

## Not One, But Two Chapter 21

### Not One, But Two Chapter 21 Greg's Offensiveness

When Abigail's eyes lit up, Greg noticed her subtle reaction and confirmed that his suspicions were right. Thus, he chuckled coldly and said, "You'd better hope I don't find anything, or else..."

"I'm not going to waste my breath talking to you." Abigail turned around and made her way toward Alissa's room.

The moment she entered the room, she was slightly stunned—it seemed like it was Greg's room. The interior of the space had a simplistic black and white theme to it, and Alissa could be seen curled up in the large, white bed as she slept adorably.

Abigail walked closer and removed the blanket that was covering her face. Upon sensing the child's steady breathing in her sleep, Abigail smiled and felt surprised about the fact that Greg was so certain that Alissa was his daughter. At the thought of that, she wasn't sure if she should be happy or sad about the matter.

All of a sudden, Alissa grasped Abigail's arm in her sleep while she mumbled, "Daddy! I have a daddy, so stop laughing at me!"

Upon hearing her daughter's words, Abigail couldn't help but feel a stab of pain in her heart. As she looked at the smile on Alissa's face, she felt a pang of guilt surging through her.

Over the years, she always made sure to give her daughters the best life and education they deserved. She did everything she possibly could to make that happen, but even so, she failed to fill the emptiness within her children's hearts.

Is it really that important for them to experience fatherly love?

When Abigail was younger, Philip had married Sasha and took her home along with Emma. However, her life took a turn for the worse when Philip chose to stand by and do nothing to stand up for her every time Sasha wronged her. Instead, Abigail was the one who always received the scolding and lecturing.

As time went by, she started to think that her father would never protect her at all. Thus, she naturally thought that a father figure wouldn't make a difference in changing her children's life for the better until she witnessed the desire on Alissa's face. As her daughter's expression made her tears well up in her eyes, she stood up and walked toward the window.

In front of Abigail was the bird's eye view of the entire city of Harrion, yet she was worried about her younger daughter, Arianna. As she wondered how her daughter was doing, Abigail reached for her phone and video called her daughter. As soon as the call connected, Arianna was seen lying in bed in a sickly manner.

"Mommy, when are you coming back with Alissa?" Arianna appeared to be wearing her pajamas with cartoons on them as she rubbed her nose non-stop.

"I don't think I'll be back anytime soon. Something has come up with my latest surgery, and I need to get it fixed, my dear. How do you feel now, Arianna?" Abigail asked in a concerned manner.

"Much better."

"I thought we stored some medicine for you in case of an emergency, right? How did the asthma attack happen?" Abigail couldn't figure out the reason behind Arianna's latest attack. After all, Arianna's congenital asthma was the biggest reason that motivated Abigail to venture into the medical world.

Arianna shook her head. "I don't know. I remember putting it in front of the computer, but it was gone after that. Perhaps I misplaced it or something."

"Who touched your computer?"

"No one, but I think Alissa used the computer to browse the internet earlier."

Upon hearing Arianna's story, Abigail began to understand what had happened. Judging from Alissa's bluff manner, it didn't come as a surprise to Abigail that her elder daughter might have carelessly knocked the medicine over from the computer while she was using it, which was likely the reason why Arianna couldn't find her medicine.

"Please keep it with you wherever you go from now on. Okay?"

"Okay, I heard you," answered Arianna obediently.

"Take good care of yourself, and give me a call if there is anything. Meanwhile, I'll arrange for someone to deliver you your meals." Abigail couldn't stop worrying about her younger daughter.

However, Arianna shook her head and said, "Don't worry about me, Mom. Papa said he'll take me to his place where I can stay for two days while we wait for you to come and pick me up."

Abigail froze when she heard that. "Your Papa is back?"

"Yeah, Papa is back." While Arianna happily answered her mother's question, Abigail appeared a little avoidant in response to that question.

“Well, I guess it’s better for you to be with Papa. I won’t be as worried then,” Abigail subconsciously replied.

Soon, Arianna heard the sound of a car’s engine and happily asked, “Papa is back, Mommy. Do you want to talk to him?”

“No, dear. I’m a little busy right here, but I want you to behave yourself when you get to your Papa’s place, okay?”

“Alright, Mommy. Bye.” Arianna quickly ended the video call.

At the thought of Hugh, Abigail couldn’t help but feel goosebumps running all over her body. Deep down, she reckoned it was wise for her to distance herself from him, but she could trust him to treat her daughters well nonetheless. As soon as Abigail hung up the call and turned around, she saw Greg standing at the door and was frightened by the sight of the man. “Oh, gosh! Are you a ghost or something? I didn’t hear your footsteps at all. Besides, why didn’t you knock before you entered the room? I didn’t know you had a habit of listening in on people’s conversations!”

Greg’s eyes were rather cold, and he asked the lady, “This is my room, so why do I have to knock before coming in?”

Abigail was rendered speechless, and she did not know what to say in response. “What did you hear?” Her heart was pounding rapidly. After all, she didn’t want Greg to learn about Arianna’s existence because Alissa had already been exposed to him. Otherwise, she would have to cry and beg for both her daughters’ attention.

Nonetheless, Greg acted as if he didn’t hear Abigail and went straight to Alissa’s bed to sit there. With his eyes focused on the girl’s adorable appearance as she slept, his expression appeared to be much gentler.

“Hey, I’m talking to you.” Abigail experienced the man’s silent treatment once again.

Greg knitted his eyebrows and said in a hushed tone, “My daughter is sleeping. Can’t you see that? If you want to talk with your ‘sugar daddy’ over the phone, do it outside. I don’t want you to set a bad example for my daughter right here.” The man nearly succumbed to his anger. Papa?! I can’t believe she has a sugar daddy! While sugar daddies were nothing strange in modern society, he didn’t think Abigail would pursue a life of comfort and wealth at the cost of her pride and decency, but he knew it wasn’t easy for her to raise her two daughters alone. As his mind was filled with images of Abigail having an intimate moment with an older man, Greg’s anger and disgust immediately surged through him.

Meanwhile, Abigail was stunned when she heard his words. Wait, what? A sugar daddy? Ugh! Greg must have missed the earlier part of the conversation. She then heaved a sigh of relief and said, “It’s not what you think it is.”

“You don’t have to explain it to me, Abigail. I wouldn’t have given a damn about how you lived your life if this happened back then, but now that I’m aware of my daughter’s existence, I don’t want her to hang around with a promiscuous mother like you. From now on, I’m going to take back my daughter’s custody,” Greg responded in a serious manner.

“I gave birth to my daughter, Greg! You want the custody back? Sure, tell that to yourself in your dreams!” Abigail was exasperated.

“Try me then.” Greg finished his sentence and looked away as he spoke in a deep voice. “Get out of my room! I don’t want you to dirty my place.”

“You!” Abigail was angered by Greg’s statement, wondering what the man meant behind those offensive words. Is he saying that I’m an escort or something? Now, he’s even forbidding me to show up in front of my own child?! Is he out of his mind or something?! She then walked closer to Alissa with the intention of carrying her away, but before her hand could reach the girl, Greg deflected it with his palm. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“I’m taking my daughter out of here.”

“You can leave, but my daughter stays! Besides, don’t you dare touch her—I don’t want her to inherit any of your disgusting illnesses.”

As Greg became more verbally abusive, Abigail raised her hand and swung it across the man’s face, only to have her wrist caught by the man mid-air. “Do you think you can just slap me in the face all you want?” The moment he flexed his wrist, Abigail was sent flying onto the ground right beside the bed frame.

“Greg, who are you to stop me from touching my daughter?! I’m her mother!”

Abigail’s blood was boiling, but when she turned around, she saw Greg wiping his hand with a piece of tissue paper with a disgusted look on his face.

Just when she was about to explain what the misunderstanding was about, she immediately swallowed the words that were forming at the tip of her mouth because she knew she would have to mention Arianna. Considering Greg’s domineering character, she was certain that he would take Arianna away from her as well.

At the thought of that, Abigail quickly took a deep breath and suppressed her anger, thinking that she should be less concerned about his opinions. What he thinks about me is his own problem. In fact, I think it’s probably better for us if he keeps thinking that way. There is no better excuse to stay away from this man than this one, after all. Despite the thought of that, Abigail still couldn’t help but feel sad and disappointed as she walked out of the room with a heavy heart. Fine, I’ll grant his wish then. I don’t want to stay here and see his face either.

Watching as Abigail walked away, Greg's eyes turned cold and indifferent. How could this lady just abandon her daughter and leave like that? Is she really Alissa's mother? Greg could barely hide his anger when he recalled Abigail mentioning her sugar daddy on the phone. However, what irked him more was that Abigail did as he said and walked out on him and Alissa like that. Are you seriously a mother, Abigail?

Greg got up from the bed huffily and made his way to the bedroom's door, and he caught sight of Abigail talking to his butler. "Hi, is there a guest room in this house?"

Was she not planning to leave?

Upon seeing that, Greg lightened up considerably. He felt glad that Abigail still had some sense in her. Hmph!

When he turned around and looked back, he realized that Alissa had already woken up.

At that moment, Alissa rubbed her eyes and slowly made out Greg's face with her sleepy eyes. The moment she managed to identify Greg's looks, her eyes lit up with thrill and excitement like the stars in the sky even before she figured out where she was. "Daddy!" She then sat upright, ready to spring off the bed while giving Greg a frightening scare.

"Slow down, girl!" Greg quickly approached the girl, but due to his height, he had to crouch down to catch her. In the meantime, Alissa had no idea that her action just gave Greg a heart attack. Instead, she praised her father happily with a bright smile.

"You're awesome, Daddy! You managed to catch me!"

Seeing the girl's smiling face, Greg swallowed his lecture while rubbing Alissa's head. "I can do many other things too besides catching you. You'll find out in no time."

"Is that so?" Alissa appeared skeptical.

Greg refused to show weakness to his daughter, so he nodded in response. "Of course."

"In that case, are you able to fight?"

Greg was stunned, wondering what kind of question Alissa had just asked. Did she just ask if I could fight? When he noticed the excitement that filled his daughter's eyes, Greg suddenly had a bad feeling about what was going to happen.

"You like to fight, don't you?"

"Not really, I just like to be active."

Upon hearing Alissa's words, Greg curled his lips upward while questioning Abigail's parenting method deep down. How did you raise your daughter, Abigail? At the thought of the lady, his eyes darkened as he was somehow reminded of the sugar daddy she had been talking about.

## Not One, But Two Chapter 22

Not One, But Two Chapter 22 Who Are You to Me?

