferences?"

"You pin after this girl every day. Are you really planning to marry her?" Spencer inquired as he savored the salt-baked prawns.

Simond chose not to respond.

"What's salt-baked prawns? I've never tried it before," Stephen chimed in.

Abigail took the other plate and offered it to him. "You have a mild shellfish allergy, so a taste will do."

Initially, Stephen's shellfish allergy was severe, but after taking Martin's medication, it improved.

Stephen nodded. He then sampled a piece and remarked, "Not bad. Simond mentioned you might be leaving next month. Is that true?"

"He hasn't agreed. I'm not sure," Abigail replied, resuming her seat.

Meanwhile, Spencer didn't take the news well. He promptly stood up and demanded, "You're leaving? What will we do if you leave? We're all hooked on your cooking, so aren't you responsible?!"

"You don't have to eat," Abigail shot back.

Spencer turned to Stephen. "Dad, you need to arrange for him to marry her immediately!"

Samuel furrowed his brows. "Who are you referring to? If someone's really marrying her, count me in too!"

"What nonsense is this?" Stephen frowned and growled, "Don't meddle with Sean Graham."

"What's wrong with Sean? He blew through 400 million in cash. Are we supposed to be afraid of him?" Simon sat back down casually and drawled.

"You guys need to keep up with international news more," Stephen remarked calmly. "400 million means nothing to him."

Those who had initially sought to take advantage not only failed but also suffered losses.

Abigail couldn't help but eavesdrop on the conversation about Sean, which in turn intensified her yearning for him.

But she knew Sean probably no longer desired her.

Spencer glanced at Simond with a smirk. "Sean is not to be trifled with. Dad, if he disrupts our plans, won't he be out of the running for the heir?"

“Enough!” Stephen said sternly, not wanting to entertain further discussion. “If you have nothing constructive to say, you may leave!”

“Does Sean still have an interest in her?” Samuel pondered.

Abigail remained silent, eating her meal in solitude with no common ground for conversation.

As for Simond, he observed Abigail in silence.

“Ms. Quinn, why don’t you stay here? It’s quite lovely,” Stephen offered Abigail with a smile.

“It’s alright. I prefer to go home.” Abigail declined the offer. “Thank you for the invitation. When I return to my country, I will recommend a chef to come here, provided that you cover the chef’s salary.”

Stephen nodded, not voicing any agreement.

After lunch, Simond summoned Abigail to the training grounds.

“From now on, you will train here every day. Once you have reached a certain level, I will send you out,” Simond stated, handing her a handgun.

Abigail was startled when she accidentally fired a shot upon raising her hand. “Are you out of your mind?!”

Simond had been stern for a while, but now he actually cracked a smile. “Let’s begin.”

From that moment on, Abigail was immersed in relentless training under Simond.

Before long, she lost track of the passing days.

As Sage’s memories slowly resurfaced, the atmosphere in the Simpson Family once again grew icy.

Abigail also sensed that something was amiss as her interactions with Martin and Andrew lessened.

With Sage’s recovery, the food therapy ceased, and they began consuming unappetizing cuisine together.

One early morning, Abigail witnessed Simond taking Sage out.

Despite Sage's frail body and emaciated appearance, she exuded a commanding presence.

The entire Simpson Family, excluding Stephen, mobilized and departed with numerous bodyguards.

Their plans remained unspoken.

In the evening, Abigail went to the kitchen to boil water. Martin approached her quietly and inquired, "They've been gone all day. Where do you think they disappeared to?"

As for Abigail, she didn't see the significance of them not returning for a day.

She figured it might be a while before they returned.

"Who knows? Are you searching for something to eat in the kitchen?" Abigail asked. The present cuisine was unpalatable, so she had not eaten much. Now, she was famished and intended to prepare some pasta that she had left unfinished earlier.

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Self-Rescue

Martin leaned over to her and took a look. "Cook me a meal. It's okay to eat Siverdian cuisine for a few meals, but how can I eat it for a few days in a row?"

It's either hamburgers or beef pasta, and Martin had eaten them all.

"Okay." Abigail smiled.

The feeling of stealing a bite made her feel awesome.

She made extra and prepared a portion for Andrew as well.

And so, it went on for almost a week.

Late at night, there was a "bang" of gunfire, startling Abigail awake from her sleep and even causing Larry to cry in fear.

Abigail comforted him and, in a panic, quickly opened the window and crawled under the bed with Larry.

Soon, the sound of gunfire outside began.

In the chaos, there were screams and cries, and Abigail tightly covered Larry's ears.

With a muffled bang, the door of her room was kicked open.

Abigail saw that the bed was hollowed out. She quietly grabbed the iron frame under the bed, pressed Larry tightly against her body, and stuck him to the bed board.

Fortunately, she had trained with Simond. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to hold on.

"They escaped through the window," someone whispered.

But they were still not at ease. They lifted the bed and checked the cabinets, making sure there was no one before leaving.

Abigail didn't know what happened to Martin and Andrew in the next room. Her heart was pounding. She covered Larry's mouth, afraid to make a sound.

