

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 101-200

101-110

I Want a Divorce Chapter 101-Threat She took a deep breath and explained to Kevin, “She might be an assistant, but if I stay when she has to leave, it’d look bad on me.” Kevin told Luna sternly, “I don’t need you to pay me for the breach of contract, but Mr. Graham has invested in this show. Cross him, and you will find the design industry a treacherous place for you.”

Luna glared at him. “Is that a threat? I’m telling you, if she leaves, I’m leaving too.” “What’s your reason?” Kevin looked at her quizzically.

“No reason. We’re a package. I won’t stay just because of money.” Luna shoved him away.

Kevin looked at her knowingly. He stared at the leaving Luna and chuckled. “You have to think this through. Mr. Graham hired you to be Joan’s designer. If you break your word and Joan fails her debut, he might come after L.Moon.” That lit the flames of fury within Luna. She glared at the simpering Kevin.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Kevin stopped smiling. He said seriously, “You’re smart. Do you think it’s smart to drag L.Moon down for an assistant?” It was obvious what he was trying to say. She had to stay and keep designing for Joan, but if she stayed, then Abigail had to stay as well, and she had to take the unfair treatment. The rims of Luna’s eyes went red. It was more annoying to have Abigail take the unfair treatment than if she had to do it herself.

Sean and Abigail shared no love between them, and he was spoiling the homewrecker a lot. Luna couldn’t bet L.Moon’s future on the sparse love Sean had for Abigail. L.Moon and Abigail were important to her.

Kevin watched as the dark look on her face disappeared, and Luna went white.

He went ahead and smiled. “You can stay back alone if you want. I’ll get you an assistant. Abigail’s leg is hurt, and she has some family affairs to settle. She can get some rest now.” Luna went back to the couch and sat down, refusing to talk to Kevin. Kevin couldn’t push her further, so he left. Abigail packed up and sat on the couch, keeping quiet. She looked down at her phone, but even after a while, she didn’t make any calls.

Luna hadn't come to see Abigail, but Sean had already called Abigail. Abigail took the call, but she didn't say anything.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Sean asked coolly.

Abigail asked coldly, "You called me. You should be the one starting the conversation." Sean could hear the dissatisfaction in her voice, and he sounded slightly less cold. "Luna called me. She told me you guys are trying to find a new place to move to, and you're backing out of the production, are you?" Abigail paused for a moment. She didn't think Luna would seek Sean out and talk about that. She didn't answer that question. Instead, she asked, "I have a question for you. Did you invest in this show just to have Joan debut? Does fairness and equity don't matter?" That was the point of Sean's investing in this show. He grunted.

The rims of Abigail's eyes went red. She said, "If I was the one who took the meds that day, I would've been the one embroiled in a sex scandal. Even so, you're going to keep the person who almost hurt me just because Joan asked you to?" "Abigail, you can't do anything without evidence. What's the fairness you want?

For me to kick the designer out of the team because they bit another designer?" asked Sean coldly.

Abigail pursed her lips, her eyes glistening with tears.

Sean said, "Victor texted Damian. That we have evidence. He went to the medical team and got the meds. That we have video evidence too. Damian asked someone to get the meds for Victor, and there's evidence of his traveling. Why is kicking them out not fair?" Abigail rasped, "What if I believe that Victor's scapegoated? Can't you find out the truth?" Sean asked sharply, "You're leaving the team because you think I got the wrong person?" Abigail refused to back down. "Yes. There are so many holes in this case, but you think it's fair. You think the evidence is enough. If you can't find out the truth, then keep everyone. You're keeping Nina around because Joan told you to, didn't she?" Abigail seldom got mad. From what Sean knew, Abigail might look submissive, but she was actually cool and distant. Even when they were having sex, she could hold back her moans well. But now

I Want a Divorce Chapter 102-Cajoling The first time she gets mad at me, and it's for another man. Sean hung up and slammed his phone.

Cameron was shocked, and he stayed quiet for a long time. Furtively, he told his underling to get a new phone. Kevin told Luna that Sean got mad, and she quickly came to Abigail's room to cheer her up.

"You don't have to fight him over Victor's case. I heard he got mad and smashed his phone." Luna patted Abigail's shoulder.

Abigail leaned in Luna's embrace, holding her sadness back. "He pushed me around just for Joan. There's a reason Damian bit Nina instead of everyone else." She was mad because Sean humiliated her in front of Joan. Joan protecting the woman who sabotaged her was her way of showing off.

Luna held Abigail's arm and said softly, "I told Sean you're leaving the show so you won't have to suffer this indignity. I'm worried Sean might attack L.Moon if I break the contract and fail his plan of having Joan debut." Abigail teared up even more. She had never felt so aggrieved before. Someone in the team sabotaged her, but as her husband, Sean protected the culprit just to spoil his mistress. As Abigail hugged Luna, Luna teared up as well.

Kevin was agonizing over the mess of this show. When he tried to talk with Luna, Luna ignored him. He could see that her eyes were red. When he tried to talk to Abigail, she locked her door. He didn't understand any of this. You and Sean are neighbors. Why are you guys fighting over a call?

wife. Someone on a Kevin went into Sean's room and put on a look of dejection. He persuaded, "Why are you mad at her, Sean? She's your set sabotaged her, and we couldn't even find anything about that. Of course she's aggrieved." "Don't give me that. I know you're enjoying the drama." Sean saw through his lie right away.

Kevin snickered and huddled closer. "Are you jealous? Of course you are. Your wife is defending a male model. I'd be jealous too." Sean got madder. "If you have nothing to say, scram." Kevin quickly said, "I do have something to say. I trust Victor too. I trust Abigail's instinct. There's no reason a model would help an assistant like her. Nothing to gain from it, don't you think?" Sean sneered. "Abigail's a naive woman. She's never gotten into the cesspool that is the entertainment industry, but you have. Victor is just using her as a stepping stone. His goal is Alana." "That's conflicting. If his goal is Alana, then he should treat Abigail better instead of forcing himself on her. Not to mention, there's the transaction record right in his phone. Luna would've made a eunuch out of him if that record was true," argued Kevin.

Sean pursed his lips, but he said nothing. Kevin huddled closer to his desk.

Earnestly, he said, "Why don't you and Abigail take a step back each and let this slide? I mean, someone's sabotaging her because you gave her too much attention during the show. The internet's shipping you two." That cheered Sean up a little. "She doesn't think I'm giving her too much attention." "I also have something to say about that. When her leg got hurt, Victor got her the meds she needed and helped her move things around, while you didn't even show up." "Shut it." The mention of Victor upset Sean.

"Sure thing." Kevin grinned. "Just let this slide, Sean. For her sake. It'll be better for her and the woman around you." Sean looked at him coolly. Kevin was telling him to keep Victor and Damian.

"You think this will that easily? Abigail argued with me for a male model. Why do you think I'm mad?" asked Sean coldly. He was annoyed by Victor before this, but now he wanted Victor to get out of the show.

pass Kevin made an OK gesture. "I'll talk to Abigail. She'll cajole you later." "I don't need any cajoling. Phrase that better." Sean glared at Kevin.

Kevin quickly left his room and heaved a sigh of relief. He went to Abigail's room and knocked on the door.

Abigail was on the couch, a little dejected. When she heard the knocking, she looked at the door, but she ignored it.

Kevin said softly, "Ms. Quinn, I wanna talk about Victor. Please open up." Abigail felt a little resigned, but she got up and opened the door anyway. She stood at the doorway and looked at Kevin coolly, "What do you want to talk about?" "Why don't we take this inside?" Kevin simpered. His eyes were alluring.

Abigail made way for him.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 103-Nothing To Feel Aggrieved Kevin went into Abigail's room and closed the door. He looked at Abigail, and for once, there was solemnity in his eyes. "Abigail," he said softly. "Are you still mad?" Abigail didn't look too good. She looked listless, and there was something heavy behind her eyes.

"No." Abigail was never angry. She was just disappointed.

Kevin helped her make her way to the couch, and he sat her down. Gently, he said, "I've talked to Sean. He's going to let Damian and Victor off the hook, but he's mad because you argued with him for Victor."

"I didn't even get mad after everything he did for Joan. What makes him think he has the right to get mad at me?" Abigail thought that was hilarious.

Kevin picked up a bottle of water under the table and handed it to Abigail. "He's angry because he's jealous. He thinks you've gone too far fighting him just for the model." Abigail didn't take the bottle of water. Awkward, Kevin placed the bottle of water on the coffee table. He said, "You're still married on the surface. If someone finds out in the future, they're going to write a ton of stories about it. He's probably mad that you argued with him for a model because of that reason." Abigail looked at him. "Just tell me what you want me to do, Mr. Stewart." She didn't want anyone else to talk about her marriage. The fact that Sean was using the production team so blatantly to push Joan to fame meant that their marriage was over. Bringing that up was just mockery. For Joan's future, Sean had pushed Abigail into a corner. Abigail had lost all hope for this marriage.

Kevin wasn't in a hurry to say anything. He gently said, "If you won't tell him anything, how is he supposed to know? Take this time, for example. He's really jealous-" Abigail wasn't interested in his nagging. She cut him off coldly, "Just tell me what you want me to do." Kevin nodded. "It's a day off again tomorrow. Just show some love to him, and everything will be fine. He's a guy. He won't be so petty. Just show some love to him, and he'll let things slide." Abigail mused over the matter and nodded.

"Get some rest, Abigail. Don't take this to heart. It's really hard to find the truth, and Victor did a lot 13:02 Mon, 16 Oct.

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Kevin nodded. "It's a day off again tomorrow. Just show some love to him, and everything will be fine. He's a guy. He won't be so petty. Just show some love to him, and he'll let things slide." Abigail mused over the matter and nodded.

"Get some rest, Abigail. Don't take this to heart. It's really hard to find the truth, and Victor did a lot of stupid s-" "Thank you, Mr. Stewart," interrupted Abigail calmly.

Kevin thought Abigail was calmly telling him to shut up because she didn't want to listen to him.

anymore, so he went back to report to Sean.

Sean looked icy. He grunted and didn't object to the arrangement.

Abigail sat in her room for a while. She got up and was about to talk to Luna about it, but the moment she left her room, she saw Sean coming out as well.

Their eyes met, but Abigail looked away immediately and went to Luna's place.

Sean looked at Abigail. He pursed his lips and went back into his room, and then he closed the door. Abigail heard the closing door, and she turned around before she heaved a sigh.

Luna opened her door, and Abigail went inside. "Kevin talked to me. The case with Victor is water under the bridge. We'll keep going on." "Water under the bridge? You made Sean relent?" Luna looked shocked.

Abigail shook her head. "Kevin's the mediator. He wants me to show some love to Sean in front of the camera tomorrow." Luna looked at her absurdly calm friend, and she held her hand. Quietly, she said, "If you think this is unfair, we'll leave. Not like we can win even if Victor stays." "That's not it," said Abigail calmly. She wanted this show to be fair. She didn't want Joan to have free rein and bully anyone without a backer.

"This is humiliating," said Luna softly.

Abigail went to the workstation. "We'll have to be careful later. We can't let something like this happen again. I just want to hang on until the results are announced."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 104-Just a Friend The result surprised everyone, but Nina and her friends were warned as well.

Joan didn't get to find out why Victor and Damian could stay, and that annoyed her. She guessed that Abigail was involved in this, but she told herself that Alana probably asked a favor from Sean for her assistant's sake.

The next afternoon, the production team held a picnic in the hotel's courtyard.

The hotel had a big courtyard, and its lush fields cheered the mood of anyone who saw it. Joan learned her lesson and came early to take a spot. Sean, however, didn't show up that early.

While there weren't a lot of people around, Nina took a seat beside Joan and whispered, "Say, do think Victor's staying because of Quinn?" you Joan was in a bad mood, and hearing that made her frown. "Quinn is just an assistant. Sean doesn't care about her. She's not worth his time. Must've been Alana who helped them." Damian and Victor came. Damian saw Nina and Joan whispering among themselves, and he nodded at them with a smile. The moment he turned around, however, his face fell.

Kevin talked to him. He said Victor could stay and keep competing for the prize, which was all thanks to Alana's team. They argued with Sean and almost quit the show for this. He was told to treasure the chance they got. He thought if he worked together with Nina and kicked Alana's team. out, he would have the biggest chance at victory, but that plan backfired, and he was saved by the most powerful competitor he had in this competition.

Abigail told Luna to go to the courtyard alone. She waited at the doorway for a moment and saw Sean coming out of his room. A team came to film them, and Abigail approached Sean without hesitation. For some reason, Sean's heart skipped a beat when Abigail approached him. The closer Abigail was to him, the heavier he breathed.

Abigail stood in front of him, looking friendly. "Let's go, Mr. Graham." Sean nodded and took a step ahead. A moment later, he stopped. "How do you feel?" "Fine," said Abigail quietly.

The filming team caught their scene quickly enough, and they went after them.

Abigail thought Sean would hold back in case Joan saw this, but he seemed to ignore the camera. "How's your leg? I told someone to get you some meds.

Throw out the one Victor bought for you." The netizens had arrived. When they heard what Sean said, they got excited.

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'Holy sht. I can't believe what I'm hearing. I am so jelly.' 'Hah, and they say this ship has sunk. LMFAO, btches. Suck my dick! I knew Sean would surprise me every time.

'So, the regular girl and bossy rich guy story is real? Fairy tale is real?' 'You'd believe this obvious scam when a real foreign prince is right here in front of you? Gimme a hundred bucks, and I'll do a face reveal.

Everyone in the chat was teasing. Abigail was a little dazed. A moment later, she said, "Victor's meds. are fine. My leg's all healed. It doesn't hurt now." Sean couldn't get mad in

front of the camera, so he said nothing. Abigail remembered what Kevin told her. She kept convincing herself to cajole Sean, then she said, "I'll send it to my family." "I bought a lot for you. You don't need his meds," said Sean.

"Yeah, sure." Abigail obliged, since she couldn't fight him. After all, he did deign to get her the meds. They each took a step back.

When Joan saw them onscreen together, her smile froze, but then she kept smiling. "Sean is here." The last time Luna was onscreen with her, she didn't even bother faking friendship. Luna held Kevin. "Tell the production team to have my assistant and Mr. Graham show up on the screen together. The audience loves this." Kevin nodded with a smile. He then noticed Joan and the look on her face, and he grinned. "Victor's nice too, but Mr. Graham likes your assistant." Victor was suddenly summoned. He quickly stood up and waved his hands.

"Ms. Quinn and I are just friends. I won't get any ideas about her." Nina said sarcastically, "Oh, you bought meds for her and dealt with all her daily hassles. You call that just friends'?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 105-The Wound's Gonna Heal Damian quickly said, "Hey, Victor just wanted to help because someone ordered her around like a servant, even when she was injured. That was just being kind.

Why do you think it's a sordid affair? Projection much?" The heated argument hyped up the show.

'This is interesting. Sean and the assistant's story was the star of the show. Until now. I think a bit more drama spices up everything.' 'Damian and Nina were on good terms a while ago. What happened? It's like they're enemies now!

'Am I the only one who heard that the production team ordered Quinn around in private? Was it Joan? She's the only one who'd lord everyone around since she's on great terms with Mr. Graham. No wonder Nina's stuck to her like ants to honey.' 'Oy, that's conjecture, hater. You're accusing two of them at once? The Quinn and Graham ship hasn't sailed yet. Stop being delusional.

The chat room was getting heated as well. Nina looked upset from the scathing remark she got, but Joan chuckled. "Someone apparently hasn't learned their lesson." Damian said nothing. He asked Victor to come to the grill with him. The tea time that day would be done ala picnic. The team had to learn how to grill and juice the fruits. They had to prepare everything on the set.

Abigail was assigned to grill duty, and she had to make the sauce listed on her list. While she was doing her job, Sean came over. He took his suit off and tossed it to Kevin.

Kevin took the suit and grinned like a sly old fox. "Need my help, Mr. Graham?" Sean rolled his sleeves up and grunted coolly. The audience was still wondering what was going on, but when Sean stood with Abigail and took the skewer away from her, the chatroom exploded.

'Holy sht, holy sht, holy sh*t. Ship is real. Where's my ventilator?' 'Lord, is the ship real?' 'Someone smack me. Sean is so sexy when he rolls his sleeves up. Can't believe a guy like him would do chores just for the assistant.' 'Hey, Kevin's hot too. Look at his eyes. So sexy.'

Sean's little movement hyped everyone up, and Joan was staring at Abigail as well. Abigail was a little surprised that Sean would push her away from her workstation. A moment later, she quickly said, "I'll mince the garlic, then." "Yeah. Do it right beside me," said Sean quietly.

Only Abigail heard that. She had no idea why he wanted to do that. Just a day ago, he made her so mad she wanted to break up with him on the spot, and yet he was being so flirty at that moment. She peeled a garlic and squeezed its head as she rinsed it in the basin. The garlic was white as snow, and her fingers were as glistening as pearls.

Sean was skewering some meat, and he stared at Abigail's fingers for a while.

No one saw it, but the camera filmed everything, and the chat exploded again.

Abigail finished rinsing the garlic, then she took a food processor and minced them.

Joan wouldn't take this lying down. She was peeling some fruits, and she cut her own finger on purpose. She gasped, her knife and fruit falling into the basin.

Nina quickly approached her and shouted, "Get the medic. She cut her finger!" Joan held her finger and teared up. Sean turned around. When he saw what was going on, he was going to put the skewer down and check on her, but Luna huddled closer. "I'll do it. You gotta grill the food fast, Mr. Graham. Everyone's starving." Kevin was still wondering if he should stop Sean from going over to Joan, but Luna did it before he could even make a decision. Kevin couldn't stand by when Luna was already taking action. He quickly said, "The food processor's blades are sharp too. Keep an eye on Quinn. Don't let her get hurt. She needs to help Alana with the design. Can't have anything happen to her hand." Sean looked at Abigail. She took out the rotor blade from the food processor. He approached her and said, "Put it on the table." Abigail put it on the table. Sean picked it up, frowned, and took the basin. He then

washed the blade with a brush. On closer inspection, he could see that the blades were sharp and thin. The fur on the brush was cut through by the blade easily.

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Without caring about anything else, Victor grabbed Joan's hand and took a closer look. The wound wasn't deep. He shouted, "It's nothing. Just scraped a bit of her skin off. It'll close up after she washes it and gets some rest." "What do you mean wash it? She needs a medic to disinfect her," Nina said.

She had a feeling Victor was getting back at them.

Damian took a look. Coolly, he said, "Yeah. Pick up the pace, medic, or the wound's going to close

I Want a Divorce Chapter 106-Succubus Joan pulled her hand back. Since she was surrounded, she had no idea what Sean and Abigail were doing, and she teared up.

Luna said, "Miss Palmer, since you can't even prepare the fruits, let me do it.

You get some rest." Kevin said, "The medic's arriving soon. Calm down. At least get disinfected. For safety's sake." Damian dragged Victor away and went back to their stations. Luna took over Joan's job, while Kevin sat Joan down and blew on her wound. To his credit, that was caring.

Sean finished cleaning the processor's blades and approached Joan. He asked calmly, "Let me see your hand." Joan raised her hand. The wound wasn't bleeding anymore, and it didn't look deep at all. Without the impact of blood, the wound didn't look scary at all. It was just a white line on a finger.

“Not a big deal. Just rub something on it and slap some Band–Aid over the wound. You can get back to work right away,” said Sean. He was going to go back and grill. Abigail’s cooking skills were dubious. He was worried she might flip the whole grill and burn herself.

Joan looked aggrieved, but she nodded anyway. The audience mocked her aggressively.

‘She calls that a wound? It’s almost microscopic. Damian was right. If the medic’s one second slower, the wound would’ve closed up. Man, that guy’s good. He shoots straight.’ Victor and Damian are so dramatic. First thing Victor did was tell everyone about the wound. It’s like he did it on purpose, that drama queen.’ ‘Am I the only one who thinks Sean is kind of dense? Obviously, Joan wants him to look at her more, and then the guy be like, “Oh just slap some Band–Aid on it and get back to work.” LMFAO.

Nina watched as Abigail and Sean worked together, her eyes glinting. After the medic showed up, Kevin left. The medic slapped some Band–Aid on Joan’s hand, and they left.

Nina came back to Joan holding a plate of fruits. She whispered, “Damian and Victor are obviously coming after us. Mr. Graham’s taking Abigail’s side too.” Of course Joan knew that. She wasn’t stupid. She stared at the ground, the look in her eyes dark. “It’s a shame they didn’t get kicked out. We have to chase them off.” Abigail couldn’t get kicked out that easily because Luna was around. Even if she did anything wrong, Luna could still ask Sean to keep her around.

Sean asked Luna to design everything for Joan. Of course he would give her some privilege. However, he wouldn’t let Victor and Damian off the hook if they did anything stupid again.

Nina was more cautious, however. “Damian and Victor dislike us now. If we kick them away now, we might fall into their trap.” Joan thought she had a point. She said, “It doesn’t matter. I’ll ask around tonight.” While they were concocting their evil plan, Luna snuck over to Victor and Damian. She whispered, “Can we talk later?” Damian grunted. “We’ll meet at the garden in the west later. Tell Quinn to come over too.” The men were grilling, while Sean kept Abigail around to sprinkle pepper and chili powder over the meat. She kept coughing, and her face was red.

Sean gave her a kebab. “For you. Eat it.” Abigail put it on a plate and munched on the kebab slowly. A moment later, a few fell onto her plate as well.

“You’re not even eating. Why don’t I grill and you eat?” Abigail asked.

octopus tentacles Kevin had Luna feeding him, while the other designers had their models helping them out. Sean could've skipped all the work and gone straight to eating, so he didn't have anyone feeding him.

Sean looked at Abigail knowingly. For some reason, Abigail got what he was implying. Feed me.

She held her plate tightly, her knuckles white. "I mean, we're on the set..." "Then why did you even ask?" Sean looked away, obviously upset.

Abigail looked at Luna. She was holding a kebab in one hand and feeding Kevin with the other.

Abigail took a deep breath. "What would you like to eat?" "Octopus tentacles," said Sean right away.

Abigail handed him the food. The look in Joan's eyes turned ic

I Want a Divorce Chapter 107-Nice Straw You Have There Excited, the audience started donating in droves. The chatroom was exploding with all kinds of messages and donations. Sean ate slowly, and he would frown from time to time. He had never eaten octopus tentacles before, nor had he ever cooked any, but he was a good cook. He thought the food was good, but it was not as good as his usual seafood. Maybe they put too much seasoning.

Abigail noticed the frown, and she explained, "That's how it is with barbecue.

Seasoning is king. It's not as good as authentic seafood, but a lot of people like it. It's stress relieving eating this." Sean flipped the skewers around. He asked calmly, "Do you like barbecue, then?"

Abigail paused for a moment, then she said, "It's alright." Sean looked down. Naturally, he said, "What kind of food do you prefer? I'll make them for you." A strange feeling welled in Abigail's heart, but then she was reminded of everything Sean did for Joan, and that feeling died. Coolly, she said, "Anything's fine. Just keep doing what you're doing." Sean looked at her, but he said nothing more. Abigail was silent, and so was Sean. She stood beside Sean, sprinkling seasoning onto the barbecued food before placing them on the table. It looked sweet from the outside, but Abigail knew that everything she and Sean were doing was just an act for them to de-escalate the situation.

He stepped back for Joan, while she did it for the prize money and Victor. They were acting like they were in love for the camera all to assuage the guilt they had for each other. They wanted to act like their relationship was still healthy. However, Abigail gave it a bit of thought and realized that there was no love between them. Not ever. If it weren't for Joan's debut, he wouldn't have deigned to join the show and put on this act with her.

Abigail didn't check on Joan earlier. She thought things were getting a bit awkward between her and Sean, so she asked, "How's Miss Palmer's wound?" "It's nothing. It'll heal up tomorrow," said Sean.

Abigail grunted and said nothing more. Sean frowned. He wondered why Abigail brought Joan up.

Have I not done enough? Is she still mad? Sean felt parched, and he got annoyed. "Get me a bottle of soda." Abigail turned around and grabbed a bottle of soda. A moment later, she put a straw into the bottle. Seeing that, Sean looked at her. He put the kebabs onto the plate beside him and grabbed Abigail's hand. He sucked on the straw and took the soda.

Abigail wasn't holding anything anymore. She picked up the plates and served the food. Every table had a bit of food at the moment. Sean approached the longest table on the set, holding his soda. Abigail placed a kebab before him.

Sean took a seat and sipped on his soda. Abigail took a look, and she thought it looked awkward. She took a seat beside Luna. Luna huddled closer to her.

"Feeling hot? I'll crack open a cold one for you." "I'm parched, really." Abigail's lips were dry. While Sean was grilling, she had to move around to serve the food. There wasn't any time to drink at all.

Luna grabbed a glass of juice for her and gave her some ice. Abigail took it and gulped it all down.

She picked up a kebab and munched on it. That eased her up. "Nice afternoon tea. Must be the most relaxed session so far." Luna leaned on her chair and narrowed her eyes happily. "You're relaxed, but someone isn't. Cut her own hand but didn't get anything from it." Abigail looked at Joan. Coolly, she said, "Let's not talk about it. It's a killjoy." Luna huddled closer to Abigail once more, and she whispered, "Are you still mad at Mr. Graham?"

He's been nice the whole afternoon." "He can do anything for Joan," said Abigail coolly.

Luna choked on her words. She picked up a kebab and chomped down on it.

“So annoying.” Abigail smiled “Don’t mind it. Just go on with life.” She didn’t care anymore.

Sean was only nice to her because of Joan.

Sean had his exclusive seat. He looked at Abigail from afar and rested his chin on his hand. He sipped on his soda, glancing at Abigail. She was whispering with Luna, and Sean realized that Abigail and Luna were far too close to only be a boss and her assistant.

Kevin approached him and chuckled from time to time. Eventually, an impatient Sean looked up at him. Kevin chuckled. “Nice straw you have there

I Want a Divorce Chapter 108-Vengeful Joan watched Sean and Kevin from a distance, her eyes revealing a glint of suspicion. She thought, While two instances could be considered coincidental, what about the third?

It was painfully clear to her that Sean cared deeply for Abigail, far more than he did for her. Joan had always believed she was the sole recipient of Sean’s affections, but now, it appeared that a mere assistant had stolen his heart. She pursed her lips and glanced at the small wound on her finger, her eyes filled with cold resentment.

Nina said quietly, “Don’t you think Mr. Graham cares about Miss Quinn a bit too much? Every time there’s afternoon tea, he wants to bring her along. Even their rooms are next to each other.” These words struck Joan where it hurt the most. She claimed to share a deep bond with Sean, but it was evident to everyone that the man arranged to have his room next to Abigail’s. Even during teatime, he would stay with Abigail.

Abigail had managed to steal the spotlight, rendering all of Joan’s attempts to capture his attention, including her dramatic announcement of their relationship and her previous self-harm, futile and laughable.

Suppressing her fury, Joan smiled at Nina. “So, will you get back at her for me?” Nina hesitated for a moment, then pledged her loyalty. “I’ll do whatever you say.” Joan mused over her options for a moment. She said, “The bag I asked Sean to get for me just came.

It’s still sealed. Do you want it?” Nina’s eyes greedily lit up, and she clenched her teeth before whispering, “I won’t disappoint you.” Satisfied, Joan smiled sweetly. “I await your return, but remember, Miss Quinn is just an assistant.

We targeted the wrong person last time.” Nina instantly grasped the implied message. Since Abigail was difficult to handle, they should shift their focus to Luna.

After teatime was over, Luna escorted Abigail to her room. “We’re meeting Victor and Damian in the west garden tonight.” Abigail understood her friend’s intentions. “You want to fight back, don’t you?” “Even if I’m not, I should be prepared for anything. We can’t always be on the defensive side,” Luna replied.

Abigail nodded. “I can’t make it tonight. I have something to attend to. Please tell them.” “What are you planning to do?” Luna asked.

“I’m revising the design. Relay the message to Damian and have him spread the word. Then, the competition is going to get really stiff. My aim is to have Nina ousted in the first round. She’s Joan’s right-hand person in this show. Remove her, and Joan becomes powerless.” Abigail smiled.

Luna mirrored her smile. “You’re vengeful.” Abigail approached her workstation and added, “It’s a shame our industry has people like them.

Also, find out the background of the person who pricked me. I want to know if he’s related to Joan.” Luna nodded with concern in her eyes. Abigail understood Luna’s worry—that Sean might side with Joan if the person was linked to her. Still, Abigail didn’t want to jump to conclusions just yet.

Sweet Whispers would start its first show in three days, with half the designers facing elimination in the first round. Out of eight groups, only four would advance. Abigail had already reviewed the designers’ previous work. Damian was undoubtedly a talented designer, while Nina didn’t seem to shine. Her elimination was a possibility.

As night fell, Abigail continued her redesign work. She transformed the embroidered roses into a more eye-catching design, changing the dress into a shorter skirt. She planned to wrap it in a thin layer of gauze and sew the roses onto it to make them appear lifelike. She diligently recorded all the details on the draft..

It was approaching 11,00PM, and Sean had finished his work for the day. He knocked on Abigail’s room door repeatedly but received no response. Just as he was leaving, Cameron approached and handed him a card. “Maybe she’s too busy to hear you.” Sean cocked an eyebrow. “When did you prepare this?” Worried that Sean might misunderstand, Cameron explained, “Mr. Stewart gave it to me today and told me to give it to you when the time was

right.” Sean took the card from Cameron, swiped it to unlock the door, and entered Abigail’s room. He heard water running in the bathroom, but his attention was immediately drawn to the half-finished clothing and drafts scattered on the table. The drafts were covered in Abigail’s familiar handwriting

I Want a Divorce Chapter 109-It’s Your Handwriting Abigail emerged from the bathroom and found Sean fixated on the draft on the coffee table. A sense of unease gripped her, and she blurted out, “How’d you get in?” His focus was abruptly shattered. He turned to her and then walked over to pick up the draft. “Kevin gave me a key card, so I let myself in. Why is there a problem with that?” She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself. A moment later, she calmly asked, “Why did Kevin give you the key card? What made him think I wouldn’t let you in?”

Ignoring her question, Sean studied the draft. Abigail tightened her towel and approached him, her nerves under control. “So, what do you think of the changes?” “Why is the paper filled with your handwriting?” He held the draft and looked at her. Her hair was still wet, and water droplets trailed down her collarbone. He found himself captivated by that, momentarily lost in thought. She spoke, but her voice seemed distant.

“Ms. Smith wants me to pick up the design. She’ll let me write all the elements of the design she comes up with to nurture my creativity.” What Abigail said wasn’t registering with Sean. He put the draft down and examined the altered dress. It was beautiful, but it didn’t quite capture his attention like that single droplet of water sliding down her body. She walked closer to him. The scent of her shampoo was intoxicating. Everything she did seemed to leave an impression on him, and he didn’t mind.

In a whimsical gesture, he picked her up in a princess carry and looked at her.

“Are you doing this on purpose?” She was shocked upon hearing that. She then processed his words and retorted, “You barged into my room, and now you’re accusing me of doing this on purpose?” He ignored her response and playfully tossed her onto the bed.

She smacked him. “I haven’t dried my hair.” “If it makes your bed wet, you can sleep in my room,” Sean rasped.

The doubts that arose after seeing the draft were washed away by the tenderness she showed that night.

Morning arrived, and a weary Abigail went to the dining hall with Luna. Luna looked at her and smiled. “Did the draft keep you up all night? Is it that hard?” Abigail rubbed her temples.

