

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 821-830

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Extra One

The words caught Irene's attention.

Catherine wiped her face and smiled. "How could we not love her? It's just that she was mischievous and disobedient when she was young, so we sent her to stay with her grandparents when we were busy with work at that time—"

"Who are you trying to deceive?" Kevin interjected, "You were irritated by the daughter born from this unexpected situation and planned to abandon her, but her grandparents intervened, so they took her to the countryside. From her childhood to adulthood, you didn't provide any financial support to the grandparents."

Abigail furrowed her brow and turned to look at Irene.

Irene lowered her gaze, her expression filled with sorrow.

Abigail grasped her hand. "Remember, they didn't offer you any support, so you don't have to consider them as your parents. If they didn't raise you, they have no right to be called your parents!"

Irene looked at Abigail with teary eyes and nodded softly. "I understand."

"How much is the student loan?" Abigail inquired.

"4006. I've only been working for less than two months, and I don't have that much money. They said they would assist me if I went on a blind date, so I agreed. Alana, I'm sorry, I never intended to pursue your boyfriend," Irene replied softly.

“You did nothing wrong. It’s acceptable to prioritize yourself. Besides, we were already separated at that time, and he had the right to move on and find a new girlfriend. You have nothing to feel guilty about,” Abigail stated calmly.

4006 was a mere drop in the bucket for her.

However, this small sum of money posed a significant obstacle for Irene.

“I will repay this money for you. You can work at L.Moon, strive hard, and when you have sufficient funds in the future, you can return it to me.” Abigail touched her face.

Irene felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude and embraced Abigail, whispering, “Thank you.”

It was far more beneficial for her to earn money through her own efforts rather than receiving direct charity.

“My only condition is that regardless of your future endeavors, do not associate with them. Even if they take legal action against you, you need not pay them any heed,” Abigail said firmly, her tone tinged with anger.

Irene sniffled. “My grandparents also advised me the same, I remember.”

Abigail took her hand and led her away.

Kevin glared at Catherine coldly. “If you ever attempt to approach her again, your family will face bankruptcy at any moment, do you understand?”

After delivering his warning, he signaled for Sean to leave as well.

Sean shot a cold look at Catherine, snorted, and departed.

Without learning from their mistakes, they seemed oblivious to proper conduct.

Slyvie noticed Sean’s hostile gaze and asked Catherine, “What does he mean?”

“It appears that my family is in trouble... I shouldn’t have provoked them earlier. Irene truly is a jinx! Call your father back!” Catherine still failed to comprehend her mistakes.

Abigail escorted Irene to the car, smoothed out her hair, and said solemnly, “Return home and rest tonight. Pack your belongings, and in a few days, we will head back to Capitalis.”

Irene gazed at her with gratitude. “No wonder everyone admires you. You’re truly kind.”

“I assisted you because of your connection to Kevin and Sean. I don’t extend help to just anyone,” Abigail replied softly.

“To be honest, I don’t particularly like my parents either. Sometimes, I simply wish to hear their opinions of me, but today, I received my answer,” Irene expressed sadly, even though she had heard it from Kevin.

She never comprehended why her parents harbored such dislike towards her. It turns out she was an unplanned child, which is why she wasn’t well-liked.

“Some people are born without strong family connections, so they have to learn to heal themselves. There is no rule that dictates you must have a positive relationship with your parents to feel complete.” Abigail thought Irene’s parents were cruel.

Why didn’t they take steps to prevent an innocent girl from suffering for over twenty years?

“You still have me,” Kevin offered.

“Thank you, Kevin, but I want to focus on my work. If you have time, you can visit me at Capitalis.” Irene knew that aside from working hard and earning money, she didn’t have a better way to change her current situation.

Kevin couldn’t help but inquire, “Do you no longer want to talk to me?”

“I didn’t say we can’t talk. I just feel a bit overwhelmed.” She actually had no romantic intentions.

How could she pursue a relationship in her current circumstances?

Sean gave Kevin a significant glance.

Irene’s hometown was far from Pendorf. She packed her belongings to move into the temporary rental house.

“You didn’t even prepare a proper place for yourself?” Abigail was a bit angry upon seeing her living in such a messy urban village.

The rent here ranged from three to five hundred dollars a month, and the security was very poor. Irene's place was a converted corridor that was extremely cramped.

Kevin watched as she lifted the bedboard to reveal the limited space for movement, with a small electric stove on the balcony outside. His eyes filled with mixed emotions upon seeing these.

He had never experienced living in such conditions before... Is this just ten square meters that one person can occupy?

Even the entrance hall of his house was larger than this.

"I don't want to live with them." Irene squatted on the ground to pack up her few clothes.

No one knew that feeling of being watched when she returned, the sense that everyone despised her. She felt more at ease in this tiny place than with them.

Abigail felt a tightness in her chest and didn't speak for a long time.

She knew many girls like this, but it wasn't so uncomfortable until she saw them. It was only after seeing them that she felt angry.

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She Has Someone To Back Her Up

Sean approached her and gently patted her shoulder.

Abigail met his gaze and immediately grasped his unspoken message.

The issue that the Walkers should have handled was not their concern, but Sean's subtle intervention could prevent potential trouble for Irene.

Kevin escorted Irene to the station and did not return to the club.

After spending some time with Abigail, Sean took Josh home.

“Hey, how did the gathering end up like this...” Josh expressed some regret. He had hoped for a more relaxed atmosphere, but everyone had eaten little and decided to head home.

“We’ll have another opportunity to gather in the future,” Sean reassured him with a pat on the shoulder.

After staying at the Grahams’ residence for three days, Eric’s situation in New York became a trending topic online for three consecutive days.

Eric’s exit from the entertainment circle was very decisive. At the time, it was said that he had suffered serious facial injuries, and he never appeared in the entertainment circle again. His fans were heartbroken, and now, upon hearing about his disappearance in New York, they were all in an uproar, demanding answers from the Davidson Family.

After all, his team was operated by family members behind the scenes.

