

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 831-840

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

A Foe To You

Xavien stormed into Abigail's room, sensing trouble in the air as the room was as silent as a graveyard.

"Ms. Quinn!" he called, adrenaline coursing through him.

He rushed into the bathroom, which hinted at an ominous departure. That being said, it was obvious that someone had been in the midst of the bath because of the barely noticeable steam from the filled bathtub.

Then, he ransacked the curtains for Abigail, but to no avail.

As he departed, he gave Sean a ring, his voice trembling with urgency.

"Someone attacked the hotel, but Ms. Quinn settled the thugs. She vanished when I was with the state police!"

Sean snapped. "Why leave her alone?"

Xavien shuddered. "She's more capable than me. I thought the room was secure, so I left her in the bathroom to clean herself up since there were blood stains before the state police came. Never expected that someone would barge in while we were caught unaware."

"You're wrong. It's not someone, but Simond!" Sean interjected swiftly, "Seal the exits!"

With that, he ended the call.

Even though the exits were blocked, it would not do the trick. They were highly aware of that because they weren't in Eswadia.

Simond had a gun, which meant he could make use of it to kidnap Abigail and flee New Yoke.

No matter how they strategized, they hadn't foreseen that Simond would exploit the chaos.

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Abigail woke up and realized that her body was devoid of strength.

The vehicle was jolting so violently that she felt like she was falling apart.

She was inside a container.

The container was pitch dark, and judging by the intensity of the bumps, they were likely no longer downtown.

She didn't even have the energy to resist, let alone escape.

As she closed her eyes once more, Abigail pondered slowly about Simond, who harbored animosity. Should they catch him instead of me if he's the one having a classified identity? Why did things go haywire?

Abigail couldn't think much about it. She was dizzy and soon drifted back to sleep.

By the time she regained consciousness, she found herself awake. Her body was weak, which meant that she could barely move.

Simond had a dagger in his hand. Now that he was aware she was wide awake, he grinned with malice. "Awake?"

As she struggled to meet his gaze, Abigail inquired, "Sean mentioned that you have a classified higher identity. Are you friend or foe?"

"Friend to others, but to you? A foe," Simond declared, his smile chilling. There was ruthlessness in his gaze. "Why did you end my father's life?"

Abigail furrowed her brow, and after a pause, she asked somewhat incredulously, "Who told you that I killed your father?"

“The individuals in the fortress do not speak favorably of you. Did you slaughter them to make your escape?” Simond seized Abigail by the neck.

Abigail’s eyes blazed as she stared at Simond as she articulated each word. “I did not massacre anyone. The first person I killed was a Franck man, not your father! Your father was slain by the invaders in the fortress!”

“Don’t dupe me. I might not believe it when others accuse you, but all the survivors and fortress all say that you’re involved. Any explanations?” Simond squeezed her neck even more.

Due to her inability to resist him, she closed her eyes. As her mouth opened, her face adopted a shade of purple.

Simond’s visage was consumed by hatred.

The door swung open to reveal Sage, witnessing Abigail’s struggle to breathe. Sage snatched a bunch of keys from the nearby counter and aimed it at Simond’s wrist.

It caused Simond to let Abigail go of his grip in pain.

As she gasped for air, Abigail tried to shield her own neck.

Sage’s face was dark as the gray clouds in anger as she grabbed Simond by his collar. “Are you f*cking insane? Do you want to be shipped back to Eswadia?”

“I did so much to protect her, yet she ended my father’s life!” Simond’s eyes flared with rage.

“You cannot do that. She’s Sean’s woman. Do that, and he’ll chase us to the ends of the Earth!” Sage urged in a low, intense voice.

Abigail, wounded but determined, seized a dagger from Simond while he and Sage were in the midst of their argument. By the time he could react, she had injured herself with the blade.

The searing pain spurred Abigail into action. She leaped off the bed, grabbed the gun from the bedside table, and aimed it at Simond’s head.

Simond’s eyes blazed with hostility as if he wanted to devour Abigail.

Her arm bled profusely, and Abigail's complexion grew pale. "I, Abigail, will confess to the killings I've committed. Those I haven't, I won't acknowledge. Today, either let me go, or I'll end you!"

"He is someone important. Deal with him, and you'll be in sh*t trouble when you head back!" Sage cautioned Abigail. "Prove your innocence if you did not do it!"

"Why should I prove anything? I'm leaving now, or I'll take you all down with me. We can all meet our end together!" Abigail steadied herself as she breathed heavily, and her lips quivered.

As he stepped back, Simond declared, "You can go, but let's see if you can make it out of here."

Abigail resembled a wary wolf cub as she locked eyes with him, and her demeanor was high alert.

As she approached the door slowly, she cast a disappointed glance at Simond; she emitted a chilling laugh and swiftly bolted out.

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The Worst Luck

Abigail's flight ended with her collapsing as she was losing consciousness due to the excessive blood loss. She rose to her feet in determination with her gun in hand and continued with her escape.

Even though she rolled down into the river, Abigail, who was drained by exhaustion, forced herself up with her arms and tried to regain her balance. However, the river's muddy grasp proved relentless, thwarting her attempts to escape.

Finally, she found herself face-to-face with Simond, who was close to crushing her hand with his foot and causing her to be in agony.

“Only if you did not catch me at the fortress. Only if you understood where I’m coming from, Simond. I won’t forgive the one who killed me... even if it is you.” Hatred and defiance flared in her eyes as she faced him.

Simond lifted his foot off her hand and helped her up from the ground. “No matter how tough you act, it’s futile. You and Sean are alike, inherently deceitful. You can fabricate any lie for survival, for profit.”

As he had spent considerable time with Abigail, he understood her well.

She was capable of anything to achieve her goals, so lying was nothing to her.

Abigail, fueled by rage, fired a shot, piercing Simond’s abdomen. In shock, he staggered back, clutching his wound.

