

Not One, But Two Chapter 3

Not One, But Two Chapter 3 A Token of Our Love

A sudden realization dawned upon Abigail when she heard what Sasha said. This whole thing was a setup from the very beginning!

Emma had baited Abigail out last night and set her up to be assaulted. When the deed was done, Sasha would appeal to Philip's greed and convince him to push Emma and Jonathan together. The mother-and-daughter duo had planned for all this to happen in their favor!

Philip had never inquired into Abigail's well-being all these years, but she had brushed off his indifference and told herself that he had, at the very least, acknowledged her as his biological daughter. It was only now that she knew her real place in the family; she was nothing more than a cash cow to the Kains!

How pathetic! How foolish of me! She was so incredulous that she burst out laughing, and tears started to spill over her eyes.

"You find this funny, do you? I ought to beat you to death!" Incensed by her flippant and somewhat hysterical demeanor, Philip once again rained punches on her.

At some point, Abigail must have blacked out, and the only thing she remembered was how cold the world was and how her heart felt frozen.

Three days passed before she finally came to her senses. She found herself locked in the basement, where the air was so humid and musty that she choked and coughed. It didn't help that her body was aching so badly that she thought she might fall apart.

Throughout her imprisonment, Sasha only fed her one meal a day; it was enough to keep her body running, but not enough to restore her strength to aid her escape.

A month had gone by, and Abigail was starting to feel her body giving up on her. She felt weak and disgusting, so she decided that she could no longer stay there. She wasn't sure what Sasha and Emma had in mind for her, nor did she know what sort of fate lay waiting for her.

She had to leave, and she must do so at once. However, there was only one door in and out of the basement. With a frown on her face, she began contemplating her escape route.

Just as she raked her fingers through her hair, she came across something. The object was tangled up in a lock of her hair, and it took her quite some effort to pull it out alongside the tuft of hair that was adamantly wrapped around it.

When she saw the ring that lay in the palm of her hand, she was stunned. This isn't mine! Does it belong to that man from the other night? She gazed at the ring that looked tailor-made, and the maroon patterns carved into the band gave the ring an antique edge. As far as she could tell, this ring looked like it was worth a small fortune.

She thought about the man from the other night and the clothes he had been wearing, not to mention his unmistakable air of nobility. The memory of him, coupled with this ring, confirmed her suspicions that he was no average joe.

Looks like I might actually have a way out of here now. She closed her fingers over the ring and held onto it like it was her lifeline. Then, she waited for Emma to show up with her one meal of the day.

When Emma sauntered down to the basement and saw Abigail grinning at her, she took a wary step back. "What are you up to? Let me just make it clear that there's no way for you to escape; you won't even be able to make it out of this room, so just give up. My mom's already picked out a husband for you—Mr. Donovan from Harrion's very own Furniture Court. He's in his fifties and recently widowed, and he'd be more than willing to take you as his new wife. He even paid five million as bridewealth."

Abigail clasped her hands tightly together. The fine edge of the ring pierced through her palm, but she paid no mind to it. Instead, she kept up her bright smile as she muttered to no one in particular, "He'll come and save me! He said he'll marry me for sure. He even said that his family has tons of property and flashy cars."

"Are you actually daydreaming right now? Who are you talking about? Jonathan? Don't be ridiculous!" Emma snorted, but that was when she saw the black ring nestled within Abigail's palm, and from where she stood, she could tell that the gleaming ring belonged to a man. "What's that?"

"It's his. Jonathan can't even begin to compete with him. He told me he would come in a Rolls-Royce Phantom and get me out of here. This ring is a token of his promise to me!"

"Let me see!" Emma snatched the ring out of Abigail's hand and assessed it. This ring is worth a whole lot! If I could marry someone even richer, why would I allow Abigail the chance to outdo me?

She began to walk out the door with the ring in hand, but the moment her back was turned, Abigail summoned all her strength and reached for one of the random items in the storage pile next to her. Then, she raised the object over Emma's head and slammed it down.

“You—” Emma cried out, but she crumpled to the ground as her consciousness slipped away. Seizing this chance, Abigail bolted out the door.

Thankfully, there was no one home. Sasha had probably gone out to play poker with her friends, and Philip was likely at the company. Not even the servants were in sight. As she relished her escape, Abigail made her way to her room and packed up a few of her clothes. Then, she grabbed some money and hurried out of the Kain Residence.

By the time Sasha discovered Emma lying on the basement floor, Abigail was already long gone. Cursing under her breath, Sasha carried Emma up to her bedroom and tended to her injuries.

As she stared at the ring in her palm, Emma did not wait for her injuries to heal before she headed out with the ring on her finger. Abigail had not mentioned who the owner of the ring was, but surely a ring as eye-catching as this would be recognized by someone.

Sure enough, Emma had only worn the ring outside for five days when Troy noticed it. He cross-referred Emma’s silhouette with the one in the camera footage from a month ago at the alleyway and concluded that they were similar.

Upon receiving news of this, Greg smirked insidiously. “So we’ve found the mysterious lady. Looks like she has come out of hiding after a month’s disappearance. What are we waiting for then?”

Before long, one luxury car after another pulled up outside the Kain Residence.

At the sight of the intimidating fleet, Philip grew astonished. He was about to react when he saw Troy walk in. It went without saying that he knew exactly who Troy was. That’s the personal assistant to the Fourth Young Master of Harrion!

Philip hastened over and greeted, “Mr. Troy Adams, what brings you here today?”

Meanwhile, Sasha and Emma couldn’t help their envy and greed when they saw the fleet of vehicles lined up outside their home. They could die without regret if they could show up anywhere with such an impressive entourage.

Presently, Troy eyed the familiar ring on Emma’s finger and smiled as he said, “Mr. Kain, we’re actually here to have a few words with Miss Kain.”

“Me?” Emma was admittedly startled. She had no idea who this person was, and she wondered why he would look for her in the first place. Then again, judging by how elegant he looked, she didn’t dare risk offending him. As such, she feigned helplessness and looked as though she was frightened by the man’s presence.

Troy clearly fell for her act, and he could hardly believe that a woman so timid-looking would have the guts to violate and steal from Greg. Nonetheless, he maintained his

smile as he asked courteously, "We were just wondering where you got that ring from, Miss Kain."

Emma's eyes widened by a fraction. The ring? As in, the ring that I took from Abigail? Is this the guy she was babbling on about? My goodness, I have to give it to her for being able to hook a fish as big as Greg Buckley! But now, her happiness is all mine to enjoy. A dark glee seized her, and she was suddenly glad that Abigail was not here to rain on her parade. With a smile on her face, she said a little shyly, "This ring is a token of our love." That's how the story goes, isn't it?

"A token of your love? How bold of you to assume such things, Miss Kain!" Troy was still smiling, but his eyes and tone had grown cold.

"What?" Emma was astonished. Before she could retort, Troy gave a decisive wave of his hand, summoning four or five burly men who rushed in through the door and apprehended her.

"You stole from Mr. Buckley, and now you're making up filthy stories to cover up your crimes! Do you have a death wish? Take her away!"

Shock and fear washed over Emma. The ring was stolen? "No, no! You have the wrong girl! This ring isn't mine! Let go of me right now!" She struggled to break free of their hold, but even as she whined and begged, Troy refused to listen to her. He ordered someone to tuck a rag into her mouth to gag the woman and had her thrown into the car. With that, they left.