

Not One, But Two Chapter 41

Not One, But Two Chapter 41 Have You Fallen for Dr Kain?

After leaving the Kain Residence, Abigail took a look at the address in her hand and realized that it was outside the city. If she headed to that place now, she wouldn't have time to have lunch with Greg. After pondering on it for a moment, she called Greg and said, "I need to take a rain check on lunch. I have something to do now, so I might not be able to come back in time."

Greg frowned when he heard that, for it was the first time anyone had stood him up. "Do you have surgery to perform?"

"No, I'm just going to the outskirts of the city. It's a personal matter." With that, Abigail hung up the call.

As Greg listened to the disconnected tone, he realized that he was already immune to her impolite behavior. There was probably no other woman in Harrion who would dare to treat him in such a way. After putting down his phone, he said to his secretary, "Find out where Abigail is going and send some people to protect her in secret. Don't let her discover them, though."

Troy promptly left the place and carried out the order. Meanwhile, Greg repeatedly told himself that he was doing this for his daughter. If it weren't because he was worried that his daughter would be heartbroken, he wouldn't have been bothered about the woman's safety.

After hanging up the call, Abigail immediately got into her car. To make things easier for herself, she had rented a car. Even though she wasn't used to driving it, the car did its job.

After following the address, she arrived at the south of the city. The buildings in this place appeared to be old, which was in stark contrast to the prosperous city. With that said, this place gave off a tranquil feeling. There was a memorial arch at the entrance with some cursive words written on it. Abigail couldn't make out what was written, but she felt as if time had been reversed by several dozen years.

Aren't memorial arches supposed to exist only in the past? I can't believe there's still such a thing in this place. Abigail looked at it with her head tilted, and it wasn't until she was certain that she didn't understand what was written that she straightened up, only to see an elderly woman staring at her with narrowed eyes. She didn't like the way the elderly woman looked at her. "What's wrong, Madam?"

“You’re not from this place, right?” The elderly woman’s voice was hoarse, but her turbid eyes still appeared shrewd.

After a nod, Abigail replied, “You’re right. I’m from the city, and I’m here to look for someone.”

“Who are you looking for?”

“Isabel Mortimer.” Abigail told the elderly woman her maternal grandmother’s name.

Upon hearing that, the elderly woman became startled as she was visibly surprised.

“You’re looking for Old Madam Mortimer? Who is she to you?”

Abigail thought that the elderly woman was too inquisitive, but she still replied impassively, “She’s my maternal grandmother.”

Unexpectedly, the elderly woman turned around and ran away as she yelled, “The granddaughter of Old Madam Mortimer is here! Come on! Chase her away!”

Abigail was astounded. What’s going on? Why does she want to chase me away? Before she could snap out of her dazed state, she saw many villagers charging toward her with brooms and shovels in their hands.

“F*ck off!”

“Get lost! Don’t dirty our place!”

All of them appeared agitated. Some of the elderly women even started hitting Abigail with their brooms. Abigail wanted to counterattack, but these villagers were all frail old people. If she made a move, she would get into trouble. “Please calm down. I mean no harm, for I just want to ask my grandmother about my mother.”

At the mention of her mother, the fury of these people had been ignited as they all started attacking her.

“How relentless! It was that woman first, and now, her daughter has come to haunt us. Chase her away now!”

“Get lost!”

Countless brooms and shovels landed on her. Since she was left with no choice, Abigail had to keep stepping backward until she was pushed outside the memorial arch. These people finally stopped in their tracks, but they still appeared furious as they blocked her out of the village.

“I’m warning you—if you dare to come in again, I’ll break your legs!” the elderly woman from earlier threatened.

Presently, Abigail was puzzled as she didn’t know what she had done wrong. However, it was apparent to her that she was unable to get into the village. She wanted to reason with these people, but they wouldn’t listen to her. As long as she took a step forward, they would put up their guard. At that, Abigail was speechless.

When Greg learned of what had happened to Abigail, he was startled. “She’s in the Mortimer Village now?”

“Yes, but she can’t get in. Instead, she has ignited the public outrage,” Troy hurriedly reported.

Greg knitted his brows. “Do you know what she’s doing there?”

“It seems that she’s looking for Old Madam Mortimer.”

Upon hearing that, Greg was surprised. “Old Madam Mortimer?”

“Yes.”

“Why is she looking for the old madam?”

“It’s said that Old Madam Mortimer is her maternal grandmother.” Troy told him about the information he had gathered.

All of a sudden, Greg stood straight up and stared at Troy in disbelief before asking, “Are you sure she is Old Madam Mortimer’s granddaughter?”

“That’s what Dr. Kain said.”

Following that, Greg stood in front of the French windows and looked down at the traffic as he fell into his thoughts. Just a moment later, he dialed Abigail’s number.

“What’s up? I’m busy now, so I don’t have any time to speak to you.” Abigail was grumpy. It was the first time she had been loathed by people who were not her family members. However, in this place, she was like a ferocious beast that had to be blocked out of the village at all costs. That was a terrible feeling.

Upon hearing her irritable voice, Greg took a deep breath and suppressed his anger. “If you want to see Old Madam Mortimer, I suggest you come back now and treat me to lunch. I might give you a surprise.”

“What did you just say? You know Isabel Mortimer?” Abigail was shocked.

Greg replied smilingly, “No.”

“Greg, are you doing this intentionally? Can you just mind your own business instead of irritating me all the time? I—”

“But I know her son, Stanley Mortimer. Do you want to see him?” Greg cut her off.

Abigail was stunned. My grandmother has a son? In other words, he’s my uncle. Since I can’t see my grandmother now, maybe I can ask my uncle about my mother. She fell silent.

After glancing at these angry villagers who were wary of her, she took a deep breath. “Just choose a location. I’ll go back now.”

“There’s no rush—we still have some time before lunch. Moreover, is this how you’re supposed to ask for help?” Greg reckoned that this woman was too presumptuous, so he had to put her into her place. Otherwise, she would never learn to respect him.

Abigail frowned as she was reluctant to do that, but in order to find out more about her mother, she said in a hushed voice, “Just think of it as me begging for your help.”

“Just think of it as you begging for my help? I don’t like how you’ve put it. Moreover, I hate people who make empty promises. Just sleep on it. There’s no rush as we’re still two hours away from lunchtime. If you’re sincere enough, I’ll consider contacting Stanley for you.”

Upon finishing his words, he hung up the call. I’ve finally got her begging for my help! He sported a joyful smile, feeling utterly pleased with himself.

Troy was astounded upon seeing that, but he didn’t dare to say anything. It seems that Mr. Buckley is concerned about Dr. Kain!

When Greg turned around and saw Troy, he said in a small voice, “Book a place at Swanson Hut. I have to ask Stanley to meet me for lunch.”

Troy replied in a hushed voice, “Mr. Buckley, you’ve agreed to meet Mr. Miller from the bank at 1.00PM. If you’re going to meet Mr. Mortimer, there won’t be enough time.”

“Take a rain check and tell him that we’ll meet next time.”

On hearing that, Troy was stunned. “Mr. Buckley, Mr. Miller is going to meet you to discuss the capital for our next phase of development.”

“I know. Since I’ve stood him up, just give him a newly built villa in the east of the city. Take it as my apology to him,” Greg said without frowning.

Troy was astonished. Even though the villas in the east had just been built, they were already worth 50,000 to 60,000 every ten square feet. How could Greg just give a villa to someone without blinking an eye? Did he do it just to have lunch with Abigail and arrange a meet-up with Stanley for her? At that instant, he felt that he no longer understood Greg.

Seeing that Troy was rooted to the spot, Greg asked, "What's wrong? Is there anything else?"

Troy quickly shook his head, yet he couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Buckley, have you fallen for Dr. Kain?"

When he heard that, Greg stopped writing as he looked up at Troy and sneered. "You've been a busybody, haven't you?" he said.

At that moment, Troy shuddered. "I'm sorry, Mr. Buckley. I'll go back to work now."

With that, he turned around and ran away.

As Greg watched him leave, he furrowed his brows. Did he just say I've fallen for Abigail? That's ridiculous! I'm not a masochist! I'm helping her for my daughter. Yes! I only care about my daughter!

At the thought of Alissa, he couldn't help curling up his lips as he grinned from ear to ear. My daughter. I wonder what she wants to eat for lunch. Then, he called Alissa. "Allie, what do you want to eat for lunch? I'll buy it for you."

Presently, Alissa was still frustrated at the fact that her pocket money had been confiscated by her mother. As soon as she heard Greg's words, she knew that the question was for Arianna. However, Arianna's phone number was different from hers. She was jealous, and when she thought about the honey glazed chicken that her father had made for Arianna, she was displeased. "I don't want to eat anything. I'm on a diet. Daddy, please stop asking."

Then, she directly hung up the call. Hmph! You were happy to eat honey glazed chicken, right? Just starve to death now! A sinister thought flashed through Alissa's mind, and without telling Arianna about it, she turned off the phone.

Greg was startled. What happened to her? Why was she so grumpy? Is she on a diet? Why does she have to do that when she's just a kid? She must have learned that from Abigail who loves to say such things. Alright, I'll have to talk to her about it during lunchtime later.

At the thought of this, Greg picked up his phone and called Stanley. "What are you doing now? Do you want to meet up for lunch later?"

Stanley replied calmly, "I'm worried that I can't as I have to go back home this afternoon. My mom said there's an emergency, so she wants me to go back."

"What about now? Let's come out now. There's something I need to tell you."

After deciding the time to meet up with Stanley, Greg called Abigail, but he couldn't reach her. It was only then he realized that her phone had been turned off!

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Not One, But Two Chapter 42 A Terrible Practice From the Feudal Era

What the heck! Greg relentlessly called Abigail one more time, but her phone was still turned off. "Troy!"

As soon as he received the order, Troy immediately opened the door and entered the room. "Mr. Buckley, I've informed Mr. Miller about postponing the meeting. I—"

"No! Find out where Abigail is now. Why is her phone turned off?" Greg frowned with an impatient expression. Was that woman born to make things difficult for me?

Troy hurriedly looked into this matter. Just a moment later, he reported in a hushed voice, "Mr. Buckley, Dr. Kain is in trouble. She's trapped outside of Mortimer Village, and things are not looking good."

Greg stood straight up. "What do you mean that things are not looking good?"

"The other party didn't go into details."

After picking up the coat from his chair, Greg shuffled out of the room. "Get the car ready. We're going to Mortimer Village. Also, call Stanley and tell him to go there as well."

By the time he finished speaking, he was already outside of the office.

Even though there were many things that had to be handled in the company, Troy wouldn't dare to waste any time as he passed all the work to the vice president and called Stanley. Then, he followed Greg as they stepped out of Global Inc. After getting into the car, Greg called Abigail again but to no avail.

Meanwhile, Abigail felt speechless. She was ready to head back to the city and wait for Greg to arrange a meeting with her uncle. However, as soon as she got into the car, she was trapped in this place. A woman in her forties or fifties stopped her from leaving. "Are you looking for Adeline Mortimer?"

That was the name of Abigail's mother. When she heard that, Abigail nodded and stepped out of the car. "Yes. Do you know my mother?"

"You're really the daughter of that b*tch! Come on. Tie her up!"

Before Abigail could understand what was going on, she was subdued by the people brought to this place by the middle-aged woman. She wanted to struggle out of it, but a doubt appeared in her mind. Why is my mother despised by the people in this place? If this woman can bring me into Mortimer Village, I will be able to find out more. At the thought of this, she let them tie her up.

When she saw how submissive Abigail was, the woman snatched her phone and turned it off before hurling it into the ditch. "Bring her to the ancestral hall!"

Upon receiving instructions, the people around her immediately executed her order, and the onlookers around the memorial arch quickly dispersed. It seemed that this woman was authoritative.

Who is she? Abigail was doubtful, but she didn't have a chance to ask as she was pushed forward by those people.