Outside, the footsteps were still chaotic. The gunfire was deafening, and it was extremely terrifying.

Time passed slowly.

The gunfire that had lasted for two hours gradually ceased, and people were talking softly and laughing.

Abigail didn't know what was going on. She remained curled up under the bed, her body trembling violently.

As dawn approached, Abigail was so exhausted that she could hardly keep her eyes open, but the occasional footsteps outside had not stopped.

Just when she couldn't hold on any longer, the bedsheet was suddenly lifted.

A strange, fair-skinned man holding a gun looked at her.

Abigail's eyes widened as she looked at the man, her body limp.

"Come out!" the man spoke in fluent Aktani.

As Abigail came out, the man looked at her with malice, then looked at the child in her arms and said to the others outside, "There's a woman here. She could be used to suppress Simond, right?"

"A woman from the Simpson Family who hasn't been killed should be useful. Oh, and there's a child too," another man who entered said to the man.

Abigail tensed up, holding Larry tightly, and covered his mouth. She was afraid that he would cry and be shot.

Taken to Martin and Andrew's room, she saw the two of them tied together. There was a large gash on Martin's forehead, and Andrew was shot in the shoulder. There was blood on the floor.

Abigail was tied to the bed with Larry beside her.

The three of them were locked in the room, their eyes filled with despair.

"Rest first." Abigail's eyes were bloodshot. Feeling the pain in her eyes, she blinked hard, forcing out some tears to feel a little better.

Andrew looked at her and asked, "Can you sleep?"

"If I don't sleep, how can I run?" Abigail whispered.

Martin let out a sigh. "I knocked out all the guys who rushed in. I was planning to run out, but guess what? The outside is full of armed men. We can't fly even if we have wings!"

"We are really unlucky," Abigail whispered.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door from outside. "Shut up, or I'll kill you!"

The three immediately fell silent.

Abigail's legs were still able to move. She dipped her toe in blood and wrote on the ground, 'Rest first. Think of a way after resting.'

Andrew listened to her. As he was truly exhausted and weakened by the loss of blood, he could no longer stay awake.

While Andrew drifted off to sleep, Martin remained wide awake, whispering to Abigail, "Our luck seems to have run out. Being alive feels like a curse."

Abigail empathized with his sentiments.

Despite their ages, they had been enjoying a few peaceful months before running into this band of outlaws.

Lost in thought, Abigail eventually succumbed to sleep.

Abruptly, the door swung open with a loud bang, jolting Abigail and Martin awake.

A figure appeared, offering three pieces of bread. One was placed in Abigail's mouth, while the other two were handed to Andrew and Martin.

After distributing the bread, the figure departed.

Abigail was speechless, slowly nibbling on her portion before accidentally dropping it to the ground.

Larry, already famished, was on the brink of tears once again.

"Don't cry. We'll have more food soon," Abigail reassured him, eyeing the fallen bread.

Andrew nibbled on his bread, then conferred with Martin before inching closer to Abigail.

Andrew wanted to give his bread to Abigail, but she paused for a moment before telling him, "Let Larry have it."

He tilted his head.

Larry ate slowly, causing Andrew to strain his neck.

Midway through the meal, Larry could eat no more. He burped and flashed a smile at Abigail.

In that moment, ignorance truly was bliss.

Even on the brink of death, Larry managed to smile.

Abigail gestured for Andrew to finish the remaining half of the bread.

They took turns feeding each other until all four of them were satiated.

After a brief rest, Abigail felt a surge of energy.

She subtly indicated the broken glass on the floor with her eyes, prompting Andrew to understand her intention.

They cautiously approached the glass, with Andrew exerting all his strength to retrieve a shard. He discreetly concealed it and, alongside Martin, returned to their original positions.

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She's Too Ruthless

The rope was thick, and they needed to cut it slowly.

Andrew started cutting the rope while Abigail took a break.

If only they could get hold of a gun at that moment.

She suspected that Stephen was already deceased, and these assailants had attacked under the cover of night, catching Stephen off guard and ending his life.

She was unsure of the identities or motives of those who wanted Stephen dead.

Nearly twenty-four hours had passed since the incident.

During the late hours of the night, Abigail was in a drowsy state when a loud explosion rocked the house, causing the beams to creak.

The three of them were jolted awake, and Larry began to cry immediately.

His cries mingled with the sounds of explosions and gunfire.

Andrew had spent the entire day cutting the rope, and upon hearing the commotion, he swiftly removed the rope from his body.

Although he had already cut it, he had kept hold of it.

Martin stood up abruptly after his rope was loosened. Then, he said, “Untie her. I’ll fetch some weapons.”

Andrew crawled over to Abigail, his body covered in blood and well-concealed.

Just as Abigail’s rope was untied, a man burst in through the door, cursing, “D*mn it—ah!”

Before he could finish his curse, Martin, who had been hiding by the door, sprayed a dissolving agent directly onto his face.

His features immediately became bloody, and he fell to the ground, screaming in agony.

