

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 841-850

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Under Pressure

During the previous episode at the Golden Triangle, Sean ended up with severe internal injuries. This time around, the gunshot wound was the most serious injury, while the nudge from the orca caused a few fractures.

“Where are you hopping off?” Reluctance filled up Abigail’s heart. Just after less than half a month together, they had to be separated again.

“A country close to New Yoke,” Putting down his glass, he held Abigail’s hand.

Nodding, Abigail held his hand as well. “No matter what, only act after you’re fully recovered. I’m going over to Luna first.”

“My men have told me that she’s no longer in that estate, but Eric has gone home safely,” Sean said with a solemn expression.

“Eric is from the Davidson Family, after all. If anything happens to him, his parents won’t just sit by without any action.” Abigail reckoned that Eric’s father might have done something that forced Jonell to release him.

“Once you arrive at New Yoke and the situation becomes too much for you to handle, just stay at the hotel I’ve prepared for you like before and leave everything to Xavien.” Sean had thought about it and concluded that Abigail Quinn could take care of herself well.

“There are times I think you are overprotective of me, but I am capable enough to act together with Xavien,” Abigail said.

“When I was by your side, Jonell’s men were hesitant to act, but the situation is now different. If you go with Xavien, others will merely think of him as an assistant regardless of how long he has been

working for me.” Sean didn’t say things bluntly. Those men might underestimate Abigail simply because of her gender.

“It’s going to be alright. He’s your assistant, but I’m not,” Abigail didn’t seem to mind.

Although she knew that Sean’s faked death would impact her and Xavien greatly, she was not worried about getting bullied after all that she had been through.

Sean looked at her deeply and sighed, “Nothing I say now is useful.”

“I would like to do my part as well. You shouldn’t be doing this alone,” Abigail insisted. Luna was her best friend, and she could not let Sean shoulder all the responsibility alone.

“Since you have made up your mind, I won’t try to change it.” Sean pulled her into his embrace.

For the remaining trip, Abigail accompanied him to watch the sea view.

When they were next to each other, the sea did not seem so vast that it made them uneasy. Instead, it was a beautiful view that calmed their minds.

“Only when I’m watching the sea with you do I think that the sea is captivating,” Abigail mentioned tenderly to Sean while they watched the waves through the window.

The entire time, Sean had been staying in the cabin because of his injuries and the upcoming plans.

“Tomorrow is the day I hop off the ship,” Sean said, sounding reluctant.

Abigail looked into his eyes. “I’m sure I’ll recognize you through your disguise.”

“If that happens, it means that my disguise is a failure.” Sean smirked. “Do you believe that a person’s enemies know them better than their lovers?”

Of course, Abigail believed in that saying. She breathed in deeply and said, “I kinda look forward to your disguise that looks completely like a stranger to me.”

Sean's smile widened. "You'll be shocked, for sure."

On the fourth day after separating from Sean, Abigail and Xavien reached New Yoke.

"How are things ongoing with Jonell Davison?" Abigail asked Xavien after walking into the hotel.

"Nothing has been going on with him, and Luna was secretly moved. Mr. Graham wants us to negotiate with him. Meanwhile, the men he brought will press him on," Xavien said in a low voice.

Even though Abigail didn't know what Sean was planning, she went along with it. "Let's do as he wants and set up a meeting with Jonell Davison."

As Jonell was still keeping up his pretense as a businessman, it was unlikely that he would reject a meeting with her.

"Mr. Graham has the VIP elite club memberships here, so you have access to all his memberships. Let's check out the club to look for Jonell. That's right. Can you handle a few drinks?" Xavien asked politely.

"I'm alright. Although I can't take too many drinks, I won't topple with a couple of shots," Abigail replied, knowing that drinking was inevitable at the club.

Xavien was relieved. "I'll save you regardless of what happens."

"All you have to do is take care of yourself when you're by my side." After saying that, Abigail turned into her room.

As Xavien watched her from behind, he recalled the way she fearlessly took off her jacket to distract the criminals.

She's quite something, he thought. Now I know why Mr. Graham enjoys chasing her so much over the years.

However, he couldn't imagine having a girl like Abigail despite the fact that he wanted a bold girlfriend.

In the evening, Abigail and Xavien went to the elite club.

Dressed in simple, smart, casual attire, she turned heads with her stunning features the moment she entered the room.

Jones recognized Abigail from Sean's phone because her picture was his screensaver.

When Jones recalled that news of Sean's accident at sea had already spread like bushfires across the world, he raised his brows and didn't approach Abigail in the end.

He once thought that knowing Sean could benefit him greatly in many ways. To his dismay, Sean acted so unpredictably and went off to Southern East to fight pirates.

However, Abigail didn't notice Jones in the same room at all. Instead, she had her eyes on Jonell nearby.

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Superb Acting Skills

Abigail walked toward Jonell and placed her glass on the bar. Sensing someone next to him, Jonell twisted his head to look and met Abigail's gaze.

"Ms. Quinn, how can I help you?" Jonell observed her carefully. He had never met Abigail before and noticed that she was a stark difference from Luna.

Abigail slipped into a seat and smirked coldly. "Mr. Davidson, if you have any plans for my friend, you can always tell me, and we will talk about them."

"Who is your friend?" Jones wasn't about to fall into her trap.

"Luna Smith. You may not know that she had given birth to a child for my brother," Abigail said calmly.

The fact that Luna was once pregnant was not a secret to Jonell, but he didn't know who the child's father was because of her taking a shot. Because of this, Abigail had to go through some trouble for a while to find it out.

“We are not friends, Ms. Quinn. So, you don’t have to make small talk with me,” Jonell said, getting up to leave.

Wearing a smile, Xavien stopped him from leaving. “There is proof showing that Vincent Pearson is involved in a scam syndicate. Six months after the interrogation, he confessed that somebody from the Davidson Family had planned the whole thing. Everyone from the Davidson Family is under investigation. It’s not your turn yet simply because of protocol.”

Jonell’s expression turned somber. “This is not my problem because I’ve already emigrated!”

“Emigration does not mean exemption,” Xavien said with a cold sneer. “Mr. Davidson, it’s best if you negotiate with us.”

Unwavering, Jonell asked, “I heard that Sean Graham knows a detective with international authority. Will this detective be the one to investigate me?”

Abigail watched his every facial muscle attentively and noticed that he had not a shard of guilt. What a strong mentality he has!

