

## Spare Wife 405

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#### A Peculiar Village

Although Abigail found it difficult to identify if the girl in the photo was Kelly, Abigail figured she might make discoveries once she got to Westcape Village.

The next day, she and Luna headed to Sicuaro.

Although Sicuaro was a highly developed city, the poverty gap between the folks in Sicuaro's village and its surrounding towns was still pretty obvious.

After the two arrived at Sicuaro Airport, Abigail told Luna her plans, "I will go to Westcape Village while you go to the exhibition alone. I have some information regarding Kelly's identity. So, I plan on checking it out."

As soon as Luna heard her words, she immediately abandoned her attention on the luggage exit. Instead, she turned to look at Abigail with a frown on her face and questioned, "Don't you think things are going way too smoothly? Besides, have you looked into what kind of village Westcape Village is? What if you can't make it out in one piece once you're there?"

"Relax. The new phone I bought has a satellite communication function, so I don't have to worry about not being able to reach the outside world if there's no signal," Abigail said while raising her phone.

"Be careful then." Regardless, Luna was still worried.

With that, Abigail waved her hand and left carrying her small backpack.

After a two-and-a-half-hour car ride, she arrived at Westcape Village.

Even though the village was very remote, Abigail could feel the folks living in this village were somewhat privileged, judging from the numerous villas and its scenic view.

She passed through the village entrance and saw an old woman sitting by the door, running her fingers through the dried soybeans on the concrete floor. Hence, she walked over and greeted, "Hello, Granny."

The old woman looked up and sized her from top to bottom before nodding slightly. "Yes. What are you doing here?"

Since she spoke with a heavy accent, Abigail had difficulty figuring out what she was saying.

After a brief guess, she asked, "You asked me what I'm doing here, right?"

"Yeah. The old woman responded.

For a moment, Abigail was unsure of how to start the rest of the conversation. Even if I can understand this line, can I understand the rest of what she will say later?

"I'm here to ask about someone. Do you know a guy named Wilson Hagl who lives in this village?" she asked anyway.

"Wilson Hagl... We have several people with that name here. Which one are you looking for?" The old woman looked at Abigail and inquired.

Now that she was chatting with the old woman, Abigail realized it wasn't so hard to understand. the dialect spoken in Westcape Village. It's close to the Corynthean language that we speak. It's just that it's fast and has an accent. That's probably why I find it so difficult to catch the words all at once.

But then again, so many people go by the name of Wilson Hagl in this village. How am I supposed to begin my search?

As a result, she decided to chat a bit more with the old woman. She patiently gestured while inquiring about the information she needed.

Sean, who sat in a nearby van, was watching her with a frown.

"Nonetheless, it seems that Ms. Quinn is amazing, for I didn't expect that she had identified Kelly's background," Cameron whispered as he leaned beside Sean.

Sean still had a frown on his face as he expressed his thoughts. "I don't think it's weird that we managed to learn about this. What I find strange is that she actually found out about this place."

This place was indeed where Kelly's adoptive parents had lived. So far, they only managed to uncover that Kelly spent about twenty years of her life here.

Sure enough, Sean didn't care about Kelly's background. He came here today to look into another matter related to her and Vincent.

"Kelly is so scheming, and Vincent's family is cautious. Ms. Quinn can't possibly find out this information easily. Could it be intentional?" Cameron's face instantly turned solemn.

"Let's keep an eye on the situation first," Sean said wearily.

Abigail will misunderstand me again if I show up in front of her now.

I don't have to get in her way as long as she leaves this place safely after she has found what she's looking for.

Abigail chatted with the old woman for two hours before she finally acquired the home addresses. of the five people named Wilson Hagl living in Hagl Village.

The Hagl Village was massive. A large residential area came before sight after one stepped. through the village's entrance. According to the old woman, they were currently in the middle village The upper village was located up and over the valley, whereas an hour-long walk through the field path along the middle village's river and into the valley could reach the lower village.

All of their lands belonged to Hagl Village.

Based on this factor, the village was indeed a large one.

Abigail arrived at the first address, but the house was locked and seemed empty. When she saw that she had made a wasted trip, she involuntarily sighed.

Still, she kept moving forward.

Once her figure slowly disappeared, the old woman entered her house; her benign expression instantly turned sinisterly cold.

She swiftly dialed a series of numbers, and after the call got through, she said, "We have a first-rate slave laborer here. She's beautiful, and she looks rich. We can sell her for at least 30 thousand."

Then, she hung up after receiving a response from the other end.

Cameron, who was hiding in a corner of the wall outside the room's wooden window, overheard what she said. He didn't hesitate to lurk back to the van. As he absentmindedly scratched the mosquito bites on his body, he reported, "Something's definitely wrong with this entire village. In her phone call, that old woman called Ms. Quinn a slave laborer and even mentioned selling her off for 30 thousand!"

Sean furrowed his brows upon hearing Cameron's words, his expression frosty. "Notify the police."

Cameron nodded affirmatively.

Meanwhile, Abigail involuntarily frowned when she realized the house in the second address was also empty.

Strange. It's not even crop-growing season now, and it's almost lunchtime. Why isn't anyone home?

When she thought of that, she stood there and looked around.

Just then, in a window of one of the houses, she saw a shadow hiding away in the dark.

Abigail became alert. She took out her phone and sent her location to Luna.

As expected, the phone had no signal. Nevertheless, the satellite communication function worked perfectly fine.

Then, she feigned complete ignorance as she slowly took a few steps forward and walked back.

At this moment, the door of one of the Wilson's houses she was searching for was swung open.

The middle-aged man, who opened the door, immediately noticed her and pretended to ask enthusiastically, "Oh, a young lady from out of town, I see. What are you doing here?"

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"I'm looking for someone. Are you Mr. Wilson Hagl? I have a few questions I want to ask you." Abigail acted naive as she approached him.

"It's hot outside. Why don't you come in, drink some water, and we can talk it over?" The man smiled and entered the house.

Abigail smiled. Then, she stood in place as she added, "You are too kind, Mr. Hagl. It's fine. I'm just going to ask a few questions before leaving."

Suddenly, a woman came out. She had pears in her hands as she said to Abigail, "Oh, my, such a kind young lady. Here. Take it. These pears are our village's special local products. If you want to ask anything, just ask me!"