Abigail and Sean returned to Capitalis to find Maisy and Terry from the Davidson Family waiting at the entrance.

Upon seeing Abigail, Terry remained silent while Maisy coldly remarked, “It was Eric who first discovered your true identity. And now, you join forces with Sean against the Davidson Family?”

Abigail raised a hand to touch her nose and replied, “You’re assuming I know the situation. How could I be working against your family?”

Sean sat on the couch with his legs crossed while being engrossed in his phone and seemingly detached from the Pearsons’ predicament.

Maisy smirked faintly and said, “Eric has supported you, hasn’t he? Did you leak the news of his disappearance in New Yoke?”

“You need evidence for such accusations. We have no ill will towards the Davidson Family, so why would we spread such news and subject you to public scrutiny?” Abigail sat next to Sean and calmly defended.

Maisy nudged Terry beside her, prompting him to speak up reluctantly, “We discovered that Graham International was behind the leak. Eric is safe overseas, so why would you intentionally cause this uproar?”

Sean cleared his throat and remarked, "If he's truly safe overseas, then let him come out and release a video himself. Wouldn't that solve everything?"

Terry glanced at Maisy for support.

"He has retired from the industry, so why should he be dragged back into this mess?" Maisy retorted, her expression stern and displeased.

Sean raised an eyebrow with amusement in his eyes. "If he's truly disconnected from this industry, why bother about the fans? Just ignore them."

Moisey was infuriated by his clever argument.

Abigail nonchalantly added, "If it's not okay, then let him issue a statement himself. What's the big deal? Why does he have to come to us for an explanation? Besides, even if you found out it was sent by Graham International, was it really from them?"

Sean continued to tap on his phone screen while maintaining his silence.

Seeing the lack of response, Maisy stood up with a stern expression and directed a glance at Lawrence. "The younger generation should be taught proper manners. If not for this daughter, the relationship between our families wouldn't have deteriorated to this extent."

"The matters concerning the Pearsons don't require any concern from the Davidson Family. As for relationships, Abby has a good relationship with Eric, and Josh has always been close friends with Eric. The reason behind it all is simply that some elders in the Davidson Family lack understanding," Lawrence said calmly.

Sensing Maisy's rising anger, Terry quickly intervened. "You should step out first. I'll handle this conversation."

"If I had known, I wouldn't have allowed Eric to assist in her return. What a disaster!" Maisy exclaimed in frustration.

Scarlett's complexion paled as she halted Maisy. "Maisy, please refrain from making inappropriate comments. Whether the Pearsons' children are troublesome or not is up to us to determine. If you continue to speak irresponsibly here, are you not afraid of me confronting you?"

Abigail gazed at Scarlett in astonishment.

Apart from Analise, Scarlett was the second person to defend her.

Maisy was taken aback, then grew indignant. "You are being outrageous!"

"You come to the Pearsons and label my children as troublesome. I believe it is you who lacks respect for the elderly. Who do you think you are to interfere in my children's affairs from the Pearsons?" Scarlett clenched her teeth, her eyes brimming with animosity.

She had promised Analise that she would always support Abigail, no matter what.

Abigail had faced numerous hardships in her early years without the support of her parents. However, now that she was part of the Pearsons, even if she managed to upset the entire elite circle of Capitalis, Scarlett wouldn't allow Abigail to suffer any consequences.

Maisy glared at Scarlett with fury in her eyes.

The two women stood silently for a moment, and then Maisy sneered, waved her hand dismissively, and walked away.

Scarlett eased up slightly but glared at Maisy's retreating figure.

Abigail approached her and took her hand. "It's alright. I'm not bothered."

"But I am." Scarlett turned around and embraced her tightly. "With me by your side, no one will dare to mistreat you!"

Abigail nodded, feeling a sense of warmth in her heart.

Terry waited for Maisy to depart before furrowing his brow and inquiring, "How did you find out that Eric was in New Yoke?"

"Don't you already know?" Sean replied.

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Not Short Of Money

The look on Terry's face was grave. "I don't know," he said. "He mentioned going on a trip and then disappeared. We've been searching for him for the past six months."

"He could be staying at your third brother's place," Sean suggested calmly.

Terry looked incredulous upon hearing this. "How is that possible? My brother has been conducting business overseas for years..."

Before he could finish his sentence, a realization dawned on him, prompting him to fall silent.

"Mr. Davidson, your son is attempting to protect you. Given your status, any issues within the Davidson Family would attract significant public scrutiny. It's not something ordinary individuals can handle," Sean explained calmly. After conducting a background check on Eric's parents, he found them to be reputable.

He remained unaware of the tensions between the Davidson Family and the Pearsons.

"Is that so?" Terry's voice softened. After a moment of contemplation, he turned to Sean. "If you require any assistance, please don't hesitate to reach out."

"For now, it's best for you to feign ignorance," Sean advised calmly.

Terry nodded in agreement and said nothing more.

After Terry left, Sean remarked to Lawrence, "No wonder Eric is such a good person. He was raised well by his parents."

"Molly's sons are all quite capable, but it's surprising that only one of them stays on the right path," Lawrence remarked with a sigh.

Sean's primary reason for visiting was to meet with Martin.

Martin had been struggling to secure a position at the hospital recently. Despite his skills, his efforts had been in vain. The Johnson Hospital Research Institute lacked international recognition, and the medications they developed did not bear his name, resulting in a lack of interest.

When Lawrence called for Martin, Abigail noticed how much Martin had aged.

Indeed, the job search process could be draining. Even someone as skilled as Martin encountered obstacles.

“Which hospital are you interested in?” Sean inquired directly.

“The Metro Hospital, which is the largest one with the best reputation,” Martin responded.

Sean nodded. “I can arrange for you to get in, but on the condition that your son assists me with a task. I understand his health condition, so I won’t push him too hard.”

“It’s up to him,” Martin replied. He had never asked Andrew for help, nor had he considered leveraging Andrew’s abilities to improve his circumstances.