“The draft is finished, but Sean entered my room last night with a key card. He saw the draft and the altered dress on the table. I thought we were exposed.” Luna gasped. “So, he...” “It’s alright,” Abigail reassured her, then leaned closer and confided how she’d been compelled to seduce Sean.

Luna breathed a sigh of relief. They reached the dining hall, and Damian discreetly led the ladies away from the camera’s view. Carefully, he began, “I ran into Nina in the garden at five in the morning. She was acting suspicious and became quite nervous when she saw me.” Abigail asked, “You were up at five?” “I couldn’t sleep. You mentioned wanting competition, so I panicked and spent the entire night working on designs. I decided to take a stroll in the garden to unwind, but that’s when I encountered Nina,” Damian explained, looking drained.

Luna noticed Nina and Joan entering. She guided Abigail to a seat. After everyone settled in, Victor grumbled, “You’re still modifying your design, Damian? The show’s in two days. Don’t give me something embarrassing, understand?” The other designers grew tense upon hearing that. Damian exchanged a glance with Luna and sarcastically remarked, “I sacrificed sleep last night, taking a stroll in the garden. Surprisingly, a certain designer’s lights were on all night. She’s working diligently in secret.” Luna remained composed under the scrutiny. “What do you mean working hard in secret? I made a few adjustments because I felt my design didn’t align well with the theme.” This revelation dampened the enthusiasm of the other designers. If Alana’s team was putting in much effort, the other designers couldn’t afford to relax.

Soon, a wave of nervousness washed over them as they began to fret about the results of the first round.

Damian left the dining area without eating much. The other designers quickly returned to work, making all the changes they could.

Nina remained unruffled and leisurely finished her breakfast. As Abigail and Luna prepared to leave, she looked at them knowingly. Abigail and Luna didn’t head back immediately. Instead, they met privately where the cameras couldn’t capture their conversation. “Everyone’s in a frenzy. I thought Nina would be too, but she seems oddly confident,” Luna remarked, rubbing her chin thoughtfully.

Abigail frowned. “What did she do in the garden? And why is she so confident?”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 110-The Show's Arranged Abigail had an unsettling feeling about the situation. She suspected that whatever Nina had done earlier that morning could affect the outcome of the competition.

Abigail and Luna returned to their room, and Luna paced around, scratching her head. "I'm panicking. What should I do?" The fear of uncertainty was weighing on Luna.

"Only two more days until the competition starts. We don't have time to figure out what Nina did," Abigail said calmly. "We'll deal with it as it comes. There's nothing to be afraid of. So far, everything's going according to plan, right?"

Luna looked at Abigail with concern. "Except for whatever Nina did this morning." "We have no way of finding out what she did. Speculating won't help us. What we need to focus on is making enough changes just in case something affects the results," Abigail replied, worried that someone might interfere with her design process. If she couldn't complete her clothing designs, she wouldn't have any results to show.

A knock on the door interrupted their conversation. Luna looked at it, and Abigail quickly cleared the coffee table before answering the door.

Joan stood outside, wearing a friendly smile. "Luna mentioned that the shirt's been altered, so I've come to take a look." Luna gave her a frosty look and declared loudly, "There's nothing to see. It's not even finished yet." Abigail turned around and blinked at Luna.

Joan had come with the livestreaming team, so Luna took a deep breath and smiled at Joan. "Come in, then." The production team would avoid capturing anything inappropriate and skip over crucial design details. Joan and the livestreaming team entered. They asked Luna about her ideas regarding the clothing changes.

"It's beautiful. I can't wait to wear it on the runway," Joan exclaimed, looking at the dress on the workstation and putting on a delighted expression for the camera, adding suspense to the show, as needed.

The audience was curious about the dress, but the camera focused on Luna.

Only a corner of the dress was shown. The livestream should've ended at this point, but Joan sat on the couch and smiled at Luna. "I'm curious about how you interpret Sweet Whispers, Luna. This change is marvelous. I might not know much about fashion design, but this altered

dress impresses me.” The live streaming team thought it was a good question, so they continued with the live stream.

Luna turned to the camera and calmly explained, “Sweet Whispers may sound like a theme about romance, but I see it as a whisper between flowers. That’s why I came up with these changes.” Joan nodded and then addressed the camera, saying, “I’m sure you’re eager to see the progress the changes, but it will only be revealed during the runway show. Please stay tuned, everyone.” She was professional, and no one could criticize that. The livestreaming team and Joan left. Abigail looked at Luna and tried to say something. Still, Abigail assured Luna, “It’s probably the production team’s arrangement. Don’t overthink it.” “I’m a bit too nervous,” Luna admitted.

Abigail smiled and got back to work. The sewing machine hummed, and silence settled in, though Luna would occasionally break it.

At ten o’clock in the evening, Abigail held the dress and told Luna, “There are still a lot of unfinished details. I’ll take this back to my room and work on it. You get some rest.” “It’s late. We have two days to finish this. What’s the hurry?” Luna empathized, knowing Abigail had been sitting in front of the sewing machine all day.

“I can’t afford to waste time. We have no idea what Nina did. Can you take over if something stops me from finishing my design?” Abigail stood up, holding the half-finished dress in her hands.

“I should’ve paid more attention in class. Now, I can’t help, and you have to deal with this alone. You have to come up with the design and modifications,” Luna said, a little miffed.

Abigail held the dress with one hand and gently patted Luna’s face with the other. “Don’t worry. Get some sleep. We’ll live comfortably once we finish this and win the prize.” Luna felt reassured and relaxed.

Abigail came out of Luna’s room holding the dress. She made sure no one was around, then hurried to her room.

Abigail came out of Luna’s room holding the dress. She made sure no one was around, then hurried to her room.

Unbeknownst to her, Nina had cracked her door open slightly and witnessed Abigail’s secretive return to her room. There was a glint of intrigue in Nina’s eyes. Taking this risk had

led her to uncover a hidden secret She closed the door and texted Joan, The drama will happen during the runway show. It's going to be spectacular!

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

111-120

I Want a Divorce Chapter 111-Voice Recorder The first show was scheduled for the next day. Abigail took the dress to her room for final checks to prevent unforeseen circumstances. When she opened her room door, she was startled to find Sean sitting there.

He had returned to his company two days ago, so she assumed he wouldn't be back so soon. His sudden appearance in her room rattled her already tense nerves.

"You seem surprised to see me," he remarked casually as he put down her notebook.

Abigail used the notebook to doodle patterns for the dress, often finding inspiration at random moments. She hadn't expected Sean to go through her notebook, especially when he had previously shown little interest in her work. "I heard you went back to work. Of course, I'm surprised to see you in my room," she replied, quickly coming up with an excuse. She composed herself and held her dress up a little, then she went into the room and closed the door.

He glanced at the dress in her hands. "Is Luna having you check the dress instead of working on it herself?" "She wants me to check the details. She's exhausted after working on it all day," she explained.

He then turned his attention to her notebook. "Nice patterns. Did Luna ask you to learn this as well?" Abigail hung the dress on a hanger, feeling slightly offended by Sean's comment. Her mind was already weary from a long day's work, and she couldn't figure out why Sean would ask her that. "Yep. What do you think? Do I have enough talent to be a designer?" "Not bad," he acknowledged. "Many people don't have talent, but hard work can compensate." She grunted and changed the subject. "A stranger pricked me last time. Have you found out who did it?" "We did. I'll handle it," Sean calmly assured Abigail.

She involuntarily looked at him with a hint of subtle mockery flickering in her eyes. However, he seemed oblivious to it. She looked away, pretending to be interested in the dress, but her thoughts were elsewhere. She muttered, He's going to sweep it under the rug because it's related to someone named 'Palmer.' She held the dress, finding the situation amusing and pathetic, and thought, If he refuses to tell me, I will ask Luna to investigate.

"After you're done, make sure to get some rest. You're working harder than any assistant," he advised before leaving the room.

The door was closed, and Abigail was still stunned. She had expected Sean to stay longer, but it was just a brief visit. She entered the bathroom and splashed her face with cold water. When she looked at her reflection, she frowned. She appeared vacant and worn; even she was repulsed by her appearance, let alone that man.

After a shower and some adjustments to the dress, she sewed a few patches to perfect the details.

An urgent knock on her door roused her from her groggy state the following day. It wasn't even seven o'clock yet, and she knew the show, if today, wouldn't start so early.

Approaching the door, Abigail was about to inquire about the visitor's identity when Luna whispered, "Open up. It's me, Luna." Abigail quickly opened the door, greeted by a pale Luna, which instantly alarmed her. "What's wrong? Did you stay up all night?" "No, I got some sleep, but I found this in the couch crevices this morning.

Someone must have hidden it while we weren't looking." Luna showed the voice recorder and squeezed into Abigail's room.

Abigail took the recorder and examined it closely. "Did you turn it off, or did it run out of battery?" "I turned it off. I checked the model, and it saves its file in a cloud system. We need a passcode to access the files," Luna whispered.

Abigail's heart skipped a beat. She swiftly grabbed her phone to scan the voice recorder, and it directed her to an online shopping page. After inspecting the recorder's details, Abigail frowned.

"The recorder's battery can be recharged. It can work all day and last for a week." She turned on the recorder, which still had two-thirds of its battery life. "Judging by the power usage, Joan must have secretly placed it here when she joined the livestreaming team, specifically

when she sat down and asked you questions.” Over the past two days, they had discussed their secrets at length, and Joan had likely gained access to the voice recordings through the cloud storage.

“No wonder she wasn’t concerned when we mentioned altering our clothes. This must be her plan.

She thinks she can win first prize by exposing us,” Luna grabbed her hair, her voice laced with anger.

“It’s possible,” Abigail responded solemnly.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 112-She’s Alana When Sean received the files from Cameron at six in the morning, he wasted no time over the past two days gathering all the information he could. He opened the picture he had taken of Abigail’s notebook and meticulously laid out all the drafts Cameron had collected. She had sketched a multitude of patterns. Sean meticulously compared them to the patterns in Alana’s designs.

When he came across the same stork design, Sean placed his phone on the draft and examined it closely. The shading used by Abigail on the stork was strikingly similar to Alana’s style. He knew

that shading was a critical aspect of an artist’s talent, and no matter how gifted Abigail was, she couldn’t replicate the essence of Alana’s art in such a short time.

He concentrated tirelessly, searching for similarities between Alana’s and Abigail’s designs. As time ticked by, he held up the final design. He scrutinized it to compare it to the ones in Abigail’s notebook.

The design had an unmistakable smudge and was adorned with intricate rose designs. He recalled taking a picture of a rose drawing in Abigail’s notebook the previous night, and it bore the same shading technique as the final draft. Even though the final design had transformed the roses into a 3D representation, the core design remained unchanged.

Sean couldn’t tear his eyes away from the draft. He overlapped them all, and then, clutching his phone tightly, he got up.

Cameron quickly followed Sean, expecting him to seek out Abigail. However, Sean headed for the elevator instead. Just as they reached the elevator, they ran into Joan, who came out from the other elevator.

Joan hurried over to Sean, but she hesitated momentarily when she noticed the stack of drafts he held. "Where are you going, Sean? The show starts today, and I'm feeling nervous. Can we chat for a bit?" She glanced at the drafts in his hand, and when she realized they were Alana's work, her eyes darkened.

Sean pressed a button on the elevator panel. "I'm short on time, Joan. You have a busy schedule, too. Head to the dressing room." The elevator doors slid open, and Sean stepped inside before she could say anything.

Cameron noticed the look in Sean's eyes and knew he had a role to play. So, he prevented her from entering the elevator with Sean. "Miss Palmer, allow me to escort you to the dressing room. We can't be late for the show." Joan wanted to convey her concerns about the impending failure of the show, but their planned drama with Nina had not yet begun, so she forced a smile. "Of course. Sorry for troubling you. I'm nervous." Cameron said, "It's alright." It was nearly eight, and the backstage area was bustling with activity. The crew members were inspecting the runway, others were fine-tuning the live-stream setup, and the remainder were busy dressing the models.

Kevin entered the scene, looking suave. However, the moment he stepped out, Sean, who had been waiting patiently, grabbed his collar and pushed him back into the room.

Kevin grumbled, "I just ironed my suit, Sean. Let me go!" Sean glared at him coldly and then got straight to the point. "You've hidden the secret well, Kevin. The secret is that Abigail is Alana." Kevin was taken aback, then quickly blinked in surprise. He asked with curiosity, "How did you figure it out?" Sean had been attempting a bluff, not expecting Kevin to actually know. He sneered in response.

Kevin felt a chill run down his spine, but he forced a smile. "You know I have a thing for beautiful handwriting, so I often check everyone's signature when I get the chance." Sean was aware of that quirk of Kevin's.

Kevin straightened his collar out. "Alana's draft bears her signature. I think her handwriting is nice, and I like it. When Luna was signing the contract, I checked her signature, but it was different from the one on Alana's draft." Sean stated icily, "So, you've known for a while." Kevin pulled a long face. "Abigail wanted to hide it. I couldn't break it to you. If I did anything to upset her, you'd have difficulty cheering her up. Besides, she told me Alana's husband just died, and she was in a bad mood," he explained, trying to appear innocent.

Sean was speechless. He pitied Alana when her assistant told him that she was a widow. He muttered, All this time, that dead husband is me? Sean's temples throbbed, and he massaged his forehead. "Why'd she say I was dead?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 113-Alana's Scandal Kevin found the question rather peculiar. The only plausible reason for a wife to believe her husband was dead was if he failed to contribute or fulfill his responsibilities. He suspected that Sean's involvement with Joan might be the cause. He looked at Sean and cautiously inquired, "Did you f*ck Joan too much?" "Are you crazy?" Sean shot Kevin an incredulous look.

Kevin sat up straight. "Abigail is obviously displeased with you. She wouldn't even tell you she's Alana. You're a failure of a husband." Sean looked at Kevin coldly and admitted, "I know. I don't even know if the mourning period for her husband is over." Kevin felt the chill in the air emanating from Sean, making him shiver. He huddled closer and moved away slightly. "What now? She won't reveal her true profession, and we can't confront her with these drafts to force the truth out. What if she has a valid reason for her actions?" Sean had no immediate response. He thought he knew Abigail, but at that moment, he reflected on their past and realized there had always been a veil between them.

Kevin proposed a somewhat absurd idea. "What if you pretend you know nothing and maintain this secret indefinitely, as I'm doing?" Sean looked at him coldly. "How can I demand an explanation for her claiming I was dead?" Kevin almost choked on his own words. Anything he said at that moment would only worsen matters for Abigail. "I'll try to expose her then. I have her designs and the contract Luna signed.

This should be easy to resolve," he suggested.

"I need to find out why she didn't want to tell me," Sean said solemnly.

Kevin hesitated briefly. "Maybe it has something to do with Miss Palmer." Sean shot him a sideways glance. "Joan hasn't been back for long. She's been using the Alana alias in this industry for a while." Kevin conceded that Sean had a point and nodded. "True. So what's our plan now?" "Is that the only question you have?" Sean replied calmly.

After hesitating, Kevin said, "I don't mind if Abigail keeps it a secret. I'm fine with it as long as everyone remains in the dark, and it doesn't affect the show." Sean remembered when Kevin informed him that Abigail was serving tea or something. He had no clue what was going through her mind. She could have confronted him but remained silent instead, preferring to endure unfair treatment rather than reveal her true identity. Suddenly, he asked, "Do you

know why she won't tell me anything?" Kevin noticed the confusion and dejection in Sean's eyes. He understood how Sean felt. Sean and Abigail were a couple, married. Yet, she kept such a significant secret and wouldn't reveal it to him. She might have had many more secrets.

Kevin recalled all the times she interacted with Sean, and a realization dawned on him. "I think she doesn't like you. Have you been mistreating her in your marriage?" "She doesn't like me?" Sean was taken aback. He had believed that Abigail married him because she liked him. He was forced into the marriage, yet she still married him despite knowing he had no feelings for her.

Kevin was speechless about how dense this man was.

"How'd you know she doesn't like me?" Sean asked.

"Abigail's always distant to everyone, including you. She's interacted with you a lot of times, but she never blushed. Not even once," Kevin said truthfully.

Sean couldn't help but think, That's not true. She blushes when we're having intimacy and is not distant in private.

Kevin was about to speak again, but someone knocked on the door. Sean checked the time. It was a few minutes past eight, and he thought it was probably someone from the production team.

An impatient Kevin approached the door and opened it to find Cameron waiting outside. He asked, "What's going on?" Cameron entered the room and closed the door behind him. "Something big happens." "Spit it out," Kevin urged. He hadn't yet formulated his thoughts about whether Abigail liked Sean.

Cameron entered the room and closed the door behind him. "Something big happens." "Spit it out," Kevin urged. He hadn't yet formulated his thoughts about whether Abigail liked Sean.

Cameron glanced at the frosty Sean. "There's a scandal circulating on the internet regarding Alana. They claim she's not the real creator of the designs.

They say she doesn't even know how to make clothes. What's more, they have both audio and video evidence." Kevin couldn't believe his ears. He asked, "What? They're saying Alana can't even design clothes, and there's evidence to back it up?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 114-Critical Point Cameron handed his phone to Sean, and Kevin couldn't help but feel a little annoyed. Kevin muttered, Hey, I'm right beside you. Can't I see the news first?

Cameron approached Sean and played the video, and then Kevin huddled closer to Sean. The title was explosive.

'Shocking news. The famous designer is actually an exploiter? Assistant creates actual designs and clothing.

The video showed Abigail exiting Luna's room with a half-finished dress.

Astonishingly, the dress was completed by the following day when it was returned to Luna's room. Abigail repeated this process for three consecutive days. The video ended with a black screen, but the sounds of a sewing machine continued in the background.

As the sewing machine fell silent, Abigail's voice began to speak. "There are still many unfinished details. I'll take this back to my room and work on it. You get some rest." "It's late. We have two days to finish this. What's the hurry?" Luna's voice questioned, clearly recorded while being near the device.

It was evident from the varying volumes of their voices that Luna wasn't beside the sewing machine. Abigail, who finished the dress, was close to the sewing machine.

Their conversation continued.

"I can't afford to waste time. Can you take over if something stops me from finishing my design?" "I should've paid more attention in class. Now, I can't help, and you have to deal with this alone. You might have to buy the designs and hire someone to make the dress." "We'll live comfortably once we finish this and win the prize." The voices in the video were unmistakably Abigail's and Luna's, and video evidence supported it.

Luna slammed her phone onto the table, causing the screen to crack. She glared at Abigail, fuming. "This editing is outrageous. They've cut out all the crucial details. This is defamation! It's libel!" Abigail had an icy look on her face. "If they can prove that Alana is a scam and a con artist, the production team can terminate our contracts. I told you they wouldn't reveal our identities. They opted for a smear campaign instead." Luna seethed with anger. "I can't believe they installed a camera and a voice recorder." Abigail analyzed the angle from which the video was shot. "Nina's clever. She must have hidden the camera in the peephole." Luna

asked skeptically, "How do you know?" "Rough guess. It's probably installed in the direction facing her room. Since no one noticed it, she must've taken down the peephole and replaced it with a camera." Abigail turned off the video.

Luna approached the door, lifted the cover of the peephole, and scrutinized it closely. She extended her finger, tapping the peephole's glass until it popped out. She opened the door and examined the crystal that had fallen. Her brow furrowed, and she picked it up before carefully reinserting it into the peephole.

After reattaching the crystal, she returned to the room. She reported, "The hotel did all the renovations but left the peepholes untouched. They're all old models." Abigail wasn't surprised. She knew there were always oversights, and peepholes were easy to miss among all the hotel details.

"What now?" Luna asked Abigail said, "We'll tell the truth and come clean. I can improvise a design explanation on the spot. Alternatively, we can stall until our team returns with something. Then, the real show begins." Luna approached the coffee table and clasped her hands in prayer. "Please, my foolish brother, give me a sign before the showdown. God, don't let those witches escape justice." A knock on the door startled them. Luna hastily stashed her phone in Abigail's bag, and they switched phones.

Abigail opened the door to find Joan, the other designers, and the models outside. They wore expressions ranging from disdain to curiosity to schadenfreude.

Victor squeezed through the crowd, voicing his support. "I trust you ladies. I'm sure they're spreading false accusations." Nina stepped forward with urgency. "Who are these 'they' you're talking about?"

Tell me." Joan appeared disappointed, with red rims around her eyes. "I can't believe my favorite designer is a fraud.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 115-Sean Calms Things Down Luna scoffed. "You dare to call yourself my fan? You publicly defamed my assistant and baselessly accused her of obtaining the competition's theme ahead of others. And now, you've fabricated this evidence to pressure me into confessing to something I never did. I've never encountered a so-called fan like you before." Nina said, "I think what happened last time wasn't slander either. You do have a capable assistant, after all." She gave Abigail a knowing glance.

Abigail responded coolly, "Would you care to elaborate on my competence? I don't recall having any special privileges to access the competition's theme

ahead of others." Without a direct answer, Nina simply smiled and crossed her arms, saying, "I think everyone understands what I'm implying." "Miss Lowery, you and Miss Palmer have slandered us once but twice now. If the truth comes out and proves our innocence, both of you should consider leaving the industry. And you, Miss Palmer, you've also defamed Alana twice. If we establish our innocence, you owe her an apology," Abigail said firmly, her voice carrying a quiet but undeniable authority.

Joan sneered dismissively. "This is none of your concern, you insignificant assistant." Abigail regarded her coldly, asserting, "Seeing someone like you wearing Alana's creations is an insult to her. That's the reason for my criticism. Do you have a problem with that?" The majority of the audience in the live stream seemed to side with Joan and Nina.

'Alana is being so stubborn. They have both audio and video evidence. How can she remain so arrogant?' 'The previous live streams have made it obvious. The designs Alana showcased were already prepared, and she rarely demonstrated any actual work on camera.' 'Yeah, I used to think she worked faster than the other designers, but it's clear now that she had the drafts ready beforehand. I wonder which unfortunate designer she bought those drafts from.

Alana's fans must be feeling quite disgusted.' 'Her assistant probably hooked up with Sean. Didn't you guys hear what Nina said? Sean seems to be in on it. She must have used her connections to cheat her way through the competition.' The live stream had reached its highest viewership at that moment. Numerous prominent streamers shared it, making it a trend at the top.

When Kevin saw the video, he immediately showed it to Sean. "They're claiming Abigail cheated her way through the competition." "Are you still wrapped up in this drama?" Sean asked with a cold gaze.

Kevin quickly responded, "I'll instruct the websites to take down these allegations." Sean's gaze sharpened. "Are you daft? The livestream is ongoing, and you're talking about websites?!" He shot Kevin a stern look before standing up.

"Oh, right," Kevin snapped out of it, knocking his head lightly. He then called the show's director.

Cameron followed Sean anxiously. "Are you going to help them, sir?" "Your task now is to locate the original video and analyze it," Sean instructed, and he left the room.

With Kevin finishing his call, he instructed Cameron, "True. See if the video is edited. If it is, then we can prove their innocence." Professional agencies could find out if a video was edited. If they could prove that the video was fake, they could prove the ladies' innocence.

Cameron quickly went to work. Kevin walked around, watching the video. When he came to the scene, the crowd was still arguing. He then looked in the direction of Nina's room.

Sean was standing behind the crowd as well. He noticed Kevin squinting at Nina's room, and he approached him. "Did you see something?" "Someone brought their own camera onto the set," Kevin informed him.

A staff member overheard Graham, Mr. Stewart!" Conversation and turned around, trembling with fear. "Mr.

The shout silenced the director, who was arguing with Nina.

Soon, everyone's attention shifted to Sean and Kevin. Kevin cleared his throat, ready to step forward, but Sean acted before him.

Joan looked at Sean and said, "I invited Alana to join this show because I admired her designs. I can't believe she's a fraud." Luna responded calmly, "Do you have any evidence to support that claim?" Joan insisted, "The video clearly shows that she bought someone else's designs." Sean met her gaze. "We're yet to confirm the authenticity of the video. Why is everyone here?

Trying to play judge and jury before we can ascertain the truth?" Even if Abigail and Luna were deceiving, that was a matter for the production team to handle. These designers and models should remain in their rooms and await the outcome.

Kevin added, "You're all participants in this show, nothing more. You don't have the authority to decide Alana and her assistant's fate." A sense of discomfort settled over the room. Sean turned his attention to Abigail, who remained remarkably composed, making him wonder if she had anticipated his support.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 116-Still Defending Her Damian glanced at Victor before speaking up, "Miss Palmer and Miss Lowery suggested that we unite to remove con artists like Ms.

Quinn and Ms. Smith from the show.” This was Damian’s revealing his stance to Luna and Abigail.

of way Sean turned his attention to Luna and inquired, “What’s your response to this, Luna?” “I’m here to assert that the video is entirely fabricated. You’re skilled at discerning the truth, Mr. Graham, aren’t you? You invited me, and though I initially declined, you threatened me to sign the contract. Now, my reputation is

at stake. I demand an explanation.” Luna maintained her composure, her gaze sharp and unwavering.

Sean narrowed his eyes. Despite knowing Alana’s involvement in the show, he believed Luna was overly assertive. He wondered whether she and Abigail had planned this confrontation. He asked, “What action do you propose we take?” Luna exchanged glances with Abigail, who stepped forward, exuding a tranquil demeanor. “I am speaking on behalf of my employer. First, once the truth is ascertained, we request that Joan Palmer switch places with Nina’s model.

Alana will not design for those who defame her. Comply, or face consequences.” Joan grew indignant, retorting, “How dare you? Do you have any idea who you’re talking to?” Abigail looked at her sternly, stating, “Secondly, Joan Palmer must humbly apologize to Alana. If not, she must create an apology video and share it online, confessing her slanderous actions.” Joan turned to Sean, her eyes welling up. She seemed aggrieved, uttering, “She’s just an assistant, Sean. She can’t do this to me.” “She can because she’s my assistant. Who do you think you are, a nobody, a flash in the pan?

Perhaps others can’t do this to you, but she can. She’s my assistant.” Luna erupted in fury. She wasn’t backing down, even if her enemy was Sean.

Kevin noticed Sean’s icy demeanor and smiled. “We will thoroughly investigate the matter to determine if Alana indeed purchased the designs or if this is a case of slander. We will ensure a fair competition. If you’re not involved, please return to your rooms.” Joan had never felt so humiliated since getting involved with Sean. Tears welled up in her eyes.

Abigail glanced at Sean coldly. Seeing her expression, Sean remained silent and looked at Kevin.

Kevin approached Joan, offering his handkerchief to wipe her tears. “You should not have intervened. The production team would have handled everything.

Come with me.” He led Joan away.

Abigail knew Sean had signaled Kevin to do this. He wanted to ensure Joan could leave without further damage. She clenched her fists, shooting a meaningful glance at Luna.

Luna quickly approached and held Abigail’s hand, guiding her into their room.

The director instructed everyone to return to their rooms. Still in a state of distress, he approached Kevin. “What about the runway?” “It’s proceeding as planned. The show starts at two. We still have time,” Kevin replied solemnly. He had chosen that time slot anticipating potential issues, and his prediction proved accurate.

Once everyone had left, Sean entered Luna’s room. He looked at Luna and asked, “What if I insist that you design Joan’s attire and forbid her from apologizing to you?” he demanded, his voice as cold as a winter breeze, enough to set anyone on edge.

Luna glanced at Abigail, seeking her support. Abigail remained silent, prompting Luna to consider her options before meeting Sean’s icy gaze. “Then, I’m quitting the show. Sue me. Sue L.Moon. You can get up to your dirty tricks and stop anyone from doing business with us.” Abigail overheard this. She said, “We need to talk, Sean. Privately.” She walked toward the door.

Sean followed Abigail out without even looking at Luna.

Once the duo went outside, Luna stumbled back and collapsed on the couch, realizing her legs shook uncontrollably.

After entering her room, Abigail closed the door. Sean wanted to ask why she had concealed her true identity, but he struggled to find the words, unsure where to begin.

She looked at him and took a deep breath. Eventually, she said, “Luna is not a scam artist, Sean. I can vouch for that with my name.” He met her gaze and responded calmly, “I trust you. However, Joan is also a victim here. She’s not the sharpest person, and it’s understandable that she would sever ties with Alana swiftly to avoid being implicated in the scandal.” She frowned, retorting, “You’re still defending her? You know what she’s attempting. Or are you suggesting you can turn a blind eye to her actions?” “I’ve defended you too. If I hadn’t helped you when she found out something was wrong with the draft the first time, you think you could’ve gotten out of the mess?” he countered.

Abigail’s eyes turned icy as she stared at Sean, her lips tightly pursed.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 117-So You Know How to Cajole Sean couldn't help but notice the change in Abigail's eyes. It triggered the memory of something Kevin had confided in him earlier—that Abigail didn't like him. The thought knitted his brows in concern.

The look in her eyes turned into that of apathy. "If she won't make a public apology online, we're not designing anything for her, and we'll destroy the ones we've made for her. Trust me." "Do you have to go to such lengths? I—"

She cut him off shrilly. "I don't want to hear any explanations. L.Moon's success hinges on Alana's reputation. What Joan's doing is tantamount to ruining someone's livelihood. It's almost like murder in a way, do you get it?" He asked, "Are you mad because I'm defending her? Is that why you're going after her?" She replied coldly, "I couldn't care less if there were rumors of a scandal involving you and Joan staying at any hotel." Sean took a deep breath, his eyes locked on Abigail. He asked, "Are you willing to say anything just because she won't apologize? Is L.Moon that important for you?" "You think she's innocent? Fine. Once I uncover the truth, let's see how you can defend her." She avoided answering his question, turning her gaze toward the window. She didn't want to talk to him anymore, realizing he was just a flaming heap of disappointment.

"Do you still want to resolve this, Abigail?" he asked.

She turned around, her frustration evident as she snapped, "Don't threaten me.

What else can you do besides threatening me? Why does the set have hidden cameras? Why is there a voice recorder? Why can she edit the video and slander Alana?" Abigail's eyes blazed with anger as she walked closer to Sean. She enunciated sharply, "You resorted to underhanded tactics just to get Alana on your show.

So, you better protect her. She owes you nothing, and you expect her to sit quietly when her reputation is on the line?" He knew she was mad, and he pulled her into his embrace. "We're already looking into it. Why are you so mad?" She was still livid, so when he hugged her, she froze momentarily and shoved him away. "Let me go!" He gently patted her back and, for once, adopted a persuasive tone. "This is the production team's oversight. I've dispatched my team to locate the original video. I'll prove your innocence." He could understand why she was so mad.

She was Alana, after all. Of course, she was aggrieved after being slandered.

Abigail struggled to break free, but Sean held her close to his chest. "Alright, calm down. You have a show to attend," he continued.

She felt her throat tighten. She clutched his clothing and exhaled. "I don't care.

Joan can't be our model. We're replacing her with Nina." "I made a promise to her, so I can't change her out," he said calmly. Still, she tried to break free again, and he looked at her. "In exchange for her being your model this time, you can name any request.

"Fine. Then make an apology video and post it online," she said, reining in her anger. "For both her slander attempts at Alana." Sean looked into Abigail's eyes and nodded. "Fine. I'll talk to her." "And I want fairness this time. Anyone involved in the smear campaign must be removed from the show," she insisted.

"Of course," he agreed.

She looked at him and thought, He can do anything just for Joan's future. Then, she mocked, "Joan means a lot to you, doesn't she?" She smiled sardonically as she pushed Sean away.