This was an ancient village where all the buildings seemed to have been in existence for hundreds of years. While walking along the roads, Abigail felt as if she had returned to ancient times. As she walked slowly, she was brought to the ancestral hall at the other end of the village. The ancestral hall looked grand, and the golden 'Mortimer Ancestral Hall' had been inscribed on a board.

"Are all the people here Mortimers?" Abigail asked in a hushed voice.

Instantly, the woman glared at her. "Shut up! If you dare to utter one more word, I'll cut your tongue off!"

Abigail frowned at that. Not only was this woman unfriendly, she was ruthless as well. Then, she was pushed into the ancestral hall. Before she could figure out what was going on, she felt a gust of wind coming from behind her. She wanted to dodge it instinctively, but she was unable to do so since she had been tied up.

With a loud bang, something struck the back of her head. Soon, she felt her vision darkening. As she secretly cursed, she collapsed to the ground and passed out. The door of the ancestral hall closed with a creak, and it was then locked.

Meanwhile, Sasha was drinking a cup of black tea with a smug smile at the Kain Residence.

“Mom, I don’t care. I can never leave this behind. I must make that b*tch Abigail fall on her knees and apologize to me.” Over the years, Emma had always oppressed Abigail. Now that it was the other way round, she was unable to get over it.

Seeing how her daughter was so infuriated, Sasha replied with a smile, “Don’t worry. Do you think I’ve done her a favor by giving her the address of her maternal grandmother? Rest assured. If she really goes there, she’ll be in hot water.”

“What do you mean?”

While Emma’s interest had been piqued, Sasha fell silent and kept her on tenterhooks.

When Greg arrived, the entire Mortimer Village had been cordoned off, so it was impossible for him to get in. Since he was left with no choice, he called Stanley. “What are you doing there? Hurry up!”

It was rare for Greg to lose his cool. Stanley furrowed his brows and uttered in a low voice, “You seem grumpy today. What are you doing in our village?”

“I’ll tell you about it later. Come here quickly.” As soon as he finished his words, Greg hung up the call. It was completely silent inside the village, so he had no idea what was going on. Abigail is an arrogant woman. Will they torture her? At the thought of this, he became increasingly anxious.

Just as he was despondent, Stanley finally arrived at the place in his car. “You’re late!” Greg complained with a dark expression.

Stanley shot him a glance and asked impassively, “Are you going in?”

“What’s wrong? Can’t I go in?”

Seeing as Greg appeared to be presumptuous, Stanley found it to be funny. “I’ll give you a heads-up. The people in our village are conservative, and they don’t welcome outsiders. So, if you want to follow me into the village, you must not speak as you please or interfere in our affairs. Also, just obey what I say. Now, you’re just my assistant and nothing else. Got it?”

Greg scowled and uttered in a small voice, “You want me to be your assistant? Stanley, do you know no shame?”

“That can’t be helped since you need me and insist on going in.” There was a smug smile on Stanley’s face.

Greg secretly cursed and fell silent, which surprised Stanley. “Are you really agreeing to it?”

“Are we going in or not?” Greg was apprehensive. It had been a long time since Abigail entered the village, so he was worried that she might have gotten into a fight. Even though she’s adept at fighting, she’s facing a lot of villagers. It’s said that a tiger can’t battle against a group of wolves. Moreover, she isn’t a tigress to begin with. At the thought of this, he directly took Stanley’s wrist and entered the village.

Without asking any questions, Stanley followed him promptly. When the guard at the entrance saw Stanley, he respectfully called him ‘Young Master Stanley’, but he stopped Greg from going further.

“He’s my assistant. Don’t worry, I’ll take up the responsibility if anything happens,” Stanley uttered.

Upon hearing that, the guard stepped aside and said in a low voice, “Young Master Stanley, Miss Amelia has captured the daughter of Miss Adeline. She has locked her inside the ancestral hall.”

Stanley became startled. “The daughter of Adeline? What’s going on?” He sported a gloomy expression.

Then, the guard told him what had happened to Abigail earlier. Upon hearing that, Greg became nervous. “She was just looking for her family members. How could you all knock her out and tie her up in the ancestral hall?”

Instantly, Stanley pulled the other man’s sleeve and uttered in a hushed voice, “Shut up.”

“No, I’m just asking—” Greg wanted to keep talking, but when he saw Stanley’s solemn expression and the guard’s unfriendly gaze, he tactfully kept his mouth shut.

It was then Stanley asked gently, “Is she still in the ancestral hall?”

“Yes, she is. Miss Amelia’s people are keeping guard outside the ancestral hall.”

After the guard finished speaking, Stanley led Greg to the ancestral hall as he asked, “Mr. Buckley, have you come all the way here for my niece?”

“What if I say yes?”

Upon hearing that, Stanley suddenly stopped in his tracks and stared at the other man before asking softly, “What’s the nature of your relationship with her?”

“We’re not related in any way, but she’s the best surgeon in the world, and she’s carried out an operation for my mother. Hence, I owe her a favor.” Greg didn’t mention his daughter, nor did he expose to him the one night stand he had with Abigail five years ago. He only revealed to him what Abigail, as a doctor, had done for his mother.

Stanley fell into silence. Everyone knew that Greg was someone who valued the people who had helped him before. Since Abigail had saved Valerie, it was expected that Greg would return her favor. But this matter... Stanley appeared to be in a dilemma.

Greg crossed his arms and uttered coldly, "Don't you dare forget that I saved your life before. I don't need anything else, but I just hope that you can help get Abigail out of here safely. Do you get it?"

"Mr. Buckley, you have no idea how difficult it is to handle this matter." Stanley sighed. "The people in our village have always been conservative, and we value etiquette and social status. You saw the memorial arch at the entrance of the village, right? It was left behind by our ancestors. We have a rule in our village: a widow can never marry another man. She has to stay loyal to her deceased husband. Generations of women stuck to this rule in exchange for this memorial arch, and all the villagers are proud of it."

However, Greg snorted. "This is a terrible practice from the feudal era. Stanley, you're a PhD graduate, so how can you believe this?"

"I don't believe this, but the villagers have always stuck to this rule. Their mindset will never change, and there's nothing I can do. One year after my eldest sister got married, her husband passed away in a car accident. However, she didn't abide by the rule and failed to stay loyal to her husband. Instead, she fell in love with another man in the village. In order to get together with him, she decided to run away with him. Unexpectedly, the man dumped her, and she was captured. At that time, the villagers locked her inside the ancestral hall. As long as she could endure that period of time, she would be chased out of the village, but she'd also regain her freedom by then. However, she eloped with a man from outside the village one day, which was humiliating for all the villagers. So, since her daughter has come over, the villagers will never let her off. They will think that not only has my eldest sister insulted the memorial arch, she has also sent her daughter to come and humiliate them. This will certainly cause an outrage."

Upon hearing that, Greg felt as though he had been struck by lightning. He couldn't believe that such a preposterous thing still existed in this modern age. Moreover, Stanley didn't look like he was pulling his leg, so Greg began to worry. "How do you think they'll deal with Abigail?"

Stanley stared at him and fell silent, but his gaze and expression made Greg feel like he was on pins and needles.

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Not One, But Two Chapter 43 Why Did You Decide to Save Me?

"Say something! What should we do now?" Greg had never been a patient man, and it was usually others who begged him for help. If it weren't for Abigail, he would never

have had a taste of begging someone else. Well, I'm not begging for help. He owes me a favor, and I just want him to repay it now.

Meanwhile, Stanley was in a dilemma. He gazed at him and uttered, "I might not be able to help you with this. My mom and my younger sister are very conservative. At that time, the man that my eldest sister fell in love and wanted to run away with was my younger sister's fiancé, so—"

"How ridiculous!" Greg thought that even a melodrama was more realistic than what he had just heard.

With a bitter smile, Stanley then replied, "My eldest sister is nowhere to be found, so I can't help you even if I want to. Moreover, my younger sister was too agitated because of this event, so she's become somewhat disturbed now. I really have no say in this matter."

"In other words, you're basically useless in your family." Greg looked at him with disdain.

On the other hand, Stanley was rendered speechless. After all, he was powerless when it came to this matter.

Greg impatiently lit up a cigarette and asked, "Since there's nothing you can do, what will happen to Abigail?"

"It's easier to appease the other villagers. As long as she stays in the ancestral hall and gets punished a bit, they'll be fine with it. However, I'm worried that my younger sister will be relentless. My mother was utterly disappointed in my eldest sister, so she severed ties with her over twenty years ago. Now, she only acknowledges my younger sister as her daughter, so she won't be friendly to Dr. Kain."

In an instant, Greg's gaze darkened. "Are they going to kill Abigail? Do they think we're living in a lawless country?"

"She's being held captive in this place now, and it's always been like this in our village. The authorities will never bother to come over and interfere in our affairs."

Upon hearing that, Greg sported a gloomy expression. Initially, he thought that the matter could be easily settled with Stanley around, but he hadn't expected him to be so useless. Furthermore, Abigail's life was at risk now, and it made Greg lose his composure.

Upon seeing his dark expression, Stanley was nervous. "Mr. Buckley, you can't forcefully get her out of here!"

“Haha.” Greg sneered and called Troy. “Call Bruno and tell him that there are foreign terrorists in Mortimer Village, so we need the military’s support. It’d be best if he could get some helicopters to come over. Also, tell our men to surround the village. If they don’t release the captive, we’ll barge in and save her. I don’t believe there’s anywhere in Harrion that I can’t go or anyone I can’t save!”

Upon finishing his words, he hung up the call.

Knowing that Greg always meant what he said, Stanley turned pale. Moreover, Greg was someone who feared no one, and he was one of the four most prestigious young masters in Harrion. It was said that he was on good terms with the other three young masters. By offending Greg, it was no different from affronting all the big shots in Harrion.

At the thought of the consequence, Stanley hurriedly said, “Please calm down, Mr. Buckley. Why don’t you let me have a discussion with my mother and younger sister first?”

“I can give you time to have a discussion with them, but I have to see Abigail right now!” Greg’s tone suggested that he didn’t expect to be rejected.

“Mr. Buckley, please don’t make things difficult for me—”

“In that case, I’ll just go in and save her.”

Greg rolled up his sleeves as if he was a thug, and this shocked Stanley.

“Please don’t do this, Mr. Buckley. Just give me some time.”

“No, I have to see her now. If this matter drags on, she might get killed.” Greg thought that it was highly probable.

Stanley was anxious, but he didn’t dare to offend Greg as the latter was known to be a modern-day Lucifer. “Alright, I’ll bring you to see her in the ancestral hall, but you must not try to take her away. Let me settle the issue first, okay?”

Right now, Stanley regretted bringing Greg to this place. However, everything else didn’t matter to Greg as long as he could see Abigail. When he saw that Greg had agreed to it, Stanley breathed a sigh of relief and brought him to the ancestral hall. On the way there, Greg didn’t utter a single word. When he reached the ancestral hall, he saw Abigail lying on the ground, and it seemed like she had passed out. “What did you all do to her?”

His gaze darkened.

Stanley hurriedly said, "Before the villagers find out whether she has come here on her own or with my eldest sister, they won't make a move on her."

Upon finishing his words, he felt somewhat guilty. The villagers won't make a move, but what about my younger sister? Certainly, he didn't dare to say it out loud.

With a frown, Greg uttered coldly, "Twenty minutes. I'll give you twenty minutes to settle it. If you can't, I'll solve this problem my way."

This man is no different from a thug! What a ruthless man! Stanley could only think to himself, then he agreed to look for his mother and younger sister immediately.

After he was gone, Greg ambled toward Abigail. Isn't this woman adept at fighting? She even has the guts to beat me up. Why is she knocked out on the ground, looking all pitiful now? He wanted to question her, but he still crouched down and helped her up, only to feel a tinge of warmth. "Abigail?"

He gently shook her, and upon seeing that she remained unconscious, he pressed his finger against her philtrum.