As he aged, and with time running out, all he desired was for Andrew’s leg to heal.

Sean approached Andrew, who was engrossed in watching anime and glanced at him.

Andrew noticed his gaze and looked up. “Is there something you need?”

“Have you ever been to the movies?” Sean asked, taking a seat beside him on the couch.

Andrew had never been to the movies, of course.

“I’ve heard of them,” he replied, a glimmer of hope in his voice.

Sean regarded him with a kind look. “I can create a space for you that resembles a movie theater where you can watch films. There’s an animated movie in 3D that’s highly acclaimed and was featured at the Berlin Film Festival.”

Andrew’s interest was piqued.

He had high standards for visual entertainment, and Sean’s words resonated with him.

“I’m sure you can check if that movie is still available on TV, but it’s best experienced in 3D at the theater,” Sean suggested softly.

After a moment of contemplation, Andrew looked at the TV and inquired, “What do you need my help with?”

“Assist me in developing an app. It must be inaccessible without my authorization, and the operation should be complex,” Sean explained, locking eyes with him.

Andrew thought it sounded like a straightforward task and scratched his head. "Sure, sounds simple enough."

Sean thought to himself that Abigail truly struck gold.

Does this guy have any idea how intricate developing such an app can be? Of course, there are geniuses in every field. The abilities of a genius always exceed those of ordinary people.

"I'll give you a month to work on it," Sean said, patting his shoulder.

"I don't need a month; I can finish it in a few days. Your movie theater should be ready in a few days, too," Andrew replied.

"Deal." Sean couldn't help but smile.

Sean stood up and walked over to Martin's side, saying, "Come, I'll take you to start your new job."

"Is that all?" Martin asked, looking surprised.

"I heard you are very capable of doing modern medicine research. Would you like to join the Pharmaceutical Research Institute?" Sean inquired.

Martin was still very passionate about research after having been in the industry for his entire lifetime.

"Once you join the Pharmaceutical Research Institute, your reputation will grow. Your work will be recognized by everyone in the future." Sean expressed his hope that Martin wouldn't waste his talent.

How many people would dedicate themselves to research for a decade like him?

"Great!" Martin exclaimed happily, glancing at Abigail.

Abigail smiled and said, "Work hard."

"Got it," Martin replied with a smile.

After sorting out Martin's affairs, Sean purchased a house for them in Capitalis.

Abigail, as a consultant, expressed some concern. “You bought such an expensive house. Do you have the funds?”

“It’s been six months, and the 400 million should’ve been handled by now. Don’t underestimate me,” Sean said with a smile.

Abigail smiled back. “I really admire people like you who know how to make money!”

“You’re also skilled at making money, so don’t underestimate yourself. What do you think about turning this room into a theater?” Sean suggested, leading her into a specially designed room that could serve as a small screening theater.

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Other Uses

“It’s enough. That’s already quite extravagant for a one-person audience,” Abigail remarked.

“Since he’s helping me, I have to ensure his satisfaction; he’s also a client,” Sean smiled. “If I serve him well, he will be very useful in the future.”

“You have to arrange for the house help properly,” Abigail reminded him.

Martin was busy with research, so he definitely wouldn’t have time to take care of Andrew.

“Okay.” Sean nodded.

Sean’s theater for Andrew was completed in three days.

But Andrew was not finished yet.

Martin took him to the new house, and Andrew was stunned by the bright house and sunroom.

Outside the solarium were all plants. As the sunlight shone through them and entered the sunroom, it created a forest-like atmosphere.

Andrew really liked it here. He pushed his wheelchair around in the sunroom, and when he saw a desk and bookshelf on the side, he was even more satisfied.

“Dad, this place is beautiful.” Andrew turned his head, his face full of joy. “It’s much better than Johnson Hospital Research Institute.”

The butler beside him smiled and said, “Mr. Colleen, you can read here, and the kitchen will prepare whatever you want to eat immediately.”

“I don’t want to eat anything for now. I want to go see the movie theater.” Andrew couldn’t wait.

If the sunroom was this good, the theater must be even better!

The butler immediately showed him the way.

Martin walked around the house and then turned to Sean, who was on the phone.

After Sean finished the call, he smiled. “Are you satisfied?”

“It’s really nice. Working from home is really great.” Martin felt grateful. “Andrew was right. Working with good people leads to better results.”

“Good people have boundaries, too; just remember that. I have some important matters to attend to, so you guys take care of yourselves,” Sean said in a calm tone, ready to leave.

Martin walked him to the door and said again, “Thank you.”

“You should thank Abby; she’s the one who brought you back to your homeland,” Sean replied.

Martin nodded. After living abroad for so many years and conducting extensive research on drugs, he had no fame to speak of except for some money.

If he hadn’t gone abroad in the first place, would he easily have access to all these things in Eswadia now? Moreover, Andrew wouldn’t be paralyzed either.

Sean received news that Eric had posted a video on social media, claiming that everything was fine at his uncle’s house in New Yoke. He was subtly pointing fingers at Sean and spreading rumors behind his back.

Xavien said that Eric's fans were now attacking Graham International, demanding justice.

Sitting in the car, Sean listened to Xavien, and his face turned cold. "Release the second plan."

He had already anticipated that such a situation might occur and had taken precautions in advance.

In less than half an hour, Graham International caught a group of marketing accounts and filed a lawsuit against them.

Eric's fans realized that someone was trying to harm Graham International and started cursing the companies behind these marketing accounts.

In an instant, the internet was buzzing, and even Graham International's stock market rose slightly.

That night, they returned to the Pearsons.

Holding Larry, Josh leaned in to ask, "Are you manipulating things online behind the scenes?"

"I knew they would try to smear me, so I took advantage of it." Sean reclined on the couch, with a hint of disdain in his tone.

Abigail emerged from the kitchen and served him a bowl of soup made by Scarlett. "Try this. Fighting with people every day must have killed a lot of brain cells. My mom says it's good for the brain."

Sean took the bowl with a smile. "Thanks, honey. Fighting too much can indeed make one stupid."

