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then opened his mouth and ate the grapes she fed him. "Is it sweet?" Joyce asked. Damien nodded, "Yes." The old ladies shouted, "Damien, you have to take into account the presence of your elders. We are too old to be watching you two all loved up. You two want to make us miss our youthful years." "That's right. Infact, I lost a lot of money today. I won't play anymore. Let's go." The ladies left got up and left. Mrs. Robert was really proud of herself, and she immediately saw off her guests warmly. When the old ladies left, the grapes in Damien's mouth suddenly felt sweeter. He had eaten grapes before, but he had never eaten such sweet ones. "The grapes are not bad." Damien continued to pass her a hint. Joyce reached out and brought a plate of grapes directly in front of him. Her pretty eyes glared at him, "Here, eat!" Only then did Damien realize that his mother and her friends were gone and that she would not serve him anymore. Damien frowned unhappily. But as soon as she saw his reaction, Joyce stood up and left. Her intention was obvious, she didn't want to embarrass him before others, but that didn't mean she was less-angry. Damien, who was left all alone, could only sigh.. Joyce walked out. At this moment, she saw the beautiful maid, Adison, coming over. "Ma'am," Adison said anxiously, "Just now, my husband called to inform me that my daughter has a high fever. I want to take a day off to accompany my daughter to the hospital."

"It's a big deal for your child to be sick. Hurry up, Adison, I'll have the driver take you." Mrs. Robert quickly replied.

Adison thanked her and quickly left. Joyce was startled. She couldn't believe that Adison was already married, and she also had children. Then, how about she and Damien? Was Damien actually having an affair with a married woman? Joyce couldn't fathom it. "Joyce, what are you thinking about?" At this moment, Mrs. Robert looked at Joyce. "Mom, is Adison already married? I think... since she's serving Damien, then, is she allowed to be with other men?" Joyce expressed her thoughts. Mrs. Robert didn't understand what Joyce meant. It took a few seconds for her to react. She quickly gave Joyce an angry look, "You child, what nonsense are you talking about? Who said that Adison is serving Damien?" wasn't she? "Joyce, I know that some wealthy families will prepare a few maids for their sons in private, but we don't do that here. Didn't you realize that many years ago, when you overpowered my son, Damien, he was still innocent at the time." Regarding the fact that Joyce had raped her son, Mrs. Robert always wanted to give Joyce a thumbs up. Joyce knew that that night, it was his first time, and it was also her first time. "Mom, I've been away for the past few years. Damien got married and also divorced. He must have had many women. Don't worry, I won't care about his past." Mrs. Robert patted her thigh, "Joyce, hasn't Damien told you about these things? "What, mum?" "Joyce, let me tell you, when my Damien was a child, because he was good-looking, the girls went

crazy whenever his private car passed, but he was not interested in girls since he was a child. He focused on his studies and the family business." "At first, we all thought it was pretty good, but gradually we felt that something was wrong. At eighteen, Damien still wasn't interested in girls. Later, he left for college. He was a young handsome man, he couldn't have been gay, right?" "Then one day, Nora, the granddaughter of the Paulo family, came over with a pregnancy and said that Damien was responsible for her pregnancy, and that he should marry her. Damien agreed. But after so many years of marriage. Damien had never touched Nora," the old lady paused, and then she continued. "In recent years, not only has he not touched Nora, but he also didn't touch any other woman. It changed from worrying

about him being gay to worrying about him being sexually Incompetent. Joyce, you can see how scared I've been all these years." "So Joyce, my son is a decent man. He has never been in a relationship and has not been in contact with any woman. And, Damien isn't emotional intelligent. Joyce, you are more mature than Damien. to a certain extent. They say that women are the best teachers for men. I hope you can tutor him well." "I can see that you are so different to Damien. He likes you very much." This was the first time that Joyce had heard about these things. She was stunned. In all these years, Damien had never....touched a woman? How did he get through all these years? "Mom!" At this moment, Damien appeared. He probably heard a bit of their conversation, so he interrupted, "Stop chatting, it's getting late, hurry back to your room and sleep!" Mrs. Robert immediately said, "Okay, I'll leave now." Mrs. Robert disappeared from their sight without any delay. Damien walked over and looked at Joyce's bright face. "What did you and my mum talk about just now?" "Oh, your mother said that one day she caught you in the room watching a bad movie." Mrs. Robert who had just reached the door halted.

Damien frowned, "Nonsense, I didn't do such. When was that?" "Mr. Robert, don't lie. I don't believe you. They're hardly men who don't watch such." 1616.74 e 800 Hr's Beer. Decent Damien's handsome face was cold. He had never seen such a movie before. Author's Daily Story Annabelle had been waiting outside the Augustine's corporation's gate. When it was close to twelve o'clock, an extended version of a Rolls-Royce business luxurious car drove in at a high speed. The luxurious business car passed her. At this moment, the bright rear window slowly slid down, revealing a handsome face. Alpha returned. Annabelle's cold eyes were as bright as the stars, as she ran over. However, the business car did not stop and drove away with a swoosh. "Alpha!" Annabelle immediately started to chase after the luxurious car. Unfortunately, the luxurious business car turned at an intersection in front and disappeared. Annabelle stopped, as she panted. Her gaze was fixed on the direction he had disappeared into. She felt a little sad and unhappy. "Happy birthday," she muttered.

[Chapter 192](#)

Sean's Karma

As Abigail sat down, she sent a message to Sean. Transfer me 150 thousand. It's for him anyway. I don't want to spend this money. Also, it's 150 thousand! I don't have that much in my account right now. All the money I earn is in the company's account.

This was the first time she had asked Sean for money, and he was quite surprised. He promptly transferred 600 thousand to her. 'Spend it as you wish.

When she read the message, she sneered. He spent more than this on Joan. However, since he didn't ask any questions and simply transferred the money, she decided not to make an issue out of it with him.

In a few days, Kevin, Eric, and Anthony all received gifts from Abigail.

Sean Seethed with anger upon discovering that Kevin had received a griffin gift from her. To add to that, when he saw Eric flaunting the bracelet on Instagram, he didn't even need to think twice to know that it was a gift from Abigail.

Meanwhile, when Anthony saw Eric's post, he promptly decided to show off his wooden keyboard. on Instagram.