Abigail rushed forward, dragged him inside, seized the gun, and removed the handgun from his waist. She handed it to Andrew. “Use this to defend yourself. I taught you how to use it before.”

When Simond had taught her, she had secretly instructed Martin and Andrew.

The three of them took advantage of the chaos and engaged in combat with several individuals.

Abigail took a life for the first time. She transitioned from fear to numbness.

Andrew sat in a wheelchair, pushed by Martin, while Abigail protected them.

The three of them exited through another door and fled towards a street lined with houses.

The gunfire behind them was incessant, and the bombardment never ceased, just like scenes from wartime.

However, Abigail dared not look back. She assisted Martin in pushing Andrew, and they swiftly reached a street with numerous houses.

Spotting a clothing store, Abigail exchanged glances with Martin, who had a plan in mind.

She kept watch at the door as Martin approached and melted the store lock. Once inside, they promptly changed their attire.

After changing clothes, they procured food and baby formula from a store and made their way towards the port.

After some consideration, they selected the most secluded port.

Although there were numerous ships at the port, they possessed nothing. Abigail concealed the firearms in a backpack and approached a ship with a handgun.

The ship's captain was asleep on board. Upon seeing someone boarding, he immediately halted them. "What are you doing?"

Abigail smiled at him and approached, grasping his shoulder. "We wish to board the ship. How much for the three of us?"

"Three individuals boarding the ship? No way. Wait until nine in the morning—ah!" Before he could finish, Abigail had already pressed the gun against his throat. "Will you set sail or not?"

"Alright!" The ship's captain was terrified, swallowing nervously and trembling. "We'll require additional crew members."

"Don't even think about deceiving me. I will not hesitate to end you!" Abigail threatened deliberately, her eyes filled with determination.

The captain gazed at her, swallowing nervously.

How could such a lovely girl be so ruthless?

The captain summoned four crew members, and they set sail.

Watching the island nation grow distant, Abigail breathed a sigh of relief.

Martin tended to Andrew's wound as Andrew had already drifted off to sleep.

Abigail stayed awake until early morning, at which point Martin woke up to relieve her of her duties.

"Keep a close watch on him. If he dares to entertain any malicious thoughts, do not hesitate to use your medicine to incapacitate him immediately," Abigail declared, fixing her gaze on the captain.

The captain trembled in fear.

Martin dripped some medicine onto the ship's deck, causing thick smoke to billow up, making the captain's legs go weak.

"I... I also need to take a break..." the captain murmured in protest.

Martin glanced at Abigail.

"Have one of your crew members who can navigate the ship take over," Abigail stated coldly.

"But—"

"If not, you will face dire consequences," she said indifferently.

Upon waking up, she was uncertain who might catch up to them.

Regardless of who caught up with them, it would not bode well for them. She had long been repulsed by Simond, and returning with him was out of the question.

The ship continued to sail steadily ahead.

Abigail felt reassured and decided to rest.

During her nap, she slept until sunset.

Feeling quite hungry but reluctant to sleep again, she rose, touched her empty stomach, and left the room.

Martin and Andrew compelled the crew members to prepare dinner—a simple dish of fish cooked with various ingredients, emitting a pleasant aroma but lacking in taste.

Abigail ate some plain food.

Andrew stood guard and watched the ship while Abigail led Martin to a discussion.

"We must figure out a way to earn some money to purchase a phone once we dock. Otherwise, we will be without identification cards or funds, rendering us unable to do anything," Abigail and Martin agreed.

“Perou is in turmoil. We have some weapons at our disposal, and we could return and target some individuals to rob for a few nights. What do you think?” Martin proposed in a hushed tone.

Abigail considered it feasible. “I am nimble. You all can keep watch on the ship. I will handle it.”

“Be cautious. I will provide you with some medicine.” Martin expressed great concern for Abigail, given that she was a woman.

“Do not worry. I will be fine,” Abigail reassured him, patting his shoulder.

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It's Me, Abigail

Half a month later, they arrived in Perou, a small country where public order was chaotic. Abigail acquired a mobile phone on the first night.

She returned to the ship and couldn't wait to call Josh.

After several attempts, Josh finally answered.

“Who is it?” He sounded a bit angry, obviously not happy to be woken up from sleep.

“It's me, Abigail.” Abigail's voice was low, with a hint of coldness.

“Abigail?” Josh almost immediately woke up, and after a moment of confusion, he asked in a trembling voice, “Do you not have a fixed number? Where are you now? Can you come back?”

“I want to come back, but I don't have any identification. Come to Ansela to pick me up and find a way to get me some identification. Bring some money with you. I really need it.” Abigail instructed him.

“When will you arrive in Ansela?” Josh immediately asked.

Abigail looked at the captain. "When will we arrive in Ansela?"

"About half a month. It's quite far." The captain replied.

Hearing this, Josh comforted Abigail, softly saying, "It's okay. I'll go over them first and negotiate with them. Are you sure you can come back?"

"If you're worried, come pick me up. It will shorten the journey." Abigail said, then walked over to the captain and asked for directions.