"Can you stop showing off?" Josh's face immediately fell. "Am I not getting any?"

"I'll give you some later. Let him finish first, then I'll serve you." Abigail reclined on the couch, observing Sean's profile while responding to Josh.

Josh sighed. "You seem completely focused on him... Never mind, I'm not that hungry. I'll have some later at dinner. I don't need food for the brain."

After finishing the soup, Sean handed the bowl to Abigail. "It's really delicious. Please thank her for me."

Abigail took the bowl and gazed into his eyes. "Do you think there's something off about Eric's video?"

"I believe so. If he's still the same as before, he wouldn't be making such vague statements. Some of his fans are starting to question the video's authenticity." Sean narrowed his eyes.

Upon watching the video, he had two theories: either he was forced to say it, or it was fabricated.

However, they would have to wait for Xavien's findings to find out whether it was fabricated or not.

Josh furrowed his brow, "What if he was threatened into saying those things?"

"This is also one of my theories." Sean's expression turned grave. "If so, his situation is indeed dire."

Abigail, upon hearing this, grew even more anxious.

She clutched the bowl tightly, took a deep breath, and asked in a somber tone, "What about Luna?"

If Eric and the others could be mistreated like this, Luna, who had no ties to those people, would be in an even worse situation, wouldn't she?

"I've always had doubts about Luna's circumstances. If she's merely a pawn to drive us apart, she should have achieved her goal by now and would no longer be useful. It wouldn't make sense for her to still be able to contact you later on," Sean remarked with a serious gaze.

Josh bit his lip and inquired nervously, "So there must be another use for her?"

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Jealous of Genius

“Instead of speculating, it’s better to go there in person. Once everything is set up on that end, we can go and see for ourselves,” Sean had checked on Jonell and had some suspicions, but it wasn’t convenient to tell Josh.

After dinner, Abigail finished showering and leaned against Sean.

“I checked on Jonell and found out that he and Luna had a brief encounter at a trade fair in Honkun, but Luna should have forgotten about him,” Sean had been pondering whether it was during that trade fair that caught Jonell’s attention on her.

Perhaps it was just a man’s fleeting infatuation with a woman.

If it weren’t for Josh being in a relationship with her, and the sudden closeness between him and the Davidson Family, maybe it would have just been a passing interest, and it wouldn’t have escalated to the extent it has now.

Abigail looked up at Sean. “Do you think Jonell has developed feelings for Luna?”

“Just a speculation. Jonell’s wife passed away early on, leaving no trace behind, and no one in the Davidson Family has mentioned her, which is quite peculiar in itself.” Sean pinched her cheek.

“You couldn’t find out anything either?” Abigail felt like this wasn’t beyond his capabilities.

“The Davidson Family wants to keep it concealed. Even if I were to investigate, it would take time. The issue is, we don’t have that much time to spare,” Sean said, flipping her over and pressing her down. “Let’s rest, prepare early, and go rescue her. I can’t wait to marry you.”

He no longer wanted those incidents to cause them to be separated again.

This time, no matter what, they had to go together. He couldn’t let her be in danger alone anymore.

“Okay.” Abigail’s heart softened. The words sweetened and fueled her anticipation of marriage.

Andrew spent four days developing an app for Sean.

Sean posted what he created on the hacker alliance website, claiming there was 10,000 inside. Whoever could crack the app first would receive the 10,000, and they could use various methods to obtain it.

Every day, someone would be attempting to breach the app.

As the app's security officer, Andrew had to defend himself against all the hackers attacking every day.

"You're not going to exhaust him with all these attacks, are you?" Abigail sat next to Andrew, watching his fingers fly over the keyboard as she worriedly asked Sean.

"How many of them do you think he's worried about?" Sean replied with a smile.

Andrew looked very serious. After defeating another formidable opponent, he furrowed his brow. "Why are so many people attacking the app I created?"

"Because there's 10,000 inside," Sean answered.

Andrew looked puzzled. "If you didn't disclose it, how would they know?"

Sean didn't say anything. Of course, he had disclosed it, which was why so many people were attacking the app.

Realizing this, Andrew sighed softly. "No wonder there are so many skilled individuals attacking every day. So, you leaked the information to provoke them to attack it. Do you not trust my abilities?"

"No, it's because there are crucial things in the app, so I want to apply pressure in advance. If someone breaks through, it will be easier for me to fix it." The smile on Sean's lips deepened. "If you can withstand all the pressure, I will reward you with the 10,000."

Andrew wasn't particularly interested in money, but it was still a challenge.

"I'll give it a shot." He couldn't guarantee that he could resist these individuals one hundred percent.

After all, as they say in Eswadia, there is always someone better out there.

Sean emerged from the room with Abigail. Xavien was envious. “He’s truly remarkable. I want to be his apprentice.”

“I wonder if he will accept,” Abigail said with a smile.

Xavien also believed that Andrew was unlikely to accept him, as he appeared very laid-back and relied solely on talent in this field.

In contrast, Xavien added to his bit of talent with hard work. He had worked hard to stay by Sean’s side.

Just comparing the houses Sean had arranged for Martin and him, it was evident that he was always generous toward talented individuals.

Xavien felt incredibly envious...

After a week of relentless attacks, the app was finally hacked into, and the 10,000 was stolen.

The individual who took the money boasted about it.

Andrew was seething with anger. “I must confront this person! I will offer 20,000 and allow them to continue their attacks!”

Sean made the announcement on his behalf.

Even until Sean was going to New Yoke, the attacker had not yet breached the app created by Andrew.

“They keep attacking, and you keep monitoring. Can you develop something similar? I would like to use it,” Sean inquired.

After a moment of silence, Andrew responded, “If you have something of great importance to safeguard, create a duplicate, like a and b. Map the data from a to b, so if a is compromised, it will self-destruct automatically. B will then trigger emergency protocols, conceal itself, and send an alert to your phone. This way, even if the data is valuable, it won’t be immediately stolen.”