"Why are you bringing that up again?" He frowned.

Abigail shoved him away and sneered. "Still playing dumb, I see. Forget it.

Focus on your job. We have nothing more to discuss." Sean was about to respond when a knock interrupted him. He frowned but opened the door nonetheless. It was Kevin, and Sean impatiently asked, "What do you want?" "Still arguing, I see?" Kevin appeared curious, having heard the heated exchange from outside. He was worried they might split up.

Sean responded coldly, "Just get to the point." Abigail approached from behind and pushed Sean out of the room, slamming the door shut. Kevin stood there in shock, staring at the closed door. He turned to Sean, who was frowning with pursed lips. Kevin asked. "Is she angry?" "Yes, she is. I failed to cajole her," Sean admitted, thinking she might be jealous.

Kevin mumbled, "Maybe Joan shouldn't have led that crusade this morning. This has nothing to do with the models or designers. Can't believe they were trying to call the shots on our behalf." Sean looked at him coolly and returned to his room, with Kevin quickly following.

"The internet is suspecting Alana. If Abigail finds evidence of their innocence, this won't be easy to resolve. After all, Luna did impersonate Alana. How can we spin this narrative?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 118-Clarification Abigail returned to Luna's room with a gloomy expression and found her sitting on the couch, lost in thought. Upon hearing the door close, Luna snapped out of her reverie and immediately looked at Abigail, asking, "What did he say?" "He said that we should make Joan apologize and continue as planned, but I don't want to let it go so easily," Abigail said as she sat down beside Luna with a cold look in her clear eyes.

Luna looked at her, her gaze turning icy as well. "Do you wish to confront Joan?"

Won't Sean blame us for this?"

"Luna, don't you think it's because we've been afraid of this situation that Sean and Joan have been able to manipulate us? Being patient and accommodating hasn't solved the problem," Abigail said calmly.

Luna gradually calmed down and replied in a low voice, "You're right." Abigail continued, "Let's wait for the results from the production team first. Once they're out, we can plan our next move, but be prepared for the possibility of losing both money and reputation." Luna's breath caught at the mention of losing everything. "It was Joan who pushed us to join the show in the first place, and she's the one causing us trouble now." "Luck doesn't always favor one person," Abigail said coldly.

After returning to her room, she took out the phone that Luna had slipped into her bag and saw the latest message. Immediately, she unlocked it with her password. As she read the text, her eyes widened in astonishment.

At 10.00PM, Cameron returned with the original video footage while Kevin was also investigating in secret.

Cameron handed the original video to Sean and said respectfully, "When Halopedia Entertainment received this original video, it had already been edited." "How did they receive it?" Sean asked, his voice devoid of emotion as he stared at the original video on his phone.

Cameron pursed his lips and replied, "Someone sent it to them via email, but when I checked, I found that the sender's email had been deleted on the same day it was active. I asked some experts, but they said there was no way to trace the sender after the email had been erased." "They've covered their tracks quite well," Sean said with a cold smile. Afterward, he called Kevin, who quickly answered. "How's your side progressing?" he asked with a hint of coldness.

Kevin hurriedly replied, "The prime suspects now are Nina and Damian. He claims that he couldn't sleep three nights ago due to work and sat in the garden all night. Then, he encountered Nina sneakily returning from the garden at 4.00AM." Sean frowned. "Why is it Damian again?" "Damian told me a little secret. He said that he arranged with Luna to deliberately create a competitive atmosphere to use their absolute strength to eliminate Nina in the first round, as Luna believed that Nina's design and character were subpar," Kevin said in a lowered voice.

"Where are you that you can't speak loudly?" Sean asked while sounding impatient.

Kevin cleared his throat. "I'm creating an atmosphere." "Go on," Sean said while restraining his impatience.

"Nina claimed she couldn't sleep either, but I checked some hidden cameras, and it was clear she had a specific target that night. It wasn't insomnia. She left the hotel and went straight to the northeast corner of the garden," Kevin reported, and a rustling sounded on his end.

"You went to the northeast corner of the garden?" Sean immediately noticed.

"Yes. The garden is watered every day, and the soil is moist. If someone had been there, they would've left footprints," Kevin replied with a grin.

He was quite clever at critical moments.

Sean made a noncommittal sound.

"Damian really spent the entire night in the garden. He left the hotel aimlessly after 10.00PM and sat in the garden with a pavilion all night." Sean nodded, but his thoughts began to wander. Did Abigail ever have insomnia all night when she couldn't come up with a design idea?

After three years of marriage, he rarely paid attention to her. Now that he wanted to get to know her better, he did not know where to start.

Kevin's voice suddenly grew louder. "There are indeed footprints near the iron railing!" "Do you know what to do next?" Sean asked coldly.

Kevin chuckled. "Of course. You can trust me with this, Sean. I'll make sure to clear Abigail's name." Sean ended the call and told Cameron, "As soon as we get the video analysis results,

have the PR team write a statement and post it on Instagram to clear Alana's name." "Yes," Cameron replied quickly.

When it was close to midnight, Sean received the restored video footage from Cameron. The video was also synthesized During the editing process using artificial intelligence.

Through professional techniques, the AI-synthesized part was separated and spliced together with the original video before creating a new video.

The official account of the program released a clarification video at midnight. A comparison video was attached and mentioned the authoritative team responsible for the analysis.

Even so, some netizens remained skeptical.

'What does this analysis prove? It shows that the audio part was synthesized, but what about the video? Miss Quinn brought the unfinished clothes to her room, and the next day, they were completed!

'How do you explain the distance and proximity of the audio in the video? Miss Quinn was the one operating the sewing machine, so isn't it impossible for Alana not to know how to use a sewing machine?'

I Want a Divorce Chapter 119-Everything Is Arranged The top comment that eventually rose to the forefront among netizens posts was—Alana must design live on the broadcast to prove her abilities. Only then will everyone be convinced. Otherwise, Alana doesn't deserve the prize at all!

Upon seeing that the netizens were still causing a commotion, the director turned to Kevin for advice.

Kevin, holding a pair of women's shoes and measuring them, listened to the director's words and replied with indifference, "Let them make noise. The

runway show at 2.00PM will continue. Now, go have lunch and let the models start their makeup without delay." The director checked the time; it was almost 100PM. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and said, "Mr. Stewart, we're going to trend on the news today if we continue like this.

"Do what I say, and stop the chit-chat! Oh, and tell Nina not to prepare anymore. Kevin put down the ruler and picked up a wet towel to wipe his hands.

The director, who looked world-weary, left Kevin's room.

After Abigail and Luna finished their lunch, Kevin brought Nina to their room. He knocked on the door, and Abigail got up to open it. He smiled and looked at her.

"Miss Quinn, I've brought someone here to make amends." Nina, whom he had pulled inside, had a pale face and drooping shoulders. She had none of the arrogance she had displayed in the morning.

A camera followed them inside.

With a defeated look, Nina gazed at Luna and stammered, "Al... Alana, I didn't mean to. I was misled when I bought the camera, put it in the peephole of my door, and recorded you. I edited the video to frame you. Her words seemed prepared in advance.

Upon Abigail's signal, Luna spoke, "I saw that you were about to sell the latest Mila bag on your second-hand trading account. That bag is so exclusive. You can't buy it with just money; you need connections, right?" Kevin's smile froze for a moment as he did not understand why Luna brought this up.

Nina's face turned even paler as she quickly exclaimed, "You invaded my private information?!" "It seems to be true. I asked around about the latest model of the Mila bag and the person who got it firsthand. I don't know about the others, but I do know a Mr. Graham. How about it? Do you know him?" Luna raised her chin and continued to inquire.

Kevin took out his phone and quickly sent a message to Sean. He originally intended to edit the shots taken with the camera when he suddenly found a mobile phone live-streaming in the room after hearing Luna's words.

Abigail saw his reaction and asked calmly, "Informing Mr. Graham about this?"

Who did Mr.

Graham buy the bag for?" Nina's face was as white as a sheet of paper, and she was on the verge of tears when she turned to look at Kevin. "Mr. Stewart-" Luna's gaze turned cold as she said, "Are you taking the fall for someone else?"

You don't have to say 1. it. I already knew. If you don't want your design career to be ruined from now on, I suggest you tell the truth!" This plan was devised by Abigail from the moment they realized something was amiss this morning. They started digging into the private

information of both Joan and Nina. Abigail never believed that Nina would willingly take such a big risk to do Joan's bidding. It must have been Joan who promised Nina substantial rewards by leveraging her relationship with Sean that made Nina take such a risk.

Without digging deeper, Abigail would not have realized that Nina, a person with an annual income of just over 15,000, could afford the latest limited-edition Mila bag. Hence, she immediately suspected that it was Sean who bought it for Joan.

Joan provided surveillance cameras and recording pens to Nina as a favor, prompting her to take risks and use them to falsely accuse L.Moon and Alana.

Seeing the live broadcast on the phone, Kevin put down his phone and said, "Miss Smith, why are you doing this?" A staff member noticed the live broadcast and tried to disconnect it. Abigail immediately stepped forward and pushed the staff away. "What are you trying to do? Are you afraid that the dirty dealings in the program will be exposed?" Luna looked at Kevin and said sarcastically, "Mr. Stewart, do you remember what you said when you signed the contract with East Joy Talent? You said this program would not disappoint me, but what has it turned out to be?" He forced a smile. "I'm actively investigating this matter, and the program team is on your side to clear your names." "I just want to know if Nina was involved with our models, especially Joan, in this matter," Abigail piped up. She had already made up her mind not to let Joan wear the clothes she designed.

If Sean wanted to protect Joan, she would take drastic measures.

Nina clenched her lips tightly and remained silent. Then, Luna walked over to a nearby couch, crossed her legs, and said with a sly smile, "Miss Lowery, no one can help you out of this today.

Think it over yourself. If you speak up, L.Moon can perhaps overlook past grievances and give you a chance for employment, allowing you to shine in the design field. If you don't speak up, who knows what the future holds?" With Sean involved, there was no room for a proper discussion. Furthermore, Luna and Abigail had already decided on their exit strategy when they made use of him.

At first, Nina believed she had a winning hand by conspiring with Joan, but she did not expect the outcome to be like this.

At that moment, the door opened once again. Sean and Joan came in together, with the woman hiding behind the man, her eyes still slightly red.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 120-Making a Decision in Public Sean walked in and first glanced at Abigail. Then, he turned to Joan behind him and said, "Speak for yourself." She emerged from his back and glanced at Abigail and Luna before voicing, "Luna, I'm so sorry. I didn't know about what Miss Lowery did. When I mentioned that bag, I saw that she really liked it, so I sold it to her at a lower price. I didn't expect her to resell it at an original price..." Nina bit her lip but did not say anything. Due to that, Abigail suspected that she might be trying to take the blame herself.

"Well... I really like the watch you're wearing. Would you sell it to me at a lower price?" Luna suddenly smiled.

The watch on Joan's wrist was a birthday gift from Sean, and she certainly would not sell it.

Joan bit her lip, tears immediately falling down her cheeks. She looked pitiful with her tearful eyes. "Luna, I said those things this morning because I was eager and hot-tempered. I apologize for what I said, but I promise you I had absolutely nothing to do with the video!" Abigail stepped forward and questioned her, "Are you saying that the video was solely the work of Nina?" Sean watched Abigail silently. He had never known she could completely turn the situation around in just a few hours. Was her compromise this morning just a tactical move or a test of his attitude?

Joan nodded repeatedly. "I truly had no involvement in this matter. I didn't know what she interpreted from it when I mentioned the bag." Abigail's eyes were cold and distant, making her seem aloof. "The recording pen is still with me. I've already posted the specifications of the recording pen on L.Moon's official Instagram, and I've contacted the manufacturer for detailed discussions." Joan did not understand what Abigail meant but looked bewildered, her inner panic growing.

She continued, "The button battery in the recording pen is rechargeable, and if it works 24 hours a day, the pen can last for about a week. When Miss Smith discovered the recording pen, it still had nearly two-thirds of its battery life. So, if we divide a week into three parts, when do you think the recording pen was placed in her room?" "Three days ago, Joan and the live broadcast team from the show entered Luna's room for an interview. At that time, she was sitting right next to Lamal I saw the performance data for the recording pen on L.Moon's official Instagram and screenshots of their conversation with the pen's official staff. They confirmed that it was the latest model. It's fresh from the warehouse, indicating that it is brand new!

'So, based on the battery usage, we can determine it was Joan who placed it there! Why does she love lying so much? Seriously, she looked so pitiful when she came in!

Why did Sean buy such an expensive bag for her? I just don't understand. On one hand, she pretends to be a fan of Alana and wants to gain fame through her designs. On the other hand, she puts a recording pen in Alana's room and collaborates with another designer to create a fake video to smear her. What's her problem? Does she have some kind of psychological issue?

The netizens were furious, Having been exposed in public, Joan could not help but bawl her eyes out as she trembled, Kevin stood on the side, his lips carrying a smile, but his expression showed some displeasure. What's the point of continuing with the fashion show now?

Luna's eyes were filled with a cold smile as she glanced at Sean, who was staring intently at Abigail. She spoke lazily, "Miss Quinn, please continue." Abigail nodded slightly and walked to a nearby worktable before showcasing the finished dress to the netizens. Before the netizens could even exclaim at the exquisite design, they witnessed Abigail taking a pair of scissors and cutting the dress in half at the waist right in front of Sean.

She raised her chin and looked at him, stating, "Mr. Graham, my boss has made it clear. We won't allow someone who tarnishes Alana's reputation to wear her clothes because she's simply unworthy. Since this dress was made according to Joan's measurements, it's only right to destroy it." Sean's hand clenched tightly without making a sound. Undoubtedly, Abigail was challenging him. openly.

"Furthermore, Joan has tarnished Miss Smith's reputation twice and even placed a recording device in Miss Smith's room to create a doctored video for malicious purposes. We demand that Joan issue an immediate public apology.

Otherwise, L.Moon will take legal action against her!" She threw the dress on the ground and stepped on it. In all honesty, she would rather destroy the dress than let Joan wear it.

At that moment, Joan's legs gave out as she sat on the floor.

"Lastly, L.Moon Studio announces its withdrawal from the program. We are willing to compensate for any breach of contract, and we hope that Mr. Graham and Mr. Stewart can understand Miss Smith's feelings of being slandered and allow her to take some time to recuperate," Abigail concluded politely and nodded to everyone.

Luna stood up, took her luggage behind the couch, and smiled faintly at everyone. “I appreciate all of your care, but I’ve been deeply affected and cannot continue my creative work. Therefore, I’m withdrawing from this program. Your understanding is appreciated.” Meanwhile, Abigail took her phone, made a farewell gesture to the audience, and ended the livestream. Then, she walked over to Luna, who had been waiting for her.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

121-130

I Want a Divorce Chapter 121-Taking Drastic Measures After the livestream was cut off, Sean spoke, “Did it have to come to this?” He was addressing this question to Abigail.

She glanced at the others, and Kevin quickly said, “What are you all waiting for?

Get out!” Meanwhile, Luna frowned disapprovingly, but he immediately forced a smile. “Miss Smith, I have some things I’d like to discuss with you privately. This whole incident has caused significant losses for our production team.” She gave a cold snort and carried her luggage before walking out.

The door closed, and Sean’s expression turned cold and ruthless. “We’re a couple. Why can’t we discuss things properly?”

Abigail looked at him coldly and said, “That reminds me. From now on, we’re only a couple in front of our grandparents, but in private, we’re not. If you insist on defending Joan, we’re done!” “Are you negotiating with me? Let me tell you, L.Moon can’t afford to pay the penalty for breach of contract,” he said in a cold voice.

She smiled and replied, “Is that so? L.Moon just sold an award-winning piece.

Plus, there’s a photo of a top actress wearing our premium dress. We’ve already secured the next collaboration. The other party has already paid 80% of the deposit. Do you think L.Moon can’t afford it?” He clenched his teeth and sneered. “You’ve planned everything quite well.” “And it’s all thanks to you. When our grandparents get better, we can go our separate ways,” Abigail said as she turned to leave.

Sean grabbed her wrist and pulled her back. "You've completely disrupted my plans. Do you think I'll let you off so easily?" "Sean, it was you who used despicable means to force Miss Smith into this program in the first place!" Her voice was icy.

"Was today's performance all your plan?" he questioned her.

She looked at him squarely. "Yes. Since I'm with L.Moon, I naturally have to contribute to our brand. You tried to suppress us by supporting Joan, so did you think I wouldn't retaliate?" Sean looked at her with deep eyes and said, "I didn't realize you had such capabilities." "People who can't manage themselves should be prepared to have their dignity torn off and trampled on by others," Abigail said before shaking off his grip and walking away.

She was determined that there would be no reconciliation in this matter.

Originally, she had already given Joan an out as a respect for him, but a mistress who knew nothing and relied on her husband's support was causing all sorts of trouble. Did Joan think that Abigail could be trampled upon just because the latter had been holding back?

After Abigail and Luna left, Sean returned to his room and threw the files on the table to the ground. "Bring Joan to me!" Cameron was so frightened that he quickly ran out and did not dare to delay for a second.

When Joan entered his room, she saw his icy expression, and tears immediately welled in her eyes. She took a step forward and called out softly.

"Sean, I was wrong... I just couldn't stand you being so good to her." "Is that your concern?" His eyes filled with anger.

At that, she was so scared that she could not speak, her throat tightening.

"You said you wanted to enter the entertainment industry, so I found a renowned designer to create clothes for you and get you onto a TV show. Is this how you repay me?" he asked.

"I was wrong... Sean, I was wrong. I shouldn't have done so much." Joan cried and apologized, fear evident in her eyes.

Still, Sean's gaze was icy as he looked at her for a long time. "You've really crossed the line this time." She sat on the floor, crying and pleading, "I admit my mistake, Sean. If you don't do it for my sake, do it for my brother's... Give me another chance. This will be the last, I swear!" "The show will continue, but I don't care who designs for you anymore. Whether you

can stand firm in the industry in the future is up to you,” Sean expressed before walking out without looking back.

Kevin was waiting outside and asked, “Are you leaving too?” “It just so happens that there’s a lot of work at the company that needs to be handled. I’ll head back and take care of it. As for the program, you can arrange it however you want,” Sean said and left without another word.

Cameron quickly tidied up the files in the room while Kevin sighed. “In the end, I’m the victim.” Though, at least one thing went well. Sean now knew who Alana was.

In the meantime, the happiest person was undoubtedly Luna, who sat in the car while holding a tablet. “So, it’s this effortless to break away from the production team! My goodness! The president of Star Media said he’d come to our studio today. Is this president reliable?” “Of course, he is. Now, besides finding people we can trust for cooperation, who else can we go We have to wait for the storm to pass before taking on other projects,” Abigail said, her eyes displaying amusement. However, her mood was far from relaxed.

to?

“You’re so sleek by making all the preparations in advance. Otherwise, Joan might’ve fooled her way through again today,” Luna said before letting out a sigh of relief.

Abigail’s eyes were cold. “Forget it. Diamonds are not something we can possess. Sometimes, being too fixated on something can lead to even greater disappointment.” By the time she had decided to take drastic measures, she had already come to terms with it

I Want a Divorce Chapter 122-Preparations Back at L.Moon, an assistant immediately approached to help Luna with her luggage, while Abigail entered her office and gently instructed her assistant, “Remember to grind the coffee beans. We have guests coming later.” Luna followed Abigail to the couch, removed her sunglasses, and lay down.

Abigail sat at her desk. “Don’t just lounge around here. Organize your documents and go to the bank to apply for a loan. Once we’re done with this busy period, we can go on vacation together.” Luna shot up and ran her fingers through her short hair. She furrowed her brows and said, “He’s so ruthless toward his wife just for a mistress.” After saying this,

she felt uncomfortable in her heart. Abigail and Sean, a married couple, were pushed to the brink of deception and manipulation due to Joan’s actions.

Abigail did not respond but reminded her, “Arrange a meeting with the bank, but don’t sign the loan contract immediately. If you qualify, tell them you’ll return in a few days to sign the mortgage. I’ll bring something from home as collateral for you today.” If Sean was going to target L.Moon because of Joan, they needed enough funds to operate. Once they weathered this storm and Abigail completed the large project she was working on, they would have enough to cover it.

“Okay.” Luna nodded. As she walked down to the parking lot wearing sunglasses, she saw a brand- new Rolls–Royce Phantom pull into another parking space.

While Abigail was preparing in the meeting room, the assistant rushed in excitedly, her face full of enthusiasm. “Three people have arrived, and the one in charge said his last name is Booker. There’s also a director named Lewis Francis. Are they our guests?” “Yes. Please let them in,” Abigail replied.

In a matter of moments, the glass door to the meeting room swung open again.

A handsome man in a dark blue suit wearing a gentle smile walked in. He was followed by a slightly chubby middle- aged man, and behind them was a young man in a suit.

“Mr. Booker, long time no see,” Abigail greeted Anthony Booker with a smile.

The man smiled while exuding an elegant charm. “Abby, you’re still so formal.

Just call me Anthony.” The man smiled while exuding an elegant charm. “Abby, you’re still so formal.

Just call me Anthony.” She smiled politely and gestured for them to sit down. “Please, have a seat.” Then, she looked at the kindly man beside Anthony and said, “Nice to meet you, Director Lewis.” The four of them took their seats, and the assistant served each of them a cup of coffee.

After the meeting room door was closed, Abigail took the initiative to speak, “Director Lewis, we’re truly sorry to have Mr. Booker trouble you. L.Moon will do its best to cooperate with your requirements and ensure that the costumes for the production team are of the highest quality.” Lewis sipped his coffee, which was at the perfect temperature, and said with a friendly smile, “Mr. Booker personally recommended you, so you must be an excellent designer. Besides, when we came, L.Moon was already trending on social media due to the trending news.” Abigail felt a bit embarrassed about the drama, which was a taboo within their

circle. She had anticipated this and had, therefore, reached an agreement with Anthony in advance by using their previous friendship to secure the collaboration.

“You’ve seen the contract. If there are no issues, we can sign it now and proceed quickly,” Anthony said while shifting the topic with a smile. His beautiful canthus, which was cocking—up, was filled with admiration.

She probably doesn’t know how much praise is being heaped on her online. The part where she cut the dress was so cool!

An assistant challenging her boss who once protected her; it was like watching a TV drama, where netizens eagerly awaited the development.

During the contract signing, they did not notice that the assistant by the window had secretly taken a photo of Lewis and inadvertently captured Abigail and Anthony in the shot. Then, she sent the photo to her friends on her Facebook and suppressed her excitement as she ran away!

I Want a Divorce Chapter 123-I Won’t Play House With You After handling the mess in the production team, Kevin took a break and noticed that the assistant working at L.Moon had posted something on her Facebook.

He thought it was related to L.Moon’s announcements but was surprised to find a photo posted by the assistant when he clicked on it.

With a mischievous grin, he saved the photo to his gallery and quickly messaged Sean. ‘I have a valuable picture. Add 1.5 million to the investment amount, and I’ll send it to you.

Sean replied with a question mark.

This response irritated Kevin, so he sent a flurry of messages. ‘While you two ran off, I had to clean up the mess. How dare you give me a question mark!’ Sean wrote, ‘Just send the picture, and we’ll discuss the price based on 1. it.

Kevin thought Sean was acting difficult and replied, ‘I’ll send it later; I have something to attend to.

He wanted to make Sean anxious, but Sean did not follow up.

Meanwhile, the renowned Director Lewis unexpectedly posted on social media in the afternoon, announcing the costume design team for his new drama to be handled by L.Moon Studio.

This decision was reached after discussions between Abigail, Anthony, and Lewis. They took advantage of L.Moon trending on social media and used it to promote their upcoming project. Even the official account of Star Media, which rarely posted, shared the announcement after L.Moon Studio did, and they specifically tagged Alana's Instagram account. After giving instructions for the upcoming work to Luna, Abigail planned to go home to take care of her grandmother and prepare for her participation in the program. When she left L.Moon program Studio, she received a message from Anthony.

'Free tonight?

She pursed her lips, hesitated while looking at the message, and replied, 'Only if it's urgent. Otherwise, I have to look after my grandmother' After she got in the car, he replied to her message, 'Director Lewis said he wants to discuss some details about the costumes with you. Since this is your first time designing costumes for a drama, he's concerned that there might be difficulties during the production.'" Since it was work-related, Abigail could not refuse his request. When she returned home, Analise was already waiting by the door. As she exited the elevator, Analise immediately shouted into the house, "Abigail is back!" Hearing Analise's voice and seeing her standing by the door with eagerness in her eyes, Abigail could not help but feel a warm sensation in her heart. She hurriedly approached her grandmother. "I'm back, Grandma." She grabbed Analise's hand, her eyes filled with joy.

Analise held onto her hand tightly, and her wrinkled face adorned an uncontrollable smile. "Welcome back." She held Abigail's hand as they entered the house together, closing the door and stating, "Sean also returned from his business trip today. I'm planning to prepare a hearty dinner with Julie. You should have a meal with him." Just then, Abigail looked up and saw Sean sitting on the couch, gently pinching the garlic sprouts in a basket on the coffee table.

The smile in her eyes faded a bit. "I have something to do tonight. You guys go ahead and eat. I'll have dinner with you tomorrow, Grandma." At that, Analise immediately patted her hand and said disapprovingly, "You've been away on a business trip for so long and separated from Sean for so many days. Yet, you're still busy with something! Can't whatever it is wait until tomorrow? You mustn't go. Have a good meal with him. and talk privately as a couple." "Grandma, it's important. I must follow the boss' arrangements while I make a living

under someone else's control." Just as Abigail finished speaking, she heard Sean let out a cold snort. Analise's hearing was not sharp, so she did not catch it.

"Well, even if it's important, you should eat before you go. How can you be so fixated on work? Moreover, it's already evening and off-work hours," Analise chattered as she hunched her back and walked into the kitchen. "Julie, let's start cooking now. Let Abigail have a few bites before she goes to work." Abigail listened to Analise's words and felt a pang of guilt in her heart. Although Analise complained, she still wanted to make Abigail happy.

After placing her bag in her room, Abigail returned to the living room and sat beside Sean to join him in preparing garlic shoots. The man remained silent, and so did the woman. They quietly sat together as each busied themselves.

Analise sensed something was amiss. At that moment, Abigail suddenly realized something and asked Sean, "Did your business trip go smoothly?" "Didn't I report to you daily?" he replied nonchalantly.

His response left her momentarily speechless. She regretted bringing up the topic as she realized that he was probably planning how to make her apologize for the situation with Joan.

Analise did not want to meddle in the argument between the couple, so she went to the kitchen and considerately closed the door.

Sean remained silent, and Abigail did not say anything either. Finally, he broke the silence as he rubbed his fingers together. "You're pretty fast. Afraid I'll interfere with your plans for L.Moon?" She replied calmly, "I don't want you to interfere like last time by pressuring others to back out of our contract." He glanced at her silently.

"I'm going to your house tomorrow," she stated matter-of-factly.

He sneered. "I won't play house with you tomorrow. I've got work."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 124-I Want to Know Who He Is Abigail could not be happier. She picked up a garlic shoot and started peeling it slowly, her speech slowing down as well. "Alright. You can focus on your work.

I'll go home and visit Grandpa and Grandma for you." "Why do you sound like you don't care if we have a fallout?" Sean frowned, looking displeased.

She put on an innocent expression. "Really? Wasn't I just trying to cover for both of us?"

He fell silent, his face cold.

When they started cooking, Analise complimented Sean on his skills in cooking fish and asked him to help prepare a dish. She also made Abigail come into the kitchen and assist.

As such, Abigail crouched by the trash can while peeling garlic. The two of them worked as if they were strangers.

Analise and Julie, who had been eavesdropping at the door for a while, had not heard any conversation from the kitchen. They exchanged a glance and slowly sat down on the couch. "They've surely been apart for too long. That's why they're arguing," Julie whispered in a hushed tone.

However, Analise had other thoughts. It's probably because of the child that they're facing criticism.

She let out a soft sigh. "If they had a child, they might not be arguing like this.

This can't go on; do you have any suggestions?" Julie smiled awkwardly. "Young people nowadays are reluctant to have children, and it's inappropriate for us to push them. If we pressure them too much, it might have the opposite effect." Regarding the affairs of a family, Luna had advised against interfering.

After dinner, both Abigail and Sean served dishes to Analise, but they did not interact with each other. Finally, Analise could not sit still any longer. "Have you two argued? Sean, did Abigail do something wrong? If she did, I'll take it up with her." He put down his fork and knife and wore a gentle expression. "We didn't argue. I'm just tired from the business trip, so I don't feel like talking much." At that, Analise looked at Abigail, who quickly picked up a piece of bean curd and offered it to her while wearing a warm smile. "Where did you get that idea? I even suggested that he stay over tonight." She looked at Sean with a playful expression. "Right?" "Why weren't you two talking, then?" Analise still found it hard to believe their explanation.

Abigail explained, "I have something to attend to tonight, and I may've neglected him a bit, which is probably why he's upset. After I finish my business, I'll talk to him, okay?" In Sean's mind, he thought that Abigail was just shifting the blame. His face remained calm as he replied, "I'm not angry. I'll wait for you to come back." His calm and composed response left Abigail a little puzzled. Is he planning to settle the score later?

She and Luna had left without sorting out the arrangements for the program's follow-up. If Joan failed to make her debut smoothly, Sean would undoubtedly teach her and Luna a lesson.

After dinner, Abigail talked with Analise while they washed the dishes together.

She discreetly bid Julie farewell and then left. However, the last thing she expected was to see Anthony and his car at the entrance of her building.

As soon as she stepped out of the elevator, she was surprised to see him leaning against his car.

"How did you find me?" "I just asked around on Facebook." Anthony stood up straight. He was wearing a brick-red suit with a bright blue tie, which gave him a somewhat flamboyant appearance.

"You could've just told me the address instead of coming here," she said as she approached him.

He smiled and raised an eyebrow. "It's a duty of a senior to pick up a junior.

Come on. Get in. Director Lewis is waiting for us." She had studied design and met him during a competition in college, and he had been keeping an eye on her ever since. At times, he often provided her with guidance on her designs. Afterward, when she started the studio with Luna under the pseudonym Alana, he recognized her immediately based on her design style. Since then, they kept in touch privately.

He was talented but had to return home to inherit his family's business after graduation.

Sean turned and returned to Abigail's room. Suppressing his anger, he took out his phone and was about to contact Cameron to investigate the identity of the person she was working with when Kevin suddenly sent him a picture.

He opened it.

As he saw the content of the photo, he narrowed his eyes slightly. After zooming in, he saw the admiration and appreciation in Anthony's eyes as he looked at Abigail, who had a confident smile as she interacted with Lewis.

Following that, Kevin sent a link to an Instagram post, which Sean clicked as he approached a nearby chair.

The post was about L.Moon Studio collaborating with Lewis on a new drama, and it garnered significant attention. Both Lewis' and L.Moon Studio's Instagram had comments numbering in the tens of thousands. However, what caught Sean's attention was that Star Media had mentioned L.Moon Studio in a separate post and specifically tagged Alana's Instagram account.

Then, he sent a message to Cameron on Instagram with a photo. 'Find out who this man is besides Director Lewis. I want to know his whereabouts immediately.'

I Want a Divorce Chapter 125-Face-Off Sitting in the most famous rooftop restaurant in the bustling city of Pendorf, Abigail shared a brief conversation with Lewis about work. However, he quickly became engrossed in discussing the script with someone else and left her feeling somewhat redundant.