"What's wrong with you, Daddy?"

Alissa sensed that Greg's aura was not right, and she couldn't help but ask in a soft voice.

Noticing that he had just startled the child a little, Greg quickly comforted her by saying softly, "It's nothing. I suddenly remembered your mommy mentioning her godfather, and I just want to get to know him."

"Godfather? Mommy doesn't have one!"

Alissa's big eyes blinked as she looked at him in a very puzzled manner.

"Are you sure about that?"

"Of course, if Mommy has a godfather, I would know." Alissa nodded very solemnly.

Upon hearing that, Greg's miserable heart suddenly relaxed a little.

"I just heard her calling someone and addressing the other person that way. Are you sure it's a mistake?" he asked Alissa cautiously.

Alissa was startled for a moment, but she soon waved her hand and said, "Uh, you're probably talking about my godfather. Every time Mommy goes abroad for business, she will call him and ask him to pass on some messages as long as he's around."

When Greg heard this, he felt relieved. It's actually the child's godfather.

However, before he could relax completely, he remembered something all of a sudden.

"Is your godfather handsome?"

"Yes! Not only is he handsome, he's very good at fighting as well. With Papa around, no one dares to bully Mommy," Alissa said very proudly.

Greg suddenly felt that his heart was being constricted by something again. In fact, Alissa's pleased look made him even more upset.

This is my daughter, okay?

That hateful woman actually got his daughter to acknowledge someone else as her papa, and she even allowed the man to take his place over the years. Who gave her the courage to do that?

The more Greg thought about it, the angrier he became. He suddenly stood up and said to Alissa, "You should rest for a while. I'll look for your mommy and speak to her."

"What are you going to talk about?" Alissa was a little curious.

"It's just something between adults. Be good, okay? I will show you the gym in a while, and I think you'll like it."

When she heard Greg say this, Alissa suddenly grinned.

"In that case, I'll wait for you."

"Okay!"

Greg and Alissa made a pinky promise before the man left the room. However, the corners of his lips turned down as soon as he stepped out.

I'm going to have a good talk with that woman!

After Abigail asked the servant, she found a guest room to temporarily stay in, but she kept thinking about the paternity test report in Greg's hands.

Whether the children belonged to Greg or not was up to her. Even if she didn't want Greg to acknowledge the children, she didn't need someone else to meddle with the report.

As she thought about it, she opened the door and walked out.

'Alissa, I have something to do. You stay here for a while, and I'll come back for you.' Abigail sent a message to Alissa before walking out.

Meanwhile, Greg had originally planned to come after Abigail and talk things out, but when he suddenly saw her leaving in a hurry, he told the housekeeper to take good care of Alissa before following after the woman.

Since Abigail had just returned to the country, she didn't have a car yet. As such, she hailed a taxi.

“Please go to City Hospital,” Abigail said lightly.

The taxi driver promptly drove away, whereas Greg drove his car and followed them unhurriedly.

Before this, he would never do such a thing, but now, he told himself that everything was for his daughter’s sake.

The car stopped at the entrance of City Hospital, and Abigail walked in quickly while Greg followed suit.

Abigail walked toward the laboratory department, but before she reached the door, she met Jonathan in the corridor.

“Abigail, I knew I would definitely find you here.” Jonathan blocked Abigail’s way in a timely manner.

As she frowned slightly, Abigail took a step back subconsciously to distance herself from him. Then, she asked in an aloof manner, “Is there something you need, Young Master Jonathan?”

Jonathan’s heart ached slightly. “Abigail, you never called me that in the past.”

“Well, you know that that was in the past. Young Master Jonathan, I don’t wish to mention things that have passed. It just so happened that I came here today to look for you. Now that we’ve met, let’s talk.”

Abigail was completely open when talking to him, and her eyes no longer held any love for him. In fact, she was calm like she was meeting a stranger. Jonathan was not used to this feeling, but when he heard that Abigail wanted to talk to him, he immediately became happy.

“Okay. There’s a cafe next door, so why don’t we go and sit there?”

Abigail frowned slightly at the suggestion, but she nodded nonetheless. Since it concerned her daughter’s affairs, the hospital was not a good place to talk as it was crowded with people.

When he saw Abigail agreeing to it, Jonathan immediately wanted to hold her hand, but she avoided him.

“I can go by myself, Young Master Jonathan.” After she finished speaking, she walked past him.

And so, Jonathan’s hand was empty just like his heart. Looking at Abigail, who was now very successful, he suddenly felt regretful as he thought of her youthful past.



Why didn't he calm down and listen to Abigail's explanation five years ago? However, it was too late to say anything more now.

He could sense Abigail's indifference and estrangement, but he still wanted to try again. With this thought in mind, he followed Abigail out of the hospital.

When Greg saw the two of them leaving the hospital one after the other, the way Jonathan looked at Abigail made him a little unhappy.

"Troy, find out what is the relationship between Abigail and Jonathan for me," Greg called Troy.

Troy was startled for a moment before he whispered, "Mr. Buckley, according to the information I gave you, Young Master Jonathan and Dr. Kain were lovers five years ago. However, the Fraser Family did not acknowledge this later. Right now, Young Master Jonathan should be in love with Emma Kain."

Greg's eyes narrowed slightly. "They were a couple? Why didn't I come across this part?"

Troy did not dare to answer.

At that time, Greg probably was busy checking Abigail's situation in Marona for the past five years, so he naturally gave a cursory glance at the other parts. At that moment, Troy was still wondering why Greg felt nothing when he saw this part. Was it because he didn't look carefully into her relationships at all?

However, he was wise not to speak.

After Greg hung up the phone, his eyes were a little dim.

The couple from five years ago had met each other again. Were they about to reignite their relationship? Or had they been in love all this time?

Greg subconsciously got out of the car and went directly into the cafe next door.

Meanwhile, Abigail was regretting her decision after she entered the cafe—it was a place obviously for those young people who were in love. The lighting and decorations here were particularly romantic, and it made her feel somewhat uncomfortable.

Jonathan said happily, "Let's go to the private room over there."

"We can just sit in one of the booths."

Abigail casually found a booth and took a seat.

Seeing her acting like this, Jonathan didn't force it. In fact, he was happy as long as she gave him the time of day. He sat down opposite Abigail, failing to notice that Greg was already sitting beside them.

Then, Jonathan asked very attentively, "Do you still like Blue Mountain Coffee? Half a spoon of sugar, right?"

"I like bitter coffee now—no sugar or cream."

Jonathan was slightly taken aback by Abigail's words. "Is it because of me? I didn't listen to your explanation five years ago, and it broke your heart. It's my fault, but you also need to understand me, Abigail. I have loved you for so many years, and I went abroad to customize our wedding rings. However, when I came back and saw that you didn't come home at night and even had traces of some other man on your body, I couldn't accept it at all."

As he spoke, he was going to hold Abigail's hand. However, the woman withdrew her hand faster than him before she leaned back slightly against her chair.

At the same time, the corners of her lips rose slightly with a hint of sarcasm.

"Is that so? After you calmed down, did you go to the Kain Residence to look for me? Do you know what I went through there?"

Jonathan paused for a while before he said a little uncomfortably, "I went to find you, but Emma said that you went abroad to study, so..."

"Ha..."

Abigail told herself that since this person didn't believe in her back then, she shouldn't have expected anything from him. Yet, when she heard Jonathan's words, she was still a little distressed.

It turned out that she had been so blind to love him five years ago.

"Okay, Young Master Jonathan, let's not talk about the past. I'm here today to ask you something."

Abigail changed the subject in a timely manner. If it weren't for the sake of her daughter, she wouldn't have sat with him at all.

"What's the matter? Just ask me. As long as you're the one asking, I know everything and will tell you everything."

Right now, Jonathan desperately wished that Abigail would beg him for something that he knew. Abigail looked at him and asked coldly, "Did you meddle with my daughter and Greg Buckley's DNA test results?"

As soon as these words came out, Jonathan was not the only one who was stunned. In fact, the man sitting beside them was shocked as well.

Jonathan was the one who meddled with it?

Jonathan paused before turning his head away. "I don't know what you're talking about. Does your daughter have anything to do with my uncle?"

"Who? Who is your uncle?"

Abigail felt as if she had been struck by lightning suddenly.

Upon seeing her like this, Jonathan couldn't help but ask, "Don't you know that Greg Buckley is my uncle? My mother and Uncle Greg are biological siblings. He's my mother's younger brother. My uncle's mother is my grandmother, and you did the surgery on her not too long ago."

"F\*ck!"

Abigail uttered a foul word at once. If she had known that she would encounter these people when she came back for this surgery, she wouldn't have come back even if they threatened her with death.

When Jonathan suddenly heard Abigail's foul language, he was stunned.

"Abigail, why are you speaking in such a foul manner? You used to—"

"What? Can't I? Who are you to me?"

Abigail had a very bad temper at this very moment. She had been abandoned by Jonathan five years ago, and was now involved with his uncle five years later. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

What the hell?!

She got up abruptly as she thought about it. She was going to turn around and leave, but Jonathan grabbed her by the wrist.

"Abigail, did I say something wrong? Don't go! I really don't know anything about the report, but I can check it for you."

“There’s no need for that. I can check it myself. I believe the hospital has surveillance cameras. Jonathan, it better not be you. Keep in mind that our relationship ended five years ago, and now you should do the right thing by letting go of my hand!”

Abigail’s voice was not loud, but it was very cold, and those beautiful eyes were even icier now.

Jonathan was a little unwilling, so he said mulishly, “I won’t let you go. It was my fault back then, and I will never let you go this time!”

“Let go of her!”

As soon as Jonathan’s voice fell, Greg’s dull voice suddenly came from the seat next door, and both Abigail and Jonathan were shocked.

## **Not One, But Two Chapter 23**

Not One, But Two Chapter 23 She’s Not Someone You Should Concern Yourself With

“Uncle Greg?”

Jonathan looked at the figure who was standing at the table next to them, utterly surprised. He was shocked, but he didn’t let go of Abigail’s wrist. Meanwhile, Abigail was also slightly taken aback at the beginning. Isn’t this man accompanying Alissa at home? How did he appear here?

She suddenly thought of something, and her eyes darkened a little.

“Did you follow me here?”

“Is this your home? Why can you be here, but I can’t? You guys are the ones who sat next to me, so how dare you blame me?” Greg was particularly upset when he saw Abigail’s angry look.

I followed her? How would that be possible?!

Even if he did so, he would never admit it.