At that moment, Abigail gasped and sat up straight. She still appeared perplexed when she saw Greg. "Why are you here?"

Seeing how baffled she looked, Greg mocked, "If I hadn't come, you would've lost your life without knowing why."

"What nonsense are you spouting?" Abigail wanted to get up, but the pain on the back of her head made her grimace. "Greg, did you beat me up when I was unconscious? Why is my head aching now?"

Faced with this unreasonable woman, Greg was speechless. "I beat you up? Do you think I have nothing better to do?"

He wanted to hurl her to the ground and land a kick on her, but he suppressed his urge to do so.

Once Abigail recalled what had happened, she sported a grim expression. "The people here are insane! How could they treat me like this? This is kidnap and illegal captivity. I have to sue them!"

"Stanley said that the authorities don't bother coming here and interfering with their affairs, so it's useless even if you sue them. You've been implicated by your mother."

What he said made Abigail frown. "What do you mean by that?"

Then, Greg told her what Stanley had said to him. Abigail felt as though she had traveled through time and returned to the past. "What year is it?"

"Cut it out. I was just as shocked as you are when I heard that. Unfortunately, you've come to such a village. Did you see the memorial arch at the entrance? That's the pride of the entire village, and countless women have stuck to the same archaic rule over the generations in exchange for it. Do you get it now? The fact that your mother pursued love and freedom had caused a public outrage. Also, the woman who confined you to the ancestral hall is supposed to be your aunt. Your mother had snatched her fiancé, which is why she hates you and your mother. Do you understand it now?"

Abigail sported a dark expression. "You've already made it clear. I'd be a fool if I still don't get it."

"Yeah, I can tell that you're not a fool." Seeing that she was unable to get up, Greg narrowed his eyes. "Are you alright?"

"Well, I'm not. I think the back of my head is bleeding, and there's nothing here that I can use. More importantly, how are we supposed to get out of here?" Upon learning the cause of the incident, Abigail became calm and collected again.

Seeing how she was able to pull herself together so quickly, Greg couldn't help but take a glance at her. "Aren't you worried that they'll kill you?"

"Do I look like I will get killed easily?" Abigail sneered. At the same time, she finally realized why Sasha had readily given her the address. That woman must have expected this kind of outcome, and she couldn't believe that she had been fooled by Sasha again. A hint of coldness flashed through her eyes.

When he saw her expression, Greg set his mind at ease. "Don't worry, we'll definitely get out of here. Even if Stanley isn't able to persuade your grandmother and aunt, I have another way to bring you out of this place."

"How are you going to do that?" Abigail asked in a soft voice.

In a domineering manner, Greg replied, "How else will I do it? We'll just force our way out of this village. There are not many people here, and I don't believe that they can go up against my men. Even if we can't reach an agreement with them, just walk behind me. I assure you that I'll get you out of here safely."

After hesitating for a bit, Abigail uttered in a small voice, "I want to see my grandmother and ask her about my mother, though."

"That's easy. Stanley owes me a favor, so just ask him whatever you want to know. Even if there are things he doesn't know, he can go back and ask his mother. It's a better alternative than doing it yourself."

Abigail approved of his idea, but it would mean that she would owe him a favor. That notion made her feel uneasy, but she wasn't an inflexible person. After weighing the pros and cons, she decided to agree to his suggestion. "In that case, let's go now."

After finishing her words, she got up and brushed away the dirt from her clothes.

Greg was startled for a moment. "But I promised Stanley that he'd have twenty minutes to settle this issue."

"He will not succeed. If what he has said is true, the mindset of the people here are still stuck in the past, and they won't have any regard for you. Instead, your provocation will make them feel resentful toward you, which might lead to a scuffle. In that case, we'd better leave now. If we wait any longer, we might not be able to leave by then," said Abigail while she calmly analyzed the situation.

Greg felt as if he was the one getting saved, not the other way round. This woman is interesting. "Alright, let's go."

Then, he made a call to someone. Soon, they heard the noises of footsteps and a rowdy crowd. With an emotionless expression, Greg pulled the woman behind him and uttered impassively, "Follow me closely and don't get lost. I won't come back to save you for the second time."

"Why did you decide to save me?" Abigail suddenly asked.

Upon hearing that, Greg was startled. Why? His mind went blank for a moment before he put on a charming smile. "I'll just regard it as repaying your favor for saving my mother."

With that, he stepped out of the place.

Abigail scowled as she watched him leave. Repaying my favor? He has already paid me all the fees. What is he up to again?

Not One, But Two Chapter 44

Not One, But Two Chapter 44 She Is My Woman

"Are you leaving or not?" When he realized that Abigail wasn't following him, Greg stopped in his tracks and turned around with his head tilted. The look on his face that resembled that of a ruffian stunned her. Not only that, the unfamiliar feelings that rose within her made her frown.

"Of course. Can you at least be a gentleman and help support my weight, though?"

“What?” Greg became startled.

Abigail didn't want to appear weak in front of this man, but as she listened to the noises outside, she uttered dispassionately, “I've lost a lot of blood, and I feel dizzy now.”

Greg was astonished, for he never expected that the arrogant Abigail would show her weakness to him. With his lips curving into a charming smile, he walked over and carried her up.

An astounded Abigail instinctively attempted to struggle, only to hear the man saying impassively, “Don't blame it on me if you fall to the ground.”

Upon hearing that, she stopped struggling. They had even done the most intimate thing together, so it'd be awkward if she still refused to let him carry her up. At the thought of this, she became at ease and rested her head against the man's chest. After getting into a comfortable position, she felt less dizzy.

Despite the fact that only her hair came into contact with Greg's shirt, he still felt itchy, and there were some other feelings spreading in his heart. This woman... He looked down, and upon discovering that she seemed to be enjoying herself, he felt pleased for some reason. I love how obedient she appears now. At the thought of this, he kicked the door open and stepped out of the ancestral hall with the woman in his arms.

Stanley, Old Madam Mortimer, and the others had rushed over to this place, only to see Abigail resting in a man's arms. In an instant, Old Madam Mortimer became infuriated. “B*stard! How dare you do such a shameless thing in the ancestral hall! You're really Adeline's daughter! What a sl*t!”

Abigail never intended to meet Old Madam Mortimer as she was worried that her bad temper would make her maternal grandmother feel displeased. However, it never crossed her mind that she would bump right into her. What was more, her maternal grandmother was a sharp-tongued person. She shot a glance at the old madam, who was trembling in fury, and uttered dispassionately, “You're Old Madam Mortimer, right? Consider yourself lucky as I'm not going to sue you for illegal confinement. Do you still expect me to abide by the rules in this village? I'm not from this village, so what makes you think you can force me to obey your orders?”

Upon hearing that, Old Madam Mortimer was rendered speechless. Her chest was heaving as she was apparently incensed.

“Mr. Buckley, you...” Meanwhile, Stanley was frustrated upon seeing that. What should I do? Before he left, he had told Greg not to make any rash moves, but he had forgotten that Greg wouldn't follow anyone's arrangements.

“Do you know him, Stanley?” Old Madam Mortimer shot him a glare.

In an instant, Stanley stiffened. “Mom, he’s Mr. Buckley, the Fourth Young Master of Harrion.”

“I don’t care who he is. Since he is in Mortimer Village, he has to follow our rules. Abigail is that woman’s daughter. Your sister is still unmarried because of that woman, so her daughter has to be punished in her mother’s stead.”

“Why should I listen to you?” Abigail reckoned that Old Madam Mortimer had a false sense of authority due to her old age. Does she think she’s really on top of everything just because I’ve been putting up with her?

“This is Mortimer Village, and I’m the clan leader of this place. Is that a good enough reason?”

When he saw that the conflict between Old Madam Mortimer and Abigail was beginning to intensify, Greg frowned. “Just tell me what I have to do so that you’ll let her go.”

After he finished speaking, all of them fell silent.

“What’s wrong? Are you going to tell me that in this modern age, you still want to throw her into the river? In that case, I have many ways to make Mortimer Village disappear in this world. Do you believe me?” Greg uttered nonchalantly before he sported a meaningful smile.

On the other hand, Stanley was covered in cold sweat. Others didn’t know who Greg was, but he was fully aware of it. The fact that Greg was the Fourth Young Master of Harrion might not be intimidating enough. However, he was the overlord of the Dark Empire, so even if there were ten Mortimer Villages, they couldn’t go up against him.

Just as Old Madam Mortimer wanted to say something, Stanley quickly took her arm and whispered beside her ear. A myriad of expressions came over Old Madam Mortimer, then she gaped at Greg and said reluctantly, “I’ll show you some respect and give her a lighter punishment.”

“Spill it.”

“Fifty strokes of whip.”

Upon hearing that, Abigail was infuriated. “Do you think you’re the queen of this land? Fifty strokes? Why don’t you just beat me to death instead?”

“Do you think I don’t dare to do that?”

Seeing as the two of them were about to argue, Greg put down Abigail and took off his coat before placing it on her shoulders. Then, he uttered emotionlessly, “Take a seat somewhere and wait for me. I’ll get you out of this place later.”

“What are you trying to do?” Abigail had a bad feeling.

Instead of replying to her, Greg went on to take off his shirt. He revealed his lean upper body and uttered calmly, “Just whip me now. She is my woman, so I’ll get punished in her stead. Hurry up, for we still have other things to do.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned around and shuffled into the ancestral hall.

Abigail was dumbfounded. What is this man doing? What does he mean that I’m her woman? “Greg, come back here! What are you doing? Who allowed you to do that?”

She got up and tried to stop him, but she was pulled back by Stanley. “Let go of me!”

Her eyes were cold, and her fury seemed to have transformed into an invisible sword as it shot toward Stanley, who was evidently surprised. It seems that my niece is really something. However, he didn’t release her as he said in a small voice, “You don’t get it. The whip is covered in barbs. You’ll be doomed if you get struck by it fifty times.”

“What?!” Abigail widened her eyes in disbelief. If Greg was struck by a barbed whip, he would be covered in blood. “No! You can’t do that to him! We’re not related in any way!”

She was about to continue shouting when Stanley directly covered her mouth. “Trust me. Mr. Buckley can endure it, but you definitely can’t. Listen to me and close your eyes. It’ll be over quickly. This is the only way Mr. Buckley can take you away from here safely, and this is also the only way to resolve the feud between your mother and her family members. Do you want the feud to go on forever?” he uttered in a hushed voice.

Abigail acknowledged that she didn’t want her mother to be rootless, but she couldn’t let Greg get punished in her stead. This was her matter, and she didn’t want to owe that man anything. Just when she wanted to do something, her wrist was clenched by Stanley, whereupon a sense of numbness came over her. In an instant, she lost all her energy.

“You...” She was flabbergasted.

Stanley stared fixedly at Greg without looking at the woman. When she saw Greg standing up for Abigail, Old Madam Mortimer couldn’t help but ask, “How do we know that she’s really your woman? How can you prove it?”

“Old Madam, you’re pretty interesting. The fact that I’ve come all the way here to fetch her is the best proof. No other woman in Harrion can make me do that. If you still don’t believe me, our daughter is four years old now. Do you want to meet her?”

When she heard him mention their daughter at this point, Abigail was frustrated. “Greg, don’t drag my daughter into this.”

“Stanley, help me cover her mouth. This woman is timid. I’m worried that I’ll feel annoyed when she starts crying later,” Greg said to Stanley without gazing at Abigail.

Understanding what he meant, Stanley directly pressed his palm against her mouth.

“Mmm! Mmm...” Abigail wanted to kill these two men, but she was unable to do that. It never crossed her mind that she would be defeated in this place.

Seeing that she had fallen silent, Greg turned to look at Old Madam Mortimer and uttered, “Are you going to punish me? If not, I’ll leave this place with her now.”

“Get ready!” Over the years, Old Madam Mortimer had been so vexed because her youngest daughter remained unmarried after what her eldest daughter did. Thus, she had to get revenge for her youngest daughter.

