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The Child Who Cries Has No Mother

Sean gently raised his hand to his face. "It's alright. Abigail will help me to put on the medicine," he reassured.

"Fine," Josh replied, feeling somewhat overwhelmed by Sean's presence, as if he were being overshadowed.

Some individuals always seem to find opportunities to showcase themselves.

A faint smile appeared on Sean's lips. "You still have a lot ahead of you, so keep working hard."

Josh knew he had a long journey ahead to make amends with Luna in the coming years.

Meanwhile, Abigail comforted Larry, who cautiously glanced up at Luna. However, after a brief look, he nestled back into Abigail's arms, whispering, "She's so terrifying!"

Luna appeared fragile, her face gaunt and her complexion pale. Larry, accustomed to being surrounded by attractive individuals, had never encountered someone like Luna before. There was a lack of vitality in Luna's gaze.

In truth, Luna had anticipated Larry's reaction. She had contemplated the possibility of not surviving, so his response didn't affect her deeply. However, she hadn't expected Abigail and Sean to lose hope in themselves.

"Don't be afraid. Luna is unwell, and she needs our support," Abigail reassured Larry, gently patting his back.

After some hesitation, Larry finally turned to look at Luna.

Luna experienced a pang of envy, bitterness seeping into her heart and leaving an unpleasant taste in her mouth.

“She’s your mother, the one who brought you into this world,” Abigail consoled Larry.

Pouting, Larry retorted, “No. You’re my Mama!”

“I’m Abigail, your father’s sister. How could I be your mother?” Abigail felt a pang of disappointment.

Larry refused to listen, starting to fuss, and it seemed like tears were on the brink. Luna’s head began to throb. “Forget it. Let it go. He can’t accept me right away.”

Abigail let out a soft sigh. “I’ll ask Josh to bring him to see you in the future. If there’s nothing urgent, I won’t come over. We’ll wait until Larry accepts you.” Abigail felt it wasn’t appropriate for Josh to visit her today. If Larry embraced Luna, it would bring her some solace. She was willing to keep her distance from Larry.

“We can’t force Larry to accept. I just hope he can find happiness. Look at him. Every time he sees you, his eyes light up with joy.” Luna felt a sense of unease within, but she could reconcile with this outcome. It indicated that Abigail genuinely regarded Larry as her own child. It was she who had implored Abigail to embrace this child. Wasn’t this outcome inevitable now?

“Sean and I are also considering having children. I can treat him as my godson,” Abigail suggested softly.

Luna let out a soft sigh. “Am I causing you trouble?”

“Don’t dwell on it. Larry is your child. You are his mother. Embrace this responsibility,” Abigail spoke gently.

“With my condition, I’m not even sure I can hold on. What if he accepts me and then loses me? It would be excruciatingly painful.” Luna’s illness sometimes flared up without warning, leaving her unaware of her actions, much like the last time she self-harmed—it happened unconsciously. At such moments, she realized the severity and uncontrollability of her illness.

“Luna, as long as you take your medication on time, everything will be okay.” Abigail freed up one hand and held Luna’s tightly.

“I’m actually very scared,” Luna whispered, struggling to summon hope for life. Her mind felt numb, unable to shake off repetitive thoughts, often leading to self-inflicted wounds upon waking up. She loathed herself in this state.

Once, she faced life with unwavering love, resilient against any challenge. But now, everything had changed. Her mind often felt beyond her control, leaving her feeling powerless, like drowning in water, overcome by fear.

Abigail held Luna close, their foreheads touching. “Let’s ensure we take our medication properly. We’ll be here to support you, helping you rediscover hope in life, alright?” Tears welled up in Luna’s eyes.

After conversing with Luna for a while, Josh entered the room. “We’ll head back now. You stay with Luna,” Abigail passed Larry over to Josh, knowing Luna’s condition required careful attention to avoid any mishaps.

Larry was on the verge of tears, but Sean’s stern words stopped him. “Don’t be a crybaby. No mother wants that.”

Startled by Sean’s tone, Larry clung to Josh, frightened. Abigail gently patted his head, attempting to soothe him. “You need to be firm with him.”

“My child is different,” Sean asserted, leading Abigail out.

As they walked, Sean advised Abigail, “Larry is still young, and his memory isn’t great. If you see him accepting Josh, then it won’t be long before he accepts Luna. Just give him some time. Let him spend more time with Luna, and he will gradually come around.”

“If you think it’s a viable option, then I’ll stay. But my parents will need to come and help take care of him. Luna’s condition seems serious, and she may not have control over her actions,” Abigail responded, considering the complexities of the situation.

“Depression is one of the most challenging illnesses for people to comprehend. Who knows if those who leave because of depression truly want to leave?” Sean sighed, acknowledging the complexity of Luna’s condition.

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The Significance Of The Wedding

The human brain was like a maze, so intricate that unraveling its mysteries remained one of humanity's greatest challenges.

Sadly, those battling depression often found themselves navigating through the tangled pathways of brain abnormalities.

Feeling a weight upon her shoulders, Abigail returned home to the comforting sight of Scarlett and Lawrence already preparing dinner.

Lawrence, all smiles, announced they were off to visit Luna at the hospital. "If you're feeling hungry, let the chef take care of dinner," he said, practically glowing with excitement.

"We'll be on our way," Scarlett chirped happily.

"Did Josh fill you in on Luna's condition?" Abigail inquired as they readied to leave.

"He shared some details over the phone. Don't worry, we'll tread carefully," Lawrence reassured her.

"Just treat her like normal. Luna has a tendency to feel things deeply and overthink," Abigail couldn't help but add a little reminder.

After bidding farewell to their friends, Abigail and Sean retreated to their room.

Now that she was alone with him, she gently applied ointment to his face, blowing on it to soothe the skin. "Shouldn't we consider visiting Grandpa and Grandma tomorrow?" she suggested with a twinge of warmth and concern.

"I already got in touch with them. They mentioned it's cool for me to be with you for a few more days," Sean responded with a chuckle.

