

# I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 851-860

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

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## What's Wrong With A Little Exploring

Anderson couldn't help but furrow his brows and ask, "Are you heading to a hospital or what? Your wound needs to be tended to immediately."

"It may not be safe to go to a hospital. Let's just head back to my place for now," Jonell said as he gritted his teeth in agony.

Anderson took out a syringe from his bag.

Jonell watched him prepare the syringe, and he asked, "What is that?"

"This should help with your pain," Anderson replied as he lowered his gaze.

Jonell only remained quiet.

He could feel the area around his wound numbed shortly after the injection, and his intense pain subsided.

Jonell closed his eyes to rest after so much suffering.

Jamie had a medical team extract the bullet fragments from Jonell when they returned to his residence.

Meanwhile, Anderson, who was standing at the door, was eyeballing Jonell's bodyguards. It was as if he was looking for the next prey.

The bodyguards couldn't stand it any longer.

"Stop staring, or we'll gouge your eyes out!"

"What a weirdo... You look like you're still underaged."

"Look elsewhere if you're interested in men. There's nothing to see here!"

...

Jonell could hear people shouting and cursing from outside shortly after he was done with his surgery.

"What's wrong?" Jonell asked.

Jamie left the room and returned with Anderson shortly after.

Anderson was frustrated as blood dripped from his nose. There were also bruises on his face.

Jonell said with a smile, "Look at you. What did I tell you? Looking at people the way you did is rude and offensive."

Jonell looked somewhat pleased.

Anderson glared at him and replied, "Do you have nothing to say about what they did to me? I only took a few glances, that's all!"

"Find out who did that to him and have them apologize to Anderson, Jamie. Beat them up if they refuse." Jonell's smile disappeared after saying that.

Jonell frowned and continued just as Anderson was about to speak, "Remember, just an apology will do. Nothing more. Go find someone who shares your taste if you truly wish to be with men!"

Then, Jonell had Jamie escort him out after seeing his disappointed look.

Finally, he could have some respite.

On the other hand, Anderson roamed around Jonell's estate as he had nothing better to do.

The asymmetrical building was built with interlocking blocks. It also featured large windows and stone walls that complemented each other very well.

The courtyard was filled with lush greenery. The extensive branches spread throughout a large portion of the courtyard.

"Don't wander around as you like!"

Jamie's warning interrupted Anderson's thoughts.

Anderson was on a stone-paved path when he heard that, and he turned back immediately.

“I’ve never seen a building like this before. What’s wrong with a little exploring?” Anderson asked as he walked past Jamie.

Jamie followed him and answered, “This is Mr. Davidson’s private residence. Let me know if you want to go anywhere around here. Don’t wander off on your own.”

Anderson was displeased, and he went to the living room with an ugly expression. Then, proceeded to his living quarters.

Three days later... Mike had arrived with his men.

Mike chuckled when he saw Anderson. “Hey, you did it. You saved this rich guy.”

Jamie still harbored resentment toward Mike and his men as he learned that they had given up on Jonell back then. Only Anderson stayed and helped Jonell. Everyone else had left him to death.

However, he proceeded with the payment because of what Anderson had done at that instant.

Anderson was disrespectfully slapped lightly a few times, but he didn’t retaliate in any manner. He only smiled slightly like a loyal dog waiting for merits after doing good deeds.

Jamie couldn’t bear to watch it, so he stepped forward and said, “Your rooms are ready. Go take a shower and rest up. Dinner will be served soon.”

Mike had a strong body odor, and Jamie was fed up.

“Okay!” Mike and his men grabbed their firearms and entered their respective rooms following that.

There was no one in the living room except for Jamie and Anderson. So, Jamie asked, “Why did you bring him here? Look at how he treated you!”

Anderson replied earnestly, “They are good with firearms. I am only a field medic at best, with them around. It will be difficult for you to steer clear of the assassins sent by Carl’s family without them.”

Jamie turned around after Anderson had returned to his room, and he saw Jonell, who was in the corridor of the second floor.

Jamie immediately went upstairs. "Mr. Davidson?"

"Don't bother with their internal affairs," Jonell said calmly.

Jonell was grateful to Anderson for his advice.

He would return the favor if anything were to happen to Anderson in the future.

The next day... Jonell was sitting at the dining table.

Mike looked at him and asked with a smile, "So, do you have any plans for the future, Mr. Davidson? We can't just stay here forever. We can only remain here for a month at most."

"Can you find out who the assassins sent by Carl's family are?" Jonell asked.

"Are you kidding me, Mr. Davidson? We are only responsible for bodyguards' work. We are not here to gather intelligence," Mike answered.

Then, Jonell looked at Jamie. "How is the investigation going?"

"Our location may be exposed if we take action first," Jamie replied.

Jonell only remained silent with a cold expression.

"Things would be simple if we knew where they were," Mike said with a smile.

"Give him the address." Jonell had decided to give the assassins a lesson.

So, Jamie walked over to Mike and handed him a smartphone.

"All of you will follow me to take care of business tonight, except for Anderson!" Mike stood up as he ordered.

Jamie looked at Jonell with a lot on his mind as the men were preparing to leave. He had words right at the tip of his tongue, but they didn't come out due to his hesitations.

## **I Want a Divorce [On-Going]**

## The Dilemma

A furious Jonell stormed back to his study and demanded, “What do you want to say?!”

“We’ve sacrificed too much for Luna. It’s time to lay low and wait until the people in Carl’s family leave. Only then we can make our move,” urged Jamie.

At the mention of Luna, Jonell’s demeanor softened slightly.

“We can’t hide forever. Our best bet is to strike back,” he said calmly. “I’ll take back everything they’ve done to me, one step at a time!”

Jamie couldn’t persuade Jonell, so he reluctantly gave up.

Once he left, Jonell remained seated for a while in contemplation before eventually rising and heading downstairs via the elevator.

It was his first encounter with the building’s elevator. Despite reaching the ground floor, no one exited, and the doors remained shut.

He glanced at it briefly before shifting his gaze away.

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Meanwhile, in the basement.

Luna gazed up at the ceiling.

The artificial blue sky and drifting white clouds above changed every day, but no matter how she looked at it, it seemed unreal.

When the door opened, she remained entirely unaware that Jonell had approached her side. He glanced up at the ceiling before sitting down. “Isn’t it a nice view?”

Luna remained silent.