They're all wooden products. It's obvious that they're from Abigail. Sean ground his teeth and immediately called Abigail to confront her.

"Did

you ask me for 150 thousand to buy gifts for them?" His tone was far from his usual gentleness.

Abigail was deliberately provoking him. When she planned to buy a gift for Anthony, she wanted to do so. "I bought them with my own money, and those things aren't expensive. It's only a total of 4,000," she responded nonchalantly. "Kevin demanded 300 thousand less in breach of contract. compensation, Anthony introduced me to orders worth millions, and Eric recommended this carving shop, which also helped me. Is it unreasonable for me to give them gifts?"

"So, everyone got one except me?" He wished he could fly to her immediately and make her buy him one. How is this fair? All the men she knew received gifts, so why didn't I?

"Why should you have one? You can have Joan buy you one. Oh, my. Don't you tell me that you've only been giving her stuff and haven't been receiving anything?" She mocked him.

He immediately hung up the phone right then and there.

"Mr. Graham, she didn't buy you one because you're her husband. If she bought you one, you would be on the same level as those ordinary men Cameron tried to console him.

"That argument won't work on me," Sean said, anger clearly visible as he loosened his tie.

1/3

He couldn't accept Abigail giving gifts to other men. Why did she have to send gifts to three men at the same time? Aren't bracelets for good luck? Did she care so much about Eric's future? As for the griffin, it's for warding off evil. And it's a car pendant to boot. Is she that worried about Kevin's safety? Anthony received a wooden keyboard. It's clear she knows a lot about his interests. Otherwise, why would she choose to give a keyboard among all the other options? They are all her close friends, while I'm just nothing!

At this moment, he felt a surge of anger rising in his head, filling his usually clear mind with chaos and emptiness.

Cameron didn't dare say anything more and could only watch as Sean simmered with anger.

"Tell me, why did she do this?" He couldn't accept Abigail's contempt for him. I even went all the way to Ouisford in person to appease her when she was upset.

Cameron lowered his head, afraid to make a sound, as he was unable to provide him with a satisfactory answer.

In the end, Kevin was summoned to his office yet again.

"Does she hate me that much?" Sean asked him.

Kevin, who had received a gift, felt inwardly delighted but did his best to maintain a serious expression on his face. "You know her temperament. She's doing this to make you jealous."

“She doesn’t care if I’m jealous. She’s just humiliating me.” Sean’s face darkened.

To be honest, Kevin had never seen Sean lose his composure like this before. “Let me say something you won’t like to hear. When you were giving those gifts to Joan without giving her anything, did you ever consider how she felt at that time?” he asked softly.

Sean’s anger was instantly extinguished by his words. He became calm, and his face grew terrifyingly grave.

Kevin didn’t dare to say anything more and reached for a glass of water, taking several sips.

After a while, Sean forced a wry smile. “True. She’s just getting back at me and making fun of me.”

“I just don’t understand one thing. Why did you bring Joan in front of her in the first place? If you were a bit more restrained, things wouldn’t have escalated to this point today,” Kevin muttered.

Sean recalled that he did care about Abigail back then, but not to a great extent. Today’s events seemed like his karma, a way for her to gradually return what he had imposed on her.

I should endure her indifference and disregard for me.” His tone was cold as he tightly clenched his hand at his side.

“But she still provokes you on purpose, which means she still cares about you,” Kevin quickly interjected.

2/3

“Forget it.” Sean’s hands turned slack, his voice now cold and firm.

He thought that by treating her well during this time and showing his concern, she might have started to develop feelings for him. Little did he know that she would react by humiliating him.

“Don’t give up so easily, Sean,” Kevin advised him.

Alas, Sean simply picked up a file and returned to his work without saying another word.

Kevin quietly left the room after loafing around in the office for a while. These two are just making things far more complicated than they should be.

Meanwhile. Abigail, far away in Ouisford, had no idea about Sear’s current state of anger. She was still playing with the antique puzzle ball. Maybe it’s because this thing has many facets, and I think that Sean is also like that, which makes me feel that it suits him well.

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Miss, Answer the Phone

In the following days, Abigail frequently visited the tea house, becoming a regular customer at Josh’s shop. Once she was finished with her embroidery work for the day, she would head to ‘Serenity’ to drink tea and brainstorm her designs while indulging in some pastries.

Josh would sit across from her at the table, diligently working on his woodcarvings. Currently, he was carving a character from an anime, a commissioned piece. After some interaction, Abigail noticed that

he had a peculiar work style; he accepted commissions ranging from just single digits to hundreds of thousands, solely depending on his mood.

Initially, she thought that the tea house might not be very profitable, but she now realized that his woodwork was renowned online. The tea and pastries were more of an accessory to his art, and carving was his livelihood.

She felt a bit tired from drawing and set down her tablet. So, she watched as he lowered his head and observed the character in his hands while sipping her tea. Since she wasn't very familiar with this field, she couldn't make much sense of it despite having observed him in his element for a while.

Josh had a mature appearance, resembling that of an old cadre. Yet, his mindset was up-to-date with the younger generation. He had a broad range of interests, including gaming, anime, and movies.

"I can tell you don't surf the internet often," he suddenly said.

When she heard this unexpected comment, she nearly choked on her tea. She suppressed her urge to cough and replied, "Yes, I don't pay much attention to things outside the design community."

"Well, that can be a good thing," he said.

They continued their conversation casually, discussing various topics as the day slowly turned into night.

As Abigail left the tea house, she looked at the streetlights and suddenly realized that Sean hadn't contacted her in several days. She had planned to personally give him the antique puzzle ball, but since he was infuriated over her giving gifts to others, she decided to drop the idea.

She lowered her head to check her phone and saw that her Uber driver was a few minutes away.

"What the heck, Miss? Why aren't you answering your phone again?" In L.Moon Studio, Luna was becoming increasingly anxious. She had made over 20 calls to Abigail, all without a response. In the end, she got so frustrated that she decided to call Kevin.

1/3

"Both you and Sean are unbelievable. You call me when you can't find your bestie, and he calls me when he can't find his wife. I might as well resign and become Abigail's maid!" Kevin complained, clearly irritated by being awakened so early.

"I haven't been able to reach her since last night. Did she have another fight with Sean?" she asked.

