

## Not One, But Two Chapter 16

Not One, But Two Chapter 16 You Could Be an Ax Murderer

Abigail had gone missing five years ago, and the Kains said that she had eloped with some rascal. Jonathan had been so incensed that he turned the whole city over just to look for her but to no avail. He didn't think that the first time he saw her picture in five years would be on a child's phone screen.

After freezing for a second, he snapped out of his daze and quickly committed the number to memory. At that exact moment, Alissa emerged from the restroom, and she pouted in disgust when she saw that he was holding her phone. "So you're the one who took my phone! What's wrong with you? You seem like a decent man, but you have some serious attitude problems."

Jonathan eyed her for a while. Indeed, he could see traces of Abigail in the little girl's features. He thought he had forgotten all about Abigail over the course of five years, but it was only now that he realized the opposite was true. In fact, the memory of her was burned into the back of his mind.

Who is this kid? Is she Abigail's daughter? Is Abigail married? These questions filled his head, and he couldn't help asking, "Is your mom's name Abigail Kain?"

"Yes. Do you know my mommy?" Alissa grew wary instantly.

"Your mom just called you."

"Huh?" The color drained from Alissa's face as she thought, Oh, no! Oh, crap! Mommy must have found out that I came all the way to Harrion. What should I do?

Meanwhile, in the room, Abigail had managed to loosen the necktie that bound her wrists together, and upon breaking free of her makeshift shackles, she reached for the phone that Greg had shoved into her pocket. Then, she wasted no time in calling Alissa.

When the other line did not pick up, she continued calling. That little brat must be so terrified of getting told off that she wouldn't answer the phone! However, I still have to know where she is! With that, she hung up the phone and texted Alissa, 'Allie, I don't care where you are right now, but at least send me your location so I can pick you up. We'll talk about this face-to-face, okay? I promise I won't punish you or tell you off, so let's be mature and have a talk about your father. How about it?'

She knew that Alissa had always craved for a father's affection. She had always avoided talking about this, having been unsure how she should approach the topic and explain the complexity of it to her children. In all frankness, she thought she didn't have

to explain anything to them at all; she was confident that she could provide a good enough life for them even in the absence of a fatherly figure. She thought it wouldn't be necessary to introduce another person into their lives just to fit into normal family dynamics.

However, she was starting to realize how constantly evading the topic had reaped dire consequences. Alissa had, in a fit of humiliation and indignation, decided to make her way to Harrion alone just so she could see her father.

The kids want to know their father more than I thought they would. Maybe it really is time I have a talk with Alissa.

On the other end of the phone, Alissa was still torn about telling her mother the truth when she saw Abigail's text come in. She froze for a minute before quickly letting out a sigh of relief as she patted her chest and muttered, "Oh, thank goodness. I guess I won't be sleeping in the trash can tonight."

She read the text and did as she was told, thereafter sending Abigail her location.

Abigail was stunned when she saw the location. The hospital? She's in the hospital right now? I could have brushed past her and I wouldn't even have known!

She let out an incredulous bark of laughter, but when she thought about the DNA test Greg had mentioned earlier, she faltered. No! I can't let Greg see the DNA test results no matter what! With that in mind, she quickly walked over to the French windows and glanced out the glass. When she saw that there were no security guards anywhere, she leaped over the balcony.

She was on the second floor, and given her agility, she knew she could break her fall easily without hurting herself.

She landed gracefully and let out a small sigh of relief, but just as she was about to walk away, she sensed a dangerous presence looming up behind her.

She looked back over her shoulder trepidatiously and nearly screamed. What kind of a sadist is Greg? Why would he have a mastiff in the backyard?!

The mastiff was staring at her maliciously, and her legs were shaking. The mastiff looked like it could pounce on her at any given moment, and she cursed Greg as well as his entire family a hundred times over in her head.

"Woo..." The mastiff began to let out a low howl when it saw that Abigail was not moving. Its front legs were slightly bent in a pouncing stance, and it looked ready to lunge. At the sight of this, she quickly reached into her pocket and grabbed the small bottle nestled in it. She opened it and deftly hurled it toward the mastiff.

“A-woo!” The powder in the bottle scattered all over the dog’s eyes, and the discomfort of it made the mastiff howl. Then, it blindly sped in Abigail’s direction.

She held her breath and ducked just as the mastiff pounced. She watched with wide eyes as the giant dog leaped over her head, narrowly missing her. Turning on her heels, she used the top of the dog’s cage as a launching pad and heaved herself onto the wall of the backyard before jumping down, swiftly making her escape while the mastiff was still blinded by the powder.

Damn it! She couldn’t remember the last time she had been caught in such a pathetic state. It irked her that she nearly died by the jaws of a mastiff. I’ll get you back for this, Greg. Mark my words.

She ran out to the curb and hailed a passing taxi, promptly making her way over to the hospital.

In the hospital, Alissa had sent out the text and noticed that Jonathan was still lingering around next to her. She was annoyed by this and demanded, “What are you still doing here?”

“I’ll wait for your parents to arrive before I leave. It’s dangerous for a kid to be alone.”

She scoffed at him in contempt. “For all I know, you could be an ax murderer.” She didn’t look impressed by his kind gesture, and instead walked over to the chair across the hallway before hoisting herself up. When she had settled into her seat, her little legs began to dangle over the side of the chair.

On the other hand, Jonathan was conflicted. He didn’t want to think that the kid was Abigail’s. Maybe she’s just a motherly figure to her, like a close aunt or something? Yes! That’s right! That must be the case. He felt convinced by this line of argument, for there was no strong resemblance between the little girl and Abigail. In fact, the little girl looked a little bit like his Uncle Greg.

The thought had only just crossed his mind when he suddenly paused in shock. Uncle Greg? He eyed the little girl more carefully this time and noticed that she indeed looked like Greg. What gives?

Exasperated, he quickly whipped out his phone and called up his men. He asked that they look into Greg to see if he had any illegitimate daughters.

Just as he was doing this, Troy barreled down the hallway toward their direction.

Alissa’s eyes lit up warily when she saw Troy coming her way. She remembered that he was one of Greg’s men, and if her mother was dropping by soon, she couldn’t risk getting taken away by him.

"I need to use the restroom," she declared. Then, she slid down from the chair before darting into the restroom to hide.

Jonathan was taken aback by her abrupt need to use the restroom, but he was soon distracted by Troy's arrival. "Mr. Adams, where are you going?" he asked.

Troy skidded to a stop, and when he saw that the person greeting him was Jonathan, he asked respectfully, "Young Master Jonathan, what are you doing here?"

"I'm here for a check-up. You look like you're in a rush, Mr. Adams. Where are you headed?"

"Huh? Me? I'm just here to run an errand. Pardon me, Young Master Jonathan. I'll be on my way now." Having said that, Troy began to walk away.

However, he was held back when Jonathan asked, "Mr. Adams, I heard that Grandma is here for a surgery today. May I know who is the doctor presiding over the operation? How is my grandmother doing now?"

Upon hearing this, Troy stopped in his tracks and explained, "Mr. Buckley has hired the best surgeon in the world, Abigail Kain, to oversee the procedure. The surgery went well, and the old madam is currently recuperating in her room."

Abigail Kain, the best surgeon in the world? Jonathan's eyes narrowed at this. "Does Abigail know Uncle Greg?"

He had sounded casual enough, but he certainly didn't think Troy would answer so quickly. "Yes, they've known each other for five years now."

Jonathan felt his heart drop to his stomach when he heard the words 'five years'. As he thought about the timeline and connected the dots, a grim look passed over his face.