Jonell noticed the scattered clothes and leftover food on the bedside table. He rose to tidy up the room and said calmly, "No one's here to boss you around anymore. Sean is lost at sea, and Abigail and her subordinates have gone back home."

When they mentioned their names, Luna showed a slight reaction.

"Come with me. Let's start fresh in Monfort. Once things calm down, I'll take you to see a doctor and make sure you're taking your medication." Jonell's voice softened.

Luna ignored him and fixed her gaze on the ceiling.

Jonell didn't push further.

She was usually silent anyway, and he had gotten used to it.

After roughly tidying up, he turned and left.

As soon as he was gone, her eyes slowly filled with tears.

There was a time when she wanted to end her life, but Eric told her that Abigail and Sean never gave up on her, and even the Pearsons were waiting for her return.

Abigail had endured a lot for her sake. So, even when times were tough, she could persevere.

But now, because of her, Sean was in trouble... Would Abigail really not blame herself?

She had contemplated taking her life again, but there was nothing here to help her do it.

Luna felt consumed by guilt.

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In the evening, Jamie rushed into Jonell's room with a pale face. "Luna had a medical emergency. She needed to be taken to the hospital for a blood transfusion!"

Jonell frowned. "What happened?"

"The doctor said she seemed to be under some kind of stress. Did you say anything to her?" Jamie asked in a low voice.

Jonell's expression wasn't reassuring, and he hesitated. "On such an important night..."

“Mr. Davison, maybe we should give up. She was already in this condition and unable to handle any negativity. It’s just a burden like this,” Jamie said quietly.

On such a crucial night, he thought it best not to disturb Luna.

Jonell furrowed his brow. He was lost in thought for a moment before speaking calmly, “Let’s have Anderson take a look. Suppose he can help, great. If not, we’ll figure something else out.”

Jamie hesitated. “Can we really rely on him?”

“If you don’t trust him, find someone else who can do the job!” Jonell snapped, his frustration showing.

Jamie quickly backed off.

“Now, we’ve got someone in need of a blood transfusion, but we’re short on blood…”

“No blood? What are you talking about? Haven’t you heard of modern medicine? Don’t people usually survive blood transfusions?” Anderson cut in, growing impatient with Jamie.

Jamie furrowed his brow. “Isn’t there another option?”

“A doctor needs to assess the patient’s condition before making any decisions. Just based on what you’ve told me, how am I supposed to know?” Anderson brushed him off.

“Then, come see for yourself,” Jamie said and turned to leave.

Anderson watched him go, narrowed his eyes, and then quickly grabbed his bag.

Mike and the others had already gone out at this time.

Anderson trailed behind Jamie and couldn’t help but furrowed his brow. “You’ve been keeping someone down here?”

“What’s wrong?” Jamie asked.

Anderson paused for a moment before responding, “Staying in the basement can lead to illness.”

Jamie remained silent.

In truth, Luna had been battling illness for some time and experiencing fluctuations in her health.

When Anderson entered Luna's room and caught sight of her, he hesitated briefly before decisively stating, "We need to get her to the hospital."

"Is it too late?" Jamie's was laced with worry.

Anderson approached Luna's side, reached out, and felt her cold hand.

"Excessive blood loss?" he questioned Jamie.

Jamie nodded solemnly. "Self-inflicted. She was already unconscious when I found her."

Anderson examined the wound and treated it with care. Next, he retrieved some iron solution from his bag to administer it to her.

"Considering her condition... we must take her to the hospital," he advised Jamie. His tone of voice reflected the urgency of the situation.

"Mr. Anderson, you're aware of the situation. It's not safe for you to go to the hospital," Jamie said gravely.

Anderson gave him a sidelong glance. "What if I bring her there myself?"

"You? You're not planning to take her away, are you?" Jamie's suspicion was evident in his voice.

"Why would I bother taking a useless woman anywhere?" Anderson retorted as he arose to pack his belongings. That signaled his intention to depart.

Jamie furrowed his brow, mulled over for a moment, then trailed after Anderson. "I'll consult with Mr. Davison. If he agrees, you can send her to the hospital."

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**Bringing You Home**



Anderson would send her to the hospital, and whatever happened later, he would take responsibility for it himself.

Jamie had everything planned out before swiftly departing the scene.

Anderson returned to Luna's side and found her looking pale and drifting in and out of consciousness from the loss of blood.

He took a moment to assess her condition before gently lifting her hand and ostensibly examining her injury while discreetly scribbling a message in her palm.

Luna felt a faint scratching sensation. She struggled to open her eyes but was unable to muster the strength to speak, so she silently savored the sensation in her palm.

Before long, Jamie reappeared, prompting Anderson to stand by silently.

As Luna closed her eyes once more, Jamie leaned in close to Anderson and whispered, "Mr. Davison advised caution and mentioned he won't be able to provide you with any bodyguards."

Anderson nodded. "Got it. I'll do my best. If it gets too risky, I'll bring her back. I won't risk my life for a stranger."

Jamie couldn't be happier hearing his determination.

Anderson left Jonell's place with Luna on his back. They walked quite a distance before he spoke softly, "You're gonna stay put in the hospital for now. There are people there who'll lend a hand. I'll swing back here soon, sort some stuff out, then we'll head home."

Luna blinked groggily as she slowly opened her eyes.

It dawned on her... He had penned down the name "Sean Graham."

"You're not dead..." she murmured.

"If I were dead, how would I be here to rescue you?" Anderson replied.

Luna clutched his shirt tightly, and tears welled up in her eyes.

She struggled to speak through her tears, and it took a while before she could manage to compose herself. "Can we go home?"

"Jonell's on his last legs, so we'll be alright," he assured her.

Luna wrapped her arms tightly around his neck. "Thank you..."

Anderson escorted her to the hospital and handed her over to Xavien, who was disguised as a doctor. "Take good care of her. I'll head back now."

He exited the room where Luna was undergoing surgery, and immediately, Xavien arranged for her to be relocated.

Anderson lurked in the hospital's shadows, pulled out his phone, sent a message, and swiftly returned.

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Jonell was resting in his room when a deafening explosion jolted him awake from his sleep.

The house shook violently.

Jamie staggered into the room and shouted urgently, "Mr. Davison, we've been found out. You need to leave—"

Before he could finish his sentence, a bullet flew straight into his forehead.

Jonell rolled off the bed, paying no mind to his undressed state, and hastily fled.

A figure armed with a silenced gun and wearing a terrorist mask slowly entered the room.

