

I Want a Divorce chapter 1 - 2

I Want a Divorce chapter 1-Let's Divorce 'Your husband has cheated on you.' When Abigail Quinn received the text message from her best friend, she had just taken an ovulation injection and was resting on the bench of the outpatient clinic, trying to suppress the piercing pain in her abdomen. Her hair was dark and her skin as fair as snow, but there was no trace of blood on her face now. Even so, that didn't overshadow her stunning looks and passersby kept turning their heads to look at her.

Then, she inhaled deeply and tapped with a trembling finger, and opened the picture on her cell phone to take a look. It was a picture of Sean Graham holding a woman in a pink haute couture dress while walking out of a hotel. The man's usually cold and stoic face looked tender as he lowered his head at the woman in the picture.

Abigail knew who that woman was, Sean's first love, Joan Palmer.

After a while, she snapped back to her senses, searched for Sean's number, and called him. She waited for a long time for the busy dial tone to end and the man's aloof voice finally echoed from the other end of the call. "What's the problem?"

"Are you coming home tonight?" Actually, she wanted to ask if he even wanted to return home.

Alas, it was clear that her call itself had already caused Sean to feel annoyed. Thus, after a few seconds of silence, he said impatiently, "Is there an important issue we need to discuss?"

Tears immediately welled up in her eyes, his indifferent voice stabbing her heart like a knife, but she expertly masked her sadness. "Did you forget what day it is today?"

They had been married in secret for three years, and except for that monthly coitus, they rarely met with each other. Today was their wedding anniversary, the day when he should return home. When they were in bed last month, he promised her that he would spend the day with her.

Unfortunately, he only cut her off and grumbled in annoyance, "I'll be back later. Don't worry."

After that, she wasted no time hanging up. Abigail's heart sank to the pits as she listened to the monotonous dial tone. Then, he threw back her head and composed herself by taking a few deep breaths. Finally, she called her best friend, Luna Smith, to come and pick her up.

Ten minutes later, sounds of hurried footsteps echoed from the other end of the corridor. The woman appeared cool and eye-catching as her clean-cut short hair dyed

in blue with streaks of silver flipped along with her movements as she briskly walked down the corridor.

To Luna, the astonished looks that greeted her were no longer a surprise, and she raised her bushy brows as she went straight to Abigail. When she saw that Abigail's face was so pale that she could rival a ghost at this rate, she felt sorry but couldn't stop herself from reprimanding her in a hushed voice, "He's living the life of his dreams with Joan. What's the point of you taking the ovulation injection?"

Abigail hung her head without a word. Her marriage with Sean was not a happy one because it was his grandfather, Colby, who forced them together.

However, Abigail didn't refuse the marriage when it was proposed to her and even secretly rejoiced because nobody knew that she had held a torch for Sean for many years. It was only after their marriage did she discover that Sean had a first love named Joan Palmer, and Colby thought she was not good enough for the Graham Family. That was why he used Abigail to make her give up.

As Sean was too embarrassed to acknowledge Abigail as his wife, they had kept their marriage from the public for the past three years. Nonetheless, Abigail didn't care about that and thought that she would one day be able to melt his icy heart. She hoped that one day he would be able to forget Joan and genuinely want to spend his days with her.

Now that Joan had returned, Abigail realized just how silly she had been.

Once she arrived home, she took a shower and stared at the lingerie she had specially prepared for the night with a bitter heart. One more time, she told herself. Whether it's for myself or for Sean, this will be the last shot.

In the middle of the night, a pair of big, cold palms carrying a little trace of humidity held Abigail by the waist. The man's hot breath was right next to her ears, and she felt her body burning from the warmth. She blinked awake and raised her legs instinctively. Before she could do anything, Sean grabbed her ankles and swiftly pinned them down. Then, he rolled on top of her and hovered above her legs intimately.

Although her eyes were still groggy from slumber, she quickly realized what was happening. So, she laced her arms around his neck before raising her neck and arching her back to welcome him.

The man's eyes swept over her clothes, and his breath raised a couple of degrees. "You called me back just for this?"

Abigail's muscles turned rigid for a second, but she put on a smile the next second. "Yes. I just came up with a new position."