“We have more evidence than you imagine. Furthermore, all the money from the scam is in Mr. Graham’s possession. Why are you still struggling?” Xavien’s tone was laced with sarcasm.

“No matter how much evidence he had, he still died at sea, didn’t he? Why are you so anxious? Are you worried that you’ll lose everything after his death?” he pointed out casually.

Xavien’s face turned icy, and Abigail grabbed Jonell’s collar. “He didn’t die!”

“What do you think the sea is? Regardless of how much money you spend, you won’t even find his remains!” Jonell met Abigail’s eyes with sarcasm in his eyes.

When Abigail was about to strike him, Xavien held her back.

“Too many people are looking. We can’t get into a fight here,” he warned in a hushed voice.

Seeing Abigail’s bloodshot eyes, Jonell had a good guess in his mind.

At first, he doubted the news of Sean dying at sea. But now, he was pretty sure of its authenticity after seeing Abigail and Xavien’s reactions.

After Xavien dragged Abigail away, she asked, "How's my acting?" Her face was grim and especially unpleasant, with a hint of sadness.

"You did it amazing," Xavien whispered.

As they got ready to leave, Jones blocked their path, holding a glass of wine in his hand. "Did Sean really have an accident at sea?" Alas, Jones wanted to have a definitive answer.

Seeing that it was Jones, Xavien softened his expression. "The search at sea is ongoing, but he should be safe."

Jones nodded. The ocean was different from a river, and he doubted that Sean could be saved. Even if they did find his remains, they would have been halfway damaged by the elements in the sea.

"I remember you have a business deal with Mr. Graham. Is that right?" Xavien asked politely after composing himself.

Jones sighed. "Since his rescue is uncertain, the deal has to be put off."

"What deal?" Abigail inquired.

Jones didn't hold Abigail in high regard and said bluntly, "Ms. Quinn, as the owner of a high-end women's clothing brand, you are considered successful amongst females. However, you have little knowledge in the male domain."

Abigail didn't argue and merely agreed, "You're right."

Her humble attitude made Jones feel that Sean had made a good choice in choosing his partner. At least, this woman didn't seem to mind it when he mocked her.

After Xavien and Abigail left the place and hopped into their car, Xavien asked while driving, "I wonder if what we did will be helpful to Mr. Graham or not."

Leaning back in her seat, Abigail watched the unfamiliar scenery outside the window. "This is all we have to do. The rest is up to him."

The car slowly rolled away. During the drive, Xavien suddenly noticed several cars following them.

"We're being followed!" Xavien informed Abigail promptly.

"I noticed them earlier, but I wasn't sure," Abigail answered, reaching for the hidden weapon she carried with her.

The car following them came closer and rear-ended their car.

As Xavien steered the car into balance, he tightened his jaw and warned Abigail, "Hold on tight!"

Abigail nodded.

The pursuing group wanted to steer them into a less busy road. Perhaps they were trying to avoid causing a scene in the busy city center.

Xavien pushed down the gas pedal, and Abigail looked back. A loud bang echoed right after she took a glance, and the rear window broke into pieces, with a shard almost striking her eyes.

Her eyeball was almost punctured by glass. As her heart galloped, she ducked and said somberly, "There are a total of five cars!"

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Work Must Go On

Xavien's forehead was beaded with sweat as he said, "I have alerted the bodyguards. They will be here to rescue us soon!"

Upon hearing that, Abigail hummed in response.

Jonell must be the one who had placed this group of men here.

He has become even more roguish now that Sean is gone.

Xavien persisted for over ten minutes. Finally, the team of bodyguards arrived and surrounded the five cars. At once, gunshots erupted.

“Stay in the car. Just let the bodyguards handle the situation.” Xavien stepped on the gas pedal.

“Okay.” Abigail knew Xavien would be held accountable by Sean if something happened to her.

Upon arriving at the hotel, a group of individuals immediately surrounded Abigail and Xavien.

“Ms. Quinn, can you manage?” Xavien inquired Abigail, who stood beside him.

Abigail removed her jacket and revealed a snug T-shirt underneath.

“Of course.”

Despite saying so, she didn’t immediately take action since engaging in a shootout outside the hotel was unwise. After all, it would attract the attention of the state police and lead to lengthy explanations.

Moreover, the group of individuals approaching them were tall and muscular. Not to mention, each held a baseball bat.

Once the timing was right, Abigail tossed the piece of clothing that she was clutching in her hand and immediately grabbed one of the individuals’ baseball bats. She passed it to Xavien before kicking away the man who had attacked her.

Her movements bore no mercy, and she was remarkably skilled.

Meanwhile, Xavien watched in admiration.

She seems to have grown even more formidable since our last encounter.

Within minutes, she had effortlessly subdued six burly men.

Xavien, on the other hand, merely knocked out three. As he watched the men wail in agony on the ground, he arched his eyebrow and remarked breezily, “Ms. Quinn, your skills have improved recently.”

“Every day during the months of getting kidnapped, I had fought with Simond and his sister, Sage. In fact, Sage can no longer defeat me.” Abigail chuckled.

At that time, she figured that focusing on improving her fighting skills would come in handy for her escape.

However, she didn't manage to apply them.

Xavien leaned the baseball bat against the ground and sighed. "Mr. Graham probably won't stand a chance in a dispute with you in the future, will he?"

"Oh, please. Can't you wish something good for our relationship?" Abigail put her jacket back on after saying that.

Abigail and Xavien had been investigating Jonell in New Yoke for several days. Indeed, they had uncovered some leads.

"Six months ago, a group of individuals at his estate headed to the winery's vineyard for grape harvesting. I suspect Luna was among them." Xavien handed the information to Abigail.

Abigail furrowed her brows and scanned through the information. "Have you checked the winery?" she inquired, looking solemn.

"Previously, I wasn't aware he had a winery," Xavien replied. Luna could have been relocated multiple times within these six months.

Both fell into silence.

Abigail set down the information file and sighed. "It will be extremely challenging to trace the staff mobility at this winery."

"We must investigate even if it poses difficulties. We can't uncover any leads if we don't delve into it." Xavien had gotten used to scrutinizing trivial details such as these.

Abigail glanced at him. "No wonder you can work for him so long."

"Indeed. Mr. Graham won't even consider hiring me if I don't possess some special skills." Xavien chuckled. Then, he promptly instructed his team on the investigating task.

