

Not One, But Two Chapter 17

Not One, But Two Chapter 17 The Big Reveal

Jonathan remembered that it had been five years since he broke up with Abigail and the reason behind it. He also thought about the little girl who looked a lot like Greg, as well as how Abigail and Greg seemed to know each other. All these details were coming together like puzzle pieces in Jonathan's mind.

Could Uncle Greg be the person whom Abigail fooled around with five years ago? The presumption stabbed through Jonathan's heart like a dagger. No, that can't be. How could someone as esteemed as Uncle Greg ever get entangled with someone like Abigail? But what about the kid just now? What's going on here?

These thoughts rattled him, and he didn't even notice Troy leaving. By the time he snapped out of his daze, Troy was already nearing the end of the hallway.

As if pulled by some invisible force, Jonathan hurried to catch up to Troy. He saw the latter make his way into the laboratory, whereupon he sought out the pathologist. They exchanged a few words, and the pathologist nodded before personally escorting Troy out of the room.

At once, Jonathan knew that something was amiss here. Sure in his belief, he hastily ordered his men to look into this.

Meanwhile, Abigail called Alissa once more when she arrived at the hospital. Deciding that it was best to face the music, Alissa emerged from hiding and shuffled out to reunite with her mother.

It was only after she saw that Alissa was relatively unscathed that the knots in Abigail's stomach finally eased. "You brat! Were you trying to give me a heart attack?" She couldn't find the words to lecture her daughter, so she resorted to prodding Alissa's head with her finger instead.

Alissa stuck her tongue out guiltily before she wrapped her arms around Abigail as she said coquettishly, "I'm sorry for running away like that, Mommy. I won't do it again. Please don't be mad at me."

Jonathan bore witness to all this from where he stood not too far away. He took in Abigail's familiar silhouette and noted how she had grown more womanly in the past five years, and the flame in his lonely heart was rekindled once more. "Abigail, is that you?"

Abigail turned at the sound of the familiar voice, and she met with Jonathan's smoldering gaze. Seeing him again made her heart squeeze, but as she recalled how

he had refused to believe her five years ago, she regained her composure. Instantly, her mind cleared like a bucket of ice water had been poured over her.

“Hey there, long time no see,” she greeted with a smile, maintaining an elegant but cold and distant front.

Jonathan was wounded by her standoffish demeanor. “I heard that you’re the best surgeon in the world now, Abigail.”

“Well, that’s what everyone is saying. Now, if you’ll excuse me, Young Master Jonathan, I’ll be taking my leave now. I need to bring my daughter home.”

She had no interest in having a conversation with him. He had been all too ready to abandon his trust in her, and it took but a single lie on Emma’s part to crack the friendship they had forged since childhood. Indeed, she had nothing to say to him at all.

Jonathan, on the other hand, froze at her words. He could make a fair guess about her relationship with Alissa, but the truth hit him much harder now that he had heard her say it directly. “Your daughter? Are you married?”

Abigail smiled at him, but it did not reach her eyes. “That doesn’t concern you anymore, does it?”

At that moment, he realized that she truly did not hold even a shred of sentiment for him. She used to regard him with such passion and love, but now, her gaze was cold and empty. This made his gut twist.

Perhaps such was the fatal flaw of men; they only wanted what they couldn’t get.

He watched as Abigail walked toward the laboratory with Alissa’s hand clasped in hers, and he followed them.

Alissa noticed this and asked in hushed tones, “Mommy, was the man from earlier a friend of yours? I think he’s following us.”

“Just ignore him and keep walking.”

Abigail went into the laboratory and found the pathologist. She then asked, “I’d just like to know if Mr. Buckley has recently sent over a DNA test report or something like that?”

The doctor was quick to deny this. “No, he did not.”

Upon seeing this, Abigail did not pursue the matter any further and merely nodded. Then, she took Alissa’s hand and began to make her way to the hospital director’s office.