Kevin, who was snuggling under his blanket, muttered, "I suppose. She's given gifts to all the men she knows except for him. I imagine they had a big argument. I haven't heard from Sean in days."

Regardless of that, she was currently so anxious she couldn't help but grab her hair and bounce around in place. "But I need to contact her urgently!" Lexie had a few days off and wanted to meet Alana. Now, with this situation, she was sure Lexie would be angry.

"Miss, I can't do anything even if you make a fuss here. I'm very sleepy. Find Sean..." he said, followed by shallow breaths.

“Abigail sent you a gift, right?” she hissed through gritted teeth.

“I know she’s good to me, but I only slept at 3.30AM last night, and it’s only 7.30AM now. Are you trying to kill me?” He sounded mournful.

“Please, just ask Sean for me, and I won’t bother you anymore,” she pleaded.

“Oh, please. I only received a small griffin pendant. Don’t make me sacrifice my life for it,” he begged while clutching his blanket.

So, it was an even more infuriated Luna who hung up on him. How can he be brothers with Sean when he’s this timid?

Just as she felt completely helpless, she received a message from Abigail. I’m learning now, and they don’t allow me to check my phone frequently to prevent anyone from stealing their techniques. Do you need anything?”

Luna found this rather odd. In the past, when Abigail learned embroidery and some very difficult techniques, people were eager for her to promote those techniques everywhere. After all, these intangible cultural heritage techniques were at risk of being lost. Young people were unwilling to endure the hardships required to learn them, so the old masters and craftsmen were eager for her to help promote them and find more apprentices to carry on the traditions.

“Lexie wants to meet you. You need to come back now. You can keep learning those skills later and hurry back.

“I really can’t make it back. I’ll explain it to you when I get back. It’s hard to explain through text.

Luna couldn’t fathom what kind of technique Abigail needed to be so secretive. Soon, she received several images of embroidery designs from Abigail, and her eyes lit up when she saw them.

2/3

‘I’ll try to talk to her. After all, it’s a dress worth 1.5 million; perhaps she wants to give Lexie a surprise, so she couldn’t reveal it yet.

At the same time, inside a pitch-black room with metal walls, a man wearing a cap and a face. mask placed Abigail’s phone down and answered another call.

“Is the smuggling route confirmed? We’ll sell the merchandise directly at the farthest industrial park. You can handle it as you see fit. Don’t worry. The merchandise is of excellent quality. She has delicate skin, and she’s been married before, experienced enough to handle all of you.”

Abigail, still dazed, struggled to comprehend the words due to her disoriented state. She felt utterly drained, and her last memory was getting into a cab. When she woke up, it was like this.

The man glanced at the motionless Abigail on the ground and couldn’t help but smirk. We have invested significant time and effort, creating countless seemingly coincidental encounters. Finally, we captured her stealthily.

Is the video ready yet? If Sean becomes suspicious, our smuggling operation could fail.”

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Emergency Help Message

Soon, the man received a message. ‘I’ll send you the video today. Are you sure you can send her away in three days? Are the people at the industrial park reliable?’

“The area where the park is located is one of the most chaotic in Southeast Asia. Even if Sean has extraordinary abilities, would he dare confront the military forces over there? Even if he were to go, his death would merely be inconsequential; nobody would care.

Just as he had sent out the message, Luna called again.

The man holding Abigail’s phone didn’t answer immediately. His face darkened as he watched the messages pop up one by one, his expression clearly showing impatience.

When Luna noticed that there was still no reply from Abigail, even though she had sent so many messages, she started to feel anxious. Lexie didn’t want to only see pictures. In fact, she insisted on meeting Abigail in person, which put Luna in a difficult situation. ‘Reply to my message! If you don’t reply, I’m going to video call you!’

She kept repeatedly calling, making the man wish he could strangle her through the phone.

At this moment, Abigail’s black cloth bag was removed from her head, and she gasped for air. When she looked up and saw the man standing not far from her, she trembled in fear.

“Now, I need you to cooperate with me and have a video call with your friend. Just tell her that you’re fine and ask her not to insist on seeing you. I promise that in two days, I will release you,” he calmly told her.

She nodded repeatedly, but the cloth in her mouth prevented her from speaking.

After the man put the phone aside, he began to set up the scene.

Abigail’s phone returned to her hand, and she immediately remembered the emergency contact setting she had configured with the police. She had set up a message to be sent to Luna if she pressed the power button five times.

“Don’t play tricks, or I’ll kill you right away.” The man threatened as he saw her holding the phone: but not doing anything.

After a deep breath, she said, “I’m a bit nervous. I’m afraid she might notice something.” She tightly held the phone, and her fingers silently positioned themselves over the power button.

“It’s normal to be nervous the first time you’re kidnapped. Don’t worry. As long as you cooperate, I won’t harm you,” he gently reassured her.

“What should I tell her?” she pretended to ask the man.

He replied, “You can read the messages she sent you.”

“Okay,” she said as she opened the messages and carefully read them. Worried that she might seem too compliant, she started feigning fear by shaking in her seat. She pulled out all the stops. So, by the time she was done, her eyes were puffy, and she was quietly sobbing into her hand.

“You’d better not have any funny ideas. Why are you crying?!” the man suddenly roared.

She shivered involuntarily at his outburst. She quickly raised her hand to wipe away her tears, biting her lip tightly to suppress the urge to cry.

“Don’t waste my time!” the man barked again, harshly.

Abigail’s shoulders trembled as she looked at him with red-rimmed eyes and a fearful expression on her face. “Wait a moment. I need to compose myself.” She tightly clutched her phone. When she irritated the man, she took the opportunity to press the power button five times. Once she calmed down, she connected to a video call with Luna and calmly said, “I’ll be able to return in three days. Can you please talk to Lexie and see if she can wait?”

Three days? Lexie only has a one-week vacation in total, and we’ve already wasted several days. I don’t know if I can convince her to stay. She’s really angry today and insists on making me leave. This won’t work,” Luna said, her palms sweaty.

As soon as she received Abigail’s emergency message, she thought of the dangerous people Abigail had encountered before.

Her words made Abigail anxious as well. He’s unlikely to let me go three days later. Why else would he have kidnapped me in the first place?