He provided guidance while his team diligently delved deeper.

"By the way, is Sean's money secure?" Abigail was slightly concerned.

With news of Sean's disappearance at sea circulating, many will be itching for action.

"The app Andrew developed is highly secured. It won't get hacked anytime soon." Xavien expressed his confidence in Andrew.

In the following days, Abigail didn't run into Jonell again.

With nothing else to occupy her time, she shared a children's hat design featuring killer whale elements on her Instagram.

Since Alana had been inactive on Instagram for quite some time, her Instagram update instantly enlivened her followers.

'Wow! This hat is so cute! It looks like it's meant for babies. Can't we adults have one, too?!'

'Oh my gosh! It's a killer whale! I love killer whales, but this hat is too small for me to wear. I urge for an adult version of this hat!'

'Somehow, I can't shake off the feeling that this hat holds some implications. Could it be a hint that Alana and Sean are getting married?'

'Yo, what's up with the comment above? Missing out on the recent trending stories?'

Just like that, the comments poured in enthusiastically. However, there were fewer mentions of Sean's name after the fourth comment.

Abigail smirked upon seeing everyone still being as lively.

Indeed, she had designed the killer whale hat for her and Sean's future child. While others had hats with a tiger head design, she had opted for a more innovative killer-whales-inspired design.

As soon as she logged off Instagram, Garrett called.

"I saw the photo on Instagram. It's pretty adorable. What's the story behind it?" Garrett remained skeptical about the news of Sean plunging into the ocean.

"What do you mean?" Abigail acted dumb.

"I'm curious about the hat. Is it a tribute? Or is it some form of preparation to welcome your child?" Garrett was as curious as a cat.

"Mind your own business. You're not purely calling me to talk about this, right? So, what do you want?" Little did Garrett know, Abigail was reprimanding him inwardly. Why is he being such a busybody and prying for information? He should just focus on his work.

"I thought you'd neglected your duty as a designer. It's been nearly two years since we last released your works at Fairy Meadow. The orders have dwindled. We would have ceased operation if we didn't hold out hope for a masterpiece from you." Garrett expressed his frustration.

At once, Abigail grasped his point.

He wants me to get back to work.

"I still have other priorities at the moment. That hat design was just a quick sketch." Abigail struggled to come up with new designs.

"Miss Quinn, please take time out of your busy schedule to brainstorm. Fairy Meadow is on its last legs," Garrett said with a hint of desperation.

L.Moon's staff can still design costumes for movie production crews, but Fairy Meadow faces declining orders to the point that our employees will potentially lose their jobs.

Fans are only interested in Abigail's designs. They don't acknowledge the work of other designers.

Because of this, the clothing created by other designers at Fairy Meadow is experiencing dismal sales.

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The Noble Savior

Abigail let out a sigh of regret. I shouldn't have posted that Instagram update.

“Could Fairy Meadow have coped with the decline in sales if I hadn’t updated my Instagram?” she asked helplessly.

Garrett was rather straightforward. “Indeed, since fans would assume you were busy. But now that you have drafted that killer whale hat design, that’s just telling your fans that you’re free. They will question why you can’t take some time to work on your designs.”

Upon hearing that, Abigail scratched her head.

Is it too late to delete my Instagram post and claim it got hacked now?

“I’ll find the time to sketch one.” Abigail gave in, knowing well that her fans were the ones who paid her bills.

“I am touched, indeed. The missing person has finally found her way back to her Instagram and is treating her fans with remarkable designs.” Garrett feigned emotion.

“Fine, fine. I need to get back to work. I won’t chat with you anymore.” Abigail felt that he would demand further if the conversation continued.

“Okay.” Garrett’s mission was accomplished.

Given Abigail’s situation, he was grateful enough to have obtained a design sketched by her.

Abigail hung up the phone. Her head ached a little as she tried to decide what design to offer her fans.

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At night, Jonell’s car drove down Arch Street. Before long, the bodyguard, who sat beside him, suddenly exclaimed, “Someone is tailing us!”

Upon hearing that, Jonell frowned and turned to look behind. “How many cars?”

“They’ve got us surrounded!” the driver said in panic.

Jonell’s face instantly darkened. No one has dared to take action against me after all this time in New Yoke.

At this moment, he could think of a few suspects. Now that Sean has gotten into an accident, his subordinate, Xavien, decides to take action?! And Abigail. Could it be that she can no longer remain calm for Luna's sake?

"Speed up!" Jonell commanded sternly.

With that, the driver abruptly hit the gas pedal.

The car bolted like it had lost control.

Dozens of cars showcased a high-speed chase on Arch Street.

Jonell's car was hit multiple times and nearly flipped over.

He, who sat in the car, was in a flustered state. Even if I call for help now, the reinforcements can't arrive in time!

Even though the driver tried his best, he couldn't avoid another collision.

Jonell's car was hit with a loud crash, resulting in a dent. Then, it spun and crashed into a nearby building.

Dozens of cars surrounded his car. Since Jonell's bodyguard shielded him when the accident happened, he escaped major injuries. Still, the collision made his head swim. It took him a moment to regain his senses.

While grabbing onto the car door, he peered outside.

Abigail stepped out from one of the cars. Her silhouette elongated by the streetlight as she gradually approached Jonell's vehicle.

Upon seeing her figure, Jonell gritted his teeth in anger. As expected, it is Abigail!

Seemingly to have sensed Jonell's gaze, she slowly drew a handgun from her waist and aimed it at the car window.

Jonell instinctively ducked.

Sweating profusely, he first heard a gunshot getting fired outside.

Then, Jonell heard nothing but the continuous firing of gunshots outside, which made him wonder if his reinforcements had arrived.

After a while, Abigail left with her associates.

Even so, Jonell remained hidden in the car for a long time. He only cautiously raised his head when he heard a knock on the window.

“Hello? Are there any survivors?” An unfamiliar voice sounded from outside.

Since Jonell was injured and couldn’t stay in the car much longer, he eventually responded after pondering momentarily. “Yes...”

He vigilantly rolled down the window a little.

Upon seeing that it was a tall man with blonde hair and blue eyes, Jonell abruptly breathed a sigh of relief.

He rolled down the window further and flashed the man a friendly expression, requesting, “Sir, I have just encountered a group of assailants. My bodyguard and driver are both injured and unconscious. My car is damaged as well. Could you please take us to the hospital?”