Upon receiving the order, someone came over with a whip.

When Abigail saw the whip, she started struggling violently. Unfortunately, she was unable to struggle out of Stanley’s grip no matter how hard she tried. She could only watch as the barbed whip struck Greg’s back. As the sound of the whip breaking through the air was heard, Greg grunted. Instantly, a blood mark appeared on his back, and the flesh around his wound rolled up.

Abigail shuddered, and as she looked at Greg, she realized that the man was gritting his teeth without showing any emotions on his face. However, her eyes became bloodshot when she saw the wounds on his back, for the executor spared no effort in lashing the man’s body. At that instant, a metallic tang permeated the entire ancestral hall.

Tears started moistening Abigail’s eyes as she felt heartbroken for the man. Ever since she was a young kid, no one had ever stood up for her or gotten punished in her stead. Was this man out of his mind? They were not related in any way. On that night five years ago, she was the one who had forced herself upon him, so he owed her nothing.

Abigail suppressed her tears, watching as the whip repeatedly struck the man’s blood-soaked back. It was as if the whip had actually struck her heart instead as the pain seeped into her bones. At the same time, she felt touched and some other unfamiliar feelings rose within her for no reason.

Even after the executor was done with all fifty strokes, Greg was still standing in the ancestral hall with a straight back. All of their gazes changed as they looked at him in disbelief. Greg took a deep breath and uttered calmly, “Come support my weight. I can’t carry you up and leave this place anymore.”

Stanley immediately released Abigail upon hearing that, whereas the woman shot toward Greg and felt his pulse. He was panting heavily, so it was apparent that he was trying his hardest to suppress his pain.

“I’ll bring you out of here!” With bloodshot eyes, Abigail turned her head and shot a glare at Old Madam Mortimer and Amelia. “Are you happy now? Whatever my mother has done or owes you, we’re even now!”

Old Madam Mortimer was shocked by Abigail’s appearance. The young woman’s eyes were as dead as a pool of stagnant water, allowing no one to see through her. However, her gaze was able to make anyone looking at her feel apprehensive.

Not One, But Two Chapter 45

Not One, But Two Chapter 45 Keep Your Hands to Yourself

“What? Are you not done? Do you want to beat me up until I die?” Abigail’s gaze turned sharp, and Greg knitted his brows together before giving Isabel a stern, icy glare.

Isabel shuddered as she felt a chill running down her spine. She saw a vicious look in Greg’s eyes that she had never seen in a regular human’s before. “Forget it. Let’s call it quits,” she uttered hastily.

“Mom—” Amelia protested in dissatisfaction. However, Isabel was quick to interrupt her daughter. “Shut up! Follow my orders!”

Amelia continued to wear a dissatisfied look on her face, but she had no choice but to hold it in. She could only send a hateful glare in Abigail’s direction. I wish I could shatter her into pieces just by staring at her, Amelia thought.

Abigail wasn’t too bothered by the way Amelia was staring at her. She spoke up in an icy tone after hearing that Isabel was taking a step back. “I hope you’ll be able to give me an answer regarding my mother’s matters soon, Old Madam Mortimer. Regardless of how nasty it may get, I’d like to know the full details of it.”

“What makes you think you have the right to ask for that?” Amelia lost her temper again.

Abigail scoffed. “I have the right because Greg just took these 50 strikes on behalf of me. Why? Do you have anything to say? Or are you going to try something again?”

Abigail was infuriated at this point. She might not have expressed much anger on her face, but there was a distinct change in the air around them. Greg gave her an amused stare without saying much. However, his eyes were clearly twinkling with interest.

Isabel had lived a long life, hence her experience allowed her to be good at reading people. Abigail’s a tiny, frail girl who came all on her own, which can only mean two things: she might be dumb, or she might have someone secretly providing her support. I’m leaning toward the second possibility now. Of course, we might be able to deal with

things here and now, but I'm afraid we might have to get involved with the people in power if this fight prolongs. I'm not sure I want that to happen. "Let him go!" Isabel ordered. The people around them quickly stepped aside.

Abigail helped Greg out of the ancestral hall, but she stopped to speak to Isabel on the way out. "You're so nice to your youngest daughter, old woman. Now, I can tell that all of the people here obey you. Perhaps things would be different if you managed to protect your eldest daughter in the past, right? After settling things today, my mother is no longer related to the Mortimer Family in any way. I hope you send my mother's details to me soon. Perhaps Stanley can help you out with that." Abigail turned to give Stanley a furious glare.

Stanley was taken aback by the look in her eye. She sure holds grudges! He put on a bitter smile, but Abigail was no longer paying attention to him at that point as she was busy helping Greg out of the area. "Are you okay?" Abigail felt her heart aching when she saw the injuries on Greg's body.

Greg, on the other hand, didn't seem too troubled by the beating. He had been through much worse throughout his years of growing up. However, this time, he saw the value of receiving this beating, as it allowed him to see a different side of Abigail. She was typically an arrogant woman, but he noticed the guilt and concern in her eyes at that moment. "A man isn't allowed to say that he isn't okay," he replied with a faint smile.

Abigail froze for a moment. "I can't believe you're still fooling around at a time like this. Anyway, I owe you one, Greg. I'll repay you in the future, even if I have to give my life away for it."

"You're making it sound too serious. What I went through is nothing in comparison to what you had to go through to give birth to my adorable daughter," he replied.

Once again, she froze after hearing his words. "What did you just say?"

"Being pregnant for ten months and going through the pains of giving birth isn't something that everyone can endure. Although I don't know why you didn't abort the child, I'm really thankful for the decision you made. Thank you for giving birth to such an adorable daughter." Greg meant every word that he said, and it left Abigail speechless and teary-eyed for a moment.

All the hardships that she had to go through to get pregnant without being married finally felt worth it. It felt like her heart, which had been a dry field for ten years, had finally received some water, nourishment, and warmth. "I didn't give birth to the child because of you," she muttered while turning away.

It was rare for Greg to see this side of her, and he couldn't help but chuckle when he saw it. Why is she turning into a shy child all of a sudden? But he didn't say anything

more. They walked over to the car, where Greg's men had arrived. His men were dressed in black, and they all looked like they were prepared to fight.

Isabel and the rest of them watched as Abigail headed out of the village. All of Greg's men had come with weapons, and they seemed like daring and aggressive men. Isabel felt somewhat terrified at the sight of them. What would've happened to us if we hadn't agreed to their terms earlier? I don't think there are many people in Harrion who own guns, yet there were so many of them with guns just now. Isabel's face turned pale.

After taking a look at Greg, Abigail made a suggestion. "Why don't you get in my car? I have a first-aid kit in the car, and I think your injuries should be treated immediately."

"Pass me your first-aid kit, and I'll do it here. Your car's too small for me to fit."

Abigail twitched her lips in annoyance when she heard his remark. He really doesn't change, huh?

When Abigail didn't make any further comments, Greg's men hurried over to grab the first-aid kit from her car. Greg got Abigail to get in the car before he crawled onto her thigh and rested his arm around her waist. Mmm... She has such a slim waist. This reminds me of what happened five years ago. That breath-taking, life-changing night... Greg's Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he instinctively rubbed his fingers against Abigail's waist.

"You should keep your hands to yourself before I break them," she hissed in a cold tone. Greg had been in a dreamlike state before that, but he snapped back into reality after hearing her words. What's up with me? She's not my type at all. Why am I getting all confused?

Greg hastily tried to stabilize his emotions before speaking in a nonchalant tone. "I was just trying to find a comfortable spot. Don't get all petty about this."

The corner of Abigail's lips twitched once more. If it weren't for the fact that he had just taken a beating on behalf of her, she would have caused him to be bedridden for at least two weeks after hearing what he said. However, she wasn't in the mood to bicker with him right then, so she quickly grabbed the first-aid kit before applying medication to his wounds.

He let out a loud hiss as his body stiffened in response to the burn of the medication. "Relax. I can't apply medication when you're all tensed up like that," she uttered in a formal tone.

Greg sniggered. "Have you heard of a victim relaxing while in the process of being raped?"

Abigail was stunned upon hearing his words. What a way to describe what he's feeling, she thought. She didn't answer him after that, but she continued to apply medication to his wounds.

Stanley felt cold sweat trickling down his face when he saw the men that Greg had brought. "Mr. Buckley, would it be okay for you guys to leave now?" Stanley asked.

Greg shot a glare at Stanley before waving an arm to send all of his men away. Isabel heaved a sigh of relief, but there was a hint of confusion on her face. Abigail couldn't care about anything that was going on then, as all of her focus was on applying medication for Greg. "There are a few wounds that will require stitches, but I can't do it here. We should go to a hospital before these wounds get infected," she muttered.

"You can stitch them for me. Also, you should prepare some food for Allie. We've been caught up in this for so long, and it's almost lunchtime. My baby must be hungry by now." Greg was still thinking about Alissa even at this point. Abigail's heart fluttered when she heard what he said. "You're such a good father," she uttered.

"So? Are you going to hand Allie over to me?" Greg gave Abigail a hopeful look.

She knitted her eyebrows together immediately. "That's not going to happen. My children are my life. You'll have to kill me if you want to take my children away from me. Just because I'm helping you doesn't give you the permission to have this negotiation with me. These are two different things," she muttered.

Abigail's expression darkened, and the pleasant look that had been on her face earlier had disappeared like a bubble that had popped. Greg hadn't actually hoped to gain custody over his daughter, but he was rather taken aback by how determined Abigail sounded. "I was just making conversation. I'm not actually going to fight with you for the children," he explained.

"That better be true," she muttered. Abigail shot Greg a rather worried gaze, but she stopped talking when she saw that he had dropped the topic. Despite this, she still felt an uneasy feeling—this feeling wouldn't leave as long as the children were in Harrion.

When Stanley gives me my mother's details, I'll bring the children away from here, and far, far away from Greg. Abigail didn't show any of her thoughts on her face. Soon enough, the car arrived at the hospital, and the nurses helped Greg into the operation theater.

Right before the doors to the operation theater were shut, Greg voiced out a request. "Hold on. I want to send some food to my daughter."

"I want you to stay put. I'll send someone to pass food to Allie," Abigail replied.

“That’s different. I promised my daughter that I would send her food personally. My wounds are no big deal. As you said, you’ve already dealt with the wounds that have to be dealt with. The stitching is no rush.” Abigail was shocked at how firm and stubborn Greg was about his decision.

Greg genuinely cared about his daughter, but that was precisely what made Abigail more worried. What if the kids really like him? What if they no longer want to stay with me? Abigail let out a scoff at that thought. “I’m a doctor, so you need to listen to me.”

“Don’t you understand what I’m saying, Abigail? I’m saying—” Before he finished his sentence, Abigail gave him a sharp hit that sent him unconscious.

The nurses and doctors around Abigail were shocked, and they all turned to look at her. She was the only person in Harrion who had ever treated Greg that way. “What are you guys staring at? Send him into the operation theater now. Can’t you tell that his wounds are already swollen and red?” Abigail was both calm and directive as she spoke, and the nurses quickly acted in accordance with her orders.

Before walking into the operation theater, Abigail ordered someone to send food over to her daughter’s ward. Then, she headed in to conduct the surgery for Greg. He was only placed under anesthesia for about 30 minutes—Abigail had finished stitching his wounds by then, and he woke up around the same time.

His eyes lit up with fury when he realized what had happened. “How dare you, Abigail?” He leaped off the surgical table before heading toward Abigail to talk some sense into her. She turned around when she heard her name. She was holding a syringe in her right hand, so she stabbed it into one of his arteries before injecting the medication into it.

“What the f*ck are you doing to me this time?” He had just finished his words when he collapsed back onto the bed with a loud thud.

Not One, But Two Chapter 46

Not One, But Two Chapter 46 Why Were You Named the Best Surgeon?