Jonell hid behind the curtains, his heart racing.

Just then, the terrorist was shot and collapsed to the ground.

Jonell dared not make a move until he saw Anderson. Then, he abruptly yanked open the curtains. "Anderson!"

Anderson approached him, his expression filled with concern. "Are you okay?"

"Where's the woman you were supposed to take to the hospital?" Jonell asked urgently.

Anderson's face tightened with displeasure. "It's late, and you're still worrying about a woman who doesn't care for you?"

"Where is she?" Jonell's tone grew more anxious.

After a tense moment, Anderson relented. "She's at the hospital. I was worried about trouble here, so I hurried back to check."

"How could you leave her alone at the hospital?" Jonell's voice turned stern.

"It's not my problem. I got her to the hospital and made sure the doctors would take care of her. There are thugs everywhere. Whether you leave or stay, your bodyguards are almost all dead!" Anderson replied, his expression darkening.

Jonell could only hurry to gather his things while Anderson waited at the door.

Upon fleeing the villa, Jonell had barely taken a few steps when he was shot once more.

He let out a pained grunt as he lost his footing and tumbled down the slope.

Anderson remained frozen for a moment, then hurried over as soon as he saw Jonell slow down. "How bad are you hurt?"

Jonell clutched his arm as blood seeped through his fingers and gasped, "We gotta keep moving!"

With Jamie gone, he felt a wave of uncertainty wash over him.

"I've already called Mike and the others. Let's find a safe spot to lay low until they can get to us," Anderson suggested and guided him toward a more crowded area of the buildings.

"Got a phone?" Jonell asked, catching his breath.

Anderson handed him his phone. "You can call for help too."

Jonell dialed a number and waited anxiously until the call connected.

"Track my phone and come pick me up fast. My place just got bombed by terrorists. We need help, hurry!" He pleaded before hanging up and returning the phone to Anderson.

Anderson led him into a nearby alley, where they huddled in the shadows. He used the phone's dim light and tended to Jonell's wounds.

Jonell felt like he was just plain unlucky.

Ever since he crossed paths with Sean, trouble seemed to follow him like a shadow. He leaned against the wall, glanced at Anderson, and for once, he let a bit of melodrama slip into his tone. "Only you would risk any danger to come to my rescue."

Anderson didn't respond and simply tended to his wounds in silence.

"Whether it's a bullet or buckshot, it's hard to deal with. We need to get to a safe place." He finished bandaging him and told Jonell.

Jonell nodded in agreement. "Once my men arrive, we'll have a specialized medical team ready."

Anderson turned off his phone, and his expression transformed completely as he watched Jonell silently. As such, a taunting smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

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### Something Is Amiss

In the darkness, Jonell felt a strange sensation creeping over him.

He glanced over at Anderson, who, in the dim light, remained hunched over as usual, though his eyes constantly darted toward him.

Feeling repulsed by his gaze, he gradually eased his nerves.

The strange feeling was the look in Anderson's eyes.

Before long, Jonell's men arrived and they joined him and Anderson in the makeshift operating room made of shipping containers.

Throughout the procedure, Anderson sat on the side, watching the doctors come and go. His restless gaze made the male doctors quite uncomfortable.

However, Jonell seemed unusually tolerant of him, so they put up with Anderson.

Once the bullets were removed from Jonell's body, Mike and the others returned.

"So, the villa's off-limits now?" Mike's voice carried a hint of irritation as he entered the operating room.

Jonell ignored him.

"Listen, Mr. Davison, this ain't working out. How many homes of yours can they blow up like this? That mansion in New Yoke was a real gem of a place. Giving it up like this is such a shame," Mike rambled on.

Jonell's expression soured.

Truth be told, he did incur significant losses because of this incident.

Most importantly, the 300 billion all fell into the hands of Sean, so even if he tried to secretly attack, it would be futile.

All eyes turned to him.

Jonell glanced at Mike with a stern face. "Do you want me to hire someone to kill those above Carl?"

"You pay, and we can make it happen," Mike smirked.

"Do you know anything about Carl's family? Are you trying to drag me into a mess?" Jonell narrowed his eyes.

He definitely couldn't go back to Eswadia.

With his involvement in the fraud case, returning home would lead to an investigation. Plus, he had vowed never to return under any circumstances.

Offending Carl's family further would mean being barred from all countries with ties to Ansela.

Sure, he could continue evading them, but the situation with Luna wasn't suitable for a life on the run, for her illness had worsened terribly.

Mike smirked. "What's the scoop?"

Jonell shot him a cold glare. "Carl's father has a very close relationship with a bunch of ex-presidents from Ansela. If you want to keep breathing, steer clear of him."

Mike nodded. "Yeah, definitely best to steer clear. Did we just get you into trouble?"

Jonell didn't bother answering.

There was no point in talking now. They had only ourselves to blame for not vetting Carl properly when Jamie reached out for help. And Carl's fleeting appearance didn't give them enough time to dig...

With that thought, Jonell's mind paused.

He discreetly assessed Mike and the others, and suspicion crept into his heart.

None of them struck him as Sean's people. What if these people were sent by Sean?

"What are you looking at, you old man?" A burly white man named Keith Langdon besides Mike, spat out angrily.

His complexion wasn't too good, and he had lost quite a few teeth.

Mike could tell right off the bat this person was not good, so he paid him no mind.

Anderson stood up at that moment and walked over to where Jonell was sitting. "You best hold your tongue," he said firmly.

"Hey, you little punk! You've only been with the old man for a few days, and now you're sticking up for him?" Keith stepped forward and slapped Anderson hard enough to make his head hang low.

Jonell couldn't stand by and watch anymore. He reached under his pillow and pulled out a handgun, aiming it at Keith. "Apologize to him!"

In times like these, people were more likely to show some compassion, especially when things were looking grim.

Anderson had helped him out plenty, and Jonell couldn't just stand by and let him get bullied.

Mike patted Keith's shoulder. "The old man has taken a liking to Anderson here. How about you just apologize?"

The color drained from Jonell's face at Mike's words.

His temple started throbbing, but he didn't say a word.

Keith spat on the ground and muttered under his breath, "Disgusting old man fetish, and he thinks he's worthy of an apology!"

Anderson remained unfazed and turned to comfort Jonell. "I'm fine. They're all my brothers."

Jonell grew even more furious.

Seems like he's a fool. Even after they treated him like this, he still considers them brothers!

