

The Protector Chapter 676

Too afraid to move, he remained completely still. “What—what are you doing?”

“Stop talking! Let me hug you for just ten minutes. For these few minutes, you belong to me.”

Hearing this, Levi stopped himself from breaking free of her grasp. He simply stood still and let her hug him silently.

After ten minutes, Abigail let go of him.

That very day, Abigail left South City for her internship in South Hampton.

Both South City or North Hampton contained her memories of Levi, and she needed to leave them behind for a while.

In the end, the three parties involved wrapped up the incident with a laugh.

However, all of them knew exactly what had gone on in Abigail’s heart.

With the help of the Black family, Abigail arrived at her lodgings in one of the five-star hotels of South Hampton.

When she walked into the lobby, however, she immediately heard someone mention Levi’s name.

Immediately, she stopped in her tracks and listened to their conversation intently.

A few people were chatting on the sofas nearby.

“Are you sure? Is he really called Levi Garrison?”

“Yes! This man was adopted by the Garrison family of North Hampton. He was an orphan before that.”

“He has been missing since he was a kid. I can’t believe they finally found him in North Hampton! They actually found the kid!”

“Exactly! I only heard about this recently because the Gates and the Caesars have gone down to South City to make trouble again...”

...

Hearing this, a rush of excitement coursed through Abigail’s veins.

What?

Are they talking about my brother-in-law’s birth family?

Are Levi’s birth parents and family in South Hampton?

Although Abigail had known for a long time that Levi was an orphan, nobody had ever mentioned his birth family to her.

She couldn’t believe that she had discovered such an important piece of information about him in South Hampton.

She wondered if she should call Levi and inform him.

However, after deliberating on it for a long time, she decided not to tell him.

After all, she had already made up her mind to forget him. It would be best if she refrained from contacting Levi for the time being.

The Edburg Manor in South Hampton had been built in an architectural style that was distinctly German. Within it, stately villas stood like trees in a forest.

This was the family home of the Joneses, who were one of the royal families in South Hampton.

The Joneses were one of the few clans that had actually earned their position. They were much more powerful than the average aristocratic family.

Even members of the Gates family had to humble themselves before the Joneses.

Their enormous wealth alone wasn't enough to illustrate the massive scale of their achievements and power.

Like the other royal families, the Joneses understood the importance of having family members in every sector of society ranging from the business world to politics to the military.

Only by extending the sphere of their influence in society could they maintain their powerful position for generations to come.

When it came to their offspring, things became even more complicated. Determined to ensure the proliferation of their clan, the Joneses men left their seed everywhere they went.

At that moment, someone dashed into Edburg Manor, yelling as he went. "Bad news, Mr. Jones, bad news!"

The head of the Jones family, Michael Jones, was seated in the drawing room, his legs crossed like a Turk. He was sipping tea slowly, his brows furrowed in deep thought.

Recently, the Joneses had encountered a difficult issue. As powerful as he was, even Michael was unable to find a solution for it.

A dark cloud hung over the entire Jones family as everyone wondered how the matter was going to be resolved.

Hearing the loud yells of the man, Michael frowned in disapproval.

The housekeeper beside him hissed angrily, "Who's that making such a racket? How utterly disgraceful!"

Very quickly, the person had arrived in the drawing room. Kneeling before Michael, he said, "Mr. Jones, I've discovered something of utmost importance!"

Michael looked up from his teacup and gazed directly at the man. "Well, what have you discovered?"

"Do you still remember Miss Emma's son? The one who was called Levi!"

Hearing this, Michael shot up from his seat. His bulging eyes were full of disbelief.

Utterly shocked, he demanded, "What do you mean by Emma's son? Didn't he die of exposure on the streets a long time ago? How is he still alive?"

The man replied, "He's still alive! After he was abandoned in the streets of North Hampton, the Garrison family took him in and raised him as their own. When I went down to South City to investigate the conflict between the Gates and the Caesars, I coincidentally discovered that he's still living there. He's still alive, Sir!"

"So my grandson is still alive?" Michael asked, bewildered.

Levi Garrison was the son of Emma Jones.

That made Michael his maternal grandfather!

"Send our men down to fetch him back quickly!"