

# THE SPARE WIFE

Chapter 661 She Is Pregnant



Abigail moistened her lips, trying not to push Luna too hard even though she was anxious. Deep down, she sensed that Luna's behavior was not solely due to relationship problems. She couldn't help but feel that something was amiss, uncertain whether it was just her overthinking or if it stemmed from the pain Vincent had caused her in the past.

"If you truly have issues with Josh, I won't interfere. I respect your decisions," Abigail said softly.

Luna nodded and smiled as she set her glass down. "Don't worry. I'm just going to clear my mind. Once I sort things out, I'll explain everything to you."

Abigail nodded in understanding. Luna mentioned about going on a trip and posted that she will only respond to messages or check her phone occasionally. When she has time, she will reply in the event of an urgent matter. As such, her replies will depend on her mood.

The months passed slowly, and thanks to Abigail's reforms, L.Moon was on the right track by the time June rolled around. Wearing a mask and sunglasses, Abigail stood at the airport.

From a distance, she spotted a tall figure walking out of the arrival gate. It was a man who exuded calmness and composure. Beside Abigail was Xavien, who caught sight of Sean and couldn't help but widen his eyes at the realization. "Is that Mr. Graham?"

Sean, dressed casually and seeming much gentler than before, garnered the attention of many people who glanced at him. They marveled at his appearance and admired his unique aura.

Abigail was about to respond when her phone chimed. “Yes, that’s Mr. Graham,” she replied, taking out her phone to check the message from Luna.

Last July, Luna mentioned going on a trip. Since then, Abigail had not seen her return to Capitalis. Although the two women were in touch via phone calls, Abigail felt that they were drifting further apart.

Luna’s long-distance relationship with Josh lasted less than two months and ended in a breakup, leaving her whereabouts even more uncertain since then.

‘Ms. Quinn, what is your connection to the owner of this phone?’ Abigail felt a bit dizzy upon reading the message. She looked at the number and confirmed that it was registered under Luna’s name in another city.

“Yes, this is my friend’s phone. Where is she?’ Abigail’s breathing suddenly became tense. Just yesterday, they had a video call, and Luna seemed fine with no signs of any problems.

She’s encountered a little problem. I’ll give you an address. You’ll have to come alone. Reading the message. Abigail furrowed her brow.

“What are you looking at?” Sean’s voice came from above her head.

Abigail pocketed her phone and looked up at Sean. “Besides checking messages, what else can I look at? You’ve changed a lot in the past year and a half.”

“Really? I’m hungry, he said with a smile to her

“Why don’t you let Xavien take you out for a meal? I have something to attend to, but I’ll come back and talk to you once I’m done,” Abigail said, reaching out to squeeze Sean’s hand before turning and leaving.

Sean was stunned.

Xavien was also taken aback. What is going on? They haven't seen each other in a year and a half, and she runs off after a brief encounter.

"Is she that busy with work?" Sean's smile vanished as he turned to Xavien.

Facing the unfamiliar Sean, Xavien coughed and said, "Yes, she's swamped. L.Moon's business has expanded significantly, with two capable managers and several competent teams."

"Alright." Sean felt regretful. It was his first day back, and Abigail had already abandoned him for work.

Abigail dialed Luna's number, and the call finally connected after several attempts. Abigail was too anxious to exchange pleasantries, demanding, "Who are you to her? Where is she now?!"

"She's at the hospital," the woman on the other end of the line answered. "I'm her nanny. She fell this morning, and the baby is coming early."

"What... What baby?!" Abigail's scalp tingled. We haven't even seen each other in eighteen months, so whose child is Luna carrying?! Luna broke up with Josh ages ago, so whose child could this be?!

"I'm not sure. Please come over immediately. Luna's condition is critical," the nanny pleaded.

Abigail's mind was in chaos. She asked the nanny to send her the address and booked a flight ticket thereafter.

What has Luna been up to in the past year and a half? Why was she pregnant? Whose child was it? Those questions lingered in Abigail's mind as she arrived at the hospital where Luna was.

It was a small-town hospital with seemingly poor conditions, but it was far from the city and not suitable for transferring a pregnant woman in critical condition.

When the middle-aged nanny saw Abigail, she took a moment to observe the masked Abigail. It was perhaps due to the overload of information because she did not recognize Abigail as the famous Alana.

“Do you know when Luna got pregnant?” Abigail asked the nanny. “I don’t know. She came here six months ago and was already pregnant at that time,” the nanny whispered, Abigail nodded. “If you have something to attend to, go ahead. I’ll take care of her here.”

“I plan to resign. Can you help her seules my payment for this month? That’s what we agreed on, but I didn’t expect her to fall while in labor suddenly. I don’t know who else to ask, so I had to call you,” the nanny apologized.