Anthony, sitting next to her, held two glasses of wine and handed one to her.

"This one is called Passion Coast. Give it a try." "It seems like Director Lewis doesn't have anything important to discuss with me right now. I think

I should go home. If there's any work-related matter, you can talk to me during the day. My grandmother will worry if I don't go back soon," she said as she held the glass and smiled at Anthony.

He checked the diamond-studded watch on his wrist and raised an eyebrow.

"It's only 8.30PM. I'll send you home at 9.30PM. How about that?" She hesitated a bit. "I'm a married woman." "Mr. Booker!" An excited voice interrupted her.

Both turned their heads to see a middle-aged man approaching with a glass of wine, after which Abigail let out a sigh of exasperation.

Anthony leaned back in his chair, his tone somewhat lazy. "Mr. Townsend, you're dining here as well?" "Yes. I just dropped by and didn't expect to see you here," Donovan Townsend said as he looked at Abigail and flashed a more ingratiating smile. "Is this your wife? She's delicate and beautiful, like a white lily." Anthony chuckled and clinked his glass of liquor against Donovan's glass. "Nah, Mr. Townsend, she's my junior. Enjoy your meal; my treat for your

table.” Donovan politely accepted the offer and quickly left as though he wanted to give the couple some private space.

Anthony looked at Abigail with uncontained delight in his voice. “Don’t mind them, Abby. These people are just gossipy. Try the Passion Coast. I’m sure you’ll like it.” Just as she was about to take a sip, a familiar voice sounded behind her. “Mr.

Booker, it’s been a long time. How have you been?” Anthony turned his head and saw a man exuding an icy aura. He smiled warmly.

“Mr. Graham, long time no see. I’ve been well.” Abigail instinctively glanced behind her.

Sean was dressed in a white suit with a black shirt and a gray–blue checkered tie. He stood in the dimly lit open–air restaurant and looked exceptionally outstanding. It was the first time she had seen him in a white suit, and it left her feeling somewhat dazed.

Sensing her gaze, he calmly fixed his eyes on her. “You’re out so late. Are you still socializing?” Anthony knew Sean had a close relationship with Abigail, but he did not suspect anything beyond that. Sean’s casual question, however, made Anthony squint his eyes involuntarily.

“Yes, I’m socializing. Are you here to socialize as well?” Abigail pretended not to know him well. After all, Sean did not want anyone to know about their marriage, so she did not want to reveal how close they actually were.

“Abby, how about inviting Mr. Graham to join us for a chat? After all, there was some unpleasantness during the program, and he didn’t hold you accountable for it.

You should thank him properly,” Anthony suggested.

Sean’s gaze turned cold, but he maintained his composure. “My relationship with Miss Quinn on the show was extraordinary. Everyone with eyes could see that. Why would you think I would hold her accountable?” Abigail felt a bit confused by their conversation. What are they doing?

Meanwhile, Lewis could sense the tension between the two powerful men as they lowered their voices.

Anthony nodded with a smile. “Yes. Abby has become more courageous. Just like what Mr. Townsend said earlier, she used to be delicate, like a white lily.” Sean smiled somewhat

inscrutably. "Is that so? If the production team has angered the gentle Miss Quinn, wouldn't it be necessary to apologize to her properly?" Without giving Abigail a chance to speak, Anthony continued, "Speaking of which, your friend Joan hasn't apologized to Alana and L.Moon yet." Unable to bear it any longer, Abigail politely told Anthony, "If we're not discussing work tonight, I should head home. My grandmother isn't feeling well, and since I finally wrapped up my work, I want to spend more time with her." "I'll send you back." He offered immediately.

Sean watched Abigail intently, and she politely declined. "Thank you, but you've been drinking, and it's not suitable for you to drive. I can get a car myself.

Anthony, I appreciate everything tonight. Let's have dinner together when we have time. Director Lewis is still here, so it wouldn't be appropriate for you to leave." Anthony reluctantly agreed. "Alright, Abby. Be careful on your way home. Watch out for perverts." Sean cast a faintly mocking glance at him as his lips curved with sarcasm. Me?

Pfft.

Meanwhile, Abigail picked up her bag and left. Her graceful figure disappeared down the staircase before Sean turned to his seat. He took out his phone and sent her a message with a dark.

expression. 'Wait for me at the intersection near your home. I'll be down in a while. Abigail, if you don't show up, you know the consequences.' When she saw his message, she knew he was angry. He could have fun outside, but the woman at home still had to remain pure for him.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 126-Don't Speak if You Don't Know How A discreet Bugatti parked in front of Abigail, and she approached it with a cold expression. He welcomed her with a slit of the door, which she opened and then looked at him. "Aren't you going home?" "Get in," Sean said impatiently in a chilly tone.

She bent down and got into the car. As soon as she closed the door, he grabbed her wrist. "What are you doing?" She was about to struggle.

His eyes contained a trace of anger as he stared at her. Even without speaking, his presence made her gradually quiet down. Inside the narrow compartment, the streetlights outside illuminated through the windows. The shadows and light on his face created a stark contrast, making his aura even more intimidating.

Abigail's heart tightened slightly. She looked at him as her lips pressed tightly.

Sensing that she was somewhat afraid of him, Sean relaxed his grip. "What were you discussing with them?" "I don't need to report to you, do I?" She steadied her mind.

He reached out and placed his hand on the back of her neck, his entire palm touching her slender neck. Then, he forced her to lean closer to him. She saw the coldness in his deep eyes, and her body involuntarily trembled. "If I tell you, you'll deal with L.Moon, won't you?" "If I wish to deal with L.Moon, you won't be able to afford to pay the breach of contract penalty. Understand?" He gripped her neck, his tone subtly exuding a heavy sense of oppression.

"Why are you so angry tonight?" Abigail asked while maintaining her composure. "I had a frank and open dinner with them, and you think I'm cheating on you?" All of Sean's anger seemed to dissipate as he heard her words. He released her neck and instead pinched her chin. Then, he kissed her lips lightly. "You were drinking Passion Coast. Just the name itself makes people uncomfortable." She pursed her lips and spoke calmly, "Is it my fault that the drink is named that way?" His finger traced her chin. "Have you ever thought why Anthony gave you that drink?" "Aren't you overthinking? We're business partners," she replied with a hint of displeasure.

He sneered. "Calling you 'Abby,' and him thinking of you as a white lily for years.

Well... Maybe I'm overthinking it." Abigail could not stand his sarcastic tone. She shook Sean's hand away and spoke coldly, "I'm not you. Don't use your moral standards to judge me." "What moral standards of mine?" he immediately asked.

Leaning against the car seat, she looked out the window. "Have you explained the situation with Joan and the bag to the public yet? People are still shipping us as a couple. Handle your affairs.

before worrying about mine." "Me and Joan... like... think." His words were drowned out by the blaring horn outside.

She did not hear clearly, nor did she want to ask again.

The two of them suddenly fell silent, and Sean glanced at Abigail, who was looking out of the window. "Weren't we fine before?" he asked calmly.

Her heart felt a pang of sadness.

“Do you want children so badly? Can’t you live without them?” He continued to inquire.

She felt her nose stinging as she turned to glare at him. “Can we stop talking about that? Have a kid, don’t have a kid, do whatever you want. Plus, I don’t want to bear your child either, presumptuous prick.” Seeing her eyes turning red, Sean immediately said sternly, “You’re about to cry after just a few words.” “Stop talking, then. You’re so chatty!” Abigail suppressed her pent-up anger. He had initiated this topic, yet he was now criticizing her.

By then, Sean realized that their marriage was indeed in trouble. Abigail did not want to be with him anymore.

He became irritated for no reason when he thought of Anthony. “Stop associating with Anthony.” He became irritated for no reason when he thought of Anthony. “Stop associating with Anthony.” She paid no attention to his words. Look at yourself before criticizing me.

When they returned home, Abigail changed into slippers and headed to the bedroom without looking back. Sean followed her into the room and heard her close and lock the bathroom door.

Just as he finished showering and was about to lie on the bed, she said, “I’ll sleep on the couch.” “Do you want your grandma to ask the same questions tomorrow?” he asked impatiently.

Abigail thought he was annoyed with her pretense, so she reluctantly lay down with her back turned to him. As soon as she closed her eyes, an image of him in a white suit standing at the rooftop restaurant appeared in her mind. He radiated an exquisite charm that brought her back to the innocent infatuation she felt when she first saw him.

Back then, she thought that if she could have this man, just seeing him standing there every day would make her feel incredibly happy. It turned out that humans could get greedy because having him was not enough; she wanted his love.

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by his hand resting on her waist. She reached out and held his hand, her emotions complex. In truth, she was unwilling to let go of the budding affection within her heart

I Want a Divorce Chapter 127-The Unwanted One Sean’s lips traced her fair neck, and his hands began to wander. Abigail did not resist him.

Her body was heating up after she was kissed all over. When she looked at him, she asked with a trembling voice, "Why did you wear a white suit today?" He did not answer her and kissed her lips.

When Abigail woke up the next morning, Sean had already left. She freshened up and headed to the living room, where she found Analise busy. Analise turned to her and asked, "Sean left early and

didn't have breakfast. Did you upset him last night?" "No. I'm going to visit his grandparents today. You don't need to prepare lunch for me," Abigail said as she walked toward the kitchen.

Analise nodded. As Abigail walked out of the kitchen holding breakfast, her grandmother added, "I made some pasta for you and Sean. I'll put them in the freezer. If you don't feel like cooking, just reheat them." Just as Abigail sat at the dining table, she looked at Analise and asked, "Why?

Are you going home?" Analise nodded. "Yes. Living here is too restricting. I'm stuck at home all day and unable to do anything. I'm not used to it." "After some time, I plan to buy a new house with a yard. You can plant flowers and greens in the yard," Abigail said anxiously.

"Why bother? My roots are in the village, and I can't live in the city," Analise said with a kind smile.

Abigail drank her soup. "Grandma, if you must go back, promise me you'll use the money to treat your diabetes every month. Don't try to save money on it." "I'm not..." Analise replied in a low voice.

"If you follow your treatment regularly, your eyes won't go blind. The doctor said last time that if you keep this up, you'll lose your eyesight." Abigail expressed her worry and no longer kept it a secret.

At that moment, Analise fell silent.

The morning sun shone on Abigail, casting a gentle golden glow around her.

She looked exceptionally tender. "Grandma, if you promise me, I'll let you return. One day, if your eyesight deteriorates, I gotta return to your town to look after you." "What nonsense are you on about... I'll get proper treatment, so you don't have to worry. Okay?" Analise's voice carried a hint of sadness.

At the Graham Estate, Abigail brought some pasta made by Analise. Although she knew Cornelie would not care for them much, she still could not come empty-handed.

When Colby saw her, he put down what he was doing and asked in a friendly tone, "Didn't Sean come with you?" "He's even busier after returning from his business trip, so I'm here to help out," Abigail replied before changing her shoes and carrying a beautiful little basket.

When he saw the basket in her hand, he scolded her with a hint of displeasure, "You didn't have to!" Despite his words, he still called out, "Dahlia." She immediately rushed out of the kitchen.

Abigail walked over to him and uttered softly, "The pasta is made by Grandma, and there's a box of tea, too." A smile immediately appeared on Colby's face. "Did your grandmother visit you?" "Yes, but she's leaving tomorrow. She can't stay in the city for long. She gets restless cooped up at home with nothing to do," Abigail said while chatting casually with him.

When they were chattering, Cornelie came downstairs. She was still upset about the last acupuncture incident, so she gave Abigail an annoyed look and said sarcastically, "What are you doing here? If you get hurt again, will you complain to Sean, too?" "She came to visit you. Can't you appreciate it?" Colby immediately looked displeased.

"Didn't ask her to. I'd rather see my grandson instead!" Cornelie retorted.

Abigail pursed her lips as she felt uncomfortable.

Abigail pursed her lips as she felt uncomfortable.

Seeing her silence, Colby scolded Cornelie, "Do you think she gets to choose whether she can bear a child?" "Oh, should Sean do it then? If he had the ability, would we even need her? I found a traditional medicine doctor for her. Not only is she infertile, but she even said I brought the doctor to harm her! Fine! Joan can easily do the job instead of her. If she can't bear a child, what's she doing in our family?" Cornelie felt more agitated and started speaking without restraint.

Colby suddenly slapped the coffee table. "Enough! What good is it for Joan to follow Sean without status or identity? I think you're blinded by jealousy and just babbling at this point!" "Grandpa, Grandma, I didn't come to start an argument. I'll just grab something and leave." Abigail hurriedly stood up before heading upstairs.

The elderly couple used to be very harmonious, but in the two years since Sean got married, their arguments had become more frequent, mainly due to issues related to childmaking.

Abigail had only taken a few steps when Cornelie clutched her chest and started moaning in pain.

“Dahlia, call Sean over... My chest hurts...”.

“Call the family doctor.” Colby immediately suppressed his anger and rushed to support her.

Cornelie was still worked up and pushed him away, crying, “You always side with her. With her around, there’s never peace at home!” “You go ahead and take care of your business,” he said with frustration.

Abigail felt deeply upset. With that, she turned around and headed upstairs.

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I Want a Divorce Chapter 128-Abigail Doesn’t Care After Abigail returned to her studio from the Graham Estate, she handed over a property deed to Luna before getting busy with her affairs.

Lewis was shooting a meticulous drama set in the period of the Western Roman Empire’s fall, so she needed to gather research materials. Since she did not have ready-made materials, she had to visit relevant academic institutions to consult history professors.

After spending most of the day with the old professor, she obtained plenty of information but still lacked research. Therefore, the professor advised her to go to the library and find more books to study in detail.

As she was leaving the school, she received a call from Sean. The moment she pressed the answer button, she heard his angry tone. “You rushed back and made Grandma ill just to mortgage the house I bought for you? You’re putting work above everything else!” She immediately asked, “How is she?” “Do you even care about her? You only care about your studio. Even when she’s experiencing heartache, you left immediately and went to the bank to mortgage the house.” He hung up the phone right after he said that.

Abigail stared at her phone, unable to react for a while.

The house he bought for her was halfway up the hill, and though it had been popular last year, it became deserted this year. The road to the city was long, and the residential area had been half- developed but stalled for a year due to unforeseen circumstances.

He did not know that the house was no longer suitable for living. Temporarily using it as collateral at the bank was also to consider buying a new place for when Analise came over, making it convenient for her to stay.

However, Abigail did not want to explain any of these to him. She returned home with the materials and saw Analise in the living room, busy ironing clothes on the table.

Watching the scene, she felt a warmth in her heart.

"You're early today. Are you hungry? I'll make you some pasta," Analise asked with concern, holding an electric iron.

Abigail shook her head and replied, "I have some work. Let's eat together in the evening. These clothes don't need ironing. You should rest, Grandma." "You're never at home. If the clothes are left hanging, they'll get damp. They need some sun, so you won't get skin diseases when you wear them," Analise said with a smile, radiating happiness. "I've taken the blankets and quilts out to air them. Next time you need to change them, just do it directly. After I return, you must take good care of yourself and not forget to eat, no matter how busy you are." She continued to fuss.

"I know." At that moment, Abigail felt that the grievances she had suffered from Cornelie and Sean's sides had disappeared instantly.

After she went to her room and closed the door, she became even more determined that she had. done the right thing. Only Grandma will love and care for me, and only she will care about the little things in my life. Even if she urged me to get married, she was different from Sean's grandmother. No matter how much injustice I suffered, I will always be comforted by Grandma. So, since Sean and his grandmother can't become my family who support me emotionally, why should I bother trying to please them? I must work hard for Grandma to cure her illness and buy a good house. When she needs someone to look after her, I can bring her to my side for easy care.

As evening approached, she received a call from Kevin. "What's up?" she asked him calmly while researching.

In a soft voice, he asked, "Abigail, did you fight with Sean? Old Mrs. Graham is in the hospital. Why aren't you taking care of her?" "How is she?" she asked instinctively.

"She seems fine, but Sean asked me to come over and take a look. Joan is here too, and she's having a great chat with Old Mrs. Graham. You're in trouble." He sounded anxious.

"Oh, is there anything else?" she asked him.

After a moment of hesitation, he asked her seriously, "Old Mrs. Graham said she found a traditional medicine doctor for you out of goodwill. Why didn't you explain the matter about your complaint to Sean?" "You know, people only believe what they want to believe," she said indifferently, flipping through her materials.

"Alright, then. I'll talk to you later." He immediately understood her difficulties.

Not long after the call ended, Sean returned home. Analise had been peering out the door several times, and when she saw him return, she said with joy, "You're back. Come wash your hands and have dinner." "I'll take a rain check this time, Grandma. I've already eaten. I'll just talk to Abigail for a bit and then head back to work," he told her politely.

A look of disappointment appeared on her face, but she still said with a smile, "You guys seem busy. Well, alright then." In reality, she felt his distant and somewhat cold attitude beneath his polite facade.

When Sean entered the bedroom, he closed the door and looked at Abigail with an icy gaze.

At the same time, she swirled her chair to look at him and said, "I asked about it, and your grandma is fine. So, what do you wanna say? I'm all ears." "She's fine this time, but what about next time?" he asked, suppressing his anger.

With an icy gaze, she replied calmly, "There won't be a next time, Sean." "Your purpose of returning wasn't to visit them at all, right? You just went back to get the property deed for the house," he questioned, still restraining his anger.

"Think however you want," she replied, then turned to her books.

As he walked up to her, he closed her book forcefully. "You said you'd keep up the act. Have you forgotten that promise already?" Ignoring his question, she raised her head to look at him, her eyes filled with coldness. "I asked you to run a background check on the doctor who pricked me. Have you done it?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 129-The Defeated Sean Sean pressed his lips tightly together, his eyes locked onto Abigail. Impatiently, she looked at him. "If you've run the background check, bring that damn doctor to Grandma, and everything will be resolved." "Grandma is in the hospital, and you didn't even go to see her. I called you, and it was all in vain," he replied.

As she stood up, she said in a cold voice, "Do you think she'd want to see me?"

Because of the doctor she found, I almost died. If you don't explain it to her, she will always hold on to the fact that I tattled to you and constantly go against me.

Tell me, am I not wronged?" Without giving him a chance to speak, she continued, "You never address the conflicts in our family; you never try to resolve them. When something goes wrong, you blame me. What does it take for her to admit the doctor was the problem? My life?" "Watch your words." He restrained his anger.

"Think about who started it. She's old, but that doesn't mean I must endure the harm she caused 1. You knew perfectly well regarding my situation, yet you came here to accuse me. Do you have the right?" After finishing her words, she sat down, forcefully opened a book, and continued to read.

Suddenly, he reached out to hold her hand. "Come with me to the hospital to see Grandma. I'll talk to her myself." "You can go with Joan. I gotta make a living." She shrugged off his hand, showing no compassion whatsoever.

"Abigail-" "Get out. I don't wanna put up with this. My grandma plans to leave, but I don't want her to. It's perfect timing that this came. She can stay to take care of me. Let me tell you, even if your grandma doesn't consider me family, I have one who genuinely cares about me," she said with teary eyes.

"In that case, I'll go to the hospital with your grandma." He turned and left.

"Are you out of your mind?" At once, Abigail stood up firmly, making the chair slide away from her and stop by the window, spinning.

Sean looked calmly at her. "Are you coming with me or not?" She bit her lip, then suddenly slammed the pen on the table and turned to the wardrobe to get some clothes.

As they left the room, Analise watched them with caution.

“Grandma, I’m going out with him to take care of some matters. If you get hungry, go ahead and eat. I’ll eat when I come back,” Abigail told her.

At that, Analise nodded and softly advised, “You need to have a better temper and not always trigger people, understand?” “I know,” Abigail mumbled in response.

After getting into Sean’s car, she seemed quite eager to witness the drama at the hospital. Before long, the car stopped at the downtown hospital. As soon as she got out of the car, he held her hand.

“Let’s go.” She followed him obediently, her face expressionless.

When they were just a few steps away from Cornelie’s ward, Sean suddenly heard Joan’s highpitched laughter. “Mr. Stewart, you’re quite the comedian. You even made Grandma laugh.” Cornelie’s laughter could also be heard from inside.

When Sean, holding Abigail’s hand, appeared at the door, all three of them were stunned. Instantly, Kevin felt pins and needles on his scalp. He quickly put his legs down from where he had them propped up and jumped up from the corner of the bed. “Why didn’t you give me a heads-up before you came, Sean?” As Sean walked in, he looked at Joan and spoke coldly, “Who told you to come?” Abigail stood by the door, a hint of sarcasm on her lips.

Meanwhile, Cornelie put on a stern expression. “Why can’t she? I asked her to.

What about it?” As she said that, she looked at Abigail. “Why did you bring her here? I feel sick seeing her.” At that moment, Sean cast an indifferent glance at Kevin, who hurriedly said to the embarrassed Joan, “Let’s head out first, Miss Palmer. They need to discuss family matters.” “Why can’t Joan stay? She is family to me,” Cornelie said, holding Joan’s hand.

Seeing that, Abigail said indifferently, “Alright, have a good chat as a family. I haven’t had dinner yet, so I’ll pop back home.” “What nonsense are you talking about?” Sean turned to look at her.

Swiftly, Kevin grabbed Joan and left the room. She looked pitifully at Sean but suddenly felt intense pressure from his gaze. Not daring to say much, she could only lower her gaze and quickly follow Kevin out.

As Abigail was pushed into the ward by Kevin, the door closed behind them.

Sean looked at Cornelie and said, "You did something wrong. Do you know that?" "I didn't. I intend to make you divorce her," Cornelie said calmly. "She can't have children, but we Grahams have supported her for three years. We've done our duty." "The doctor you found pricked her and almost took her life. If I hadn't intervened, the Quinns would've come after you for their granddaughter," Sean calmly explained, sitting by her side.

"It's all an act that only you believe! Something like that is simply impossible. Do you think I've become old, so I'm easy to deceive?" she immediately refuted, showing no signs of being swayed.

"If I bring that doctor-" "You don't need to bring him. You have a tremendous ability to twist the truth, and I know that well." She interrupted him, refusing to believe anything. "She can't have children, so you must divorce her unless you want me to die in this hospital." Seeing the defeated Sean, Abigail suddenly felt in a good mood.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 130-See You Around Sean looked at Cornelie, and after a while, he spoke gently, "Grandma, do you not care about me anymore?" At his words, she immediately held his hand and looked at him with eyes full of affection. "I watched you grow up. How could I not care about you? I just wanted her to bear a child. Is it not for your good? Now that I'm still here, I can look after the child for you. When my health deteriorates, who will you rely on to raise the child?" "Can we take it slow about the child matter?" He looked at her with a somewhat indifferent

expression.

Hearing that, Abigail glanced at him, not understanding why he refused to have a child. However, she did not dwell on it. Even if he wanted a child now, it was none of her business.

"It's been three years. Isn't that slow enough?" Cornelie glared at him.

"In any case, she can't bear a child alone, so your pressure won't work." He was finally openly discussing the matter.

At that moment, she began to understand that her grandson was unwilling to have a child with Abigail. She looked at Abigail and quickly concluded that she was not favored by him. However, she also understood that he had never married her out of love.

"Let's have a heart-to-heart talk. You're always busy with work and rarely return.

I don't have the chance to talk to you," she said gently, her eyes filled with affection.

Since their conversation had come to this point, Abigail turned around sensibly.

Before Sean could say anything, he heard the sound of the door closing behind him.

As soon as she stepped out of the hospital room, she saw Kevin and Joan in the bright hospital corridor, one sitting on a chair and the other leaning against the wall.

Joan was filled with doubts, but Kevin was not telling her anything, even when she asked him. When she saw Abigail, she looked at her with curiosity, wondering what Kevin meant when he said they needed to discuss family matters.

On the other hand, Abigail stood by the wall with her arms crossed and lips pressed together, deep in thought about the secret conversation Cornelie would have with Sean. She had a vague idea of what it might be about.

“Abigail, what’s your relationship with Sean?” Joan suddenly interrupted her thoughts.

“Have you apologized to L.Moon and Alana?” Abigail responded with a question unrelated to Joan’s inquiry.

“Before that, shouldn’t L.Moon pay the breach of contract fee to Mr. Stewart and Scan?” Joan retorted confidently as if she were also an investor in the program.

Hearing her response, Abigail could not help but sneer sarcastically, but she chose not to respond further.

“What’s your relationship with Sean?” Joan persisted, refusing to back down.

Though she had her deductions, she still hoped to get a definite answer.

Abigail coldly retorted, “Who are you to me? Why should I tell you?” As Joan looked at her, she put on an ambiguous smile. “I already know, even if you don’t tell me.” Abigail furrowed her brows slightly.

Seeing they had finished arguing, Kevin could not help but speak up, “Miss Palmer, how about I take you out for a meal? You haven’t had dinner yet, have you?” “I’m a model. I can’t eat dinner.” Joan did not want to leave. Sean is still in the ward. How can I leave for dinner alone?

After Abigail sat on the side, she took out her phone to check the documents she had collected.

With that, the corridor regained its silence.

In the ward, Cornelie held Sean's hand and lowered her voice. "I know you're not satisfied with this marriage. Originally, I thought having a child would be a way for the Quinns to repay us, but now, it feels more like we're repaying them." "The child's matter has nothing to do with her," he reiterated.

"Answer me. How do you truly feel about Joan?" She stared at him, treating his words as if they were unheard.

Displeased, he frowned. "Don't get any funny ideas, Grandma. The thing with Joan is not so simple, and I can't tell you everything." Displeased, he frowned. "Don't get any funny ideas, Grandma. The thing with Joan is not so simple, and I can't tell you everything." After all, Joan was about to enter the entertainment industry, and if he were to reveal too much to anyone, it would ruin her chances. What he could do for her was to fulfill her wishes and protect her secrets.

"Why can't you tell me? Your vague kindness to her will make her fall for you." Cornelie asked Joan earlier, and it was clear that Joan had an interest in him.

"It's something she understands herself. There's no need for me to say more," he replied. "You haven't had dinner yet, right? Let me order food from a restaurant and have them deliver it here." Since he was unwilling to reveal more, she reluctantly nodded. "I'm staying here tonight, but I'll be leaving early tomorrow morning. By the way, your grandpa is too biased toward Abigail." "Why can't you do the same?" he asked instinctively.

At his question, Cornelie instantly felt unhappy. "Why should I? She's not part of our family." "I don't like how you put it," he said with a slightly unhappy tone.

Annoyed, she let go of his hand. "If she bears a child, I'll favor her. It's been three years, much money has been spent, but where's the child?" and so As the conversation returned to this topic, Sean began to feel an incoming headache. "Let me order some food for you," he said, taking out his phone from his pocket and intending to have Cameron go to the restaurant personally. After he put down his phone, he looked at her with a slightly gentler expression. "Let's wait for the food to arrive. I'll leave after you finish eating, okay?" Just as he finished speaking, he received a message on his phone.

‘Something came up. I’ll see you around.’

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

131-140

I Want a Divorce Chapter 131-Meeting Anthony Again Abigail did not wait for Sean. When he left the ward after comforting Cornelie, only Kevin and Joan remained in the corridor. The moment she saw Sean, she approached him with concern and asked, “How is Grandma?” His gaze lacked warmth, but his tone remained as usual. “She’s fine. But from now on, you’re not allowed to have any contact with her.”

At his words, she felt a bit aggrieved. “Sean, Grandma is getting older, and she might need someone to talk to. I was just keeping her company.” As soon as she spoke, he began staring at her. She felt a little uneasy under his scrutinizing gaze, so she bit her lip and asked softly, “What’s wrong?” Meanwhile, standing not far away, Kevin watched the scene unfold with interest.

“I don’t like people who cross boundaries,” he said calmly.

At that, she gulped down her saliva and whispered, “Okay.” “As long as you follow the rules, I’ll give you whatever you want. Understand?” Sean straightened his sleeves.

“Yes.” She nodded.

When Sean gave Kevin a look, he immediately understood. “Miss Palmer, let me take you back. You have filming tomorrow.” “Okay.” Joan nodded.

Sean took out his phone and sent a message to Abigail. ‘Do you not care about my grandmother at all now?’ She was in a car on her way to meet the authoritative professor recommended by Lewis, so she had no time to deal with Cornelie’s act. ‘Something important came up. She just needs you to stay with her!’ When he received her message, he furrowed his brows and leaned against the wall as he typed slowly. ‘Did Anthony ask for you?’ Seeing his message, she rolled her eyes. She wanted to ignore him, but she explained anyway. ‘No. I need to meet a professor on behalf of my boss.’ Sean looked at her message, lost in thought. Why is she so reluctant to tell me her true identity?

Meanwhile, Kevin and Joan got into the car. Just as he started the engine, he heard her ask, "Abigail and Sean are cousins, right? No wonder he did her such a big favor on the show and protected her." He was momentarily stunned but quickly regained his composure, smiling as he replied, "Don't inquire about his matters privately. Even if you ask me, I wouldn't dare answer. You know his personality." "I'm just saying." She leaned back in her seat, looking relaxed. Through the rearview mirror, he glanced at her and asked, "Why do you think they're cousins?" "Sean keeps his marriage a secret. He probably thinks his wife isn't presentable, so why would he bring her in front of me? Plus, you mentioned that they're a family, so they must be relatives." She analyzed confidently, thinking she was clever.

Hearing her answer, he nearly burst into laughter but managed to nod. "That does make sense." After that, he received a message.

'After dropping her off, hurry back to the hospital to take care of my grandmother!

His expression contorted upon reading the text. I was going to have some fun.

It's a rare day off from filming!

When Abigail entered the hotel's private room, as instructed by Lewis, she pushed open the door and saw Anthony sitting inside, causing her eyes to twitch. Why is he here again?

Lewis was currently discussing historical details with an esteemed professor.

When he saw Abigail, he stood up immediately and enthusiastically greeted her. "Mr. Booker has reserved a seat for you.

You should discuss costume-related issues with Professor Gibson." Abigail glanced and noticed that on her right was Professor Luke Gibson, and on her left was Anthony. This seating arrangement... As she nodded, she turned her gaze toward Anthony, who was smiling charmingly beside her.

"Lewis asked me to come over and keep an eye on things. I happened to have not had dinner, so I thought I'd join in the fun," he explained with a smile.

She could not figure him out, so she walked over to the empty seat and sat.

Luke had a slender figure, and one of his eyes appeared damaged, with a red flesh hovering over the iris. Overall, he had a solemn and unapproachable appearance.

“Nice to meet you, Professor Gibson.” Abigail greeted him politely.

After a nod, Luke asked, “How much do you know about the history of the Western Roman Empire’s fall?” She was honest in her response. “I’ve only just begun to explore it. Most historical series on the market focus on the 18th and 19th centuries, so there is limited information available about the history of the Western Roman Empire’s fall. I haven’t delved deeply into it yet.” “You make a valid point. It was a rather brutal period of history.” He did not look down on her.

Anthony, on the other hand, propped up his face, lazily looking at her without blinking.

When Abigail consulted with Luke, she was extremely humble, constantly typing on her phone to record every word he said. She wished she could engrave each of his words into her mind. During this trip, she did indeed learn quite a bit.

After the dinner gathering, the group left the hotel.

“Thank you, Mr. Booker. If it weren’t for you, I’d still be researching aimlessly,” Abigail thanked sincerely as they bid farewell at the hotel entrance.

During their conversation, she learned from Lewis that Luke was notoriously difficult to invite.