Abigail settled on his lap. While looking at him with curiosity and tenderness, she asked, "Do you really want to have a child?"

Sean's response was simple, yet laden with sincerity. "It's all up to you. If you're not up for carrying a baby, we can always explore adoption," he assured her, placing her feelings above all else.

He couldn't shake the regret of missing his chance earlier.

"I'd rather have our own. It feels different," she confessed, leaning in to seal her words with a kiss.

One thing led to another, and their discussion led them to the bed, where Sean was on top of her. She gazed at him affectionately, saying with desire, "Let's have a child then."

Sean's heart raced with excitement as he eagerly agreed. He kissed her passionately, his heart pounding with anticipation.

Despite the familiarity of their intimacy, he would always be captivated by the depth of her gaze. Hence, losing himself in the moment.

Abigail surrendered to his desire. She was very exhausted to the point where every inch of her being felt drained, yet a sense of contentment washed over her as she closed her eyes and trusted him to guide them both through the intimacy they shared.

After their lovemaking session was over, Sean held her tightly in his embrace. "I'll speak to my parents about our wedding plans in the next few days. What do you think?"

"Sure. I'll discuss with Luna and Josh about having a double wedding," Abigail responded. Then, she added, after a brief pause, "If her condition doesn't allow it, then we'll register the marriage first and hold the ceremony when she's much better."

"Don't sweat it. Planning a wedding takes time," he reassured her, his hand gently patting her head.

Gazing up at his chin, she felt a surge of affection, so she leaned in to kiss him. She rolled over and settled on top of him, her eyes sparkling with curiosity as she asked, "Why does it take so long to prep for a wedding?"

"A wedding symbolizes significance. The more preparation, the more sincerity," Sean explained. Ever since Jonell was arrested, Sean was determined to give Abigail a meaningful wedding.

Since it was a once-in-a-life-time event, it was necessary to get the wedding right.

“Understood,” Abigail said as she embraced him, her voice filled with emotion. “I truly and deeply love you.”

His intelligence and determination were awe-inspiring, as if he possessed the power to conquer any challenge. He was like a God in her world.

Sean gently caressed her silky hair with his chin. “I feel the same way. I truly adore you.”

The two of them had never spoken such simple words of love between each other before.

Abigail’s heart felt as though she had indulged in cotton candy, a sweetness so soft and comforting.

It’s truly incredible how a few simple words can bring about so much joy and warmth, she mused.

Following a playful exchange of banter, their nanny’s call for dinner interrupted their moment.

Sean sat up straight to pull Abigail close and pressed a tender kiss upon her lips. “I’ll take care of it. You just relax, for you’ve had quite a day.”

“There’s no need to trouble yourself. Let’s go down together. Perhaps we can enjoy a stroll afterward.” Abigail cherished every moment spent with him, even if it was just walking the streets.

After swiftly freshening up and changing into more comfortable attire, they made their way downstairs.

Following their meal, they took a stroll hand in hand.

The bustling streets of Capitalis were adorned with festive decorations, serving as a reminder to Sean that Valentine’s Day was just around the corner. The air was filled with the sweet fragrance of roses from the flower shops that lined the streets.

“Have you ever considered Valentine’s Day?” Abigail asked Sean.

Turning toward her, Sean replied, “I don’t recall us ever celebrating that particular holiday.”

Abigail smiled. "So, any chance of us celebrating it this year?"

"We definitely will," Sean replied, gazing at the flower shop as he pondered for a moment. "Let's visit Grandpa and Grandma tomorrow. We'll return the day after."

Abigail cocked her head. She was surprised by his sudden change of plans. "Got something else on your plate here?" she inquired.

"I haven't seen some friends in a while, so I want to catch up with them," Sean grinned.

Abigail nodded in understanding, though she couldn't quite fathom his outgoing nature, given her own small circle of friends.

When they returned to Pendorf, Abigail accompanied Lina for a stroll downtown while Sean and Colby settled in at home to discuss the wedding details.

Sean remained undecided on whether to hold the wedding ceremony in Capitalis or Pendorf.

"You're from Pendorf, and Abby's bound to be your bride. It makes sense to hold the wedding here," Colby argued. His reluctance to venture to Capitalis was mainly due to his old age.

"We'll need to get her opinion." Sean didn't rush to make a decision.

"For the love of God, think about me!" Colby grumbled, a hint of frustration creeping into his voice.

"She'll have you in her thoughts, rest assured," Sean reassured him with a gentle smile gracing his lips.

Colby wasn't one for jesting. His tone was earnest as he inquired, "So, are things finally stable this time?"

"Yeah, I've got things sorted here, but there's this new venture abroad. I'm still wrapping my head around how to manage it all," Sean confessed, looking a bit troubled.

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The Prodigal Son Won't Return

Amidst his burgeoning business commitments, Sean recognized the necessity for assistance. However, when he sought Xavien's support, it was met with a courteous refusal, Xavien proposing a more hands-off approach instead.

"We have ample resources. Simply sell it directly. The real concern lies in the future when you have children. You'll find little time to manage work matters. Unless you're willing to delegate, neglecting them may lead to dire consequences," Old Mr. Graham's tone carried weight, underlining the modern challenges of parenthood.

Sean nodded, conceding that he might have disregarded such advice in the past but now found himself in agreement. "You know what's needed. I won't elaborate further," Old Mr. Graham concluded before returning to his tablet.

Subsequently, Sean reached out to Kevin and various contacts in Capitalis. As night fell, Abigail, Sean, and Kevin boarded a plane back to the city. Wrapped in each other's embrace, they watched the night sky, prompting Sean to inquire, "Grandfather asked whether the wedding should be in Pendorf or Capitalis."

Abigail paused, considering, "Let's opt for Pendorf. Grandfather and Grandmother face difficulties with air travel due to their age. We're young and can manage a bit of inconvenience."