Upon seeing Greg’s stubborn appearance, Abigail really wanted to beat him up.

“Greg, you are so shameless!”

“I think you’re enjoying it, though. Am I wrong? He’s holding onto you very comfortably, and are you reluctant to let go? However, I want to remind you that Jonathan is now

Emma's man, and she's your sister. If you are intimate with him in public like this, aren't you afraid of being seen by others?"

Greg sneered coldly, but the fire in his eyes was burning into Jonathan's hand.

Jonathan quickly let go of Abigail's hand before he said with perplexity, "Uncle Greg, my relationship with Emma isn't what you think it is."

"Oh? What is it then? I heard from your mother that you guys are about to be engaged. What, now? Did your mother lie to me?"

If this were a normal situation, Greg could not be bothered to care about these things. However, he felt very uncomfortable that Jonathan and Abigail were standing together for some reason, especially when Jonathan was holding Abigail's wrist. At that moment, he wanted to break the guy's hand.

Jonathan's expression suddenly became embarrassed.

Abigail sneered slightly and said to Jonathan, "Congratulations, Young Master Jonathan. I wish you a happy, lasting marriage that will bless you with many children."

After speaking, Abigail turned around and left.

"Abigail!"

"Do you want me to call Emma?"

Seeing that Jonathan was going to chase after Abigail, Greg opened his mouth slowly and threatened Jonathan. Meanwhile, the latter glanced at him. Although Greg was only two years older than him, he was afraid of his uncle.

"Uncle Greg, Abigail and I—"

"She's already said it. The past is the past, so you'd better forget it."

After speaking, Greg left and followed Abigail promptly.

"Don't follow me!" Abigail felt very uneasy. In fact, she felt even worse when Jonathan held her wrist, for it seemed like there were many small bugs crawling all over her hand.

She knew that it was her own psychological fear. After five years of practicing medicine and surgery, she had become a bit of a clean freak. She didn't like being touched by strangers, especially those related to Emma.

Based on Emma's character, wouldn't she have had sex with Jonathan over the past five years since they were together? The thought of Emma on Jonathan's body made Abigail feel sick, and she even felt like vomiting.

Thus, she walked toward the hospital quickly, her footsteps getting faster and faster.

Greg felt that Abigail was a little bizarre. Although she was a little cold toward Jonathan just now, she didn't avoid him like what she was doing right now, right? Did this woman not like seeing him so much?

This thought made Greg's eyes darken suddenly. Before he could say anything, he saw Abigail sneak into a surgery room. Then, she grabbed the disinfectant to clean the part of her wrist where Jonathan had held onto earlier.

Greg's anger suddenly disappeared because of this action, and he was even a little relieved.

This woman is quite discerning.

Abigail cleaned her wrist three times before she felt better. When she suddenly raised her head, she saw Greg leaning against the door of the surgery room while looking at her with his arms wrapped around his chest. He had a smile on his face, and it made him look particularly annoying.

"Are you in need of something?"

"Yes, I am."

Greg nodded and decided not to be bothered about this woman's arrogance for the time being.

"If you have something to say, say it. If you have nothing to say, get out."

Abigail was in a very bad mood now, especially after knowing the relationship between Greg and Jonathan. Now, this man was still hanging around in front of her. He's so infuriating!

Greg's calmed mood was all riled up again.

"If you dare to say that again—"

"So what?"

Abigail held her neck high. She looked stubborn, and it made Greg's adrenaline rush upward. He suddenly lowered his head, grabbed the back of Abigail's head, and kissed her directly.

“Uh...”

Abigail was stunned for a moment, and she subconsciously started looking for her scalpel. However, Greg seemed to understand her thoughts and pinned her hands behind her back with one hand.

As she struggled, Abigail tried to shove him away with her body, but Greg was too cunning and stepped back together with her while avoiding her shove. He thought there was a wall behind him, but in fact, it was the door to the surgery room. The door swung open with a bang, and Greg was about to fall to the ground. He turned around and pushed Abigail against the wall of the corridor, but his mouth never let go of hers.

Abigail felt that the air in her chest had been sucked away by this hateful man. She wanted to breathe, but it gave Greg more opportunities to invade her mouth then. She didn't realize anything until a whistle sounded around her. She struggled violently, but in the end, she had no choice but to open her mouth and bite down on Greg.

“Ow—”

Greg didn't react in time and was immediately attacked. The pain caused him to let go of Abigail quickly.

“Are you a dog?”

“Are you a piece of sh\*t?” Abigail retorted angrily, but because of the fierce battle just now, her body was a little weak, and her cheeks were red.

Greg's face darkened upon hearing her words. How uncouth!

Jonathan, who had come from behind, witnessed this entire scene with his own eyes, and he was in utter shock.

“Abigail, you and my uncle are really...”

Abigail paused all of a sudden, and when she turned around, she saw Jonathan's expression that looked like he had been cheated upon. She couldn't help but feel a little amused, and she didn't even have the urge to explain to him anymore.

He had nothing to do with whom she wanted to be with.

Thus, she just glanced at him nonchalantly before she turned around and left.

Greg was very satisfied with her attitude. He glanced at Jonathan coldly and said lightly, “She's not someone you should concern yourself with, you know?”

“Why? Do you like her?” Jonathan mustered up the courage to refute.

At that, Greg frowned slightly.

Do I like her? How could it be? I'm not a masochist. I'm doing it all for my daughter, okay?

Greg explained it to himself like this before he spoke to Jonathan. "I don't need you to worry about whether I like her or not. As long as I want to concern myself about her, I can't tolerate others around her. You'd better remember this."

After that, he followed Abigail to the surveillance room.

When Abigail saw Greg following her, she did not hide her intentions either. She wanted to check the hospital's surveillance, but the security guard was a little hesitant. When she saw Greg coming in, Abigail quickly got up.

"Mr. Buckley."

"Bring up the surveillance videos of the laboratory," Greg said lightly.

Hence, the security guard immediately complied. Abigail was a little annoyed, but she had to admit that Greg was the boss here. She subconsciously gave way to the side, whereas Greg leaned over at once.

The distance between the two suddenly became smaller, and Greg's familiar smell rushed into Abigail's nose. She remembered the scene just now, and only after realizing that she had been taken advantage of by Greg, she glanced at him while he watched the surveillance footage seriously. On the other hand, she clenched her fists silently.

"Zoom in here." Greg spoke suddenly.

Abigail looked over and saw that Jonathan had entered the laboratory at the top of the video. He said something to the doctor before replacing Greg's sample with his other hand. His movements were fast, and Greg had to slow down eight times to see clearly. When he saw that, his eyes narrowed suddenly.

Although she had guessed it for a long time, she was still very angry when she saw this scene.

What is Jonathan doing?

Meanwhile, Greg's eyes flashed with anger before he called the Fraser Family at once.

"Victoria, the batch of goods that your family recently imported can't come through."

"Why is that so?"



Victoria was stunned.

“It’s because I’m upset. Victoria, if you want to know the reason, why don’t you ask your son?”

After speaking, Greg hung up the phone and gave Troy an order. “Detain the Fraser Family’s batch of goods at the customs for me, and no one is allowed to release it without my permission.”

Troy was stunned. “But Mr. Buckley, the Fraser Family’s goods are fruit.”

“Do you not understand my instructions?”

Troy’s heart trembled suddenly when he realized that Greg was very angry.

“Very well.” He hurriedly hung up the phone.

When Greg turned his head again, Abigail was gone. He didn’t search for her, for she wouldn’t run away if Alissa was here. Hence, he turned around and went to the ward to visit his mother, but he didn’t expect Abigail to be there.

At this time, she was wearing a sterile outfit and was carefully examining Valerie’s body. Greg felt that her serious expression was pleasing to the eye.

Although Valerie was still not awake, her situation was much more stable.

“Observe her breathing more. If it is stable, she can be transferred out of the intensive care unit before 8.00AM tomorrow. If the patient wakes up during this period, don’t give her water; just wet her lips with a cotton swab. Care will be normal for other areas.” After Abigail finished checking on the patient, she gave the nurse some orders.

The nurse nodded, and Abigail walked out of the ICU. She saw Greg, but she ignored him and walked directly past him.

“How is my mother?” Greg asked quickly.

“She’s fine, and she should wake up before 8.00AM tomorrow. Please credit my account for the cost of this surgery. Thank you.”

After Abigail finished speaking, she hung up the sterile outfit and walked out.

Greg smiled slightly at her. Instead of chasing Abigail, he looked at Valerie instead. The old lady’s condition was indeed much better than before.

He stayed for a while before getting up and leaving. When he came to the underground parking lot, his brows suddenly furrowed.

All four tires of the car were deflated, and the car's body was sprayed with bright red writing that read, 'I'm hungry and need to be comforted.'

These large words hurt Greg's eyes, and he felt his anger surging again.

Who? Who has the audacity to touch my car?

## **Not One, But Two Chapter 24**

Not One, But Two Chapter 24 Call the Police

She trashed my car and trash talked me? D\*mn her! Greg ordered his men to extract the security footage. He watched as Abigail punctured his car tires and hurled abuse at him. He was livid. How dare she?

As if knowing Greg would watch her, Abigail raised two middle fingers at the security camera after she sabotaged his car. He noticed that she was saying something, but the footage was silent, so he couldn't hear anything. He asked his men to zoom in to read her lips. After a long while later, he finally realized what she was saying. She said, "Here's the prescription to your harassment tendency. You're welcome. But d\*mn, I have to get a rabies vaccine injection later."

Greg laughed mirthlessly. She called me a piece of sh\*t last time, and now she's calling me a rabid dog? How dare she? He stormed off and got a ride home. If I don't teach her a lesson, she's going to get even worse.

Abigail wouldn't return to Allie's Garden, of course. She was no idiot, and evading Greg for the time being was the most important thing she had to do. She texted Alissa, 'I need you to get out of Allie's Garden by eight in the morning tomorrow. I'll take you home.' Abigail knew what she had to do. Once Valerie woke up and was confirmed to be in good health, her mission would come to an end. She would take Alissa with her without any worries left. Who cares what Greg has to say? Alissa's my kid. Nobody can take her away from me.

Alissa frowned when she got the message. Mommy's going back? But I still want to stay with Daddy. 'Can't we stay for a bit longer, Mommy?'

'No.' Abigail refused immediately.

'Okay.' Alissa texted back, feeling crestfallen.