Lexie and the public believed that Luna was Alana. The thing was that Luna, who wasn’t particularly skilled in design, wouldn’t be able to explain her dress design concept to Lexie. In the end, Lexie might suspect L.Moon or even Alana’s abilities. This was undoubtedly a huge crisis for

their studio.

“You find a way to keep her calm; it’s only three days,” Abigail said helplessly. “I’ve already made arrangements here and can’t afford to cancel them. Just tell her it’s for her dress, and I have a special design piece that I’m sure she’ll love when she sees it.”

“Alright.” Luna ran her fingers through her hair in frustration.

The moment they hung up the call, Abigail’s phone was snatched away by the man.

“Don’t worry. You’ll definitely go back in three days, he said with a smile, holding her phone.

“Okay...” She pretended to be meek and submissive as she nodded repeatedly.

Meanwhile, Luna immediately reported the kidnapping to the police, and they took it very seriously.

“Don’t make a big scene. Make sure to approach this quietly. I’m almost certain that the kidnapper is clever. He even mimicked her tone when he responded to my texts. I didn’t even notice that the phone had switched hands until later,” she nervously informed the police.

“Don’t worry, Miss Smith. Since the kidnapper is still within our borders, there’s no need to be alarmed.” The police assured her,

When she left the police station, her face was as pale as a ghost. Should I tell Sean? What if he gets anxious and ruins the police’s plan?

Slap! Abigail received a harsh slap across her face, and then her hair was forcefully grabbed by the man.

“You damn b*tch, how dare you pull such a stunt right under my nose? I’ll get someone to kill you!”

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Giving It Her All

Abigail was seeing stars, and her ears were ringing after getting slapped so brutally. The pain in her cheek felt like her skin was torn from the blow. Then, she was forced to raise her head, revealing a faint trace of blood flowing out from the corner of her lips.

The man’s eyes were overflowing with viciousness as he raised his hand, ready to slap her again. But then, his phone started ringing, and Abigail was promptly thrown to the ground.

Her head knocked against the ground, and the pain was so immense that she blacked out and was almost rendered immobile.

“Hello? I don’t know when that b*tch sent a distress signal to her friend. She tricked me!” The man left with his phone.

“The guy said three days. There’s no other way! I’ll contact another buyer. Don’t worry. I will make sure she’s sent to the industrial park. That way, she won’t have any chance of escaping.”

Once he was done, he ended the call and returned to grab Abigail.

Abigail was held by her hair and dragged out of the iron shed. Tears welled up in her eyes from the pain, and she found a chance to kick the man. She knew very well what the industrial park was and would be doomed if sent there.

The man stumbled from the kick and almost fell on his face. He grumbled angrily as he came for Abigail once more, but she mustered all her strength and began madly kicking at the man.

“B*stard. Sc*m of society!” Abigail cursed.

The fuming man tried to grab Abigail’s leg and tie them up, but she was no fool. Instead, she was now a woman filled to the brim with righteous anger as she violently attacked the man’s hand. “You’re a trash who only sells women for a living. You’re useless! A piece of trash!” Abigail

shrieked.

Those words infuriated the man so much that his veins protruded from his skin. Suddenly, he stopped walking and turned around to snap a thick branch off a nearby tree.

When the branch landed on Abigail's body, she was in so much pain that tears started falling. By the time her clothes were tattered from the beating, she finally lost all her strength to resist.

At that point, she was battered and bruised. So, the man threw the branch hard to the ground. before grabbing her by her soil and blood-stained clothes. Finally, he slapped her once more and forced her to look into his fierce eyes.

Fresh blood flowed out from the corner of Abigail's lips, and though she looked weak, they were still filled with unrelenting hatred.

W

"Sean won't let you get away with this!" She gritted her teeth and threatened through pained.

gasps.

"Don't worry. I'll go abroad if this deal goes through." The man said with a smile.

Abigail took the opportunity to suddenly pounce on him and viciously bit the man's neck.

"Ahh—" The man screamed.

The place Abigail bit was around his Adam's apple, and she bit down with the intention of killing him.

Blood stained their clothes. The man delivered several blows to Abigail's head, and though she blacked out several times, she still refused to unclench her jaw.

Tears continued to rage from her eyes as she let out a low whimper.

The man screamed miserably and struggled, reaching out to grab Abigail's hair fiercely. When he finally pushed Abigail away with all his might, she had already bitten off a piece of flesh from his throat.

Abigail was gasping violently as she tumbled to the ground.

In the meantime, the man covered his neck and kept letting out pained moans as blood flowed continuously from between his fingers on his throat. The continuous blood loss and lack of oxygen made the man turn pale. So, he clutched his neck tightly and started searching for his phone.

But just as he grabbed it, Abigail kicked it away with her last bit of strength. Then, she watched. him struggle like a fish out of water and laughed madly. "Serves you right!" She grinned in vicious. glee.

The man's lips were wide open, but he couldn't make a sound in response. Soon, he went into shock right in front of Abigail.

Abigail wriggled her tied-up body and desperately crawled toward the nearby forest with dense. bushes after catching some rest. She had no idea how long she had wriggled and crawled her way across the grass when she finally fell unconscious.

When Sean heard Luna say that Abigail had been kidnapped, he immediately rushed to Cloudgrove with Cameron.

At the same time, the police had launched a full-scale investigation.

oxygen.

“We found a man with a bitten throat who went into shock due to blood loss and lack of We’ve expanded our search. Mr. Graham, please send more helicopters to search the area.

Sean, who was searching the place with the police, received a call from the local police while in the middle of searching.

“Sure.” Sean’s face was gloomy.

The helicopter started a detailed search, starting from where the man was found. No one knew of Abigail’s current situation. What if she was in worse condition than the kidnapper? The more delay they faced, the more dangerous her situation would be.

As soon as Abigail woke up, she realized her body was hot and weak. She guessed she might have gotten a fever due to her inflamed injuries.

As she lay sprawled on the grass, she felt like everything that had just happened was straight out of a bad dream. It never occurred to her that she would encounter such a thing in her ordinary life. The scene when she fought with the kidnapper seemed like a movie.

Suddenly, she heard a rustling sound from the side. Alas, Abigail had no strength to move, so she could only look in the direction of the sound with wary eyes.