“I can’t believe you’re still acting up when you’re in this state,” Abigail mumbled to herself. She didn’t see anything wrong with treating Greg that way—he wasn’t even a patient in her eyes. Abigail had always applied the same simple and aggressive approach to patients like him. However, the nurses around her were shocked.

“He’s Mr. Buckley, Dr. Kain,” one of them said.

"I don't care who he is—he has to listen to me as long as he's here." Abigail finished her sentence in a domineering tone before she told the nurses to send Greg to the ICU. Then, she went over to Arianna's room.

There were a lot of things that Arianna couldn't eat due to her asthma. Before entering the operation theater just now, Abigail had specially ordered some food for her. When Abigail entered the ward, she found Arianna jabbing her finger against her tablet. "Have you eaten?" Abigail's voice turned softer without her realizing it.

Arianna looked up and gave Abigail a faint smile when she saw her. "I've eaten, Mommy. Have you eaten? Where's Daddy? I told him to remind you to have lunch. Why don't I see him anywhere?"

Abigail felt a warm sensation spreading across her chest when she heard what Arianna said. "As long as you and Allie are here with me, I'll always feel better." Abigail gave Arianna a gentle hug. When Abigail recalled how Greg had been worried about his daughters before he entered the operation theater, she asked Arianna a question. "Do you like Daddy a lot?"

"Yeah," Arianna replied with a nod.

"How much do you like him?"

"A lot! I like Daddy as much as I like Mommy," the young girl replied. Abigail was rather shocked after she heard what Arianna said. It's only been such a short while—does Greg matter that much to my daughter already? She didn't ask anything else after that, but she told herself that she would have to bring her daughters away once she got her mother's files.

Abigail and Arianna chatted for a while more before they heard the ding of a notification that Arianna had received on her tablet. "Are you talking to Alissa?"

"Yeah!" Arianna nodded, but she didn't show Abigail the tablet. Abigail was respectful toward her children's privacy, so she simply patted Arianna on her head with a smile. "You shouldn't chat for so long because staring at the screen is not good for your eyes. I'll go take a look at my patients. Your daddy has some stuff to handle, but he might come over a little later. You should get some rest. Call me if you need anything, okay?"

"Okay. Bye, Mommy!" Arianna waved goodbye, and Abigail smiled before leaving the room. After Abigail left, Arianna took a look at the information that Alissa had sent her on the tablet. It was a DNA report. "How did you get Daddy's sample for the DNA test, Allie?" Arianna was impressed.

Alissa responded in an arrogant manner, "You don't need to know how I got it. I have my ways. What do you think? We've confirmed that Greg is our actual father. Do you feel more secure now?"

"I always knew he was our father." Although Arianna claimed that she knew all along, she had unconsciously spread her lips into a huge grin that made her seem especially happy.

"Pfft! You might have felt like he was our actual dad, but we still need evidence to be sure. You should print a copy of this report. I can't keep it with me."

Arianna was rather confused after she heard her sister. "Why do we have to print a copy? It's good enough that we know about it, right?"

"That's why I say you're an idiot. There's no use in us knowing about it. I heard Daddy say that we still have a grandmother staying in the hospital. I'm not sure if Grandma will like us. What if she doesn't want to have us as her granddaughters? What if she doesn't allow Daddy to have us as daughters? With this DNA report, Grandma will have to take us in."

Arianna immediately nodded upon hearing what her sister said. "Yes, yes! You're right, Allie. I'll print it out now."

"Be careful. Don't let Mom see it, or else she'll be sad," Alissa reminded her sister.

"I got it." After Arianna ended the call, she secretly cheered over the fact that Abigail respected their privacy. The young girl lifted the sheets up and got off the bed before tottering over to search for a printer in the hospital. However, she wasn't allowed to use it, so the only one she could use was the printer in her mother's office.

I wonder if Mommy's there, she thought as she headed toward Abigail's office. Fortunately, Abigail had gone on one of her rounds, so she wasn't in the office. Arianna hastily printed the report out. However, before it was done printing, she heard footsteps coming from outside. The young girl was so shocked that she quickly squatted down and hid below the office table.

Abigail opened the door to the office before walking in, with Greg following behind. Greg looked rather pale. "How dare you use a tranquilizer on me, Abigail? Is this how you treat your savior?"

"You don't seem too tranquil now, do you?" Abigail was surprised by how quickly Greg had woken up, but she no longer checked on him after she saw that he seemed fine.

Greg lost his temper when he heard Abigail's words. "That's not the point! The point is that you had the nerve to do such a thing to me!"

"You're my patient. It's the only thing I can do since you're not cooperating with me. Alright, you can leave if you're feeling fine. People might think we have something going on if they see you here," Abigail uttered. She was about to sit at her desk after finishing her sentence, but she then heard the whirring of the printer.

Arianna had been hiding under the table the whole time, and she felt like her heart was about to leap out of her throat when she heard the printer. Greg was obviously intrigued by the sudden sound, and he found himself staring at the words on the piece of paper that had been printed. A DNA report? Greg frowned as he snatched the paper over before Abigail could get to it.

After the last DNA report had been forged, Greg no longer did it again. Now that he saw Abigail having a copy of his sample with Alissa's, he changed the way he looked at Abigail. "Do you need to do this? Don't you know whether Alissa's my daughter or not? Or have you slept with too many men to remember which child belongs to who?" When he imagined Abigail making love with another man, he felt a boiling rage in his chest.

Abigail didn't know what was going on, but her face darkened when she heard Greg blabbering. "I want you out of here now!" she cried.

"What? Are you angry because I got it right?" Greg took a step forward and grabbed Abigail's arm. "How did you get the title of the best surgeon in the world?"

"Do you think I'll hesitate to sew your mouth up? I want you to shut up now!" Abigail hadn't intended to get mad at him since he had just taken a beating for her. However, his words were simply too much. When Arianna heard them getting into a fight, she quickly wiggled her way out from under the table. "Mommy, Daddy, I was the one who printed the report. Stop fighting!"

Arianna's sudden appearance came as a shock to both Greg and Abigail. "What are you doing here?" Abigail frowned. Greg immediately loosened his grip on Abigail's arm when he saw his daughter. "The air's really bad here, darling. Why don't you stay in the ward?"

Arianna wasn't distracted by Greg's words, and she stared at them as she explained herself clearly. "I was the one who made the report because I wanted to know if Daddy is biologically related to me. I feel safer with this data. I was afraid that Mommy would get angry, so I didn't tell her about it."

Abigail was aware of her daughter's capabilities. She felt both guilty and sorry for her daughter. "I'm not blaming you for anything, you silly girl."

"But Daddy misunderstood the situation." Arianna gave Greg a disapproving stare. Greg suddenly recalled how Alissa had taken a few strands of his hair when he was collecting his own sample. He had assumed that his children wouldn't know what a DNA test was, but he hadn't expected kids nowadays to be so smart.

After a while, he realized that he misunderstood Abigail. When he remembered how he had uttered those words to Abigail in front of his daughter, he quickly apologized to Abigail. "I'm sorry. I was too harsh before clarifying the situation just now."

Abigail froze for a moment. She assumed that Greg had apologized to her because he didn't want to leave a bad impression in front of his daughter—he wouldn't typically apologize to her otherwise. So, Abigail didn't respond to him at all.

However, Arianna quickly tugged on her mother's hand. "Daddy apologized, Mommy. You should tell him that it's fine."

"No." Abigail wasn't about to lower her ego. She didn't want to act in front of Greg and her children because it was simply too tiring. Furthermore, she figured that her daughter would be able to deal with such conflicts. Greg clearly didn't agree with the way that Abigail was acting. He was about to say something when Arianna's soft and innocent voice filled the room. "Why don't you buy Daddy a meal, Mommy? I bet you guys haven't had lunch, right?"

When Greg heard Arianna's words, he recalled how he had promised his daughter to remind Abigail to eat her meals on time. Abigail seemed to have forgotten to eat lunch as she was too busy treating his wounds. "That's right. You still owe me a meal. You owe me a second one now. I'm hungry; I want to eat." Greg was acting like a useless man.

Abigail recalled that she had asked Greg for a meal before she went to the Mortimers' place. They had missed the meal just now. However, when she saw the anticipation in her daughter's eyes, she simply massaged her temples as she spoke. "Fine. I'll buy him a meal."

"Can I go with you guys, Mommy?" Arianna gave them a hopeful look.

"Didn't you eat earlier?" Abigail could tell that Arianna was trying to seize every opportunity to spend time with her father, but this made Abigail feel more insecure than ever. "I thought I'd eat a little more. Furthermore, I've never eaten with both Mommy and Daddy."

Greg felt an ache in his heart when he heard his daughter's words. "Come on! Daddy will bring you out for a meal!"

Greg lifted Arianna into his arms before glancing in Abigail's direction. He didn't say anything, but there was a threatening look in his eyes. It was almost as if he were saying that he would kidnap the young girl if Abigail didn't allow her to go along with them.

Abigail couldn't bear to disappoint Arianna, so she took a deep breath before giving in to them. The three of them left the office together, and Greg brought the DNA report along with him. Arianna scrunched her face together. I'm dead this time! Allie is going to call me dumb when she hears about this. But what matters the most is that I get to have a meal with both Mommy and Daddy, right?

Arianna pushed all of her unhappy emotions aside as she lay on Greg's shoulder while staring at Abigail, who was following behind them. She felt like the happiest child ever at that moment. However, as Abigail looked at Greg, she frowned once more.

Not One, But Two Chapter 47

Not One, But Two Chapter 47 You're Made Out of Stone

This guy doesn't know how to take care of himself at all! Fresh blood was trickling down his back, but Abigail knew that Arianna would definitely find out about her father's injuries if Abigail called Greg to stop walking right then. When Abigail thought about how her daughter might get worried over Greg's injuries, she felt rather uneasy. I spent all these years taking care of my daughter, yet now, it feels like someone is snatching her away from me. It makes me feel hollow inside.

Abigail frowned for a while before she decided to take her jacket off. She threw it over Greg's shoulders. "Hmm?" The faint, pleasant scent of her jacket made Greg freeze for a moment. He turned around to find a woman's jacket hanging from his shoulders, and the corner of his lips twitched at the sight of it. "Did you make a mistake, Dr. Kain? I'm no damsel in distress."

Abigail took Arianna from his arms before speaking to him in a quiet voice. "You're the opposite—you're practically made out of stone. You're like a rock that doesn't bleed." She carried Arianna in her arms and walked off after that. Greg's movements paused for a moment before he understood what she meant. Perhaps my back is bleeding.

All of a sudden, a warm, fuzzy feeling filled his chest. Greg ordered his assistant to prepare a jacket for him before he chased after Abigail. He didn't seem to care what others thought about the woman's jacket he was wearing.

For some reason, Arianna felt like there was some tension going on between her parents. No wonder Allie claims that Mom and Dad are always fighting. Sigh! What should I do about this? Why would they decide to reunite if they fight all the time? Arianna was troubled. "Mommy, do you not like Daddy?" Arianna whispered in Abigail's ear.

"Hmm. I don't really like him, I guess." Abigail didn't bother to hide anything. She wasn't worried about hurting her child—she figured that it'd be better to tell Arianna the truth instead of lying to her. However, Abigail softened her tone when she saw Arianna pressing her small lips into a pout.

"Regardless of whether Mommy loves your Daddy or not, our love for you will always be the same," Abigail added.

"That's not what I want," Arianna mumbled.

"What did you say?" Abigail didn't hear her clearly. However, Arianna merely shook her head before giving Abigail a pretentious laugh. What should I do now? Arianna thought. Mommy doesn't like Daddy. Does Daddy not like Mommy too? If they both don't like each other, does that mean that our family will be separated? Arianna's little brain was racing at the speed of light.

Greg didn't know what was going on in Arianna's mind, so he changed the topic after catching up with them. "Let's eat at Swanson Hut. The food there tastes good, and their oil is of better quality."