#### Chapter 662 The Stranger



Abigail assisted in paying the nanny’s fee and added the person as a friend on WhatsApp. Then, she took out her phone to search for what a pregnant woman needed to prepare for a hospital stay.

“Doctor, how much longer will the pregnant woman in this operating room be?” Abigail dared not leave quickly and grabbed a nurse to ask.

The nurse glanced at the time and replied, “It’s uncertain. Do you need something?”

“I rushed here and didn’t have time to prepare what was needed. I don’t know if it’s too late to buy them now,” Abigail explained anxiously.

“There’s a supermarket next to the hospital. You can take a look. It will only take about ten minutes. The pregnant woman shouldn't be out within that timeframe.” The nurse kindly informed Abigail.

Abigail nodded and quickly bought the items with her phone in hand in Adral, a very remote town. As she entered the deserted supermarket, she found the section selling mother and baby products and, in her haste, nearly collided with a few burly men.

“Sorry,” Abigail hurriedly apologized and maneuvered around them.

The several ordinary-looking men looked at Abigail’s back warily, confirming that she was buying things before turning their heads and walking forward.

“We saw him enter this supermarket... Why can’t we find him now?” “We're blocking the exits. I don’t believe that guy can hide inside forever.” “He’s injured too. If he doesn’t come out, he'll bleed to death.”

The men whispered to each other in low voices. Even though they lowered their voices and spoke with a strange accent, Abigail could still faintly hear them.

How can there be foreigners in this remote Adral? Although she had doubts, Luna’s situation was still more critical. She bought what the pregnant woman and child needed. She was about to go to the milk powder section when a gust of wind suddenly blew.

Before Abigail could react, someone covered her mouth and forcefully dragged her toward a corner. It prompted her to let go of the shopping cart and struggle hard.

“Mmm!” She tried to communicate with the person.

However, the person's strength was terrifying. Their arm felt like iron, and Abigail was tightly held in their embrace, feeling like her bones were about to be crushed. Dragged behind a crowded shelf, Abigail had no strength left.

There was a cold weapon pressed against her waist, causing her to dare not move immediately, and even her breathing became lighter.

"Will you scream if I let go of you?" A deep and hoarse male voice sounded in Abigail's ear.

She was about to curse but shook her head gently. She used her hand to support herself on the ground and soon felt a sticky liquid. It seemed to be blood.

"You are Alana, right?" The man released her mouth and asked, panting. Abigail swallowed and couldn't believe that he knew her. "Yes... Who are you?" She dared not look at him. She wore a mask and seemed to smell a faint scent of blood.

"No need to ask who I am. Now, please purchase a set of men's clothing for me. I'll be waiting for you in the men's restroom at the grocery store..." The man paused and continued, "If you dare to make a sound, I will leave here and find you in Capitalis to settle the score."

Abigail had never felt so humiliated. "Wait here. After I buy those items, I'm leaving. I have urgent matters to attend to as well." She was still worried about Luna and didn't want to get entangled with this person any longer.

Considering the overly cautious foreigners she encountered earlier, she guessed that this person must have had a conflict with them. It was perhaps from being chased by enemies. Thinking about those people waiting at the entrance, Abigail, while buying clothes in the men's section, secretly called the police on her phone.

“Hello, sir? | think I’ve found a few criminals outside the Bags Bunny supermarket. They seem to be foreigners based on their accents, and they seem to be carrying guns...” When she apologized, she lowered her head and caught a glimpse of the hot weapon hidden in the man’s waistband.

The police officer was excited upon hearing this. Isn’t this a gift-wrapped KPI? “Is it the Bags Bunny supermarket next to the county hospital?” the police officer asked.

“Yes, those people are wearing ordinary clothes but are all over six feet tall,” Abigail said while selecting clothes and talking to the police. It is best to arrest the guy in the supermarket with the weapon, too!

Abigail hung up the phone and carried the clothes to the men’s restroom. With not many people in the supermarket and still wearing a mask, she remained unnoticed. Even if the cleaning lady was shocked, she could only mutter to herself.

“Clothes,” Abigail called out as soon as she entered. The man then knocked three times on the innermost cubicle door before she walked over with the clothes. He opened the door to take the items.

“Can | leave now?” Abigail asked him.

“No. I’ll need your help later to pretend to be a woman and bring me out,” the man who was in the room threatened. There was a hint of laughter.

Abigail silently took a deep breath and prayed in her heart. | hope the police officer comes quickly to arrest this suspicious man. “Come on! | have a friend in the nearby hospital who needs me to care for her!” She grew impatient after waiting for two minutes.