Whenever they were together, she was always the one taking the initiative. The ovulation injections, supplements, and even sexual positions; as long as it was anything that could help to conceive, she was willing to give it a try.

When Sean was reminded that everything she was doing was only for the sake of having a baby, he lost all interest in continuing. So, he shoved her aside, drew out a piece of wet wipe from the bedside table, and started cleaning his hands slowly, thoroughly cleaning them as though he had touched something filthy. He didn't miss any joints or nooks and tossed the wet wipe into the bin when he was finished. "You sent someone to follow Joan just because of this?" he asked with a cold face.

A stunned Abigail realized a few seconds later that he was speaking about the paparazzi who published his picture with Joan. Although he was asking a question, the certainty in his voice was as clear as day. So, he came back specially to redress his lover's grievances, she thought. Her hot body felt as if a bucket of cold water had just splashed over it, and a chill traveled from the top of her head right to her toes.

A few minutes passed by in silence, and she rolled over and sat up. Then, she picked up her nightgown, slipped it over her head casually, and put on an emotionless expression on her stunning face. It was such an impressive contrast to the initiative and passionate woman in bed earlier.

She didn't see the point in holding back her words as she said, "Yeah. It's not my fault that you insist on keeping our marriage a secret while flirting with your ex-girlfriend. You're such a hypocrite. Don't even bring up the paparazzi with me. The reason I didn't charge you for adultery is that I'm ashamed to be married to you!"

Her reaction startled him because he was used to seeing her as an obedient and understanding person. Never did he know that she could have such a sharp tongue as well. She masked herself very well, huh? he thought.

The veins on his temples popped, and he pushed her aside without warning. "Don't use your crooked thoughts to judge Joan. She's not like you."

In his eyes, Abigail had always been an unscrupulous woman while Joan was forever innocent and clean. It didn't matter that she had spent three years on him as it was nothing compared to a look from Joan.

I was truly blind and dumb to have loved him for so many years! When she was younger, she would ignore every jerk like him, but ironically, she had regarded him like a priceless treasure the whole time.

After a moment of silence, she raised her chin, and her brow quirked up in disdain. "I want a divorce, Sean."

I Want a Divorce chapter 2-Abigail's voice was crisp and clear, and her eyes were determined, but after she said those words, Sean's phone started ringing. He immediately whisked out his cell phone, checked the caller ID, and frowned in concern before picking up. "What happened?" She couldn't hear what the person on the phone said, but he replied, "I'll be right there." Then, he left the bedroom without even so much as a glance at Abigail.

A snort escaped her lips, but she said nothing as she decided to forgo sleep for tonight. Then, she packed her stuff, printed out the divorce agreement, and swiftly signed her name. Then, she placed them on the coffee table in the living room along with a few cards and left their marital home.

Luna crossed her long legs as she leaned casually against the hood of the car and straightened herself. Her eyes almost popped out of their sockets in surprise when she saw Abigail coming with just a tiny piece of luggage. "Are you serious? That's all of your belongings?" Shouldn't You Get a Few Hundred Million?

Abigail deftly placed her luggage into the car trunk and climbed into the driver's seat. "All those are unnecessary things. At least, I'm free now," she declared, pretending to be relaxed.

2/8 "Did you really divorce him?" Luna still sounded doubtful, but Abigail shrugged nonchalantly. "I'm done with love and finally going to live my own life now." Luna didn't question Abigail further. Instead, she turned the steering wheel and cursed, "Damn it. Sean Graham is so rich. You should at least get a few hundred million in assets for the divorce!" Abigail pursed her lips indifferently. "His empire is his asset before marriage, and I have no interest in coveting that." Frankly, Sean was a generous person when it came to money. If their properties were strictly and legally divided, she would get way more than a few hundred million, but it was never money that she wanted right from the beginning.

Shouldn't You Get a Few Hundred Million? Meanwhile, Luna hurriedly changed the topic the moment she fell silent. "It's great that you finally divorced him. We have a stack of orders in the studio and my back is almost breaking from apologizing to our customers for the delayed delivery. You truly have perfect timing. Otherwise, it's not fair for me to be the only busy bee! It's gotten so bad that people are already thinking that I'm the sole owner of the studio." Abigail teamed up with Luna to set up their own fashion studio and named it LMoon right after she graduated, which was an amalgamation of the last letter of her name and the meaning of Luna's name, pronounced as 'elle-moon'. With the combined efforts of a marketing genius and a design genius, their studio took off quickly. Alas, when Abigail was at the peak of her career, she chose to marry Sean and became a housewife, leaving Luna to take care of LMoon while she only came up with the designs. She essentially placed her career on the back burner all for the sake of an unhappy marriage.

