

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 791-800

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Near Home And Timid

"Mom... I'm sorry," Abigail said with tears streaming down her face while feeling both warm and guilty inside.

"It's okay. You have your own path to follow. All I can do as a mother is to make sure I cook your favorite meals and wait for you to come back home," Scarlett said gently.

From the moment Abigail returned until she sat down to eat pasta, she felt like she was in a dream that was not quite real.

But now, she truly felt like she was back.

Everything at home was just as it was before, and everyone was waiting and thinking for her.

It felt good.

"Oh my! I need to get back to making breakfast. What would you like to drink? I'll make it for you," Scarlett said, nudging Abigail aside.

Abigail smelled something burnt and laughed. "I'll have some coffee. I'm going back to Quinn Village later to see Grandma, so I need to be alert."

"Sure thing," Scarlett replied.

Abigail sat back in the dining room and watched the morning sun cast its golden glow outside. After six months of drifting, her heart finally found its anchor back home.

After finishing breakfast, Abigail boarded a plane back to Pendorf.

Instead of heading straight to Quinn Village, she decided to make a stop at the mall.

Six months had passed, yet Pendorf remained unchanged.

As Abigail wandered around, she unconsciously found herself on the commercial street where Graham International was located.

She looked up at the skyscraper belonging to Graham International, and her thoughts began drifting a little too far.

At eleven o'clock in the afternoon, employees poured out of Graham International with smiles on their faces.

Abigail felt a twinge of unease and slipped into a nearby coffee shop. She pretended to order a drink, but her eyes kept darting towards the entrance of Graham International.

Is Sean... doing well?

Is he really going to marry another girl?

She watched for a while, but Sean never appeared, even after everyone else had left.

Abigail let out a sigh. Yeah, when he's busy, it's always Xavien who directly calls for meals.

Just as she was about to leave, she noticed Kevin's car slowly pulling up in front of Graham International.

Abigail craned her neck to see.

Kevin stepped out of the car and swiftly moved to the other side to open the door for her.

A pretty girl got out of the car. She looked lively, with a smile on her face as she chatted with him.

Kevin reciprocated her warmth with a friendly demeanor, though maintaining a respectful distance, much like he did with Abigail in the past.

While observing the interaction, Abigail's actions halted as if frozen in time.

It wasn't until the sound of her phone hitting the ground broke her reverie that she snapped back to reality. She quickly picked it up, placed a random order, and walked to the side to wait.

She couldn't control her chaotic thoughts because her mind was in a mess.

Is that girl Sean's current girlfriend?

"Miss, your coffee is ready," the barista said to Abigail.

Abigail nodded, walked over to get her coffee, and slowly left the shop.

She glanced at the empty lobby of Graham International and wanted to go in, but her legs felt as though they were weighed down and unable to take a single step forward.

After lingering at the entrance for a while, she left in a daze.

She had chosen Simond, so it was only suitable for Sean to find someone new.

Abigail didn't know how long she had been wandering around, but by the time she reached the Quinns Village, it was already two-thirty in the afternoon.

She was a little scared but still reached out and knocked on the door.

After waiting restlessly for a while, the door opened.

Analise's words caught in her throat, and her eyes filled with tears. She reached out, grabbed Abigail's hands, and sobbed as she looked her over.

Unable to hold back, tears streamed down Abigail's face. "Grandma."

"You've finally decided to come back!" Analise cried and embraced her. "You ungrateful granddaughter, how old are you now, and you still make me worry about you!"

Abigail had her hands full and couldn't hug her back, so she just continued to cry.

"Come in!" Analise, who was angry and embarrassed to cry at the door, stepped aside.

Abigail entered with her belongings and noticed the yard's flowers and plants were withered and overrun with weeds. She felt guilty knowing Analise hadn't been doing well during her six-month absence.

"Where have you been for the past six months? Do you know how worried I was about you? You didn't even give me a phone call!" Analise continued scolding after closing the door.

Once inside, Abigail set down her things and turned to hug Analise. "I went to take care of some things. Grandma, I'm sorry."

“Sorry doesn’t mean anything!” Analise burst out.

She was genuinely concerned about Abigail, but she was also upset that the latter had left without a word.

“Then you can scold me a bit.” Abigail tried to lighten the mood.

“Don’t try to charm me. I’m getting old. Can’t you explain your actions to me?!” Analise wasn’t buying it.

This time, Abigail had been gone not just for a day or two but for a whole six months without a single phone call, as if she had vanished into thin air.

Analise had gone to the Pearsons numerous times to inquire, but they claimed to have no news.

Countless times, day and night, Analise woke up from her dreams in fear. She dreamed that Abigail had fallen into the sea and no one rescued her. She sank into the sea and disappeared completely.

“I’m sorry, Grandma,” Abigail sincerely apologized.

“Are you hungry?” Analise didn’t want to dwell on the topic anymore. “You haven’t eaten. I’ll make something for you. Reflect on your actions because I won’t forgive you easily. If you leave without a word again next time, I’ll pretend I never had a granddaughter like you!”

Abigail murmured in agreement. “Next time I leave, I’ll definitely tell Grandma.”

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Late Warmth

“I haven’t eaten yet,” Abigail murmured. After seeing Sean with a new girlfriend, she had no appetite.

Analise walked into the kitchen.

Abigail trailed after her. She lingered at the kitchen door and watched Analise carefully.

While she stood by, she thought of everyone. Then, she sat by the window and felt a particular longing as she gazed at the moon.

She had never quite understood the feeling of homesickness until she was trapped by Simond. Analise made pasta for her and even cooked two eggs.

At the table, Abigail devoured her food until her eyes stung.

Analise felt uneasy watching her. Just six months ago, everything was fine. She had Sean and a wonderful family, and her sisters had found their partners.

But then she disappeared without a word. When Analise went to the Pearsons to ask, she found out that Luna had had an accident, and Abigail had left with a stranger. Sean also broke up with her.

“Abigail, what happened between you and Sean?” Analise’s voice trembled. “He’s such a good man, why didn’t you want him? You were abroad... who did you fall for?”