The man grunted in response. A second later, the door opened, revealing a man in casual attire walking



Abigail felt a sense of surprise wash over her. Can someone who looks like a thug be considered a star?

“Im Simond Simpson, the only son of the Simpson Family in Capitalis. Have you heard of before me?” Simond approached and asked her.)

Abigail had vaguely heard of the Simpson Family, who returned from abroad a year ago and caused a sensation in Capitalis. However, it was purely speculative information. No one knew for sure what the family did or what they were like.

“Not very acquainted,” Abigail replied, ready to turn and leave. Simond grabbed her wrist and pulled her back.

It caused Abigail to face him with anger. He removed the mask from her face with a slight smile. “Sharing a mask may not be hygienic, but | don’t mind.”

“If you wanted the mask, why didn’t you say so earlier?” she asked, suppressing the anger.

“| forgot.” He shrugged, appearing nonchalant.

“| need to depart!” Abigail didn’t want to argue with him. In this secluded location, there should be few who recognize her. She quickly walked away.

Simond had injuries on his body, so he furrowed his brow and followed Abigail without saying a word.



Abigail found a shopping cart, bought milk powder, and went to the cashier at the entrance to pay. She discreetly glanced outside and saw that there was no movement.

Simond stood by her side and noticed her gaze. He smiled. "Honey, let me pay for you."

The hand that Abigail used to hold her phone trembled. Then, she glared at him. "Who do you think you are?! If you keep calling me that, there will be consequences!"

"Oh, why so intense?" Simond's voice still carried a smile.

Abigail remained silent, her face stern. After paying, she went outside and found that the suspicious men had already disappeared. Simond seemed very nervous at that moment. Scanning the surroundings with sharp eyes, he found no enemies but remained vigilant, not relaxing. Just as Abigail was about to leave, he hugged her shoulder,

"Take me to the hospital. If you make any noise, you're finished," Simond threatened Abigail in a low voice. Abigail didn't say anything and could only pretend to be an intimate couple with him.

The hospital was close to the grocery store. As they walked through the hospital's entrance, Simond suddenly relaxed. He handed the shopping bag to Abigail, covered his abdomen with his hand, and took a deep breath.

"Are you hurt?" Abigail asked him casually.

He looked up at her, his eyes curving upward again. "Oh, thanks to you, Abigail. I will propose to you in Capitalis and repay you for saving my life."

"You will eventually regret your big mouth," Abigail warned him, picking up her things and leaving. Simond followed her from a distance.

Abigail arrived at the hospital, and a nurse greeted her at the entrance. "You took too long! Luna has already left the operating room."

"How is she? Which ward is she in?" Abigail became instantly nervous.

The nurse replied, "Follow me. She lost a lot of blood, and the cause is unknown. In short, her condition is critical in the intensive care unit."

"What about the baby?" Abigail asked, feeling a bit dizzy. Everything feels like a dream. Simond silently followed them, listening to every word Abigail and the nurse exchanged.

"The baby was born prematurely and has a genetic defect. We won't know the results until they have been in the hospital for a month," the nurse answered,

"A genetic defect?" Abigail became puzzled.

"It has been inherited from the mother. Our hospital is too small to detect this genetic defect. Once they recover, it would be advisable for you to take them to a larger city for further examination. The hospital's preliminary assessment is that it may be caused by a specific medication," the nurse explained.

Abigail nodded and fell silent.

Was Luna's argument with Josh all because of this, and who injected the medication into her body?

Abigail arrived at the intensive care unit and saw Luna lying weakly on the hospital bed. Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably. Sitting by the bedside, she furrowed her brow and said, "Are you being foolish? I've been such a good friend to you. Why did you hide this from me? If you hadn't fallen and miscarried, you wouldn't be lying here."

But Luna couldn't answer her. Abigail sat in the intensive care unit for a while before getting up to pay for Luna's hospitalization.

“Miss, do you know someone named Simond? He said he is your husband and asked you to help pay his hospitalization fees. A nurse stood in front of Abigail, who was in a terrible mood.

Simond? He knows how to choose a name. Abigail looked at the nurse and asked, “Which ward is he in?”

“He is in the operating room. Something was inserted into his abdomen, and it exploded inside. His condition is also critical,” the nurse said, intending to take Abigail to see him.

Abigail nodded, acknowledging that encountering Simond was unfortunate. Not only was she threatened, but she also had to pay for his medical expenses.

Abigail, with a mindset of “less is more” and a lack of interest in arguing with him, decided not to dwell on it. Besides, she had also confirmed that Simond was the only young master of the Simpson Family,

It's better to resolve conflicts than to hold grudges.

After paying Simond’s medical expenses, Abigail was about to arrange the sick room for Luna when she received a call from Sean.