"Okay." Josh's eyes welled up with tears.

"Josh, I'm hanging up now. This phone doesn't have much credit left, so I can only talk to you for a while—" Before she could finish her sentence, the call was cut off due to lack of credit.

International calls are expensive!

Having spent half a month with them, the captain had gotten to know Abigail a bit. When Abigail mentioned money, he couldn't help but ask, "Is this money our share?"

"Yes, of course. You just have to set sail to Ansela. I have plenty of money," Abigail replied.

Upon hearing this, the captain burst into laughter. "Money makes everything easier. We can go anywhere and stay up all night for you!"

Abigail smiled but didn't respond.

Perhaps because she was about to see her family soon, Abigail found each day particularly difficult to bear, and she became more silent.

On the eighth day, Abigail saw a cruise ship.

The captain took out his binoculars, took a look, and then handed them to Abigail.

Abigail looked through the binoculars and saw a very familiar figure standing at the bow of the ship, her eyes moistening.

"Recognize anyone?" Martin asked Abigail.

"Yes. It's Josh!" Abigail's voice couldn't hide her excitement.

Having been away for nearly a year, with two close calls in between, she was finally going back home.

As the cruise ship and their ship slowly approached each other, a gangway was extended from the cruise ship to their deck.

As soon as Josh came down, he rushed to Abigail and hugged her tightly. "How long has it been since you last called? Mom and Dad have been sick so many times."

Abigail's voice was filled with guilt. "I'm sorry. I couldn't contact you."

Josh pushed her away and looked at her. "You've lost weight, and you also look different."

The intensity between her eyebrows is a bit heavy, probably caused by multiple near-death experiences.

"I will take you home right away," Josh said, pulling her to leave.

"Wait, what about the money?" Abigail asked directly.

Josh helplessly tapped her forehead and shouted to the people on the cruise ship, "Bring the money over."

Then, he looked at Abigail again. "Changed into foreign currency. Is it okay?"

"Yes." Abigail nodded.

A bag of money was brought down.

Abigail retrieved two stacks of money and placed them in her bag, handing the rest to the captain. "I apologize for our desperate actions earlier, but we had no choice but to rob you. This money is to compensate you. I wish you all a smooth and joyful life."

The people on the ship were astonished as they looked at the bag of money. Upon hearing Abigail's words, they waved their hands in gratitude, "Thank you for robbing us. Otherwise, we wouldn't have

earned so much money!"

Abigail chuckled.

After informing Josh about Martin and Andrew, Josh kindly called for assistance to carry Andrew onto the cruise ship.

As they bid farewell to the ship, Abigail returned to the cruise ship, removed an AK, pistol, and a few grenades from her bag, dropped a dagger, and then settled comfortably on the soft couch.

Josh gazed at these items, his eyes welling up. "What kind of suffering have you endured in the past six months?"

"It's all in the past," Abigail replied.

The darkest moment had passed.

But she still couldn't forget the first person she had ended with her own hands.

After the fear subsided, she felt a shift in her state of mind.

She no longer felt like herself, realizing that the person she used to be was gone.

Josh took her hand. "Let's go home. Our parents are waiting for you."

Abigail nodded, and after a moment of silence, she softly inquired about Sean, "So, how is he?"

"You've ended things with him. Why do you ask?" Josh avoided her gaze.

He had heard that Sean was now with another girl.

This girl was quite ordinary, but with Sean's support, she had severed ties with her neglectful parents and was now living with her grandparents. She was ambitious and kind-hearted.

They had a passionate romance, but it had abruptly transitioned into a more subdued relationship.

"Just curious. Go ahead," Abigail said playfully.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes | 10/27/2024

Homecoming

Josh's eyes were filled with a hint of seriousness. After a moment of silence, he whispered, "Two months ago, he started seeing a girl. I don't know the details, but I know they were often together. They even met Kevin together, and Cameron also visited a few times."

It was obvious what it meant to bring a girl to see his brothers.

Abigail's fingers trembled as she bit her lip and fell silent for a moment. She smiled and asked, "Who is this girl? Is she from a wealthy family?"

"Just an ordinary girl from an average family," Josh replied.

He had seen a photo of her. She was pretty and lively, completely different from Abigail.

She liked to visit various trendy and popular stores, and Sean would go with her, gradually getting caught up in the excitement.

Abigail nodded and stopped asking further questions. "I haven't had a good rest in a long time. I plan to sleep soundly tonight."

"What about that child?" Josh was still a bit conflicted about this.

Larry had been wrapped in her arms at the time, and Josh hadn't gotten a good look at what he looked like. But it was clear that Abigail cherished him.

"Oh, he's my child," Abigail answered directly.

"Yours?!" Josh was completely shocked, his voice rising.

"Not biologically mine. I'll do a DNA test when I return to my country to see if we can find the father," Abigail replied. As she was about to leave, she asked again, "Is there any news on Luna?"

"No. Do you think she is still alive?" Josh asked softly.