“I didn’t fall for anyone. I just couldn’t at the time,” Abigail answered vaguely.

“I’m not asking you about your time abroad. I just want to know what your attitude toward Sean is.” Analise still entrusted her to Sean.

He was such a good guy and hard to come by, Analise thought.

“It’s over. I don’t think about him anymore. He’s found a new girlfriend who’s an outgoing type. Probably suits him well.” Abigail chewed on her food until her cheeks puffed out.

She needed to eat more now. Just in case she had to leave again to find Luna, she might not be able to come back for more.

Abigail used to think she couldn’t bear it if Analise passed away, but now she realized it might not be so hard to accept.

When Analise heard her words, all hope in her eyes vanished.

“You let go of the best person. You really don’t know how to appreciate it.” She slumped in her chair.

Abigail forced a casual smile. "Yeah, maybe we weren't meant to be from the start. But it's okay. It's worth it. From now on, I'll use his standards as a benchmark when looking for a man, so I won't have to worry about being deceived."

Analise tapped her on the head. "You're grown and still getting fooled. You should reflect on yourself!"

"You're right, Grandma." Abigail laughed.

Analise felt a pang of discomfort.

Who wouldn't want their child to find the best person and have a happy life and a bright future?

After finishing her meal, Abigail helped Analise clean up the yard.

It turned out she played a different role in everyone's life.

Her parents would do many things obsessively because she didn't come back, day after day, worrying. Grandmother wouldn't make the yard as beautiful as before.

Everyone missed her to the point where they couldn't focus on their own tasks.

"Grandma, if nothing unexpected happens, I'll be with you for a long time," Abigail said gently.

Analise sighed. "These past six months, I've been fine without you. It's just that my health isn't great; my eyesight isn't very clear, so I didn't want to bother with it."

Abigail's throat tightened as she gripped the tools tighter.

"I'm afraid I won't even get to see you one last time if you don't come back," Analise continued.

Abigail pursed her lips and, after a moment, said, "Tomorrow, I'll take you to see a lovely child."

Larry was the child she had saved with great effort, and it was time for him to be introduced.

"Okay," Analise said, setting down her tools and slowly walking to the gazebo to sit down. "You do it, and I'll rest for a bit. I'm getting older and can't do as much as before."

Abigail felt a pang of regret. She had always promised to spend more time with her grandmother, but she had left her here alone for far too long.

The moon shone bright, and the stars twinkled in the sky.

Abigail set down her hoe and turned to look at Analise.

She was asleep on the bamboo chair in the gazebo.

Abigail quietly walked over and called out, "Grandma."

There was no response from Analise.

Thinking she was deeply asleep, Abigail crouched down and gently brushed her face with her hand.

The sleeping Analise remained still.

Abigail's movements stopped, and she slowly widened her eyes. She reached out and placed her hand on Analise's chest.

There was no heartbeat.

She couldn't believe it, so she checked for her breath, but when she touched her face, it was cold to the touch, causing Abigail's hands to tremble uncontrollably.

"Grandma!" She cried out, and tears streamed down her face.

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In the late night, outside the emergency room, Abigail, with swollen eyes, watched as the doctor emerged from inside.

The doctor looked at her and gently shook his head. "Mrs. Stein passed away peacefully. Don't be too saddened. She didn't suffer."

Abigail tried to hold back her tears, but she couldn't help crying like a child.

She had just cooked for her, and everything was fine, so why did she suddenly leave her alone?

After the doctor left, she went to the morgue where Analise's body was kept. Abigail squatted in the corner and sobbed softly.

Grandma may have been waiting for me for too long and was holding her breath, but now that I returned, she was finally relieved.

Abigail stayed alone in the hospital until dawn. As soon as she came out of the hospital, she felt dizzy and almost fell to the ground.

In a daze, she seemed to hear Sean's voice.

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A Light Dream

When Abigail woke up, she found herself lying in Analise's old house. Josh sat beside her, looking worried.

"Josh..." Abigail's eyes reddened as she still could not accept the sudden news of Analise's passing.

Josh held her hand. His eyes were bloodshot as he said, "After you left, Grandma fell ill several times, but it was also due to missing you. I took her for a few check-ups then, and the doctor said she was holding on to see you one last time."

Tears streamed down Abigail's eyes as she choked back a sob, unable to speak.

"Abigail, Grandma passed away peacefully. She is almost eighty years old, and she died without any illness or pain. It's a good thing. Don't be too sad, okay?" Josh rubbed her hand and comforted her gently.

Abigail nodded slightly. She sniffled and said nothing.

One needed to take time to accept the fact that a loved one passed away, even for someone as strong-willed as Abigail.

"Rest well. The doctor examined you and said you haven't been sleeping well. If this continues, it's not good for your health," Josh said, feeling powerless.

Analise passed away all of a sudden. She didn't even leave any words behind.

“Josh, please help me handle Grandma’s affairs for now. I might need some time to recover.” Abigail just couldn’t find the motivation to do anything right now.

“Okay.” Josh tucked her hand under the blanket.

Abigail drifted into sleep as she closed her eyes again. She dreamt of Analise sitting in the yard, chatting softly with her.

When she woke up, it was already the next morning.

Abigail lay in bed quietly for a long time. Slowly, she finally accepted the fact that Analise had passed away. The dream felt like it was Analise’s final farewell to her.

In the dream, she truly felt happiness. Whether it was her imagination or not, Abigail understood that Analise would not return, and she would surely want her to live well.

People always leave at some point. As Josh said, Grandma passed away peacefully, which is a good thing.

After getting up, Abigail made breakfast and continued Analise’s unfinished tasks, thinking she would return here to retire after Luna’s affairs were settled.

She worked alone in the yard until noon, finally clearing all the weeds. She piled the weeds together and set them on fire. Then, she sat in the yard with a small chair and searched on her phone for what flowers to plant.

When Sean arrived, he saw Abigail sitting in the yard. She was slightly hunched over. Her back and forearm muscles were slightly bulging, making her look sexier than before.