Abigail kept her phone. When she looked around, she realized that she was in the shopping district. She used to love this place, but she only window-shopped every time. She couldn't afford anything here, since Sasha controlled all the finances. Every time a

new season was in, she'd come with Emma to buy her clothes, but Abigail herself had no such privilege. All she could do was window shop. It was a bad memory, and Abigail sneered. It's in the past now.

She went into the mall that was standing beside her.

Alissa's a hyperactive kid. She's not ladylike at all, and she loves gender neutral clothes. Bought most of her clothes online too, and even Arianna's starting to get influenced. Abigail wanted to get Arianna a few dresses, while Alissa would get two pairs of boxing gloves.

She walked around, but a while later, a familiar voice sounded. "I want your latest clothes."

Abigail frowned. Emma? That's the last person I want to bump into. She would never forget what Emma did to her five years ago. She used to hold a huge grudge against her, but after her daughters were born, the joy they brought washed away most of her hatred. Most.

Well, I'm just a visitor now, and I'm leaving tomorrow. For good this time. Might as well avoid her. She turned around and pretended to look at the clothes in the store, waiting for Emma to leave before she did. But this is an urban romance novel, and thus, drama would take place.

Emma noticed the clothes Abigail was holding, and she stopped in her footsteps. "I want this one too!" she demanded arrogantly, pointing at the clothes Abigail was holding.

The sales assistant was put in a difficult place. She didn't want to cross Emma, so she went up to Abigail apologetically. "I'm sorry, miss, but there's only one of those left in our store. Can you—"

Abigail turned around and told the sales assistant, "I'll take it." Abigail didn't want to argue with Emma, but she never expected Emma to be as haughty as she used to be five years ago. Well, I was going to let you off the hook, but here you are, so... b\*tch slap time.

Emma froze. "Abigail? Why are you here? Do you have any idea how much that costs? You think a pauper like you can afford it? What a joke."

She's still as annoying as she was five years ago. Abigail didn't even waste her breath talking to Emma. She took a credit card out of her bag and handed it to the sales assistant. "Card, please," she said calmly.

The sales assistant was petrified when she saw the card, then she took it with trembling hands. But before she could leave, Emma held her down.

“I said I’m taking that! You can’t sell it to her! This credit card might be a fluke! Do you know who I am? If you sell that shirt to her, I’ll have you fired! This whole mall belongs to my boyfriend!” Emma threatened.

The sales assistant looked slightly miffed, but she muttered, “Miss Kain, this is a limited edition black card. Usable worldwide, and the credit is unlimited. I can’t cross her, or I’ll be in trouble.”

“What did you say?” Emma was stunned.

Abigail looked at her sardonically. “You don’t even recognize this card, and you call yourself a socialite? Aren’t you a confident one?”

Emma felt embarrassed that she was exposed, especially because she was surrounded by ladies who came from rich families as well. She could see the mockery in their eyes, so Emma snatched the card away and snapped, “Of course I know this is a black card. That’s mine! You stole it from me! I’ll call Dad, and he’s going to teach you a lesson.”

The ladies were interested in the drama that was happening, and they knew there was gossip in there as well.

“Is that your sister, Emma? You never told me you had a sister.”

“Yeah. She has much better skin than you.”

Emma was enraged that the ladies were saying that Abigail was better than she was. “She’s my sister, but my dad chased her out five years ago. She might look innocent, but my father chased her out because she slept around with a lot of people. Even if she is rich, she must have gotten her money by sleeping around. I was wondering where my black card went, and it turns out you took it. But you’re still my sister, so I’m willing to let you go. Leave, or I’ll call the police.”

Emma was about to keep the card for herself, but Abigail sneered. “Call the police then.”

“What did you say?” Emma was stunned. She seems different than how she used to be, but how?

Abigail didn’t waste any time explaining herself. She whipped her phone out and called the cops.

Emma started to panic after her bluff was called. “Are you mad, Abigail? I’m your sister.”

“No you aren’t. I cut ties with you five years ago. I don’t need a sister who steals my boyfriend.”

The rich ladies were starting to give Emma weird looks.

“Jonathan used to be this lady’s boyfriend?”

“She’s lying! Jonathan’s my boyfriend,” Emma frantically explained. But when she thought how calm Abigail looked, and that she had called the police, she quickly gave her back the clothes. “Fine. I won’t take this anymore. Now just leave!”

“Give me back my card.” Abigail extended her hand.

Emma lied blatantly, “This card is mine!”

“Fine. Guess we’ll wait for the cops then.” Abigail wasn’t worried in the least bit.

Emma sneered silently. She only ever uses the same passcode, and I know what it is. Even if the cops are here, as long as I know the passcode, they won’t believe that the card is hers no matter what she says. “Fine, but don’t cry, you know.” Emma sat down smugly, as if she knew she was going to win.

When the ladies saw how confident Emma was, they started to give Abigail dirty looks.

“Well, someone’s shameless.”

“Slept around with a lot of men, and yet she shows up around us. How disgusting.”

The ladies started off whispering, but they eventually turned it into an audible discussion, ignoring Abigail’s feelings.

Abigail only thought of their discussion as white noise, and she took her phone out to play some games.

The police officers came after a short while. “What seems to be the problem?”

Emma quickly stood up and smiled at them. “Hi, officers. I’m Emma, Jonathan’s fiancée. This woman here is Abigail. She stole my credit card. You have to punish her!”

Abigail was used to Emma accusing her of the things she did herself. She finished her game first before turning her attention to Emma and the officers. “That card belongs to me, officer,” she said calmly.

“Just because you say so doesn’t mean it’s yours. I can say I own this mall, but technically, it’s not mine. How dare you lie to the officers, Abigail? You’re getting bold!” Emma mocked.

Abigail didn’t want to talk to her. She said, “You can check the card, officers. You’ll know the owner’s details.”

“Every card owner’s details are confidential. Nobody can check them.”

“Yeah!” The ladies around Emma agreed.

They were jealous, for there weren’t a lot of people who could own a black card. In Harrion, only Jonathan Fraser and the young masters from the four biggest families could own one.

Abigail waited until they were done talking, then she said, “There is another way to prove who the real owner of this card is.”

“And that is?” Emma asked.

Abigail answered, “Passcode. If you say the card is yours, then type in the passcode.”

“Hah. It’s my card. Of course I know the passcode.” Emma went to the counter and told the cashier, “Swipe this card, please.”

The officers gave their permission, and the cashier took out the sales terminal. When it was time to type in the passcode, everyone watched as Emma confidently typed in the passcode she thought Abigail would use, but the results shocked her.

## **Not One, But Two Chapter 25**

Not One, But Two Chapter 25 Good Stamina

“Incorrect PIN code,” a disembodied voice said, and it surprised everyone, except for Abigail.

Emma was shocked. Incorrect PIN code? But her PIN has always been her mother’s birthday! She stubbornly typed the passcode again, but it was still incorrect, and everyone was starting to give her accusatory looks.

“Did you forget the PIN code, Emma?” one of the ladies quickly said.

Emma replied, “Yes. She stole my card five years ago. She probably changed the PIN code. She changed my card’s PIN code, officer.”

Abigail laughed.

“What are you laughing at?” Emma was frustrated.

Abigail shook her head. “Still as shameless as ever, Emma. You said this card is yours, but now you say you can’t use it because I changed the PIN code. Well, call the

customer service center and ask them to change it back to your PIN then. In fact, you can do it right here, right now. I won't run. Don't worry." She crossed her arms and looked at Emma.

Emma glared at Abigail. Only the black card's owner knew the number for the customer service center. Nobody else could know what it was. Emma quickly said, "I forgot the center's number. Let me call my boyfriend."

The officers started to frown. They were annoyed, but they knew Emma was Jonathan's fiancée, so they said nothing.

Since nobody was stopping her, Emma quickly called Jonathan. She knew that her boyfriend knew the center's number. It's a great thing. Abigail isn't worthy of it! Only I should have all the good things in the world! She said, "Jonathan, do you know the number of the black cards' customer service center?"

Jonathan was surprised. "Why do you want to know that?"

"Not the point. Just tell me. I have something urgent to settle here."

Jonathan frowned in annoyance, but he said quietly, "It's different for every holder. It's a rare thing, the black cards, and their customer service is one-to-one. Only the owner themselves knows their own customer service center's number. Nobody else can."

"How can that be?" Emma was stunned. Does that mean I have to give this card up? No way! That means I'll have to surrender to her! She's inferior to me! Emma didn't want to give up.

Jonathan sounded annoyed. "Those are the rules. Do you have anything else you want to say? I need to call a meeting."

"You have to save me, Jonathan! Abigail called the cops on me!" She asked for help, knowing that she couldn't solve the matter herself.

Jonathan paused. "What did you say?"

"Abigail's back! She's framing me for theft using a black card, and now the cops are here. You have to save me, Jonathan. I'm at the mall!" Then, she hung up.

Jonathan was petrified. Abigail? He got up and left without any hesitation. "Meeting adjourned."

Abigail had been staring at her the whole time. After she kept her phone, she said, "Now can I take my card back, officers?"

“You’re the owner of that card?” The officers were surprised. She’s a young lady. How did she get her hands on that card anyway?

Abigail smiled, and she called the officers’ boss right in front of them. “Mr. Zacharias, I’m Abigail Kain. I need you to settle something for me.”

The officers were shocked that she called their boss.

Once Abigail told the officers’ boss about the events that had transpired, he called his subordinates. “What the hell are you doing? That’s the best doctor in the world. She’s Abigail Kain herself! Even the mayor has to treat her as a guest, yet you call her a thief? The mayor’s wife registered that card for her, you dolts!” Mr. Zacharias roared.

The officer was stunned. “But the one who accused her of theft is Mr. Fraser’s fiancée herself.”

“I don’t give a f\*ck who she is! Even if it’s Jonathan himself! In fact, if he shows up, you’re going to arrest him, you hear me? You just crossed the best doctor in the world! Unless you can guarantee that you and your family will live your lives as healthily as gods do, you might end up needing her help! Not to mention she saved the mayor’s wife! Crossing her means crossing the mayor! Am I clear enough?”

The officers knew what they had to do. After he hung up, he quickly turned to Abigail, but his attitude changed. “I’m very sorry, Dr. Kain. This is a major oversight on my part. How do you wish to handle this matter?”

The ladies were surprised that the officers’ attitude had changed, but more importantly, they were surprised that they called Abigail a doctor.

“What is going on?”

“I have no idea, but for some reason, this lady seems really familiar.”

“Yeah. I think I’ve seen her before.”

The ladies had a little hushed discussion among themselves.