Mike chuckled and pinched Anderson's cheek. "Once we wrap up this deal, it's up to you whether you stay or go. I'm with you either way."

Jonell had put up more money, enough to live comfortably for half a lifetime with these two deals.

However, it was Anderson's contribution that secured the first deal. Without his loyalty to Jonell, they wouldn't have received the funds or even pursued the second deal.

"Thanks, Mike," Anderson said, trying to please him.

Mike softened toward him slightly. He wanted to say something more but held back out of consideration for Jonell.

Anderson knew what he wanted to say and whispered, "I chose to follow him myself. You guys got the money, so just go live it up. You don't have to worry about me."

Mike turned away, sighing heavily.

Jonell grasped the implications of Mike's words all too well.

There was no silver lining for him in this situation.

The subordinates sent by Carl's father were hot on their trail, and it was only a matter of time before things went south.

Jonell hadn't quite realized it himself, but Mike's actions made him aware that he was heading toward a precarious life.

In times like these, Anderson's support felt more invaluable than ever.

He sighed inwardly and closed his eyes.

At his age, to be brought to such a situation by a younger generation was a bit bleak, no matter how one looked at it.

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### The Appearance Of Sean Graham

The car pulled up outside the hospital where Luna was undergoing treatment.

Jonell propped himself up and asked Anderson, "Which ward is she in?"

"Want me to show you the way?" Anderson offered.

After a moment's hesitation, Jonell decided to rise from the iron-framed bed.

His assistant, Perry Gomez, reached out to halt him. "Mr. Davison, it's best you stay put. We'll handle things here."

With potential threats lurking in the hospital, there would be no time for escape.

Jonell settled back down and turned to Anderson. "Can you take him there?"

Anderson didn't object.

"Get a few more guys to go with him," Jonell instructed Perry.



Perry nodded and picked out six skilled comrades to accompany Anderson.

The group made their way toward the hospital. But before they could even step inside, silenced guns took down several men.

Perry was about to duck when Anderson pulled a gun from his waist, pressed it against Perry's lower back, and fired a shot.

There was silence in the air.

Perry spun around, disbelief written all over his face as he faced Anderson, who had a wide grin on his lips. "S-Sean..." He opened his mouth to speak, but his voice trailed off before he collapsed to

the ground.

The bodyguards were taken aback by the scene. Unfortunately, they swiftly collapsed to the ground as well.

Anderson stealthily made his way into the hospital.

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Jonell had been waiting in the car for half an hour, and he grew increasingly anxious. He took out his phone and dialed Perry's number.

The call went through, but there was no answer.

"Something's not right!" He told one of his bodyguards.

Mike also stood up and addressed Keith. "Take three of your guys and go check it out, but be careful!"

"You two, go with them!" Jonell called out to two others.

Inside the car, Jonell's men were down to three, while Mike's men, including himself, totaled seven.

The atmosphere in the car late at night became tense.

After one of Mike's men and Jonell's bodyguard had been absent for about five minutes, Mike broke the silence with a low, serious tone and addressed Jonell directly, "Mr. Davison, given the circumstances, it looks like getting out of Monfort might not be easy."

Jonell's face tightened, and his lips pressed into a thin line.

"If you have anyone else, now's the time to call them. Or if there's a safe place we can lay low, we should go there now. Going back to the hospital is too risky. Look at how few of us are left." Mike's expression darkened as he spoke.

Jonell's mind drifted to Anderson.

If Anderson was here, he wouldn't be talking to me like this.

"There's a factory nearby with more people there, but should we wait for Anderson?" Jonell's anxiety grew.

The factory represented his last defense. If it fell, it would be all over. Plus, he couldn't risk revealing its location to strangers until absolutely necessary.

Except for Anderson...

"Anderson might be dead already." Mike's voice sent shivers down his spine.

With a serious expression, Jonell countered, "Anderson might lack skills, but he's a sly one."

At his response, Mike arched an eyebrow and smirked. "Oh, really?"

There was something unsettling about his smile.

Jonell sensed trouble brewing, but he barely had time to react before Mike pointed his submachine gun at him. "Where's the d\*mn factory?"

"I've been of assistance to you!" Jonell yelled.

"Do you know which team we belong to from Thesos?" Mike's gaze turned downright menacing, and a glint of violence flickered in his eyes.

Jonell had only three bodyguards by his side.

After a moment's hesitation, they bolted.

But Mike's men were faster, and before they could make their escape, all three were lying lifeless on the ground.

"Yeah, Anderson's a sly one. That's why you never see the trap until it snaps shut and why you've grown to rely on him," Mike taunted and leaned in closer to Jonell with a derisive grin.

Jonell felt his mind racing, his scalp tingling as he gradually regained his senses, and his thoughts momentarily jumbled. He had sensed something amiss on several occasions... and now he was certain something was terribly wrong.

Anderson was the root of the problem.

As Mike's words faded, Anderson, accompanied by Keith, climbed into the car.

Jonell had crossed paths with Sean before, and he noticed that Anderson's arrogant and mocking gaze mirrored Sean's.

"Sean Graham!" Jonell bellowed in fury.

But his wound caused him to lean on the iron bed in pain, and his face drained of color. At that moment, his once youthful face aged significantly.

Sean approached him slowly with an unfamiliar expression and uttered, "I offered you a chance previously, yet you chose to defy me. If you had released Luna and Eric, you wouldn't be in this predicament."

Hatred blazed in Jonell's eyes. He wished he could grab a gun and end it all right then with Sean, but the latter was quicker and fired shots that shattered his tendons.

The excruciating scream caused Jonell to collapse onto the bed.

He lifted his head and stared at Sean in disbelief. "You could easily kill me, so why don't you?!"

"What you did to Luna caused Abigail to live a life of turmoil for over a year. Do you think settling the score with yourself is enough?" Sean grabbed his hair as fury blazed in his eyes.

"3 million dollars. Do you have any idea how many lives were destroyed because of that money? Some were elderly individuals who had endured hardships throughout their lives, while others were college students who relied on a few thousand dollars to alter their destinies

by pursuing higher education. Because of you, they have all chosen to end their lives!” Sean said through gritted teeth as he tightened his grip.

Jonell started to chuckle, and gradually, it turned into a burst of uncontrollable laughter. “And what about it? Are you giving me a lecture on humanity?”

Sean’s hand came down hard and delivered several stinging slaps across Jonell’s face.