When the grass was pushed aside, she saw Sean’s pale and tired face.

The moment she saw him, her tears instantly started flowing.

Sean’s suit was all torn, and his usually clean face had several scratches and smudges. He threw himself before her and picked her up in his arms.

When Abigail fell into his arms, she looked into his eyes and parted her lips. But she couldn’t. make a sound.

“I’ll bring you home. You’re fine now. Everything’s fine.” Sean hugged her tightly.

At that moment, all Abigail truly wanted to say was that her wounds were hurting because of his manhandling!

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Not Expecting Gifts From Her

When Abigail woke up in the hospital, she was almost tackled by Luna. “Wait... I have injuries on my body. It hurts,” Abigail weakly pushed her friend away.

Luna’s eyes were red. “I’ve already called the police. How did you end up like this?”

"He found out I had you call the police in less than two hours after our video call. Also, he had an accomplice," Abigail whispered to Luna.

"When I received your message that day, I immediately called the police. Later, the police asked me to come to the police station... Do you think we're being watched?" Luna sat by the hospital bed and asked.

Abigail hadn't made any enemies recently, and Laura, who had exposed her relationship with Sean, had been sent to who knows where. Therefore, the possibility of Laura being behind this was slim.

Hey, do you think it might be the fake doctor from before?" Luna continued to ask.

"Even Sean couldn't find out who he was," Abigail replied.

At that moment, the door was pushed open, and Sean came with a lunchbox. His face had several band-aids, making him look a bit comical.

"Well then, I'll leave for now. Take good care of yourself." Luna stood up, reluctant to part with Abigail.

"Okay. We'll stay in touch by phone." Abigail nodded..

After Luna left, Sean opened the lunchbox and asked her, "Are you still in pain?"

"It's better now," Abigail replied.

"The kidnapper nearly died. His windpipe is damaged, so he can't speak anymore." Sean gave her the lunchbox.

"Would I get punished by the law?" Abigail asked.

Sean ran his fingers through her hair in comfort and explained, "You did it in self-defense, and this is not the man's first crime. He actually kidnapped you from Ouisford to Cloudgrove."

"They want to sell me to an industrial park in the neighboring country. Also, they have accomplices and are watching Luna's every move. Then, Abigail told him about how she had Luna call the police but then got beaten up in less than two hours.

When Sean heard what she said, he touched her still slightly bruised cheek. "I'll get to the bottom of this. But from now on, I'll let Cameron follow you."

"No way." Abigail immediately responded. She refused to have anyone from Sean following her.

"Be good. Do you want to wait until things are irreversible before you regret it?" Sean asked her.

"To tell you the truth. I am a bit averse to using people from your side, Abigail replied seriously.

"Well, your objection is heard and noted. However, you need to listen to me on this matter," Sean spoke firmly.

Abigail got lucky this time. Although her opponent was a grown man, she almost managed to kill him. Perhaps the man thought he was stronger than Abigail because he was a man and underestimated her, leading to his miserable outcome. Nonetheless, such luck wouldn't exist a second time.

Abigail had some difficulty in raising her hand, so Sean took the lunchbox and fed her.

Have you decided to give up because I didn't give you a gift the last time?" Abigail suddenly inquired.

Sean had been on a business trip during those few days. When Abigail hurt his feelings, he went to deal with the things he had left behind, deciding to immerse himself in work to forget about his sadness. "I haven't given up. I just took a temporary break," Sean replied.

"You deserved it," Abigail retorted.

"Forget it. I didn't expect you to give me anything. My only wish right now is that you'll do well in any of your endeavors, and such things won't happen ever again." Sean's eyes were filled with endless gentleness.

He was filled with deep regret when he heard about Abigail's incident. If he had called her every day like before, he would have quickly noticed that she was missing. Then, she wouldn't have been taken to Cloudgrove and suffered so much.

"Let's talk about this when you've caught the culprit." Abigail said.

Sean hummed in response. Once he left the ward, his relaxed demeanor disappeared.

Cameron glanced at him.

"Look after her. If anything goes wrong, I'll hold you responsible." Sean left those cold words and walked away with the lunchbox.

When he returned to his car, he seemed gloomy. Actually, he suspected this was Kingston's doing, but he didn't have any definite proof.

After all, Abigail had a simple social circle and had only offended Laura. After Laurd exposed his and Abigail's relationship, he banned her from the industry. Therefore, no one would dare to help her do such things anymore.

But it was different for Kingston because he wasn't as simple as he seemed.

Of course, Sean wouldn't be able to touch him without any evidence.

Sean dialed a number with a dark expression on his face. The call was soon answered.

"Keep a close eye on Kingston's movements and find a way to hack into his phone. I want to monitor his phone in real time!"

After he ended the call, he pinched his nose bridge, speculating in his mind. If Kingston is targeting Abigail, then what's the reason? Is it only because I said I wanted to pursue Abigail, so he decided to do away with Abigail for Joan's sake?

While Abigail was in the hospital, Eric brought a worker from the tea house to visit her.

“My name is Lynette Pearson, Josh’s cousin. I heard something happened to you, and since Josh couldn’t come, he asked me to visit you for him.” Lynette squeezed into the spot beside the bed, looking concerned.

Abigail had only met her briefly. Yet, the woman had come all the way from Pendorf, which was at surprise.

[Chapter 197](#)

No Longer Her Sole Focus

“Thank Josh for me.” Abigail smiled.

“This is a gift from Josh. Carry it with you for safety Lynette handed a square wooden box to Abigail.

Abigail thanked her again. It turned out that she had managed to form her own circle of friends unbeknownst to her.

For the past three years, her life had revolved around Sean. However, now he was no longer her sole focus.

Eric pulled Lynette behind him by the collar and stepped forward, asking concernedly, “What happened? How are you feeling?”

“I’m fine, but things are a little complicated and hard to explain,” she replied.

heard that things like this happen a lot. Even some tourists who go to Cloudgrove for vacation would get scammed by cab drivers and trafficked abroad. Anyway, you have to be careful when going out.” Lynette chimed in.

Indeed, Abigail had seen such news while browsing through social media. Many people who went in search of jobs were deceived to head abroad but couldn’t return. Nonetheless, she had no intention of revealing her own situation.