"I had a feeling you'd say that," Sean remarked with a smile. Observing the couple, Kevin couldn't resist a comment, "You two are inseparable, even boarding the same flight as me."

"If it bothers you, find someone else to accompany you," Sean replied casually. Abigail nestled closer to Sean, asking, "How's our young designer from my company faring?"

"Are you teasing me?" Kevin quipped in response, lightening the mood.

"Irene didn't see eye to eye with him," Sean remarked bluntly.

Kevin's expression darkened instantly. "Are you both teaming up against me?"

"No, we're just stating the facts. Irene has been swamped lately, focusing on her own projects, right?" Abigail provided Irene with numerous opportunities. Recently, she had taken on costume design for the drama group, which demanded her full attention. Irene, as always, sought guidance from professors, conducted on-site research, and delved into various books.

“Thanks to you,” Kevin retorted unkindly.

“Irene may not excel in design, but it’s crucial to nurture her for your own benefit. Even if she doesn’t become exceptional, her solid design skills will pave the way for success in the future,” Abigail emphasized. While talent was important, hard work and experience were equally vital for stability in the long run.

For most people, stability was paramount.

Kevin couldn’t argue with that.

Kevin recognized Irene’s dedication. Despite being the least skilled among the designers at L.Moon, she refused to give up. Despite facing criticism for allegedly leveraging connections behind the scenes, she persisted and seized every opportunity. “No matter how hard she tries, she’ll only reach this level,” Kevin remarked.

Breaking through social barriers was challenging. While one might attain wealth, in Capitalis, money was abundant, and those with status were plentiful.

“Kevin, you need to understand that this world is filled with ordinary people. While you may want to elevate her across social classes, not everyone will share your intentions,” Abigail spoke calmly, her eyes betraying little warmth.

“Even if she becomes more clear-headed, she won’t be able to be with you. What’s the point of trying to elevate her across social classes? She wants a stable life, a partner with a clean romantic history, something you can’t provide,” Sean delivered a heavy blow. He never believed in the idea of a reformed playboy. Trying to save girls like Irene was foolish.

Kevin sat in silence, his expression serious as he gazed at the star-studded sky. He had always fancied himself a perpetual playboy. However, witnessing Sean contemplate marriage and children unexpectedly stirred a desire in him to settle down.

As they touched down in Capitalis, Sean had barely stepped off the plane when an unfamiliar number lit up his phone screen. He was about to decline when a message from a friend interrupted his thoughts: ‘Incoming call. Pick up.’ Sean hesitated for a moment before accepting the call.

“Hello, Mr. Graham. I’m Kadrick, the director of Capitalis. I was wondering if you could spare some time for dinner tomorrow,” the voice on the other end was polite, introducing himself.

Sean, unfamiliar with Kadrick, remained courteous. He suspected the invitation might be related to a case and wanted to discuss it further. After a brief exchange, Kadrick bid farewell.

“Who was that?” Abigail inquired, her arm linked with Sean’s.

Sean, still typing a message on his phone, replied, “The director of Capitalis, Kadrick. He may want to discuss a case.”

Abigail nodded, sensing Sean’s reluctance to delve into official matters. She didn’t press further.

Leaning in conspiratorially, Kevin asked, “Do you think they’re planning to commend you?”

“Let’s not speculate. I’ve made it clear that my actions are confidential. I trust my friends,” Sean replied, pushing away Kevin’s prying curiosity.

Abigail, wary of potential trouble, squeezed the hand resting on her waist. “Let’s hope it’s just a dinner invitation and nothing more.”

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An Impertinent Request

Sean was amused by her.

“I haven’t committed any crime, no worries. I’m not afraid,” Sean said with a chuckle, pinching her hand.

Abigail looked up at him. Her demeanor seemed somewhat naive yet endearing.

“What’s up?” Sean’s gaze deepened.

It was rare for Abigail to show this side. In the early days of their marriage, she often had such expressions; back then, she was unguarded and overly compliant.

Only now did Sean realize that it had been many years since he last saw her unguarded side.

“Nothing,” Abigail softly replied.

Businesspeople always feel apprehensive when they encounter officials, worrying about whether they have done something wrong.

The next noon, Sean invited Kadrick to a moderately priced restaurant where a meal wouldn't exceed a thousand dollars, considering the other party's status.

When Kadrick arrived, he brought along a fair-skinned, beautiful girl.

The girl wore a beret, her long hair styled in big waves, and her entire outfit exuded a youthful, vibrant Chanel vibe.

"This is my niece, Callen Hinton. Callen, this is the legendary figure I told you about, Sean Graham," Kadrick was exceptionally polite.

Callen extended her hand to Sean with undeniable admiration in her eyes. "Hello, Mr. Graham. May I call you that?"

Sean was reluctant to shake her hand, but considering Kadrick's significant status, he still reached out, lightly touching Callen's fingers before quickly letting go.

"That's fine."

After speaking curtly, he turned to Kadrick. "Mr. Hinton, what can I do for you?"

"It's not about the case; it's just that my niece here needs your help," Kadrick said with a smile, sitting down.

Sean pulled out a chair and sat down.

Callen placed her LV bag on the adjacent chair, took out a tablet and pen, and looked at him expectantly. "Your experiences are truly fascinating, Mr. Graham. I want to adapt your story into a drama."

"Callen is a rising scriptwriter, *Slow Melody Serenade*. You must have heard of her, right?" Kadrick said, his eyes filled with pride.

Sean, not much of a drama watcher, was unaware.

"Sorry, I'm usually busy and don't watch TV," he replied calmly.

Kadrick's smile turned awkward.

"It's fine. As a businessman, you're busy! Could you please tell me how you caught Jonell Davison? It would make a great public service announcement. If adapted into a TV series, it could raise

awareness about fraud prevention and illustrate how hard it is to recover money from scams," Callen asked eagerly, undeterred by his lack of familiarity with her work.

"The fraud incident caused a lot of trouble for my fiancée and those around her. I don't want it turned into a drama. There are many ways to raise awareness about fraud, not necessarily through drama," Sean politely declined.