#### Chapter 664 Long-standing Danger



She quickly answered the call. After Simond flirted with her today, she felt somewhat guilty toward Sean.

However, she didn't dare to casually reveal Luna's situation. Luna was hiding from everyone and living in Adral. It meant that she did not want anyone to know that she was with child.

Whose child is this? Should she do a DNA test? "Sorry, I was swamped. I couldn't have dinner with you," Abigail apologized to Sean as soon as she answered.

"Why are you apologizing? Where are you? If work's too difficult for you to cope with, I can come over," Sean replied, expressing his longing for her. They had been apart for 18 months, but she left again as soon as they had the chance to be together again.

"There's no need. I should be back in a week or two. Don't worry, Sean. Aren't you busy with your company too? Focus on your work, and we can have fun together once I'm done with my matters." Her only concern now was to keep Sean from flying over to look for her.

If he had come, Josh might also have found out about Luna's pregnancy.

She didn't want Josh to know this news and be upset.

"Alright then." Sean didn't inquire further, even though he found her behavior a bit strange. Abigail hung up the phone and sighed lightly.

After the overnight stay at the hospital, the doctor informed her first thing in the morning that Linda was momentarily out of danger and would be moved out of the ICU at noon.

After wearily answering the doctor, she sat in the corridor outside the ward and massaged her temples. Suddenly, someone sat down beside her. She turned her head to look.

It was Simond again with a mischievous smile. "Thanks for paying my medical bills, honey. Can you help me buy a phone and a SIM card?"

Abigail reached out and grabbed his collar. "Be careful with your life if you dare to shout nonsense again!" Her anger startled Simond.

He raised his hands. "Okay, Ms. Alana. Please help me buy a phone and a SIM card."

Abigail stood up abruptly and was about to leave when suddenly everything went black.

Simond quickly stood up and held her. Her elbow hit his wound, which caused him to grimace in pain. "Ouch! That hurts!"

Abigail regained consciousness and pulled away from Simond's grasp while looking at him with irritation. "Stay in your ward if you can't manage!"

"If I do so, what if you fall down? What if you have a bruised and swollen face?" Simond spread his hands innocently. Abigail didn't answer him.

"I haven't had breakfast yet. Remember to buy me some breakfast," he added.

"Just die in a hole!" Abigail snapped at him.

"How can you be so heartless?" He pretended to be sad as he covered his wound.

Abigail left with a cold face.

After she left, the smile on Simond's face disappeared. He walked into the ward where Luna was about to stay and wandered around.

When the nurse came in to hang the IV drip and saw Simond, she immediately blushed and asked, "Where is Ms. Quinn?" "Oh, she went to buy something. Is there anything you want me to tell her?" Simond resumed his smile.

"The patient has just regained consciousness. She doesn't have stable emotions. So, when you see Ms. Quinn, kindly inform her to be cautious when

she's talking to the patient. Don't agitate her, as she's still bleeding. Agitation could accelerate the bleeding, which is very dangerous for a pregnant woman," the blushing nurse advised Simond.

Simond nodded. "Okay, got it. Thank you." "Not a problem at all," she replied. Then, she hurriedly left. Simond picked up the medical record from the bedside table.

When he saw the section about gene mutation, his brows furrowed.

"Gene mutation?" he murmured under his breath. He set the medical record aside and went to look for the doctor. When Abigail came back, she didn't see Simond, which was a relief. She had bought a lot of food. It was mostly nutritional supplements.

After busying herself in the ward for a long time, she finally made the bed. Just as she stood up, she saw Simond entering the room with easy steps.

"The phone and card are there. Remember to cancel the SIM card before you leave," she reminded him. Simond saw a new phone on the chair beside him and immediately smiled. "Oh, thank you, Ms. Alana." "No problem." Abigail sat down, took out a bottle of water from her bag, and took a sip.

After Simond turned on the phone, he glanced at Abigail and asked, "Have you read the medical record?"

"I have, but the equipment in this hospital is outdated. I'll head to a bigger hospital for a check-up once my friend's condition stabilizes," she replied.

Simond quickly downloaded WhatsApp on his phone and went to get breakfast.

"I asked the attending doctor for you. The genetic mutation is likely caused by the medication taken in the later stage of her pregnancy. Has your friend become an experimental subject or something? Moreover, this kind of

situation is impossible to happen domestically. She should have been injected with the medication abroad some time ago,” he said casually while munching on a not-so-tasty bun.

Abigail immediately looked at him, her gaze ice-cold. “Did you say abroad?”

“The attending doctor said that besides the gene mutation, there are also components that control her mind. Do you want me to help you investigate? I'd be happy to repay your kindness.” Simond smirked, looking very much like he was asking for trouble.

Abigail vaguely guessed when Luna was injected.