Jonell was in too much pain to respond, and blood oozed from the corner of his mouth. There was no laughter, only a grimace of agony.

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### Homecoming

Mike looked at him coldly. “Doesn’t this sc\*mbag have a wife and kids?”

Jonell couldn’t find the words to respond. He lay on the bed, feeble and powerless.

“Of course he does,” Sean said indifferently.

In his youth, Jonell was a prominent figure in Eswadia’s Capitalis. He attended the finest university, but his love for a girl from a lower social class brought about opposition from his family.

That girl was outstanding in both academics and appearance and was voted the campus beauty despite her troubled past.

“Yeah... I had someone...” Jonell’s voice was hoarse.

“Seleni... Her name also bore the meaning ‘moon’. She looked so much like Luna...”

He spoke slowly with a faint smile. Then tears welled up as he reminisced about the past.

Poor Seleni endured objectification by men in the village from childhood because of her beauty. Her own father was driven by greed, so he sold her virginity, which opened the door to further exploitation by others in the community.

Seleni always took half of the money from her father without fail and stashed away every penny.

Upon graduating from high school, she enrolled in the top university in Eswadia.

"I started digging into all of this when I first set my sights on her. Initially, I was furious, but Seleni couldn't have cared less," Jonell revealed and paused briefly. "Because of that, I saw her as someone beyond ordinary."

Of course, his reckless pursuit of Seleni was eventually revealed to his family, and Seleni's entire life became public knowledge.

"She claimed she didn't care... but still, she chose to walk into the river. That day, I held her body, which felt as cold as iron." Jonell's body shivered. "I was twenty-two then. Now I'm fifty-two, and not a day goes by without her crossing my mind."

Mike was left speechless, his mouth slightly agape.

Sean also knew that Luna had too many similarities with Seleni, Jonell's first love, which made him have evil thoughts.

"I severed ties with my family and left Eswadia. They claimed they didn't give a d\*mn about me, but now that I've made it big, they're suddenly all interested in me!" Jonell's face twisted with bitterness. "The Davidson Family deserves to rot! Those ignorant fools should all rot! They tormented Seleni, tore her clothes, ambushed her on campus, and demanded to know her price for a night!"

"I want them all dead! They deserve to be hoodwinked by me! They all should pay with their lives for what happened to Seleni! Seleni was the best. She only resorted to selling herself because she was trapped and wanted to escape the mess at home. What did she do wrong?"

Jonell spat out his curses. "I've never regretted any of it. If you hadn't caught me, I'd still be at it!"

Sean knew there was no turning back for him. Not even a lifetime in prison would make him repent.

"Blame it on me. Your little kindness made me waver, or else you wouldn't have caught me!" Jonell sneered at Sean. "Stupid people deserve what's coming to them! Some people just can't be duped because they're too dumb!"

Sean felt deep sympathy for Seleni's ordeal.

But Jonell didn't deserve a shred of forgiveness.

Sean spent a week in Monfort, extracting every bit of information from Jonell through various means until he spilled all his assets.

On the day Jonell bid farewell to Mike, he peeled off the layers of special effects makeup stuck to his face.

After wearing it for almost a month, his face was all wrinkled up.

Xavien stood beside him with a worried expression as he remarked, "Your face is all sweaty and blistered from the heat. Shouldn't you take some time off before heading back?"

"If I wait until I'm fully recovered to return, how will I manage to make Abigail even more concerned about me?" Sean gently touched his face and winced slightly.

Xavien was momentarily at a loss for words.

...

Amidst her hectic workload at the company, Abigail's phone rang with Josh's excited voice on the other end.

"Luna is back! She's at the Sixth People's Hospital. Do you want to go see her?" His voice was tinged with excitement and relief.

He had just found out this morning, too.

The pen slipped from Abigail's hand and landed on the desk with a soft thud. "Why didn't I hear anything until now?"

"They said she was brought back secretly," his voice choked up as he spoke.

Abigail stood up and hastily organized her desk. She reassured him, "It's a good thing she's back. I'll go to the hospital later. You should also get ready and bring Larry over."

It had been almost two years since she had seen Luna, and now her heart was filled with a strong longing.

She slipped on her coat and hurried out, her eyes reddened with emotion.

As she dashed past, Garrett approached with some documents in hand and was about to speak, but she passed by him like a gust of wind.

“Always in such a rush...” he murmured under his breath.

Abigail drove straight to the hospital. She burst into the nurse’s station and urgently asked, “Where’s Luna Smith? I’m looking for her. Which ward is she in?!”

The nurse, catching sight of her, was momentarily taken aback by her beauty before quickly checking. “She’s in room 508 on the third floor, VIP suite.”

Abigail turned and headed toward the direction of the elevator.

“It’s Alana, huh...” The nurse’s colleague whispered, her eyes wide with admiration.

“Yeah,” came the reply.

Their hushed conversation faded into the background.

In Abigail’s mind, there was only Luna.

Upon reaching ward 508, there were no barriers in her path.

She pushed open the door while her eyes glistened with unshed tears.

Luna was sitting on the bed and attentively listening to the nurse’s words. Upon catching sight of Abigail, her eyes immediately filled with tears.

Without a moment’s hesitation, Abigail hurried forward and enveloped Luna in a tight embrace.

“Luna! You’re finally back!” she exclaimed, the relief and joy evident in her voice.

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

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**I’m Not Your Mom**

Luna leaned heavily on Abigail, tears flowing freely, rendering her speechless.

“I’ve sorted out Larry’s health issues, and Josh is taking good care of him now. He even calls him ‘Daddy,’” Abigail reassured Luna, gently wiping away her tears.

Expressing her gratitude, Luna acknowledged Abigail’s efforts.

“It wasn’t hard. I’ve been waiting for you to come back,” Abigail said emotionally, releasing Luna from their embrace.

Luna appeared noticeably thinner and fragile, swaying at the slightest breeze.

Abigail wiped her tears and pressed her forehead against Luna’s, promising never to lose her again and vowing to always stand by her side, even if it meant being annoying.

Luna teased about Sean possibly getting jealous if Abigail continued to cling to her.

Both of them cried until their noses turned red.

Sitting up, Abigail expressed her concern about Sean’s whereabouts.

After Xavien left early that morning, she could no longer contact him after returning.

Recalling how Sean had saved her twice, Luna felt grateful and warm inside, urging Abigail to treat him well.

Abigail vehemently agreed, pledging to face consequences from Luna if she didn’t treat Sean well.