"Mr. Graham, it's precisely because of this that we should pay more attention to fraud. Look at how rampant those fraudsters are. Adapting your story into a film or series would have a positive impact," Kadrick attempted to persuade.

"Mr. Hinton, I want to protect my family and friends," Sean stated flatly, "I don't want them to be put in danger again."

"Mr. Graham, the licensing fee is negotiable. I really, really hope to adapt your experiences!" Callen earnestly pleaded.

"It's not about the money. Protecting the privacy of citizens is something the police should be doing, right?" Sean remained firm.

After suffering for more than two years because of the scam, Abigail and Luna couldn't afford to be endangered again for fame or profit.

"Alright then," Kadrick didn't push further.

Callen sighed in disappointment. "Mr. Graham, helping raise public awareness to prevent fraud is also one of our duties as public figures."

She was quite skilled in moral coercion.

Sean's expression turned cold. "What kind of public figure am I? I'm just a company owner. Why should I expose my wife, her friends, and my family to danger just because you want to make this film? When the fraud case is completely resolved, come find me then, and I might consider it!"

Callen tried to say something more but was stopped by Kadrick. "Oh, what would a young girl like you know about the dangers he faced? Let's just order first."

Sean handed them the menu.

In this ordinary restaurant, they even had to wash their own utensils.

After the meal, Sean paid the bill and left.

Back in his car, he was still somewhat angry and called a friend.

"Are you just giving out my number for fun?!" Sean exclaimed angrily, just a few days back in the country and he couldn't find peace!

"What happened?" the person on the phone asked.

"You gave out my number without knowing the other party's intentions?!" Sean continued to rebuke, adjusting his tie, his face tense.

"Just tell me what happened, and I'll get justice for you," the person tried to calm him.

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The Valentine's Day Strategy

Sean, not in the mood for idle chatter, sternly warned, "If you spread my information around again or give out my phone number without discretion, I will not let you off easily!"

After ending the call, he drove to L.Moon and brought Abigail the coffee she used to enjoy.

"What's wrong? You seem upset." Abigail, accepting the coffee, asked with curiosity.

"Ran into some annoying issues." Sean approached her, leaned over, and said, "I need my wife's comfort."

"Hmm..." Abigail hesitated for a moment, then kissed his cheek, "Is a kiss okay?"

“That’s enough.” Sean was immediately satisfied, cheekily nuzzling against Abigail’s face before standing up. “Have you had your meal on time?”

“I did. The cafeteria’s chef is pretty good; I had lunch there.” Abigail opened her coffee lid, took a sip, and said, “Still, the coffee you buy has a unique taste and always brings a special feeling.”

“What unique feeling?” Sean couldn’t help but smile.

“A fluttering heart.” Abigail looked up at him, playfully batting her eyelashes.

Sean paused, then laughed, caressing her hair. “You’re so adorable. I’ve got some things this afternoon, but I’ll pick you up after work.”

“Okay, you’ve been away for so long. There must be a lot waiting for you at the office, right? Just remember, on Valentine’s Day, you’re spending it with me, no work allowed.” Abigail wanted them to have a proper Valentine’s Day celebration.

“Sure.” Sean affectionately pinched her smooth cheek.

After Sean left, Abigail focused on her design drawings, making up for the time she owed.

The debts from the past were now being repaid frantically.

Sean and Xavien went to Ocean Vista Haven, attracting the attention of many young girls despite his sunglasses and mask, his distinguished demeanor shining through.

Most notably, he was dressed in a suit, emitting a strong presence and a tough vibe.

Some young girls secretly took his pictures.

Xavien whispered, laughing, “Mr. Graham, you really stand out wherever you go.”

“Have Kevin and the others arrived?” Sean ignored the tease.

In the July heat of the capital, wearing a suit made Sean feel uncomfortably warm, longing for the comfort of an air-conditioned room.

“They have; they’re waiting for us at BBQ Season,” Xavien replied promptly.

When we arrived at BBQ Season, the crowd was so dense that it nearly separated them.

Kevin's face was flushed as he fanned himself with a handheld fan, complaining to Sean upon seeing him, "It's so hot today, what are you thinking?"

"Let's find a place to sit and talk; it's too hot," Sean said, wiping his forehead with a wet tissue. Wearing a mask, he was struggling to breathe comfortably.

Cameron managed better and was accustomed to enduring more as a security officer.

Once they found a tea house, Sean loosened his tie, relieved by the blast of cool air.

"What are we doing in this crowded place?" Kevin asked, directing the fan at his face.

Xavien busied himself ordering tea for everyone.

"It has its unique charm besides the crowd, doesn't it?" Sean remarked, borrowing Kevin's fan for a bit of relief.

"It's unique, but we should've come during the off-season. It's too crowded now," Kevin grumbled.

"Mr. Graham, do you have any specific plans for coming here?" Cameron inquired, leaning back in his chair, intrigued.

"I plan to rent some boats to surprise Abigail on Valentine's Day," Sean shared earnestly, already having a vision in mind. He brought them along to brainstorm a meaningful celebration for their loved ones.

Cameron, feeling inspired, eagerly asked, "What's your plan?"

"The boats will definitely need decorating. I'm thinking of getting involved in the preparations these coming days," Sean stated with seriousness, emphasizing the importance of the gesture. He regretted that Abigail hadn't experienced a proper Valentine's Day with him before and wanted to make it special for her.

"Are you lacking money or manpower that you need to personally get involved in this scorching heat?" Kevin wasn't keen on spending his time on such tasks.

"No wonder you can't pursue Irene. It turns out you never put in the effort," Sean retorted, casting a disdainful look at him.

"I'll join you," Cameron volunteered, having time but needing guidance in romantic gestures.

"Personal attacks are not right," Kevin sighed, resigning himself to the situation, "Alright, let's see who can withstand it. It's just decorating boats, right?! Let's make a bet. Whose boat pleases their partner the most will be crowned the 'Romantic Sage,' and the other two will pay the winner a hundred thousand!"