"How do you know they don't reuse their frying oil?" Abigail simply didn't want to agree with Greg. She didn't use to be that childish, but she was growing increasingly wary of Greg's presence after she found out that her children were fond of him.

Greg could tell that Abigail was being picky on purpose, but he didn't bother to get petty with her. "Because I own Swanson Hut."

"Are you saying that on top of traveling globally, you're also in the food and beverage industry?" Abigail asked.

"Can't I do that?" he asked in return. Greg no longer had the energy to maintain his good mood in the face of Abigail's odd temperament. He had never been a good-tempered man, anyway.

Arianna quickly butted in when she saw that her parents were about to start fighting. "Mommy prefers eating vegetarian food. Daddy, do you have vegetarian food at the place you're talking about?"

"Of course." Greg's eyes were filled with love whenever he gazed at his daughter. Abigail's face turned rather sour, but she couldn't bear to let her daughter down. "Let's go, then," Abigail replied.

Greg led them to Swanson Hut after Abigail agreed to it. When the cashier of Swanson Hut saw that their boss had entered the store, the cashier hastily prepared a private room for them. Since it was past lunchtime, there weren't a lot of customers in the store. It was relatively quiet today. Greg ordered some food that was suitable for Arianna before he handed the menu to Abigail.

Abigail didn't have much of an appetite. All she could think about was when she was going to receive her mother's information. However, she knew that she couldn't rush it, and she knew that she had to stay until Greg's injuries healed since he had gotten injured because of her. After ordering a few dishes, she put the menu down.

“Why are you eating so little? Are you on a diet?” Greg knitted his brows together. Is she causing me trouble again? Is she indirectly trying to show Arianna that I’m mistreating her? Abigail simply ignored Greg’s tone of voice. “I was too hungry earlier, so I can’t eat much now,” she uttered flatly.

The moment she finished her sentence, Greg thought about his driver’s neighbor—the widow who had brought her children up on her own. The look on his face softened when he recalled how Abigail had gastric issues. “Well, you should still eat a little more. Why don’t you drink some soup to warm your stomach?” After finishing his sentence, he ordered soup for her without waiting for her response.

Arianna curled her lips into a smile when she saw the interactions between both her parents. It seems like Daddy and Mommy’s relationship isn’t that bad, after all. The young girl secretly snapped a few pictures for Alissa. ‘Allie, do you think Daddy and Mommy will get back together?’

‘I don’t know.’ When Alissa saw Arianna having lunch with both her mom and dad, she felt extremely jealous. However, she wasn’t in the mood to pay much attention to them. ‘Don’t contact me for a few days. I’m a little busy right now,’ Alissa told Arianna.

Arianna immediately understood what was going on after seeing what her sister said. She quickly responded with a text. ‘Alright. Take care. Don’t get injured.’

‘Don’t worry. Papa’s here with me,’ Alissa replied. Although that was what she claimed, Arianna was still worried when she imagined the sight of Alissa fighting without a care for her own life.

Greg turned around to see Arianna frowning and staring at her handphone. “What is it, Arianna? Who are you texting? Why do you look so unhappy?”

“I’m—”

“Let’s eat.” Before Arianna could tell Greg that she was texting Alissa, Abigail interrupted their conversation. Arianna froze for a moment before she realized something, while Greg shot Abigail a disapproving look. “It’s not nice to interrupt your daughter,” he uttered.

“It’s not nice to stick your nose into your daughter’s business either,” Abigail retorted. Greg nearly choked on his food upon hearing her words. “I’m not sticking my nose anywhere,” he replied. “I’m just caring for her.”

“Who knows what the truth is?” Abigail muttered. Greg felt the urge to lose his temper whenever Abigail spoke in her relaxed, nonchalant tone. She will only feel good after making me mad, won’t she?

Greg quickly clarified his intentions with Arianna. "I wasn't trying to pry, Arianna. I just care about you."

"I know, Daddy. It's fine. I'm chatting with a friend, and she's been rather busy recently, so I was reminding her to eat her meals." Arianna beamed as she spoke, but she felt rather uneasy deep down. It feels so bad to lie to Daddy. When will I be able to tell him about Allie? Arianna took a look at Abigail, but Abigail simply shook her head.

Fine, then, Arianna thought. I'll listen to Mommy. Arianna felt rather guilty toward Greg, so she pushed one of the delicious-looking cakes in front of her to Greg. "Try this, Daddy."

"Good girl!" Greg was used to having others serve him, but it felt different since it was the first time his daughter was doing it for him. He happily munched on a mouthful of the cake—it felt like he was chewing on his daughter's love instead of just a piece of cake.

Abigail felt annoyed just at the sight of his face. Does he have to react so excessively? He makes me feel like an evil witch who's keeping him away from his daughter.

"I'm going to wash my face." Abigail couldn't bear to watch him any longer. However, as much as she wished to leave with Arianna right then, she felt bad when she thought about all that Greg had gone through for her. So, she decided to push her chair back before leaving on her own. I really should stop owing him favors, she thought as she left.

"What's up with Mommy, Daddy?" Arianna could sense Abigail's frustration. Greg took a look at Abigail's back before he spoke. "It's nothing. Perhaps she needs some air because she's too tired."

"I do think she's tired. Daddy, you should stop fighting with Mommy, okay?" Arianna's words left Greg stunned. "I'm not fighting with Mommy," he uttered.

"Adults always have a habit of lying to us kids. You and Mommy always fight when you guys are together. I'm not deaf. Furthermore, you guys don't get along even when you aren't fighting. I'm not blind, you know," Arianna uttered.

Greg froze. He didn't know how sensitive Arianna could be at her age. However, he quickly tried to salvage the situation when he saw that his daughter was unhappy.

"Okay. I'll try my best to get along with Mommy, okay?"

"Okay! You're a man, so you need to compromise with her a little more. It's more likely for women to feel unwell, and that naturally leads to them having a bad temper. You should show more care toward Mommy. Also, the more you get along with Mommy, the more you'll realize how mesmerizing she is. I'm sure you'll fall for Mommy someday, right?" Arianna asked with a hopeful look on her face.

Greg couldn't bring himself to talk about his lack of feelings after seeing Arianna's face. "Do you want me to like Mommy?" he asked.

"Of course. If you like Mommy, then you guys will get back together. Then, our family can be together without having to be separated." Arianna's words made Greg's heart flutter in excitement. I didn't know how much my daughter wanted us to reunite. But things will never work out between Abigail and me.

Greg felt both sad and guilty when he thought about this. "You should eat. I'll go check on your Mom," he offered.

"Okay." Arianna was naturally happy when she saw how quickly Greg was showing care toward her mother. Once Greg walked out of the room, he found Abigail standing on the balcony by herself. A gust of wind blew against her hair, covering half of her face. However, the afternoon sun on her skin made her seem a little warmer and more approachable.

Greg walked over to stop in front of Abigail. "Arianna hopes that we get back together," he told her.

"You shouldn't take a kid's words seriously," she replied flatly. She seemed to be looking at something in an extremely focused manner—she didn't turn to look at him at all. Greg knew that things wouldn't work out between the both of them, but he still felt furious at how she had dismissed her daughter's wishes.

"Do your child's wishes mean nothing to you at all, Abigail?" he asked.

She turned around when she heard the anger in his voice. "What do you mean, Greg? Are you telling me that you're going to get rid of your current girlfriend to marry me just to satisfy your child's wishes?"

Not One, But Two Chapter 48

Not One, But Two Chapter 48 A Woman with Many Faces

Abigail's words left Greg speechless, and she smirked when she saw the look on his face. "You have no right to blame me if you haven't thought about this. If I really say that I can get along with you for the sake of my daughter, how are you going to tell your girlfriend about it?"

Greg felt rather annoyed. "I'll deal with that on my own."

“You can talk to me about it after you’re done dealing with your matters, then.” Abigail took a deep breath after finishing her sentence. “Do you have any way of contacting Stanley?”

Greg heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that she had changed the topic. However, he still felt rather dejected deep down. “I do. But you shouldn’t rush him now. Since Isabel agreed to give you your mother’s files, she’ll definitely do it. You’ve been waiting for years now, so you can wait for a few more days, can’t you? Or... Are you planning to bring your daughter away after getting the files? I may not fight for custody over the child, but that doesn’t give you the right to bring our daughter away without telling me anything, Abigail.”

Greg seemed to have guessed what Abigail was trying to do, and his gaze darkened once he thought about it. Even the air around them seemed to turn cold all of a sudden. Abigail knew that the man was serious. Furthermore, she was also troubled by the amount of power that Greg held in Harrion.

“I got it. Let’s go back and eat now. I’m hungry.” Abigail didn’t feel like being alone with him then. He was too smart and too powerful—she couldn’t deal with him on her own. After returning to their private room, Greg made a call. Troy had already brought Greg’s jacket over, and he froze when he saw the women’s jacket Greg was wearing. It was the first time Troy had ever seen Greg wearing a female’s outfit.

“Does this jacket belong to Dr. Kain?” Troy asked.

“Do you have nothing better to do?” Greg’s gaze darkened, and Troy no longer dared to question Greg after that. Instead, Troy handed the jacket over to Greg before leaving. Then, Greg handed Abigail’s jacket to Troy before giving him orders. “I want you to take this to the dry cleaner. You can purchase a new one for Abigail.”

“Got it,” Troy replied. Mr. Buckley is showing Dr. Kain a lot of care recently. Could he have really fallen for her? he thought to himself. However, he was too afraid to question Greg.

Greg felt more at ease after putting on his own jacket. When he returned to the room, both Abigail and Arianna were eating. The young girl had food all over her face, so Abigail took a tissue to wipe them off. Greg couldn’t help but stare at her for a while longer—Abigail looked like she had an angel’s halo over her head whenever she acted in a motherly manner.

Abigail acted like an arrogant woman when she was out in public, but she would turn into a warm, loving mother whenever she was with her daughter. He could genuinely feel the love and warmth she gave to Arianna.

“You’re back, Daddy! Let’s eat. The food’s turning cold.” Arianna munched on her food while pushing some dishes over to Greg. She’s such an angel, Greg thought. She’s so

warm and adorable. Would I be able to break up with my girlfriend for the sake of this angel? Greg felt his stance wavering.

Abigail, on the other hand, no longer thought much about that matter. Her stomach was genuinely feeling unwell, so she didn't eat too much and only took a few mouthfuls of soup. When Greg noticed that Abigail was busy taking care of Arianna, he quickly picked up Arianna and put her on his lap. "You should eat more. I'll take care of her," he muttered to Abigail.

She froze for a second. "You didn't get to eat either. I'll feed her." Abigail was about to reach her hand out when Greg dodged. "You can eat first. I'm not hungry yet."

Since he was being so insistent, Abigail no longer tried to go against him. However, the way she looked at him changed a little after that. He really is a good father, after all, she thought.

Greg rubbed the corners of Arianna's mouth in a gentle manner. He knew that Arianna had asthma, so he was careful to avoid the things that would trigger it. After finishing the meal, Arianna was extremely happy. Even Abigail felt a warm feeling in her chest. "Alright. Let's go back to the hospital now that we're done." Abigail figured that it was time for both patients to get some rest.

Arianna stole a glance at Greg before speaking in a shy tone. "Daddy, Mommy, can we go to the park for a while?" Before Greg could answer her, he received a call from Troy. "What is it?" he asked after picking it up.

"Mr. Buckley, the bank's governor is here to see you," Troy uttered.

"Find me some excuse to reject his visitation. I'll find another day to meet him. I'm busy now." Greg was about to end the call when Troy continued talking. "What are you busy with, Mr. Buckley? The bank's governor mentioned our plans for the west—"

"I told you I'm busy." After finishing his sentence, Greg ended the call without bothering to listen to what Troy had to say. Since Abigail was standing closer to Greg, she could hear his conversation with Troy. She knew how an organization's development was closely related to the bank. Since the governor had personally gone to their company, there had to be something important going on.