Josh entered the room from outside, still holding Larry.

Larry, now almost two years old, looked puzzled when he saw Luna.

Standing by the door, Josh gently touched Larry in his arms and whispered, “She’s your mom.”

“Mama!” Larry exclaimed, looking at Abigail, a smile lighting up his face.

Luna’s hopeful eyes dimmed into disappointment.



Feeling awkward, Abigail stood up from the bed and scratched her head. "I'm going out to make a phone call."

As she walked past Josh, she gave him a displeased look and hurried out.

Seeing Abigail ignoring him, Larry immediately frowned. "Mama!" He raised his hand and grabbed Abigail's hair.

"Alright. I'm stepping out to make a phone call," Abigail announced, pulling her hair back.

The door to the ward closed with a soft click.

Larry's cries echoed through the room, his wails piercing the silence.

Luna's prolonged absence had erased any memory Larry might have had of her.

Abigail's emotions fluctuated wildly, akin to a turbulent roller coaster ride, shifting from joy to sorrow in an instant.

Approaching the nurse's station, Abigail sought out the doctor who had been conversing with Luna earlier, eager for an update on her condition.

"She's grappling with severe depression, to the point where even eating becomes a challenge without proper treatment," the doctor explained, his expression filled with sympathy as he held Luna's medical records.

Anxiety gnawed at Abigail as she asked, "Will medication be effective in her recovery?"

"In theory, it should help. However, given the severity of her condition, you're aware that depression carries a high risk of mortality," the doctor replied with a heavy sigh.

Luna's brain deterioration had progressed significantly, manifesting in limb stiffness due to a prolonged lack of treatment. Abigail's eyes showed signs of fatigue, a hint of redness surrounding them, while her lips appeared drained of color. After a prolonged silence, she uttered softly, "Let's start with the medication. We'll be there for her every step of the way. She'll get through this."

She understood the immense challenge of supporting someone battling depression. Enduring it herself was one thing, but what about Josh and his parents?

“The key for a patient battling depression is the unwavering support and understanding of family. Her condition is severe. It will be tough for you to stand by her through this journey of overcoming depression, but I hope you’ll find the strength to do so. What she’s been through is far more agonizing than what you’ve experienced. Do you grasp that?” The doctor’s gaze bore into Abigail with a stern intensity.

Abigail nodded solemnly. “I do.”

“It would be best if you truly comprehend,” the doctor added gently.

She had witnessed countless individuals trivialize depression, only to witness those same individuals succumb to its grip before recognizing its gravity.

Depression was a neurological condition that could manifest in significant physical rigidity, making even the simplest movements excruciating and eventually rendering the patient incapable of self-care.

“I understand,” Abigail affirmed with determination.

“Then, I’ll prescribe some medication for her, and she must adhere strictly to the prescribed regimen. The medication may come with side effects, such as weight gain and skin changes, which could affect her appearance in the future. You all need to be mentally prepared,” the doctor cautioned as he reached for a pen to write the prescription.

Abigail was already well aware of these potential challenges.

Rescuing Luna was merely the initial step; there were far more formidable hurdles awaiting their family.

Taking the prescription, Abigail returned to Luna’s hospital room, accompanied by Josh. However, there was no sign of Larry.

“Josh, this is her medication. Please review the instructions and ensure she takes it as prescribed,” Abigail instructed, passing the medication to Josh, silently querying about Larry’s whereabouts with a glance.

“He went home,” Josh responded softly.

Abigail didn’t dwell on it. Turning to Luna’s bedside, she gently grasped Luna’s wrist, which had become nearly skeletal. “The doctor mentioned that the antidepressants might cause

some changes in your appearance, like weight gain or alterations to your complexion, but that's okay. When you're feeling better, I'll be here to work on getting healthier with you."

Luna responded weakly with a murmured acknowledgment.

As Josh glanced at Luna's medical records nearby and observed the stiffness in her body, his eyes welled up with tears.

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes | 10/27/2024

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### He Feels Sorry For You

Josh found himself overwhelmed with emotion as tears streamed down his cheeks, his hand instinctively covering his mouth in disbelief.

Luna met his gaze, memories flooding back from their earliest encounters. She remembered a reserved Josh, his occasional smiles, and the way he blushed whenever she took charge. Witnessing him cry for the first time touched her deeply.

"What's the matter?" Luna inquired softly, her empathy evident in her gentle tone.

Josh turned aside, grappling with a profound sense of regret over Luna's plight. He acknowledged his inability to protect her from the challenges she and her husband endured. Despite once having confidence in his abilities, he now felt confined to Eswadia. Ultimately, the responsibility rested on Abigail and Sean.

"He feels sorry for you," Abigail murmured, her voice laced with empathy.

"Don't be. Just being back is all that matters. When Jonell imprisoned me, I didn't feel anything," Luna replied, her tone carrying a sense of resignation.

Abigail sensed Luna's emotional detachment, understanding that she had long been numb to such feelings.

"My mom makes pasta just like Grandma's. I'm sure you'll like it," Abigail interjected, shifting the conversation in an attempt to lift the mood.

Luna's gaze shifted to Abigail. "Is she doing well?"

Abigail hesitated, biting her lip. Though she remained silent, Luna sensed the truth.

"I'll pay her a visit once I'm feeling better," Luna murmured, her gaze drifting downwards.

It was evident that Luna's prolonged absence had taken its toll, her resilience waning.

After a brief silence, tears welled up in Luna's eyes, streaming down her cheeks uncontrollably.

Abigail observed, her own eyes moistening with empathy.

Josh stepped forward, wrapping Luna in a comforting embrace. "She passed away peacefully. She'll forever remain in your heart."

Luna could only cry, her sobs catching in her throat.

Abigail asked Josh to fetch some medicine for Luna. After she took it and began to calm down, Luna drifted into a deep slumber.

Exiting the room, Abigail furrowed her brow, lost in thought.

"I'll be here for her, supporting her in her battle against depression," Josh reassured Abigail, his determination shining through his gaze.

"She may struggle with complex emotions, but that's to be expected. Overcoming depression isn't easy; we need to stand by her side and help build her confidence," Abigail spoke gently, her tone filled with understanding.

"I'll inform my parents once I'm back home; they'll be delighted to hear about her return. And I plan to propose to her. We've already set a date, and my parents are making preparations," Josh continued, his resolve unwavering.