“Strangely, you were brought to Cloudgrove from Quisford,” Eric remarked with a frown.

“It’s still under investigation. Besides, I’m fine now,” Abigail explained to Eric.

Eric looked at Abigail and asked, “Actually, Josh found it strange when you didn’t return to the hotel the next day. He and Lynette went to the hotel you stayed at and discovered that you never returned. Did the cab driver kidnap you?”

Lynette didn’t expect that he would be so honest with Abigail, so she nudged him. “What happened to keeping things on the down low?!”

Abigail looked at them with a puzzled expression.

“Miss Quinn, can you tell us in detail about what happened? Perhaps the Davidson and Pearson. Families can help you.” Eric ignored Lynette and asked Abigail with a serious expression.

Lynette pursed her lips, silently reprimanding Eric for being unable to keep a secret.

"If you put it that way... Do you still think I'm the child the Pearson Family lost?" Abigail asked gently.

"First and foremost, we are also friends. You don't have the ability to find out the truth, but we do." Eric stared fixedly at Abigail, anticipating her answer.

"Even if I accept your help, I can't possibly be the Pearson Family's lost child. I know they might be anxious... but I'm not." Abigail couldn't deny that her grandparents treated her well and. couldn't find it in herself to accept the fact that she wasn't the Quinn Family's child.

Moreover, judging by how much they loved her, they would certainly tell her the truth if she were not their grandchild.

"I understand. I'm just trying to help you find the source of danger," Eric replied hastily.

"Thank you." Then, Abigail told them what happened that day and repeated what happened next, including the fact that Luna was being watched.

"About that, can you help me dig into someone?" Abigail whispered to Eric.

Lynette quickly leaned forward. "Who is it?"

Joan Palmer. I want to know about her background"

To tell the truth, Joan was the only person Abigail suspected. Since Sean couldn't find out who that doctor was, it meant the other party was unwilling to reveal their identity. Besides that, she had an intuition that this matter had to be connected to Joan.

"Sure." Eric immediately nodded in agreement.

Once the two came out from the ward, Lynette put on a stern expression and asked unhappily, "Joan Palmer. Is she Abby's husband's mistress?"

"Keep your voice down... Abby still doesn't know that we already know everything about that woman," Eric softly reminded Lynette.

"Joan Palmer, right? How dare she steal Abby's husband? See that I don't rip her to shreds!" Lynette's charming face was twisted with hatred.

"Don't rush to teach her a lesson yet. You have to follow up on Lexie's side first," Eric said before leaving.

Once they left, Cameron appeared from the corner and watched them leave while calling Sean.

"What's the matter?" Sean's cold voice came from the phone.

"Lynette Pearson from the Pearson Family and Eric Davidson came to visit Mrs. Graham. They say they know everything about Mrs. Graham. Should I investigate them?" Cameron sounded very respectful.

"Including the fact that she and I are married?" Sean's tone became serious. If Eric had long since known Abigail was married, why would he hate me so much? Is it because he wants to intervene in our marriage?

"It seems like it. Lynette said she wanted to teach Joan a lesson and stand up for Mrs. Graham," Cameron replied.

Sean pondered for a moment and asked, "Why are the Pearsons getting involved in this?"

Cameron also found that strange. It would be normal for Eric to find out everything about Abigail because he liked her. Still, the Pearsons wouldn't get involved in this matter because they supported Eric's decision to intervene in Abigail's marriage, right?

"Look into the Pearson Family." Sean hung up after giving that order.

That night, Sean returned to Ouisford to pack up the things Abigail left in the hotel and brought them back.

He arrived at the hospital late at night.

She looked at him wearily as he brought in the luggage and a few wooden boxes.

"What did you buy?" Sean was curious but hadn't opened any of the boxes on the way.

Abigail held her hand out, looking at him playing with the box containing the antique puzzle ball. "Give me the one you're holding."

Sean threw it to her. "Come clean. Who is this gift for? Some man you fancy?"

[Chapter 198](#)

I Can't See Through You

Once Abigail got ahold of the box, she didn't open it right away but looked at Sean with an inquisitive glance..

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Sean asked.

Abigail touched the box while asking him, "Do you know how much the thing inside here costs?"

"How much?" Sean didn't care about what that thing was worth. All he cared about was who she would be giving it to. In addition, he knew her character well. To her, practicality held more value than anything expensive.

"150 thousand," Abigail replied.

He quickly recalled that she had asked him for 150 thousand. So, Sean suddenly felt slightly curious about what was in the box and why she was willing to pay 150 thousand for it.

What is it? Did you buy it for your grandmother?" Sean's gaze landed on the box.

Alas, Abigail didn't reply. Instead, she held the box in her arms and got under the covers.

After Sean finished washing up, he lay down beside Abigail. But just as he hugged her, she turned around and placed something around his neck.

"What's this?" Sean touched the thing.

"The five-layer antique puzzle ball pendant I bought for you. Sean, take this as our parting gift," Abigail explained.

Sean immediately pulled the pendant off and lowered his head to examine it for a while. He asked her, "Why do we have to part ways?"

"I can think of only one person who would harm me, and that's Joan," Abigail looked into his eyes and explained.

"This ball. You bought it before this incident happened. Then, is she also the reason you bought this for me? How many times do you have to make me repeat that I don't have any feelings for her?" Sean spoke while holding the antique puzzle ball.

"Don't you think you resemble this ball? There are several layers to it, each with its own mystery. When I bought it, I thought it looked like you," Abigail replied slowly.

Sean finally spoke after gazing at the tiny ball for a while, "What do you want to say?"

"I can't understand you and no longer want to understand you. I'm tired of guessing. I don't want to know what lies underneath the last layer of this ball," Abigail explained with a smile.

"I can tell you." A trace of sadness appeared in Sean's eyes.

Unfortunately, Abigail had already turned around, her back facing toward him. "This is the gift I bought for you, and it's the most expensive one."

"I won't ask you for any more gifts and won't get angry at you for buying someone else a gift. Please don't argue with me anymore, okay?" Sean hugged her.

"But I want to know if no one will harm me anymore as long as I leave you," Abigail whispered.

Sean held her tightly without answering. It wasn't until Abigail thought he had fallen asleep that she heard his hoarse voice say, "Abby, can we start over?"