She was quiet, not as sad as he had imagined. However, Sean heard from Josh that Analise had passed away peacefully, seemingly as if she had just fallen asleep.

As people grew old, there would eventually come a day when they had to leave the world.

Sean stood by the door and gently knocked.

Abigail turned her head and was stunned when she saw Sean.

With just that one glance, neither of them said a word. It felt like they had been through thick and thin to meet again finally. There was a strange feeling of timidity and a desire to be close.

After a while, Abigail stood up and asked calmly, "Are you here to see Grandma? She is in the hospital's mortuary."

The date for the cremation had not been arranged yet.

Sean returned to his senses and frowned as he looked at the fire burning in the yard. He couldn't quite remember the last time he had come here. Back then, the garden was full of flowers. However, the yard was now bare, devoid of any greenery. It was like an elderly person in their twilight years, eventually turning into a handful of dust.

Walking into the yard, Sean looked at Abigail and whispered, "Please inform me when the funeral day is set."

After all, both of their families had known each other for a long time. Josh notified all of Abigail's acquaintances, suggesting that the Grahams should also send their condolences.

Abigail nodded in acknowledgment and then returned to her phone, choosing not to engage in further conversation.

Although Sean had countless thoughts, he chose to keep them to himself due to her silence.

After he left quietly, Abigail gazed back at the yard gate and was in a daze. She always believed that Sean had visited her at the hospital gate. Yet, she now realized it was merely a figment of her imagination.

After settling Analise's affairs, Abigail and Josh returned to Capitalis. Throughout this period, she and Sean had not exchanged a single word with each other.

Feeling that their relationship had come to an end, Abigail decided it was best not to disrupt his life any further.

On her first day back to L. Moon, Abigail was greeted with utter chaos in the company.

Before entering the office, she could hear the sounds of laughter and chatter emanating from within.

"I prefer Dawson Tucker. Ever since Eric left the entertainment industry, it seems to have lost its charm. Dawson stands out as one of the most talented young actors of the new generation, don't you think?"

“What’s so special about him? It’s all just hype! I visited his crew set once to design costumes, and he was quite arrogant. He is not my cup of tea!”

“Oh, please. How many of your favorites are compatible with mine?”

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Scary Woman

L. Moon was always the closest clothing production company to the entertainment industry. Due to its proximity to this highly profitable circle, individuals within the company gradually developed negative habits, such as gossiping about the company’s industry. If such information leaked from the company, it could severely damage its reputation.

Abigail had observed numerous incidents because of this at L. Moon over the past six months, resulting in a decline in their reputation and Garrett’s resignation.

Josh faced challenges in effectively managing the Pearsons’ business and L. Moon.

Upon hearing the discussions inside, she pushed open the door and entered.

Initially, the crowd thought it was a nobody. However, they were taken aback when they saw her. They quickly straightened up and tidied the snacks on the table.

“The design plans for Mr. Gardner’s production team must be completed this week. If not, the team leader in charge of this project must be held accountable!” Abigail said before entering the office.

Shortly after, Charlie Lambert, who had taken over Garrett’s position, entered the office.

“Miss Quinn, hundreds of drawings remain for this project, and we only have four days left. How can we possibly finish on time? Working overtime to the point of exhaustion will harm our reputation,” said Charlie as he lowered his head.

Abigail turned on the computer, entered the password, and then turned to face him. “Mr. Lambert, right? Are you in charge of this project?”

“No,” Charlie murmured.

Leaning back in her chair, Abigail looked at him coldly.

Charlie felt a shiver down his spine, realizing that Abigail was more intimidating than anyone he had encountered.

“Delilah accepted the project. She’s your girlfriend, right? I received a call from Mr. Gardner last night, saying that this project has been on hold for nearly three months. Everyone is waiting, yet we have not completed the designs,” Abigail said while crossing her arms together.

Charlie gulped hard and remained silent.

“Under your leadership, the company has incurred losses for four consecutive months. Just in breach of contract fines, we have lost approximately 15 million. What do you intend to do about it?” Abigail continued.

Delilah took on every project, but her team failed to deliver, resulting in contract terminations one after another. This caused all the individuals Abigail had trained to leave.

Sweats formed on Charlie’s forehead as he replied, “Miss Quinn, if you could just give us another...”

“No more chances. I have already instructed the legal department to sue you and Delilah for breach of contract. You two must figure out how to pay the approximately 15 million fine!” Abigail coldly interrupted. She wondered if they thought she was oblivious by attempting to establish factions within her company, treating L. Moon as their home.

Charlie looked up at Abigail abruptly and said, “Miss Quinn, this is unjust. I can accept the fact that you want us to resign, but what do you mean by suing us?”

“I will sue if I want. If you disagree, you can sue me as well. I have terminated both you and Delilah, so leave,” Abigail stated coldly, redirecting her attention to the computer. She had sent an email to Garrett the previous night, wondering if he had read it.

Following Charlie and Delilah’s expulsion from L. Moon, over a dozen designers were also laid off. After addressing the issue, Abigail contacted Timothy.

“Miss Quinn, it’s good to have you back, but my team... We are waiting to begin. What about the costumes?” Timothy still showed respect to Abigail.

After all, Abigail’s reputation preceded her. If it weren’t for her reputation, Timothy wouldn’t have waited for such a long time.

“Mr. Gardner, I would like to invite you and your crew to dinner at the Venus Hotel tonight to discuss our cooperation. What do you think?” Abigail’s voice was gentle.

“Oh, how can I accept this? I know you’ve been busy traveling for the past six months. It’s not your fault. You don’t need to have to do this. Just let me know when things will be ready.” Timothy had no choice. If Abigail hadn’t returned for a few more days, the contract between the crew and L. Moon would soon end.

“Dinner is on me. I will also explain the costumes to you. Mr. Gardner, please don’t refuse me. Give me a chance to make amends,” Abigail said sincerely.