"Not interested in your hundred thousand. Since you brought it up, think of something better as a reward," Sean dismissed the trivial sum.

Kevin, frustrated by his own words, now faced the challenge of coming up with a better prize.

"Should we invite more people?" Xavien suggested from the side.

"What about Josh?" Kevin quickly added.

Sean immediately called Josh to join them.

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You Guys Are Really Dogs

With Damon and Alfie joining the group, the gathering became livelier.

Damon, married for years, didn't pay much attention to Valentine's Day, but the enthusiasm of the group stirred his interest.

"Design for the merchant's boats? Can a well-designed boat really move my wife? How do we quantify this emotional value?" Damon, utilizing all his intellect, couldn't grasp the concept.

Alfie, rubbing his nose, pondered for a while. "The merchant's boat designs aren't that impressive; yachts would be better."

"Let's be resourceful; aiming to match the luxury of yachts would be a fascinating challenge," Sean was determined to use the merchant's boats for his design.

“Are you in love?” Damon looked at Alfie, noting his shift in focus to family over the years and unaware of Alfie’s romantic life.

Alfie’s smile was uncontrollable, looking blissfully foolish. “Yeah, my wife is so cool. I’ll introduce her to you guys on Valentine’s Day!”

“I can tell; you’re henpecked,” Kevin remarked teasingly.

“Better henpecked than a flirtatious turnip who can’t even win over a simple designer,” Alfie hit back sharply.

Kevin felt this gathering was particularly joyless. He clung to Xavien, expressing mock affection. “Now, only you are with me.”

“Sorry, I’m a bachelor. That’s different from you,” Xavien politely smiled.

Kevin released him with an exaggerated eye roll. “Wait till you’re old and alone—”

“I’ve lived freely for decades. Suffering in old age seems fair,” Xavien’s smile grew more annoying.

Kevin flared his clothes open with a sneer. “Fine, you bunch of dogs, hurry up and think how do we calculate this ‘heart-moving’ value!”

“If you don’t want to die here, speak respectfully,” Sean threatened, having been called a dog.

Kevin snorted. “So many eyes are watching. Do you plan to murder your dear brother?”

“He’s so cheap,” Alfie couldn’t help but comment.

Aside from Kevin, everyone nodded in agreement.

Just then, Josh hurriedly arrived, bringing along his beloved son, Larry.

“There, someone even brought their son. Kevin is going to bleed from jealousy,” Alfie mocked cheekily.

“You’ll definitely be the last in this Valentine’s Day contest,” Kevin cursed venomously.

“Ah, using curses because you can’t win an argument,” Alfie was exasperated.

Sitting down, Josh amiably inquired of Sean, "Sean, did you need something from me?"

"Want to join us for Valentine's Day?" Sean leaned back, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

Josh raised an eyebrow. "The way you put it sounds interesting."

Kevin and Alfie mischievously pinched Larry's cheeks and hands.

Larry pouted, furrowing his brow. "Dad!"

"Wow, he can say 'Dad'!" Alfie exclaimed in surprise, his expression as dramatic as if seeing a child for the first time.

Kevin also found it fascinating.

The boy was only two years old, yet his expressions were so varied.

Josh lowered his head and rubbed it against Larry, asking, "What's wrong?"

"Bad!" Larry pointed at Alfie and Kevin, showing his displeasure.

"Hey, you little guy, how can you say we are bad? Once you recognize us, you'll get more pocket money worth millions. We aren't bad; we are your god of wealth," Alfie coaxed Larry.

Kevin chimed in, "Exactly. When you grow up, you'll know our goodness."

"Doesn't this look like two old wolves deceiving a little bunny?" Cameron whispered to Xavien.

Xavien found his comment quite apt.

Damon, not very fond of the Pearson Family, opted for silence.

Sean and Josh discussed their Valentine's Day plans, while Alfie and Kevin were tasked with entertaining Larry.

In no time, Larry warmed up to Alfie and Kevin, sitting with each for a while.

When sitting next to Damon, Larry looked up with his round, gleaming eyes.

Damon felt somewhat awkward.

Yet, Larry was undeniably adorable, reminiscent of a porcelain doll.

“Hello there...” Damon greeted him hesitantly.

Larry reached out and tugged at his face, saying, “Good! Good!”

Touched by the tender little hands on his face, Damon thought of his daughter, who had been born to his wife, and impulsively suggested to Josh, “How about setting up a baby betrothal?”

Caught in the midst of discussing boat designs with Sean, Josh was almost choked by his saliva upon hearing this. “That’s up to my wife. If she disagrees, I can’t do much.”

“Arranged child marriages seem problematic; they always end badly in dramas,” Alfie expressed his disapproval of the idea.

“The child’s own will is more important,” Sean stated succinctly.

Damon laughed. “I just blurted it out because Larry is so adorable; he’s truly mesmerizing.”

Hearing the praise for Larry, Josh couldn’t help but beam with joy. “Thank you.”

Larry dissolved any slight awkwardness between the two.

The group of men, sitting in the teahouse, brainstormed various plans, discarding the idea of emotional value. Instead, they opted for public votes from nearby tourists, with each voting tourist receiving a food voucher worth 500 dollars.

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Brothers Are Like Clothes

“My wife is about to get off work; I need to go pick her up.” After the discussion, Sean checked the time and realized there was half an hour left before Abigail got off work.

“D*mn!” Kevin couldn’t stand it anymore, “You’re toxic, man! After our talk, you won’t join us for dinner and just pick up your wife?”

"I promised her. If you want to have dinner together, book a place, and I'll bring her along," Sean said as he stood up, dropping this line before hurrying off.

"What?!" Kevin was furious.

Really... Brothers are like clothes, but a wife is his true companion.

Called upon when needed, sweating buckets from the heat, and he is the first to bolt when things are done.