Sean looked slightly puzzled. “Is this truly feasible?”

If there was an application like this, with b's hidden activation delayed by just a few hours, it would provide enough time to transfer the funds to a secure location.

"You could even create multiple versions of these to confuse the adversary and frustrate them. That's the beauty of computers," Andrew remarked as he began coding the program.

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Not Willing to Leave

"Okay, you handle it that way. Abigail and I are heading to New Yoke." Sean paused for a moment, then continued, "It's best to get it done within ten days."

He was concerned that the situation might change by the time they arrived in New Yoke, and there wouldn't be enough time to transfer the money.

"I'll initiate a twin program first; it will only take two to three hours, and I'll take my time with the rest." Andrew knew that what he and Abigail were about to do was very risky.

Sean was willing to invest so much money in this app, so it must be very important.

"Then I'll leave it to you." Sean patted his shoulder and prepared to depart.

"Make sure to bring Ms. Quinn back." Andrew turned to Sean.

Sean nodded.

The day they were scheduled to depart for New Yoke was two days away, and both Sean and Abigail were occupied.

L.Moon was still in a chaotic state, but fortunately, Garrett was lending a hand. As long as they could hold on until Abigail returned, everything would be fine.

"If I can't return, you'll have to figure things out on your own at L.Moon. Kingston will handle matters, and he will also make sure you're compensated." Abigail prepared for the worst.

Traveling abroad was different from being in Eswadia.

When things escalated, it could be dangerous out there.

Garrett remained silent on the phone for a long moment, then finally chuckled. "I still hope you can come back."

"I'll do my best," Abigail replied.

The call ended, and Abigail exited the room.

Downstairs, Lawrence and Scarlett were both occupied. Lawrence was busy at work, yet he was still at home assisting with meat chopping. Scarlett was rolling out dough.

Abigail stood at the top of the stairs, observing them bustling around. A strong sense of reluctance welled up within her.

It was only at that moment that she realized she had gradually become a part of this family. The reluctance and the fear of not being able to return... They would be saddened...

Various emotions intertwined, causing a lump in her chest that lingered and couldn't dissipate.

Abigail felt the urge to stay at home, but she simply couldn't let go of Luna's matters.

Descending the stairs, Abigail forced a smile. "Mom, Dad, you've prepared so much pasta; will you be able to finish it all?"

Scarlett kneaded the dough, a faint smile on her face. "Is there any food that can't be finished?"

Lawrence set down the knife, gazing at Abigail with eyes that welled up with tears, but ultimately, he remained silent. Picking up the knife, he resumed chopping the meat.

Seeing him in this state, Abigail felt her heart ache, and she embraced him.

Lawrence set down the knife, wanting to caress Abigail, but his hands were greasy. "You're becoming more and more stubborn, you haven't even washed your hands and you're already

hugging me... No matter what, always remember to take care of yourself. Remember that Sean's grandparents are elderly, so if something unfortunate happens, they won't be able to bear it."

“Okay, we understand.” Abigail’s voice was laden with emotion.

Scarlett silently shed tears, indicating she didn’t want Abigail to go abroad.

However, she also understood that Abigail and Luna had a strong bond from childhood to adulthood, much like siblings. If it hadn’t been for Luna’s support of L.Moon back then, Abigail wouldn’t have been successful later on.

Now that Luna was in trouble, Abigail should be the one to rescue her.

But with so many options available, why does Abigail have to go herself?

After embracing Lawrence, Abigail assisted Scarlett in kneading the dough. “Mom, I have to go for this. I know you don’t want me to, but Luna is my best friend. Even if I just go and watch, it’s worth it.”

“I won’t stop you. Just be safe out there. I will wait for you to come back,” Scarlett said, sniffing.

Abigail pinched Scarlett’s face with hands covered in flour.

Scarlett gasped and noticed the mischievous smile on Abigail’s face, prompting her to playfully wipe flour on Abigail’s face, too.

The two of them engaged in playful banter for a while.

Upon Sean’s return and seeing the flour on their faces, he couldn’t help but ask, “Are you having a flour fight?”

“She’s childish and kept teasing me,” Scarlett pouted and muttered softly.

“Is the flight tomorrow night?” Lawrence inquired of Sean.

Sean nodded slightly, “I was considering whether to go as well, but I received a message today.”

He proceeded to open the message.

The message detailed Eric’s dire situation.

“I had to send that video. I’m certain Luna is with Levi. She’s being held captive. When I arrived, Levi was very cautious... He injected her with a lot of drugs to control her. I’ve also been injected twice, and I’m rarely awake. This text message...”

Before he could finish his sentence, the message abruptly ended.

“That’s not something Eric would send, right?” Abigail inquired about Sean.

“Yeah, I believe he was discovered while recording it, so he was forced to send it directly to us. If it was him, he would definitely wait until the last resort before sending it,” Sean replied, his expression grave.

The message was sent by Jonell and the intention was to lure them over. Failure to comply would only worsen the situation for Eric and Luna.

“Is Eric attempting to lure us over?” Abigail clenched her teeth, her eyes filled with determination.

Sean reassured her, patting her shoulder. “We were already planning to go and were just hesitating a bit. Now, there’s no need to hesitate any longer.”

Abigail nodded in agreement and remained silent.

That evening, they enjoyed pasta prepared by Scarlett and Lawrence for dinner. The following day, Abigail and Sean were occupied all day.

It wasn’t until evening that they departed for New Yoke.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes | 10/27/2024

Negotiation

Sean transferred all the money he had online to the app created by Andrew.

Watching Abigail go to rest, Xavien couldn’t help but ask Sean, “Can we really trust Andrew?”

After all, it was a large sum of money.

“Martin is being watched by my people in the hospital, so I’m not worried about them,” Sean said after a moment of silence. “I trust Abigail’s judgment.”

This money would have determined the downfall of Jonell and his group.

It could very well be the bargaining chip to save Luna and Eric.

The night grew deeper.