Timothy sighed and felt bitter. “Miss Quinn, I did show you respect by placing orders with your company. However, Mr. Lambert hurt my feelings. I gave him many chances, but his attitude was too poor. I would have chosen another company if it weren’t for L. Moon’s expertise in historical themes.”

“I’m sorry, it’s my fault. I’ve put you in a difficult position,” Abigail said humbly.

“It’s not your fault. I know you just got back. You arrange dinner tonight, and I’ll invite everyone who can come.” Timothy was still willing to show respect to Abigail.

After hanging up the phone, Abigail sat on the chair for a while before calling Garrett.

It didn’t take long for Garrett to answer the phone.

“Long time no see,” Garrett said first.

“Have you read my email? Any thoughts?” Abigail got straight to the point.

Garrett smiled. “Miss Quinn, I’m afraid I couldn’t find you again six months after your next departure. It’s hard to support your company alone.”

“Why don’t I give you some shares?” Abigail suggested. She still had to leave, but Garrett was the only person she trusted.

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Suppressing Her Longing

Garrett fell silent.

Abigail was in no hurry as she slowly read the document, waiting for him to respond.

After pondering for a long time, Garrett couldn't help but ask her, "What exactly is the matter with you?"

"I'll tell you when you come to work." Abigail smiled.

"Fine. I'm honestly intimidated by you," Garrett complied helplessly. Since she was willing to give up the shares, that could only indicate that she was in desperate need of a talent to manage the company.

"Mr. Olsen, I'd say you're pretty capable. Why did you let someone like Charlie Lambert kick you out?"

Garrett sneered, "Let me make it clear. I left on my own. Less than a month after you left, the company fell into a power struggle. Do you know who Charlie Lambert is? He's the nephew of Mr. Lambert, one of our shareholders. I have no strong family support, so why would I compete with him?"

"Why didn't you seek help from my brother, then?" Abigail frowned. It turned out that there was another shareholder playing tricks behind the scenes. No wonder it seemed as if L. Moon had become Charlie and his girlfriend's property.

"I'm not close to your brother, alright? Looking for someone to back me up will only make me look useless," Garrett sneered.

Without pressing any further, Abigail uttered nonchalantly, "See you at Venus Hotel tonight."

"I nearly misunderstood what you meant from the way you said it," Garrett joked.

Abigail chuckled lightly and hung up the phone without another word.

That night, at the entrance of Venus Hotel, Abigail had just gotten out of the car and was immediately surrounded by numerous cameras.

Timothy was waiting at the door with a group of people. When he saw her getting out of the car, he hurried over to Abigail.

“Hello, Miss Quinn. I’ve been waiting for you to come back. I wouldn’t know what to do if you hadn’t returned!” Timothy exclaimed with a bitter expression on his face.

“Come on, let’s go inside. There are too many people out here.” Abigail certainly didn’t want to be surrounded by people outside.

Timothy quickly agreed.

Not long after entering the hotel, Garrett also arrived.

Garrett watched Abigail chatting with Timothy from a distance, and for a moment, he felt like he had mistaken her for someone else.

He walked up to Abigail and squinted at her. “You’ve changed a lot.”

After not seeing her for a year, he realized that she had transformed into a different person. There was an indescribable aura that she carried this time.

In simpler terms, she looked like a woman who was not to be trifled with.

“Is that so?” Abigail smiled. Perhaps her mindset had changed.

“This is Mr. Olsen from my company,” Abigail introduced Garrett to Timothy.

Timothy immediately nodded at Garrett and shook hands with him.

Their hands touched briefly before quickly separating.

After they were seated, Abigail raised her glass to Timothy. “I apologize on behalf of my former insensible employee who caused trouble for you.”

“What are you talking about, Miss Quinn? I just want to know when the clothes will be ready.” Timothy sounded quite anxious. “If we don’t have a timeline, the investors will come to us, looking for trouble.”

“I’ve thought about it, and I estimate that it will take at least half a month to get everything done. If you trust me, we can design and produce them at the same time. Once we’re done with one batch, you can start shooting the products. How does that sound?” Abigail proposed.

The clothes were supposed to be produced in advance, but now, they had no choice but to do everything simultaneously.

Timothy fell into a dilemma. If they shot the products by batch, they couldn’t guarantee that the clothes would be of the best quality. What if he couldn’t change his mind anymore?

“Timothy, aren’t you reassured now that Miss Quinn is here?” Garrett smiled and raised his glass to Timothy.

After pondering for a moment, Timothy sighed and nodded reluctantly.

In an attempt to make things right, Abigail clinked her glass continuously and drank glass after glass of wine.

When she finally exited the banquet hall, she stumbled toward the restroom. Having consumed too much alcohol, she accidentally bumped into someone while walking.

“Sorry…” Looking up, she saw Sean, and the rest of her words caught in her throat.

Sean took her hand and asked calmly, “Miss Quinn, why did you drink so much upon returning? With so many men at that. Aren’t you afraid of trouble?”

Abigail felt like she could take on all the men in the banquet hall, though.

“Are you concerned about me?” she blurted. Perhaps her courage came from the alcohol, or perhaps because she was genuinely upset.

Sean now had a new girlfriend, and Abigail wasn’t necessarily sad. She just didn’t know why she was feeling the way she was, so she kept it to herself.

She used to confide in Luna, but now, she had no one to talk to.

Sean didn’t say anything and simply guided her to the restroom.

“Go in now and be careful,” he reminded her.

Abigail stood at the door and stared blankly for a moment before turning around and gazing slowly at him. “What are you doing at Capitalis?”

“To settle some business affairs,” Sean replied calmly.

Abigail nodded and entered the restroom.

She was much more sober upon exiting. Moreover, she assumed that Sean would have left by now, but to her surprise, he was still outside, seemingly responding to a message on his phone.

Abigail observed the slight joy on his face as he conversed with the person on his phone and slowly suppressed the thoughts that nearly escaped her mind.

Despite missing him, she was well aware that he was already in a new relationship.

Looking back at her past, she realized that she was the mistress of their relationship. Abigail recalled Joan Palmer, the woman she detested, so even if she had feelings for him, she wouldn’t say anything.