"I need to return to the hospital to take care of my wife, so I'll be leaving too. You guys enjoy your meal," said Josh, having no choice as his parents had already helped look after things all afternoon, and it wouldn't be right to hang out with the others in the evening.

Kevin fully understood. "Go ahead, I don't blame you."

"You can blame him if you're heartless," Alfie joked along.

"Do you have a problem with me?" Kevin started arguing with him.

Cameron asked Kevin, "Mr. Stewart, shall we dine together? You decide, so I can call my wife."

Critical hit.

"Right, I need to check in with my wife too."

Another critical hit.

Kevin pulled out his phone, feeling bitter inside. "Go ahead and check in. I'll book the place. Why can't you bring your wives along for fun? Why just check in? Gu brought his wife for fun. Aren't you guys on board?"

"Oh, right!" Cameron immediately took out his phone to call Isla.

As everyone seemed happily settled, Kevin felt increasingly desolate and began to pick a place for their outing.

...

When Sean returned to L.Moon and pushed open Abigail's office door to see Callen, his face instantly darkened.

"Who let you in?!" His demeanor was far from the polite front he put up at noon, his face filled with anger.

Callen was startled, standing up from the sofa with an innocent look.

Abigail peeked out from behind her computer, puzzled and bewildered. "What's wrong?"

Callen said she was there to see him, so she let her sit in the office.

Who knew he would be so furious?

"Nothing. I'll take you out for dinner. Lock the office," Sean said, his face exceptionally cold.

Callen realized he was dismissing her and earnestly said, "Mr. Graham, I know my actions were presumptuous, but I really want to know your story. Please give me a chance!"

"If you don't leave, I'll call security!" Sean said sternly.

Xavien entered from outside and politely said to Callen, "Ms. Hinton, please go back for now."

Abigail approached Sean and noticed a faint smell of sweat on him.

Had he been out?

With a sigh, Callen left dejectedly.

"What's wrong?" Abigail pulled Sean into the resting room.

She reached to unbutton his suit, but Sean held her hand.

"Want it?" Sean's anger vanished instantly, replaced by affection.

"I was thinking you don't like having any scent on you, so you should take a shower," Abigail helped him take off his suit.

Sean scrunched his nose. "If she hadn't left, I couldn't even shower."

"What's with her?" Abigail asked, puzzled.

“She claims to be a scriptwriter and insists on adapting my experiences abroad into a screenplay. I wasn’t willing, yet she found her way here,” Sean expressed his displeasure.

“Oh, did you meet her at lunch?” Abigail inquired.

“Yes, lured by Mr. Hinton. It was annoying,” Sean complained.

Seeing his furrowed brow and childlike tantrum, Abigail tiptoed and gently kissed his lips. “Alright, don’t let outsiders upset you. Go take your shower.”

“Okay.” Sean embraced her before turning to get clothes from the wardrobe.

On the way to the club Kevin had booked, Abigail asked Sean, “Why do you refuse to have your experiences adapted?”

“I don’t want to attract trouble. Some remnants of the fraud case are still out there; who knows if they might resurface?” Sean held her hand, his voice calm, “I don’t want you or anyone else to face any future dangers. Being low-key is definitely the right approach.”

Abigail hadn’t expected him to think so far ahead.

“The incidents with you and Luna made me realize that one shouldn’t be too arrogant. Even with capabilities, one must learn to be discreet, or it could bring harm to those close,” Sean spoke softly.

If he were alone in the world, none of it would matter. But that wasn’t the case; he and Abigail were planning to have children.

Children are vulnerable; just sending them to school could risk them being abducted. He couldn’t take such risks.

Abigail nestled in his embrace.

Upon reaching the club, Sean walked in with his arm around Abigail.

The private room in the club was bustling with activity.

Abigail pushed open the door and was surprised to see Alfie and Damon, whom she hadn’t seen in a long time.

"You're here too," Abigail said with a smile.

Alfie introduced his girlfriend to Abigail, "Yes, it's been a while, Abigail. This is my girlfriend, Shaunee Sullivan."

"Hello," Abigail greeted the short-haired girl before her.

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A Love Story

She seemed to share some similarities with Luna from before, with her pink-dyed hair and cool attire.

"Nice to meet you. There's no need for introductions; everyone knows who you are," Shaunee said comfortably.

Isla approached Abigail, calling her with a hint of shyness, "Abigail."

"It's okay to just call me Abigail. Let's not worry about the generational mix-up," Abigail felt it was only fitting to be called Abigail by Isla.

Despite Cameron going solo, the bond between Cameron and Sean remained unchangeable.

"Nice to meet you all," Damon's wife greeted them.

Abigail was meeting Damon's wife for the first time and was slightly surprised before smiling and shaking her hand. "Nice to meet you."

"I'm Eilane Horton," Damon's wife introduced herself, even showing her name typed on her phone.

Eilane was a unique and interesting name; no wonder Damon liked her.

"Eilane, your name is very interesting. Your parents must be quite fun people, right?" Abigail's eyes curved in amusement.

“Personally, I think they are the best parents in the world. I was very fond of eating as a child, so they changed my name to this when I was four. Interesting, isn’t it?” Eilane led Abigail to the sofa to sit.

Through Eilane’s unique name, everyone got a glimpse of her upbringing. Born into a not-so-wealthy family, her parents’ greatest wish was her happiness. She grew up rich in spirit, always the little sunbeam.

“I love reading novels. How did you and Damon meet?” Shaunee’s eyes sparkled with curiosity, fascinated by the classic narratives of wealthy men falling for ordinary women.

“No wonder Alfie understands the tropes of wealthy family dramas so well,” Kevin muttered quietly from the men’s side, overhearing Shaunee’s comments.

Eilane glanced at Damon, playing cards beside Alfie, her eyes brimming with deep affection, “It’s quite a story. He was idling in a game, got killed, and I, a lifestyle player, saved him. I even sent him a bunch of resurrection and health potions. He friended me after receiving them, asking why I sent them.”