Abigail, tearful and defiant, demanded her freedom. “You laid a hand on me first. Simond, you held me against my will, and now, you’re saying untrue things about me? You deserve to die! Let me go! I want to be with Sean!”

Her voice quivered as her breath was heavy. “You’re such an *sshole! Every time I encounter you, I have the worst luck!”

Simond, wounded and furious, collapsed.

Sage had heard what transpired between those two and stormed over, only to notice the never-ending blood flow from Simond’s abdomen. She delivered a blow across Abigail’s face, which resulted in Abigail rolling into the muddy river.

She lacked the strength to get back up.

Despite Sage’s anger, she intervened and yanked Abigail from the watery depths of the tributary.

Sparks flew in the air back at the mansion when Sage tended to Abigail’s wounds. After having Abigail restrained, Sage’s anger burned through Abigail each time Abigail was treated.

“If Simond is dead, I won’t let you off the hook,” Sage said angrily while she applied the medicine.

Abigail's defiance met Sage's fury head-on. "He's still alive? He won't be this lucky next time," she retorted.

With a slap, Sage glared at her menacingly as she threatened, "I beg your pardon?"

"End me now if you dare." Although Abigail's mouth was bloody, she was defiant.

Sage raised her hand but slowly lowered it under Abigail's hateful gaze. "You're still valuable."

Abigail chuckled. "No guts to kill me, huh? But you have no way out either. Since you kidnapped me and committed battery on my person, I'll never let you off the hook if I can make it."

Sage felt the urge to end her life but managed to restrain herself. "Do you even gain something by continuously provoking me?" she asked coldly.

"For one, you shouldn't have taken me hostage." Abigail was stoic in her reply. "Do you think I appreciate what Simond has done? He made use of me from the start, for which I despise him. Luckily he never returned that day, or I'd ended him on the spot."

Sage's throat tightened, unsure of what to say at that moment. In her mind, however, there was a turmoil.

Due to his growing affection, Simond has been rather accommodating to Abigail. Yet, it's also because of that, Stephen perished, and our two younger brothers snatched the fortress while we were in a dire situation, hiding on the run like subway rats.

The mission was not completed, and we still found ourselves living in the dark.

While Abigail? She was living such a happy life after returning to her parents, who loved her. Even Sean is helping her rescue her friend despite what happened between them.

However, what about us?

"Harm Simond, and an execution awaits you." Sage dropped those words with such frigidity before she left the scene.

After being bound for half a month, the wounds on Abigail's hands began to heal.

Simond also managed to survive.

However, one thing had changed—they were sworn enemies.

Yet, they had now become true adversaries.

That day, Sage finally reached out to Sean.

“Abigail is in our custody. If you want to spare her from our torment, do not attempt a rescue just yet. I have a condition. Do as I say, and she will be returned to you,” Sage stated coldly in front of Abigail.

Despite Abigail’s less-than-cooperative attitude over the past few weeks, there was a glimmer of hope in her when she noticed Sage contact Sean.

During their phone call, Sean listened and then requested, “I need to hear her voice.”

Sage held the phone to Abigail’s ear and prompted, “Speak!”

There was a moment’s worth of hesitation on Abigail’s part. “Decline if it’s a risky move. Our priority is Luna’s life.”

Sean’s emotions eased after hearing Abigail. As he steadied himself, he responded with calmness, “I’m not leaving you this time. No matter what, you’re coming back. Alive.”

There were tears in Abigail’s eyes. Her lips shook as she blurted, “Save Luna and Eric. I implore you, Sean. I’m fine. I’m strong.”

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Just An Ordinary Person

Since Simond had been Abigail’s trainer all along, he was also the one who changed her into the person she was now.

However, Luna and Eric were still the same ordinary folks.

“What nonsense are you saying? Everyone will be saved,” Sean reassured Abigail.

Sage held the phone to her ear and said, "Done? If so, time to speak of my demands."

At that, she left the room with her phone.

Abigail struggled against her restraints but to no avail. At the same time, Simond showed up,

He looked deathly pale, which was a stark contrast to his usual demeanor, as he sat himself. Then, he turned to Abigail before breaking into a smile. "You say you're innocent, but it's hard to believe. You looked like you wanted my life when you attacked me."

"Thanks to your lessons, you pushed an ordinary person beyond the point of no return," Abigail retorted in disdain.

Silence passed them by as Simond glanced at her. Moments later, he shifted his attention to the window. "I'll set you free if you can prove your innocence."

"What is there to prove? Believe what you want." Abigail was stoic. "Who the hell are you? You shouldn't accuse me and expect me to prove my innocence. Why should I, after all?"

Simon's expression darkened. "Do you comprehend the consequences of your actions? I've spent so many years on that plan, but you ruined everything!"

His outburst was followed by a pained expression as he clutched his wound.

Contempt swam in Abigail's eyes as she countered his words. "Simond, despite years of strategizing, you've still failed. I think it's about time you contemplate your own problem."

These words were enough to cause Simond's face to blanch and his lips to tremble in anger.

"Yes, I was unpredictable. Yet, due to your growing affection, you dragged me over and introduced me to your life. Honestly, did you really think I would thank you for teaching me weaponry and self- defense?" Abigail's words burned with mockery.

There was a dark gaze from Simond's eyes.

"It's impossible. You sacrificed Andrew, Martin, and Larry to force me into a corner and make my decision. There were other, better choices, but you chose the most despicable one!" Abigail continued. After her declaration, she took a deep breath to stabilize her composure.

“A burglar came a few days after you. I had no choice but to kill that person. I was an ordinary soul forced to resort to self-defense at that moment.” Abigail frowned, the pain and resentment made obvious.

Abigail’s voice trembled as she spoke, her emotions raw and palpable. “If it hadn’t been for you, I’d have never undertaken such a deed. Notwithstanding your honorable cause, your involvement in dragging an innocent soul into your conflict is undeniable.”

He gawked at her. “I had no choice.”