"I have many friends now, and love isn't my only focus anymore. Besides, even if this is related to Joan, you won't do anything to her, right?" Abigail asked indifferently.

"If she is behind this, I will give you an explanation," Sean promised while hugging her.

"You're making excuses for her," she remarked coldly.

Sean felt that Abigail wouldn't listen to his explanations whenever Joan was brought up. But he could also understand her. She despised Joan, and after this near-death experience, she would certainly grow even more hostile toward Joan if she were indeed the culprit.

At that moment, Abigail felt lucky to have accepted Eric and the Pearson Family's help because she knew Sean would behave this way. He had always been unreliable.

"I'm not. I don't want to argue with you now. Let's talk about everything after we find out the truth, okay?" Sean was concerned about Abigail's recent near-death experience and figured it might have put her in a bad mood.

His concession earned him a kick from Abigail, but he didn't get angry but embraced her while playing with the antique puzzle ball. "This was made from the small acacia tree, right? It has the scent of violets."

Abigail was surprised that he was so knowledgeable about this.

"Do you know the meaning of violets?" Sean asked.

Abigail watched him twirling the inner part of the antique puzzle ball with his fingers and pursed her lips, saying nothing. Of course, she didn't know what violets meant. She wasn't someone who studied these things.

"Eternal beauty and love, simplicity, and virtue," Sean answered for her.

A slightly unhappy Abigail inquired, "Can we go to sleep now?"

"Yes. Honey, can you help me put it on?" Sean placed the antique puzzle ball in Abigail's palm.

Abigail couldn't help but frown as she was slightly unwilling to do so. After a tussle between the two, she had no choice but to help him put it on as she had lost.

"You have such good taste, honey," Sean praised Abigail.

"Stop it, and go to sleep." Once Abigail said so, she closed her eyes. Yet, another failed attempt to break up with him. Since she was indeed exhausted, she didn't feel like mentioning that topic.

Sean wouldn't agree to Abigail's request at this moment. Perhaps he might agree to her request if Eric and Anthony didn't exist.

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Loving someone meant setting her free, but because he loved her, he refused to agree to her request under Eric's watchful eyes. Moreover, why would someone like Eric fall for a married woman? There were several excellent women in the entertainment industry, but why did Abigail catch his attention? Even if... he knew Abigail might be Alana, being a designer wouldn't be enough to make him fall for her.

Sean speculated that the Pearson Family might have a significant connection with this.

[Chapter 199](#)

Abigail's Secret Background

Sean emerged from Abigail's hospital room early the next morning. The warmth on his face had faded, leaving in its wake a cold demeanor.

Cameron immediately looked at him.

The two of them walked to a more secluded area away from the hospital room. Sean leaned against the wall and maintained his gaze on Abigail's room door. His tone was icy as he said, "Make sure to investigate thoroughly whether Abigail's situation is related to Joan. On top of that, keep a close eye on Kingston."

Sean was not going to let what happened to Abigail slide, even if it turned out that Joan was involved. However, if Joan was really involved, then he would need to protect her again.

Kingston posed a big problem for Sean, meaning he must carefully plan his next move,

Abigail had been hospitalized for a 'week and planned to return to Ouisford. The embroidery work that she left unfinished required her immediate attention, but she had also sent Cameron away and instead asked Lynette to accompany her

Since she intended to cooperate with the Pearsons and the Davidsons, she naturally agreed to make a good impression on Lynette. After all, Lynette seemed easy to get along with. Meanwhile, Cameron clung to Abigail like a shadow, following her wherever she went. It was getting quite annoying as she couldn't afford to have him trailing her when she needed to handle business.

"When we arrive in Ouisford, you can return to help at your cousin's shop. I'll be safe in the embroidery studio," Abigail told Lynette while they were on the plane.

"Sure, but let's cut a deal," Lynette suggested, not wanting to be overly clingy to Abigail. "I'll take care of your transportation; otherwise, Eric might be angry with me." After all, when Abigail was busy with her embroidery, Lynette couldn't find it in herself to remain seated and do nothing.

"Sounds good," Abigail agreed with a smile.

"However, you might not enjoy the pastries that my cousin makes or the tea that he brews," Lynette complained as she wore her sunglasses.

Abigail did the same.

Lynette sighed. "He has gone on a business trip and probably won't be back for another four to five days.

At that, Abigail responded with a simple "Oh" and did not ask any more questions.

The sunlight in late April was bright. Analise was squatting in the vegetable garden and feeding a stray cat that she had recently discovered when the doorbell suddenly rang.

She rose to her feet, her back hunched, and went to answer the door. When she opened it, she saw a man, who bore a striking resemblance to Abigail, and hesitated for a moment before asking. "Who are you looking for?"

"Is this Analise Stein's house? I'm Abigail's friend," Josh asked politely.

"Um..." Analise stepped aside, and when she lowered her gaze, there were complex emotions in her eyes. Then, she closed the door and informed Josh, "Abby isn't home. You'll have to call her if you need to talk to her."

A little orange cat hiding in the vegetable garden peeked out from among the plants and secretly watched Josh.

"I'm not looking for her. I actually want to ask you about something." His purpose was simple-he wanted to inquire more about Abigail's background. As he followed Analise into the hallway, he sat down on a chair and handed her a photograph. This is my mother."

In the photo was a woman who looked almost identical to Abigail if her mouth was obscured.

Analise looked at the photo and repeatedly wiped her eyes. "I have severe diabetes, and my eyesight isn't very good. What about the photo?"

Josh was skeptical and hesitant. "You can't see it clearly?"

"Not entirely. I can see it, but it's somewhat blurry. She handed the photo back to him.

He had indeed learned that she had diabetes and nearly went blind due to how severe her condition was. He thought Analise already made a full recovery when she left the hospital, but apparently, her vision was still unclear.

Regret was evident in Josh's expression as he asked directly, "Abby... Is Abby your biological granddaughter?"

He didn't want to beat around the bush. Even if there was a one percent chance, he still wanted to bring Abigail back.

"Of course, she is. What's going on?" Analise asked lovingly.

Josh replied, "Abby looks very much like my mother and the Pearsons lost a child more than twenty years ago. We still haven't found them, so my mother's health has severely deteriorated."