“Thank you, Mr. Graham.” She approached Sean, uttered those words, and then walked away.

Sean pocketed his phone and silently trailed behind her.

He had imagined many times how Abigail would return, but he never expected it to be like this.

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You Changed Once She Returned

After escorting Abigail to the entrance of the banquet hall, Sean did not leave immediately.

Inside the banquet hall, Abigail sat confidently in her seat.

Amidst the clinking of glasses, she chatted warmly with everyone and drank glass after glass of wine.

Sean recalled that she hadn't used to drink this often before. In the past six months with Simond, she seemed to have learned many things from him.

Meanwhile, Xavien quietly approached Sean and noticed that he was staring ahead without blinking, so he followed his line of sight.

Under the spotlight, the woman who haunted Sean's dreams was holding a glass of wine and talking to the people around her. After finishing her words, she boldly drank the wine in one gulp.

Xavien couldn't quite recognize Abigail. "Is that Ms. Quinn?" he asked with uncertainty.

Sean withdrew his gaze and walked toward the elevator. "Are your eyes not working well despite your young age? Should I be reflecting on whether I've overloaded you with work lately?"

"It's not that. It's just..." Xavien hesitated.

People who had been through certain experiences would change. Xavien and Sean had been to Golden Triangle. For some of them, once they stained blood on their hands, they would become a different person.

It was easy for a villain to pretend to be good, but once a good person did something unacceptable, they would become completely different from before.

Abigail belonged to the second category.

Sean stood at the elevator door, hands in his pockets, not answering Xavien.

Xavien entered the elevator with him and stated, "She didn't even tell you that she came back."

"Why do you have so much to say?" Sean glanced at him.

Xavien was not the same as before, and he wasn't afraid of upsetting Sean anymore. He merely smirked and teased, "What do you mean? You came all the way just to see how she's doing, didn't you? She's doing fine, so now you can relax."

“You’re just that shallow.” Sean chuckled. Abigail’s grandmother suddenly passed away. How could she be fine?

Xavien looked at him without uttering another word.

In fact, Sean was much happier now that Abigail had returned.

During the six months when he broke up and lost contact with her, he had never been in the mood for jokes. Now, he was starting to speak more lightheartedly.

“Mr. Stewart wouldn’t want you to fall for her,” Xavien reminded Sean.

Sean didn’t say anything, but the ease on his face visibly disappeared.

“Until we retrieve the funds, you and Ms. Quinn can’t be together. Besides, she did choose Simond Simpson in the first place without bothering to give you an explanation.” Xavien thought all of them had treated Abigail nicely. Everyone around Sean was very accommodating to her, so he couldn’t fathom why she would treat Sean like that.

“Who said I wanted to be with her?” Sean questioned indifferently. “I still have a month with Ms. Walker.”

Upon hearing that, Xavien felt much more at ease.

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Abigail was drunk when Josh received a call from Garrett and rushed over, only to run into Sean waiting for Xavien to drive over.

Their eyes met briefly, and Josh greeted him first. “Why didn’t you say you were coming here?”

“I’ll be back in Pendorf in a bit, so I didn’t want to disturb you guys,” Sean replied politely.

Josh revealed a surprised expression as he noticed that Sean seemed to be in a better mood upon Abigail’s return.

Before this, Josh would greet Sean, only to be greeted back with an indifferent attitude, but because of Abigail, Josh never held it against him.

"It's totally fine. Are your grandparents doing alright?" Josh was concerned about Sean's grandparents after Analise had suddenly passed away.

"They're fine." After replying to Josh, Sean couldn't stop himself from asking, "Was it really a natural death?"

Previously, he had heard no news of Analise's hospitalization. Logically, she should have been in good health. How could she suddenly just leave?

"Well, the doctor said she passed away peacefully. Abby also mentioned that Old Mrs. Quinn was sitting in a chair watching her weed the yard, and then she fell asleep. By the time Abby was done,

Old Mrs. Quinn had passed away, and her body was already cold," Josh uttered in a calm tone.

Sean remained silent.

Just then, Garrett brought Abigail out of the venue. She looked fine, not even tipsy after drinking so much.

Abigail glanced at Sean with flushed cheeks before slowly shifting her gaze to Josh. "Sorry for causing you trouble, Josh."

"No, it's all my fault that you were forced to socialize as soon as you came back," Josh uttered while supporting her.

Abigail leaned on his shoulder, looking uncomfortable. "I feel like throwing up."

"Puke into the trash can." Josh guided her toward the trash can.

Before they could take another step, Sean stepped forward and nudged him away.

Sean held Abigail's slender but strong arm, his face showing a hint of anger. "No one forced you to drink, but you chose to drink so much!"

Abigail looked up at him and asked, "How did you know?" Then, she quickly covered her mouth.

Josh stood to the side, feeling indignant. “Excuse me, I’m her brother! Why did you push me away, Sean Graham?”

Sean was acting so obviously that everyone knew his intentions.

Garrett chuckled as he dragged Timothy into the car, ignoring them.

Meanwhile, Sean led Abigail to the trash can, his tone indifferent as he spoke, “Nothing. I didn’t mean anything.”

Abigail puked.

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5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

It’s Time to Let Go

“I’ll go to the car and get you a bottle of water,” Josh said, pulling Xavien, who didn’t want to leave, and dragging him away.

Sean watched as Abigail retched for half a day without vomiting. He reached out and gently patted her back.

Abigail’s body stiffened. Even though she was very reluctant, she quickly pushed him away. “Thank you, Mr. Graham.”

...

While Josh was still chatting with Xavien, Abigail’s slender figure approached.

He paused for a moment and looked behind her but did not see Sean.

Abigail walked up to him, took the mineral water from his hand, twisted the bottle cap, and walked toward the flower bed.

Xavien got into the car.

Josh watched him drive off to pick up Sean, sighing helplessly.

It wasn't until Abigail got into the car that he spoke up, "Did you talk to Sean?"

"About what?" Abigail asked back.