"I hope she is still alive." Abigail couldn't say for sure. The reason for her being alive didn't seem enough, but then again, what did it mean to receive two messages about her death?

Abigail returned to the room in silence. When she sat down, her emotions seemed to be stretched thin.

She lay down, pulled the blanket over herself, and as she turned over, tears slid from the corners of her eyes.

Silently drifting off to sleep, her pillow was already wet.

She slept for more than twenty hours.

Martin and Andrew did the same.

Six days later, they flew from Ansela, finally embarking on their journey back home.

Andrew sat on the plane, his eyes filled with wonder as he looked at the sea of clouds. After a while, he turned to Abigail. "The sun and the moon are together!"

Abigail had seen this scene countless times, and she replied, "Yes. The sea of clouds is beautiful, isn't it?"

"So, this is called a sea of clouds. How many days until we reach Eswadia?" Andrew was excited, behaving like a child.

"Between 12-14 hours," Josh answered him.

Andrew's eyes widened. "That's fast. Is this what a plane is like?"

Josh looked at him with some surprise.

Martin sat next to him, keeping him company as he looked out.

Abigail and Josh walked to the other side, and they heard him ask, "He looks quite old. Has he never flown before?"

"He's been locked in a room since he was young, never been outside in the world," Abigail whispered.

Josh couldn't quite imagine how someone could survive being locked in a room from childhood to adulthood.

“Once you return to your home country, how do you plan to arrange for him?” Josh felt that it was not good to keep him. Andrew seemed very dependent on Abigail, but the Pearsons would not accept a person with a disability.

“Let his father decide,” Abigail said.

Martin has a lot of money, and the account has always been there. Once Ansela gets the ID card, it can be used.

They would buy a house and then find a job at a pharmaceutical research company.

Josh nodded slightly. “Indeed. Children should not be solely taken care of by men. He is already an adult. Being taken care of like a child is not acceptable.”

“Say no more. It’s their own business, after all,” Abigail said.

Despite having disagreements with Martin along the way, they still helped her at the critical moment, ultimately becoming close friends who supported each other until now. Abigail didn’t want Josh to

criticize them.

“Alright. I won’t say anything else,” Josh touched her head.

The news of Abigail’s return to her home country spread, and the media were all reporting on it that day.

After all, it hadn’t been half a year since the incident involving Sean’s 400 million, plus Abigail was a celebrity.

That night, the search term on the Instagram story, “Abigail returns home,” trended.

Fans who had been eagerly waiting for Alana’s return saw the photos of her at the airport and felt that she had changed.

‘She doesn’t seem like herself anymore. I almost forgot what she used to look like.’

‘Her demeanor seems quite strange. What has she encountered abroad?’

'Did you see that? Her arms have muscles now, and she walks more confidently. Has she been facing danger abroad all this time?'

'It feels like she has shed the bit of gentleness she used to have. She seems aloof.'

People were discussing fervently.

Abigail's Instagram story went from returning home to a major change, and everyone speculated that she might have broken up with Sean, which was why she changed so much.

At this moment, Abigail sat in the car, looking at everyone's speculations on Instagram, unable to help but touch her face.

Did I really change that much?

Josh was driving in front, seeing her trending on Instagram, and couldn't help but ask, "What have you been up to these past six months? Is everything okay? Mom and Dad will be worried if they see you've changed."

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Who Is Interested in My Daughter?

Abigail put away her phone and gazed out the window for a long time. She whispered, "I took a life."

Josh slammed on the brakes, bringing the car to a sudden stop, then quickly hit the gas pedal again. "Killed... someone?"

They could never imagine such a thing happening in their lifetime.

Abigail nodded. "I had no other choice. If I didn't act, I couldn't leave and couldn't come back."

The situation was different abroad than in Eswadia, and she found herself in a place with armed forces. It was a matter of kill or be killed.

Josh's expression softened with sympathy. "Did you feel... scared?"

“At first, I felt guilty and scared, but... gradually, I came to terms with it.” Abigail furrowed her brow and explained that living abroad had taught her to accept things slowly.

“Anyway, nothing will happen. The people you got rid of must have been bad.” Josh comforted her.

“They were bad people and had harmed many innocent individuals, including chefs and cleaners in our community,” Abigail said softly as she recalled the bodies left unattended and scattered everywhere when they departed.

“What about Simond? Did that b*stard die?” Josh’s anger flared at the mention of him. Without Simond, Sean and Abigail would not have reached the point of breaking up.

“I don’t know. Let’s not dwell on him.” Abigail felt a surge of irritation whenever Simond’s name was brought up.

She loathed Simond, yet she couldn’t help but blame herself for falling for his deception.

Still, she couldn’t deny that without his help, she would never have found Martin. Her feelings toward him were tangled, so much so that just mentioning him annoyed her.

Josh decided not to press further and remained silent.

...

Upon arriving home.

The moment Abigail stepped through the door, she was enveloped in tight embraces from both Lawrence and Scarlett.

They held onto her as if afraid she might disappear.