This time, he came to participate in an academic exchange. He initially had no intention of coming, but Anthony had managed to persuade him and specifically arranged for her to learn from him.

Then, Anthony lowered his head and looked at her with a charming smile.

Not far away, Sean sat in his car, his eyes filled with a dense coldness as his jaw tightly clenched..

I Want a Divorce Chapter 132-Anthony Is Hiding His True Nature Neither Abigail nor Anthony noticed Sean nearby.

Anthony’s voice was joyful as he said. “Don’t be so polite. I’ve also invested quite a bit in this series. I hope it gets good reviews when it’s released, of course.” Abigail had gained a lot from today’s exchange, so she looked relaxed. “Let me treat you to dinner sometime.”

“In that case, you owe me two meals. Tomorrow night, you must treat me to some dinner with a lively atmosphere,” he said, heading toward the steps at the hotel entrance. “Come. I’ll drive

you back. I didn't drink today, so you don't have to worry." "Um, I can take a cab by myself." Her voice was uncertain as she followed behind him.

As he slipped his fingers into the keychain, he skillfully spun the keys. "Are you being polite again, little junior?" She smiled somewhat awkwardly, unable to decipher his thoughts. Yet, she could not treat someone who had helped her this way with such cold indifference. Just as she was about to follow him to the parking lot, she saw a familiar Bugatti suddenly halt before him.

Anthony quickly retreated several steps, clutching his keys to his chest, visibly frightened.

Likewise, Abigail was also shocked. Her heart was pounding rapidly, and her blood was running hot. She was stunned briefly before rushing toward Anthony, grabbing his arm, and inspecting him.

"Are you okay?" At that moment, his eyes appeared particularly clear, with a hint of disbelief.

When he heard her voice, he barely regained his composure. "I-I'm fine." , Abigail glanced at Sean, who sat in the car with a cold, icy glare, and anger surged within her. Eventually, it turned into indifference. Subsequently, she turned her gaze back to Anthony and spoke gently, "Let's go." Anthony nodded and patted his chest. With a slightly aggrieved tone, he said, "I was terrified. Abby.

Why does he seem like he has a grudge against me?" She always felt that he was hiding his true nature behind a facade of innocence, but considering that Sean had almost knocked him down, it was normal for him to be scared.

As they took a few steps forward, Sean honked the car horn loudly. The piercing horn made the anger that Abigail had suppressed surge back up. She endured her irritation and spoke to Anthony in a friendly tone, "You go ahead to the parking lot. I'll talk to him." After Anthony glanced at Sean, he asked in a low voice, "What's your relationship with him?" "Nothing special. We just have some unresolved business conflicts." She hastily found an excuse.

Anthony, somewhat skeptical, nodded and patted her shoulder. "Talk to him nicely. After all, you'll still be working in this industry, and it's not good to provoke him." "I know. Thanks for the reminder," she replied, then walked toward Sean.

Courteously, Anthony looked at the man in the car, but as he turned away, the smile disappeared instantly, leaving only a deep sense of gloom. They appeared so close on the

show, making fans think they were a couple. How could that be just because of business conflicts?

At the same time, Abigail knocked on Sean's car window, her expression impatient. He rolled down the window, and with a mocking expression, he asked, "Is your important matter meeting up with your senior behind my back?" "Are you stalking me?" She stared at him.

He fixed his gaze on her, his face showing displeasure. "Get in the car." Yet, she ignored him and turned to walk toward the roadside, then sent a message to Anthony. 'Something urgent came up, so I'll hail a cab. Thank you for your help today. I'll treat you to dinner when I have the chance.

Meanwhile, Sean started his car and followed her with furrowed brows. From the moment she entered the work field, everything between them seemed to have shifted. The calm and gentle woman for the past three years seemingly became a distant memory.

Abigail hailed a cab and told the driver, "To Aqua Serenity Manor." Sean's car silently followed her to Aqua Serenity Manor. After he parked in the parking lot, he turned around and saw her waiting for him at the entrance of the building. A chilly night breeze swept by, and for the first time, he felt a strange sense of desolation in his heart.

She looked at him calmly, her lips slightly pressed together.

As they stepped into the elevator together, he piped up, "Abigail, I want to know where our problems lie." "We're home now. Stop asking such questions." Her tone was cold but composed.

He gripped her shoulder, forcing her to face him. "You said I'm avoidant, but aren't you doing the same?" "For three years, you've had countless opportunities to address our problems, but you never did." She sneered. "Don't you think it's too late now?" "You never expressed any dissatisfaction before, so why now?" he asked, his eyes deep.

Tonight, she met with Anthony privately. He felt it was a miracle that he did not lose his temper and tried to resolve the issues in their marriage calmly.

"What's the point of asking this now? It's redundant. I've lost interest." With that, she pushed him away.

Just then, the elevator doors opened. She stepped out of the elevator and strode away looking back, leaving the man to furrow his brows in confusion

I Want a Divorce Chapter 133-We're Not the Same Unprecedentedly, Sean did not get intimate with Abigail that night. Until 3.00AM, he still could not figure out why she had changed. She's been using the pseudonym 'Alana' for three years to take orders. It doesn't make sense for her to change her behavior just because of work. No matter how hard I think, it seems her change started when she started working outside after Joan's appearance.

Wait. Is she jealous because of Joan?

Suddenly, he seemed to have understood. He turned to look at the peaceful expression on her sleeping face and drew closer.

Abigail felt herself gently pulled into his embrace. Instead of resisting, she chose to yield.

The next morning, she came out of her room and found Sean having breakfast with Analise with a gentle attitude as if nothing had happened between them the night before. She sat down and saw Analise serving her a bowl of soup with a smile. "Thank you, Grandma." "I'm relieved seeing you two are fine. I bought a ticket home, and Julie will take me. You can rest assured." Analise looked at Abigail with loving eyes.

Abigail's smile faded when she heard her grandmother's words, enveloped with a great sense of reluctance. After a while, she replied softly, "Okay." "Get along well with Sean. Don't spend all your time on work. You need to take care of the family as well. Remember, men's work centers around the outside, while women's work centers around the home," Analise instructed with a natural tone.

"I know." Abigail's throat tightened. After Grandma returns home, I will once again be alone in this city, with no relatives by my side.

When Sean looked at her, he could sense her hidden reluctance beneath her calm exterior.

"Sean, Abigail has a bad temper. She's stubborn and doesn't like to talk about what's bothering her.

If something upsets you, try to make amends with her, communicate openly, and don't resort to silent treatment, okay?" Analise patted the back of his hand, her tone naturally affectionate.

Abigail understood why Analise was acting this way. The Graham Family was wealthy and powerful, and she, a child raised by a rural woman, marrying into the Graham Family felt like an unexpected twist of fate. Therefore, Analise felt a deep sense of inferiority, thinking that Abigail had reached for the stars by marrying Sean.

In fact, Abigail used to think the same way, which was why she felt so insecure, even in her love for Sean.

“She doesn’t have a bad temper. She’s been good to me for the past three years,” Sean said gently to Analise. Regarding her departure, he did not have strong feelings. He could not feel the same reluctance as Abigail, so his tone remained casual.

When Abigail listened carefully, she felt he genuinely had no feelings for her and her grandmother, explaining why their parting seemed so indifferent.

After breakfast, the couple went out together. As they entered the elevator, he said, “It’s not what you think between me and Joan. There’s no need for you to be jealous because of her.” Hearing that, she responded with a sarcastic tone, “Rest assured that I won’t.” This statement left him puzzled. He looked at her, his eyes showing a sense of inquiry. “If you’re not jealous, why are you behaving this way? Your attitude toward me has worsened lately.” “Sean, does my work make you uncomfortable? Do you have to go to such lengths to deal with everything around me?” she asked calmly.

“It’s not because of your work; it’s because I think Anthony has ulterior motives,” he replied. He asks her out at night every time. I just don’t understand why they can’t discuss work during the day.

“Do you think everyone is like you? Not everyone needs to hide the fact that they have a wife at home while keeping another one outside.” She sneered and mocked.

He was about to speak when the elevator suddenly stopped, and someone else entered the elevator.

Instantly, the two stopped talking.

Strangely, the girl who entered could not stop stealing glances at Sean. He was uncomfortable, so he responded with an indifferent gaze and asked, “What are you looking at?” “Um... Are you Sean Graham? The one who’s a couple with Miss Quinn on Top Designer?” she inquired.

Abigail had not expected so many people to watch that show and suddenly felt embarrassed.

“You’ve got the wrong person,” Sean said indifferently, then reached out to hold Abigail’s wrist. She did not want to refuse, so she had to move closer to him.

After some time of observing, the girl smiled. “You are him, and she’s Miss Quinn. I didn’t expect you guys to be more good-looking in real life. I adore you guys. The couple I ship is real! You are living together!” Abigail pretended to touch her face with her hand as she thought, This girl sure talks a lot.

With a stern face, Sean held onto her and said solemnly, “We’re not living together.” guys “I know. I won’t go around spreading it. That way, no one will find out your address and come knocking on your door later. Some haters can be crazy. Don’t worry. I won’t spill the beans! I don’t want Joan’s fans to come looking for trouble with Miss Quinn, either,” the girl whispered.

At that point, Abigail thought it would have been better if Sean had not explained anything.

As the elevator descended, the girl glanced at their intertwined hands, then quickly averted her gaze with a mischievous smile.

When the elevator doors opened, Abigail felt like a fish that had returned to the water after being out for too long. She instinctively took a deep breath and heaved a sigh of relief. Only after she was pulled into the car by Sean did she finally snap out of her thoughts. She subconsciously furrowed her brow and could not help but think that she was still playing the role of a good wife and maintaining his image in front of other

I Want a Divorce Chapter 134-A Single Abigail?

As their car approached the studio, Sean turned to Abigail instead of unlocking the door. “You should terminate your studio’s collaboration with Anthony. The penalty fee for Kevin’s side can be waived for you.” “If you have to add a bunch of conditions to your concession, then I suggest you forget about it.” After saying that, she reached for the car door but found it locked. Breathing heavily, she looked at him.

With a calm gaze, he stared at her. “Don’t go overboard, Abigail. You’ve mentioned divorce several times but found various reasons to stay, so what’s

this about now?” “Open the door. I need to get to work.” “Terminate your collaboration with—” “It’s not up to me. I get paid for the job.” She interrupted, her tone indifferent.

Unwavering, he gazed at her intently. “Open the door.” She pushed the car door.

Only then did he finally unlock it. He could not refute what she said, for he had checked that L.Moon was a joint venture between her and Luna. She was responsible for designing high-end custom clothing, while Luna was responsible for attracting customers.

As Abigail walked toward her studio, Sean watched her retreating figure for a while before finally driving away. He went to the hospital to personally take his grandmother home and then made a call to summon Kevin away from the show.

Inside the studio, Abigail sat in her office and called Anthony. Within seconds, he answered the phone. "It's rare for you to reach out to me. Are we having dinner tonight?" His voice filled with delight.

Facing his question, she cleared her throat and replied, "I'm sorry for leaving in a hurry last night.

I'm afraid I can't make it for dinner tonight either. I'll be busy with work, but once I'm done with everything, I'll make it up to you." Luna had gone on a business trip after securing the loan yesterday.

"Sure. There's no rush. Is everything fine between you and Mr. Graham last night?" he asked politely.

She quickly responded, "Yeah. We're cool. You should get back to work. I have to focus on work, too." "By the way, Professor Gibson left an address. If you ever need any help with what's coming up, don't hesitate to reach out. I'll take you to see him." He offered kindly.

When she heard that, a glimmer of surprise appeared in her eyes. "Really?" "Why would I lie to you? But since he's not that familiar with you yet, he might need me to bring you." His voice carried a hint of embarrassment.

Abigail nodded in understanding. "You have a close relationship with Professor Gibson, don't you?" Without hiding anything, he told her everything openly, "Indeed. When I was in high school, his wife needed surgery for cancer, and he had to work as a private tutor. My father hired him to be my exclusive history tutor." Curious, she asked, "You liked history?" Anthony chuckled briefly. "You can say I have a fondness for it." "I see," she replied.

"Alright. You should get back to work," he said cheerfully before ending the call.

After hanging up, Abigail immersed herself in her work.

Meanwhile, Sean did not return to work. Instead, he asked Kevin out for a drink.

The two of them sat at a bar, with Sean silently sipping his alcohol while Kevin rested his chin on his hand, looking lost.

Half an hour passed, and the person who had called him out had not said a word. Sighing, Kevin finally asked, "Is this about our dear Mrs. Graham?" "Tell me. Why do you think she's acting up on me?" Sean looked at Kevin, his voice filled with confusion.

Kevin shook his head. "I haven't had much interaction with you two, so I don't know your relationship." Just then, Sean set down his glass. "If that worked, would you be here? Can't you be more helpful?" "Fine. Let me ask you, then. What's her relationship with Anthony? I feel like his gaze toward her isn't so innocent," analyzed Kevin.

"He's asked her out for dinner twice now, using work as an excuse," Sean said, tugging at his tie with some frustration.

"Is he trying to steal her away from you?" Kevin was surprised.

As Sean poured himself another glass of wine, he replied coldly, "We have a secret marriage, and she probably hasn't told him that she's married." "There's something I want to say, but I'm not sure if I should." "Then, don't." Sean took another sip of his drink.

Kevin hesitated for a moment, still feeling somewhat dissatisfied. "I'm gonna say Hearing that, Sean shot him a sharp look.

it." Hastily, Kevin continued, "Since you care about Abigail, why are you keeping your marriage a secret? Why not just tell Anthony that she's your wife?" "Can't she say it herself? I won't do anything to her even if she did," replied Sean with displeasure.

At that moment, Kevin thought to himself, Just keep being proud. If you don't speak up, someone might steal your wife. When he noticed that Sean remained silent, he attempted to analyze the situation. "You know her personality well. If she's acting like this, there's something you're not doing right, or perhaps something upsets her in the show.

You can ask her. What's there that a married couple can't discuss openly?" Sean gave him a meaningful look. Knowing what he meant, Kevin grabbed his phone, saying, "Let me probe for you." He dialed the phone, and now, instead of drinking, Sean just stared at him intently. When the call was answered, Kevin switched on the speakerphone and greeted warmly. "Mrs.

Graham—" "You've dialed the wrong number." Then came the cold response from the other end before the call abruptly ended.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 135-Aggressive Rival After Abigail's assistant hung up the phone, she shook her head and muttered to herself, "Abigail is still single. What on earth was that?"

She then glanced at Anthony, who was chatting with Abigail in the office. A smile played on her lips. Although Abigail has great on-screen chemistry with Mr.

Graham, I'm a die-hard romantic. Mr. Graham buying a bag for Joan has become a sore point for me.

In the end, she decided to root for Anthony and Abigail.

When she heard that Anthony was Abigail's senior, her imagination quickly painted a picture of a heart-wrenching campus drama about unrequited love.

The phone rang again, and she picked it up, realizing it was the same number as before. She pressed the answer button rather impatiently.

"Mrs. Graham!" Kevin's anxious voice sounded through the phone.

"Who are you? Abigail is single. There's no such person," she replied assertively.

Suddenly, Sean snatched Kevin's phone away. "Where's Abigail?" The assistant was momentarily puzzled. This voice sounds familiar. Instantly, she became cautious. "What business do you have with her? She's working. For orders, please contact Miss Smith." After saying that, she couldn't help but wonder if this was one of Joan's admirers.

"Does she work without bringing her phone with her?" asked Sean coldly.

The assistant, feeling a bit unhappy, maintained her professional demeanor.

"Yes, she's meeting someone important right now. She can't answer the phone." "Who exactly is that?" he asked instinctively.

"I'm sorry, but I can't disclose that information to you, sir. If you have any other needs, please feel free to come to the studio," she replied with a mischievous smile.

With that, she hung up the phone right away. Abigail is just a designer. There's no reason for someone to be looking for her as a client. He was probably trying to stir up some trouble.

Kevin's eyes widened as he heard the assistant's words, feeling shocked.

Sean returned the phone to Kevin, his brows furrowed, and a dark expression flashed across his eyes.

"It's definitely Anthony." "Your rival... is quite aggressive," Kevin murmured in a low voice.

"I need to leave now." Sean stood up abruptly.

Kevin hastily said, "I'll work on the breach of contract. We haven't submitted the procedure yet." Anthony deliberately talked to Abigail about the history of the Western Roman Empire's downfall in great detail, giving her plenty of inspiration.

When Sean and Kevin arrived, it was nearly lunchtime.

Abigail smiled as she and Anthony walked out of her office.

When she turned around, she saw Sean and Kevin sitting in the reception area outside her office.

Meanwhile, her assistant stood to the side, looking down and remaining silent.

Seeing this scene, Abigail furrowed her brows slightly.

Kevin, with a cheerful smile, asked her, "Miss Quinn, where's Miss Smith?" "She's on a business trip. What brings you here?" Her tone was indifferent, and her eyes were sharp.

All this while, Sean had his legs crossed while flipping through a fashion magazine he found nearby. "We're here to have lunch with you, Miss Quinn." When she came out with Anthony earlier, he had overheard them agreeing to have lunch together.

Abigail looked at him, completely unaware of what he was up to.

"Sorry, but I've already made plans with Mr. Booker," she declined calmly.

Seeing this scene unfold from the side, the assistant couldn't help but wonder, What kind of drama is going on right now?

"I invited you for lunch, and I don't accept unrelated people joining," she replied in a calm but stubborn manner.

At this moment, Kevin felt the chilling aura surrounding Sean and couldn't help but shrink back.

When Anthony heard Abigail's words, he was delighted, and his eyes turned into crescents as he smiled. "That's okay. I don't mind. Let's go." Comparatively, Kevin found Anthony quite likable. Sean came out of the blue, looking like he was trying to catch an affair. If Abigail looks at it carefully, she would feel like Sean doesn't trust her.

Meanwhile, Anthony seems more understanding compared to him.

Sean gritted his teeth and let out a bitter, sarcastic smile. Anthony is really quick to seize opportunities. He's acting like he's in charge.

As Abigail passed by him, he firmly grasped her wrist and said, "Miss Quinn, with so many people shipping us on the internet, if you change partners after leaving the show, aren't you afraid people will accuse you of creating a fauxmance?" "I'm not from the entertainment industry anyway. I don't care what they think," she replied, struggling against his grip.

"Do you think netizens are easy to deal with? Be careful not to tarnish L.Moon Studio's reputation." He uttered those words through gritted teeth..

As Abigail pressed her lips together, she glanced sideways at him. After a moment, she nodded reluctantly. "Alright, let's go together." "I'll go start the car, Abby," Anthony said, his smile as warm as a gentle breeze.

Meanwhile, Sean held her hand, not giving her a chance to respond to Anthony.

"You drive ahead and lead the way. Since you're treating, choose a restaurant." Abigail took a deep breath to suppress the anger rising within her.

After what happened, Kevin was very concerned about Sean. With his assertive attitude, he doesn't seem to stand a chance.

"Sure," Anthony replied with a smile on his face

I Want a Divorce Chapter 136-Is Sean Pursuing You?

At this moment, Kevin suddenly said, "Sean, why don't we let Miss Quinn ride with Anthony in one car? After all, they're the ones treating us. They can discuss where to go while riding together." Sean glanced at him and saw Kevin desperately gesturing with his eyes.

The moment he released Abigail's hand, she looked at his calm eyes for a moment before directly following Anthony outside.

Kevin didn't expect her to leave so decisively, so he couldn't help but look at Sean.

Sean's expression was cold, and it was difficult to discern his current emotional state. This left Kevin somewhat concerned.

"Sean..." he called out softly.

"We'll talk in the car. Sean said, leaving with just that.

When Abigail arrived at Anthony's car, she was a bit surprised to see the double 'R' emblem on his car. She couldn't help but think, What a high-profile car Anthony noticed her coming and seemed somewhat surprised. "Wasn't Mr.

Graham planning to ride with you? Why are you here now?" "Who knows what he's thinking?" she said as she walked over and opened the car door.

A smile tugged at his lips. "It seems like Mr. Graham is pursuing you." As she settled into the car, she almost choked on her saliva when she heard his words. She coughed and said, "You're overthinking it. He spent over a million on Joan. Can you believe that?" He raised an eyebrow "Well, he's really generous with Joan. In that case, is he trying to have both?" "I don't know about that she replied, not wanting to discuss Sean any further Meanwhile, Kevin's car had been quietly following Anthony's car, occasionally driving side by side 1. In the car, Sean listened to Kevin's analysis of Anthony "I think Anthony is very scheming. You shouldn't take him lightly," Kevin said, finding it difficult to put his feelings about Anthony into words but sensing a strong sense of purpose from him.

Moreover, Anthony had been exceptionally kind in front of Abigail.

"Okay," Sean replied indifferently. His mind was not focused on Kevin's words.

Instead, he seemed lost in thought.

In the restaurant that Abigail had chosen, the four of them sat down together.

Anthony seemed at ease during the meal, and Kevin occasionally engaged in small talk.

After the meal, Kevin and Sean got into their car together. Kevin couldn't help but ask, "Why didn't you say anything? Anthony's overly attentive behavior was getting on my nerves." "He's like a child playing childish tricks. Just like her," Sean said icily and went straight into his car.

Do whatever you want, Abigail. Today, he came impulsively, and as he observed how she treated him, he felt like a fool.

When Abigail got into Antho car, she was surprised to see that Kevin had driven away without them.

However, it wasn't difficult to guess that Sean was probably infuriated again. He never had much patience, and being rejected by her today would likely make him disdain further confrontation.

In the days that followed, Abigail was busy running around to gather materials, and Sean did not.

appear again.

After a busy week, she noticed a layer of dust on the table when she returned home. After Analise left, Julie also returned to her place. Although she had been in touch with Analise over the days, coming back to an empty home made her feel a sense of loneliness.

past few She tossed her bag onto the couch and sat down, not minding the dust that had settled on it. After taking a short break, she got up to clean the house.

She was so engrossed in cleaning that it soon became dark outside. Afterward, she cooked a plate of pasta and sat on the couch to watch a TV series.

Suddenly, the door clicked open.

When she saw Sean standing there, she paused for a moment and averted her gaze. "If you haven't eaten, there's a plate of pasta in the kitchen. Help yourself.

If you don't want it, you can make something else." Yet, Sean remained by the door, not closing it. He asked coldly, "Have you thrown enough tantrums? Are you ready to tell me why you're angry?" She thought that he hadn't been looking for her during this time because he had come to terms. with their relationship being as it was; she didn't expect him to still be conflicted.

After eating a mouthful of pasta, she continued to watch her TV series without paying much attention to him.

“Grandma said that we shouldn’t give each other the silent treatment,” he said again.

As she raised her eyes, she looked at him with a cold and distant gaze, treating him as if he were a stranger. “I never threw a tantrum. It was just your assumption. I made it very clear the day I left the show.” “What do you take me for? When you wanted to marry me, you didn’t care about my wishes. Now that you don’t want me, you immediately throw yourself into another man’s arms. Is that so?” He pushed the door shut and let out the frustration that had been building up over the past few days.

With a frown, she retorted, “You were the one who cheated first. So what if I throw myself into another man’s arms? Who do you think you are to stand on moral high ground and criticize me? I don’t need to establish my virtue for your sake.” “I didn’t cheat.” His voice was stern.

“Haha, you’re quite interesting. Do you know why that wedding dress you bought for Joan was 1.3 million?” she asked mockingly.

At her question, his eyes showed confusion. “Wasn’t that the price you quoted?” “Forget it.” Suddenly, she felt that arguing with him was too exhausting. She was already tired from work, and she had to go fabric shopping the next day. She didn’t have time to waste discussing past matters with him.

“How am I supposed to know if you don’t say anything?” He grew increasingly anxious.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 139-I’m Not Happy With You Abigail reflexively turned off her location sharing right away.

She paced back and forth and considered calling back when Sean’s phone call came first. After taking a deep breath, she answered the phone, pretending to sound calm.

“What’s up?” “You know I’m here, don’t you?” Sean’s tone was displeased. Obviously, he was angry because she had turned off location sharing.

“Well... So what?” she asked calmly.

He replied, “Why did you turn it off, then? Send me your location and wait for me there.” “What are you doing out here?” she asked with a note of annoyance in her voice. She didn’t want him to come over.

“Your location.” Abigail pursed her lips. In the end, she shared her location with him. She couldn’t fathom why he insisted on coming over. Deep down, she felt puzzled and a little irritated.

Sean drove over. Seeing her standing at the hotel entrance while looking at her phone, he honked his horn to get her attention.

She looked over with a frown. The streetlight illuminated her fair face at night; she was wearing a run-of-the-mill t-shirt and a pair of loose linen pants, giving off a casual and relaxed vibe. Seeing him waiting for her in the car, she walked over and rested her hand on the open car window. “What are you doing here?” “Just came to see what you’re up to. Is that a good enough reason for you?” he replied, opening the car door.

She voluntarily got into the car and sat down, continuing to browse nearby food options on her phone. “Have you had dinner?” “Nope,” he replied, starting the car.

“Let me check if there are any good restaurants nearby,” she said, lowering her gaze as she carefully browsed through the recommended restaurants on the food app. After a while, she suddenly suggested, “Let’s go to Gold Pavilion. The reviews look nice to me, and they serve Brohan’s signature dishes.” “Okay,” he said, immediately setting the destination for the navigation system.

After dinner, the pair didn’t leave immediately. They sat in the restaurant, surrounded by the lively chatter of people and the clinking of dishes and bowls.

Abigail relaxed and looked at Sean. “Aren’t you going to deal with work at your company?” “Some work can be done remotely,” he replied in a gentle voice while leaning back in his chair.

“I’m busy at many markets during the day. I don’t have time for you,” she retorted, trying to dismiss him in a roundabout way.

He stared at her. “Uh-huh. You just go about your business. I can tag along and see what’s going on.” Abigail couldn’t quite grasp why he insisted on following her around. After staring at him for a while, she suddenly asked, “Sean, are you trying to return to your family and be a good husband now?” “Since we’re here on a business trip, let’s not talk about family matters,” he replied, lifting his teacup and taking a sip of iced tea.

Is he treating this trip as a vacation for himself? Abigail wondered.

It was nearly 10.00PM when they left Gold Pavilion. Abigail let out a yawn.

“Tired?” he asked her.

Her eyes were slightly teary from exhaustion. She glanced at the roadside, saying, “I should and rest. I’ll go back by cab, so you don’t have to go with me.” Sean looked surprised. “Where am I supposed to stay, then?” go back His words baffled her for a moment before she replied with a bewildered expression, “How would I know where you’re staying?” “Aren’t we supposed to stay together as husband and wife?” he asked her.

Indeed, Abigail didn’t plan on having him stay with her. She frowned, pretending to be hesitant.

“The bed in my room isn’t that big.” “We’ve squeezed into a hospital bed before,” he replied.

Abigail was annoyed deep down, but in the end, she nodded and complied. She was really tired and didn’t want to argue with him; she just wanted to go back, take a shower, and go to sleep as soon as possible.

Early in the morning, Abigail was awakened by the sound of her phone ringing.

She reached for the phone and groggily answered it, only to hear Luna exclaim, “You and Sean are trending on Instagram!” Her mind was somewhat foggy, as Abigail didn’t quite comprehend what she meant. “Trending on Instagram? What do you mean?” Luna continued shouting, “You two were photographed entering the same hotel in Broham! No one knows who took the photos, but they’ve made both of you trend on Instagram!” Only then did Abigail get a bit more conscious. “It’s normal for us to stay in the same hotel. We’re a married couple, you know.” “I’m just calling to ask what’s really going on between you two,” replied Luna with a note of seriousness in her voice.

“I’ll tell you later,” said Abigail before hanging up.

Sean was already awake, though half of his face was under the covers, his eyes still showing a hint of exhaustion.

Abigail put down her phone and got out of bed to freshen up.

After she finished getting ready and was about to go to have breakfast, Sean finally got out of bed in a leisurely manner. Wearing only a snug pair of boxer briefs, he strode around the room, completely unbothered by her presence.

"Can you hurry up?" she urged.

He clenched his toothbrush while searching through his suitcase for some clothes. Hearing her, he "Can you hurry up?" she urged.

He clenched his toothbrush while searching through his suitcase for some clothes. Hearing her, he grunted in response but continued his slow search for a fresh set of clothes.

"What exactly do you have against these clothes? Just say it outright!" she said angrily.

He turned to look at her. "Haven't you noticed that I'm not happy with you?" Abigail found his response utterly bewildering.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 137-Not Caring for Anyone Now Abigail stood up with her plate, her expression cold. "That's because, over the past three years, I've told you many things, but you never once cared. I don't want to talk about it anymore. I think it's meaningless for you to know now." She walked into the kitchen and started washing up.

Just as she was done, Sean hugged her from behind and kissed her ear. "Tell me, Abigail. For the past three years...." "If you want to do it, do it quickly. I need to sleep and wake up early tomorrow," she interrupted his

words.

Hearing that, he reached out and pinched her waist. "Do you have to be like this?" She winced in pain, her beautiful brows furrowing. "Are you doing it or not? If not, get out. I wasn't home for a week, and you didn't come home either. Did you get tired of Joan and come back for me?" "I was at the Graham Estate the entire week. Why are you simply making assumptions? You said that you're not jealous of Joan, but you keep mentioning her," he said as he pinched her chin and held her face, forcing her to kiss him.

With that, the two of them were soon panting in the kitchen. Sean held her tightly, his voice husky. "I have my reasons for not wanting children."

"I don't want to hear them. I won't have your children. I'll take contraceptives," she said in a cold, hard tone while panting.

When he heard that, his heart sank, and he let go of her. After he adjusted his clothes, he turned to leave.

Meanwhile, Abigail leaned against the sink and lowered her gaze, looking at the undone dishes. She only returned to her senses when she heard a loud bang from the outside.

The next day, she was busy at the fabric market when her phone suddenly rang.

Seeing that it was Cornelie calling, she answered the call and walked to a relatively quiet place. She asked, "Is there something you need, Grandma? I'm on a business trip this week. I'm not in Pendorf." Abigail maintained a good attitude while talking to her, but she showed no respect at all, causing her tone to quickly turn cold. "Yes, why can't you wait for a week? If it's about taking supplements to have a child, then I'll just pretend I didn't take this call." "What did you say? How dare you speak to me like that? I don't care where you are, but you must return to the Graham Estate today." Cornelie's anger was immediately ignited. She's usually obedient, so why is she being so feisty today?!

"If you want to have a great-grandchild, you need to persuade Sean. I can't give birth without him. By the way, I'm very busy here. If there's nothing important, please don't call me." With that, Abigail hung up the phone.

A few minutes later, Analise's call came through. "Abigail, how dare you speak disrespectfully to Sean's grandmother?" she scolded.

"Grandma, do you know how much I've suffered at her hands? If you side with her without knowing what happened, then I truly have no one to care about me." Abigail stood in the sun, her eyes slightly moist as she poured out her heart.

"C-Can't you at least respect her as an elderly person? Sean's grandmother has a weak heart. What if you make her sick by provoking her?" Analise's voice softened.

"I know what to do, Grandma. Don't worry. I'm busy with work. I'll call you when I'm free at night," Abigail said gently.

"Did you and Sean fight?" Analise was afraid that Abigail would hang up, so she quickly asked.

Abigail licked her lips and took a while before she said, "No, we're fine." "Don't lie to me, Abigail." Analise's voice was filled with concern.

"I'm not lying to you. I have urgent matters to handle. If I don't handle them properly, the studio could face more than a million in damages," Abigail explained with a smile.