“It doesn’t matter now whether I killed your father.” Abigail’s anger burned with such intensity. “Sean was roped into this matter because of you, and now he has to risk his life to pay for your failures. An ordinary man’s forced to fight!”

Simond’s throat closed on him, making him unable to say anything.

“If he dies in Ansela, I will never forgive myself. I can’t meet his grandparents. I’ll die due to my guilt,” she declared. She would rather leave this world than reconcile with Sean if the worst happen.

Even if she would be gnawed by regrets, reconciliation would not have been her choice had she known about Simond and Sage’s involvement of Sean.

Such a fool! He promised me he would return safe and sound. He was confident about that, but dangers will not just disappear because of his assurance.

“You have underestimated Sean,” was Simond’s cool comment.

“You know nothing!” Abigail’s glare was laced with animosity.

Even with just a one-in-a-million chance of danger, Abigail did not want Sean to be involved. Only heavens know what Simond has in mind.

For the first time, Simond realized how deep Abigail’s feelings were for Sean. It was the kind of feelings that no one else could ever relate to.

Both of them were afraid of causing each other pain and were willing to make sacrifices for one another.

A hush fell over the room.

Sage entered as soon as she finished the call and exchanged a look with Simond, after which she left.

Abigail stared at the closed door, her brow furrowed slightly, and she felt helpless.

Sage was now monitoring her around the clock, and she was prepared to sedate her once the effects wore off.

Abigail felt sorrowful as she regretted not having ended Simond's life with that shot.

One week later, Simond and Sage made an agreement that they would no longer drug Abigail. They would just tie her up.

"What did you have Sean do?" Bound in a container, Abigail questioned Sage, who sat outside the car by the fire.

After they assigned Sean a task, they promptly changed locations, which displayed the cunning tactics of mercenaries.

After he returned with freshly caught fish, Simond skewered them on branches and cooked them over the fire.

He overheard Abigail's inquiries to Sage. After he skewered the fish, he turned to her and said, "During our time in Southern East waters, we encountered a band of pirates who stole a chip containing a secret."

An apathetic Abigail heard his words, after which she murmured, "Considering the length of time, they must have deciphered the chip's contents by now."

Simond gazed up at the starry sky. "They couldn't possibly know. Only Sage and I know the password, but Sage has forgotten due to brain injury."

Abigail's skepticism remained, a testament to her resilience. As long as a chip is man-made, it can be decoded with the right tools.

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I Just Like Provoking You

While maintaining his glance at Abigail, Simond continued speaking, "Sage used to be the smartest one. Then, everything went haywire. We wouldn't be in this situation if she had recalled the chip's details."

The chip held a substantial volume of data, and Sage was brought along specifically to retain it. Regrettably, her memory proved unreliable.

Simond only had the basic details. Any more, and it would slip from his mind.

"I'm sorry, Simond," Sage expressed her guilt.

Simond comforted her, saying, "It's fine. It's quite impressive that you recall the location of the chip."

Abigail's skepticism simmered beneath the surface. She knew that even if Sage knew what the chip entailed, they would not reveal it to her.

Time flew through the cracks of their fingers, and soon, two months had come and gone.

They took Abigail everywhere they went without remaining in one area for too long. Thanks to his good physical shape and years of experience, Simond made a full recovery from the serious injury.

Abigail's mobility also returned; it was a testament to her resilience.

"We're now heading to Southern East, where Sean's associates are waiting to assist us in our search for the pirates who took the chip," Sage informed Simond and Abigail one day in the morning.

Such an announcement sparked a glimmer of hope in Abigail's eyes, but Sage's warning before they entered the car shattered it. "You are not permitted to carry any weapons, not even a gun or a knife," Sage told her.

Abigail's expression tensed, and she silently followed suit.

Inside the container, she leaned against the wall as she gazed blankly at the endless expanse of mountains.

Simond's intrusion ignited a clash of wills, resulting in her swiftly kicking him off. She was fueled by her simmering animosity toward him. "Your place is at the front of the car. Why are you intruding in here?" she shouted.

"Abigail!" Simond's anger flared as he grabbed her collar.

Unable to overpower him, Abigail received a blow to her shoulder, which caused her arm to go numb. Simond pinned her to the ground, his eyes filled with rage.

"Stay away from me. I find you repulsive!" Abigail retorted.

Simond nearly struck her across the face.

With a firm grip on her collar, Simond glared at her coldly. "Why must you provoke me like this?"

Her retaliation came in the form of a blow to his knee, which caused him to groan in pain and release his grip on her.

At this moment, Sage showed up. She carried Abigail off the ground and shoved her toward the container. "Is it so hard to be as quiet as a Church mouse?"

Abigail stumbled as she dusted herself off and climbed onto the container. "Keep him away from me. I feel nauseous just being near you guys!"

Sage yanked Simond forward by his collar. "Why don't you just keep away from her?" The moment we abducted her, we became her enemies.

Abigail patiently waited for their boarding into the car, then reclined. The prospect of overpowering Simond physically was nonexistent because Sage had opted to wait for Simond's complete recuperation before making any moves.

Initially, Abigail had intended to test him. Should she find him lacking in action, she planned to seize the moment to disarm him and flee.

However, this outcome appeared unlikely.

Besides, Sage had proficiency in combat too. If confronting them solo, Abigail would probably get severely injured, rendering escape impossible.

Feeling powerless, Abigail considered becoming more vocal and deliberately provoking Simond into conflict. She envisioned a moment of triumph in the future.

Throughout their week-long journey, Abigail and Simond found themselves in no less than ten physical confrontations.

Taking advantage of another opening, Abigail delivered a kick to Simond, sending him crashing into a nearby container. Seizing the opportunity, she quickly grabbed his neck and pinned him forcefully against the container wall while he was momentarily distracted.

"What do you want again, Abigail?!" Simond expressed his reluctance to engage in further conflict.

Even though they had a disagreement, they were almost in the downtown area, and she still wanted to fight.

"What's the harm in wanting to beat you when I don't like you?" Abigail's tone was icy.