Feeling a bit suffocated from their embraces, Abigail managed to utter, “Ease up, please.”

Lawrence loosened his grip, but Scarlett held on to her tightly and gently caressed her for a moment to assure herself that she was indeed real before reluctantly letting go. Tears welled up in her eyes as she said, “You’re finally back... That’s all that matters...”

Abigail nodded and gently touched Scarlett’s cheek. “Yes, I’m back for good now. I won’t leave again.”

“That’s wonderful!” Scarlett exclaimed and pulled her into another embrace.

Lawrence gently nudged Scarlett forward. “You go ahead first. Guests are waiting at the door, so we can’t keep them waiting.”

Josh entered carrying the sleeping Larry, and Lawrence’s eyes widened. “Whose child is this?”

“Mine,” Abigail, who was walking ahead, replied.

Lawrence was dumbfounded. He looked at Abigail, then at Josh with the baby, struggling to comprehend.

Whose child? Abigail’s child? But who is the father? Who dares to cause trouble to my family?

Lawrence felt like he was losing his mind. Upon seeing Martin enter with Andrew, he immediately scrutinized Andrew. “Are you the child’s father?”

Andrew was taken aback and shook his head repeatedly. “No, I’m not.”

Lawrence breathed a sigh of relief, then looked at Martin, feeling it was unlikely.

He turned and hurried to Abigail’s side. “Who is the child’s father?”

“I don’t know either. Let’s do a DNA test first and see if we can match it with the gene bank,” Abigail replied.

Lawrence’s heart sank, and his face turned pale. “You don’t even know who the child’s father is?”

“The child is already this big, so how could it be hers? Are you stupid?” Scarlett couldn’t stand it anymore. She thought men were clueless sometimes and explained that it took ten months for a child to be born, and now the child looked about a year old, which meant it was conceived two years ago.

Two years ago, Abigail was still at home.

After calculating the time, Lawrence also realized that. He felt relieved and said, “I thought there was some new thief interested in my daughter.”

Abigail couldn't help but laugh. "What new thief? Are you saying Sean is an ex-thief?"

"He is indeed an ex-thief, ditching you after taking you for a ride... Forget about him." Lawrence didn't want Abigail to feel sad, so he quickly changed the subject. "Go eat, take a shower, and go to bed. Or do you want to take a shower, eat, then sleep?"

"I'll take a shower first. Oh, and prepare a guest room for them." Abigail said as she turned to ascend the stairs.

Andrew looked at the large TV in the living room and felt a bit tempted.

Martin gently nudged him. "Let's go to our room first."

"Do you want to watch?" Josh asked Andrew.

Andrew nodded. "Can I watch for a while before going to my room?"

"Sure." Josh turned on the TV, showed him how to use it, and then escorted Martin upstairs.

Andrew found that Abigail's family was indeed wealthy. Even the TV had a membership, and it was in 4K Ultra HD. Back when he was abroad, some TVs didn't have such high definition, and there weren't many resources either.

After browsing through several shows, his eyes grew tired. Eventually, he decided to watch an animated movie.

Although he hadn't watched many of these, the ones he had seen had intriguing plots and depicted an exciting martial arts world.

He watched eagerly and was fully engrossed in the screen.

Scarlett felt like he might not be very smart, but she didn't dare to ask anything. She just prepared some fruits, desserts, and snacks for him.

"Have some snacks first," she looked at him and intentionally spoke softly.

"Thank you." He flashed her a warm smile.

Scarlett found him quite polite, and she felt a growing fondness for him.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

7-9 minutes 10/27/2024

For Him

As soon as Abigail had finished showering, Andrew was still engrossed in watching anime.

“Let Josh help you shower when you want to. Your shoulder injury isn’t fully healed yet, so you shouldn’t get it wet, alright?” She walked over to him and said with concern.

Andrew nodded, then quickly realized. “But my dad can help me.”

“Cut the old man some slack. He’s pushing eighty. There was no one around before, so we can’t let him bear this burden now.” She sighed.

“Got it. I’ll follow your lead,” he replied before turning his attention back to the screen.

Abigail sat down beside him, half-heartedly watching the anime while absentmindedly scrolling through her phone.

Despite breaking up with Sean, she couldn’t bring herself to contact him, even though he hadn’t blocked her on WhatsApp.

She wrestled with the desire to reach out to him, but the knowledge that he had a girlfriend now held her back. She couldn’t bring herself to be a homewrecker.

“Dinner’s ready!” Scarlett suddenly called out.

“Look at you, still glued to the screen even when it’s time to eat, and you haven’t showered.” Abigail scolded Andrew as she stood up.

Andrew continued to stare at the TV. “But your TV is so big and clear, and the colors are amazing. I can’t bear to leave it to go shower.”

“You’ll have plenty of chances to watch later. Go eat first,” Abigail said and wheeled him toward the dining room.

“Wait, pause, pause the TV!” Andrew yelled.

Josh helped him out.

During dinner, Lawrence looked around and then turned to Scarlett beside him. “Our daughter’s demeanor has changed. She’s become colder and a bit fiercer, and not as gentle as before.”