"Why don't you go back and deal with your matters first? I'll bring the child back to the hospital." Arianna was rather disappointed, so Greg patted her on the head. "Do you really want to play at the playground?" he asked with a smile.

"You should return to the company first, Daddy. You should deal with your adult matters first." Greg felt his heart aching when he heard the young girl's words. "Nothing matters more than my precious Arianna! Let's go! I'll bring you to the playground." Greg placed Arianna on his shoulders before jogging toward the playground.

“Ah! I’m so high up, Daddy!” Arianna laughed excitedly. Her pleasant laughter filled Abigail’s eardrums, and it clouded Abigail’s vision of Greg. Shouldn’t men put their careers first? Even Hugh would leave if he had work to do. Furthermore, going to the playground isn’t that important. Greg didn’t have to reject the governor for this.

Abigail slowly caught up with the father-daughter pair. She watched as Greg played with Arianna like he was a child himself. Abigail had never seen her daughter so happy. In her memory, Arianna was always a frail, quiet, and sweet daughter. Sometimes, she didn’t even act like a four-year-old. However, when Abigail saw the way both father and daughter acted as they ran under the sun, she felt like she had failed as a mother. I thought about giving my daughters a happy family, but it’s a shame that Greg has a girlfriend. I heard that they have known each other since young and that they have a really stable relationship. Greg is a good father, but that doesn’t mean that he’s a good husband. Abigail spread her lips into a bitter smile as she thought that she was overthinking the situation.

She gathered her emotions before walking over to them. Greg and Arianna were enjoying their time in the playground—they were like two innocent children. Abigail frowned when she saw him dripping with sweat. Does he not know that he has an injury on his back? But I can’t tell him that in front of Arianna.

Abigail had no choice but to purchase some stuff from the pharmacy nearby. Arianna was completely worn out after playing with Greg for a while, so the young girl fell asleep in his arms. The sun started setting as Greg carefully carried Arianna in his arms. Abigail felt rather touched to see them together. She hastily opened the car door while Greg lowered his daughter into the seat before heaving a sigh of relief.

“Come here.” Abigail’s voice wasn’t loud, but Greg froze for a second when he heard what she said.

“Me?” he asked.

“Who else?” Her face was rather sour. Greg felt rather frustrated at that point. What’s up with this woman? How did I offend her this time? Regardless, he still walked over to her.

“Take your shirt off,” she ordered in a cold tone.

“What do you want to do?” There was a hint of caution in his voice. This made Abigail feel rather annoyed. “What do you think I can do? Do you think I’m going to rape you in broad daylight?” She felt the urge to bite her tongue off the minute she finished her sentence.

Greg gazed at her with a rather amused look in his eyes. “I’m not sure. After all, there was something that happened five years ago—”

“Shut up! I want to apply medication for you. Did you forget that you’re a patient?” Abigail interrupted him before he could continue. If he went on, she would feel too embarrassed to continue talking to him. Greg noticed the blood rushing to her cheeks, and his eyes lit up when he saw how attractive she was.

Once he got in the car and took his shirt off, Abigail felt her face turning warm. However, she didn’t turn away from him. Instead, she hurried over to stop him when she saw how rough he was with taking his clothes off. “Stop moving. Let me do it instead.” She stopped Greg before she used her slightly cold fingers to tug his shirt off. Then, she used her other hand to brush the cotton swab across his wounds.

The sweat from his body had caused his wounds to split open and stick against his shirt, so it made it harder for her to take his clothes off. Abigail had no choice but to lower her head before she carefully peeled his shirt away from his skin. She blew against his wounds, causing an itchy and warm sensation. Greg gulped as he felt his insides boiling. He fixed his gaze in front of him, but he could see her concentrated expression in the rearview mirror of the car. This woman has so many different faces!

The scene he experienced five years ago replayed in his head like a cursed tape—he could even recall how it felt to interact with her private parts back then. He felt like he was about to lose his mind. “You don’t have to go through all that hassle. Just take it off.”

Greg was about to make a move when Abigail stopped him. “Stop moving! Don’t you want to get better? Do you want to keep these scars so that you can tell your girlfriend you got injured for the sake of another woman?” Her words doused any passion that he had felt for her earlier, and it made his gaze turn cold.

“You sure know how to make a man listen to you,” he muttered. Abigail didn’t say anything after that and simply focused on taking his clothes off. However, sweat began to form on her forehead. It wasn’t an easy job. When she finally got his shirt off his back, the skin around his wounds was torn and bloody.

She let out a sigh. “You’re such a disobedient patient.”

Greg knew what she was talking about. He gazed at the busy roads in front of him as she answered her statement. “I owe my daughter her childhood. I wish I could make up for all of the time I’ve lost with her just in these few days. I’d do anything to make her happy.”

Abigail’s hands paused for a moment as a complicated look formed in her eyes. “I’ll stay in Harrion for a while longer, so you don’t have to rush anything. I don’t mind you guys spending time with each other.” She realized a change in the man’s eyes after she finished her words.

He fixed his sharp, eagle-like gaze on her. Did I say something wrong again?

Not One, But Two Chapter 49

Not One, But Two Chapter 49 Because You're Blind

Greg didn't care what Abigail thought—he immediately straightened his back and put his clothes on before stepping on the gas and speeding off. Abigail was so shocked that she had to grab onto the handle. Is there something wrong with this man? His mood swings are crazy! Abigail cursed in her heart. When she turned to see her daughter sleeping soundly, she shut her eyes and got some rest. She was tired because of the long day, so she fell asleep without realizing it.

When Greg heard the even, heavy breaths coming from beside him, he was surprised for a moment. Then, he put a jacket over her, feeling a mixture of amusement and annoyance as he did so. He drove a little slower after that. There was soft music playing in the car, and a warm atmosphere filled the air all of a sudden.

Only then did Greg feel a burning pain spreading all across his back. He drove the car back to Allie's Garden before he carried both the girls into the house. Abigail must have been too tired, for she didn't even wake up when Greg carried her. Arianna fell into a deep sleep beside her mother while Greg ordered the housekeeper to prepare some food. Then, he got some maids to set up the air-purifying devices all over the house. He didn't forget about Arianna's asthma condition.

After he was done with everything, he received a call from the hospital telling him that Valerie's condition had stabilized. He decided to drop by for a visit. When Valerie saw Greg there, she instinctively gazed over Greg's shoulder. "What are you looking for, Mom?" he asked puzzledly.

"Where's Dr. Kain? Where's my granddaughter?" Valerie asked in a disappointed tone. Greg froze for a moment. "Do you like Abigail, Mom?"

"Of course. She was the one who saved my life, and she was the one who gave birth to my granddaughter. She has to be a part of the Buckley Family."

When Greg heard what Valerie said, he froze for a moment as he knitted his brows together thoughtfully. "Mom, you know that I like—"

"I don't care who you like. That woman doesn't care about you at all. How many times do you want me to tell you that? Furthermore, our families are too different, so you don't stand a chance with her. I'm telling you—I want Dr. Kain as my daughter-in-law. If you lose her, I'm never going to let you hear the end of it." Valerie got mad out of nowhere.

Greg eyed his mother speechlessly. "Can you not meddle with my marriage, Mom?"

“I’d be fine if you didn’t have a child; I wouldn’t care who you got married to in that case. But now, I can’t bear the thought of my granddaughter having a stepmother. Also, I’m leaving the hospital in a few days, so I expect to see my precious granddaughter then,” she uttered.

“That’s not going to happen. When did you get your surgery done? It’s only been a few days—do you want to get discharged already? No way! You can do anything you want, but you have to obey me on this. Otherwise, I’ll tell Abigail to come over and deal with you.” Valerie was pleased to hear what Greg said. “Sure. If you can convince my daughter-in-law to come over, I’d be glad to see her.”

Greg twitched the corner of his lips in annoyance. “Why don’t you like the woman I chose, Mom?”

“Because you’re blind!” she cried. Greg didn’t know how to respond to his mother’s snappy tone. “What’s so great about Abigail? She has a bad temper, and she’s all arrogant and cocky.” Greg had a headache whenever he thought about Abigail. Why can’t she be as gentle as other women?

However, Valerie spoke of Abigail in a satisfied tone. “What’s not great about Dr. Kain? She’s independent, she’s successful, and she helps to save people’s lives.”

“My girl’s a doctor, and she saves lives too,” he replied.

“Shut up! That’s different.” Valerie’s face turned sour when she heard Greg talking about other women. In the end, she clutched her chest and whined about how Greg was infuriating her and making it hard for her to breathe. Greg finally let out a sigh before standing up. “Fine. Since I’m making you mad, why don’t I just leave? However, both you and your granddaughter have asthma, so I don’t think I can bring her over to visit you. You’ll have to wait for a while more. We can talk about it once you’re discharged,” he uttered.

When Greg saw how prepared Valerie was to bicker with him, he knew that she was feeling a lot better. So, he could leave the hospital without worrying too much.

Valerie got rather worried after hearing that her granddaughter had asthma. She quickly got the nurse to bring her a tablet before she started searching for some traditional treatments for asthma.

Once Greg got out of the hospital, he checked his phone for texts. It had been nearly two weeks since Genevieve went overseas to further her studies, yet he hadn’t received a single text from her. She couldn’t claim that she wanted to cut ties with the outside world to focus on her studies because he had seen all of her Twitter posts of her enjoying her time. They were a couple, yet he was always the one initiating contact with her.

Greg couldn't help but hear his mother's voice in his head. When he looked back at the recent interactions he had with Abigail, he felt rather frustrated. He ended up sending Genevieve a text. 'Text me when you're free. I have to talk to you about something.'

She replied to him almost immediately. 'Okay.' She didn't say anything else after that, which only made Greg more frustrated than ever. He put his phone back into his pocket before he drove to his company.

Troy had gathered a bunch of documents that required Greg's signature. Greg hastily signed all of the documents before cracking his neck, but he realized that Troy was standing around with a hesitant look on his face. "Do you have something to say?" Greg rested his legs on his table as he leaned against his chair lazily, looking rather tired.

"No." Troy hastily shook his head.

"You're bad at lying. Spit it out. What is it?" Greg was genuinely tired, and the injury on his back was hurting. Troy decided that Greg wasn't in a bad mood, so he decided to tell Greg the truth after hesitating for a while. "I think Miss Leynthall went to look for Mr. Kottler, Mr. Buckley."

Greg's movements halted for a second. "Are these rumors?"

"No. I have evidence." Troy placed Genevieve's flight tickets on the table in front of Greg, along with a few pictures of Cody and Genevieve. "I think Miss Leynthall might be cheating on you. Furthermore, you and Mr. Kottler are good friends. I think you should end things with her. Dr. Kain is pretty nice, and you guys have a daughter. You—"

Before Troy could finish his sentence, Greg shot him an icy glare. "Since when do you have the right to tell me what to do?"

"I'd never do such a thing." Cold sweat trickled down Troy's skin as he stumbled backward.

"Get out!" Greg was in a bad mood, and he swept all of the photos and flight tickets off his table as he shouted at Troy. Troy scurried out of the room while Greg walked over to the window. The busy roads looked especially tiny from his view on the 28th floor. Greg lit a cigarette up before taking a few consecutive puffs. He coughed when he choked on the smoke, but he didn't stop smoking.

When Abigail woke up, she found herself in Greg's house. D*mn it. How did I fall asleep here? I've never been one to let my guard down; I can't believe I fell asleep in Greg's car. She turned to gaze at Arianna, who was still fast asleep. Arianna had beads of sweat on her forehead, but Abigail didn't want to move the young girl around, so she could only pull the sheets off her to cool her down a little. The skies had turned dark outside, and Abigail was surprised to learn that she had slept for such a long while.

After walking out of the guest room, Abigail beamed when she bumped into the housekeeper. "You're up, Dr. Kain. Are you hungry? I'll prepare some food," the housekeeper offered.

"I'm fine. Where's Greg?" Abigail felt rather uncomfortable.