If she couldn't get an answer from the chemist, perhaps the hospital director could. The director still owes me a favor anyway, she thought as she headed down the hallway to the director's office.

Jonathan had heard everything Abigail said, and he was in utter shock. So it was about a DNA test. If that little girl really is Uncle Greg's kid, then I won't stand a chance with Abigail. At the thought of this, a dark gleam flashed in his eyes.

Presently, Abigail marched into the hospital director's office and told him of her intentions without any ambiguous words. Having heard her case, the hospital director found himself caught between a rock and a hard place. But seeing as he did not want to risk offending her, he brought her over to the laboratory, only to find that the empty vicinity was now surrounded by four or five burly men—bodyguards hired by none other than Greg himself.

As things were, the hospital director was left with no choice but to back away from the laboratory, and Abigail couldn't force him to go through with the favor as well, though her face was grim. Looks like Greg will get his hands on the test results no matter what now.

It would be a challenge to leave this place with Alissa after Greg got the test results, and Abigail thought it wise to flee now. As such, she bid the hospital director goodbye and brought Alissa out of the hospital while saying, "Allie, let's head back for now; Aria's asthma seems to be acting up again. Can we talk about your father after we get home?"

Alissa visibly panicked when she heard about Arianna's possible asthma attack. "Okay, let's go home for now. I'm not in a rush to find out more about Daddy anyway."

Abigail was relieved to hear this. Following the hospital trip, the mother-and-daughter duo hurried to buy their air tickets online and hailed a taxi to take them to the airport.

While this was happening, Abigail's escape from the house and her subsequent act of hurting the mastiff in the backyard had been made known to Greg, who turned somber at the news.

Just then, he got word that Abigail and Alissa were now in a taxi bound for the airport.

Running away, are we? The corners of Greg's lips tipped up in a smirk as he drawled casually, "Put out word that the best surgeon in the world, Abigail Kain, has stolen something of mine and that I would unconditionally grant anyone a single request if they could provide me a lead."

As soon as he said this, his subordinates' eyes twitched in disbelief.

Greg was a legendary figure in Harrion, so much so that an offer like this would have countless people bending over backward just to please him and be at his service. For a moment, they were starting to feel sorry for Abigail.

Over on Abigail's end, she had been so worried that Greg would send his men after them that she didn't fully relax until she saw the airport building.

She and Alissa swiftly and successfully made their way into the boarding hall, but just as they were about to get on the flight, the latter caught sight of the bulletin that popped up on the large screen, citing Abigail as a wanted person. With wide eyes, she tugged on her mother's sleeve as she muttered incredulously, "Mommy, look!"

When Abigail did just that and saw the message on the screen, her blood ran cold. Damn it! Greg ought to be shredded alive! "Hurry up and get on the plane!" she gasped, grabbing Alissa's wrist and pulling her in the direction of the idling aircraft. She knew she would have nothing to worry about if she could get on the flight.

However, just as she was about to step into the aircraft, the ground staff stopped them and said, "I'm sorry, Miss Kain, but I'm afraid I can't let you get on the flight."

"On what grounds?" Abigail snapped, her blood boiling.

A few men came up behind her, and the one leading them was none other than Troy, the devil's personal assistant. He held out a phone toward Abigail, and Greg's cold and somber voice spoke on the other line. "If you know what's good for you, Abigail, then you'd better stay put. I'll be right over, and you're dead if you try to run!"

She felt her breath hitch as she tossed the phone aside like it was something repulsive. At this rate, she was better off not contemplating escape.

When Greg hung up the call, he said a few words to the personal caretaker and left his mother's hospital room. He was about to step outside the hospital building when he heard someone calling out to him, "Wait a moment, Mr. Buckley! I have what you want!"

The person hurrying down the corridor was the pathologist from the laboratory, and in his hand was a copy of the DNA test results which he promptly handed over to Greg.

It was now time for the big reveal.

Greg was a little overwhelmed as he slowly unfolded the test results, but when he glanced at statistics, his face darkened. How could this be?