The man with blonde hair and blue eyes was incredibly handsome. He exuded an aura of nobility, which made him resemble an upper-class figure in New Yoke.

“Of course,” the man said as he extended his hand toward him.

After helping him out of the car, the man couldn’t help but let out a few coughs. “I’m sorry. I’m not in the best of health.”

“I should be the one apologizing.” Jonell feigned friendliness.

“I’m Carl. You seem to be an Eswadian. You may not be familiar with Ansela, so it’s best to avoid going out at night. Otherwise, you’ll easily become the target for criminals,” Carl said sincerely.

Jonell, who was being led forward with Carl’s help, sized Carl up from the corner of his eye.

Carl looks young, but his attire and demeanor are exceptional. He should be someone from a wealthy background.

“I am indeed an Eswadian. I’m residing in Baridge. I was rushing home after working late at night, so I didn’t pay much attention,” Jonell explained.

In reality, he had lived here for many years without encountering such an incident. None of this would have occurred if it hadn’t been for Abigail proactively attacking him.

Carl nodded in response and stopped asking further questions.

It was only then that Jonell noticed several cars following behind him. The occupants all stepped out. When he saw them resembling a team of bodyguards and that each was armed, Jonell couldn’t help but remark, “Mr. Carl, your status is quite remarkable.”

“It’s truly nothing special. My parents were concerned about me being out so late, so they requested I bring along some bodyguards.” Carl sounded casual, devoid of any hint of boasting when he spoke these words.

Jonell smiled.

After entering the car, Jonell thought twice. Eventually, he decided to save Carl’s contact details.

When they almost arrived at the hospital, he couldn’t resist asking Carl, “Where do you live?”

“I live in Meander Bay City,” Carl answered.

Meander Bay City is ideally situated, and it’s easy to get to Manhattan. Furthermore, most of its residents are affluent.

Jonell now had a basic grasp of Carl’s background.

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Get Blood From a Stone

Just as Abigail returned to the hotel and sat down, Xavien approached her and asked, “How did it go with Jonell?”

"I did cause some trouble at that moment. However, someone came in halfway, so I didn't get to finish it," Abigail replied with a frown.

Although she didn't recognize those people, she noticed they were all well-equipped and skilled, which meant they were not as simple as they looked.

"Have you checked if Jonell has any other connections that we missed?" Abigail asked while pinching the bridge of her nose.

Xavien shook his head. "No. I've checked it through."

"Just now, a group of people appeared out of nowhere and rescued him." Abigail's expression turned grim as she thought about how close she was to seizing Jonell. If she had succeeded at that moment, she would be able to locate Luna's whereabouts easily. Yet, she didn't expect him to be so lucky and escape.

At that moment, Xavien looked at her and said, "Could it be... Mr. Graham?"

Hearing his words, Abigail snapped her head toward him.

Before Sean departed, he had told them to find a way to approach Jonell and use extreme measures if negotiations failed. Now that Abigail thought about it, she realized that perhaps tonight was a trap Sean had set up.

Jonell was a stubborn man. Hence, they would need time to gather evidence against him. However, none of them knew if Luna could afford to wait that long. Thus, they could only find a way to save Luna by risking their lives and stepping into the enemy's lair.

"How much of a possibility do you think there is? Could he be doing all these behind your back?" Abigail found it somewhat unbelievable. After all, Sean had trusted Xavien with many things. Thus, it was strange that Xavien would be unaware of something that was related to Sean.

"Jonell is quite hard to deal with, so I can understand why he kept me in the dark. Maybe he had wanted to do this for a long time but always lacked an opportunity." As Xavien spoke, he gradually felt eased.

"We still need to be cautious. Sean mentioned that Jonell might also suspect the things we had already guessed," Abigail said seriously.

Xavien nodded. "You're right. If we can guess it out easily, so can he."

Jonell had been in the hospital for a week. When Abigail attended the party again, she spotted him standing with a man who had blonde hair and blue eyes. With just one look, Abigail could tell he wasn't Sean.

The man was slender and had pale skin, appearing rather sick.

Abigail approached them with a glass of wine and said, "Mr. Davidson, long time no see."

When Carl noticed her, he narrowed his eyes and said, "It was you that night. Why did you go after Mr. Davidson?"

Hearing Carl's words, Abigail scrutinized him.

Carl was exceedingly beautiful, not just handsome, but genuinely beautiful.

"That's because he used to treat me in that manner. I was merely getting him back." Abigail shrugged and smiled.

Hearing her words, Carl chuckled. Then, before Abigail could react, he suddenly drew out a gun and fired his shot.

In that split second, Xavien pushed Abigail aside, causing the bullet to graze through his shoulder. He collapsed on the ground and clutched his shoulder while writhing in pain.

At that moment, the party was in chaos.

Abigail propped herself up from the ground and kicked Carl, who was still attempting to make another shot.

The gun slipped from his grasp. At the same time, Abigail drew out her gun and aimed it at Carl's head. "I have nothing against you, so why are you doing this?"

Carl held a glass of wine in his hand and shrugged. "Mr. Davidson is my friend. I'm just teaching you a lesson on his behalf."

Xavien, enduring the intense pain, leaned on a nearby chair and stood up. Looking at Carl, he asked, "Do you want to become enemies with us?"

Jonell had never expected Carl to attack Abigail. Most importantly, he had always suspected Carl to be an undercover agent. If that was the case, he felt that Sean was going too far. After all, if Xavien hadn't intervened just now, Abigail would have been shot straight into the heart.

"I heard that you guys are from Eswadia. Although Mr. Davidson is also an Eswadian, he had already immigrated to Ansela, which means he is one of us now. Do you think it's right for you guys to hurt him?" Carl said sarcastically.

Jonell was surprised by how unpredictable Carl's temperament was.

Abigail noticed that many people had left, leaving only Carl's bodyguards.

Carl was relaxed as he took a sip of the wine and smiled at Abigail. "If you kneel and apologize to Mr. Davidson now, I'll spare your life. If not, I guess this is where it ends."

At that moment, Jones, one of the senior executives here, walked over and said, "Mr. Carl, this is a no-tolerance zone for trouble. Didn't your father—"

Bang!

Before Jones could finish his words, he fell to the ground. Blood slowly oozed from his forehead and stained the floor red.