“Why can’t you stay at...” “Grandma, I just want to be financially independent so that I can handle any unexpected situations.

There are many uncertainties in this world that we can’t control, you know,” Abigail said gently.

If Sean wants to divorce me and marry Joan one day, given Cornelie’s personality, she will make me leave with nothing. If I don’t work hard to save money and buy a house, what if I get kicked out of the Graham Family? I’m not going to rent a house for the rest of my life with Grandma. Most importantly, since Grandma has diabetes, accidents can happen at any time.

“Abigail... Is Sean seeing someone else?”. Analise suddenly asked. Given her age and experience, she could easily guess the possible reasons for Abigail venturing out to work on her own.

“No, Grandma, please don’t make any assumptions,” Abigail said hurriedly. “As the saying goes, you shouldn’t rely on others too much. I can’t keep asking him for money forever, don’t you think?” “Then call Colby and explain the situation to him. I’ll leave you to your work.” Being a daughter-in-law is difficult, especially with a strong-willed elder like Cornelie. Analise thought that Abigail might have been embarrassed when asking Sean for money, which was why she chose to earn.

money on her own.

As per Analise’s request, Abigail called Colby and explained the situation to him.

Fortunately, he was reasonable and told her to focus on her work before hanging up the phone.

While she was busy with work, Cornelie called Sean and poured out her grievances. “Can you believe it? She’s completely turned against me. I told her to come back and eat well to nourish her body, but what’s with her attitude? She told me off. You have to divorce her soon. I can’t stand her any longer!” Listening to her words, Sean was overwhelmed

I Want a Divorce Chapter 138-Trying To Understand Abigail truly cared about no one now. Not only did she not care about Sean’s prestige, but she also disregarded Cornelie’s words.

“She doesn’t know how to do anything. What can she achieve outside? With a capable husband like you, she’s still insistent on earning a meager salary outside. Only people who come from the countryside have such poor mindsets,” Cornelie criticized with disdain.

Sean used to dislike Abigail, and he would forget such words in the past. As he carefully listened, he

couldn't help but feel that these words were like thorns pricking at his heart.

"Grandma, have you always been talking to her like this?" he asked suddenly.

"Why? Did I say anything wrong? We've spent thousands to feed and clothe her, yet she's never given us a child," Cornelie muttered.

After listening indifferently, he said, "I've said before that I don't want kids. Why are you making things difficult for her? Why did you ask her to come back today?" His tone carried a hint of anger, and Cornelie could sense it. She stuttered, "I-I found a doctor to treat her." "It won't help. I don't want a child," he said coldly before hanging up the phone.

Perhaps Abigail's impatience with Sean was not just about him but also the resentment that built up over these three years, which he had always chosen to ignore.

Cornelie's words were harsh, and when they first got married, he felt that Abigail had married him.

with ulterior motives, so she deserved to be mistreated by Cornelie. This initial sense of revenge.

had become a habit, and he grew accustomed to ignoring it.

He wasn't Abigail, so of course, he couldn't understand what kind of emotions she had experienced during these three years by his side.

As soon as he hung up, Colby's call came in.

Sean had just pressed the answer button when he heard Colby's fit of anger.

"Have you been cheating, and did Abigail find out about it?" "I didn't cheat!" Sean immediately defended himself.

"Abigail has always been obedient, working tirelessly at home for three years.

Now, she's gone out to work. What kind of husband are you? Are you stingy when it comes to money? Don't think I don't know how much you've spent on Joan!" Colby's voice grew louder.

"She's just working; it's not a heinous crime. We don't have children yet, and she wants to pursue her dreams. What's wrong with that?" Sean countered his grandfather.

Hearing that, Colby gritted his teeth. "She'd better be pursuing her dreams." The call ended, leaving Sean frustrated and tugging at his tie.

He was dissatisfied with everything, so he sent a message to Abigail. 'Do you know what you've done? I got scolded by Grandpa!

After sending the message, he couldn't focus on his work and kept checking his phone for Abigail's response.

On the other hand, Abigail was working non-stop, and it was soon 9.00PM when she finally left the fabric market. That was when she noticed Sean's message.

When she settled herself in the car, she called him back, but just a few seconds after the call was connected, he hung up.

She chuckled in frustration and couldn't be bothered to make another call.

A few minutes later, Sean returned the call. Once the call was connected, he pretended to sound normal. "I was dealing with something and couldn't answer earlier. Can't you call a second time?" "What did Grandpa say?" she asked directly.

She had considered that her actions today might affect her grandmother and him, for they had agreed to put on a facade for the sake of the two elders.

However, in her anger, she had broken her promise.

"When will you be back?" He felt that his grandfather's words were meaningless, and if he told her, she might get angry because of Joan.

"About six days. If you want me to see a doctor, you probably need it more." She was now determined not to see a doctor, for she wouldn't consider having a child anymore.

“I’ll see a doctor and get some pills. Do you want to try to see if they’re effective?” He purposely teased her.

Instantly, her cheeks turned slightly red as she replied in a low voice, “Idiot.

What’s gotten into you?” “You said to put on a facade in front of the elderly. My grandma has a weak heart, and politely decline if you can’t come back. Or you can just call me,” he said.

At her words, she bit her lip, secretly thinking, Is he planning to turn over a new leaf?”I understand,” she replied.

“Where are you going for your business trip?” he asked again.

Looking at the unfamiliar streets outside, she instinctively replied, “Broham.” you can “Okay.” He acknowledged her reply before asking, “Grandpa has misunderstood me. Aren’t you going to say something?” “What? Do you think it’s my fault because I didn’t answer my phone today?” she countered.

He’s really good at finding excuses for himself; he always shifts the blame onto others.

“I didn’t say it was your fault. It’s just that we made a promise, and you acted unfairly.” He spoke a bit more slowly.

Abigail did feel a bit guilty, so her tone softened. “When I get back... I’ll make you something nice, okay?” Sean’s voice was instantly filled with a hint of pleasure. “Okay.” After the two hung up the phone, she looked out the window, feeling strangely relieved for no apparent reason.

Back at the hotel where she was staying, she rested for two hours before taking a shower and getting ready to go out. Suddenly, she received a location-sharing request from Sean on her phone.

After she accented it in confusion she noticed that he was exceptionally close to her current

I Want a Divorce Chapter 140-Arguing for the Sake of Arguing She stood up to leave.

“You know how to pick an outfit, right? Why don’t you help me pick an outfit?” he said behind her.

She turned around, walked up to his suitcase, rummaged through his clothes, and put together a set of clothes in shades of ash gray. "If you want to tag along with me, wear light colors. Dark clothes.

absorb heat from the sun and will get very hot."

"Okay." His eyes flickered with a hint of a smile.

After he finished getting ready, Abigail joined him for a meal. It was then that Luna sent her a screenshot. Joan had clarified in a comment that she was Sean's cousin, and the comment was reposted by numerous marketing accounts.

Abigail paid no mind to it, though.

Meanwhile, the sun had already risen at 7.30AM.

Abigail was shopping for fabrics at the fabric market, with Sean following behind her. "This isn't real wool. Real wool shouldn't feel scratchy, and it should be cool to the touch at first before it feels warm," she said before deciding to check out another store.

As they went outside, Sean suddenly remarked, "You've learned a lot in a few months working as an assistant. You're even more professional than some who've been doing this for years." Abigail's heart skipped a beat. She quickly defended herself, saying, "Maybe I'm just naturally talented and hardworking. After all, one has limitless potential if they're determined to learn something." "Mm-hmm," he responded. "Abigail, if you want to do a job well, you have my full support." Abigail fanned herself with the notebook in her hand. "You talk as if I wouldn't do it without your support. Even if I can't do it well, you have no right to stop me." Her words enraged Sean. "You really can't get a good word out of your mouth, can you?" "Did I say something wrong? Do you think that once a woman is married, she should stay at home. and take care of her family?" Abigail countered, questioning him.

He backed down immediately. "You're right. I was wrong." Abigail felt that he was being dismissive, and her anger intensified. But then, she recalled that he was brought up by Cornelie. His mindset was likely heavily influenced by her. Except for the issue. of having children, where he refused to obey Cornelie, he probably followed her in most other aspects. "Your apology sounds perfunctory to me. Never mind, I don't want to argue with you in this hot weather. Arguing would just make me even more furious," she said, walking into another store.

Only now did Sean realize that if she really wanted to argue, she could probably make the Earth rotate several more times with her arguments.

After Abigail finished arguing with the fabric supplier, she came out and saw him holding a bottle of cold drinking water.

“You must be thirsty after all that arguing, right?” He handed her the drinking water. In reality, he meant well, thinking that she must be parched after talking so much.

However, Abigail was still in a bad mood from the earlier argument. Feeling that his words sounded sarcastic, she became even more furious. “Just shut up your mouth, will you? Are you following me around to pick a fight on purpose?” “It doesn’t make sense to take it out on me when someone else pisses you off, does it?” he replied, holding out the bottle for her.

Taking a deep breath, she took the cold water and drank a few sips of it, feeling that the annoyance from her thirst had subsided a lot.

“Having a hard time getting the right fabric?” Sean asked her. This was his first time in such a crowded place with people dressed plainly and bargaining everywhere.

Abigail looked glamorous when she acted as Alana; many people loved the haute couture pieces she created. In private, however, she was just like any other regular designer. She had to argue with people in the market and visit various ordinary places. On the contrary, all of his work was either done in his office or in upscale hotels.

Abigail finished half the bottle of water before replying to him, “He’s trying to pass off subpar materials as high-quality ones. I told them it wasn’t like that before, but he insisted it was. How ridiculous!” He nodded. “Should we try another store?” “There’s no other option, I suppose,” she replied with a sigh.

In the evening, she walked out of the fabric market with weary steps. After glancing at her notebook, she said with a deep sigh, “There are so many fabrics left. I wonder when we’ll find what we need.” “Take your time,” he replied.

She turned to look at him, saying, “Let’s go eat. I’m starving.” She was exhausted to the point of despair. After three years of being a housewife, coming out here for procurement made her realize how hard work could be.

They were sitting in the restaurant, and Sean had just finished ordering food when he got a call from Joan. After darting a glance at Abigail sitting across from him, he picked up the

phone and answered it, asking, "What's the matter?" Feeling that his tone suddenly softened, Abigail looked up from the menu. She guessed it was probably Joan, and she curled her lips into a mocking sneer.

It was unclear what Joan said on the other end of the line, but Sean frowned slightly, saying, "I'll have Kevin get it done for you." Then, he said, "I have something to attend to here, and I'll be back tomorrow at the earliest." After that, he grunted in response several times before hanging up phone.

the Abigail tossed the menu aside and said indifferently, "If you want to go back, you may leave now.

No one's stopping you." "I'll go back tomorrow," he replied.

If I didn't understand his character, I'd think he has low emotional intelligence and cannot say nice things, thought Abigail. "You might as well go back now and not disrupt my meal," she said while getting a waiter's attention.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

141-150

I Want a Divorce Chapter 141-Putting Joan in the Film Crew He raised an eyebrow. "Are you jealous again?" "Stop daydreaming," she replied, practically rolling her eyes, her expression cold.

He looked at her, saying, "It must've been tough on you to pretend to be a good wife for the past three years." His words made Abigail feel embarrassed. Indeed, she had acted gentle and virtuous back then in

order to make him fall in love with her.

Seeing her reaction, Sean knew that he had hit the mark. Her original personality wasn't what it used to be; now, this was her true self.

The waitress soon arrived, upon which Abigail handed the menu to her.

After the waitress left, Abigail fell silent. She started watching videos on her phone, deliberately playing them with the volume on.

Understanding that she didn't want to communicate with him, Sean also took out his phone and began reading the messages Kevin had sent him. Kevin had sent him countless messages in succession today, but he didn't like checking his WhatsApp when he didn't have to.

After opening Kevin's messages, he noticed that the man had sent him a link to a post on Instagram. He tapped on the link, discovering that someone had photographed him and Abigail entering a hotel. There weren't many comments, but the post still made it to the list of trending topics... Obviously, someone was doing this on purpose.

'Did you get us trending on Instagram?' he texted to ask Kevin.

Kevin didn't reply to his message, for he was probably busy.

As Sean continued to read the messages, he found that Joan had actually explained that he and Abigail were cousins. He frowned at this explanation.

Joan's eager to explain, huh? Abigail and I haven't said anything yet, but she's already come forward.

"Do you know we're trending?" he suddenly asked.

Abigail looked at him and closed the video. "What's wrong?" Abigail looked at him and closed the video. "What's wrong?" "Joan said we're cousins. What do you think?" he said, deliberately testing her attitude.

"Isn't that convenient? It saves you from explaining our relationship," she replied nonchalantly.

He looked at her and suddenly said, "I don't mind making our relationship public." "Don't. I mind," she hurriedly replied. "Besides, we're not public figures. Our marriage has nothing to do with the public, so there's no need to explain anything to anyone." "Are you trying to leave a way out for yourself, or do you really just not want people to know about it?" Sean's eyes narrowed slightly. He strongly suspected that she was thinking about being with Anthony after their divorce.

“Just what are you trying to say? Do you still want to enjoy this meal?” Abigail became irritated at once. She could easily guess what he was thinking-he probably thought she was saying that for Anthony’s sake.

Their conversation ended abruptly when a waiter brought a fruit platter to their table.

In the afternoon, Abigail completely ignored Sean.

As it was getting dark, Sean received a call from Kevin, who said Joan had accidentally cut her hand.

deeply.

When Abigail came out of the store and didn’t find him outside, she immediately figured out what had happened.

Sean got back into his car and called her several times, but she didn’t answer.

After being busy in Broham for a few days, Abigail got a phone call from Lewis telling her to get ready to join the film crew. She had to join the crew, take measurements of everyone, and sort out their sizes before making their clothes.

On the day of joining the crew, Anthony came to her studio specially to pick her up. “How’s the fabric selection going?” he asked with a note of concern in his voice as she packed the tools she Abigail put the ruler into her bag and replied gently, “It’s going well. Some fabrics are being produced according to our requirements, and I’ll be able to get the samples in a couple of days.” “You’ve been working hard these days. I heard you’ve been visiting fabric markets in person,” said Anthony, his voice filled with sympathy.

Abigail felt that his tone did sound a bit odd. Just when she was about to tell him that she was already married, she heard him continue, “Did you and Sean... go to Broham because you came.

across some difficulties and sought his help?” “Not really. He tagged along on his own,” she explained casually. She quickly realized she couldn’t reveal to Anthony that she was married, or he might easily deduce that she was married to Sean. She didn’t want anyone to know about her marriage to him. She hoped that their past relationship wouldn’t become fodder for gip after their divorce.

“Joan said he’s your cousin. In that case, your cousin seems to care a lot about you,” Anthony teased.

She replied indifferently, “Let them say whatever they want. I’m not a public figure, and it’s best not to respond.” Anthony nodded in agreement. “You’re right. After all, online attention is a double-edged sword, Being mysterious to the netizens is a way of protecting yourself.” “That’s exactly what I think. Let’s go. Everything’s packed,” said Abigail with a smile. She did feel much better talking to Anthony. He was far more pleasant compared to Sean, who only seemed to add to her troubles.

As they both got in the car, Anthony suddenly asked, “A few days ago, some media outlets reported.

that Sean had taken Joan to the hospital. You’re his cousin; do you know what’s his relationship with Joan?” Abigail didn’t feel like answering the question. “Why are you asking?” “Oh, I heard from Director Lewis that Sean arranged for Joan to join another film crew, so we’re going to meet at Millstone,” replied Anthony before smiling faintly.”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 142-’m Just an Employee Abigail looked at him in surprise, but she shifted her gaze forward soon after that. “Oh, well, it has nothing to do with me,” she replied impassively. Even if there were still emotions in her heart, these emotions would always fade away after spreading. She calmly accepted that she couldn’t immediately let go of the three years she had devoted herself to Sean.

After hearing her reply, Anthony instantly wore a satisfied expression. “That’s true.” Upon entering the film set, she immediately became busy, taking measurements of everyone from

the helpers to the leading actors and even the seasoned actors. Of course, she had to match the leading actors’ costumes to their skin tones, temperaments, appearances, and makeup. After more than a month of hard work, L.Moon completed the basic costumes, except for the ones planned for the very end of the production.

After the filming started, she mostly stayed in the hotel arranged by the film crew.

One morning, she planned to help Laura Martin, the leading actress, with her costumes. Just as she was about to enter Laura’s private dressing room, she heard the woman’s arrogant voice coming from the inside. “What kind of costumes are these? They’re so gaudy and in garish colors. They look awful!” Hensey Lockheart, her assistant, chimed in, “I heard they looked up a lot of references and even consulted some professors, and yet they ended up

designing this heap of ugly stuff, talking about clothing invasion by foreign cultures. Some male characters would even bare their chests in the middle of production. What a disgusting sight it'll be!" Laura sounded displeased. "I heard my makeup is going to look like that of a hostess, and it's her who suggested it to the stylist based on the costumes. It's really ugly. In my last fantasy drama, the costumes and jewelry were as gorgeous as they could be.

But here, she has me dressed up like this!" "They say Alana handpicked her, but I heard she's close to Mr. Booker, who got her connected with Director Lewis. I guess the director is unhappy about it, but he probably doesn't dare to say anything," Hensey muttered.

Abigail quietly took a deep breath and knocked on the door.

Hensey came to open it. Seeing it was Abigail, he immediately greeted her with feigned enthusiasm. "Miss Quinn, you're here so early." Abigail nodded before walking into the dressing room.

The moment Laura saw her, she rolled her eyes and stood up. Glaring at her, she warned, "If you don't know how to match costumes, don't do it. Are you inserting your own ideas? If that hostess-like makeup gets aired on TV, the entire show will be condemned by netizens until it goes off the air!" "You may talk to Director Lewis about it," Abigail replied flatly while walking toward the rack of costumes.

Lewis' screenplay depicted foreign powers' invasion of Central Plains, showcasing a stark contrast between traditional attire in the southern region and the clothing in the northern region, which were gradually influenced by foreign cultures. Laura's character initially lived in the southern.

region. Still, the scenes featuring traditional attire would only be completed near the end of production, so the traditional costumes were still in production.

After the collision between the northern and foreign attire, the colors and styles of the clothing became extremely mixed. Additionally, some peculiar clothes also emerged due to the turbulent situation of the time. These clothes reflected the plight of people during that era, who were forced to abandon traditional attire to survive the wars and foreign oppression. It wasn't until later, when the chaos of the war gradually subsided, that a new divergence occurred between foreign attire and traditional attire. This eventually led to the emergence of the unique clothing culture of that period.

Upon hearing Laura's comments, Abigail realized that the actress didn't understand the brutal history faced by the ancient dynasty during the foreign invasion period.

The evolution of clothing was also a crucial aspect of this brutal history. For example, the attire mentioned by Hensey, which exposed the chest, reflected the passive and negative cultural mindset of the people who were pushed to the brink during that period. They were forced to wear these clothes just to survive.

Laura stared coldly at Abigail. "You talked to Director Lewis about this makeup style. Why does he listen to you so much? Just what is your relationship with Anthony?" Abigail brought out a set of costumes for the day and turned to look at her. "We were classmates in university. What's the matter?" Laura was about to speak, but Hensey quickly stopped her. "Miss Quinn, shouldn't you consider what the audience wants to see? Your costumes are already like this, and now your makeup... Let's just say that netizens will criticize it. And besides, look at Laura. Her online image isn't like this at all" Hensey said with a smile trying to negotiate with Abigail. Laura instantly flew into a rage. "Do you think your close relationship with Sean and your being classmates with Anthony makes you special? You're just someone who got here through the back door! What history are you talking about? I think you're trying to insert your own ideas!" Abigail frowned. "Now that I've picked the costume for you, I'll work on costumes for other actors." Laura kicked her chair away in anger. She stared at Abigail's back, saying, "You're just an assistant.

What are you being so cocky for?!" "Calm down..." Hensey quickly tried to soothe her.

Meanwhile, Abigail closed the door and took a deep breath.

Laura had a stunning appearance in her previous fantasy drama due to her makeup and clothing style, which made her one of the top actresses able to play the role of the top beauty. This time, the peculiar makeup and clothing style would affect her online reputation, so it was natural for her to be furious. However, Abigail remained faithful to historical accuracy and would not change her stance.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 143-Still Thinking About Him Laura expressed her dissatisfaction with her costume by repeatedly making errors in the first scene.

Infuriated, Lewis slammed the script he was holding onto the ground. "Laura, do you even know how to act?! I asked you to portray the grief and anger of losing your loved ones, but what are you doing?! All I see is your anger! Where's your grief for your deceased family members?!" he roared furiously, his face flushed.

With reddened eyes, Laura pursed her lips in silence.

Hensey immediately stepped in, saying to Lewis, “Miss Quinn upset her quite a bit this morning, so she’s not at her best right now.”

Lewis instantly shifted his gaze toward Abigail. “How could you do that?! She’s the leading actress!” Can’t you choose your words more carefully?” Abigail, who was huddled in a nearby corner, was startled for a moment when she became the target of his wrath. She promptly replied, “I got it,” “Let’s shoot the scenes with the male lead first!” Lewis darted a glance at Laura and then turned around to instruct others to get ready.

Hensey took Laura aside, comforting her tenderly as they sat down.

Laura cried, tears running down her cheeks.

It was thought that the incident would just end like that, but someone from the film crew deliberately released it as a behind-the-scenes clip. Laura had numerous fans in the first place, and they were in an uproar when this clip was released.

A fan commented, “Who the hell does Abigail think she is?! Can she do whatever she wants just because she’s the assistant to L.Moon’s Alana? If she dares to bully the leading actress on set, she must think she could be the leading actress in this drama! Laura, even if you end up offending Director Lewis, the Dumplings will always stand by you!” Another commented, ‘If Abigail wants to play the female lead role, she can. After all, Sean Graham is her cousin, while Anthony Booker is her senior at university.

With these two bigwigs backing her, even if she tramples on the director on set, the director has to put up with it, let alone publicly trampling on Laura on set.

Another fan commented, ‘L.Moon is really giving itself airs. Alana should have personally designed the costumes and led her team to serve Laura. Why would she hire such an incompetent assistant?!’ Someone else commented, ‘If Alana doesn’t fire her immediately, we’ll bombard L.Moon with messages. I don’t believe that L.Moon’s co-branded brands won’t be afraid of getting implicated! Dumplings, let’s boycott Abigail and L. Moon!’ Soon, a trending search topic appeared-Abigail bullies leading actress and punches Director Lewis on set.’ Right after that, another topic appeared-Laura’s fans demand that L.Moon fires Abigail.

Following that, ‘Boycott L.Moon’ also made it to the list of trending topics.

As for Abigail, she was on the set and still unaware of what was happening when she received a call from Luna. “How did you offend Laura, the leading actress, on set? Now, the whole internet is filled with criticism against you. L.Moon is suffering huge losses this time!” Luna said in a serious voice.

“What happened?” Abigail was still puzzled.

“The brands we were in talks with have backed out at the last minute, and even our previous partners have informed us that we need to clarify the situation on the internet today, or they might sue us,” Luna explained, sending links to the three Instagram posts to her.

Under these Instagram posts, Laura’s fans were viciously insulting Abigail with extremely foul language, which made Abigail’s blood boil. However, she understood the situation now. “I see. Let me talk to the director first” Luna quickly interjected, “No, I think you’d better ask Anthony. Both of us are unfamiliar with the entertainment industry and have never worked on a film set before, so we don’t know if there are any unspoken rules in the industry. Anthony is a professional, so he might know better.” “Okay,” Abigail replied. As soon as she hung up the phone, she actually thought of Sean first.

However, recalling his previous opinions on her work, she decided to call Anthony instead.

Anthony had expected her to call him. He answered the phone and said at once, “I just learned about your situation. I helped you ask Lewis about it, and he said he didn’t expect the fans to react so strongly. He only said something out of anger, but he never thought it would cause you so much trouble” “How should I handle this, then? Many brands L.Moon is working with are demanding that we issue a PR statement today to explain this public outcry.

Otherwise, they’re threatening to sue us for breach of contract,” Abigail stated in an extremely polite manner.

Anthony replied, “At this point, you have to stay calm and make sure that Sean doesn’t show the film set, or things will get even more complicated. I can’t come over right now, but I’ll handle it for you from behind the scenes.” “Okay,” Abigail responded. She was still hesitant, wondering if Sean would show up on the film set.

“It’s normal to release behind-the-scenes footage, but it’s clear that this footage seems intentional. Just how did the grudge between you and Laura come about?”

She's got a nice reputation, and I heard she has a good temper," Anthony asked, sounding puzzled.

Abigail couldn't help but wonder if this was the public's perception of Laura from outside the entertainment industry. They say many celebrities treat their staff like dirt but have a good public image online, and now I'm experiencing this firsthand. She explained all of Laura's dissatisfactions to Anthony.

While Abigail was on a long call, Sean tried calling her for nearly 30 minutes, but the call couldn't get through. It made him so angry that veins were bulging in his temples.

"The online comments are getting out of control," Cameron reminded him gingerly.

Sean slammed his phone down on his desk. "Abigail must be innocent. That Laura lady is definitely targeting her intentionally. Dig up any dirt on Laura and release it online within the next two hours. It's better to focus on how she treats her staff."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 144-Unconditional Support Sean had encountered quite a number of people in the entertainment industry.

Some who seemed clean on the surface turned out to be even wilder than some wealthy heirs behind closed doors.

Then there were those polite and well-mannered actresses who treated their assistants like dirt. when the cameras weren't rolling. It was all too common.

Sean couldn't help but think that if Laura could see Abigail's capabilities, her assistant Hensey wouldn't have spoken about her to Lewis in that manner.

Unable to reach Abigail on the phone, Sean decided to call Lewis directly.

At that moment, Lewis had just finished another call. Seeing Sean's call coming in, he braced himself and answered, "Mr. Graham..." Anthony and Sean were two tough nuts to crack.

"What's going on between Abigail and Laura? Can you give me the lowdown?" Sean's tone was surprisingly amicable.

Lewis wiped the sweat from his forehead, his tone somewhat weak as he explained, "It's still under investigation. I asked Miss Quinn, and she said Laura wasn't satisfied with the

costumes, but Laura denied it. Now, both sides are at a standstill. Laura's assistant is unhappy and even posted on Instagram, accusing Miss Quinn of lying... It's driving me crazy." "Why cast a young actress in a historical drama with such profound cultural significance?" Sean immediately questioned.

"It's what the investors wanted. I'm caught between a rock and a hard place.

Getting this investment for the show was already a miracle." Lewis sounded helpless.

Sean tapped his desk. "Is it her company's demand? How much did they invest?" "They invested sixteen million." Lewis sighed.

Historical dramas, especially ones shot on location, were certainly costly affairs.

"Director Lewis, all you need to do is stay on top of this situation. Today, I'll keep Laura occupied so you have some breathing room. Find the right moment.

Whether you can assert yourself is up to you, understand?" Sean concluded and promptly ended the call.

Laura's dissatisfied with her costume? That probably means she didn't find it flattering enough to enhance her ordinary looks.

After Abigail finished discussing things with Anthony, the latter suggested using another artist's scandal to divert attention, temporarily stalling public opinion.

Then, he would have Lewis quickly release a statement, suggesting it was a misunderstanding. He would also discreetly pressure Laura's company, hoping she wouldn't make things too unsightly and let the matter blow over. If things.

didn't work, Abigail should reveal herself as Alana.

But Abigail couldn't shake the feeling that this wasn't the right approach. It was like planting a time bomb.

If Laura finished filming and later privately leaked something, L.Moon would be irreparably damaged. Besides, bringing up Abigail's identity as Alana at this point would be a deliberate act of suppression.

She declined and decided to speak with Laura herself.

Just as Abigail was about to go looking for Laura, her phone rang.

Seeing Sean's call, she couldn't help but think, Sean sure is persistent.

Upon answering the call, Abigail was quick to say, "This is my issue. Stay out of it." "If I stay out, can you handle it?" Sean asked angrily, "You've been on the phone for so long. Did you and Anthony come up with some earth-shattering plan?" "How do you know I was on the phone with him?" Abigail instinctively asked.

Sean scoffed at that. "I just know. So, did you come up with a plan?" "No plan. I'm going to talk to Laura myself. If that doesn't work, I'll step down and let another assistant take over," Abigail replied.

After all, she didn't want to put Lewis and Anthony in a tight spot.

"You had the guts to face challenges when you were on my show. Don't tell me you've turned into a shrinking violet just because you've switched lanes?" Sean taunted Abigail.

"Yeah.

His words made Abigail feel uncomfortable. She was already annoyed, and Sean's jab stung. so what? You're my husband. Do I need to be afraid of messing things up for my own husband?" With this statement, Abigail immediately pleased Sean.

The anger he had been holding onto disappeared in an instant.

"Well, if anything happens, I've got your back. You don't have to do anything. I'm already taking care of it. Soon, I'll have Laura begging you to stay on set!" As Sean spoke, his tone turned icy.

Abigail hesitated for a moment. "How are you handling it?" "The entertainment industry isn't exactly squeaky clean, and since netizens are saying I'm your cousin, I'll show them how your isin deals with someone who's wronged you." Sean's voice.

carried a resolute tone.

Abigail's emotions swirled inside, but she quickly said, "I can handle it myself..." "What do you mean by handling it yourself? Focus on your job and leave this to me. When it's all said and done, Laura will be on her knees, begging you to stay on set!" Sean concluded and promptly hung up.

Cameron, who had been out investigating, had returned. He didn't have time to waste on Abigail.

Sitting down in her room, Abigail held her phone, her heart beating unusually fast.

As she reflected on the three years they had spent together, she often felt like she had been wronged. But looking back, Abigail wondered if she had had a serious talk with Sean.

Perhaps if she had dropped the act sooner, Sean would have recognized the issues between them.

sooner.

Abigail's thoughts raced, but she soon calmed down.

Joan is still in the picture... Sean is just trying to save his own reputation. If Abigail, someone related to him, was mistreated, he obviously wouldn't be pleased.

re in Abigail's shoes today, Sean would be just as indignant

I Want a Divorce Chapter 145-Sean Takes Matters Into His Own Hands In less than two hours, Sean personally stepped in to confront Laura.

First, it was revealed that Laura had once used her high heels to step on her assistant, and then it was disclosed that she had slapped a low-level extra on set. There were videos, and the evidence. was backed up by the posts of the unfortunate extra.

Abigail saw Sean lambasting Laura on Instagram himself and immediately called him.

As soon as the call connected, Sean's tone was upbeat. "How's it going?"

"Why did you personally post on Instagram? People might say you're helping me..." Abigail started, her voice tinged with concern.

"What's wrong with me helping you? Laura dares to bully you because she has her powerful backers and a legion of mindless fans." retorted icily.

"But this might not be good for you in the end," Abigail said, her tone firm.

Sean sneered at that. "Is Anthony helping you any better?" "He didn't intend to help me like that, and regardless of your involvement, I would have handled this matter myself," Abigail replied calmly "Is your solution to leave the production?" Sean asked, to which Abigail answered coldly, "Yes, it is."

My job here is almost done. With the capabilities of L.Moon Studio, once the show airs, the audience will know the truth." "Do you think I'm overstepping by resolving these troubles this way?" Sean countered.

"No," Abigail immediately responded.

She just felt that Sean wasn't a part of the industry, and there was no need for him to get deeply involved in public opinion.