“And then?” Shaunee seemed a bit disappointed with the ordinary start.

“I told him I would send these to anyone I see getting killed. He thought I was a fool,” Eilane said, breaking into laughter.

Abigail listened quietly.

She thought their serene encounter was beautiful.

“Is that all?” Shimeng lost interest, grabbed a cherry from nearby, and sighed. “I thought there would be some impressive plot.”

“The impressive part is yet to come,” Eilane said slowly.

“Then spill it out!” Shimeng urged impatiently.

Isla also stared with curious eyes. “Come on, tell us.”

Abigail noticed that Isla had become much livelier than before, which seemed to be a positive result of Cameron’s resignation.

Eilane, with a smile as cunning as a fox, hinted at something profound. "Then, one day, I saved someone at a respawn point by giving him lots of revival potions. But then, I was killed by the campers around, and the person I saved just ran away with my potions, leaving me behind."

"Then Damon came to save you?" Abigail asked.

"Yes, Damon arrived with his guild members, all flamboyantly dressed with colorful hair, riding flying swords, looking as if they were from a magic world. Very cool," Eilane recalled, smiling as she lay on the ground watching them arrive.

"Oh my God!!" Shaunee pinched Isla's arm.

Isla winced, "Gentle, Shaunee, gentle!"

"I'm too excited... This is exactly the type of melodramatic story I adore!" Shaunee released her grip, twisting her body in excitement.

Alfie, watching from the side, grinned. "Isn't my wife just adorable?"

"Absolutely," Kevin commented sarcastically, unable to deny the cuteness of the girls gossiping together.

"And really, girls together are just explosively cute," Alfie expressed his fondness for Shaunee.

Sean silently watched Abigail, surprised that she, too, enjoyed such romantic gossip.

"The guy who got killed came back for revenge, frequently ambushing me when I was off-guard. Damon couldn't stand it; whenever I logged in, he would team up with me, silently following. Whether I was gathering herbs, mining, or crafting potions, he was always there, watching over me," Eilane continued, her eyes turning to Damon.

Damon, a reserved and kind person, never forgot the one who saved him.

"I never told him, but when he was with me, I felt incredibly secure. That was when I slowly began to like him. But he was always dressed in such expensive gear that I was too intimidated to talk more. It was the first time in my content life that I felt a bit inferior," Eilane spoke softly.

Damon instinctively smiled gently at her.

“Look at him, always nearby, just watching over me. It felt so wonderful,” Eilane’s smile was sweeter than ever.

“Later, I bought an outfit for three hundred. It hurt to spend that much, but I wanted to look nicer, to be closer to him,” Eilane exhaled deeply.

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Henpecked

Damon knew about her purchase of the outfit and sneakily took a picture to share in the game’s social circle, captioning it: “The little medic looks exceptionally beautiful today, but wearing the medic’s exclusive faction outfit is also very likable.”

His social media post blew up on their game server.

“I couldn’t believe it when I knew he liked me; it felt like a dream. He was really nice, protecting me for a year before he revealed his feelings. Back then, the game just launched a Valentine’s quest, and it was only three days away, so I asked him if he wanted to bind our fates together,” Eilane shared shyly.

“Wow, so romantic! I can’t agree more, and I insist, anyone who doesn’t write this as a novel is wrong! No, I must write it myself tonight!” Shaunee couldn’t contain her excitement.

That binding lasted for seven years.

During that time, many girls flirted with Damon, who was a big shot in their gaming server. His in- game gear alone was worth an entire house.

“Pretty impressive,” Alfie couldn’t help commenting.

Kevin was extremely envious of such a fairy-tale romance.

Even Cameron and Xavien felt they were fated, as very few gaming couples actually took their relationship as far as they did.

“You really did something special; how did you start liking her?” Kevin asked Damon.

Feeling a bit embarrassed, Damon replied, “I just fell for her after spending time together. She was genuinely enjoying the game. Back then, I was quite into competing for rankings. Meeting someone

like her was intriguing.”

“The potions she gave away could have earned a lot of in-game currency. Back then, you could sell in-game currency online for real money, but she seemed to really enjoy being a medic and never sold them. I found her quite unique,” Damon said, growing more bashful.

Talking about his love life felt like a public execution.

“Speaking of which, the love story between Sean and Abigail is truly legendary,” Kevin chimed in with a meaningful smile.

“I refuse to tell it!” Abigail raised her hand quickly, clarifying her stance.

Sean simply smiled. “There’s nothing legendary about it. Just don’t mess with her, or you’ll be sorry!”

“Alfie told me that if I ever get bullied, you could help me, right?” Shaunee clung to Abigail’s hand, her intent clear.

Abigail raised her other hand, patting Shaunee’s fluffy head. “Of course, one call, and I’ll be there to send the bullies flying, from strangers to your husband, Alfie.”

“Oh, we’re not married yet,” Shaunee blushed slightly.

“Hey, you’re only concerned about whether we’re married, not that she included me in the beating!” Alfie protested.

Abigail’s lips curved slightly. “If you bully her, of course, you deserve a beating.”

“Oh no, Sean—”

“Don’t look at me. I can’t beat her,” Sean promptly declined.

“What, are you really planning to bully me?” Shaunee reacted with displeasure.

“Dare not, how could I? You’re my precious. How could I bully you? In our relationship, it’s always you bullying me!” Alfie quickly surrendered.

These henpecked husbands, each one knew they were beyond help if they got into trouble.

After discussing some matters of the heart, Sean ordered the meal.

“It’s time to eat already?” Kevin hadn’t had enough fun playing cards yet.

“My wife has been working all day; how can she have fun without a good meal?” Sean said coolly.

“Stop with your ‘my wife’ this, ‘my wife’ that, can you spare me, a single guy, some peace!” Kevin was feeling particularly aggrieved today.

Everyone else had their love stories except for him.

Sean didn’t bother to pay him any attention.

The group moved to the dining table, with Abigail sitting next to Sean.