Emma was surprised that the officers had changed their attitude. “What is going on? Officer, she is a thief!”

“Arrest her!” the officer ordered. He didn’t care whose girlfriend Emma was anymore, and his men cuffed Emma up.

“What are you doing? Do you know who I am? I’m Jonathan’s girlfriend! Are you blind?”



Abigail shook her head. "You're an adult now, Emma. You have to take responsibility for your actions. This is a mall. They have security cameras around. I know you'll find out what the truth is, officers. Please handle this case according to the law."

"Of course, Dr. Kain." The officer snatched the card back from Emma and handed it back to Abigail.

Emma kept staring even after Abigail had kept her card. She screamed, "That's my card! Mine!"

Abigail ignored her. She bought her stuff and left the mall right away, but after she was gone, the rich ladies finally remembered who she was.

"Oh, I remember now! That's the best doctor in the world, Abigail Kain! It's the one Greg Buckley is hunting down! I heard she stole his stuff, and anyone who provides him with a clue about her whereabouts can ask for anything in return!"

"What? Greg? As in Greg 'President of Global Inc.' Buckley?"

The ladies were excited. If they seized this chance, they could become even more successful in life.

Emma was petrified. The best doctor in the world? Her? Impossible! "This must be a mistake! She's just someone who's still in medical school! She can't be the best doctor in the world!"

Everyone ignored her.

"Quick! Tell Mr. Buckley about this! Does anyone have his number?"

The ladies got even more excited, while Emma was ignored. Frustrated, she wanted to say something, but the police took her away.

Abigail knew nothing about that, of course. She thought Greg had taken his bounty down, and now she even taught Emma a lesson. Even if the Kains wanted to take revenge, she would have left with Alissa by then. Her mood soared, and she went to the girl's fashion corner to pick out some clothes for her daughter.

Greg didn't see Abigail when he came home. When he found out that she still wasn't home yet, his fury mounted. Alissa kept pestering him, telling him to take her to the gym, and Greg obliged. There was a lot of equipment in the gym, so Greg introduced some that would fit the girl before he went to the treadmill to vent.

Alissa thought Greg's gym looked great. After she did some stretches, she noticed that Greg was running quickly on the treadmill. "Wow, your stamina's great, Daddy," she praised.

“Of course,” he answered proudly.

Alissa suddenly hopped onto the treadmill. “I wanna run as well.”

Greg was shocked. He wanted to turn the speed down, but Alissa said, “It’s fine. I run at this speed back at home too.”

That stunned Greg. “What did you say?”

“Mommy’s been training our physique ever since we were kids. I’m used to it.”

Alissa was referring to her and her sister, but Greg thought she was talking about her and Abigail, and he imagined Abigail running on the treadmill. “Your mother does this as well?”

“Yeah. Mommy’s super awesome. You guys can spar if you have time.”

Alissa didn’t even look out of breath even at this speed, and Greg was speechless. She’s been running at this speed for a while now, but she’s not even tired. What kind of monster is Abigail? It’s not enough that you train yourself, but you want to raise your daughter to be a brute as well? Once more, Greg knew that he had to keep Alissa by his side.

The moment he had that thought, he received a call from Troy. “Sir, someone has provided us with Dr. Kain’s location.”

“What?” Greg was surprised.

Troy answered, “Sir, your bounty is still up. There are a lot of people out there who are keeping an eye on her. I’ve been receiving a hundred calls at this point. You can’t possibly grant every single one of them a favor, right?”

Greg was reminded of the bounty he had put up. He massaged his head, then he looked at the girl who was still on the treadmill. “Give me her location,” he whispered. “And handle the people who gave you the clue yourself.”

“Sorry?” Troy couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“The location, quick!”

He hung up right after that. When he saw that Abigail was in a mall, he gnashed his teeth. You scratched my car, punctured the tires, and now you’re out there shopping? Well, aren’t you relaxed?

## **Not One, But Two Chapter 26**

## Not One, But Two Chapter 26 You Bratty Girl

Alissa felt a chill running up her spine, and she turned around. When she saw the look on her father's face, she shivered. "Did someone get on your nerves, Daddy?"

Your mother, duh. Greg did not say that out loud, however. He patted the girl's head gently. "I have to handle something, so can you play by yourself for a bit?"

"Are you going to fight Mommy again?" Alissa asked.

Greg paused. How on earth did she get to that conclusion? He asked, "Why do you ask?"

"Because I feel like you and Mommy aren't on good terms. You guys always fight. Daddy, did you make Mommy sad? Or did you cheat on her five years ago? Is that why she took us away and didn't let you know about us?"

Alissa was young, but her questions were sharp. "Um, I'll answer those when I come back."

"Okay. Don't forget it."

Since Alissa was agreeable and adorable, Greg believed her. "Sure. Why don't I take you with me? We can get something to eat on the way back."

"Okay!" Alissa cheered up.

They went to take a shower and get changed before they went out. Greg looked at the cars in his garage. The car he liked the most was trashed, and it would take some time before it could get repaired, so he picked another one and went to the mall with Alissa.

Jonathan came to the mall in a hurry after he found out that Abigail was there as well, so he came earlier than Greg did. When the staff told him what happened, he felt angry. This probably isn't the first time Emma has used my name to get what she wants.

He suddenly had the urge to break up with Emma. In fact, he had that idea ever since Abigail returned. He ignored Emma and didn't tell her family that she was arrested, then he went to the control room and found out where Abigail was. He quickly went to her. "Abbie!"

His voice attracted the attention of the rich ladies.

"Hey, that's Jonathan, right?"

“Emma said he’s Abigail’s ex, but he’s here to see Abigail instead of busting her out? What’s going on?” Someone sniffed the air. “I smell gossip. A fresh one at that.”

They, once again in the span of three chapters, had another discussion.

Abigail frowned when she heard his voice. Man, he is unrelenting. She went ahead, ignoring him.

Jonathan was unfazed. He quickly came up to her and smiled. “What would you want? I can buy them for you.”

“No. I can buy it myself.” She looked down, and she went on a trip down memory lane. When she was little, Sasha and Emma would bully her, so she never had any good clothes to wear. All the clothes she owned were hand-me-downs from Emma.

Then, she met Jonathan, and he was nice to her. He brought her to the mall on her eighteenth birthday, and he said the exact same thing to her. She still remembered that day, for it was the first time she could wear her favorite white dress. It was then she truly saw him as her boyfriend.

Abigail poured her heart out in that relationship, and because of that, when she found out that Jonathan broke up with her without even bothering to look into the case, she lost all hope in relationships. So why is he trying to get back into my good books? Who does he think I am? A pushover? She came to a halt.

Jonathan didn’t notice her stopping, and he bumped into her back. “Sorry, Abbie. I didn’t see that. What is it? Saw something you like? Are you buying it for your girl? This one’s nice, and it’s the latest this season. It’ll be beautiful on her,” Jonathan explained happily.

Abigail looked at him. He was the one who was by her side during her teenage years, and she still remembered all the good times, but it was shattered by his distrust in her. And now he’s Emma’s boyfriend. “When did you start to date Emma?”

Jonathan froze up. He didn’t know why she was asking that question, but he answered quietly, “Five years ago. Ever since I knew that you went abroad to study.”

“Heh.” Abigail thought that was ironic. She was down in the gutters for a long time because of this relationship’s failure. She couldn’t even develop any affection for men over the last five years for fear that they would hurt her. But the man who says he loves me gets another girl right after we broke up? Is this the difference between how men and women treat relationships? Her heart started to freeze up again.

“Abbie, let me explain—” Jonathan noticed the look on her face, and he wanted to explain, but she stopped him.

“Whatever you want to say, it has nothing to do with me. Our time is up, Jonathan. It’s been up for five years. We aren’t even friends now. I can’t ask you to pay for me. Do please stay away from me.”

Abigail’s distant attitude upset him. “Please don’t say that, Abbie. I know you’re angry at me. It’s not my fault. Emma came to me. She slept with me when I was drunk, and my mom and the elders saw us, so—”

“Spare me the explanations. I’m not interested in them.” She knew that was something Emma would do, but Abigail had no interest in knowing. She took the kids’ clothes and the boxing gloves, then went to the counter.

Jonathan was really panicking at that point. “Abbie, we are childhood friends no matter what. Please don’t push me away, alright?”

Greg came just in time to see Jonathan harassing Abigail. Ah, so he needs a more painful lesson before he can learn, huh? He looked at Greg coldly.

Alissa sighed. “Daddy, you suck. You let that guy harass Mommy for so long?”

Greg felt embarrassed that his daughter insulted him, so he called Troy. “I don’t care how you do it, I want Jonathan out of Harrion this instant! Do not let me see him ever again!”

Troy could see that he was in a bad mood, so he quickly went through the projects and cut off the one where the Frasers were involved.

Jonathan wouldn’t stop talking, and Abigail was getting impatient. She started clenching her fists, and if he would not stop talking, she would hurl him out of the store. Just when she was going to fly into a rage, Jonathan got a call, and his face fell.

“Impossible! I’ll be right there! Get me the tickets, stat!” Then he told Abigail, “I need to settle something at the company, Abbie, so I have to go on a business trip. Wait for me. I’ll explain everything once I come back.”

Abigail heaved a sigh of relief. Finally, I don’t have to deal with him anymore.

Jonathan realized that she was still angry, so he said, “Put these on my tab.”

“Then I don’t want them anymore.”

She threw the items on the counter and left.

“Abbie!” Jonathan wanted to go after her, but he got another call, so he had to leave the mall immediately.

The moment Abigail came out, a little girl pounced at her. "Mommy!"

Abigail reflexively opened her arms to catch the girl. "Oh, slow down! You're going to break me!" Abigail complained, but she held the girl with a smile nonetheless.

Alissa curled up in her arms, smiling. "No I won't. You're a superwoman."

"I think you forgot to add 'annoying'." Abigail knew that was what her daughter had in mind.

Alissa stuck her tongue out and made a face.

"You cheeky girl."

Abigail picked her up, and when she looked ahead, she saw Greg coming over, his arms extended. "I'll hold her."

Oh, yeah. Alissa was at his home. Now that she's out, he's out too. Abigail's mood was marred.

"Why are you here? You're supposed to get treated. If someone is going to treat your condition later, you'd better stay away from us. I don't want to see things that should be unseen."

Greg's face fell. "Do you have any idea how much that car costs, Abigail?"

"I'll just stay around to pay for it, duh. No big deal." She shrugged. It's just a Bugatti. I can afford it.