Sean's voice softened as he murmured, "Abigail, all I need is for you to genuinely accept my help." Abigail's heart raced a bit and she licked her lips. "Thank you." She hadn't expected Sean to be so straightforward.

Sean's voice carried a hint of satisfaction. "Alright, then. Focus on your work. As long as you want to stay on set, no one can make you leave." "Okay," she replied softly.

After hanging up the phone, Abigail furrowed her brows and contemplated for a while.

A moment later, she opened Instagram.

Sean's Instagram post, where he personally defended her, had already become a trending topic.

Abigail saw the title but didn't click on it.

'Laura, come out and apologize to Abigail!' This was the kind of headline that Sean would definitely come up with.

After looking at the post, she scrolled down to read the comments.

"Laura, the pure and innocent flower. It seems Dumplings are truly biased.

Every time something happens, it's always the poor, innocent Laura who's being bullied. I never expected the innocent flower to be so ruthless in hitting others. That's why her previous

assistant suddenly changed, right?” ‘Abigail has connections. She can fabricate evidence, for sure.’ This comment was at the top because Sean had replied to it.

Sean tagged and replied to the user named RoundDumpling, I’ve saved your comment. You’re spreading rumors about me, so get ready for a court summons.” Below were a bunch of applause emojis.

‘Laura’s evil little Dumplings, please don’t delete this. Let your idol sue Sean and make him. apologize to her.’ ‘Sean is so bold, and I love it. I wish I had a cousin like him!’ Instagram was in complete chaos.

After reading through the comments, Abigail stood up and went to the door.

Lewis was standing outside, looking apologetic as he gazed at her.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

Lewis rubbed his hands together and mumbled awkwardly, “This morning, I accused you without asking for the reasons, and I’m really sorry. I didn’t expect them to maliciously spread those rumors about you.” Abigail fixed Lewis with a cool gaze. “I’m quite curious. Is this how you always treat the regular crew members on set?” Lewis hesitated for a moment.

Abigail continued, her tone even, “I’m an outsider to this industry, so I might not understand all the norms. But when it comes to the regular crew members being unjustly accused, you default to blaming them without discerning the truth. I find that very unsettling.” “You’re right. I should have asked a bit more back then. It’s just that tempers can flare on set...” Lewis explained, to which Abigail calmly interjected, “In reality, this is your industry’s practice. The leads hold a high position, and you agree with whatever they say. You didn’t even bother to ask me. why Laura was upset with me.” “I already had Laura apologize to you,” Lewis said, a hint of awkwardness in his voice.

In this industry, those with higher status tended to gradually see themselves as superior. This meant that the quiet, hardworking crew members were often overlooked.

“I don’t need her apology. I just hope she’ll admit whether she truly disliked L.Moon’s designs. Just one word from her is all I ask,” Abigail said, locking eyes with Lewis.

Lewis couldn’t help but say, “She’s a new rising starlet; she’s bound to be conscious of her appearance. As for our show...” “Our show is perfectly fine. She wants to film something

glamorous yet also demands a high- quality historical drama. Whether she qualifies for that challenge is her own deal,” Abigail stated calmly.

She had designed haute couture for international leading ladies. What right did Laura have to criticize her designs?

I Want A Divorce Chapter 146-A Half-hearted Apology Laura and Hensey were taken aback.

Abigail’s voice was cold. “You don’t have to apologize to me either. Just admit it openly: were you dissatisfied with the clothes designed by L.Moon? Did you think the Roman makeup looked like a geisha’s? Did you think I sneaked in some personal items?” “Was I wrong in saying that? If L.Moon can’t design clothes, then why bother consulting

authoritative professors? This is the result they produce? The real Roman makeup isn’t even that bad!” Laura stood up, visibly upset.

She just couldn’t respect Abigail, considering her nothing more than an assistant. If it weren’t for Sean and Anthony, would Abigail even have a place in this production?

Lewis, hearing this, coldly retorted, “You don’t know history, so stop talking nonsense.” “I don’t know history? In historical dramas, there are portrayals of Roman characters from the Roman Era, and their makeup looks beautiful...” “You know that this is from the Roman Era. This is how the makeup was done.

Are you even.

interested in acting?” Lewis asked, clearly displeased.

He was firmly on Abigail’s side in this.

Laura looked at Lewis. “Director Lewis, I’m telling you this as a favor. Don’t complain on Instagram when my company withdraws its investment.” Abigail was surprised. So, her confidence came from the fact that her company was investing in this production.

“I’ll discuss this with your company,” he said, his expression turning cold.

With that, he turned and left.

Abigail followed Lewis. “I didn’t know her company was investing in your production,” she remarked.

“I didn’t want her originally, but the company insisted. I only accepted because of that. Even without her, we would have found another investor,” Lewis explained.

In truth, it would be slightly more difficult. Historical dramas were challenging, especially ones that focused on wars and costume changes.

Back in her room, Abigail took out her phone and saved the recording.

Lewis spent considerable time but eventually replaced the person responsible for releasing behind-the-scenes footage.

After this incident, Laura posted an apology on Instagram.

Diligent Actress Laura tagged the users named L.Moon Studio, Alana, and Troubled Times Official Account. ‘I really didn’t expect a misunderstanding to cause the Dumplings to hurt an innocent person. This morning’s incident was a misunderstanding, and it’s all cleared up now. I’ve privately apologized to Miss Quinn. Please, Dumplings, don’t be angry anymore.

She didn’t mention her past mistreatment of assistants and extras.

She had explained these incidents before, so the company chose to ignore them.

This whole affair could only be resolved in a hasty and confusing manner.

That evening, as Abigail lay in bed, she called Luna.

“I saw Instagram. Are you satisfied with how things turned out? I thought Sean might kick her off the production,” Luna said, sounding dissatisfied with the outcome.

“Since he personally intervened, that’s already quite something,” Abigail replied, her tone calm.

In her opinion, Laura wouldn’t let things slide so easily.

Laura’s temper wasn’t something she developed overnight. Everyone around her had indulged her, so she had long since become uncontrollable.

This time, she had kicked a hornet’s nest. Her leg wasn’t hurt yet, so how could she easily let Abigail off the hook?

Luna sighed. "I never wanted to take jobs in the entertainment industry. I knew these celebrities were hard to handle, and it seemed I was right: It all comes back to Sean." "What did those brands we're working with say?" Abigail asked, steering the conversation in a different direction with a smile.

Luna sounded somewhat disinterested. "They won't bring up the breach of contract anymore, but I feel like when the contracts expire, they might not renew because they want me to let you go. It's quite laughable." Abigail calmly responded, "That's one advantage of hiding our identities. We can choose better brands. I think we should also start our brand. Even with fame, we still depend on others to make money if we continue this way." "Running a store is headache-inducing enough, not to mention our studio, where it's just the two of us managing everything. Expanding would be too draining, and we might even end up in the red," Luna said.

They lacked experience in this area, and Luna didn't want to take unnecessary risks.

"We'll see. Get some rest. You've worked hard," Abigail said, her voice warm.

After hanging up, Abigail noticed that Sean had sent her a message on WhatsApp.

She immediately opened it.

"Are you satisfied with how things turned out with Laura?" "Yeah, it's not bad." Abigail replied.

In any case, she knew she'd have to deal with the aftermath herself.

"You didn't even have a chance to brew the floral tea I brought last time before heading to the set." Sean's message had a gentle, reproachful tone.

Abigail quickly touched her face, then typed her response: "I had to get to the set as soon as I got back. It's been a while since I've been home. Work is tiring.

I'll rest for now." Of course, Sean knew. He had been staying in Abigail's rented house while helping with the cleaning. Of course, Sean knew. He had been staying in Abigail's rented house while helping with the cleaning.

Living alone in a house she used to live in, he realized even a tiny place could feel lonely without company.

The production continued shooting as usual.

At lunchtime, while Abigail was eating her boxed meal, one of the handsome supporting actors sat beside her, smiling. "Could you help me with a chicken leg? I've been on a diet recently?"

Abigail glanced at him. "Don't you have an assistant?" She recognized him as Jonathan Wind, a talented actor who didn't have much financial support.

His fans often worried about him.

Jonathan smiled and said, "My assistant is on the heavier side. He doesn't need to eat any better.

You're too skinny. You should eat more

I Want a Divorce Chapter 147-Another Wave Abigail found him rather too slick, and talking behind the backs of those around one wasn't much. Different from stabbing them in the back like those treacherous friends.

"No, thanks. I think I'm perfectly healthy." She politely declined the offer.

Jonathan could only leave with his boxed meal.

Abigail thought this was just a tiny incident.

However, in the afternoon, after finishing shooting, Sean called her.

Abigail pressed the answer button and heard him ask in a displeased tone, "What's going on with you and the male actor?" "What's wrong?" Abigail inquired. Before she could finish her sentence, she heard Anthony's voice behind her.

"Abby, look at me." Abigail turned around and saw Anthony approaching, along with Luke.

Before Sean could say anything, Abigail spoke up. "I'm busy with something. I'll call you back when I'm done." Without giving Sean a chance to respond, she hung up.

"Luke, why are you here?" Abigail approached Anthony and Luke with a respectful expression.

Anthony, feeling slightly overlooked, responded, "I called out to you first, but you only noticed.

Luke?” Hearing this, Luke chuckled at Anthony’s possessiveness. “Why are you jealous?” Abigail was a bit awkward. She forced a smile and said, “He sometimes jests.” Anthony smiled but didn’t say anything.

Luke spoke up at that. “Shall we continue this conversation at the restaurant?” “Sure, my treat!” Abigail warmly offered.

The three of them then headed to a restaurant outside of Millstone. Anthony commented.

solemnly, “There’s negative news about you online again. I knew things wouldn’t be over when Sean acted that way.” “I figured as much, but what are the comments about me online?” Abigail didn’t pay much mind to these things.

“You should check for yourself once we get to the restaurant, alright?” Anthony advised, to which Abigail nodded in response.

Once seated in the restaurant, Luke began, “I heard from Anthony that there are doubts about your designs in the crew. I’ve come as a special advisor.” “Did Mr. Booker deliberately bring you in?” Abigail asked with a smile.

Luke laughed. “I really like Lewis script. I think it’s very profound. If it’s done well, it will fill a gap in historical TV dramas. As someone who studies history, I feel a responsibility to pass on our culture.” Abigail was moved by his words but couldn’t put into words the emotions she was feeling at the moment.

Anthony ordered the food. He then stated in a warm tone, “Let’s hope we can all work together to present this production in the best possible way.” Abigail immediately agreed.

She knew that Luke was brought in by Anthony to support her.

Laura simply belittled her for being young and having the role of an assistant, so she didn’t take her seriously.

Abigail was genuinely thankful to Anthony. Even without Luke’s help, once the show aired, everyone would recognize the quality of her designs.

While they were waiting for the food, Lewis was also summoned.

Upon seeing Lewis, Luke immediately pulled him aside along with Anthony to discuss history.

Abigail took this opportunity to check Instagram.

There, she came across a rather bizarre trending topic-Discussing How Abigail's Looks Suit. Anything and Anyone' Puzzled, she clicked on it. Under the Instagram post was a photo of Jonathan squatting beside her, engaged in conversation that afternoon.

However, the caption was quite outlandish.

The 'Abigail's looks not only rival Laura's, but the chemistry with Jonathan is off the charts. This kind of versatile chemistry is truly a rare sight! Who do you think has the best chemistry with Abigail? Sean, Anthony, or Jonathan?" Under this post were all negative ments.

"Is Miss Quinn not even trying to hide it anymore? Pulling her cousin into a fake relationship is bad enough, but now she's ensnared both Jonathan and Anthony? Goodness, any man who talks to her gets lumped together with her. I think I'm starting to hate her!' 'What is L.Moon even doing? Using an assistant to stir up controversy and trample on others for publicity? It's making me sick. This so-called versatile chemistry, what a ridiculous new term. Is she buying her own trending topics?

It's making me so angry!" 'She's not even in the entertainment industry, yet she's trending more frequently than those in the industry. Is this assistant so desperate for attention? At first, I was blinded by her relationship with Sean. Now, she's even comparing herself to Laura in terms of looks. Can't she see how unworthy.

she is? Poor Jonathan, getting stuck with this dirt." 'Suddenly, I feel like all the previous dramas with Laura were because of Abigail.

She used her cousin's and senior's connections to get into a first-tier crew, never focused on her studies, and is now constantly stirring up fake relationships. She's so thirsty for men. I don't even know where this wild chick came from. She's so annoying!" All of them were hateful comments.

After reading them, Abigail quietly closed Instagram.

Anthony sensed that something was wrong and immediately asked, "What are you planning to do about the situation on Instagram?" "Do you have any idea who might be behind this?" Abigail held her phone tightly.

"The entertainment industry often uses this tactic. Whoever they hate, they'll buy marketing to push negative comments about them online. Netizens, separated by the internet, don't

know who's behind it, so they naturally vent their anger on the victim." Anthony tried to comfort her.

Just as his words trailed off, Sean's voice came from the entrance of the private room. "Mind if I join?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 148-Sean's Diligence Abigail turned her head to look at him, her expression one of surprise, but she quickly composed herself. "Why are you here?" Sean walked straight into the private room, standing beside her with his hand on her shoulder. "Of course, I came to help my cousin overcome difficulties." Luke, who was sitting next to Anthony, stood up on his own initiative. "You young folks should sit together and sort out all the messy things online." Lewis was aware of the online situation, but even he had no way to handle such matters.

Sean sat beside Abigail. He gave Anthony a cold glance as he muttered, "Your crew is really something. Is it worth it for an actress to target a mere assistant like this?" "We don't have evidence-" began, to which Sean interrupted coldly, "By the time you find a solution, it'll be too late. We've all been in the entertainment industry, but you don't even know when to do crisis PR?" Abigail bumped his arm lightly. "Can you not talk like that?" "If I don't talk like this, will you teach me?" Sean looked at her with a cold gaze.

Luke watched Sean with a smile. "Sean, you really stick to your principles. Only someone who is not in the industry can be so carefree. You and Anthony are both impressive.

One helps her deal with troubles outside the crew, and the other helps her within. Haha!" Abigail thought to herself that Luke would have been better off not speaking.

This comment only made Sean's expression darken.

Anthony noticed Sean's expression and smiled meaningfully. "As a cousin, you're indeed very diligent. I'm just worried that your sweetheart Joan might treat Abby the same way Laura did." Sean's face showed a touch of indifference. "What makes you think that Joan is my sweetheart?" "Oh, isn't it because you gave her such an expensive bag and forced her into a major production even though she lacks acting skills?" Anthony feigned curiosity.

"There's no need for me to explain things to you," Sean responded calmly.

Anthony picked up his glass of water and took a sip, saying nothing more.

Abigail chuckled awkwardly. "You guys go on talking about historical anecdotes.

I find it quite interesting.” She planned to ask Sean privately later about how he planned to handle the online situation.

Lewis also didn’t want to participate in the heated exchange between Sean and Anthony, so he quickly pulled Luke aside to chat.

Abigail took out her phone and sent a message to Sean.

‘Can you please stop talking like that? How will you handle the online situation?’ Sean’s phone buzzed, and he took it out. Seeing the message from Abigail, he said, ‘Abby, I’m sitting right in front of you. It’s not appropriate to message privately. If you have something to say, say it out loud for everyone to hear, This made Anthony and the others immediately focus their attention on Abigail.

Abigail forced a sour smile, feeling like she wanted to disappear.

“You guys continue,” Abigail said, putting her phone back in her bag.

Then she reached out and pinched Sean’s thigh hard.

Sean gasped in pain.

Abigail was about to withdraw her hand when Sean tightly grasped it.

She struggled a bit and looked up to see Anthony staring at her. She quickly froze, not moving.

“Mr. Booker, do you have any intentions toward my cousin?” Sean asked directly.

Abigail wished he would just shut up.

“Of course I do. I liked Abby a lot in college, and I still do now,” Anthony said without reservation.

Sean nodded, his smile turning cold. “So, you have ulterior motives for my cousin. That’s why you’ve been deliberately treating her well.” The undertone of his words was clear—Anthony’s intentions weren’t pure.

Anthony looked at Abigail with a smile. “Liking someone is the most innocent thing. Mr. Graham, the way you say it, it’s as if liking someone is a heinous crime.” The two of them

went back and forth. Abigail tried to free her hand while holding her water glass, silently drinking.

“Speaking of which, there’s a makeup style that Laura isn’t very satisfied with.

She says it’s like a hostess and accuses me of having a personal vendetta,” Abigail chimed in as Lewis and Luke, discussed enthusiastically.

Sean watched Anthony with a cold gaze.

Anthony raised his teacup, smiling with equal coldness.

“Is it hooker makeup?” Luke asked Abigail.

She nodded.

“Nowadays, young actors really don’t cut it. They don’t understand, but they insist on criticizing. They lack confidence in our style,” Luke said, sighing heavily.

Lewis wore a troubled expression. “Yes, the industry has changed. It’s difficult for me too.” “Aren’t you going to ask me how to handle the online situation?” Sean suddenly leaned closer to Abigail, speaking to her in a low voice.

His posture was ambiguous and intimate.

Anthony narrowed his eyes, feeling uncomfortable. He leaned back in his chair and started playing with his phone.

Abigail gritted her teeth and squeezed out a sentence. “Let go of my hand.” She spoke especially quietly.

Sean looked at her with deep eyes but still released her hand.

Sean looked at her with deep eyes but still released her hand.

She breathed a sigh of relief. “How will you handle it?” “Just find out who bought the trending topic,” he replied.

“You’re quite proficient in handling these things, aren’t you?” Abigail sneered.

Sean turned his head to look at her. "I specifically looked it up before." Abigail suddenly understood. For Joan's career, he was very diligent.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 149-Different Addresses Anthony glanced up from his phone to look at Sean.

"Can we really find out? The entertainment industry operates in secrecy. Once you expose them, your own career could be ruined," he cautioned. He had considered this method before, but he had. asked industry professionals who had told him that if it was Laura, it must have been her company pulling the strings behind the scenes. With a big company involved, they wouldn't leave any evidence, and they had already found a scapegoat to shoulder the blame, leaving themselves and Laura spotless.

"We just need to find out the evidence that Abby didn't buy the trending topic for herself," Sean replied, his tone less gentle when speaking to Anthony.

Anthony nodded and lowered his gaze back to his phone.

At that, Sean reassured Abigail. "Leave it to me. Focus on your work on set." Abigail's emotions were all over the place. If he had realized this sooner, she wouldn't have had to go this far. If he hadn't let Joan run wild, she wouldn't have had to join this crew and get into 50 much trouble.

Anthony's gaze shifted between Abigail and Sean. After a while, he noticed that Sean cared a lot. about Abigail, but she was very indifferent to Sean.

Hundreds of years ago, it was normal for cousins to marry, but in modern times, it wasn't acceptable.

Sean's feelings for Abigail were obviously abnormal.

During the meal, Lewis suddenly said to Sean, "Even if we find out, it might not make much of a difference. Many people face this kind of thing. Even if it's eventually cleared up, the impact of negative news can't be completely erased." "Exactly, because some netizens read the negative news but won't bother to look at the clarification. In their memories, they'll only remember the negative information about this person." Luke nodded in agreement.

Abigail calmly added, "Since we're in this industry to make money, we're bound to encounter such things. As long as it doesn't affect our earnings, it's fine." The entire entertainment

industry thrived on exposure, but exposure itself was prone to backlash. Trying to thrive in this industry while staying unscathed was too difficult.

If it was indeed Laura and her company behind this, L.Moon would take action too.

After the meal, Sean pulled Abigail aside. When Anthony, Luke, and the others left, he spoke with a serious expression. "Can you stay away from Anthony?" "Anthony just arrived on set today. Do you think he, as an investor who's trying to make money, has nothing better to do?" Abigail asked calmly.

"So, you're saying I have nothing better to do?" Sean became displeased at that.

Abigail merely stared at him. "I'm happy when you help me, but even if you don't, I have my ways. to handle things." Sean smirked cynically. "Your way is to let Anthony help you. You want to let another man assist you." His words ignited a fire within Abigail. She bit her lip and remained silent for a moment before asking, "In your eyes, am I really that useless?" Sean quickly thought of Abigail's previous actions on the show, which had caused problems for him. and Joan.

Even now, Joan's foray into the entertainment industry couldn't be openly publicized, no matter which set she went to for a guest appearance.

"Well, not quite. You're the first one to put me in such a predicament." Sean's gaze turned icy.

Abigail looked at him before letting out a long breath. "I appreciate your help, but if you don't help me, I can handle it myself. It's Anthony's personal choice to do what he wants, just like you. You didn't ask for my opinion either." "You know that Anthony and I don't get along-" "Sean, are you kidding me? What does your relationship with him have to do with me? I don't get along with Joan either, but you also shipped her off to the neighboring set in Millstone. Do you think I don't know?" Abigail coldly interrupted Sean.

Sean was displeased at being cut off. "Can't we have a decent conversation?" Abigail couldn't help but laugh. "You're quite amusing. Do you think we can have a decent conversation? I have things to attend to. If you want to come to Millstone to see Joan, you don't have to go out of your way and use me as a decoy." Sean caught up with Abigail and grabbed her wrist. "Why do you think I'm here to see her? Abigail "You're quite good at pretending. For the sake of preserving the little dignity you have as a man, call me 'Abby' in front of Anthony, but behind closed doors, you use my full name!" Abigail said, then shook him off.

you She ran off quickly.

Sean did care somewhat about his image, so he couldn't sprint after her. He could only watch her 1. Frustrated, he tugged at his tie. "She's so ungrateful!" Abigail returned to the set, patting her chest. Just as she turned, she was startled by the sudden appearance of Anthony in front of her.

"Is there a wild beast chasing you from behind?" Anthony feigned curiosity and glanced behind her.

Abigail put down her hand that was patting her chest and gave a wry smile. "No, you... Aren't you busy?" Upon hearing this, Anthony immediately showed a hurt expression. "Are you trying to chase me away?" "You're saying it like-" Abigail's expression was tinged with helplessness.

"I'm an investor coming to inspect the set's environment. Such a situation has already happened twice. If we don't nab a case and deal with it decisively, and if the crew has too many problems, it will leave a very bad impression on the audience," Anthony frowned as he explained.

Abigail looked at him and suddenly asked, "Do you want to replace Laura in this role?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 150-Conflict Erupts Anthony looked at Abigail as if seeing her for the first time. After a moment, he chuckled. "You really are the woman who challenged Mr. Graham on the show. Come, let's talk in my place." Anthony had a separate room, which was relatively secure. Once inside, Abigail's gaze remained calm. "I've got something in my hand that's enough to make Laura leave this production. I was originally struggling with how to do it, but bringing Luke in gave me a direction." She finished speaking and took out her phone, thereafter playing a recorded file. As Anthony listened to the recording, he saw Laura complaining sharply about the costumes and makeup. His expression darkened. In a historical drama, costumes and makeup had to be meticulously designed based on existing historical records and murals. Laura's dissatisfaction with them indicated a dissatisfaction with the core message of the show. If an actor couldn't fully immerse themselves in the turmoil of that time and only cared about how they looked in the show, it also meant they couldn't do justice to the role given by the director. "If we let her go and lose her company's investment, we'll need someone to cover it," Anthony said with a serious expression. Abigail looked at him and smiled. "I consulted with you because I'm hoping you could help a bit." Anthony pointed at her, wearing an exasperated yet indulgent smile. "You've really planned this out, haven't you? You've included me in it." "Who told you to bring Luke? If you hadn't come, I wouldn't have thought of how to release this recording," Abigail muttered with a slightly embarrassed

smile. "I'll inquire about the investment right away. Keep this confidential. How do you plan to proceed?" Anthony asked Abigail. Abigail looked into his eyes. "Luke might not be effective in reining her in anymore. Laura will surely clash with him. After all, she's a star nurtured by capitalists, with arrogance and a disdainful attitude as her trademarks." "Then I look forward to your performance," Anthony said with a smile. He didn't stay long; after all, six million in investment wasn't easy to come by. The market impact of historical dramas was tricky. Many big-budget historical dramas had both high quality and good reviews, but they struggled with viewership. Thankfully, they didn't operate at a loss, but if they did, it would be even harder to find investors for such projects. As the show continued filming, Abigail watched the actors on set. A major highlight of this show was a stunningly handsome male character, a real historical figure whose fate was tragically documented. The actor playing this character was Eric Davidson. He had a slightly feminine appearance but with a well-toned physique and an exceptionally handsome face. From the start of the production until now, Eric was a laid-back actor. However, Abigail did a little research privately and found out that Eric was undoubtedly a skilled actor. Still, today Luke pointed out a few emotional nuances that Eric wasn't getting right. Luke, who had a deep understanding of historical dramas, could spot whether an actor was portraying the role accurately better than Lewis. Soon, it was Laura's turn. Unsatisfied with her appearance, Luke shook his head as soon as she spoke. "No, she can't perform like this," he announced. Laura's character was fictional but still crucial. Therefore, the complex and conflicted emotions of sorrow had to be portrayed accurately. Lewis had been getting impatient with Laura's inability to keep up with the others, but since she brought in investment, he couldn't be too harsh. Luke looked at Laura, his brows furrowing with annoyance. "Have you studied this period in history?" "The script lays it out pretty clearly, doesn't it? I've got all my lines memorized," Laura replied, suppressing her irritation. She caught a hint of disdain in Luke's eyes. Where on earth did they find this professor? Even his appearance is repulsive. "Young lady," Luke spoke gently to Laura. "Being an actor isn't just about memorizing and reading lines, especially in a historical piece like this. You should delve into that era of endless warfare and immerse yourself in the chaos and oppression inflicted by the barbarians." Laura's patience had worn thin at that point. "Who's directing this play, anyway? Actors should just stick to the script. Who says we have to study history? Do you think actors have all the time in the world?" Luke frowned but didn't respond. It was Lewis who replied gravely, "If you can't deliver what we need, you should put in the effort to improve. You're holding back the re production and disregarding everyone else's hard work. It's making things difficult for everyone." Eric, who was still in his costume, moved to the side and opened a bottle of water, thereafter taking a few sips. Some veteran actors were waiting to shoot their scenes. Laura wasted a lot of time during every take, leaving them frustrated. However, Laura brought in the dough. "This professor came to help Abigail, right?" Laura suddenly brought the conversation back to Abigail. Abigail raised an eyebrow ever so slightly, not saying a

word. Laura decided to stop acting and continued, "Since you're an authoritative professor, I'll pose this question to you-can I change my makeup and hairstyle? I don't like them." Luke looked at Lewis. "This actress won't work. If you don't replace her soon, the entire production will be ruined." At these words, Laura burst into laughter. "Replace me? Have you put a single cent into this production? Who gave you the authority to boss me around?"

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

151-160

I Want a Divorce Chapter 151-Abigail's Ultimate Counterattack Hensey quickly stepped forward, grabbing Laura and explaining to everyone, "She didn't get much sleep last night, and her temper is a bit out of control." As soon as she finished speaking, Laura let out a scream.

This scream silenced everyone.

"I want a makeup change! Director Lewis, can you make it happen? I've been miserable since I joined this production because of this makeup!" an aggrieved Laura shouted, her eyes red.

At this moment, Eric suddenly stood up and fiercely slammed the bottle he was holding to the ground. "If you can't act, then leave! Do you even know the professional ethics of an actor? You dare to join a serious production, but all you care about is looking good. Stop pretending to be an actor and just be a starlet!" Everyone had been putting up with her for days.

Eric, who was good-looking, had been polite to everyone these past few days.

Suddenly, he exploded, shocking both Laura and the others.

"You want the production crew to transform you into a proper actress, yet you're making special demands. How dare you? The six million investment gave you the opportunity to join the production and covered your transformation costs. Why are you acting so arrogant here? You're making things difficult for Miss Quinn. I heard it loud and clear!" Eric finished speaking and walked away without looking back.

Lewis hurriedly went to calm him down.

After all, Eric cost a lot of money to hire, and he had a strong presence. Lewis would rather lose Laura than upset this important figure.

This turn of events surprised Abigail.

After returning to her hotel room from the set, she went on Instagram with a sense of anticipation.

There, she found a post from Eric.

“Troublesome internet starlets who can’t follow directions should stay away from serious productions!” This Instagram post quickly trended. When Abigail clicked on it, she saw that Eric’s fans were very surprised.

It feels like Laura has been causing trouble on the set for a while now. Just look at the past dramas she’s been in, complaining about being bullied, playing the victim card, and claiming she invested in the production but still gets treated unfairly. My heart goes out to Eric.

‘Members of the production crew say that Laura is dissatisfied with her makeup.

She’s been acting out on set, targeting the styling assistant, Abigail. She even mocked Luke, saying he has no right to critique her acting since he didn’t invest.

‘As soon as she gets the lead role, she’ll buy trending topics to overshadow the other actresses. It’s the same every time. Hasn’t Abigail also been overshadowed by her in terms of looks?’ After Eric’s Instagram post, the official account of the university also posted a caption.

“The turbulent times depicted in this show recount a period of painful history.

The evolution of costumes and makeup is a crucial aspect of this period. Luke has been studying this period for over 20 years, and yet he was harshly criticized by a popular star.

It’s truly a sad and painful situation.” Abigail sent the recording to L.Moon’s PR department for them to release a statement.

L.Moon Studio promptly sent one out accordingly. In light of the significance of accurate costume representation in this historical period, Abigail visited major bookstores and universities, engaging in in-depth discussions with various professors. The costumes were meticulously designed to be historically accurate. However, due to a certain popular star’s

dissatisfaction with makeup and attire, Abigail has found herself repeatedly entangled in public debates.

L.Moon Studio is deeply saddened by this turn of events.

At the end, they attached the recording file.

This series of actions immediately drew the attention of the official production company.

Though no names were mentioned, the condemnation from them was sharp and unforgiving too.

Abigail was surprised to see the strong criticism from the official account, and Sean was equally surprised.

He thought that he should have known that Abigail was prepared. If she dared to play the burn the LIIS boats strategy with him in the beginning, Laura was destined to be no match for her.

Cameron also learned about everything. He said, "Mrs. Graham is very clever." "I know," Sean replied calmly.

Perhaps marriage had truly confined her intelligence and talent.

– Even though Abigail hadn't been exposed to the entertainment industry before, she could quickly adapt and turn the situation around.

His concerns seemed unnecessary.

Since Abigail started working, she seemed like a slippery fish. Sean couldn't control her anymore." Supporting his temples with his Sean looked at L.Moon Studio's statement, his eyes filled with contemplation.

She had recorded everything, planning this from the start.

The official account's condemnation held more weight than his own clarification and statement.

In the end, Sean closed Instagram, feeling somewhat defeated.

He had worried that Anthony had taken the lead in helping Abigail, solving these issues for her in advance. But he never thought that Abigail didn't need anyone's help.

She could bide her time, using the most ruthless methods to defeat her opponents. She was like this when dealing with him and Joan, and dealing with Laura was no different.

Meanwhile, Abigail got a day off while Laura was swamped. Endorsements were sending her cease and desist letters, and the company was shifting all the blame onto her.

As Abigail passed by her room, she heard Laura's angry sobs. "It was you who said that no matter what, the six million investment will be my backbone. Now that things have gone wrong, how can you let me take the blame and leave the production on my own? After I leave, I won't have any more roles to play! Please help me!" It was only now that Laura regretted it, but it was too late.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 152-Six Months as a Caretaker Laura hadn't even left the production when a new actress came for an audition.