Josh scratched his head, pondered for a moment, and then slowly said, "About what happened in the past six months. You should explain things. Are you just giving up without explaining anything?"

"He already has a girlfriend. What else is there to explain? I didn't want to live like I did because of Joan. I don't want to be that kind of person. We are all adults now. Since we have chosen to break

up, let's move on." Abigail looked out the window, the light from the street lamps occasionally falling on her face, making her look very calm.

"You say you're moving on, but you've been drinking heavily. Is that your way of moving on?" Josh asked with a hint of concern in his voice.

Because he was her brother, he understood why Abigail was behaving this way.

"Drinking is just part of socializing. The company is a mess, and I still have to apologize to some people." Abigail raised her hand to her temple.

At this, Josh's face showed a hint of guilt. "I really don't have time to manage your company. Sean did a better job."

Abigail nodded. "It's okay, you've been looking after it. That's enough."

Back at home, Abigail felt a bit of stomach pain, so she poured herself a glass of hot water. She took several sips before feeling a bit better.

Lying on the couch, Abigail looked at Andrew.

Andrew was still watching anime, and it took him a while to realize that Abigail was looking at him. He instinctively turned around, looking puzzled. "What's wrong?"

"You focus on your show. Don't mind me." Abigail said softly.

"Why shouldn't I mind? Are you having stomach pain?" Andrew asked with concern as he noticed her hand on her abdomen.

Abigail lowered her hand. "It's not that bad. I just drank some water; I'll be fine."

"I'll look for some medicine for you," Andrew said, pausing the TV and wheeling himself to the cabinet to search for medicine.

"Andrew, has your father discussed with you how you're going to arrange things?" Abigail felt that he was not a priority here, especially since she still had to take him to the hospital for his leg.

"He said he's contacting the hospital, and once he gets through, he'll take me there for treatment," Andrew pulled out a box of medicine, casually responding to Abigail.

"That's great. Once your leg is healed, you'll be able to run around on your own," Abigail really hoped Andrew could stand up again, even though the hope seemed slim.

Andrew poured her another glass of water and slowly moved the medicine to her side.

Abigail sat up, took the medicine, leaned back on the couch, and let Andrew continue watching the show.

"You seem upset. Is it because you saw someone you like?" Andrew used to always think about being with Abigail, but after the incident with Simond, he slowly changed his mind.

He couldn't quite describe his feelings for Abigail, but he would still do a lot for her, even though the feeling of liking her was slowly fading.

Along the way, they had indeed supported each other, but he could never forget Abigail in the birch forest, dealing with the thunder and the words she said to him.

"Yeah." Abigail didn't hide it either.

Andrew sighed. "If you hadn't intervened back then, would things have been different?"

Abigail smiled, feeling he was a bit naive.

"At that time, Larry was still in his hands. Even without you, there was Larry. Besides, even if there was no Larry, I would have gone with them. You and your father saved me. I'm not an ungrateful person," Abigail said, then lay back on the couch, murmuring slowly, "I will eventually forget."

Before, she had been unaware that he had a girlfriend.

But now, things were different.

Tonight, she avoided Sean and didn't argue when he mentioned his new girlfriend.

Abigail had decided to let go by then.

The drinks tonight were definitely not in vain.

"Thank you," Andrew sincerely said. He used to be naive, but in the past six months, he had matured a lot and faced the true evil of human nature.

Although he couldn't forget Abigail's threat to his father, he also knew that without her decision at the time, they would all be finished.

The birch forest was their burial ground.

Abigail watched anime with Andrew for a while, then went back to her room.

She was upset, but life had to go on.

Sitting back on the bed, she pulled out the tablet she used to draw from the bedside table, about to revisit her old hobby, when her phone suddenly rang.

Abigail picked it up and saw that it was Eric calling. She was a bit surprised, considering she hadn't been in touch with him for a long time.

Pressing the answer button, Abigail spoke calmly, "Hello."

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6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Turning Point

She recalled that Eric had been in an accident before, and she had also heard earlier in the day that he had retired from the company.

"I heard you returned to the country. Is that correct?" Eric's voice was gentle.

Abigail sensed that he was intentionally speaking softly.

“Yes, I have returned. What’s the matter?” Abigail couldn’t help but become serious.

“During the past six months, I managed to sneak into Levi’s house once. I discovered a house that was locked all year round, right on Levi’s estate. I suspect that Luna might be held captive there. I have sent all the information I gathered to your email. Please review it and pass it on to someone you trust. If they decide to investigate, make sure they are powerful individuals.” Eric spoke rapidly as if afraid of being overheard.

Abigail seemed to understand why he had announced his retirement due to disfigurement.

“Eric, did you make the announcement to the public for this reason?” Abigail’s voice trembled slightly.

She never expected that while she was struggling on her own, believing that these matters were her own burden, there would still be individuals silently supporting her behind the scenes.

“What Levi has done is connected to our Davidson Family. If he is a good person, then all is well. If he is a bad person, I will not hesitate to take action, even if it means going against my own family. As a public figure, my actions are meant to lead the general public in the right direction.” Eric didn’t want Abigail to carry any burden in her heart.

If this issue was linked to the Davidson Family, then they were the ones who wronged her.

“I haven’t received any emails.” Abigail checked all her emails and informed Eric.

Eric fell silent for a moment, then said, “Well, I should leave now.”

Abigail and Eric both understood the implications.

He was not safe, being monitored, and his emails intercepted.

Abigail quickly exited the room and found Andrew in the living room on the first floor, watching TV.

“Can you help me retrieve the intercepted emails?” Abigail hurried down from upstairs and urgently asked Andrew.

Andrew paused the TV, tilted his head, and said, "I'm not certain, but I can try."

Abigail led him to the study on the first floor, turned on the computer, opened her email, and explained to Andrew, "A friend informed me that they sent me an email, but I didn't receive it. Could it have been intercepted through technology?"

"If it made it to your inbox and was intercepted, I should be able to locate it," Andrew said as he began typing on the keyboard.

Abigail stood by nervously, observing the computer screen.