"Mr. Buckley went to the office, and he's not home yet. You don't have to wait for him. He said that you guys should eat once you guys are awake as he doesn't know what time he'll be home," the housekeeper explained.

Abigail put on a smile when she thought about the way her daughter enjoyed following Greg around. "Can I use the computer in the study for a while?" Abigail asked.

"Of course." The housekeeper still treated Abigail like she was the owner of the house, so the housekeeper gladly brought her over to the study. "Feel free to use the computer, Dr. Kain. There's no password on the computer."

"Thank you." Abigail nodded before entering the room and turning the computer on. She visited her own website, where she saw all sorts of comments asking for help. She went through all of them and deleted some before arranging helpers to deal with the rest. The housekeeper left the room when she saw Abigail busy with her work. Then, the housekeeper gave Valerie a call.

"Mr. Buckley brought Dr. Kain and her daughter home, Old Madam Buckley. Dr. Kain is working in Mr. Buckley's study, while her daughter is still fast asleep," the housekeeper said.

"Is that so? What does my granddaughter look like? Send me a video. I want to see her." The old lady was excited.

"I heard that it's not right to take videos of kids when they're sleeping, Old Madam Buckley. Apparently, the child's soul will get stolen at night if you do that," the housekeeper muttered.

"Is that so? I'll have to wait a few more days before I see my granddaughter, then." Valerie had never been a superstitious woman, but she was willing to believe anything when it came to her precious granddaughter. After the housekeeper ended the call, she took a glance at Abigail, who was still busy with her work. The housekeeper beamed for a moment before she headed off to prepare their meal.

After Abigail was done with her work, she cracked her stiff neck before standing up to move her limbs. However, her hand accidentally hit one of the books off the table, so she bent down to pick it up. A picture fell out from between the pages. The picture showed a good-looking woman with delicate features and an elegant aura. She looked like a capable woman, and she was dressed in a military outfit.

Abigail froze when she saw the picture. Is this Greg's girlfriend? I've never asked about Greg's private life. I only know that he has a girlfriend because I got someone to do some research on him after I slept with him five years ago. I had a feeling he was in a stable relationship then, and I was pretty certain that he wouldn't fight with me over the children's custody. That was why I didn't continue doing any research on him.

However, Abigail couldn't help but look at the picture for a while longer. Hmm. She looks prettier, gentler, and more sophisticated than me. Her defined eyebrows complement her features, and she looks like a soft-spoken and nice woman. So, this is the type of woman Greg likes, huh? Abigail let out a laugh for some reason. I knew it. He would never like a woman as strong-headed as me.

Not One, But Two Chapter 50

Not One, But Two Chapter 50 I Miss Home

Abigail placed Genevieve's picture back into the book and put the book back in its original spot before leaving the room. Arianna had woken up by then, and the young girl ran over to her mother when she saw her mother walking out. "I thought you left, Mommy!"

"So, which would you prefer—do you want me to stay or leave?" Abigail lifted Arianna into her arms. Arianna was just a little lighter in comparison to Alissa.

"I want you to stay, of course," Arianna said happily.

Abigail felt an ache in her chest as she spoke in an apologetic tone. "Unfortunately, not everything can happen the way you want it to," she said.

"What?" Arianna's face collapsed into a frown.

"Are you leaving already, Dr. Kain?" The housekeeper felt rather worried after hearing Abigail's words. Abigail nodded. "Yeah. We should leave since Arianna's awake."

"But Mr. Buckley isn't home yet," the housekeeper replied.

"Please thank him on my behalf." Abigail carried Arianna out of the house as she spoke. The house wasn't a place in which she belonged, and it certainly wasn't a place for Arianna to stay. Greg has a girlfriend, and he will eventually have his own family and children. Everything that happened five years ago was a misunderstanding, anyway. I'm the one who was tricked into it, so Greg shouldn't be the one handling all of this.

Initially, Abigail wanted to allow the children to interact with Greg since he was their biological father. However, if her actions caused him any trouble, then she figured it'd

be better for her to just leave. The kids and I have led a pretty comfortable life for the past five years without him, anyway. Abigail didn't want their presence to disrupt Greg's daily life—she figured that caring for him in this manner would be a way to repay him for the beating he received.

At that thought, Abigail felt rather bad toward Arianna and Alissa. Abigail ran her fingers through Arianna's hair as she spoke in a whisper. "Let's go home, okay, Arianna?"

Arianna froze for a moment before she turned to see her mother's slightly teary eyes that were glistening under the light. Arianna swallowed all the complaints that she had been about to make. "Did something happen, Mommy?"

"No. I just miss home all of a sudden." Abigail couldn't give her young daughter the full details, so this was the best way she could explain herself. When Arianna saw how sad her mother looked, she quickly wrapped her arms around Abigail before whispering into Abigail's ear. "Okay. Arianna will go home with Mommy," the young girl said in her sweet voice.

"That's my girl!" Abigail felt tears burning in her eyes for some reason. She felt rather sorry for herself, although she didn't understand why. Yet, another part of her felt guilty and self-critical due to her daughters' situation. In the end, Abigail sent Greg a text. 'Please get Stanley to send my mother's files to my email. My email address is below. Thank you.'

After sending him the email, Abigail immediately booked flight tickets back to Marona. She hadn't brought much for her trip since it was all a last-minute plan, so she didn't have much to bring back either. She called to check out from the hotel before she brought Arianna into a taxi that led them to the airport.

As Abigail glanced at the passing scenery from the car window, she found herself getting lost in her thoughts. Arianna didn't know what her mother was thinking about, but Arianna was wondering if her father would be fine after they left. She pulled her phone out to text Greg. 'We're leaving now, Daddy. Can you send us off? Our flight is in one hour.'

Meanwhile, Greg was still smoking a cigarette by the window. The smoke circled around him, and he didn't hear his phone's notification as it was too far away. Arianna was waiting for his reply, so she felt rather disappointed when he didn't respond at all.

Once they arrived at the airport, Abigail got out of the car while Arianna looked at the view of the city longingly. She had never known about this place called Harrion, and previously, she had no idea that her dad was here. She had only been around for a few days, but she had already grown attached to the place.

Why can't Mommy and Daddy be together? Arianna held this question in her heart without verbalizing it—she was too afraid to ask her mother. Instead, she tottered along

behind Abigail as they headed into the airport. Every now and then, Arianna would turn to look behind her. Abigail noticed her daughter's subtle gestures, and she had also seen Arianna send a text to Greg. However, Abigail didn't stop her daughter. Sometimes, the child will just have to experience the things that us adults fail to explain with words. Perhaps she'll understand when she grows up.

Abigail felt sorry for her daughter as she picked the young girl up. "It's cold here. You should put your scarf on."

"Okay," Arianna muttered before moving in an unenthusiastic manner. Right as they were about to go past the security check, Abigail's phone began to ring. Arianna's eyes widened as she stared at the phone. "Is it Daddy?"

Abigail couldn't bring herself to look into her daughter's eyes, so she turned to her phone. "It's a call from Allie."

Abigail lowered Arianna to the ground before picking the call up. "What is it, Allie?"

"You need to come to Rorea now, Mommy. Papa can't hang on for much longer." Alissa's sobs came from the other end of the phone, and Abigail felt her chest tightening immediately.

"Calm down before you talk, darling. What happened to Papa?" Abigail asked.

"He's bleeding a lot, and I can't stop it. Come here, Mommy. I'm scared!" This wasn't the first time Alissa went out with Hugh, and the young girl usually wouldn't lose control of her emotions that way. Sometimes, Abigail even wondered if her daughter was genuinely just four years old.

However, now that Alissa was bawling and gasping for breath, negative thoughts began to surface in Abigail's mind. "I'll go there right now. Don't cry. Send me your location!" Abigail cried.

However, Abigail found herself in a tough spot after receiving Alissa's location. With Arianna's asthma, she couldn't follow Abigail over to Rorea as the air there was bad. What should I do? Greg's face immediately flashed across her mind. Abigail didn't want to trouble him, but she couldn't find a better candidate right then.

At that thought, Abigail took a deep breath before bending low to be at the same level as Arianna. "Mommy has to go to Rorea, Arianna."

"I know. I heard that Papa is in danger. He'll be fine, right, Mommy?" Arianna's eyes were tearing up as well. Although she was happy to find her birth father, Hugh was someone who played a huge role in their lives growing up. Arianna was close to tears when she heard that something bad had happened to him.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let anything bad happen to him. However, I can’t bring you along, so you’ll have to stay with Daddy, okay? I’ll give Daddy a call,” Abigail uttered.

“Okay.” Arianna nodded. She knew her condition well, and she knew that she would only cause more trouble if she went along.

Abigail only phoned Greg after she made sure that Arianna had agreed to the plan. When Greg saw the phone call, he frowned for a moment. His instincts told him not to pick the call up. Genevieve is dating Cody. This came as a huge blow to Greg, and it gave him the urge to disappear from everyone’s lives for a while.

He wanted some alone time, but his phone continued to ring. He frowned before putting his cigarette out and walking back to his desk. Abigail’s contact number was flashing on the screen. Greg didn’t want to pick her phone call up, but he suddenly thought about how Abigail never called him for anything. Could there be something important? He picked the call up.

“What is it?” He spoke in a raspy voice.

“Greg. I have an emergency, and I need to go to Rorea. Can you come to the airport to pick Arianna up? I can’t bring her along,” Abigail explained.

“Why did you guys go to the airport?” He sounded rather grumpy.

“Let’s not talk about that now. Can you get someone to pick her up? I have to fly now.” Abigail went to check her tickets after finishing her sentence. “Hi, the fastest flight to Rorea, please.”

“Hello, Miss. There’s one leaving in 15 minutes,” the air stewardess’s sweet voice said.

“Book that for me, please.” Abigail came to an immediate decision.

Greg voiced out when he heard what she said. “I can’t make it in 15 minutes. You should get the next flight, Abigail.”

“I can’t. People’s lives are involved here. I have to go now. I’ll leave Arianna at the airport office, and you can pick her up there,” Abigail replied.

“How dare you, Abigail? Your daughter’s so young. What if she goes missing?” Before Greg said anything else, Abigail ended the call. “Sh*t!” Greg cursed. “Prepare a car, Troy!” Greg rushed out without even bothering to wear his coat. That cursed woman! I’m going to hold her accountable if anything happens to Arianna. Troy didn’t know what was going on, and he thought Greg was going to catch his girlfriend red-handed.

“Where are you going, Mr. Buckley?”

“The airport.”

"It's too late to stop Miss Leynthall at the airport now. We should use our own helicopter," Troy offered. Greg's gaze darkened upon hearing Troy's words. "Why don't I send you on a 10-year work trip to Antarctica?" Greg hissed.

Troy kept his mouth shut after that. Greg rushed out of the company and found one of his fastest sports cars before speeding all the way to the airport. Abigail knew it wasn't right to leave Arianna at the airport office, but she was too worried as she knew that Hugh's life was hanging on a thread.

"Will you be okay alone, Arianna?" Abigail asked.

"Yes. Hurry up and save Papa, Mommy. I'll contact Daddy. Don't worry, I won't walk off with a stranger if Daddy doesn't come for me." Arianna made her promises.

A strong sense of guilt and self-hatred sparked in Abigail's chest, but all she could do then was kiss Arianna on the forehead. "Text me when you get to Daddy. I'll check my phone."

"Okay. Bye, Mommy."

"Bye, Arianna." There was no time left—Abigail checked her watch before running to the gates. Arianna was secretly afraid as she had never been by herself at a busy place like an airport before. However, she cheered herself on by thinking about Hugh and Alissa's sobs from earlier. "You can do this, Arianna. You're a big girl. You're not scared," she whispered to herself while sitting down on one of the chairs in the office.

Arianna pulled her phone out to play a few games. By the time Greg reached the airport, he could no longer get through Abigail's phone. That cursed woman didn't actually leave, did she?