Sage leaped out of the car and angrily shouted at Abigail, "Can you let me rest? I have to drive! Okay? Or is it you who drive later?"

Abigail released Simond, took a couple of steps back, and sat down on the ground.

Simond massaged his sore neck, then he turned to glare at Abigail and questioned, "Are you testing my strength? I've been holding back with you these past few days, haven't you noticed?"

Abigail gazed at him coolly. "Men just can't handle losing. If men can't win, they make excuses. I've encountered plenty of guys like you."

"Watch your mouth!" Simond was enraged.

"Did I say anything wrong? You're just like those who make excuses when you can't win. How pitiful!" Abigail lay back down after speaking.

Her fighting skills were indeed lacking, so she had to rely on surprise attacks.

However, she had picked up numerous techniques in recent days.

Simond was flushed with anger.

“Do not engage in arguments with her. Women often have a flair for drama, making it futile to win.” Sage raised her head to massage her temples. The long drive had left her with a headache.

Abigail turned to Sage. “Aren’t you a woman too? What’s your self-worth like? A man at heart?”

“Just f*cking shut up, will you?” There was no way Sage could outsmart Abigail. Abigail had experienced Eswadia’s harsh online environment when she was Alana, and she had a handful of vicious followers. As a result, Abigail learned a few tactical approaches from Alana’s followers and never expected that they would work for these siblings.

“If you despise being a woman so much, why not go to Thalim for surgery?” Abigail taunted softly.

“Shut your trap if you don’t want to get beaten!” Sage’s forehead vein bulged in frustration.

“Can you even defeat me?” Abigail sat up as her expression was provocative.

Abigail’s provocation was met with Sage’s swift, decisive response. It was a punch straight at her, leaving her with a bruised face.

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Fell Into the Sea

Abigail evaded Sage’s kick by rolling on the ground.

After grappling for several minutes, Sage managed to pin Abigail down. Applying pressure to her neck, Sage forced Abigail’s face into the dusty ground. “Will you surrender now?!”

Despite the pressure, Abigail stayed silent, displaying her refusal to give up.

“Enough.” Simond couldn’t bear to watch Abigail covered in dust.

Sage released her while warning, “Say one more word, and I’ll make sure you lose your voice!”

With Abigail subdued, Sage basked in the pride of her victory.

Abigail remained silent, opting instead to stand up and brush off the dust. Simond observed her with curiosity in his eyes, but she met his gaze with composed indifference, showing no hint of guilt in her demeanor.

When Sage took a break, Abigail ascended a nearby container and coolly assessed her combat capabilities.

While Sage was inferior to her, Simond posed a formidable challenge. If they were to board the ship, how could she shake off these two? That was the issue.

A week later, they arrived at sea. The ship steered slowly toward the waters of Southern East.

Examining the nautical chart, Simond knitted his brows while Sage attempted to establish contact with Sean's associates.

"Any luck reaching them?" Simond inquired, his impatience evident.

Abigail listened silently, her expression serene and unchanged.

Sage, frustrated by the lack of response from Sean's associates, turned off the communication device. "No luck," she admitted with a frown.

After saying that, she glanced at Abigail. Noticing that the latter had no change in expression, she then shifted her gaze to Simond.

"How do we proceed if we can't reach him?" Simond's tone was tinged with impatience.

Sage harbored suspicions but refrained from voicing them out as she was afraid of provoking Abigail and jeopardizing their safety if she went berserk.

Abigail distanced herself from the group, finding solace by the ship's side as she gazed out at the vast expanse of the sea, a wave of sadness overwhelming her.

It had been close to five months since she last saw Sean, and she had no idea how he was doing now.

As Sage and Simond grew increasingly anxious, they finally managed to establish contact with Sean.

“We’ve been trying to reach you all day. Where are you now?” Sage cut to the chase, fearing they might lose contact again soon.

Abigail leaned in, staring nervously at the communication device.

“We need to speak to Ms. Quinn alone for a moment before we disclose the route to you. Just a heads up, though. We’ve already obtained the chip.” Xavien’s voice came through the phone.

Abigail’s nose tingled. It isn’t Sean... Could he really be in trouble?

Sage exchanged a glance with Simond. After a brief silence, Simond passed the communication device to Abigail, and the two of them withdrew, allowing her some privacy.

Holding the communication device, Abigail spoke softly, “Where’s Sean?”

“Ms. Quinn, you must be prepared. Mr. Graham fell into the sea, and we’ve been searching for a day without success.” Xavien’s voice quivered, betraying a hint of suppressed emotion.

Abigail’s lips quivered, tears threatening to spill from her eyes. “Where are you guys?” she choked out.

“Mr. Graham instructed us in advance to wait for Sage and Simond on this end. Someone else will come to pick you up and send you guys home. We might need more time for Luna and Eric,” Xavien replied solemnly.

“I want to join you,” Abigail uttered in a deep voice.

“Ms. Quinn—”

“Xavien, whose orders are you following? Mine or his?” Abigail’s voice rose in anger.

There was a brief pause before Xavien answered softly, “Yours.”

“Good. Now, listen. Since he failed to rescue Luna, let me take over. Just let me know which part of the sea he fell into. Even if he’s gone, I need to know where he rests,” Abigail insisted.

After receiving the location from Xavien, Abigail called for Simond and Sage to join her.

“Sean was attacked by pirates in Malac. Xavien will wait for us here,” Simond informed Sage, holding a nautical chart in his hand.

Abigail’s gaze turned cold. After a long pause, she said, “You take the chip. I will meet up with Xavien and the rest. If you continue to oppose me, we will no longer meet them and instead have our watery end.”

With that, she walked away in silence.

Simond uttered in a low voice, “Even if we head to the Strait of Malac, pirates will still be hot on their pursuit.

“We are only a dozen strong. We won’t stand a chance against pirates armed with heavy weapons,” added Sage, who had her brows furrowed.