"Have you discussed it with her yet?" Abigail voiced her concern, fearing Luna might not be ready for the proposal.

"I'll wait until she's feeling better before bringing it up. I'm worried she might turn me down in her current state. But this time, I'm determined not to give up. I want to be with her, no matter what," Josh breathed out softly.

"If you were to abandon her, I'll despise you. You share a child together. Why would you choose someone else?" Abigail's words carried a stern yet concerned tone.

"Has Sean reached out to you? Luna mentioned that he saved her," Josh's expression brightened as he changed the subject.

Everything seemed to be falling into place, except for Luna's illness.

"Not yet. I haven't been able to reach him," Abigail replied, her mind pondering over what Sean might be dealing with overseas.

"He's always a cause for concern," Josh sighed.

The entire family awaited his return anxiously, fearing he might have encountered an accident at sea, although they suspected he had embarked on a risky endeavor instead.

"It'll be okay. If Luna has seen him, it means he's safe," Abigail speculated, convinced that Sean couldn't disclose his whereabouts for the sake of the Davidson Family.

A week after Luna's return to the country, a major fraud case involving 1 billion was reported by the media. However, Eric was hailed as a hero.

Abigail and Luna watched the news on a tablet.

Eric's exposure of Levi and Jonell's involvement in the fraud scheme compelled him to temporarily exit the entertainment industry and go undercover. Despite the exposure and the failed mission, the intelligence he gathered proved pivotal for the police investigation.

Upon hearing this, Abigail cast a glance at Luna. However, Luna's faint smile failed to reach her eyes, which appeared lifeless, akin to dull black pearls. "Eric once attempted to rescue me, but his impulsive actions alerted Jonell, resulting in my imprisonment," she recounted.

"He's in a more favorable situation than you. Eventually, his parents intervened and secured Jonell's release," Abigail remarked.

When Abigail ventured to New Yoke, Eric had already returned to the country, coinciding with Luna's transition from the mansion to the winery. Since the winery's products were exported overseas, Eric escorted her to Monfort.

“Without him, we wouldn’t have known if you were still under Jonell’s influence. He’s been an invaluable asset. I’ll arrange to meet him and treat him to a meal. Would you like to join?” Abigail suggested, placing her tablet down.

Luna picked up her tablet and resumed perusing the news. “Sean deserves most of the credit for this. Why isn’t he here?”

“Perhaps he prefers to remain low-profiled,” Abigail replied softly. Sean wasn’t one to seek the limelight, and his involvement in the fraud case carried significant ramifications. Having learned from his mistakes, he now maintained a low profile, which was for the best.

“When will he return? It would be nice to visit Eric together,” Luna inquired, glancing up from her tablet.

“I haven’t been able to reach him yet. He must be preoccupied with something,” Abigail reassured her with a smile.

“You silly girl. I’m just worrying for you,” Luna chuckled softly as she set her tablet aside.

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

4-5 minutes 10/27/2024

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### A Tricky Situation

Abigail’s gentle laughter filled the room. “No need to rush on my account. Josh is eager to propose to you. What do you think?”

Luna’s smile wavered, her gaze shifting away from Abigail. “I can’t. I’m not well. Moving feels impossible right now.”

“Luna, Josh has held onto thoughts of you all these years, especially after learning about your child. He regrets the breakup and has been eagerly waiting for this moment. Ignoring your illness for a moment, what do you truly feel?” Abigail enveloped Luna in a comforting embrace, speaking from the heart.

Resting her chin on Abigail’s shoulder, Luna hesitated before confessing, “I want to marry him, but can you wait until I recover?”

“Not a problem, but healing takes time. Josh and my parents believe it’s best to marry first, allowing you to focus on overcoming your depression gradually. We’ll all be here for you, no matter how long it takes.” Abigail released Luna, anticipation shimmering in her eyes.

Luna hesitated, her expression torn. “I’ll take it into consideration,” she said.

“If you’re unsure, that’s perfectly fine. There’s no rush. Josh has always held you dear, and marrying you is simply a formality to him. He wants everyone to know you’re officially his beloved without causing any distress,” Abigail reassured Luna, offering comfort.

Feeling comforted by Abigail’s words, Luna nodded slowly. “Alright. I’ll think it over carefully.”

Giving Luna’s cheek a gentle pinch, Abigail remarked, “I can’t wait for us to become family. Remember our conversations back in school?”

Luna furrowed her brow momentarily before shaking her head. “I’m sorry. I don’t recall.”

“That’s alright, as long as I do,” Abigail chuckled.

Their conversation continued until the door to the ward swung open unexpectedly.

Expecting to see a doctor, Abigail’s smile froze upon seeing Sean enter instead. Luna, however, felt relieved and joyful at his arrival. “You’re finally back!”

Closing the door behind him, Sean greeted Luna with a smile before turning to Abigail. “What’s the matter?”

Abigail’s mind went blank, and she rushed to embrace him tightly, overcome with relief and longing, her tears falling softly.

Sean embraced her, gently patting her back. “You’ve been through so much.”

With tears welling in her eyes, Abigail pushed Sean away slightly, gazing up at him. “You’ve lost weight. Your face looks weary, and you have some wounds. Are you injured?”

“I wore the face mask for too long, causing some wounds,” Sean explained, his expression slightly pained. “It’s uncomfortable. Could you blow on it?”

Abigail complied, but Sean surprised her by kissing her lips instead.

Luna applauded, breaking the moment.

Abigail closed her eyes, surrendering to the kiss, secretly yearning for it to be Sean kissing her.

After the kiss, Abigail felt a bit lightheaded, leaning against Sean, her legs weakening.

Sean supported her, turning to Luna. "How are you feeling?"

"Not too bad. At least I got to see the real sun and sky," Luna replied with a smile.

With Sean's return, Luna seemed more animated.

Sean relaxed, holding Abigail as they approached Luna. "Please take your medication and see a doctor. I've been waiting for you. When you're ready, we can get married."

"Okay," Luna replied obediently.

Over time, Luna's feelings toward Sean evolved. She once harbored resentment toward him but realized he was dependable.

"Things will get better once we're back home," Sean reassured.

Just then, Josh entered.

"You take care of your wife. I'll have a chat with mine," Sean told Josh, taking Abigail's hand to leave.

Abigail glanced at Luna. "Can I go out with my boyfriend?"

"Get out of here!" Luna exclaimed, tossing a pillow at Abigail.

Dodging it, Abigail moved behind Sean. "Alright, I'm off. Let me know what you want to eat after my date."