Carl, who was holding a Desert Eagle-Gold gun, casually blew on the muzzle. "It seems that the senior executives of the New Yoke Business Association will have a place for me."

Looking at the scene, Abigail was tense, and so was Xavien. After all, Carl appeared out of nowhere, so they had yet to learn about his background since they hadn't had a chance to investigate him. However, judging from his arrogant behavior, they assumed he must be from a wealthy family.

Abigail pointed her gun at Carl while looking around. She thought about breaking through, but it was too difficult.

On the other hand, Jonell smiled and said, "Mr. Carl, I'm surprised you helped me."

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One Thing Leads to Another

Hearing his words, Carl smiled strangely and said, "Is that so?"

Looking at him, Jonell felt a shiver run down his spine.

"Do you want them to apologize to you?" asked Carl as he looked at Jonell. His emerald eyes were as cold as ice.

"Of course." Jonell didn't dare to challenge Carl since the latter was armed. Although he knew Carl was a dangerous man, he knew he was safe since Carl was on his side.

On the other hand, Carl shut his eyes briefly before reopening them. Then, he said, "Miss Eswadia, are you going to apologize to him? All you have to do is kneel, which is something you women do often, right?"

Hearing his comment, Xavien attempted to speak, but Abigail stopped him by grabbing his shoulder.

Turning her pistol around, Abigail slowly put her gun down. Looking at Carl's smug smile, she suddenly raised the gun, seized his collar, and tossed him aside. Then, she quickly jumped over the bar counter.

At the same time, Xavien promptly hid under the table.

When Carl crashed against the table, he cursed, "Sh*t! Shoot them! I want them dead!"

Jonell was almost caught in the crossfire. In that split second, he realized Carl wasn't here to help him. He was here because he wanted to settle scores with Abigail.

Abigail stealthily approached a bodyguard on the opposite side of the bar. Then, she incapacitated him and took his machine gun.

After shooting all the bodyguards, she wielded a gun in each hand and fired in Carl's direction.

Carl didn't expect Abigail to be so strong. Then, he quickly looked for cover behind a pillar while his bodyguards protected him.

Abigail swapped guns and went to Xavien's side. She shielded him as they made their way towards the exit.

“Let’s stop here now, sir. You better pray I won’t be able to find anything about you. Otherwise, you better get out of New Yoke as soon as possible!” Abigail said before leaving with Xavien.

After they left, Carl came out behind the pillar with a grim expression. He slapped the bodyguard beside him and scolded. “Useless! You guys can’t even handle a woman!”

“Are you certain Simond is here?” asked another bodyguard.

“Are you doubting me?” Carl lashed out. “Even if he doesn’t show up today, it’ll be a matter of time before he does. I want to know everything about that woman! With Xavien injured, there’s nothing she can do!” He refused to believe that Simond would continue hiding once Abigail was being hunted.

After that, he noticed Jonell, who was standing up. Then, he smirked and said, “Seize him. I heard that a woman named Abigail wanted to know his whereabouts.”

...

As Abigail helped Xavien into the car, she pressed down on the gas pedal and drove towards the hotel.

Xavien endured the pain as he took his tablet to investigate Carl. After thirty minutes, his expression was solemn. “Carl is Simond’s nemesis. We’re being targeted because of him.”

“This guy... I knew that nothing good comes from getting entangled with him.” Abigail gritted her teeth.

She couldn’t believe that he had left a nemesis for them after his departure. What does this have to do with me?

“Simond must have been driven to New Yoke by him. He is using you to lure Simond out.” Xavien took a deep breath. “How unfortunate we are. I initially thought it was Mr. Graham.”

“I knew it wasn’t him at first glance. However, I didn’t expect Carl to have such an audacity to do such things,” Abigail remarked.

Nevertheless, it was a good thing. After all, they had one enemy in plain sight now.

Xavien leaned back into the seat, his lips quivering from the pain. “Where is Mr. Graham? It’s already tough for us to dealing with Jonell, let alone Carl is here now...”

“Hurry up and gather Carl’s information. He won’t let us off that easily,” Abigail said to Xavien.

Xavien nodded. Sweat dampened his eyes, making his bloodshot eyes even redder.

After returning to the hotel, Abigail sent him to the operating room. Inside the room, she gazed solemnly at the night view.

Carl was acting quite bold earlier, so she knew that he was a strong influence in New Yoke. Thus, it was only a matter of time before he found out their whereabouts. This place was risky, she thought. Once Xavien underwent surgery, Abigail knew it was time for them to leave.

Meanwhile, Jonell was taken by Carl to a secluded street in Queens Street.

With a foot pressing down on his hand, Jonell trembled in pain. He glared at Carl and said, “How dare you treat me like this? You will be punished!”

“You are just a rat. Do you think I’m afraid of you? Do you know why I can have such influence in the Chamber of Commerce? It’s because my father is—” Before Carl could finish his sentence, a bullet pierced through his forehead.

Jonell was utterly stunned by the scene before him as blood splattered his face.

The series of events tonight made him feel like he was living in a dream.

In the meantime, Carl’s bodyguards were stunned. However, they soon fell to the ground one after another.

Jonell knelt on the ground and saw a group of men standing not far away under the streetlamp. Each of them looked tall and strong. The leader appeared quite ordinary.

After dealing with Carl, the man slowly approached Jonell with a gun.

Jonell was shivering.

In the dim light, the man’s face gradually became clearer. He was a black man with thick lips. He looked like he hadn’t bathed in days and was emitting an unpleasant body odor.

“Hey. Aren’t you going to get up?” The black man looked at Jonell coldly.

Jonell endured the pain hand and shivered as he stood up. "Who are you?"

"Your people paid me to save you. Who do you think I am? Who is this guy? Is he your enemy?" the black man asked.

Jonell kicked Carl and replied, "Of course. However, you seem to have offended someone you shouldn't. His identity is not that simple."

Hearing his words, the black man and his companions laughed.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

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Danger Resolved

Jonell was frustrated when he noticed their reaction. "What's so funny?"

"It looks like your men failed to inform you that we are being asked to protect you. Therefore, any casualties will be your own responsibility," the black man said mockingly.

Hearing his words, Jonell gritted his teeth in frustration.

He had investigated Carl before. Carl was the son of a tech company executive from Fuella. Although no one knew why Carl came to New Yoke, his father had close ties with the governors in various states.