It turned out that the danger had never left.

## Chapter 665 Want To Be With You



About the incident in the Golden Triangle... Luna didn't mention what happened to her afterward.

Everyone thought that everything was over, but it did not.

Abigail glanced at Simond and said, “No need for you to help me investigate. Contact your people and leave quickly!” Simond shrugged. “Add me on WhatsApp. I will pay you double the amount you spent on me.”

“I don't need the money. I helped you so that you would stay away from me in the future. We were just passing acquaintances. Don't contact me again.” She didn't want any further interaction with him. Who knows what enemies he might have made abroad?

She didn't want to be implicated by Simond. The man didn't insist and simply smiled as he played with his phone. At noon, Luna came out of the intensive care unit.

Abigail sat by her bedside while looking at her exhausted appearance. Her eyes couldn't help but redden. "Why didn't you tell me anything? | was really worried about you."

Luna's lips were pale. She asked Abigail, "What about the child..."

"The child is in the incubator. It's fine. Don't worry." Abigail held Luna's hand and answered with concern.

Only then did Luna feel relieved. She closed her eyes and continued to rest.

When the doctor came, Abigail immediately asked, "Can | give her some supplements? She's very weak right now."

"Remember not to have any inflammatory foods. It's best for her to have nourishing meals, like chicken stew and fish soup. These are suitable for pregnant women. You can make them for her," the doctor advised her in a gentle tone.

She nodded repeatedly. "Are there any medical staff here? | want to hire someone. | can't handle it alone." "Yes, the hospital can arrange that for you. Just remember to pay the hospital fees when the time comes," the doctor replied. After thanking the doctor, Abigail went out to find the house where Luna was staying.

The nanny had given her an address, but she was not familiar with the area. She had to ask for directions to avoid getting lost. Additionally, she needed to find a market for groceries.



In this small town, there were more elderly people on the road, with barely any youngsters. Even if there were, they were mostly youths with colored streets wandering the streets.

After leaving the hospital, Simond entered Luna's room. He stood at the foot of Luna's bed and looked at her.

Luna woke up from her sleep and was greatly startled when she saw the unfamiliar Simond. She clutched the blanket and trembled. "Don't... Don't take me. |... | am done with Josh Pearson!"

Simond walked over and gazed at the terrified Luna. Then, he suddenly smiled. "I'm Abigail's friend. My name's Simond Simpson. Don't panic. I'm here to take care of you."

"No! Thanks, but | don't need your help. Please don't come and take care of me," she replied incoherently.

Simond examined Luna. She was one of the founders of L.Moon and used to be bold and confident with exceptional business acumen. Yet, she now resembled a madwoman.

"Luna, I am not a bad person. Your best friend, Abigail, saved me. As a way to repay her, I'm staying to look after you," Simond spoke gently.

Luna dared not speak. He was definitely not someone whom she could mess with.

"It's really okay," Simond reassured her. "I'll pour you a cup of hot water to energize your body. Your best friend is here, and you are safe."

She hid under the blanket and remained silent.

Simond brewed warm honey water for Luna and blew on it slowly. When it cooled down, he held the cup and sat back by the bedside, saying, "Here, have some water."

"I don't want to drink..." Luna's voice carried fear.

"It's of the right temperature. Refusing to drink it merely means I wasted my energy blowing it, isn't it?" There was a twinge of a smile in his voice, but there was also a clear hint of threat.

Luna slowly poked her head out of the blanket but quickly averted her gaze when she made eye contact with Simond's smiling face.

She snatched the cup from his hand and gulped the water.

Simond watched her quietly, his eyes revealing contemplation.

After Luna finished drinking, she placed the cup on the table and pulled the blanket back over herself.

Simond didn't pay her any attention either. He sat on the edge of the bed, took out his phone, and contacted his people. 'Bring a psychologist. An authoritative one at that, and remember to keep it low-key.'

While Abigail was busy as a bee, another call from Sean came. She was in the midst of making soup for Luna, and in her haste, she dropped the lid of the pot and answered the phone. "What's up?" Cradling the phone on her shoulder, she stirred the chicken in the pot with a ladle.

Her nose twitched as she smelled a burnt odor. She felt a bit frustrated. Why can't I make soup properly? In the past, I could cook a meal while observing Grandma, but now, my skills have regressed.

"Can't I just ask how you're doing?" Sean's tone was as calm as ever.

Abigail's anxiety disappeared when she heard his words. She looked at the pot of chicken soup and sighed. "You taught me how to make chicken soup, but I just made a pot of burnt mess..."

"You haven't learned the essence of Grandma's cooking at all." Sean laughed helplessly. Then, he became puzzled. "Why are you cooking by yourself?"