Josh came downstairs with the intention of telling Andrew to go to bed, but upon seeing them in the study, he entered.

"Why are you both still awake at this late hour?" he inquired, standing at the doorway.

"Eric sent me an email," Abigail informed Josh.

Josh paused for a moment, then moved closer to Abigail.

As Andrew continued typing, he updated Abigail. "He's at a private estate in New Yoke."

"Earlier, he mentioned leaving the circle. Could it be for..." Josh pondered what he had said previously. It seemed he had planned everything, from disfigurement to leaving the circle, with the intention of gathering valuable evidence against Levi and his group.

"Most likely," Abigail replied with a solemn expression.

Josh refrained from asking further questions.

After a few more keystrokes, Andrew announced, "Got it!"

Andrew promptly copied the email and sent it to Abigail's inbox. He grinned. "Alright. I've copied the email. The other party won't be aware."

Having accomplished his task, Andrew promptly departed.

Abigail noticed a new email in her phone's mailbox app and opened it.

Eric had taken numerous photos of the estate, one of which featured Levi, a man who still retained his handsomeness despite the signs of aging on his face, with a fierce gaze in his eyes.

Adjacent to the estate, there stood a small separate house, not very large, secluded on its own.

Could that be where Luna was being held?

But why would they keep Luna imprisoned? Did Luna possess information that they feared she might disclose?

If so, why not simply eliminate her? Why go through the trouble of staging her death?

As Abigail examined the photos of Eric and Levi, she turned to Josh beside her and inquired, "Do you recognize him?"

"I am not familiar with him. Levi has not returned to the country in a long time," Josh shook his head slowly.

With no further leads to pursue, Abigail felt perplexed.

Fortunately, the photos contained dates and addresses in the bottom right corner.

"Perhaps we can uncover something by following the address here," Abigail murmured.

"Should we inform Sean? He has been monitoring this situation, and if we collaborate, our chances of success may increase," Josh suggested to Abigail.

Abigail was aware that there were undisclosed forces behind Sean's investigation of this matter, although he had never explicitly mentioned it.

"I will forward you a copy of the email, and you can pass it on to him. I need to visit the hospital tomorrow." Abigail had a foreboding feeling in her heart.

She feared that Larry had a connection with Levi.

Therefore, imprisoning Luna to bear a child for him would make sense, right?

"Does Levi have any children?" Abigail asked Josh, who was preparing to depart.

“Yes, a daughter,” Josh replied.

Was it for Luna’s sake that Eric would visit Levi?

Abigail furrowed her brow.

Was it for a son?

Because he lacked a son, he compelled Luna to bear one. But that did not make sense, did it? Why would a wealthy man require a specific girl to bear a son?

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Wild Rose

Abigail had a restless night, pondering why Eric’s third uncle, Jonell, had done so.

The following morning, she was surprised to find Sean was there as she descended the stairs.

Josh seemed to be elated, a smile gracing his face.

Spotting Abigail coming down, he promptly clarified, “I sent him the information last night. He wanted to know the details and came over right away.”

Abigail nodded and headed towards the dining room.

Sean’s gaze lingered on her.

Shortly after, Andrew emerged from the elevator and made a beeline for the TV in the living room.

Sean was visibly stunned upon seeing Andrew.

Observing Sean’s fixation on Andrew, Josh elucidated, “He’s a friend of Abby’s from overseas. Due to a medication error, he’s confined to a wheelchair, and also—”

He paused briefly, lowering his voice involuntarily. "He has lived a sheltered life and lacks common knowledge, but he is remarkably astute. We have obtained the information thanks to him."

Sean felt a surge of conflicting emotions upon hearing this. In the photo he had seen back then, Andrew was sitting next to Abigail, appearing fond of her. He recalled there was also a child in the picture.

Noting Sean's silence, Josh felt his extensive explanation might have been unnecessary and therefore stopped. Instead, he shifted the conversation to Jonell.

Abigail leisurely consumed her breakfast in the dining room. Even after she finished, Josh and Sean had yet to reach a consensus.

"What do you think?" Josh asked Abigail.

After pondering all night, Abigail, with a somber look, sat down, slightly hunched. "I'm going to make a trip to New Yoke."

Josh immediately objected, "But you've just returned!"

"Luna can't wait." Abigail's tone was resolute, her eyes flashing with determination. "If this leads to something, I will bring her back!"

She planned to conduct Larry's DNA test that day.

If it matched Jonell's, she wouldn't hold back any mercy.

Sean silently observed Abigail.

Josh was startled by Abigail, swallowing the words he was about to say. "Abby..." he murmured, grasping Abigail's hand. "I brought Sean here so we could discuss this together. What if something were to happen to you if you go alone?"

Abigail withdrew her hand, her expression icy. "I can hire people too."

As long as the price is right, what kind of desperado can't be hired?

Sean couldn't help but speak up, "First, we need to confirm it is Luna. If she's safe, we don't have to rush. We can let Eric stir things up first."

“What do you mean by that?” Josh inquired, fixing his gaze on Sean.

Leaning on the couch, Sean said with a cool tone, “Eric has been out of the loop for a while now with no news. His fans must miss him. We can discuss this with him and then disclose his whereabouts. If anything happens to him while on Jonell’s turf, Jonell will be held responsible. Once he becomes the focus of local fans and media, it will be difficult for him to escape the consequences.”

Abigail furrowed her brow. She looked like she wanted to say something but ultimately opted for silence.

Josh was super confused. He was worried that if Eric and Jonell were made to compete against each other, Jonell might forget that they were family and end up hurting Eric.

“This matter involves so much; it’s bound to require some bloodshed to resolve. Otherwise, it’ll just keep dragging on,” Sean said calmly, implying that rescuing Luna would nearly resolve everything.

He was hesitant to act because he feared Luna was still alive, which was potentially their last trump card.

“I don’t want Eric to get into trouble,” Josh stated firmly.

“Ask him. This is all the Davidson Family’s wrongdoing. If he gets involved now, his family might be spared in future reckonings because of his actions,” Sean said coldly.