As a businessman, Jonell had no connections to the governors.

"Take me to Baridge," Jonell said coldly. At this moment, he needed to return and make preparations.

The black man guided him to a military green Land Rover and introduced himself.

"I'm Mike. Stationed in Thesos," the black man introduced himself.

Jonell nodded.

As Mike introduced his companions, Jonell slowly got to know everyone. However, he frowned when he locked eyes with a specific timid individual.

He had been feeling uneasy since getting into the car. Now, he knew it was because of that person.

"That's Anderson. He has gerontophilia, meaning he prefers older men, especially men from Eswadian. Thus, I advise you to be careful around him." Mike chuckled.

Hearing his words, Jonell averted his gaze in disgust. He tried calming himself down by thinking that there were all kinds of people around the world.

As they stayed together for some days, Jonell found himself constantly being stared at by Anderson. He was furious but had nowhere to vent his emotions.

In the end, Jonell could not bear it anymore and barked. "Stare at me one more time, and I will gouge your eyes out!"

Anderson was taken aback by his reaction and quickly averted his gaze. However, he was quick to fixate his eyes on Jonell again.

Noticing his gaze, Jonell took a deep breath and was relieved they would soon arrive at his place. This was the first time he had been eyed by a man, making him uneasy.

After arriving at the mansion, Jonell said to Mike, "The guest room is over there."

It was Luna's room, but it had been unoccupied for quite some time.

Gazing at the darkened environment, Jonell frowned and made his way to his own room.

Soon, his own residence would be vacant as well.

As expected, he felt nothing good would come whenever he interacted with Sean and the others. The money from his schemes had yet to be laundered and was still in his pocket. Moreover, he had to depart from New Yoke, where he had stayed for a long time.

Mike glanced at the house and noticed Anderson was still looking at Jonell. He walked toward Anderson and slapped him. "Stop staring at him. He is our benefactor, so don't even think about it!"

Anderson covered his face and silently followed the others into the house.

On the other hand, Jonell stood by the door. When he saw Mike's action, he smiled coldly.

...

The next morning, Abigail intended to discuss the relocation with Xavien when the latter informed her that Jonell's mansion was now empty.

She frowned and sat by Xavien's bed. "What happened?" she asked.

Xavien's face was pale, and he could barely move. Then, he whispered, "I heard that Carl was killed by his bodyguard. The governor of New Yoke has alerted all officials from other states, and they are on a search for him."

Abigail was surprised by the news. "Carl is dead?"

Given Carl's background, she thought he would not let them go easily. Yet, she didn't expect him to be dead so soon.

"Yes, the information is reliable. He was found dead in Queens Street this morning." Xavien said and sighed softly as the pain in his shoulder was intense.

"Will this affect us?" Abigail asked worriedly. After all, they had fought with Carl yesterday, so she doubted Carl's family would let them off the hook. Furthermore, Simond also had the chip.

"I had talked to the governor this morning and informed him about what happened last night. Some influential members of Jones' chamber are also pressuring the governor. The governor needs to clarify matters regarding Jones' death to them. Fortunately, I have been contacting someone within the Chamber of Commerce, and she has promised to assist us," Xavien said weakly.

"In that case, we wouldn't need to get out of here too soon," Abigail said, breathing a sigh of relief. At this moment, she was more concerned about Sean.

Jonell's already fled, so where can Sean be?

"I'm not sure where Mr. Graham is right now," Xavien said and closed his eyes.

“He can handle things himself. You should rest now.” Abigail stood up.

As she exited the room, she sighed.

Soon, the governor arrived with his entourage to visit Xavien. After talking for about two hours, he finally left.

Abigail returned to Xavien’s room and looked at him worriedly. “What did you guys talk about?”

“He asked about our knowledge of Jonell. A substantial reward is being offered. I’m just wondering whether killing Carl was part of Mr. Graham’s strategy.” Xavien’s mood had significantly improved.

Abigail had also wondered about this. Given the ever-changing situation in New Yoke, who knows what will happen.

“I just hope he is safe. Can you arrange a meeting with that person from the Chamber of Commerce?” Abigail was worried that Xavien would not recover well if he kept overworking.

“Sure. Her name is Ella. I will inform her about this. She should be happy to meet up with you,” said Xavien as he reached for his phone.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-6 minutes | 10/27/2024

Decision Made

Ella, being the secretary-general, had a high position in the Chamber of Commerce.

Abigail invited her for a luxurious dinner at a hotel.

“We don’t know anything about Carl’s death. We just know that he was looking for something for his family. That was why he came after us. However, we retreated because we didn’t want to complicate things,” Abigail explained to Ella.

Despite her old age, Ella looked elegant with her silver hair and fair complexion.

“Mr. Summer informed me that the governor is seeking answers from our Chamber of Commerce’s president. Don’t worry. I’m here to assist you,” Ella assured her with a warm smile.

“Miss Ella, can I ask you a question?” asked Abigail.

“Sure,” Ella replied as she took a sip of red wine.

“Why are you helping us?” Abigail asked. It’s not that she didn’t trust Ella, but she feared that her negligence could make her regret her decision if things went south.

“A year ago, Mr. Graham helped my husband with his business. Those dealings made our lives better. He also helped me get into the Chamber of Commerce. I would be repaying his debts by helping you,” Ella said.

Abigail was taken aback and thought, Could Sean have planned everything a year ago?

“Mr. Graham is a kind man. We’re forever grateful for his help.” Ella smiled.

Abigail nodded and remained silent.

“We’re sorry to hear about his accident. Since Mr. Summer has asked me to help, I will certainly do my best. By murdering Jones, the Chamber of Commerce’s influential members would settle the score with Carl’s dad. After all, some of them have businesses with Jones, so his death would greatly impact them. Right now, the governor is swamped, so he won’t cause any trouble to you guys,” Ella reassured Abigail.

“Thank you, Miss Ella.” Abigail sighed in relief.

After Ella departed, Abigail sat deep in thought. A year ago? I was still at Simond’s place when Sean and I broke up. Despite this, Sean still went ahead with this plan to rescue Luna, never once allowing hatred to get in the way. I wonder how he is doing now.

...

Jonell and the others were ambushed outside of New Yoke, which caused them to tumble out of the vehicle one by one.

“Head for the mountains! Quick!” Mike shouted.