Sean’s expression was cold and stern. “Once we get there, you stick with Abigail. No matter what, make sure to protect her. I have some personal matters to attend to and need to temporarily part ways with her.”

“Mr. Graham.” Xavien looked worried.

“This matter is not as simple as she thinks. Jonell has already emigrated and has intricate connections with many forces on Ansela’s side. We cannot leave without sorting out these connections,” Sean said with a serious expression.

Xavien remained silent.

“We’ve been planning for half a year, and it’s time to put our plan into action,” Sean said before going to find Abigail.

During the time he was apart from Abigail, he kept himself busy.

In New Yoke, Sean took Abigail to their accommodation and instructed her, “I may be busy in the coming days. You stay here with Xavien. When you go out, make sure to bring him with you. Don’t go out alone.”

“Do you need to contact Jonell?” Abigail asked Sean uncertainly.

“I’ll handle the contact.” Sean hugged her. “It’s not that simple, Jonell has a wide influence, we need to maintain good relations with some forces here to minimize casualties.”

Abigail nodded. “I’ll follow your lead.”

Sean let go of her, caressed her face. “I didn’t want you to come originally, but Luna means something different to you, and I know you wouldn’t want to stay at home.”

Abigail looked at him but didn't say anything.

"I'll make sure to bring you back safely," Sean said, kissing her lips lightly.

Abigail nodded and snuggled into Sean's arms, her voice heavy. "You need to take care too, be cautious when dealing with them."

After all, they were on someone else's turf.

Sean nodded.

He rested for a day and then went out busy, while Abigail waited for news.

This time, Sean brought not only people on the surface, but also those hidden.

"Why did Sean create that app?" Abigail couldn't wait for more news and asked Xavien.

"For the money, because that money is still in a hidden state and Jonell doesn't know it's in Mr. Graham's hands yet. Once he finds out, he will definitely try to get it back," Xavien answered respectfully, with his eyes lowered.

Abigail nodded, understanding.

So, the money hasn't been reported yet. With such a large sum of money, if reported, Sean's reputation would be completely different.

But since the source of the money is unclear, there may not be a better way to report it at the moment.

Abigail nodded and absentmindedly scrolled through her phone.

Unfortunately, there was nothing she wanted to see on the internet.

Sean had been out for a few days, almost in a state of being out of touch. Abigail was worried, but Xavien kept telling her not to worry.

Late at night, a VIP elite party.

Sean walked up to Jonell with a glass of wine, a smile in his eyes. "Mr. Davidson, I've heard so much about you."

The exclusive party was hosted by Mr. Jones, whom Jonell was acquainted with. Due to Sean's close connection with Mr. Jones, he also assisted in inviting Jonell.

Jonell held a Manhattan in his hand, his sharp eyes assessing the situation. "You're all gathered here, what exactly are you pretending to do?"

Sean took a sip of whiskey, his expression remaining unchanged. "Do you have feelings for Luna?"

Jonell's demeanor turned cold. "You're prying into my personal affairs, I see no reason to respond."

"Jonell, even though you've relocated, Eswadia will continue to pursue individuals involved in fraudulent activities, regardless of how far you try to escape. Moreover, you have established connections in Eswadia, one being a prominent figure in the business world and the other a well-known celebrity." Sean skipped the pleasantries.

Violence was unnecessary when a civil conversation could suffice.

"You make these claims, but where is your evidence?" Jonell scoffed.

Sean arched an eyebrow, the twinkle in his eyes intensifying. "Why would I lack evidence? I possess detailed records of the fraudulent transactions you've conducted. Each financial exchange is meticulously documented, securely stored in multiple safes."

Jonell tightened his grip on his glass. "Did you summon me here solely to discuss this matter?"

"Not quite. I requested your presence to inform you that all the funds you intend to launder in Eswadia are under my control." Sean swirled his glass, his gaze profound and inscrutable. "It appears Vincent Pearson has not been in touch with you for quite some time, am I correct?"

Jonell's eyes darkened, exuding a sense of murderous intent.

The glass slipped from his hand, shattering on the ground, as he seized Sean by the collar. "What did you just say?!"

Sean met his gaze calmly. "Mr. Davidson, I implore you to exhibit some decorum."

Mr. Jones approached with a drink in hand, a genial smile on his face. "Mr. Davidson, what is the commotion? Mr. Gu is my esteemed guest, please treat him with respect."

Jonell's expression grew increasingly somber as he released Sean's collar, grinding his teeth. "Sean, what is the purpose of this discussion?"

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

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You Are Indeed Not as Good as Him

Sean placed the wine glass in his hand on the bar next to him, his eyes cold and stern. "With Mr. Jones as a witness today, I'll be straightforward. Hand over Luna and Eric, and we'll split the money I receive among the three of us. What do you think?"

Jones, upon hearing that Sean had 300 billion in cash on hand, couldn't help but be tempted.

Sean's position in Eswadia was quite high, to say the least.

Jonell noticed Jones' keen interest and immediately interjected. "He's very cunning, you don't understand. He's adept at deceiving people. Don't trust him!"

Jones smiled kindly. "Mr. Davison, cunning people excel in business. I have a shipment of goods that need to be transported from one port to another. Can you handle that task? If you can, I won't need to work with him."

Sean's established routes still held value, as everyone appreciates customers who can pay.

Jonell truly admired Sean. Wherever he invested money, success followed. It was evident that someone of his caliber would succeed.

"Mr. Davison, I only need the person. If you release the person, I will return the money," Sean said with a smirk.

"I'm not familiar with this Luna you mentioned," Jonell replied with a forced smile.

Sean shrugged nonchalantly. "Eswadia takes fraud cases very seriously. If you conduct yourself honorably, there won't be any issues. However, if not, your associates may face severe consequences."

It's common knowledge that dealing with Eswadia doesn't yield profits.

The gains from Eswadia's trade agreements are substantial, prompting everyone to seek their favor unless absolutely necessary.

But if fraudulent activities lead to a trade ban, the losses would be significant.

Jones smiled and inquired, "Mr. Graham, what do you mean by that?"