“After being outside for so long, it’s bound to happen.” Abigail didn’t argue.

Everyone was saying she had changed. The outside world did have a way of molding a person.

“Let’s eat,” Josh said with a tinge of sympathy and thought to himself, Being out there alone and having to rely solely on herself, it’s no wonder she has changed.

He had searched, too, but each time, he came up empty-handed.

The ocean was vast. Without Sean’s involvement, who knew how long it would take to find her?

...

After dinner, Josh wheeled Andrew into the elevator and headed upstairs.

Andrew was no longer surprised by the elevator because he had taken one at the airport.

Upon entering the room, Josh closed the door behind them and guided him into the bathroom. As he filled the bathtub with water, he couldn’t help but ask Andrew, “How did you guys end up getting taken by Simond?”

Andrew thought for a moment, then earnestly recounted the events that led to their initial upheaval.

After he finished, Josh’s eyes reddened. “If it weren’t for her resourcefulness, you guys might not have made it back?”

“Probably. When we left, we took advantage of the chaos, but I had a feeling it was Simond who brought us back. And there’s been some internal conflicts in the Simpson Family. Three brothers and a sister—there’s definitely a traitor among them.” Despite his childlike demeanor, Andrew could spot the hidden conflicts within the family.

They hadn't spent much time together, but Andrew had observed the Simpson brothers and their sister closely.

"Internal conflicts can sometimes work in your favor. Without it, you guys might not have made it back." Josh wasn't about to sympathize with Simond's situation.

Andrew sighed. "A lot of people died."

They had been forced to fight, and blood had stained their hands.

"That's not on you," Josh reassured him.

"I know. We had to fight to survive. But your TV is huge. Can you wash me up quickly? I'm not sleepy yet. That's why I want to watch TV a bit longer." Andrew's thoughts lingered on the events, but he wasn't dwelling on sadness.

"Sure. Don't you have a TV back home?" Josh lifted him from the wheelchair and settled him beside the bathtub.

"Yeah, but it's nowhere near this size. Your TV's like a giant wall, and the picture quality is unreal," Andrew exclaimed with exaggerated gestures. "They say Eswadia got all sorts of advanced stuff, and it seems they're right."

"You mean to say you've been cooped up in your house all this time, and you never stepped out?" Josh still couldn't wrap his head around it. How could someone reach their thirties or forties without seeing the world outside? Wouldn't that drive them insane?

"Yeah, I couldn't really get out, and since I never saw anything beyond my home as a kid, I didn't have much to look forward to," Andrew replied calmly.

If one has never seen the light, one will learn to cope with the darkness, Josh mused.

Josh helped him out of his clothes.

Andrew had a scar on his chest, which looked pretty deep, and another on his shoulder. It was still fresh with a thick, dark scab.

"That must've been painful," Josh remarked.

“Yeah, they hurt every time. I got this one while shielding Miss Quinn. I figured if my leg healed, I wouldn’t slow them down when they needed me,” Andrew said softly.

“Don’t worry; you’re safe here in Eswadia,” Josh reassured him, gently guiding him into the warm bathtub.

Andrew eased into the bathtub and felt all the tension leaving his body. “Ah, this is pure bliss.”

“A good bath tonight will lead to a good night’s sleep,” Josh said with a smile.

No wonder Abigail was fiercely protective of him. It was because he had shielded her with his own body from those bullets.

But what if... What if he hadn’t been there? Would Abigail have lost her life?

The thought sent a chill down Josh’s spine. Unbeknownst to him, his sister had come dangerously close to losing her life in a foreign land.

...

At night, Abigail tossed and turned about in her bed, but she couldn’t sleep. So, she slipped out of bed, still dressed, and tiptoed out of the room.

Afraid of disturbing anyone, she didn’t even turn on the lights and moved through the darkness guided by the soft glow of moonlight spilling in through the window.

Suddenly, a gentle voice came from the direction of the dining room, “Can’t sleep?”

Abigail jumped and turned around to look.

Josh hadn’t expected her to be so sensitive. He quickly spoke up to reassure her, “It’s me. Don’t be afraid.”

He closed the refrigerator and turned on the lights in the dining room. The room was instantly illuminated, and his worried expression was revealed.

Abigail finally relaxed. She took a step toward the dining room and asked, “Why aren’t you sleeping either?”

Josh was wearing dark blue loungewear, and his hair was disheveled. He had clearly just come down as well.

Upon hearing this, he raised the wine glass in his hand toward her and said, "I couldn't sleep. Want a drink?"

Abigail took a seat and rubbed her aching temples. "Sure."

Josh grabbed another glass and some tools, quietly mixing up a fancy cocktail. He slid it over to her. "I just learned this one. It's not too strong, perfect for a lady like you. Give it a try."

She watched him with half of her face propped up and felt pleasantly surprised by the attention he was giving.