“There’s a port nearby where we can purchase personnel and equipment,” Abigail stated coldly. “I will cover the expenses. I’ll try to reach Josh now.”

With no alternative in sight, Simond and Sage made their way to the nearby port, where they secured a substantial arsenal of weapons and enlisted a skilled crew, including over 50 seasoned maritime mercenaries. The ship and communication equipment underwent thorough upgrades, all courtesy of Abigail’s generous funding. Hence, everyone followed her lead.

“When the time comes, I will order you to attack the pirates. For each one you take down, you’ll receive a reward of 15 thousand!” Abigail grunted through gritted teeth to the mercenaries.

Hearing that, the mercenaries erupted into cheers at the prospect of lucrative compensation.

Observing from a distance, Simond noted the unwavering determination in Abigail’s eyes. She had undergone a profound transformation. Once gentle and feminine, she now exuded an aura of cold resolve, her compassion seemingly replaced by a steely resolve. This was her new persona.

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Battle

After a week of sailing from Jowa, they arrived at an island near Malac. Chris, the leader of the mercenaries, peered through his binoculars and cautioned Abigail, "These islands are notorious pirate hotspots, especially with this thickening fog. We need to stay vigilant from tonight onward!"

"Absolutely! Protecting the Queen is our duty!" The deputy leader, Abe, quipped. He was young and enjoyed flirting, but since he couldn't flirt with Sage, he turned his attention to Abigail.

Abigail smiled at him. "In that case, I shall entrust my safety to you, Abe."

Taken aback by her statement, his enthusiasm surged. "Certainly, my Queen!"

Having encountered his fair share of women, Abe realized that Abigail was the only one who could engage with his jests while maintaining seriousness.

"What do you mean by 'my Queen'? We're just here for a business deal."

"Yeah, it's our duty to protect her. You're not trying to steal all the glory, are you?"

"You rascals, enough with the banter. The one who brings back the most pirate heads will earn favor with the Queen." Chris stowed the binoculars away and scolded playfully, prompting everyone to join in the banter.

As night descended and the dense fog settled in, Abigail found herself unable to sleep. She glanced at the navigation line, eagerly anticipating the reunion with Xavien and the others in a few days. Unable to resist, she peered out of the window.

Such a vast sea with freezing temperatures... Gosh, Sean must've suffered a lot.

Abigail averted her gaze, feeling a pang of sorrow that made it hard to catch her breath.

Despite the initial anticipation, the first night passed without encountering any pirates, as did the second. By the third night, with still no sign of pirate activity, everyone began to relax slightly.

They were still a day's journey away from Xavien's island. The progress was slower than Abigail had estimated.

"Everyone must stay extra vigilant tonight," Abigail warned Chris.

"Yes. After three days of silence, they likely think we've lowered our guard," Chris responded, his expression grave.

It was late into the night when Abigail couldn't sleep again. Glancing out of the window, she caught sight of a distant, faint light. She immediately shouted, as soon as she sensed danger, "Stay alert!"

Before the sentence had fully left her lips, the ship lurched abruptly. Abigail swiftly dressed, armed herself, and rushed outside. She arrived just in time to hear Chris swearing, "D*mn scoundrels! Rise and arm yourselves to take some heads!"

Having anticipated the pirates' arrival for days, the crew reacted with excitement rather than panic as they hurried to the deck. Abigail was about to join the crowd when Simond stopped her. "Stay here. This is the mercenaries' job!"

"Are you attempting to make me back down?" Abigail questioned coldly.

It was not the right time yet, or else she would have sent him to the afterlife, too.

"Pirates are my enemies too." Abigail's gaze turned icy.

Hearing that, Simond let her go. Abigail dashed to the deck, just as their ship collided with the pirates' vessel. Without a word, both sides immediately opened fire. The echoes of shots filled the air.

Finding cover behind a pillar, Abigail took the opportunity amidst the chaos to incapacitate a few pirates attempting to board their ship.

Just as she felt somewhat relieved, Simond lurked behind her, covered her mouth, and yanked her into the ship's cabin.

"You can't keep doing this! Just because I let you take down the first one doesn't mean you should risk yourself," Simond admonished, concerned for her well-being.

Abigail slapped him and pressed the gun against his forehead. "Who are you to order me around? My affairs are none of your business, and you're just a coward who's afraid of death, so don't get in my way!"

“Do you want to die here? Did you even manage to rescue Luna Smith?” Disregarding the pain on his face and undeterred by her gun, Simond shouted with anger boiling within him.

Abigail narrowed her eyes at him, hesitating before lowering her weapon.

“Will killing a few more pirates truly avenge Sean? Look at yourself. Have you forgotten that you have to live on?” Simond questioned, breathless from his outburst.

The sound of gunfire and explosions persisted outside. Amidst the chaos, Abigail began to regain her composure. Indeed, she had been consumed by hatred. In the past, she wouldn’t have even considered such actions. But now? She was courageous enough to think and act for herself.

As the pirates outside continued their assault, Sage appeared and led Abigail into a room, served her a glass of water, and whispered, “I understand why you’re hostile to us, but once this is over, we can resolve our differences.”

Abigail scoffed, “Resolve our differences? Are you for real? I never laid a hand on your father. It was you who betrayed me, bound me, and manipulated Sean to his death. Both Sean and I are innocent

in this, yet you think we can just reconcile?” Abigail’s eyes blazed with fury.

Sean might have fallen into this part of the sea!

“Your words mean nothing without evidence! You have to prove it!” Sage shot back sharply. “You’re capable of lying to save yourself. Everyone knows that!”

“I will never try to prove myself in this lifetime!” Abigail declared.

“What is it do you want, then?!” Sage asked coldly.

Abigail aimed the gun at her forehead. “I want you guys dead. How about that? For what befell Sean, I’d like you to pay for it with your lives!”

Her eyes were bloodshot, tears threatening to spill like blood from her eyes.