"The individuals present, including officials from my country, have been affected by Mr. Davidson's fraudulent activities, resulting in ruined families and suicides, which has attracted the authorities' attention," Sean explained, running his fingers through his hair.

There was no need to elaborate further; Jones understood the implications.

In the past, they collaborated with Jonell due to his established trade route with Eswadia.

If their trade with Eswadia was jeopardized due to Davison's actions, it would be a substantial loss.

Jones gazed at Jonell. "You know, once the authorities intervene, things will get complicated. We're in this for profit, there's no need to sever ties."

"Mr. Jones, I have no knowledge of whom he is referring to," Jonell stated calmly.

As a prominent figure in the New Yoke business community, Jones had no desire to antagonize Eswadia. He looked at Jonell disapprovingly, paused for a moment, and then smiled. "I can't blindly trust Mr. Graham, but Mr. Davidson has been a reliable partner for years."

"Let's await the findings from our Eswadia team. If unfavorable, you risk losing the entire Eswadia market," Sean remarked, finishing his whiskey in one gulp before casually setting the glass down. "It's late; I should head back."

After Sean left, Jones frowned. "One woman and your own nephew; is it worth it?"

"What about the 300 billion? If I recover it, I can secure the port routes. Isn't that feasible?" Jonell remarked calmly. It's merely a matter of spending money, something anyone can do.

Jones gazed at him, a hint of amusement in his expression. "Mr. Davidson, the entire Ansela Chamber of Commerce has been organizing this for six months. I don't want you to offend him because of your actions. Besides, do you think he looks like the type to steal from you

and leave you high and dry? I've done some digging on him, he's been through the Golden Triangle, a tough character."

Jonell remained silent, his demeanor turning serious.

He has been preparing for six months. He had assumed that after his breakup with Abigail Quinn, he would be in dire straits due to the 30 billion, but it appeared he had underestimated Sean.

"You know how chaotic things can get in the Golden Triangle. The fact that he survived such an ordeal shows he's quite lucky. Don't mess with lucky individuals, it tends to bring bad luck," Jones advised, gently swirling the glass in his hand.

"Nick was taken down by him, he's only been in New Yoke for a few days, and he already incapacitated your right-hand man," Jones spoke highly of Sean's capabilities.

Having planned for six months, he swiftly neutralized a key ally by Jonell's side.

Who knows what other schemes he has in store?

Jones still wanted to conduct business, but Jonell was obstinate and had to be ousted from the New Yoke Business Association.

Those who have dealt with Eswadia always cautioned against provoking them. They may seem gentle most of the time, but once provoked, they can be ruthless.

Jonell ordered another Manhattan for himself, took a sip quietly, and murmured, "You can remove me from the business association, I will handle him on my own."

Jones set down his glass, his expression turning icy. "You've been a valuable ally to us in the past, which is why I came to advise you. But if you refuse to heed my advice and choose to go against him, don't expect us to show any mercy based on our past friendship."

"Do you honestly believe I can't outmaneuver Sean?" Jonell found the idea absurd.

A young fellow like Sean dares to challenge someone with over thirty years of experience in the business world like me?! Ridiculous!

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

I Want You

Jonell's journey into the cutthroat world of business began in his teens, which swiftly propelled him to fame in his twenties. Despite his father's directive for him to head to Ansela, Jonell carved his own path and built an empire with his acumen.

What is Sean treating me as to give such a threat? Does he think I'm a greenhorn?

"In Eswadia, there's a saying where the protege would surpass the master. Gotta admit, though. Sean has a much better acumen," Jones quipped before departing.

Businessmen prioritized profit, and Jonell's actions disrupted the interests of the entire business association, which caused them not to support him.

Jonell's vision clouded. The betrayal stung.

Upon his return to the hotel, Sean had a shower and found solace in the embrace of Abigail, who was half-asleep.

Abigail, roused from slumber due to his presence, woke up. "You're back late."

He hadn't returned for several days.

"Business calls," Sean murmured, planting a kiss on her brow. "Missed me?"

"More than words can describe," Abigail confessed, melding into his warmth.

Sean shivered slightly as he pulled her closer. "Do you want me?"

"Of course I want you," Abigail responded as she kissed him back.

Sean made a soft sound as he embraced her. "We have things to do tomorrow."

"Mm," Abigail murmured as she focused on kissing his collarbone.

Lost in the moment, Sean switched positions with Abigail, then lay beneath her and enjoyed her playful gestures.

Afterward, Sean carried the exhausted Abigail to the bathroom.

“You have quite the stamina, honey,” Sean said with a smile in his hoarse voice.

Abigail wrapped her arms around his neck. “Did you enjoy it?”

“I did,” Sean replied, knowing he would enjoy anything she did.

Too tired to say more, Abigail leaned against his chest.

She would ask more questions tomorrow.

Awakening late, Abigail found Sean engaged in a phone conversation and a spread of food awaiting her. Despite her disdain for cold fare, her hunger prevailed.

Once he was done with his tele-conversation, he embraced her from behind and gave her a peck. “Have some snacks. We’ll have a delicious meal later.”

“Delicious meal? What kind?” She had a penchant for having Eswadian cuisine as it reminded her of home.

“There’s an Eswadian food hall,” Sean said as he kissed her gently.

Abigail didn’t resist as she ate a few pieces of pancakes and drank the milk. She then turned to kiss Sean’s lips. “I’m going to change my clothes.”

“Okay.” Sean nodded.

As she stood up, Abigail hesitated. “Is it safe to go outside?”

“It’s fine, I’ve made arrangements,” Sean reassured her as he had organized security for their outing.

Abigail focused on dressing elegantly as she felt more at ease.

When they arrived at the Eswadian food hall, Xavien wasted no time in ordering food.

“Do you want some pastry?” Sean asked Abigail.

“Forget it. Nothing beats homemade,” Abigail had strong opinions about pastries. She preferred the homemade version over any restaurant’s.

Since the homemade pastry made by Analise and Scarlett was unmatched, she saw no point in eating it elsewhere.