“Isn't it normal to cook for oneself? Grandma has spoiled me, making me unable to get used to eating outside. I'm trying it myself.” Abigail wished so much for Sean to come over and cook together with her.

## Chapter 666 Whose Child Is It?



Abigail had no talent for cooking. The culinary skills taught by her grandmother had been neglected since she returned to Capitalis a year and a half ago.

“Do you need help with cooking? If not, I can send someone over to assist you.” Sean hesitated to offer his help directly because she had previously asked him to handle work matters. It was obvious that she wanted him to see it through.

Abigail fell silent. She thought about Luna and looked at the environment she lived in. There were many grievances that she wanted to share with Sean, but she couldn't say anything.

“It's okay. Just write down the process and send it to me. I'm still clever. Although I've forgotten everything, having the process will make it much simpler,” she said. She could learn from short videos, but she just wanted to trouble Sean.

Him personally writing the process for her would at least comfort her for now.

“Okay. I'll write it for you. It might be a bit long, though.” Sean's voice carried a hint of indulgence. Abigail responded with a sound of agreement.

After he finished writing the process, she washed the pot and started making soup again.

The two of them stayed on the phone, with Sean keeping track of time. Two hours passed without a trace, and the chicken soup was ready.

"I have to eat and work at the same time now. I'll call you back after I'm done," Abigail said. She had finished preparing the chicken soup and was now addressing Sean over the phone.

"Alright, call me again next time you cook. I'll teach you." Sean also enjoyed this process. At least she now knew to ask him for help when she didn't know something.

After responding, she hung up the phone. She brought the food to the hospital, where Luna was still in a deep sleep. Upon entering the ward, Abigail frowned in displeasure when she saw Simond. "Didn't I tell you to leave?!"

Simond shrugged. "I have to wait for my people to arrive before I can leave. I don't have identification except for a cellphone. Can I just leave with that?"

"Then, you're not allowed to enter this ward either! Simond, I helped you because I wanted you to stay away from me and my best friend. Don't be ungrateful!" Abigail forcefully slammed the thermal lunchbox onto the table.

The loud noise startled Luna from her dream. Her eyes widened as she looked at Abigail and Simond. Sensing the tense atmosphere, she buried her head under the covers.

Simond smiled at Abigail and asked, "Why are you so angry? It's not like I hurt your best friend."

She suppressed her anger and answered, "There's still something about you that I don't know. Given her condition, if you provoke someone again and she

gets hurt, | don't care about the status of your family in Capitalis. I'll make you pay without mercy!"

He still had his grin as he nodded. "My people have arrived. No matter how many folks come, nothing will happen. Ms. Alana, having one more friend won't be a bad thing."

"| don't need extra friends!" Abigail said coldly. "Get out of here right now."

"Alright." Simond walked lightly toward the door. After taking two steps, he suddenly turned and asked, "Whose child did she carry? Why didn't she find her man?"

"Why are you asking about this?!" Abigail felt a bad premonition rising in her heart.

"The co-founder of L.Moon, Luna Smith, has a child out of wedlock. Don't you think it'd be explosive news?" he asked with a smile.

Before Abigail could respond, Luna lifted the blanket and looked at Simond with tears streaming down her face. "Please don't say anything! I'm begging you... The child has no father, please..."

With a gentle smile, Simond commented, "Alright. | won't say anything. Just have your meal."

Abigail clenched the hands that were by her side.

At first, Simond threatened her and stuck to her after she helped him. And now he was using Luna's child as another threat?

Watching Simond leave, Abigail sat by the bedside. She unscrewed the lid of the thermos cup and smiled at Luna. "It's time to eat. | personally made the soup for you; it's delicious."

Luna looked at Abigail and reached out to grab her wrist. "I don't know when it might happen... My mental state is not good. Please don't tell anyone about

the child, Abigail. Treat this child as your own, and don't tell anyone that the child is mine."

"Why?" Abigail asked. She didn't even want another child, and Sean wouldn't want it either. If she told him the truth, it would be different. If she didn't, how could she explain the child's presence to Sean?

Luna started crying. "I don't know why... | thought everything was over and getting better. Why is it like this?" "Luna, what happened to you? Can you tell me?" Abigail held Luna's hand, her tone anxious.

Luna's eyes darted around quickly. Soon, she began to yank at her hair before she cried. "I don't know what happened. In the three months before you came back, | suddenly had frequent dreams of someone giving me injections. It's like I've lost a piece of memory. Since then, my memories have become chaotic. Many times, | can't distinguish when things happened..."

"| don't know why | got pregnant. One day, | woke up and found that my belly had grown bigger. | was filled with fear and dread. How could this happen?" Luna muttered as she tugged at her hair.