At that moment, Sage finally comprehended her anguish.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

Be Enemies When We Meet Again

Abigail observed Sage momentarily before holstering her gun. "Get lost. I can't stand seeing you anymore. I wish I could kill you right now!" If it weren't for Sean's predicament, she wouldn't have despised them so much.

With that, Sage left the room.

After an intense hour of combat outside, Chris burst into the room, his expression grave. "We're outmatched! They're too professional!"

Abigail frowned. "Even with our numbers?!"

"They're seasoned sailors. What did you anticipate?" Simond retorted icily.

Abe staggered in, clutching his injured shoulder as he delivered urgent news to Abigail. "They're coming again, and their fleet has grown. "I never imagined there were so many pirates nearby!"

Abigail took Chris' binoculars. "Cover me while I go investigate!" Abigail instructed Chris, prompting him to follow her. Meanwhile, Simond signaled to Sage, and the two of them accompanied Abigail outside.

With everyone providing cover on the deck, Abigail scanned the horizon through her binoculars, and a glimmer of hope flickered within her as she spotted Xavien's silhouette on one of the approaching vessels. A faint smile appeared on her lips. "They are reinforcements. Keep attacking the pirates!"

Hearing that, everyone charged forward with fervor. Even Sage and Simond had to join the fray.

As Xavien Summer arrived on the scene, he watched Abigail swiftly dispatching a pirate who had grabbed her before swiftly eliminating him with a precise shot.

While her marksmanship wasn't exceptional amidst the chaos, with Simond, Chris, Abe, and the other mercenaries protecting her, she remained unharmed.

“Attack!” Xavien immediately commanded.

His ship encircled the pirates’ vessel and launched a relentless assault, eliminating all pirates who were hiding in the rear and leaving them devoid of supplies.

Three hours later, the naval battle slowly subsided.

Abigail lay sprawled on the deck, her breaths coming in heavy gasps. Xavien rushed over from his vessel and scooped her up. “Are you okay, Ms. Quinn?”

Abigail trembled slightly, her eyes clouded with red as she looked up at Xavien. “Did they really throw Sean into the sea?”

Xavien nodded. “Are you here to avenge him?”

“Did you eliminate them all?” Abigail’s sole concern was this.

“I believe so.” Xavien wasn’t certain if they had any remnants, but the fact that Abigail’s ship, disguised as a wealthy merchant vessel, did attract many pirates. No wonder there were over a dozen pirate ships that night.

Abigail let out a sigh of relief.

As the thin mist dispersed, flames flickered around her. She gazed up at the starry sky, feeling as though she had wandered into a dream. Bewildered, she questioned whether this was reality or mere illusion.

“Did Sean lie to me? He didn’t fall into the sea, did he? He’s just playing a prank on me because he wants me to fret over him!” Abigail’s gaze shifted to Xavien’s face, tears welling in her eyes.

Xavien pursed his lips. He was hesitant and lacked the courage to speak. Abigail sniffled, remaining silent.

“Where’s the chip, Mr. Summer?” Simond interrupted.

Abigail pushed Xavien aside, prompting him to stand up and face Simond. “We will hand the chip to you in due course. However, Mr. Graham wishes to know its contents and intended use. He is a law-abiding citizen and cannot be involved in anything that violates Eswadian laws.”

Simond sighed. After a moment, he pulled out his identity card and handed it to Xavien.

Abigail focused on something that was written on it. After Xavien was done examining it, he handed the chip to Simond.

Simond gripped the microchip, looked at them, and bowed apologetically. “Ms. Quinn, I apologize for involving you and Sean in this chaos. I may be powerless, but I desire to return to Eswadia, with my parents as well.”

A gust of sea breeze tousled Abigail’s hair, causing the hair tie holding her hair in place to snap suddenly. Her hair fluttered in the wind as she observed him silently.

“They can finally rest in peace now.” Simond put on a faint smile.

“From this moment forward, if I ever cross paths with you abroad, I won’t simply let you slip away. You must only spend the rest of your life in Eswadia,” Abigail declared coldly.

Simond offered no reply as he turned to leave.

Abigail joined Xavien on his ship. After paying the mercenaries, she and Xavien departed for the site where Sean had encountered his mishap.

“Do we still need to search this area?” Xavien asked.

With a serious expression, Abigail paused briefly before responding, “Let’s search this area for a week. We’ll head back to New Yoke if we don’t find anything. We have to rescue Luna, too, don’t we?”

Xavien nodded with a grave expression. “I worry that the pirates might return.”

“Well, I’m not. They’ve suffered a heavy blow this time.” Abigail attempted to appear calm.

The ship advanced slowly. As Abigail kept a close eye out, everything went dark all of a sudden. She lost consciousness entirely.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-6 minutes 10/27/2024

Mr Graham Is Fine

Awakening to the bright daylight, Abigail found herself still in bed, no longer at sea. She sprang up and yelled in the direction of the door, "Xavien!"

Xavien, who was standing guard outside, was startled and entered the room quickly, asking, "What happened?"

"You mentioned we'd be out at sea for a week. Why are we back here?" Abigail demanded, her frail body trembling as she grabbed his collar and shouted.

Xavien was taken aback by her outburst. After a moment, he explained, "You fell seriously ill at sea, according to Simond. I was worried it might happen again, so I brought you back to one of the nearby islands."

"I'm fine, just tired, so let's go back..."

Hearing that, Xavien immediately interjected, "Mr. Graham is safe. I managed to reach him today. We can visit him once your condition gets better."

Surprised, Abigail's eyes widened with concern. "Is he okay?"

"Yes, but we can't be sure until we see him. He's in the hospital but not in the best condition," Xavien reassured her.

Relaxing her grip on his collar, Abigail sank back onto the bed, her eyes welling with tears. "Is he really alright?"

"Absolutely. He called me this morning, saying he'd just woken up. However, we need to proceed cautiously, considering the commotion his accident has caused in Eswadia," Xavien explained solemnly.

"Jonell's group likely has connections to these pirates, and they are probably throwing a party right now," Abigail spat coldly.