Luna chuckled. "Sure thing. I still have my cold soup."

The once dreary room transformed into a lively atmosphere. Abigail led Sean to the car, and they shared a passionate kiss.



Lost in the moment, they kissed fervently until Abigail felt a chill, realizing Sean had removed her clothes.

Locking eyes with Sean, she whispered, "Don't worry about protection."

"Are you prepared to start a family?" Sean chuckled, lifting her.

Abigail tugged at his collar. "We don't need protection to avoid pregnancy."

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

7-8 minutes 10/27/2024

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### The Ultimate Reward

Sean let out a deep breath, his anticipation palpable, as he leaned in to kiss her again. Months of longing had led to this moment, and as the driver navigated the car to a secluded spot, the intensity between them only grew.

After two long hours, Sean finally emerged from the car. His shirt was all crumpled up, and his pants looked like they had been through a mud bath.

"Fetch a set of clothing for both a man and a woman," he instructed the driver.

The driver was well-advised to walk away briskly. Meanwhile, Abigail took her sweet time to cautiously step out of the vehicle. Wrapped in Sean's coat, it enveloped her like a protective shield, yet beneath it was her own insecurities laid bare; she had nothing underneath it.

Quietly, she approached him from behind and enveloped him in a silent embrace. Her feelings were conveyed through the warmth of her touch rather than words.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked, gently taking her hand with a smile on his face.

"I'm just tired, so I'm really craving your embrace," Abigail replied, her voice tinged with weariness.

Turning to face her, Sean gently pressed her against the car, holding her tenderly as he radiated warmth and affection. "I haven't endured much hardship. I've recouped the 400

million as well as assumed control of Jonell's ventures in Monfort, along with the estates and wineries in New Yoke. They're all under my ownership now."

"And what about 3 million?" Abigail couldn't help but wonder about the whereabouts of that amount of cash. She had hoped in secret that he would keep the money for himself, but he ultimately surrendered it.

"That money rightfully belongs to the people and should be returned. I wouldn't feel right keeping it," Sean caressed her nose, his voice brimming with affection.

"That's commendable." Abigail embraced him tightly.

In that instant, it dawned on her that being near Sean was never close enough. Every moment with him left her craving more. It was a hunger for his presence that couldn't be satisfied. After being in each other's embrace for a while, Abigail earnestly expressed, "Thank you, Sean."

"You're my wife. It's natural for me to take care of family matters. There's no need for thanks," Sean reassured her as he gently ran his fingers through her hair, his heart brimming with contentment.

Returning home to a hearty meal felt like the ultimate reward.

Abigail's face lit up with a shy yet adorable smile.

"Jonell's days of freedom are over. He'll spend the rest of his life in the 2x4 cell," Sean murmured as he absent-mindedly played with her hair, his eyes revealing nothing.

She wondered about the unresolved fraud case. "And what about the fraud case?"

"Jonell might have been thrown behind bars, but there are still others involved in Eswadia. The investigation is still ongoing. You've noticed too that my name wasn't dragged into the news. This fraud mess caused us so much hell. I don't want to be dragged into it any further. I want us to marry. We can't deny the fact that we're not getting any younger, right?" He had made up his mind. He was determined to marry her this time.

Abigail leaned into his chest. "Okay. I want to marry you too."

Sean let out a satisfied sigh. "Once all the challenges that we have faced, I'm finally getting to marry you."

Abigail felt a pang of sadness as she gave a soft sigh. "I wish Grandma could be here to see this."

"She's looking down on us from above, so she's still part of our journey," Sean murmured in reassurance while his hand caressed her hair.

Lost in their shared emotions, they silently exchanged thoughts for a while.

When the driver returned with their clothes, Abigail slipped into hers, and Sean did the same. Together, they made their way to the restaurant for a meal.

Everything seemed to have fallen into place, like the settling of dust after a storm.

...

In the afternoon, while Abigail and Sean were out shopping, they were interrupted by a call from Josh, who reported that Luna's emotions were extremely unstable.

"What's wrong? She seemed fine this morning," Abigail glanced at Sean for support.

Sean draped his arm around her shoulder. "Skip the shopping. We should go to the hospital and check on her."

"She tried having a word with Larry, but he didn't respond well. She felt a bit disheartened because of that," Josh explained, his tone troubled.

Abigail furrowed her brow. "Considering Luna's current condition, it's not advisable for her to meet Larry right now. If Larry were a bit older, he might understand our words. He's not even two years old yet. He can't really understand what we're saying, let alone accept her right away."

Josh expressed his concern. "We can't indefinitely prevent her from seeing Larry."

Sean reminded her softly, "Our main focus right now should be on helping Luna recover. Life throws plenty of curveballs our way, but let's tackle them one at a time. Let's head back to the hospital first."

After sharing a few comforting words with Josh, Abigail ended the call, and the couple headed back to the hospital together.

...

Despite Larry's tight grip on Josh, his excitement was clear when he spotted Abigail. His face lit up and he eagerly stretched out his arms as he called out, "Mama!"

Sean motioned for her to go to Larry.

Abigail wrapped her arms around him. She gently rocked him back and forth, trying to comfort him as she whispered, "Why don't you call Luna 'Mama?'"

Larry buried his head in her arms, fidgeting his chubby body while remaining silent.

Sean motioned subtly for Josh to follow him out of the ward, a silent yet clear indication that they needed to talk.

"Josh, you can't just ring Abigail every time something happens with Luna's health. When things got tough in the room earlier, we managed it together. But when you're around, it's on you," Sean remarked with a firm yet empathetic tone, as he leaned casually against the wall. His expression was a mix of concern and resolve.

"Yes, you're right. I was just all worked up. Sorry for bothering you guys," Josh admitted, his regret showing.

"This isn't about being a bother. When Luna needs you, it's important for you to step up and handle things on your own instead of leaning on others all the time. Think about how she might feel. If you keep depending on others, she might think you're dodging dealing with her illness. You see what I'm saying?" Sean explained calmly, his words carrying weight.

Josh nodded in understanding. "Okay, I get it."

Despite not being married to Luna yet, Larry's refusal to acknowledge her was still a family issue that weighed heavily on Josh.

Having witnessed Luna getting hurt so many times and he couldn't help her out, he realized he should deal with things by himself this time.

"Are you alright? Your face looks a bit scratched up." Josh noticed a faint scab on Sean's cheek.