Analise listened attentively to his explanation and then said sadly, "Her mother must miss her child a lot, but Abby is not one of you."

"Can we have a DNA test with her then?" Josh asked. "I know this is impolite, but we can use a
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strand of her hair or draw blood. Whichever works is fine."

"Abby is my granddaughter. Suddenly coming here to request a DNA test isn't appropriate, is it? She's my biological granddaughter, and I can't possibly be mistaken about that. I sympathize with your mother's illness as a result of losing her child, but without Abby, I won't be able to continue living." Analise insisted.

At this, Josh immediately stood up and apologized. I'm sorry for making such a request. If you're not willing to do it, I won't insist. Thank you for your time."

"Abby is the Quinn Family's granddaughter, and that is a certain fact. You may leave now." Analise also stood up and had a resolute attitude.

"Alright. Thank you." He turned and left..

Once he was completely gone, she collapsed into her chair with an incomprehensible facial expression. She had clearly seen the resemblance in the photo, but Abigail was her granddaughter -her and her late husband's granddaughter.

"Abby, where I am at is your home. Don't be afraid," Analise murmured.

[Chapter 200](#)

A Stray Cat

Josh returned to his car and received a call from Eric. "How did it go?" Eric asked urgently.

"The Quinn Family has only an elderly lady left, and she firmly claims that Abigail is her granddaughter. Could we really be mistaken?" Josh was in doubt.

Abigail also insisted that Analise was her relative, and her attitude was resolute.

"But she fell into the water at the Quinn Family's vacation resort back then... Plus, weren't you the one who rescued her?" Eric asked..

Their current lead was the Quinn Family never moving out from their village. Twenty years ago, this place was a well-known vacation resort where many wealthy people came to recuperate from their illnesses and rented houses in the Quinn Family's village for years. The Pearsons had lost their youngest daughter during their vacation here, but over a decade ago, the resort had declined as tourism outside the area became more popular. Therefore, it gradually transformed into an ordinary village. The beaches disappeared, causing the village to significantly deteriorate to the point where very few young people were left.

"It's too much of a coincidence. Why does she look so much like her? Also, why has she been living there?" he continued asking, addressing Josh's silence.

"But why doesn't she acknowledge it? If Abby recognizes her roots, we would gladly bring her back to the Pearsons to live out her days." Josh said as he was filled with confusion.

"Maybe we need to investigate why she fell into the water back then. Perhaps the other party thought she was abandoned, which is why they refused to acknowledge your family," Eric speculated since such misunderstandings were not uncommon.

"How can we possibly investigate what happened when she fell into the water all those years ago?" Josh's voice rose slightly. After all, that was merely an accident.

"Speaking of which, I found out that Abigail nearly drowned once when she was in her teens," Eric informed Josh.

"That doesn't seem relevant, though. Let's think of other ways. It would be great if we could do a DNA test directly," Josh suggested to Eric.

Eric asked Josh instead. "Should we have Lynette try to arrange it?"

After a moment of silence, Josh replied, "I think we should hold off on that for now. She loves her grandmother so much, and her grandmother loves her too. If we act recklessly, she might end up resenting us."

The situation was becoming increasingly complicated, and the mystery of Abigail's true identity still remained unresolved, leaving both men with more questions than answers.

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"That's true..." Eric fell into silence.

Abigail received a call from her grandmother a day after Josh left.

"Grandma, I've been a bit busy lately and haven't called you. How have you been at home?" Abigail's voice was gentle.

"Abigail..." Analise's voice trembled.

"Grandma, what's wrong?" Abigail immediately became nervous.

Analise's voice was coated with tears as she explained, "Abigail, someone came to our home suddenly, claiming that you're their family's child and that I'm useless. As a result, they want to take my granddaughter away."

Abigail's nose started to tingle with sadness when she heard that. "Grandma, I'm absolutely sure. that I'm your granddaughter. I've lived with you since I was a child, and no one can take your granddaughter away!"

Grandma misses you a lot. I'm afraid that one day I'll open my eyes, and you won't be my granddaughter anymore," Analise whimpered as she began to cry.

Abigail gripped her phone tightly. "I'll come back tonight and spend a week with you, okay, Grandma? Please don't cry."

"I'm fine. I'm just worried about you leaving... Go on with your work. I won't bother you any longer," Analise replied through her tears.

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"Okay..." Abigail replied verbally but had already purchased a plane ticket. She needed to have a word with Eric and Josh.

She called Josh's number after she bought the plane ticket.

Josh answered the call promptly. When she called him, he had already sensed that things were about to take a turn for the worse.

"You went to see my grandmother, didn't you?"

Lynette mentioned that he went on a business trip, so was it to verify the lineage?

"I'm sorry. It's just that my mom-

"Josh Pearson! I agreed to collaborate with you, but I never mentioned anything about Hooking for my grandma!" Abigail interrupted him in a fit of anger.

The person on the other end of the line fell into silence.

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"Do you even know how old my grandmother is? Even if I were from the Pearsons, what does it matter? I was raised by my grandparents since I was a child. After my grandfather passed away, she's the only family member I have, and vice versa Abigail continued angrily with red eyes. "For me, your mother, you, and your cousin are all familiar strangers. Why did you hide this from me and say these things to my grandmother?!"

She was almost blinded by anger.

I'm sorry." Josh apologized.

He hadn't expected Analise to call Abigail and inform her about their conversation. If Abigail wasn't her granddaughter. Analise should have concealed it. Had they all been mistaken?

"Don't ever contact my grandmother again, and our cooperation is over. I don't need you or Eric to help with anything!" Abigail declared before promptly hanging up the phone.

As her chest heaved with emotion, she started packing her bags. She traveled overnight from Quisford to the Quinn Family's village. When she saw Analise, Abigail immediately embraced her.

"Silly child, you've traveled so far to return," Analise mentioned as she held Abigail and patted her back.

"It's not so far, as long as you're okay, Grandma," Abigail responded as she rested her head on Analise's shoulder and gently closed her eyes.

Analise led her into the house and showed her a little orange cat she had found. The cat was abandoned and suffered from skin problems when Analise found it.

"When I found it, the poor animal was thin and pitiful," Analise told Abigail with a face filled with warmth.