"I have to inform and reassure Mr. Graham's family that he's fine now. You stay put," Xavien instructed, motioning toward the bed. "Ms. Quinn, getting enough rest is your utmost priority now. Mr. Graham mentioned there's a plan, and it's important that we create the impression that he indeed fell into the sea."

Abigail nodded. "I get it. As long as he's safe, I don't need to see him immediately."

"Mr. Graham hesitated at first to tell you, fearing you might interfere with the plan," Xavien remarked as he tucked her in after she settled into bed. "But he couldn't bear to see you upset."

Abigail understood why Sean had disclosed his plan to her. She had once kept her plan a secret from him, which ultimately led to their separation. In order to avoid any recurrence this time, he didn't repeat her way.

While Xavien went to comfort Sean's grandparents, Abigail drifted into a deep sleep. Since being abducted by Simond, she hadn't had proper rest, so this time, she slept she slept uninterrupted for two full days. Upon awakening, a sense of disorientation washed over her, leaving her feeling dizzy and disoriented.

Xavien had prepared a meal for her, and upon noticing her awake, he displayed concern akin to that of a caring father. "You've been sleeping for two days straight. I was worried, but the doctor advised that your body needed the rest. You haven't slept this well in a long time, so I chose not to disturb you."

"I'm hungry..." Abigail's hands trembled due to hunger.

Xavien took a seat beside her, watching her eating with gusto. Then, he broached, "I've compiled some information about Simond's family."

Abigail acknowledged with a nonchalant hum, appearing indifferent.

Xavien continued, "Simond's grandfather was previously engaged in international trade, specifically in the technological sector. However, due to a critical information breach, the Simpson Family came under suspicion and, as immigrants, were deported from the country."

Abigail showed no interest in hearing this.

"In Stephen Simpson's time, it appeared that he had totally abandoned the idea of returning to his homeland, instead establishing his own influence overseas. Nonetheless, Stephen's wife, who is also Simond and Sage's mother, managed to infiltrate his fortress in pursuit of the information from years ago. She even married him and bore his children."

At that moment, Abigail finally looked up at Xavien and inquired, "What happened later?"

“After Simond and Sage were born, Stephen’s wife proposed sending them to Eswadia to train as soldiers, supposedly to aid Stephen in the future. However, her true motive was to revive the reputation of the Simpson Family and reestablish ties with their homeland. Despite the longstanding relationship between her family and the Simpsons, it still took substantial effort for her to earn Stephen’s trust.”

“Does this imply that the origin of the leaked information is still unknown, and Eswadia has been investigating all this while?” Abigail swiftly understood the core of the situation.

“Exactly,” affirmed Xavien.

“Since birth, Simond and Sage were essentially prepared by their mother for a mission,” Abigail remarked coldly.

“Their mother has compiled important information to clear the name of the Simpson Family in this microchip. It also features advanced technologies, which is why it’s been sought after secretly by many,” Xavien explained, letting out a soft sigh.

“How about the traitor? Is their identity still unknown?” Abigail furrowed her brow in concern.

“After three generations, uncovering their identity seems challenging,” Xavien leaned against his chair and sighed, his expression conflicted.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-6 minutes | 10/27/2024

The Unusual Journey To Survival

The Simpson Family had been misunderstood since the time of Stephen’s father.

In order to return to the country, Stephen married Samuel’s mother. However, they didn’t get along after the marriage and separated for a prolonged period before divorcing.

Later, he fell in love with Simond’s mother, who gave birth to Simond and Sage. When she encountered the incident with the chip, Stephen patched things back with his first wife, and Simond’s little brother, Marshal Simpson, was born.

As Stephen's first wife still held considerable influence in the city, Stephen couldn't entirely make a clean break with her.

"It makes sense why the brothers are against each other. It's because they belong to different factions. But there's something wrong with the way Stephen brought up his children because they even killed him," Abigail said emotionlessly.

"Are you sure that Samuel and Marshal are the culprits?" Simond had told Xavien that he had abducted Abigail because the people in the fort claimed that she had killed Stephen.

"I'm sure. The people who sneaked in went straight to Stephen's room and killed him first. Clearly, it was executed by someone who knows him," Abigail answered calmly.

Xavien nodded. "I will explain this to Simond."

"I don't care about him. As long as he doesn't come back and remains as a vagabond abroad, I won't let him off once I settle down!" After eating her fill, Abigail lay down again.

Xavien thought for a moment, staring at her, and she asked, "What?"

Xavien sighed softly. "I would like to tell you that vengeance is a vicious cycle. Furthermore, the chip in his hands is useful for certain industries in Eswadia."

After all, it concerned the high-tech sector.

In the past, the Simpson Family learned technological research abroad through trade. Later, they were set up and exiled from Simond's grandfather's time.

All three generations of the family wanted to clear their family name so they could return to their home country.

Although Simond and Sage appeared to be mercenaries and pirates, they actually went around the globe in search of this chip. During the process, Sage almost lost her life.

Abigail frowned and said nothing.

"If Mr. Graham is fine, you should just let them be," Xavien added.

"I got it," Abigail answered, pulling the sheets over her head.

Besides this incident, he had also kidnapped her.

After spending a week in the hospital, Abigail was finally discharged and ready to meet Sean, who was in another small island country.

Very quickly, Xavien found his whereabouts based on the information he had given, and Abigail hurriedly followed him to the hospital where Sean was admitted.

In the hospital, doctors from various races walked past them. Pushing the door to Sean's ward open, Abigail anxiously looked in.

On the hospital bed, Sean was covered in bandages and appeared severely injured.

Abigail's eyes welled up with tears as she lunged forward. "How are you feeling?"

Putting away his tablet, Sean gazed at her. "Take a seat, and I will tell you the details." He was pale, most probably from the blood loss.

Abigail sat down and reached out to hold his hand while Xavien sat quietly in a corner.