Greg smiled. "You're going to stay around, huh? Fine. I'll draft up the duration after we get home."

Abigail was stunned. Huh? Something's off with that. She thought about what she said earlier, and her face fell. "What were you thinking, Greg? You know what I was trying to say."

"I know. You'll stay around, right? Alissa, isn't that what your mother said?" Greg quickly dragged the girl into this mess.

Alissa nodded cutely. "Yes, she did say she'll stay around, but she didn't say how long. How long do you want Mommy to stay for, Daddy?"

"Shut up, Alissa!" Abigail was frustrated. This girl is nothing but trouble.

Alissa stuck her tongue out and hopped into her father's arms. Scary. I like to stay with Daddy. Feels a lot safer.

Abigail felt annoyed that the girl she raised was getting so close with Greg. “Get down and walk!”

“No! I want Daddy to hold me.”

The girl hugged her father’s neck tightly and kissed him loudly, much to Abigail’s chagrin.

“Alissa, you little—”

Before she could finish, she noticed the look of horror on Greg’s face. “Run!” he said, and he took Alissa with him, looking as if he was chased by a ghost.

## **Not One, But Two Chapter 27**

Not One, But Two Chapter 27 Don’t Touch Me

Abigail couldn’t figure out why Greg looked horrified, though he was already leaving with Alissa, then she heard sounds of footsteps coming from behind.

“I think I saw him here.”

“Hey, there are a lot of people who gave him clues about Abigail. Do you think he’ll grant everyone’s wishes?”

The people were whispering, but Abigail heard them loud and clear. The bounty? She suddenly thought of the bounty. No wonder he came right to me. And I thought Alissa helped him. So it’s just him in the end.

Abigail didn’t want anyone to look at her, so she quickly went after Greg, though she was starting to get angry.

She went to the nearest Swanson Hut, and since Greg was a special person, he had his own room in the restaurant. When the manager saw Abigail, he quickly led her to where Greg was.

When she came in, she saw him playing with Alissa, and the happy scene triggered her again. I raised that child, but he gets to be her Dad? Why? “Alissa, go out. I need to talk to him.”

She wasn’t loud, but the air froze. Alissa wasn’t stupid. She knew her mother was angry, so she smirked at Greg. “I’ll get some ice cream, Daddy.”

“I’ll get Troy to go with you because it’s safer. There are a lot of people here.”

“Don’t worry. She’ll be fine. It’s those ‘bad guys’ you’re supposed to be worried about.”

Alissa felt slightly insulted. That’s Mommy for you.

Greg disagreed, “She’s just a child. Do you have any idea how bad things are lately? There are a lot of human traffickers out there. If—”

“I’m fine, Daddy.” Alissa felt even more insulted. If there were human traffickers who tried to kidnap her, she would make them regret the day they were born. However, she didn’t want to ruin her good girl image Greg had of her, so she went out quickly.

When there was only Greg and Abigail left, she locked the door.

“So, going to stay around from now on?” With Alissa out of the way, Greg unbuttoned the top part of his shirt and put his legs on the chair. He looked languid yet sexy at the same time.

Abigail’s heart skipped a beat. She had to say that Greg was hot, but he annoyed her. “Take the bounty down right now!” Abigail was annoyed when she recalled how everyone was looking at her like she was some sort of merchandise.

Greg said dismissively, “You stole my stuff, and you still haven’t given it back yet. I can’t take the bounty down without my stuff returned.”

“What did I steal anyway?”

“My seed.”

Abigail shut up.

“Why? Cat got your tongue? If you didn’t steal my seed, then where did Alissa come from? Need I remind you what you did to me five years ago?”

Abigail’s face turned pink. “You don’t even have the DNA test result, and you say she’s your daughter? That’s just being overconfident.”

“No. It’s just regular confidence. I was born with it. Give Alissa to me, and I’ll take the bounty down. Deal?”

“Dream on!” Abigail refused. He wants to take custody? How dare he? Alissa’s my world. Touch her, and I will cut your dick off!

The look in Abigail’s eyes made Greg pause. “Oh, someone’s bristling. Well, let’s move on to Plan B then.”

“Talk.”



Oh, she's gnashing her teeth. Greg had no doubt that she would tear him apart, but he still said, "We can give her a complete family. You're annoying, but for Alissa's sake, I can marry you."

"Dream on!" Abigail thought she must be mad. I must be hearing things. Marry him? I'm not stupid.

Greg was insulted by the look of disgust on her face. "What? Think you're too good for me?"

"Well, yeah. I can raise my kid well enough by myself. Why should I get a man in my life if all he does is make things hard?"

That reply angered Greg, and his face fell. "I'm making things hard for you? You scratched my car, took my seed, and now you have the gall to say I make things hard?"

"Stop shouting. Just because you're loud doesn't mean you're right. What? You wanna fight me? Come at me, bro. The one who backs off is a scaredy cat." Abigail wasn't always like this, but for some reason, she would always get temperamental around Greg.

Well, I see where Alissa got her aggressive genes from. He said coldly, "I'm being nice here, so you'd better think before you speak. I'm only going to make this offer once, so think it through. Just because Alissa is around doesn't mean she's your get out of jail free card. You had better stop while you're ahead."

"Bull! If you want to get married, find a random girl and wed her! You're just angry that I slept with you five years ago and scratched your ego! I can pay you if you want! How much do you want?" Abigail was frustrated. She wanted to cut all ties with Greg. Alissa's mine. Nobody can take her away from me, not even Greg!

Greg was livid. Hey, money's my forte. How dare she use my own spells against me? He laughed mirthlessly. "You think you can afford me? Ignorant. I can call the cops, and they'll arrest you right away. On charges of rape."

"Fine. Sue me then." Abigail wasn't scared in the slightest. Sue me? You're just going to humiliate yourself.

Greg had never seen a woman being so unreasonable before. She's just a thug. "Why you..." His chest heaved. He didn't want to admit it, but she infuriated him.

Abigail grinned. "A reminder, Mr. Buckley. You need evidence to sue me. I never left anything that would incriminate me. Besides, do you think Alissa will believe you? She might like you, but I'm the one who gave birth to her, and I am the one who raised her. If we go to court, who do you think she'll choose? Me? Or you?"

“Are you threatening me?” Greg would not let this insolence slide. He stood up and pulled her closer to him.

They were only millimeters away, and Abigail could feel his breath on her face. She could even see the hairs on his face. Wow, he has nice skin. Her heart started to race. “What are you doing?”

She wanted to push him away, but he pinned her down. “You wanted to cut ties with me, right? You want to know how much I cost, don’t you?”

“So you agree?” Abigail heaved a sigh of relief, but she was also slightly annoyed. You just gave me some seeds. I had to suffer all by myself. How dare you ask me for money? Are you even a man?

While she was immersed in her thoughts, Greg whispered mischievously, “If you want to cut ties with me, then you’ll have to sleep with me like how you did five years ago, but this time, the roles are reversed!”

“You perv!” Abigail tried to slap him, but before she could hit him, he pinned her down on the table.

“Oh, so you want to do it right here? Someone’s in the mood.”

“Watch your tongue! Touch me and I’ll kill you, Greg!”

Abigail trying her best to keep him from touching her struck a nerve. He wasn’t really going to sleep with her, but he felt annoyed that she looked so disgusted by him. I’m popular here, you know? Why do you think I’m a beast?

Then, he recalled that she only slept with him all those years ago because she was under the influence of drugs, his face fell. “Who are you keeping your purity for? Jonathan?”

“It’s none of your business!”

I can’t stay with him any longer. He’s dangerous. She raised her leg and tried to kick him in his crotch.

Greg took a step back, and she took the chance to get up and throw some cutlery at him. Her aim was true, for the moment Greg dodged her kick, he saw the cutlery flying at him, so he dodged them again.

Abigail quickly escaped the room. Greg was too powerful for her to take on alone. Better run in this case. She ran out of Swanson Hut and left in a taxi. Then, she texted Alissa, ‘See you at the airport at eight tomorrow.’ And then she turned her phone off.

She wasn't worried about Alissa. Even without Greg around, Alissa could still find her, as they had their own way of contacting each other. But Greg won't let her leave with me. And that was going to be a problem.

The surgery was a last minute job. It took a long time, and it was difficult. She was already exhausted, and with the matter regarding Greg added to her plate, Abigail knew she had to rest, for a while at least. As for Greg, she just wanted to ignore him. It'll all end after I leave Harrion tomorrow. She went to a hotel and got a room to sleep.

Alissa didn't know what her parents were talking about, and she wondered if she should tell Greg that she was leaving the next day. Mommy doesn't look like she's going to say anything, but I don't want to leave this place just like this. Suddenly, she came to a halt, and her eyes shone.

## **Not One, But Two Chapter 28**

Not One, But Two Chapter 28 People Are Bullies

"Hey, little girl. Are you alone?" A few delinquents came up to Alissa. The one in the lead had yellow hair, and he seemed arrogant.

"Don't come any closer! I-I'm scared!" Alissa was trembling in fear, and she took a step back. When she saw an alleyway nearby, she ran into it.

"Is she stupid, boss? She ran into a cul de sac! The girl looks like a doll. If we sell her off, we can make a lot of money," one of the lackeys said.

The leader said smugly, "Just our luck. That is one sweet deal. See if anyone's looking for their missing kid. Wormy, come with me. We'll knock her out and take her with us."

"Sure, boss."

The leader and Wormy went into the alleyway.

They thought Alissa would be crying in a corner, but instead she unwrapped a lollipop and popped it into her mouth. When she saw them, she grumbled, "Man, you guys are slow. You're taller than me, but you're slower than a snail. Hey, you wanna catch me? I'm right here!"

Alissa's weird behavior stunned the punk. "Well, aren't you an interesting one? Come with me, or you... Ow!"

Before he could finish, Alissa picked a stone up and hurled it at his chin. It hit him right where she wanted.

The punk screamed in agony. "I'll kill you!" Angered, he quickly went up and tried to catch her.

She crouched and slipped through his underarm, then she turned around and kicked him on his buttocks.

The punk felt as if his spine was going to break. "Don't just stand there! Get her! Kill her!"

The lackeys quickly surrounded Alissa, and the girl's eyes shone. She hadn't had a chance to train herself ever since she came to Harrion, but now some idiots were giving her this chance, so naturally, she wouldn't let it go.

She stepped on Wormy and leaped further up into the air, then she pounced at another lackey. Alissa was as agile as a monkey, but her attacks were swift and hard enough to make the delinquents cry.