Jonell had broken his arm, and his face was pale due to the pain. In the meantime, Anderson yanked him forward as they fled the scene.

When Mike saw Anderson's actions, he was furious. "Anderson! Let him go. His arm is broken. Even if he makes it to the woods, he'd still die."

After all, without proper treatment, Jonell's wound would become fatal.

In such dire circumstances, individuals like them would typically abandon their employer and flee. After all, the promised 20% commission was enough to maintain their lives for a moment.

Anderson shook his head.

"Fu*k. Snap out of it. There are plenty of handsome older men out there. Why must it be him?" Mike exclaimed as he slapped Anderson.

Anderson backed away, but he continued to shield Jonell.

"Mike, let's just go our separate ways and forget about them!" a man suggested.

Pushing Anderson aside, Mike left.

Meanwhile, Anderson carried Jonell and sprinted in the opposite direction.

He ran swiftly.

Jonell had never met someone like Anderson—quiet, yet brawny. Yet, he felt uneasy when he thought about Anderson potentially taking advantage of his bruised body for his own satisfaction.

After carrying him for half an hour, Anderson found a secluded spot and sat down. Summoning his courage, he said to Jonell, "Rest here. I'll look for some herbs."

"Do you know about herbs?" Jonell was surprised.

"Yes."

Then, Anderson left without saying anything.

As dusk fell, Jonell had considered leaving on his own. However, he soon realized that this would lead to his death, especially now that he was injured. He knew Anderson had unique talents since he could be on Mike's team.

It was nighttime when Anderson finally returned with the herbs.

Jonell's hand was forcefully broken by the impact.

When he tore Jonell's sleeve and saw the bloody arm, he gave it a gentle squeeze.

"If you have any improper thoughts, I'll kill you!" Jonell warned in displeasure as his body tensed.

There was lust in Anderson's eyes when he looked up.

Jonell felt goosebumps all over his body as he saw the look in Anderson's eyes. Although he wanted to fight with Anderson, his condition left him with no choice but to keep his cool.

"I'm not a youngster. It's much better to have a woman than a man." He tried to convince Anderson.

Anderson slowly bandaged Jonell's wounds, saying, "I saved you because I fancy you. Rest assured, I won't touch you while you're injured.

Jonell was secretly relieved after hearing that.

Then, the duo spent a night in the woods. The next morning, the sounds of gunshots woke them up, and Anderson quickly carried Jonell and left.

"Try to get me a device. If I can contact my men, I can get us out of danger," Jonell said to Anderson.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

A Change Of Event

Anderson agreed with a nod, and he ran deeper into the forest with Jonell on his back.

He reached into his backpack and took out an old cell phone after the gunfire subsided.

Then, he handed it to Jonell after inserting one of his batteries, which he had prepared beforehand.

Jonell furrowed his brows as he took the phone and called his assistant.

A sense of relief and joy could be seen on his face when the phone call eventually connected. "Have you made it out of Ansela safe and sound?"

After getting a positive reply from the other end, he continued, "I'm glad to hear that. Hey, send help over to my current location right now. We can't hold out much longer. Get as many helicopters here as you can!" Jonell ordered.

On the other hand, Anderson was organizing the food in his bag. He didn't even look at Jonell once.

Jonell ended the phone call and returned the phone to Anderson following that. "Don't switch it off just yet. My men need its signal to track our current location."

"Alright." Then, Anderson took out a carton of milk, a bag of jerky, and a can of processed meat from his bag.

"Thanks," Jonell seemingly expressed his gratitude through words, but in truth, he had already decided to dispose of Anderson once he was done using him.

They stayed in the forest for three days when the helicopters finally arrived.

"Well, are you going to get rid of me now?" Anderson asked Jonell all of a sudden.

Jonell only looked at him before answering, "Why, you saved me. How can I do that to you?"

Anderson replied, "If you say so."

Jonell's heart began to pound wildly, and he started to hesitate after that.

Could there be something he didn't know about in the medicine Anderson used to treat his wound?

Jonell got onto the helicopter, which was hovering slightly above the ground with Anderson's help.

However, Anderson was grabbed by someone as soon as he got onto the helicopter.

Jonell smiled and asked, "Tell me. What did you do to me?"

Anderson's face turned pale, but he smirked and replied, "I knew you wouldn't make this easy. So, I came prepared."

"Did you do something to the medicine I've used to treat my injuries?" Jonell asked coldly as he grabbed Anderson's neck.

"Relax, there is always a cure to any medicine-induced poison. Besides, my men have now learned that I got on your helicopter. They will track you down to the ends of the world if something happens to me," Anderson said with a sense of smugness.

Jonell couldn't help but feel threatened.

"I can let you go right now. But you will regret this if you harbor any bad intentions toward me!" Jonell shouted coldly before turning and walking away without looking back at Anderson.

The way Anderson watched him go made Jonell's men feel extremely uncomfortable at that instant.

...

The drama about Carl's death came to an end after nearly half a month had passed in New Yoke.

No one knew Jonell's whereabouts after he had escaped from Ansela.

"Shall we return?" Abigail asked Xavien.

Jonell's estate had been auctioned off. There was no sign of him anywhere around here.

"We still can't contact Mr. Graham at the moment. Should we really leave just like this?" Xavien Summer had been trying to make contact with Sean all this while.

However, Sean seemed to have disappeared.

Abigail couldn't help but wear a stiff expression, and she replied softly after staring at her phone silently for a while, "Let's just return for now. I'm sure he will contact us himself if he wants to do so."

"So we're returning?" Xavien asked.

Abigail walked back and forth by the sickbed, and she asked after a while, "Do you have someone you can trust around here?"

"I do have a few people in mind. Are you still worried about him?" Xavien asked as he got up.

"We need to have people who we can trust here, and they can't be the two of us. Otherwise, they may suspect that Sean survived. Everything will be over if his plan fails now," Abigail said earnestly.

Xavien nodded in agreement. "I'll handle it. Don't worry."

Abigail nodded, and the room went silent again.

A couple of days later... Abigail went on with her plan to return to the country.

Josh Pearson reached out to Abigail when he learned about their return.

"Have you got any updates about Luna?" he asked clearly with a hint of anticipation.

However, Abigail couldn't help but feel sorry. She replied, "I'm sorry, but Luna was relocated as soon as we arrived. We still don't know her whereabouts."