In her mind, Josh was indeed a gentle brother, but his thoughtfulness usually extended to more significant matters, and he rarely paid attention to such trivial matters.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Everyone Is Waiting For Her

"Josh, it's been ages. You seem like a different person." Abigail grinned as she lifted the glass he handed her and finished it in one gulp.

Josh stared at her in astonishment and took a while to gather his thoughts before finally responding, "You never used to drink so boldly before."

She set her glass down, let out a soft sigh, and remarked, "Really? I hardly remember my old self anymore."

Josh felt a pang in his chest. He reached out to grasp her hand and, with tears welling up in his eyes, said, "When I was washing Andrew, I saw the bullet wounds on his shoulders and chest. I couldn't help but wonder, if it weren't for him, would I ever see you again?"

Andrew shared many stories about Abigail while he was bathed.

During those six months, she had endured gunfire and even lost her sight.

When she chose Simond, she lost her vision, and for the sake of their group and Larry, she had to give up the opportunity to leave with Sean.

"It's all behind us now." Abigail avoided dwelling on the past, as the thought of having blood on her hands inevitably filled her with self-loathing.

Josh tightly squeezed her hand and said desperately, "You won't leave again, will you?"

"I'm not quite sure." She was torn between the desire to stay after her return and the lingering memory of Luna. Despite wanting to stay, she couldn't shake the feeling that more unforeseen events might arise in the future.

She needed to figure out who sent those two messages. If it was Luna, she had to go save her.

"Abigail, you're not a superhero. You've done enough. Let me handle the rest and consider it my contribution to Luna!" Josh couldn't bear to see her put herself in danger again.

This time, she had someone like Andrew, who was as innocent as a child, helping her, but she might not be so lucky next time!

"But you can't do anything. You don't know what I've been through in the past six months," Abigail said in a low voice to Josh. She wouldn't have been able to become who she was without enduring that harsh environment.

Simond only taught her gun skills and combat for a month, but she gave it her all to learn. And it was because of her willingness to endure hardship in training that she learned to kill someone when it was necessary.

After killing someone for the first time, she changed completely.

Josh was in a secure environment, and he was oblivious to the potential crises lurking outside.

Luna was in Perou, not Eswadia.

Josh wanted to take Abigail's place because he didn't know, but now her words left him speechless.

Abigail smiled. "Josh, you needn't worry about me anymore. I've toughened up."

“Are you unable to sleep because of Sean?” He didn’t want to talk about this and immediately changed the subject.

She toyed with her wine glass for a moment before breaking the silence with a smile. “Not really. I’ve just returned and haven’t adjusted to the time difference.”

He took her wine glass, filled up half of it, and then said slowly, “Everyone knows you too well. You can’t deceive me.”

According to Andrew, she cried buckets of tears upon returning to the ship the day she decided to let go of Sean.

From Josh’s point of view, Abigail was reserved in displaying her emotions and mostly kept her struggles to herself. Knowing that she cried like that, he knew her pain was genuine.

Abigail finished her drink in one gulp before placing the glass down. “I’ll be visiting Grandma in Quinn Village tomorrow, so I won’t stay up late with you.”

She walked away with ease.

...

Back in her room, sleep still eluded Abigail.

She lay in bed, lost in thought, and only drifted off as dawn approached. Even in her dreams, everything was chaotic, with the past merging into a jumble of messy memories.

When she woke up, she discovered it was only 8:30 a.m.

She felt surprisingly alert, as if she didn’t need sleep at all.

When she headed downstairs, she found Scarlett humming a tune while preparing breakfast.

Abigail leaned against the kitchen door, sniffed, and asked, “What are you cooking? It smells delicious.”

Startled, Scarlett turned around and scolded. “You scared me half to death! Of course, I’m making your favorites. Come, taste my homemade pasta.”

During Abigail's six-month absence, Scarlett stayed with Analise and learned from her how to make arancini and various kinds of pasta.

She feared that Abigail wouldn't return for a long time, and if Analise passed away before her return, she would miss the meals she cooked and feel regretful.

"Okay." Abigail smiled.

She picked up a fork and knife, took a bite of the pasta, and paused.

Watching Scarlett, Abigail's eyes slowly welled up with tears. "Did you learn from Grandma?"

"Yeah, I was afraid you wouldn't come back for a long time, so I spent six months learning. Are they delicious?" Scarlett's face was filled with tenderness.

Abigail sniffed softly and reached out to hug Scarlett. "Thank you, Mom... Thank you for taking care of Grandma for me."

At one time, she thought she didn't need parents as long as she had Analise.

But when she encountered difficulties, she realized having more family members around was comforting.

Scarlett gently patted her back and said joyfully, with a tinge of emotion in her voice, "Abigail, I've always missed you. I'm glad you're back. I was afraid I wouldn't even get to see you."

Abigail always understood that Scarlett was gentle but also obsessed.

In the past, the latter was terrified of aging without Abigail by her side and feared her daughter wouldn't recognize her. So, she did everything she could to preserve her youthful appearance. Now,

for Abigail's sake, she stubbornly learned to make the unfamiliar pasta and arancini from Analise even though she had bad culinary skills.