Abigail stood up, her voice emotionless. “I’m taking Larry to the hospital.”

Sean had been about to leave, but upon hearing her words, he abruptly halted, “Larry is your child?”

Bearing her surname?

Abigail lowered her eyes to him. After a moment, she flashed a smile with a hint of mystery, like a wild rose in the breeze.

Sean was momentarily taken aback.

He didn’t get an answer.

When Abigail came down with Larry, Sean's gaze was fixed on him, searching for any resemblance to Abigail, but the child was too young to tell.

As Abigail left with the child, Josh observed that Sean's furrowed brow remained unchanged, and he remarked, "We don't know whose child it is, she didn't tell me. She only mentioned getting a DNA test to determine the child's father."

Sean averted his gaze; his jaw clenched tight.

He shot a dark look at Andrew, who was engrossed in watching cartoons, before leaving.

...

Abigail was holding Larry at the police station while waiting for the results. After explaining the situation to the police, they took a blood sample for testing.

During the lengthy wait, Abigail checked her phone repeatedly.

Two hours later, the police officer who assisted with the testing emerged, holding a stack of documents with a grave expression. "Ms. Quinn, maybe you should ask your brother what's going on."

"My brother?" Abigail was taken aback.

"Yes, our test result shows the child is related to your brother, so the child's father is him." The police officer handed the test results to Abigail.

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Larry's Dad

Holding the document, Abigail was filled with confusion and disbelief.

The child she desperately protected turned out to be Josh's.

What was going on?

Back at home, Abigail placed Larry on the couch and carefully examined his face.

Unfortunately, the little one was too small, with a round and chubby face that, aside from being cute and adorable, bore no resemblance to Josh.

Feeling like a storm was brewing inside her, she eventually called Josh.

When Josh returned from work, he entered and asked Abigail in confusion, "What's wrong? What's going on?"

Abigail grabbed his collar, pulled him to the couch, made him sit down, and gazed at him for a moment before inquiring, "When was the last time you were with Luna?"

"It's been a while, over two years... Why?" Josh couldn't recall.

There was a period when his memory was particularly hazy. During that time, he drank heavily, not caring about anything, as if he were always engulfed in darkness.

Abigail glanced at Larry, who was playing with a ball on the couch, took a deep breath, and then said, "Larry is your child, left to you by Luna."

She had considered many possibilities, fearing that the child might belong to a despicable person. But because it was Luna's child, she had always refrained from entertaining such thoughts.

Yet she never imagined the child would be Josh's!

Josh's eyes widened in shock, even more so than Abigail when she first received the results, incredulous. "How is that possible? I don't remember..."

"Just because you don't remember doesn't mean you can deny it. The child is yours!" Abigail's grip tightened on his collar, her eyes fierce.

After a moment of bewilderment, Josh turned to Larry.

Following his gaze, Abigail let go, her heart suddenly softening.

She had fought so hard, endured so much for this child, and faced numerous challenges, but the outcome was unexpectedly perfect.

Suddenly, everything felt worthwhile.

Abigail's throat tightened, and a smile slowly spread across her face. Taking two steps back, she smiled even more brightly. "I never expected the child to be yours. Everything that happened this year was worth it."

As she sat down, tears welled up in her eyes. "Luna, the child was actually Josh's."

Sometimes, she felt aggrieved by the chaos this inexplicable child brought into her life, but in the end, it was worth it because the child was Josh's.

Josh, holding Larry, appeared bewildered.

He strained his memory; he only remembered the times he was drowning in alcohol, perhaps having seen her a few times but waking up with no memory of it.

During that time, he was living in a haze.

It turned out that while he was lost in his indulgence, Abigail and Luna were both carrying heavy burdens.

"Mama!" Larry called out to Abigail, seeming not to favor Josh very much.

After all, Josh had no emotional bond with him. Children were like that. They would consider whoever cared for them the most as their parents.

"I am not your mother." Abigail promptly rejected it.

Now that he found his dad, why call her?

Upon hearing this, Larry began to cry. "Mama!"

Her head aching as he cried. She quickly went over to hold him, her voice tinged with helplessness. "I'm really not your mom. We'll find her soon."

Larry nestled in her arms, his tiny, tender hands clutching tightly onto her collar, not letting go, calling out, "Mama!"

Josh also felt somewhat headache-inducing. Abigail was his sister, yet his son was calling her mom. It was all his fault, falling apart over a lost love, not remembering a thing, and only finding out about his child two years later.

“Um, I should inform my parents.” Josh suddenly came to his senses.

Abigail held Larry, her heart gradually filling with joy.

This was Luna and Josh’s child; he’s their child.

“I suppose I could be your son’s godmother,” Abigail whispered softly.

The Pearson Family became lively in the afternoon, with even Sean joining in.

Lawrence’s mouth curved into a smile as he returned and immediately began playing with Larry, lifting him up in the air.

Larry excitedly pointed at the birds flying in the sky and then turned to Abigail, exclaiming, “Mama! Bird! Bird!”

“These are swallows, dear. Swallows!” She corrected him gently.

A bright smile lit up Larry’s face. “Swallow!”

Sean stood beside Abigail, tilting his head as he quietly observed her.

Because of her, the Pearson Family silently gained a new member.

In the Pearson household, everything felt complete except for Luna, who had not yet returned.

Scarlett had been eager to hold Larry, attempting to take him from Lawrence a few times without success. Frustrated, she stomped her foot and demanded, “Let me hold him! You’ve been holding him for two hours!”

Lawrence let Larry sit on top of him, gently spinning around. “Riding the horse! Giddy up! Giddy up!”

Andrew wheeled himself over to Abigail, his face filled with wonder. After observing for a while, he finally said to her, “My dad never played with me like this.”

“Do you have any memories from your childhood?” Abigail asked him with a smile.

Andrew’s childhood had been lacking. He had never experienced the simple joys that most children do in a normal family.

“I don’t recall much. The feelings your family gave me are strange and a bit of envy,” Andrew said slowly.