"This experience was rather unusual," Sean began and coughed softly.

After he was shot in the shoulder and fell into the sea, he thought it would be the end of him. Unexpectedly, an orca lifted him out of the water after he drifted with the waves for a while.

"An orca saved you?" Abigail gasped in astonishment.

"That's right. It was after arriving on this island that I found out that it was the orca migration, and it was the orcas from Naflington that pushed me to the surface." Sean couldn't help but chuckle.

Immediately, Xavien searched for information about orcas.

"I am not familiar with orcas. Are there any unique traits of Naflington's orcas?" Abigail asked with large eyes.

"Apparently, they are quite friendly. Sometimes, you can even find them swimming alongside humans. As though worried that the humans will drown, they remain close to them," Xavien explained.

“Yes. I was out of breath at the time. It was a baby orca that swam over and propped me to the surface. That was how I could catch my breath.” Sean felt unbelievably lucky.

Leaning back in her chair, Abigail gawked at him. “Did you save the universe in your past life? Is that why even sea creatures came to save you?”

“That’s not true. According to the locals here, wild orcas have never deliberately caused harm to humans. Some orcas in certain regions actually have fun interacting with humans, just like how humans react when they run into cats,” Sean said, grinning.

Despite being a soft nudge from a baby orca, it nearly broke him. After all, a baby orca was still a rather large animal.

“Looks like I have to learn more about this fascinating creature,” Abigail said with a lopsided smile.

This marine animal was amazing.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-6 minutes 10/27/2024

The Gift For Their Baby

During the few days Abigail remained with Sean, she found out from the local fishermen that the baby orca who saved Sean was once stranded on the beach while learning to hunt seals. After that, it was saved by the local orca rescue organization.

Therefore, they would return to that spot annually and watch humans swimming from afar. Sometimes, they would even follow them.

“They’re highly intelligent and can recognize the people who have helped them,” the fisherman explained to Abigail with a smile.

Abigail couldn’t help but think that it was more than just a coincidence. Recently, she learned a lot about orcas and added new knowledge of aquatic animals.

When she returned to Sean’s ward, she used his tablet to slowly draft a design.

Leaning in next to her, Sean saw that she was designing a winter hat with orcas.

“Do you like them?” Sean slipped his arm around her waist.

Abigail nodded. “They are akin to the pandas of the sea and the top of the food chain. Don’t you think they’re incredible?”

“The moment they saved me, I thought they were the most amazing animals in the world.” Sean’s face lit up with a bright smile. He never dreamed that he would be so lucky to meet a baby orca in Naflington that was friendly toward humans and happened to be saved by humans before.

“I’m going to find out which marine conservation team rescued the baby orca that saved you so I can donate some money to them.” Abigail felt that Sean was saved this time because the Universe was perfectly aligned.

Lady Luck smiled upon him, and they should have done more charity after returning to continue the cycle.

“I already found out and made a huge donation. I hope all marine life will be fine,” Sean rested his head on Abigail’s shoulder.

“How are you feeling?” Abigail tilted her head at him.

Sean had survived a serious illness before. Should he suffer a relapse, Abigail was worried that there would be nobody to help him at that time.

“I’m fine. My injury isn’t that serious. It’s just that the baby orca is only too large. However, I ended up here because the baby orca gave me a soft nudge,” Sean Graham explained helplessly.

Although he was saved, he had sustained serious injuries.

“Do you have any idea how worried I was at that time? I was worried sick,” Abigail said, her eyes red with tears.

She was so worried, but little did she know that he had been through such an amusing and interesting experience.

“Maybe while I was fighting for survival, worried that you’d be sad, the baby orca felt my brain waves and came to my aid,” Sean said.

“Did you fall in love with it? You can’t seem to stop mentioning it,” Abigail teased with a twinge of jealousy.

“Yes, I did because it’s so cute,” Sean admitted, falling for an animal for the first time.

Neither did he like cats or dogs, but he was interested in marine life for the first time.

“Let’s go to the country Jorgona more often after this. I heard that orcas can be found there, too. Over there, they are known to be playful with humans, mimicking their movements as they swim,” Abigail said as she went on with her design.

This orca hat would be the gift for their future children, and a smile spread across Sean’s face.

While staying with Sean on the island, Abigail started growing fond of the place and couldn’t bear to leave.

This place was peaceful, had friendly fishermen, and could even spot migrating killer whale pods sometimes.

When the day came to leave, the fishermen were also reluctant to see Abigail leave.

“Promise you’ll visit frequently,” a fisherman’s daughter asked of her.

“I will,” Abigail replied, nodding.

“Orcas drop by these seas every year in March. Sometimes, they will pretend to be sharks to surprise us for fun. You should come and see it for yourself,” the girl added, unwilling to see Abigail go.

Removing her earrings, Abigail then gave them to her. “These earrings are limited edition, and I’m giving them to you. Should your family run into financial difficulties, you can trade these for money.”

“Thank you, Ms. Quinn. I will miss you,” the girl said, keeping away the earrings with care.

She seemed very interested in Eswadians and had said that she would like to visit the country. After finding out how advanced Eswadia was through the Internet, she was envious.

Abigail said goodbye to her and boarded the ship. Although Sean was still in bad shape, there was a ward on the ship.

“What do you plan when it comes to Luna?” Abigail asked Sean, sitting in his room.

“I plan to disguise myself a little. Go to New Yoke first while I hop off on an island halfway. Maybe you can’t recognize me the next time we meet,” Sean said with a smirk.

“Disguise?” Abigail repeated, raising an eyebrow in surprise.

“Yes, I have contacted a special effects makeup artist and will hire them for this purpose,” he explained.

“Okay,” Abigail answered, getting him a glass of water, and he took a sip.

Stroking his hand, she frowned. “Your hand is chilly. This episode has caused you great damage, and you need to recuperate once we get back.”

Sean chuckled. “Don’t worry. This is how I am after blood loss, but this time is not as damaging as that time at the Golden Triangle.”