Josh knew that he had to prepare for another setback after her unusual and prolonged silence.

"It's okay. I understand. Please return safely," Josh replied.

"How are Sean's grandparents?" Abigail asked with concern.

Josh took a moment before answering softly, "They didn't take it very well at first. But, they are doing a lot better now."

Abigail only sighed. "I'll be back tomorrow. Let me talk to them."

"Sure. Take care now," Josh said.

“See you,” Abigail replied softly.

It was safe to say that they returned empty-handed this time. Abigail was nervous about how Lina and Colby would react upon her fruitless return.

Abigail continued packing her luggage after ending the phone call.

Knock... Someone knocked on Abigail’s door the following morning.

Abigail took a glance at the clock, and she realized it was not even 3 a.m. Their flight was scheduled for eight o’clock in the morning.

She opened the door and saw Xavien standing there. She asked as she rubbed her eyes, “What’s the matter?”

“He contacted me, so I won’t be returning with you anymore. No need to worry about me. I’ll take my leave now,” Xavien whispered.

“Can’t I go with you?” Abigail grabbed Xavien’s arm and asked.

But Xavien leaned closer to Abigail and patted her on the shoulder. “He said that you should sit this one out. Someone needs to return to the country to divert their attention.”

Abigail eventually agreed after a moment of contemplation. “Fine.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

They Want Jonell Dead

In Brayra...

Jonell exited the Hammerreach International Airport with a huge grin on his face.

Meanwhile, Anderson was escorted by a team of bodyguards, who followed him behind.

“Well, should we go our separate ways now that your bodyguard work is completed?” Jonell asked Anderson with a smile.

“Naturally. But I need some sort of confirmation that I’ve received your payment,” Anderson answered respectfully.

Jonell replied gratefully after recognizing Anderson had indeed saved his life, “Rest assured that the payment will be made. I can also transfer it to your personal account if you provide the details to me as a token of my gratitude for not abandoning me in a time of need.”

“No need,” Anderson replied.

Jonell didn’t press him any further. He had his assistant transfer the money before bidding Anderson goodbye. “Farewell.”

Anderson disappeared into the crowd shortly after that.

Jonell sighed as he got into the car. “Monfort seems like a good choice now that I can’t return to New Yoke. Besides, I still have my business here.”

Then, he took out a cigar from a luggage compartment nearby, lit it, and took a puff.

His assistant, Jamie Campbell, hesitated slightly before asking, “Shall we head to Miss Smith’s place or a hotel?”

Jonell narrowed his eyes, pondered for a moment, and he asked, “How is she?”

“Not good. She needs to have medications constantly. That’s why she is always drowsy. She is rarely in a clear state of mind during the day,” Jamie answered.

Jonell was in this predicament because of her.

However, she didn’t appreciate his kindness at all. She subjected herself to suffering instead of doing the opposite.

He planned to use Martin Colleen’s medication to manipulate Luna Smith initially.

Little did he know that she would fall sick first.

“Let’s go to a hotel then.” He turned to look outside the window, and he felt a sense of irritation as they passed by the Soliana-styled buildings for some reason. “Any news regarding Sean?”

Jonell had suspicions of Mike and his group of men previously. Thankfully, Anderson saved him from them.

“We have nothing so far. But Abigail and Xavien have indeed returned from New Yoke with everyone else,” Jamie said.

They would have left some people in New Yoke to act as their informants if Sean was still somewhere abroad.

“Could it be that he has truly bitten the dust this time?” Jonell muttered to himself, and he took another puff of his cigar.

He went to the room he had booked when they reached Grandly Hotel following that.

“Beef up security measures. No one is allowed to enter my room except for you,” Jonell instructed as he was about to open the door.

Just then, Jonell yelled in pain before Jamie could even respond. “Hostile! Shut the door now!”

The bodyguards immediately came and surrounded Jonell.

Jamie checked on him to see if he was hurt.

However, Jonell pushed him away. “I’m alright.”

He was somewhat traumatized by Anderson, and he had been avoiding close contact with men lately.

“Let’s head to another hotel.” Jamie reached out his hands to Jonell as he was worried that he might collapse.

Jonell was shot in the shoulder, but he did a better job at enduring the pain after his broken hand experience.

A group of men escorted him into the elevator.

Fortunately, the assassin did not pursue them.

Jonell leaned against the elevator as blood trickled down his trembling hand from his shoulder.

“Bring me Anderson!”

Anderson was dependable.

There might still be hope left if he could bring along his associates from Thesos.

Jamie promptly dialed Anderson after that.

Jonell took over the phone as soon as the call was connected. He tried to suppress his trembling voice as he said, “Anderson... Where are you now? Are your associates here yet? I’m hiring you boys once more.”

Anderson’s men were from Thesos.

They were as capable as the men Carl’s father had hired.

Jonell could also rat them out if he found himself in a predicament down the line.

They would be the ones who did the killing, after all.

Anderson was confused. “Are you injured, Mr. Davidson? You don’t sound alright.”

“They’ve got some tough guys. Look, I don’t have the details just yet!” Jonell shouted hastily.

They had infiltrated a five-star hotel without raising an alarm. Now, Jonell didn’t know where would be safe to stay anymore.

“Send me the address. I’ll come and check things out,” Anderson replied calmly.

Jonell realized that this weirdo could actually be his savior at that instant.

He felt a sense of relief when he learned that Anderson was on his way there.

Jonell took a deep breath as he leaned against the elevator after ending the phone call. “Stay in touch with Anderson...”

Naturally, Jamie knew Anderson and his associates were not ordinary men.

They might not perform well in full-scale wars. But, they were agile and skilled marksmen who were hard to catch in the city.

That was why he had hired Anderson and his men to protect Jonell.

Jonell got into the car and headed to Luna Smith's place after that.

Anderson also arrived before long.

He was alone and appeared blended in among the people around.

Jonell let him into the car, and he asked as he endured the pain in his shoulder, "When will your men get here?"

"In a day or two," Anderson answered.

Jonell felt a bit relieved. He breathed slowly as he gradually closed his eyes.

Then, Anderson carefully examined the wound on Jonell's shoulder, and he said, "This is not a normal bullet. It is custom-made to inflict maximum damage."

"It seems like Carl's family seriously wants me dead," Jonell said as he gasped heavily.

No wonder it hurts so bad!