Sean ordered a few other dishes.

Once they had their fill, Abigail asked Sean, "Any update on Luna and Eric?"

"I've proposed to Jonell. The ball is in his court," he replied, foreseeing a daunting task ahead.

Their outings together, including the one today, would be limited moving forward.

"Are we certain Luna is with him?" Abigail's fear was palpable.

While serving her the meal, Sean gave a solemn response. "No."

He debated whether to admit that it was akin to finding a needle in a haystack when it came to locating Luna. After digging deep into Jonell's past, he was filled with regret at the possibility of Jonell's past being wiped clean.

Abigail let out a disappointed sigh.

"We'll find her," Sean vowed, a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

"I just fear that Luna may not be able to hold on much longer," Abigail murmured.

"If she can't hold on, it will only be temporary. I will attempt to arrange a meeting with Eric in the coming days. If he can see her, he can convey a message on her behalf," Sean said gently.

Abigail nodded quietly and sighed.

After dinner, Sean escorted Abigail back to the hotel.

"You'll be safe here," Sean assured her, his touch a balm to her worries. "Xavier will keep an eye out for you. I've stocked the fridge with a month's worth of food for you."

Abigail turned. "What about you? I'm all alone here while you deal with business?"

"This time, you must trust me," Sean kissed her between her eyes, "I promise I will return safely."

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Reunion With An Acquaintance

Tears danced in Abigail's eyes. "Why are you leaving me behind? I've become more capable than the old me."

"Abby, sure, you're capable, but your presence here is pertinent. Say, if Luna's rescued, her sanctuary is here. You've got allies here, too," Sean consoled, wrapped her in an embrace, and affirmed his promise. "I'll be back."

Abigail held him tightly. "Is Jonell a formidable opponent?"

"I haven't fully assessed the situation yet, but as a precaution, we need someone to remain here. There's a floor that has been converted into an operating room. Should there be any emergencies, they would need someone calm and sensible. Xavien might be capable, but you're on the ball," came Sean's whispers.

Abigail bit her lip in the silence.

The existence of an operating room hidden within the hotel indicated that Sean was aware of the precarious circumstances.

He whispered again after releasing Abigail from his embrace. "Fret not; I'll protect myself as I still want to make you my wife."

The tears swam in her eyes. "Sure."

Just before he entered the car to leave the hotel grounds, he gazed at Abigail's residence before heading off.

The fact that someone had Jonell's past wiped clean had already hinted at ominous secrets, and Sean's recent receipt of trouble information left him worried for Luna and Eric's well-being.

There was no denying Jonell could have moved Luna to a different location the moment Abigail and Sean landed.

If Jonell could treat his own nephew in such a manner, there was no thinking about what his erased pasts constituted. Luna already suspected that the man had changed when she ran into him the other night.

...

Days later, a bang roused Abigail from her sleep as gunfire erupted outside in the wee hours.

It was a familiar sound, so she hid underneath the bed as the gunfire outside intensified.

There was urgency in Xavien's words as he burst in. "Ms. Quinn..."

He couldn't locate Abigail and frowned, yelling, "Ms. Quinn!"

Emerging from her hideout, Abigail demanded answers and was ready to act.

"A disguised intruder killed the guards. We need to move fast. Let's go!" Xavien urged.

"I'll remain behind." Abigail, brazen and resolute, held her ground.

A person in a waiter's attire entered with a raised gun, which prompted Abigail to fire at him immediately.

With a resounding "bang," she shot him in the head.

Xavien stood in shock for a moment as he holstered his weapon and began typing on his laptop.

"Hurry and finish up in five minutes," Abigail instructed as she advanced.

She remained vigilant.

The ongoing gunfire outside indicated the presence of numerous infiltrators.

Xavien followed her lead and typed rapidly on his keyboard in a state of nervousness.

Abigail leaned against the door as she observed the shadows on the opposite side.

When she observed a figure approaching slowly, Abigail removed her pajamas and tossed them aside.

To Xavien's astonishment, Abigail turned and fired a shot, which caused the individual outside to collapse.

She retreated and shut the door. "Step back."

At that moment, she was only clad in a bra.

Her sun-kissed skin was glistened with a thin layer of sweat, and it exuded a seductive allure.

Xavien's face flushed instantly.

Abigail returned to the room. She donned a coat and then fired two shots to shatter the curtains and glass.

Xavien typed on the keyboard and observed Abigail as she swiftly tore the curtains into strips and secured them to the aluminum window frame.

"Did you find it?" Abigail inquired once she had finished.

"Based on the reports from my men, those individuals seem to be primarily concentrated on our floor. Should I keep you company?" Xavien felt confident that Abigail could handle the situation on

her own.

Simond was truly remarkable as she managed to train someone in self-defense skills in just six months.

"Okay." Abigail and Xavien were agreeable to that.

They used their mobile devices to remain in constant touch.

Xavien remained hidden in another room while Abigail moved to the locations he had identified and took down each thug one by one.

Night fell as the shots of gunfire fell into silence. Abigail regrouped while Xavien dealt with the authorities.

The scent of metal lingered in the air as she relaxed in the bathtub after shedding her blood-stained clothes.

After she soaked for nearly an hour, she emerged from the tub, changed into fresh pajamas, and headed towards the bathroom door.

Someone caught hold of her neck the moment she emerged from the bathroom. After being shoved against the wall, a gun was aimed at her stomach.

As she looked up, she met the gaze of the man holding her, and her eyes widened in recognition.

“It’s been a while, you’ve been stronger,” the man holding her neck remarked, and he had a chilling smile on his face.

As she felt the gun pressing harder against her, Abigail’s panic intensified. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead. “It’s been some time, but your family’s issues are not my concern. Why are you

treating me like this?”

“Not worth for you to know. I’m here to bring you with me,” the man stated, after which he forcefully stabbed the syringe into Abigail’s shoulder.

Abigail felt a sharp pain as the cold liquid began to spread from her neck.