When Greg and Troy came, they saw the little girl trashing all four punks at once. Troy had been summoned last minute, and when he saw how hard Alissa was punching, he gasped. Wow, she's one hard-hitting girl.

Greg was petrified. He finally understood why Abigail said he should be worried about the bad guys. Even he felt sorry for the punks when he saw the state they were in.

Alissa ended the fight quickly. She turned around and straightened out her cap, her lollipop still in her mouth. The fight wasn't satisfying enough for her though. "And you call yourselves tough? Get back to training, punks! If I see you again, I'm going to kick your arse, get it?"

She swung her fists, and the punks ran away in terror. Alissa turned around in disdain, but when she saw Greg and Troy staring at her, she blanched. Oh no, Daddy saw me. Will he hate me now? Today is my last day here. I should have held it in.

The horrified look on Alissa's face melted Greg's heart, and for some reason, he wanted to hug her.

But Alissa interpreted it wrongly. Oh no. He's going to yell at me. She remembered her routine every time her mother flew into a rage, so she closed her eyes and fell back down, pretending that she was dead.

"Alissa!" Greg was shocked, and he quickly went to hold the girl. He checked to see if there were any injuries, and he looked at Troy, who was still looking dazed. Greg growled, "Don't just stand there. Take her to the hospital!"

Troy quickly drove to the hospital.

“Alissa, are you alright? You’re scaring me! Alissa!” Greg took the girl to a hospital in a hurry. “Doctor, you have to help her. See if she’s hurt.”

Greg’s worried look was making the medical staff nervous, and Alissa was sent to the ER.

Abigail had no idea her daughter got herself in trouble again. She could have slept for three days straight if she could, but she woke up at dusk, and her stomach was rumbling.

She got up and straightened her clothes out before she looked at her phone. There were no texts from her girl, but she wasn’t worried. She went down to get dinner, but then she saw two familiar faces. She frowned, and she tried to leave.

Sasha’s eyes were sharp, however. She still recognized Abigail immediately after five years. “Hold it right there, Abigail!” she screeched, and it caught everyone’s attention.

Abigail frowned, but she didn’t entertain Sasha. However, she didn’t go far before Philip came to stop her, and he did not look happy.

It reminded Abigail of the abuse she suffered under Philip’s hand, and she took a step back.

“You just came back, and look what you did, you d\*mn girl! Get Emma out right now!” Philip said. His voice wasn’t loud, but it was imperious.

Sasha came over as well, and she said angrily, “You can’t do that, Abigail! You crossed Greg five years ago, and if it weren’t for Emma helping you out, who knows what would have happened to us? And now you got her arrested right after you came back? What do you want? She’s your sister!”

“She helped me out? From what I know, Greg has been helping you out after he saw the ring. She couldn’t keep him around, and that’s her own fault. Maybe she’s just not charming enough. Besides, Emma came to take my stuff, and that’s why she got arrested. Why are you telling me to free her?” Abigail asked coldly.

Philip gripped her hand and dragged her out. “I don’t care what your reason is. Get Emma out, or I’ll beat you up!”

Some father you are. Abigail had known for years that her family was hopeless, but her father’s demanding attitude was still laughable. She looked at him coldly. “Let me go.” She stopped in her tracks.

Philip never expected her retaliation, and it caught him off guard. He almost fell down, and it angered him. “You d\*mn girl! Do as I say! I am your father!” He tried to drag her

with him, but this time, it was as if Abigail was anchored to something, and he couldn't take her with him.

"Look at her, Phil. We haven't seen her for five years, and now she's disobeying us. Well, she is the best doctor in the world now. I heard she operated on Greg's mother, but she's still not awake yet. I wonder if that'll drag the family down with her. If it wasn't for Jonathan being Emma's boyfriend, we wouldn't even be living this well. And that's what Abigail wants." Sasha suddenly started crying, and she looked pitiful.

Philip was furious that Abigail made Sasha cry. "Now you're asking for it, you d\*mn girl! Have you forgotten my lessons?" He raised his fist and hurled it at Abigail.

If the hit were to connect, Abigail would be seriously hurt. Philip's cruel action finally got on Abigail's nerves. She kept telling herself to not argue with scum like Philip, but he went too far. Just before he hit her, Abigail attacked.

A sickening crunch was heard, and Philip howled in agony, for Abigail had dislocated his arm.

Sasha's cries stopped abruptly, and she stared at Abigail in disbelief. She thought she was seeing things, but Philip was holding his arm in agony.

"How dare you do this to me, you d\*mn girl? This is a transgression!" Philip was drenched in sweat, and he was shocked that Abigail managed to dislocate his arm with one hand. How dare she? Where did she even learn this?

Abigail looked at them coldly. "You remember how you treated me five years ago, right? And I remember the kind of life I've led since I was a kid. You abandoned me five years ago, so don't play the victim here. We are not family. Philip, Sasha, here's a warning. I am in a very bad mood right now, so don't cross me. Make me snap, and I might just snap your neck in return. Oh, but if you want to see Emma, I don't mind sending you to the detention center right away." She shot them a dangerous look and left.

Sasha wanted to stop her, but she was scared. She was just a coward after all. She held Philip's good arm and kept crying. "What about Emma? You're her father. Do something. Emma's just a girl. She can't take it in there. If Jonathan comes back and finds out what happened to her, he might dump her. You know what that means."

Philip knew that meant his business would go down the drain. Without the Frasers' support, he would no longer be a part of the upper society, and climbing back up the ladder would be hard. The mere thought of that fate overpowered his pain, and he stopped Abigail again.

"What? Want me to dislocate your other arm? I'm not a pushover. Not any longer." Abigail sneered, her eyes devoid of any emotions.

Philip could see from her eyes that she was not kidding. She's no longer the same girl. He was angry, but he couldn't act on it. "Let Emma go, and I'll tell you how your mother died."

Abigail stopped in her tracks.

## Not One, But Two Chapter 29

Not One, But Two Chapter 29 Murder Most Foul

"What did you say?" Abigail swiveled around, looking surprised. But didn't Mom die of a disease? Is he suggesting something else? She squinted.

The look in Abigail's eyes reminded Philip of his ex-wife. They're the same. I knew it. That b\*tch's daughter is just as crazy as she was. He said in disgust, "Let Emma go, and I'll tell you."

"You'd better tell me the truth, or I can destroy Emma and your family whenever I d\*mn please. Try me."

Abigail's hands were shaking. She only had vague memories of her mother, and she had never seen her once for as long as she could remember. Ever since she was a kid, she had been bullied by Sasha and Emma. Sometimes she wished that her mother was alive. Perhaps I would have been a princess too.

But that was just a wish in the end. Everyone told her that her mother died from a disease not long after she was born. But now, Philip is saying otherwise. Abigail was interested. Emma is a fool. Even if I hadn't done that, she would still get sent into the slammer eventually. Mom's past is more important than she is.

She's threatening me again? He was about to lay his hand on her again, but she said coldly, "What? Still want to abuse me like you did five years ago? Or are you going to lock me up in the basement for a month like I'm some sort of garbage? You think I'd be a kid forever? I get it now. You killed Mom, didn't you, Philip? Just like how you abused me?" She stepped forth, and her eyes turned crimson.

Philip took a step back in fear. He thought he saw his ex-wife again, interrogating him. He was averting his eyes, but he too was angered. "How dare you talk to me like that? How dare you? You're just like your mother! You deserve to be hit!" He raised his hand again.

Abigail suplexed him and tossed him onto the ground.

Sasha screamed again, and she tried to get someone to help, but Abigail turned around, her gaze dripping with venom. "Make one more sound and I'll kill Emma like how you tried to kill me. Or I can spike her drink and toss her into an alleyway. Maybe get some men to f\*ck her. I wonder if Jonathan will still like her if he knows she got gangbanged."

"No! You can't do something that cruel to her! No!" Sasha blanched.

"Oh, you know that's cruel, huh? So why didn't you think of that when you did that to me? And you! Philip! You. Are. My. Father. Did you even care about me when you found out what they tried to do?"

Abigail thought she had gotten over a lot of things, but now she knew she hadn't. Some hatred couldn't be forgotten that easily. She didn't do anything to them because they were, to some extent, her family. But they should not have threatened me. Emma deserves this. Why do they think I should tolerate their crotch goblin?

Abigail's eyes were crimson, as if she was an enraged wolf. The air around her seemed to have dropped to freezing point, and she wanted to murder. At that moment, she wanted to murder someone. Philip and Sasha noticed that, of course.

Abigail's scalpel slid out of her sleeve, and she twirled it between her fingers eerily. "Do you think I won't kill you?" she whispered. Her voice sounded gentle, but it was also terrifying.

"Abigail, I am your father. You—"

"So what? Have you ever thought of me as your daughter?" She stepped forward, and Philip almost pissed his pants.

"Murder! Murder!" Sasha cried murder and escaped, leaving Philip for dead. However, she was knocked out before she could go too far.

Before Abigail had realized it, a men's coat was draped over her shoulders.

"Don't dirty your hands for people like them," Greg said, and Abigail was stunned.

She watched as he kept her scalpel and tightened the coat around her. "Scram," he growled.

Philip recognized Greg, but he had no intention of making deals anymore. He scrambled to get up and escape the place.

Abigail was confused. "Why are you here?" Her breathing was shallow, and she was still feeling a bit murderous.



Greg had a dark look in his eyes. "Alissa's in the hospital. I came here to talk about this. The doctors can't find out what's wrong with her, but she just won't wake up."

"What did you say?" Abigail grabbed his collar. "What happened to her?"

"We can talk in the car." He held her hand, which was so heartbreakingly cold.

Abigail didn't care about anything else anymore. She got in his car and went to the hospital.

Greg watched as she went into the ER, and he felt sad for her. He thought a proud woman like her should have been living a laid-back life, but he never thought that her past would be this dark. He was reminded of what he saw in the alleyway five years ago.

Back then, a woman tossed Abigail onto him. So that was Emma.

Her own sister had set her up. If it weren't for him meeting her, she would have killed herself after she knew what had happened. He thought Abigail went into hiding after she had her fun with him, but he never thought the Kains locked her up in the basement for a month. A month. How dare they?

He couldn't imagine how she survived the last five years, nor could he imagine how she managed to escape the family and raise a kid on her own. He suddenly realized that a dark and painful past was hidden behind her laid-back façade.

Abigail didn't know what Greg was thinking about, of course. She only cared about Alissa. "How is she doing?" She wore the sterilized clothes and went into the ER.

The doctors didn't know how to answer. "We're sorry, Dr. Kain. We performed a lot of tests, but we just can't find out what happened to her."