## Chapter 667 He Represents The Passage Of Time



Abigail held Luna's hand and gently urged her to stop pulling at her hair. "Let's conduct a DNA test for the child. We can always find out who the father is."

"Don't bother testing. I've done it several times during pregnancy but couldn't find out. The doctor said | have a genetic issue, and we can't determine the child's father," Luna cried as she tightly held Abigail's hand. "We can only wait until the child is older and the genes have stabilized before we can test again."

“Not my brother’s child?” Abigail asked.

“I don’t know... I can’t remember... It’s like I suddenly broke down. Before I got pregnant, I often couldn’t distinguish time... It was only when I became pregnant that I realized we were always moving forward in time. I didn’t want to abort the child. Its existence proves that I’m still in reality.” Tears continued to stream down Luna’s face.

With red eyes, Abigail embraced Luna. “It’s okay. Once you feel better, we’ll return to Capitalis.”

“I’m not going back. I don’t want to go back, Abigail. We can’t go back,” Luna said incoherently. “Everyone will be in trouble if we return. Don’t bring the child back.”

“Why can’t we? We won’t find anything by staying here forever,” Abigail cried. “Tell me who gave you the injections, and I’ll help you find them!”

Luna leaned against her and shook her head. “I can’t remember-”

“Stop asking,” Simond interrupted.

Abigail glared at him. “Didn’t I tell you to leave?”

She noticed a man dressed very casually, standing next to Simond, and staring at Luna.

“Before I leave, let me help you just this once,” Simond said as he looked at the man beside him walking in. Then, he casually closed the ward door.

“If she doesn’t want to talk, just agree to her request,” the man told Abigail.

She looked at the man and then asked Luna, who was in her arms. “I will let the child have my last name. If anyone asks, I’ll say he’s mine. Is that okay? You should eat first. Once you’ve had a full meal, we’ll focus on recovering your health before anything else.”

“Okay...” Luna nodded with a choked voice.

Abigail patted her back.

After Luna finished her meal and took a sedative to sleep, Abigail followed Simond and the man out of the ward. The three of them walked outside the hospital, and Simond looked at the man.

“Ms. Quinn, I am Dr. Zack Mason, a psychiatrist at the Sixth People’s Hospital in Capitalis. Your friend has a severe case of depression. After reviewing her medical history, I found that her depression is related to the medication she has been taking,” the man explained gently. “You cannot force her. She is already experiencing hallucinations, auditory hallucinations, and difficulty in distinguishing time. If she is not properly treated soon, she’ll have a stiff body. You’re well aware of the final outcome, right?”

Zack had a renowned reputation, and Abigail never expected that Simond could actually persuade him. “I understand. Thank you for reminding me. Abigail felt as if all her strength had been drained from her body.

It had only been half a year since she was last with Luna, who had changed so much. The culprits behind Luna’s change were none other than Kelly and Vincent.

The root cause of it all was her background.

“As for the child’s genetic issues... Let’s not dwell on that for now. Since the child is already born, let’s raise him well. Both the mother and child are in a very pitiful situation, being manipulated like this. Zack approached Abigail and comforted her.

Abigail’s eyes turned slightly red as she looked at Zack. “Can she recover from this?”



If Josh were aware of Luna's current state, how much pain would he be in? He had experienced insomnia, anguish, and self-blame after their breakup. However, throughout the entire process, he had no clue as to what he had done wrong to cause Luna to break up with him so decisively.

"Her condition is different from typical depression, so our only option is to do our best in treating her," Zack sighed. "Dr. Mason, they say that humans are creatures who seek pleasure and avoid pain. Do you think she has the will to survive based on her words?" Simond suddenly asked with a smile.

Zack pondered for a moment before responding, "You raise a valid point. The patient has expressed that she cannot go back. It wouldn't be beneficial for anyone if she were to return. This indicates that there is still somewhere she cannot return to."

Abigail tightly clenched her hands that were resting by her side. It had to be Vincent Pearson!

"Are you suggesting that someone is responsible for her memory issues? What does she know?" Simond looked at Abigail. His train of thought was much clearer than Abigail's.

Abigail couldn't help but sink into contemplation. Could it be that even Sean would struggle with what Luna knew?

Does Vincent truly possess such significant influence? Or is it possible that Vincent cannot handle the illicit money he possesses, and the mastermind behind him has revealed themselves?

"Dr. Mason, thank you for your hard work. Please stay here for a few days and provide her with some guidance," Simond finished speaking and snapped his fingers.

A bodyguard appeared from nearby and said to Zack, "Dr. Mason, we have arranged a place for you to rest. Please come with

me. "Alright," Zack replied politely.