Sean served her food. “Eat more. It’s not as good as at home, so just bear with it.”

Kevin couldn’t stand it anymore. “This is the best club, and the food is almost like that of a five-star hotel. How can it not be good?”

“Home cooking is always the best, isn’t it?” Sean remarked calmly.

Kevin took a deep breath. “I really misjudged you. Had I known you’d be like this, I would have picked a street food stall!”

Abigail couldn’t help but laugh. “Street food can be delicious, too. Don’t listen to him; the food here is quite good.”

“Abigail’s words are always like music to the ears, unlike some men who just can’t speak nicely!” Kevin said through gritted teeth.

Sean’s lips curled into a smirk, looking somewhat smug. “Her words are always melodious to me.”

Kevin thought to himself that he hoped Sean would say the same during their arguments.

Abigail was embarrassed by their compliments. “Don’t praise me like that; I feel awkward.”

Shaunee couldn’t hold back and burst out laughing, spraying her food out.

Fortunately, she turned her head in time and sprayed it onto Alfie.

Covered in food, Alfie spread his hands. “Who did I offend this time?”

Damon and Cameron, like the others, quietly served their wives.

Shaunee was laughing uncontrollably. “Your conversation is too funny. I can’t even eat properly...”

She had a low threshold for humor; their dialogue could make her laugh all day.

Alfie warned, “Better eat up before it gets cold. I won’t be ordering takeout for you tonight, and then you’ll blame me for getting fat.”

“Hahaha... If you don’t order, you will die!” Shaunee clutched her stomach, unable to stop laughing.

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Striving For You

Abigail found Shaunee genuinely adorable and a perfect match for Alfie.

Among them, Shaunee was the youngest, only twenty-three years old.

After dinner, Shaunee took Abigail to play billiards while Sean and the others sat down for cards.

Leaning close, Shaunee curiously asked Abigail, “What’s the story of your relationship with Sean? I heard from Alfie that you’ve trained with special forces. Are you really that tough?”

“It’s nothing special, not as impressive as you think.” Abigail felt that compared to Simond, she was far behind.

“But that’s special forces,” Shaunee exclaimed in awe.

This was something Alfie mentioned sparingly, but Shaunee was genuinely curious.

Isla and Eilane also listened intently.

After a moment of silence, Abigail said, “If you ever feel bullied, come to me, and I’ll show you what I can do.”

“Deal! I’ll be looking forward to seeing you in action!” Shaunee responded.

Isla felt somewhat sympathetic towards Abigail.

Cameron, who knew quite a bit, would sometimes share stories with her.

Abigail’s strength today was largely due to her formidable will.

As Abigail played, she listened to the laughter and chatter of Shaunee and Eilane, feeling a tinge of sadness inside.

Luna, too, was once lively like them.

If she were here today, she’d probably be animatedly sharing her story with Josh, making him blush with embarrassment.

Imagining this, Abigail felt a pang of sorrow.

“By the way, Abigail, do you watch Korean dramas?” Eilane suddenly asked.

“Occasionally. I watch them when I’m tired from work,” Abigail wasn’t particular about the origin of the dramas; she watched whatever she found interesting.

“There’s this drama called ‘The Approaching Deadline,’ it’s quite new. Maybe you can watch it with your friend,” Eilane suggested before returning to her pool game.

She wasn’t very good, failing to pot any balls, but no one looked down on her. It was a stark contrast to the other social circles she knew through Damon.

Abigail made a mental note of the title, sensing that Eilane hoped she would watch it with Luna.

After the gathering, Abigail returned home and persuaded Sean to watch the drama in their private theater.

They didn't finish watching until the next morning, with Sean accompanying her throughout. Abigail cried several times during the show, which turned out to be quite moving. After listening to the ending credits for a while, she turned to Sean and asked, "Do you think Luna would be touched if she watched it with me?"

"I'm not sure, but it's worth a try," Sean said softly.

"Let's sleep now," Abigail suggested, feeling both tired and restless.

The next day, while Sean was busy with the boat designs, Abigail went to the hospital.

"Is Josh not here?" Upon entering Luna's room and finding only Scarlett, Abigail inquired.

"He said he had some business to attend to these few days and asked me to stay here. Aren't you busy?" Scarlett, who had learned cooking and even embroidery during Abigail's absence, was embroidering lovebirds, probably as a gift for Luna and Josh.

"I'm always free for my bestie. You can go rest; I'll stay with her today," Abigail insisted, feeling it inappropriate to watch dramas with Scarlett.

"Okay, then I'll head back," Scarlett stood up to leave.

Before leaving, Abigail hugged her. "Be careful on your way home, Mommy."

"Will do," Scarlett responded with affection.

Once alone, Abigail approached Luna. "Want to watch a drama? I heard it is an infinite style, and you used to love this genre, right?"

"Is it well made?" Luna expressed skepticism.

"The reviews online are quite positive," Abigail climbed onto her bed, setting up the tablet.

Luna hummed in agreement.

They watched the drama together, engrossed in the exhilarating first four episodes, and finished nearly nine hours later.

After the show, Luna, silent for a while, asked, "Did you intentionally choose this for me to watch?"

"Not really on purpose, but I thought you'd like its profound themes," Abigail turned to face her.

Sighing, Luna grasped her hand. "I'll try harder. I won't let you guys suffer anymore."

"Do you remember Alfie?" Abigail gently squeezed her hand, asking softly.

"I do; he's quite funny," Luna managed a small smile.

"He has found a lively girlfriend, somewhat like you. Seeing her chatter last night, I missed you so much and decided to visit," Abigail spoke naturally, her tone genuinely cheerful.

Warmth flooded Luna's heart. "How can I always be on your mind like this?"

"Yeah, what should we do?" Abigail rested her chin on Luna's shoulder, blinking curiously.

"I guess I have to keep trying to live, not wanting to be just a memory for you," Luna pinched her cheek.

Abigail embraced her. "I really wish you could go out with me again. I especially love how you are when you drink; so bold and joyful."