"Go out. I'll handle this myself." When Abigail saw Alissa moving her finger, she heaved a sigh of relief, and her murderous aura subsided fully.

The medical staff heaved a sigh of relief, and they left the ER.

When only Abigail and Alissa were left, Abigail said calmly, "So, an injection or a defibrillator?"

Alissa quickly sat up. "Do you have to go that far, Mommy?"

"What is it this time? Do you think it's fun scaring people?" Abigail knew Alissa must have done something wrong when she noticed that the girl was just playing dead.

Well, she saw through me. Alissa smiled as brightly as she could. "I got into a street fight, and Daddy saw me. I didn't know what to do, so I played dead. But I had no idea you weren't there. Weren't you with Daddy?"

"I don't remember having to tell you who I am with." She felt jealous that her own daughter was treating Greg so nicely.

Alissa knew her mother was feeling jealous, so she quickly hugged her. "I was just concerned about you," she assured her mother. "I was worried Daddy might do something bad to you."

"Him? As if. You like staying in the hospital, don't you? Stay here then. I have something to settle, so I have to stay back for a few days." She was reminded of what Philip said, and she felt like investigating her mother's death.

Alissa felt delighted that her mother wasn't leaving. "Really? Are we staying?"

"For now. Alissa, I'm telling you that I will never be together with Greg. If you like Daddy, you can go with him. I don't mind." Abigail turned around.

Alissa felt miffed. "Aw, but I love you, Mommy. Fine, I'll stay here in the hospital, alright? I won't go to Daddy's place. Don't leave me alone."

Alissa was hugging Abigail's arm like a kitten, and the look she gave Abigail melted her heart. She would never leave her kid behind. She was just feeling jealous. "Do you really like this daddy of yours?"

"Is he not my daddy?" the girl asked.

Abigail knew there was no point lying anymore. "Yes, he is your father, but we are not a couple. I can't stay with him and be a normal couple like the other kids' parents. I'm busy. I have to go around for surgeries. You can follow him when I'm out for work, but don't match us up, got it?"

Abigail had always wanted her kids to have a father figure, and now that her kids loved Greg, she had to accept him as their father. She would do anything that would help her kids out, but she would never be together with Greg.

As Abigail was being adamant, Alissa raised her hand and vowed, "I swear I won't match you guys up, Mommy."

"Lie down, Allie. You're a patient, so look like one. I'll tell them about this. But it's a busy day tomorrow, so I can't come over. If you feel bored, just video call Arianna."

Abigail patted Alissa's head gently and left the room, while Alissa stuck her tongue out. You don't want me to match you guys up? As if. Get ready for this matchup mashup, Mommy!

## Not One, But Two Chapter 30

Not One, But Two Chapter 30 Our Faces, Best Results

When Abigail came out, Greg quickly went up to her. "So? Is she okay?"

"She's fine. Just a bit shocked, so she's asleep. She just needs some rest, but she can't adapt to this place well, so she has to stay at the hospital for further observation. We'll need to take a sample of her excrement to do some tests," Abigail lied.

Greg heaved a sigh of relief, but he was still worried. "Anything she can't eat for the time being?"

Abigail felt slightly touched that Greg was looking so nervous. She might not like him, but he was a passable father. Then, she remembered that Greg saw her when she was looking murderous, and she felt slightly miffed. "She has to eat light meals, and nothing else. I have to leave now."

"Going to the Kains? I think you should go tomorrow. It's late now."

Abigail's face fell. "I know. Take care of Alissa."

"Here, have some hot water. I just got it for you. Put your stuff aside for now. Your hands feel cold. Are you—"

"Don't get so concerned over me, Greg! And don't even think you need to help me just because you saw me in a slightly bad situation. I don't need it!"

Abigail thought it was weird seeing Greg like that. He's supposed to be in the uppermost society. Why is he caring for a normal girl like me so much? And she left.

Greg looked at the mug of water, and he smiled. "I must be mad. That woman is made of steel. She can't feel sad." He gulped the water down and told Troy, "I want to know why Emma was arrested. It must have something to do with Abigail."

"Yes, sir."

Troy found out what happened a moment later, and he told Greg about it. Greg frowned, and Troy said, "Emma's a shameless one. Dr. Kain—"

“She has a black card? No wonder she said she can pay for the damages she did,” Greg suddenly said, and Troy was dumbfounded.

Pay for the damages? Who?

Greg ignored him, and all he could think about was Abigail’s matter. She’s rich. I don’t have to deal with the Kains with her around. Good. I’ll spend some time with my daughter then. “Troy, delegate all duties to the top management if possible. Come to me if it really calls for it. I want to spend some time with my daughter.”

Troy paused for a moment, then he asked, “Sir, don’t you want to do another paternity test?”

“She looks like me enough. No test needed. Do you want someone to doctor it again?” Greg was infuriated that the matter of the paternity test was brought up.

Since Troy was the one who handled the matter, Troy kept quiet.

Alissa had been waiting for Greg, and when he came in, she slowly opened her eyes. She looked at him, pretending to be groggy. “Daddy, why am I in the hospital? Did something happen? I don’t remember a thing. Ow, my head hurts!” She held her head and curled up in ‘agony’.

Greg quickly summoned a nurse over. “It’s alright, Allie. You don’t have to remember anything. It’s nothing big anyway. But next time, I’ll go with you wherever you go, alright?”

Greg’s voice was gentle enough to melt Alissa’s heart. “You’re the best, Daddy.”

She hugged him, and the scent of milk coming off her delighted Greg. “I’m your Daddy. Of course I love you.”

He stayed with Alissa for a while, then someone called to tell him that Valerie was awake, much to his delight. “Allie, I’m seeing your grandmother now. You stay here. Once you feel better, I’ll take you to her, alright? Call the caretaker if you need anything, or just call me. I’m nearby.”

“Okay, Daddy. Sure thing.” She nodded.

Greg wanted to take her to Valerie, but Valerie had just gone through a surgery, and he was worried she might get too excited, so Alissa had to stay back.

Alissa felt bored after Greg left, so she played with her phone. Since Arianna was online as well, she video called her.

“Why are you in the hospital, Alissa? Did something happen?” Arianna didn’t really like hospitals.

Alissa shook her head. “I’m fine. Just here for a bit. Are you feeling any better?”

“Much better. Papa took me in, so don’t worry. Where’s Mommy?” Arianna was wearing cartoon pajamas and sitting on her bed, while the table beside was filled with snacks.

Alissa squinted. “Arianna, you have asthma. You can’t eat any chicken. I’ll tell Mommy! Where’s Papa? How can he let you do whatever you want?”

Arianna stuck her tongue out. “It’s just one piece, Alissa. Just one.”

“I don’t care if it’s a treasure everyone is looking for! I’ve been wondering why you’re relapsing. So you’ve been snacking behind my back? You little…” Alissa hissed. She was angry.

Arianna quickly shifted the topic. “Okay, okay. I’ll toss this into the trash can, alright? And guess what, sis?”

“What?”

“I might be going to Zyrtonia tomorrow.”

“What?” Alissa was stunned. “Don’t do anything stupid. I can go on flights, but you can’t. You know how your health is.”

“You got this the wrong way, sis. Papa is on a trip, and he will be stopping in Zyrtonia tomorrow. He’s worried about me, so he’s taking me with him. Do you need anything? We’ll be stopping for a couple of hours. I can give them to you then.”

Alissa heaved a sigh of relief. She gave it some thought, and she said, “I don’t need anything. Daddy has everything. He’s handsome, and he’s really gentle. Mommy would get angry if I got into a fight, but he won’t. I have a feeling he would get me anything I want, even if it’s the moon.”

Arianna felt slightly envious of her sister for having the chance to see their father. “Sis, I want to stay with Daddy too.”

“But he doesn’t know you exist, and Mommy won’t let me tell him about you.” Alissa shrugged.

Arianna’s eyes shone, and she stuck her face to the screen, grinning. “Why don’t we do this, sis? When Papa comes to Harrion tomorrow, you can switch places with me. You can go with him on this trip, while I stay behind to take your place. Let me spend a couple of days with Daddy too. Mommy’s probably coming back soon, and I might never

know what Daddy looks like. And I might never know how it feels to stay with him. You're healthier than I am, so you might get more chances to see him, but not me. It'll only take three days, sis. Please, can you let me stay with Daddy for three days?"

Alissa hesitated. "But..."

"Please, sis? I've helped you deal with a mess you don't want to. Besides, Papa is the boss of a mafia gang. You know why he's on this trip. I can't stand the sight of blood. If I relapse, I can't do anything. I'm not a fighter like you." Arianna started to cry.

Alissa relented the moment Arianna cried. "Okay, okay, fine. Just come to the hospital tomorrow, alright. I'll switch with you."

"You're the best, sis. I love you." Arianna leaped up in joy.

"Hey, don't jump around. You have asthma. Take your meds with you, alright?"

"Okay, sis. See you tomorrow."

They hung up. Alissa was starting to feel a bit sad. She wanted to stay with Greg, but her sister had a point. Well, I'm the big sister here, so I can give her this chance. Since she was leaving the next day, Alissa went and bought a tie pin for Greg.

The first thing Valerie saw after she woke up was Greg standing beside her, looking worried. She smiled. "I'm fine."

"I was worried sick, Mom. Don't scare me like that." Greg held her hand tightly.

Valerie smiled. "It was an accident. I'm fine now, aren't I? Let's not talk about me. Who performed the surgery? I feel well."

"The best doctor in the world. It's Abigail Kain."

Valerie was stunned. "You managed to get her to do this?"

"I didn't. Marona's chief of state did. I have something else to tell you though."

"And that is?" Valerie was surprised that Greg was looking so happy.

Greg muttered, "Not only did she operate on you, she even gave birth to a daughter. My daughter, and she's already four years old. She's adorable, but I didn't bring her with me, since you might scare her. I'll let you see her once you feel better."

"What did you say?" Valerie was shocked.

"You have a granddaughter, and she's four years old. Stay healthy, Valerie, or you might never see the girl. She looks just like me when I was little," Greg said proudly.

Valerie interrupted him, "Wait. So you're saying you and Dr. Kain have a daughter? And she's four?"

"Yep."

Valerie picked up a pillow and hurled it at Greg. "You stupid boy!"

"What are you doing, Mom?" Greg didn't want Valerie to move too much, or she might tear her wound, so he stood there as she hurled her pillow at him. He felt confused though. I didn't do anything wrong, did I?