As Zack departed, Simond turned his head towards Abigail and asked, "I heard that Mr. Graham secretly dismantled a fraudulent organization in the country with the help of the police, but they haven't been able to fully solve the case. Is that true?"

## Chapter 668 Properly Repaying The Favor



Abigail crossed her arms and frowned as she gazed at the lush greenery. Boldly, she retorted, "You've investigated everything. Why bother asking me?"

Simond tugged at his lips and replied, "I just wanted to confirm with you." "What exactly do you want to say?" she inquired.

"Ms. Quinn, let me advise you. Attacking a fraud den is not something an ordinary person can do. Sean Graham has offended the wrong people. That's why your friend ended up in this situation. Some people have no regard for human life when it comes to money. You were completely unaware when they were devising their plans. What abilities do you have to fight against them?"

Simond's smile seemed mocking. Abigail's face slightly reddened as she looked at Simond, but she remained silent. His words had left her speechless indeed.

Sean had almost lost his life because of this incident, and it took two years to recover. Now, it was Luna's turn. As Abigail thought about Vincent, who had spent the last two decades as a pawn for the sake of the dirty money in his possession, she knew that period would be in vain if they easily got rid of him.

“Do you know how tempting over 100 billion, or even an immeasurable amount of money, can be?” Simond asked her with a smile.

She had no idea about this, just like a poor person who couldn't fathom a wealthy individual's life. People had no concept of things they had not experienced themselves.

“You've said so much. What's your purpose? Are you trying to persuade Sean to tell the police not to attack the fraud den?” she countered Simond's words.

“If the police have already intervened, how could they stop investigating? | just wanted to tell you that you've never been safe. I've also mentioned that having me as a friend won't be a loss for you,” Simond smiled.

Abigail looked at him and sneered. “Don't tell me you want to help me.” “| do want to help you. Is that so surprising?” Simond asked with a smile.

“Are you joking? How long have we known each other?” Abigail scoffed. She couldn't believe that Simond was interested in her solely because of her outstanding appearance. For a person like him, he would have encountered all kinds of women.

Simond smiled. “Because I'm bored. It would be dull to return to my home country without any friends. | finally met someone like you. You're a big shot. | have to seize the opportunity, or how else will | conduct business without connections in the future?”

Abigail couldn't help but roll her eyes. He could invite that psychologist from the Sixth People's Hospital but claim that he has no connections?

“The premise of cooperation is sincerity, and that is my principle. Even if you don't say anything, I'll still find a way myself,” she looked at him coldly. “Who knows? Maybe you're the boss behind the money laundering?”

Didn't he say something along the lines that those people were plotting without her knowledge? Perhaps everything that has happened so far was part of the boss' scheme?

Simond looked surprised, after which he burst into laughter. "Alright. You're good at making inferences. I do have a request in exchange for helping you. You know my family has just returned from abroad, right? Despite the grand exposure, the public attention faded quickly."

"Do you really need that kind of hype?" Abigail asked in return.

His expression turned serious. "Of course we do. I ended up in this situation because of my enemies. If my exposure is significant enough for me to become the center of attention, my enemies won't dare to act recklessly."

She immediately shook her head. "Your enemies don't seem any better than the people we've encountered. I even saw firearms. Do you think it's safe for me to cooperate with you?"

"You won't lose anything by helping me, and in return, I can assist you as well. It doesn't matter if it's the child or her situation. If any issues arise in the future regarding this child, I can simply claim it as my own," Simond commented casually as he played with his phone.

Abigail contemplated, Should I really refrain from discussing this with Sean? What unforeseen consequences could arise if I do?

"In that case, I'll await your response," Simond said nonchalantly.

After he finished speaking, he departed.

Abigail watched him leave with concern. Could the child also be a crucial factor? However, the one who possessed the knowledge-Luna-unfortunately suffered from mental issues.

Her biggest dilemma now was whether or not to inform Sean. If Abigail told him, what if he encountered another accident? He was merely fortunate to have escaped the Golden Triangle incident with the help of Lady Luck.

Would Lady Luck continue to favor Sean if another problem arose? Or should she seek Simond's assistance in investigating what happened to Luna?

Simond exited the hospital and took out his phone. He received a message. 'Ms. Quinn reported those individuals yesterday and they were arrested. A murder was narrowly avoided, but fortunately, the local police were vigilant

After reading the message, a smile formed on his lips. Quite an intriguing turn of events."

Despite being armed, Abigail unexpectedly found the courage to report them. Furthermore, she was the only one who noticed their weapons.

'Continue to monitor Abigail and report her every move to me. By the way, help me book a train ticket for this afternoon. I'm returning to Capitalis tonight.

After sending the message, Simond's mood suddenly improved.

Abigail had undeniably saved him twice, which meant he needed to properly repay this favor.