Still, Luna succeeded in spending just a few years transforming L.Moon into a Shouldn't You Get a Few Hundred Million?

high-fashion private clothing designer studio using only her dedication and talent.

As the only designer and half-owner of L.Moon, Abigail was rebranded as ace designer, Alana, by Luna and was renowned amongst the upper class.

Besides, it was a fact that she didn't receive any monetary benefit from Sean as per their divorce contract. So, the next thing she had to consider was her livelihood.

Initially, she wanted to return to work at the studio and was stunned to hear from Luna that they had several delayed orders. "Didn't I pass a lot of designs to you before this? Why do we still have delayed orders?" Luna's head throbbed at the mention of this. "You have no idea how difficult it is to please those upper-class ladies and celebrities. The designs should be different and so should the colors, so basically, we can only produce one piece out of every design. The designs you gave me last time were only enough for the previous orders. I got a little greedy and accepted a few more..." she trailed off, pinching her fingertips together to show a tiny amount.

"Only a little more." "How many is a little more?" Abigail pressed on, highly concerned.

Luna chuckled sheepishly. "Only... sixty-six orders more." Then, she paused momentarily and added in a voice much weaker than before, "Gowns." 5/8 Abigail breathed in deeply at the absolutely outrageous statement coming out of Luna's lips. At first, she was contemplating where she should stay, but from the looks of it, she should just consider staying in the studio. With sixty-six orders, she needed at least two months even if she could come up with one design a day. Furthermore, she had to compare the details and prepare the materials... Dear Lord, she already had a good feeling that she wouldn't have any time to rest until the end of the year.

She slumped into the backrest of the seat and quickly realized that she had drawn too few designs in the years when she was married. "Luna, it's been hard on you for the past few years." Luna answered nonchalantly, "Hey, what's hard work between friends.

Moreover, my work would be all for naught without your designs. Let's work together from now, okay? Forget everything else, just the throng of fresh blood in the entertainment industry is better looking than Sean Graham. Not only are they good-looking, but they're also talented!" At the mention of this, she couldn't help but feel indignant. She had never been more serious in her life as she vowed, "One day, I'll *fcking make that scmbag* kneel in front of you and beg you to return to him!" Abigail revealed the only genuine smile she had since yesterday.

Unfortunately, when she heard that name, Sean's face haunted her mind again. Yet, even though he was an absolute *sshole, he didn't abuse her. So, in a weird way, he could have been way worse.

Plus, she knew full well that he only had Joan in his heart and couldn't wait to get rid of her, whom he regarded as a mere pebble. Beg me to return? That's impossible, she thought in exasperation.

Thus, she shot a glance at Luna as she asked, "Why don't you look forward to something better for me?" Because a jerk like Sean is someone I never want

to have contact with again, she finished in her head.

7/18 L.Moon was situated in the old streets of Pendorf. They started out from just one shop, but now it had spanned over several shops. In fact, it was more than four hundred square feet wide on the inside. They had hired about eight shop assistants alone just to maintain their clientele.

Luna rushed to a business meeting after dropping Abigail off at the studio and informed her, "A big client may drop by in the next few days. They would like to order a few custom-made gowns for their celebrities in the long term and booked the appointment a long time ago. I have to say, I feel a great deal more confident now that you're here." "Oh, hush now. Stop worrying and just go. You can leave these things to me in the future." There was a special lounge on the second floor, and as soon as Abigail had unpacked her luggage and made a temporary accommodation for herself, she slipped into working mode after the assistant brought her the customers' orders. It was only through this way that she could forget about her divorce

for the time being.

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She was finally finished with the urgent designs after working endlessly for three whole days. Once she was done, she immediately sent them to create the samples. Just when she was ready to get some rest, an assistant rushed upstairs and cried piteously, "Abigail, there's a customer downstairs that we can't handle."