They ultimately settled on a relatively unknown actress with high recognition. It was said that she didn't cost much, and her total compensation was less than one hundred thousand.

The actress had very clean features, unlike Laura, who relied heavily on a skilled makeup artist to achieve her stunning appearance.

She followed Abigail's styling instructions completely and was even given a stack of historical materials by Luke.

Lewis gave her a week to thoroughly study the script and the books.

Abigail stepped out of her dressing room and stood by the door, watching the young actress engrossed in reading the script. She couldn't help but think that the girl, though young, was very diligent and would surely shine in the future.

She then went to Eric's dressing room.

Eric's character was a handsome one, requiring meticulous attention to detail to capture the essence of the era.

Based on his makeup, Abigail carefully selected his costumes.

“Miss Quinn?” Eric suddenly called out.

They had never spoken before, so it surprised Abigail to hear Eric call her by name, Abigail stood beside a row of costumes. She turned slightly to look at him and asked, “Do you have any specific requirements for the outfits?” Upon hearing this, Eric smiled brightly. “It’s not about the costumes. I wanted to ask if you would add me on WhatsApp.” Abigail’s expression turned to one of surprise. After a moment, she nodded.

“Alright.” Well, he’s also a potential client, after all. Who knows if he ends up winning an Oscar in the future? Designing clothes for him then could really elevate L.Moon’s reputation to a whole new level.

After becoming friends on WhatsApp, Eric returned to the script. “I’ve invested in a production. Next time, I’ll invite you to design costumes for the project I invest in.” “Alright, then. Thank you,” Abigail replied with a hint of a smile.

Eric’s lips curled slightly.

The makeup artist shot him a surprised look but quickly composed herself.

Abigail moved from one dressing room to another, meticulously coordinating costumes for everyone, even the supporting roles.

The new actress’ talent and dedication made shooting the indoor scenes in Millstone wrap up quickly. The crew moved on to shoot on location.

Abigail, too, went along with then Sean received her call, and his voice was filled with discontent. “How long has it been since you’ve been home?” Abigail counted-it was close to half a year.

“I’ll probably go home for the New Year,” she reluctantly replied.

With three months until the New Year, they were about to head to Ragos.

November was the season. for heavy snowfall in Ragos, which would last until March of the following year. They needed to film scenes of a snowstorm.

“Abigail...” “You can’t influence my decisions, Sean,” Abigail cut him off.

They had communicated frequently during this time, but Abigail remained unyielding.

Sean pressed his tongue against the roof of his mouth, his eyes showing a cold glint. "You haven't been home for half a year, and you haven't seen our grandparents. Are you really planning to throw yourself completely into work?" "I'm putting all my effort into my work, thanks to you," Abigail said sarcastically.

"Fine. You're really not coming back?" Sean gritted his teeth.

"Yes." "Where are you going for location shooting?" "I'm going to Ragos to shoot a snowstorm," Abigail answered without hiding anything.

Sean raised an eyebrow. "I've been your caretaker for the house for half a year, cleaning and maintaining the place, and you don't care at all. Fine, then. Don't bother coming back for your down jacket." "No, just leaving the house empty is fine. I can easily hire a cleaner later, and it'll only take me two hours to come back for my down jacket..." Abigail felt more and more exasperated as she spoke.

Sean even forbade her from returning home to get her down jacket.

"I'm now responsible for the house. If you're leaving, just buy a new down jacket!" Sean declared coldly.

Alas, Abigail had no intention of buying a down jacket. After all, would a storebought one be as warm as the one she had personally made?

"What exactly do you want?" she asked Sean, her voice low.

"Grandpa wants you to come home. You weren't there for any of the festival celebrations. Are you really going to deeply disappoint the elderly?" Sean's tone held displeasure.

Abigail ran a hand through her hair. "I need to discuss it with the director." "Can't your dear Anthony approve it?" Sean sneered, to which Abigail chuckled.

"Why are you so sarcastic?" "I'll be waiting for you at home," Sean said, then promptly hung up the phone.

Abigail held her phone, feeling a headache coming on. She turned to leave her room to talk to Lewis about delaying her departure by two days. However, she was startled by Eric leaning against her door frame.

“How long have you been here?” Abigail asked. Thankfully, they hadn’t discussed any sensitive “How long have you been here?” Abigail asked. Thankfully, they hadn’t discussed any sensitive. topics during their phone call just now.

“Not long. What’s up? Is your family pressuring you to go home?” Eric was referring to Sean, her so- called cousin.

Abigail nodded in response.

“I’m going home for three days too. I’ll talk to the director. Then, we’ll all have three days off,” Eric said in a polite tone. He straightened up and was about to leave.

Abigail pressed on. “You came to find me. Is there something you need?” “I’d like to have some personalized everyday clothing tailored at L.Moon. What do you think? It’s quite chilly in Ragos, and I haven’t found suitable winter attire yet,” Eric said warmly to Abigail

I Want a Divorce Chapter 153-Accumulated Disappointment Abigail didn’t believe Eric’s words at all.

With his level of fame, if he casually asked on Instagram, there would be numerous down jacket. manufacturers willing to send him some for free.

“I can, but even if it’s three days, it won’t be enough,” Abigail replied.

“We’ll be away for quite a while. November is when they have the heaviest snowfall over there. I can wear other down jackets for the first half month. Is that okay?” Eric asked amicably.

Abigail nodded. “Half a month should be enough for three pieces.” “Three pieces, then? Will they be personally designed by Alana?” Eric asked with a touch of excitement.

Abigail didn’t realize it. She was a bit conflicted. “Alana’s personal designs have a separate cost, and I can only make one at most.” “One is fine,” Eric immediately agreed.

“Alright, no problem. Half a month it is!” Abigail agreed promptly.

She wanted to make money too.

Alana’s design drafts started at twenty thousand. Abigail pretended to have a conversation with Alana and then finalized the deal with Eric.

The design fee was thirty thousand, and due to the brand effect of Alana, the total cost for the finished product came to fifty thousand.

This was even with a discount for the crew.

The main point was that Eric would promote it when the time came.

Eric needed three days to prepare, and Abigail also immediately made arrangements to return home with Sean.

Abigail returned to her seldom-visited rental with her luggage in tow. As she entered, the aroma of food wafted into her nostrils, surprising her.

After changing her shoes and dragging her luggage to the living room, she went to the kitchen to see what was going on.

Sean was wearing an apron, looking quite at home there. He turned around in surprise when he saw her. "You're early." "There was no traffic. I'll go and organize my luggage first," Abigail explained as she pulled her luggage into the bedroom.

After finishing her tasks, Sean called her to dinner.

The two sat at the dining table. Sean began, "I talked to Grandpa and Grandma.

We'll have dinner and stay the night." "Okay." Abigail didn't refuse.

After all, they had three days off ..me.

After dinner, Sean took Abigail back to the Graham Residence.

In the past, coming back to this house always made Abigail feel uncomfortable, but this time, she didn't feel anything.

Soon, Abigail and Sean arrived. Sean woke her up and they got out of the car.

He had brought some gifts, and in the end, he handed her a bottle of medicinal wine.

"I bought this through someone I know. They say it's very good for the elderly.

Give it to Grandpa," Sean said quietly to her as they walked.

“Alright.” Abigail nodded.

The two then entered the house. Cornelie was preparing vegetables. When she saw Abigail and Sean return together, she immediately put on a stern face. “Isn’t she supposed to be too busy? How does she suddenly have time to come back?” Colby smiled and stood up. “You’re back. You’ve made good progress. I heard you’re working as a stylist on the set and meeting many celebrities?” Abigail’s face lit up with a radiant smile. “Yes, and I even received an order from a celebrity.” “That’s wonderful! Pursue what you like. It’s a good thing,” Colby said with a smile.

Sean and Abigail put the gifts on the coffee table. Abigail stayed with Colby to watch TV, while Cornelie and Sean went to select more ingredients.

“You come back and you don’t even know how to help? You let a man do housework! Is that appropriate?” Cornelie was very displeased with Abigail’s idleness.

Abigail stood up, sat down next to Sean, and suddenly said, “Could you bring the vegetables from over there? Let’s prepare them together and then cook together later?” Sean turned to look at her, then reached over to bring the basket of vegetables to her.

“Alright. Grandma, if you feel tired we’ll handle it together,” Sean said with a smile, addressing Cornelie.

“How can a man like you do this kind of thing?” Cornelie immediately reached for the vegetables he held.

Abigail silently continued chopping the vegetables without saying much.

“It’s fine,” Sean replied. He had helped Abigail and her grandmother cook many times before. “The fish I make is delicious. Abby didn’t eat fish, but she started liking it after eating my cooking.” Abigail thought that it was because her grandmother forced her to eat it.

Of course, Sean would also pick out the bones for her.

She didn’t like fish because of the bones-it was troublesome, and they always stuck in her throat.

“That’s how she treats her husband? She makes you do the cooking, and she does what? She’s acting. like a queen!” Cornelie was extremely protective of her grandson. When she heard Sean’s words, she even abandoned the vegetables in her hands.

Colby slammed the remote control onto the coffee table. "They're a married couple. Let them decide how they want to get along. Are you hoping to see them heading for a divorce?" Sean tugged on his grandmother's arm, signaling her with his eyes.

Abigail sat off to one side, focused on her chopping. She was keeping herself out of the argument.

She felt like an outsider.

Colby glanced at her and sighed inwardly.

He understood why she didn't want to come back last time. She was already very disappointed in Sean and the Grahams.

L.Moon was doing well. If she truly learned to design, she could be independent.

When the time came, the two old folks would have a hard time controlling her.

Colby didn't want to restrict her. He just wanted them to have a child in the future.

If Abigail continued to live apart from Sean like this, and they continued being busy, they would eventually get a divorce.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 154-Immediate Divorce Cornelie went to the kitchen, displeased, and Abigail followed to help.

Afraid they might start arguing in the kitchen, Sean planned to join them, but Colby spoke up.

"They need to talk about what happened before. Your grandmother's personality is like that, and it's not good for her to keep it to herself." "Okay..." Sean could only sit back down.

In the kitchen, Cornelie closed the door before speaking. "Wash the vegetables first. I'll teach you. how to cook if you don't know how."

Abigail walked to the sink and turned on the tap, slowly washing the vegetables.

Seeing her slow pace, Cornelie grew impatient. "At this rate, when will we have dinner?" "If you want it faster, then come he, Abigail responded calmly. "This is the way I wash vegetables." "You've really grown bold, huh? You dare to argue with me. Do you think that

just because you have a job, you've grown wings? Let me tell you, if you don't quit your job, you should divorce Sean!" Cornelie muttered as she grabbed ingredients from the fridge.

Abigail snorted but didn't respond.

"You're a woman, and all you do is work. How much money can you make?

Didn't your grandmother teach you that women should stay home to have and raise children?" Cornelie tossed the meat onto the sink, criticizing relentlessly.

"My grandma taught me never to think about being a man's maid for the rest of my life, or I'll bet done for." Abigail put the vegetables into the colander.

Sean and Colby were watching a show. Suddenly, they heard Cornelie's shouts from the kitchen. "This life is no longer livable! I can't take it anymore! I kindly offered to cook for you both, and. Abigail actually ridiculed me for being your maid!" Abigail opened the kitchen door, drying her hands and looking at Sean. "I'll leave if it's not okay." Colby said in a deep voice, "You traveled for so long. Why go back now? Since you're here, consider this place your own home." "Is what she said reasonable? Am I the maid of this house?" Cornelie rushed out of the kitchen as she questioned.

Abigail felt a bit repulsed. She turned to Cornelie and said, "Are you saying that if I don't stop working, I should divorce Sean? Fine, have him send the divorce agreement over, and we'll get done tomorrow." it "Abigail!" Sean's anger flared.

"Why are you shouting at me? I'll have you know that even if I'm made from mud, I can get angry too. You people threaten me with divorce. Am I supposed to be scared? If you don't want to continue this marriage, just say so! She has a heart condition, and I can't afford to provoke her, so I will avoid her. How can she pick fights with me every day?" Abigail coldly questioned Sean.

"If it's really unbearable, then get a divorce. After all, this brat has an unclear relationship with Joan. Let this old woman find a wife who's willing to reproduce recklessly for her grandson." Colby also growled.

Abigail involuntarily looked at him.

"Grandpa, when Grandma took me to see the traditional doctor, that guy almost killed me with acupuncture. But what did Grandma say? She said I was faking it.

Is my life not important in her eyes?" Abigail asked.

Colby only knew that Cornelie complained about Abigail being ungrateful and telling Sean about being taken to a doctor.

"What happened?" Colby looked at Sean.

"I'm still looking into the matter," Sean immediately replied.

Colby turned to Cornelie with a stern expression. "Things have gotten this serious, and you're still causing a scene? Could it be that you're actually happy only if something really happens to her? That's enough! I'm going to draft the divorce papers!" For three years, Sean hadn't properly fulfilled his responsibilities at home. He was entangled with his first love outside, and Colby couldn't be bothered anymore.

He had a good relationship with Analise.

The Grahams had nearly killed Abigail. If they did cause her death, how was he going to explain this to Analise?

The Quinns had raised Abigail with great difficulty. She was their only granddaughter. If the Grahams made her lose her life, he would be in deep trouble!

"Grandpa, this was all a misunderstanding, to begin with. You know what Grandma's temperament is like." Sean gently tried to placate him.

Colby, however, sneered. "Her temperament? Tell me about her temperament!

Furthermore, what misunderstanding are you talking about? You don't want to have a child. Why would she find all sorts of people to help with the pregnancy if not for that? Sean, if you want freedom, fine. Three years ago, I was wrong." Sean glanced at Abigail, then said after a moment, "I don't want freedom. I accept this marriage.

Why does the matter of having a child have to be so urgent? I don't understand why we have to have a child!" Abigail pressed her lips together, remaining silent.

Seeing the situation escalate, Cornelie immediately screamed, "Ever since she came to my house, nothing good has happened! Back in my day-" "Did I ask for your opinion? You nearly killed someone! Don't you feel a hint of remorse? I entrusted Sean to you, and I have no idea what kind of person you've turned him into!" Colby interrupted Cornelie directly.

“Grandpa, Grandma, please stop arguing. This is all my fault. I shouldn’t have come back today,” Abigail commented softly.

“This matter has nothing to do with you. For the past three years, you’ve been a perfectly good wife. It’s this brat who doesn’t know how to appreciate it. Let’s get the divorce done right now and stop all this fighting!” Colby was furious at that point.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 155-Disgusted Sean walked over to Abigail. He held her hand as he said to Cornelie, “Since you don’t like her, I won’t come back in the future. If you really miss me, just come to my company.” “Sean, I’m your grandma...” Cornelie hurriedly reached out to grab his hand, her voice trembling.

“I never said you weren’t, but you keep causing a scene like this, and everyone is exhausted. She hasn’t been home for half a year, and when she finally comes back, you still make things difficult for her,” Sean stated.

He wouldn’t divorce Abigail.

Skipping dinner was fine.

Colby sneered upon hearing that . nat, you’re not getting a divorce anymore?

Weren’t you dissatisfied with this marriage? Your grandma doesn’t like this daughter-in-law either. Let’s call it quits. Everyone goes their separate ways!

Anyway, Sean, you’re still entangled with your first love. You won’t find any good woman if you continue like that.” “Why are you speaking about your grandson like this?” Cornelie suddenly shouted at Colby.

I’m just stating the facts. Which part of what I said is false? You like Joan, right?

Call her over and let her take care of you.” Colby continued to watch the TV after saying this.

Cornelie was infuriated and stormed into the kitchen.

“Let’s eat first and then leave,” Sean whispered to Abigail.

“I’ll go upstairs first. When it’s time, have Dahlia bring it up,” Abigail said.

Having dinner with Cornelie really made her feel nauseous.

Sean nodded in agreement.

After dinner, Abigail ate in her room, and Cornelie didn't say a word at the dining table.

After finishing the meal, Colby stated, "Sean, if you want to live a good life with her, consider having a child. We're not young anymore. In the first three years, she tried everything to get pregnant. She took injections and medication, but you refused. If you continue to refuse, don't hold her back." Sean just made a sound of acknowledgment.

Dahlia began to tidy up the dining table.

Cornelie was still displeased, but she didn't dare to say it. She could only hold it in.

It was clear that the Quinns owed the Grahams, but now it seemed like they owed Abigail!

Sticking it out for three years wasn't something everyone could do. Colby used to know that Abigail liked Sean, so he could only let her try hard to see if Sean would develop feelings for her.

But it was obvious that Abigail had used up all of her affection for him over these three years.

Colby glanced at his grandson and sighed as he got up.

'Sean, if it's not working out, just get a divorce. After all, the Quinns owe us. If you don't want to have a child with her, let's find someone else,' Cornelie muttered quickly when Colby went upstairs.

Sean listened, feeling restless, but he didn't say a word.

You like Joan, and I like her too..." 'Grandma, it's not that you like Joan, but you believe she can give birth to my child. I won't have a child with any woman.' Sean stood up indifferently, not wanting to say more.

"Sean, I'm doing this for your own good!" Cornelie stood up as well.

"So what? Just because you think it's for my good, do I have to go along with your ideas? I don't quite understand why you, as a woman, have such a strong hatred toward Abigail. Do you feel very happy to give birth to children?" Sean asked seriously.

Cornelie hadn't thought about this issue for a long time.

She looked at Sean, her face showing puzzlement.

Seeing her like this, Sean couldn't get angry with her. Instead, he stepped forward, embraced her shoulders, and said gently, "Grandma, do you know why I've never been able to truly get angry with "You know that I'm being good to you," Cornelie said, feeling wronged.

"You're my relative and my dearest grandmother. Of course, I never doubt your kindness to me." Sean led her to sit down on the couch.

"But Grandma, you need to change your way of thinking. Times have changed.

You can't treat your daughter-in-law with the same standards you grew up with," Sean slowly explained to her.

Cornelie was unhappy. "Why can't I? We all grew up like this. Why is Abigail exempt from it?" "Only a woman without her own ideas will follow such standards," Sean said calmly.

It was obvious that Abigail did have her own ideas.

He understood very well that trying to change Cornelie's mindset, who came from an older era, would be incredibly difficult. It might even be impossible for that change to ever happen.

"What ideas? What's the use of marrying someone if a woman won't have children? Who is spoiling her?" Cornelie grumbled in discontent.

"Grandma. Sean frowned.

"If you can convince me, why not convince her?" Cornelie asked, then turned to tidy up the cover on the couch.

Sean also knew that it wouldn't be easy to persuade her, so he patted her shoulder and went upstairs.

After he went upstairs, Cornelie leaned angrily on the couch, rolling her eyes.

Abigail thinks she can just throw a tantrum all over this house like she owns it, huh? After all these years of me running the show at the Graham Residence, am I supposed to just let a daughter-in-law walk all over me? No way! Abigail's display of disrespect today won't slip past me. She's got another thing coming if she thinks I'll just let it slide. This place doesn't belong to her, and I won't tolerate her tantrums. She's got some nerve!

I Want a Divorce Chapter 156-You Don't Deserve Trust Sean returned to his room and found Abigail in the shower. He decided to grab a book to read.

Just then, his phone started ringing.

When he picked it up, he saw an unfamiliar number, but one that he still recognized. He immediately answered, his voice lacking its usual coldness.

"Hello, why are you calling me?" he inquired.

"Do you know what happened to Joan on set? For Abigail, you left her, and now the crew is deliberately bullying her! She fell from high up and nobody cared

about her!" The voice on the other end was seething with anger.

Sean clenched his phone. "Is she at the hospital now?" "How dare you ask me that? Low should I know?" the voice shot back, furious.

"I'll call the set and find out," Sean said, letting the person vent their frustration.

Then, he Cameron a message on WhatsApp.

sent "Sean, if something happens to Joan, I'll destroy you and myself!" The man then hung up at once.

Sean hurried downstairs without explaining his sudden departure to Dahlia.

"Why the rush..." Dahlia mumbled to herself.

Abigail emerged from the bathroom, but there was no sign of Sean. She assumed he was still downstairs.

As she neared completion of half of her sketches, Sean still hadn't returned.

Abigail sensed he might not be at the house and couldn't help but feel frustrated.

Once again, it was Joan's situation that called him away.

The next day, close to noon, Abigail was in her room. She sent messages to Sean, but it was like shouting into a void.

She made a series of calls, and finally, Sean picked up.

"I'm quite busy here. If need be, you can have the driver pick you up over there." Sean's tone was laced with a touch of indifference.

"Sean, if you keep acting like this and sneaking around with other women, then don't force me to come back home! Whose time are you wasting? You can't even stay overnight! Are you in such a hurry to meet your little fling?" Abigail's chest heaved with anger.

"You have three days. When have I ever wasted your time? I have things to attend to. Can't a little trust in our relationship?" Sean's voice carried a hint of irritation.

you have "Trust? Is this how you earn my trust? Leaving me alone and running off to see your little fling? If you're so eager to go be with her, why don't you agree to Grandpa's suggestion for a divorce yesterday? What gives you the right to string me along?" Abigail was seething.

"Divorce is all you talk abo Fine! Once I finish my business, we'll go through with it! Since you don't believe me at all, I don't see why we should continue this." Sean's words were cold.

"An unfaithful man like you has no right to be trusted!" Abigail forcefully hung up, trembling with anger.

She thought, foolishly, that Sean really wanted to work on their relationship.

She thought that when he cleaned the house for her, defended her in front of Cornelie, and didn't divorce her despite Colby's words, he wanted to change for the better.

Fantasizing about him was the biggest mistake she had ever made in her life.

She got up and planned to change her clothes and leave.

Just then, Dahlia came in with a pitcher of water.

"You've been upstairs all morning. I brought you some water. Have a drink," Dahlia said gently, placing the beautiful glass pitcher on the table.

Abigail glanced at it and thanked her.

"If you don't feel like coming downstairs for lunch, I'll bring it up to you," Dahlia offered with a smile.

“Alright, thank you,” Abigail replied.

After Dahlia left, Abigail walked to the table, poured herself a glass of water, and took a sip.

Downstairs, Cornelie gave her a look, and after their eyes met, Dahlia went to the kitchen.

“I’m going over next door to play some cards. I won’t be back for lunch,” Colby said, then got up and left.

Abigail had lunch and sat on the edge of the bed, planning to call a car.

Time passed slowly, and soon, the door was pushed open. Dahlia entered the room with Cornelie.

Abigail lay on the bed. Her phone had fallen onto the carpet by the bedside.

“Take her to the guest room on the third floor,” Cornelie ordered.

Dahlia, along with two young maids, lifted Abigail up and dragged her upstairs.

Cornelie picked up her phone and followed them upstairs.

Abigail didn’t know how many days she had been lying in a daze, but she knew the room had been dark the entire time.

Sean had been taking care of Joan in the hospital for four days when he received a call from Kevin.

“Sean, Luna called me. She wants to know where Abigail is. Her phone is off, and she hasn’t gone to the set. The director is furious and has scolded Luna,” Kevin said cautiously.

Joan’s situation at the set had been exposed online after Sean personally went to inquire about it.

Her popularity on the set was low. When there was an issue with the harness and she fell from a great height, some thought she was faking it. En route to the hospital, she went into shock.

Sean erupted in fury on set, and the show’s production had reached a point of no return, while Joan remained in a coma.

As a result, Sean's mood had been sour these past few days.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 157-Abigail's Missing?

Kevin was feeling a headache from being hung up on the phone call.

He personally made the phone call, but the phone was switched off. He also contacted Anthony about this, who said that he was unaware of the situation.

No one could contact Abigail at this point.

"Don't tell me something's happened to her," Kevin asked Luna, who was by his side.

"I'll call the police!" Luna shot up.

"Yeah. We should call the police," he agreed.

It would be too late to call the police later when something had happened to her.

However, the police couldn't dispatch any immediately since Abigail's phone battery died out.

Kevin knew that Sean wasn't in a good mood, but he still called him.

"What is it? I told you. I don't know where Abigail is. Her whereabouts have nothing to do with me." Sean was irritated.

"She's missing. Do you know when she was last seen? Luna has reported this to the police," Kevin told him seriously.

Sean frowned and said, "I last spoke to her three days ago. After our argument, she probably left the Graham Estate. Let me call to check." They could still check the security cameras if she went missing when she left the estate.

After hanging up the phone, Sean's breathing got labored. He couldn't leave Joan's side now. If he did, Abigail could be in greater danger.

Then, he called the number of the Graham Estate, and Cornelie answered instantly.

"Grandma, did Abigail leave the estate yet?" Sean suppressed the panic in his heart and tried to sound calm.

“Probably not. I don’t know. I haven’t gone downstairs in three days. I don’t know what she does in her room, but we do send food to her room for every meal. What’s wrong?” Cornelie asked with a smile.

Sean let out a breath of relief before his blood started to boil. “Can you pass the phone to her?” “She probably won’t accept the phone. She doesn’t even open the door sometimes when we send her food. I’m not entertaining that bad attitude of hers,” Cornelie complained to him.

“Are you lying to me, Grandma?” Sean’s tone went cold. Abigail regarded work more important than anything else, so she wouldn’t lock herself in the room.

“Why would I lie to you? I’m your grandma!” Cornelie got agitated.

“Let her out now and return her phone to her. I’m busy, so I can’t come back now, Grandma. Don’t do these sorts of things,” Sean ordered sternly.

“I will. If you won’t come back and sign the divorce settlement with her, she’s not leaving. I won’t budge even if you tell your grandpa unless you make me jump from the second floor!” Cornelie exclaimed before hanging up the phone.

Sean grabbed his phone with rage and roughly pulled his tie off.

“Mr. Graham, I can stay here while you settle Mrs. Graham’s situation.” Cameron walked up and uttered gently.

Sean’s eyes were lowered as they flickered around. At last, he glanced at Joan, who had an oxygen mask on, before leaving with his phone in hand.

After he got in the car, he called a number. Soon, the other side picked up. “I need to return home to settle some things. I’m just letting you know that my assistant is taking care of Joan in my stead. I promise to return to the hospital in three hours,” Sean informed in a deep voice.

“Sean, is she more important after all?” The voice from the other end of the phone was cold.

“She’s my wife. Of course, she’s important,” Sean answered without hesitation.

However, the man snickered. “She was in Joan’s way. You failed Joan and caused her to end up like this. You promised Joan riches, but what happened?”

You left her at the set for Abigail.” That was her own doing! What? Are you trying to guilt trip me?” Sean’s voice was even colder than The other person was silent for a while before answering begrudgingly, “I’ll only give you three hours.” Then, Sean hung up the phone.

Abigail lay in the dimly lit room as her whole body ached. She flipped her body down from the bed when she couldn’t sleep anymore. She felt weak, especially her legs, which lacked energy.

Then, she crawled to the toilet and opened the faucet to spray cold water over herself. Only then did she feel more awake. She knocked her head against the wall to regain control over her body from the pain. After that, she stood up with the wall as her support but fell beside the sink when she walked toward it.

Her stomach hurt so much that she was seeing stars since she could feel her body now. She turned the tap on and drank the water, hoping to dilute the medicine in her body through urination.

When Sean returned to the Graham Estate, Colby had also returned as he received the phone call.

It had been three days, yet he didn’t realize that Abigail hadn’t left.

Cornelie sat in the living room with the divorce settlement on the coffee table.

She looked at Sean with her chin tilted up. “Sign the divorce settlement now to divorce Abigail, or don’t even think about finding out where she is.” “Grandma, must you force me to cut you out of my life?” Sean asked her in return.

“Abigail made me do this. If I don’t teach her a lesson, she probably thinks I’m a free nanny!” She was still upset over Abigail’s words.

“Abigail did hurt you by saying that, but you almost killed her and didn’t even apologize. Why must you make her submit to you?” Colby questioned with a dark expression. He couldn’t understand Cornelie at all.

“I didn’t agree to this marriage from the start, but you forced Sean to marry her because of that old h*g from the Quinns! It’s been three years, but not a single child was born. If she gave birth to one, there wouldn’t be any problems!” Cornelie shouted.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 158-I Regret Ever Loving You Colby’s gaze also landed on Abigail.

Even though it was still warm in November in Pendorf, one could still easily catch a cold in wet clothes.

“Abigail, go change first,” Colby urged with concern.

However, Abigail walked down the stairs and looked at Cornelie with cold eyes.

She was barefoot, and the water dripped onto the floor, creating a path behind her. She stopped before Cornelie and asked, “Did I ridicule you? I just didn’t want to become a nanny who couldn’t do anything. It’s your choice to live your

life as you wish, but why did you try to change me?” Then, she snatched her phone from Cornelie’s hands.

who was I can’t believe that you would g me and lock me in the room for so long...” A lump grew in Abigail’s throat as she spoke. “I always thought that you were just like any old person conservative, so you tended to speak a little on the extreme side. But I was wrong.” “Sign the divorce settlement. I don’t want to argue with you. I won’t have a heart attack just because of you. You’re just a wild child brought up by village parents.

You’ve been married to Sean and were treated with the best things for three years. Consider this a blessing to you!” Cornelie was sharp with her reply.

However, Abigail smiled. “Sure. I don’t really want to serve your grandson, who likes to cheat anyway.” “Abigail, I told you I didn’t cheat!” Sean emphasized once more.

“So? Did you count the days that you’ve been away?” Abigail questioned with reddened eyes.

“Abigail...” She sobbed before saying, “Say no more, Grandpa. She drugged me this time, attempting to destroy my career. I don’t know what she’ll do next. I can’t risk it anymore.” Then, she walked to the coffee table. However, Sean grabbed the divorce settlement before she could reach for it and tore it to pieces.

“Don’t push it, Sean! Must you and your grandma make me breach the contract and pay the liquidated damages before you stop?” Abigail glared at him.

“I’m bringing you home. Let’s get you back home.” Sean grabbed her hand and dragged her toward. the door.

When they were in the courtyard, Abigail pushed his hands away and slapped him hard when he turned around. "Why are you the one deciding? I thought you wanted to live a good life with me! You're incorrigible! You put me in a tough spot again and again for Joan." Sean's face was turned to the side from the slap.

When he looked back at her, he saw her finger pointing at him. "I'd rather be dead than trust you again. I shouldn't have trusted you. I shouldn't have followed you home. Get back. Stay away from me. I'm disgusted by the mere sight of you!" Then, she ran out of the courtyard barefooted.

Sean ran after her. "Abigail, I can explain-" "Get lost!" She turned around and screamed at him with reddened eyes. "Get the f*ck away from me! I regret ever loving you. I was blind to fall for a person like you!" Then, she ran out of the estate onto the empty winding roads.

A car suddenly stopped before Abigail and the car door opened to reveal Eric's face.

"Get in," Eric told her.

Abigail was surprised to see him there.

When Sean caught up to her in his car, he saw her open the door of a car and got in.

Abigail saw Sean's car and told Eric, "Please drive faster. Lose the car behind us." To which Eric said yes.

She hugged her arms around herself in the car and thanked Eric when she noticed him turn up the heater. "Thank you." "Where to?" he asked her.

"Can I use your charger? I'll tell you after I've thought it through." Abigail answered him.

He nodded. "Sure." She plugged the charger into her phone and let it charge for a moment before switching it on to see hundreds of phone calls from Luna. That made her tear up.

Lewis was berating her in his messages and even Anthony was coming down on her that it was hard to explain to Lewis about her disappearance.

Abigail had never hated Sean so much. All of her misfortunes started from the moment she liked him. If she could go back in time, she would never like him.

Then, she asked Luna to pack her belongings in her house and send them to the Elysian Garden Hotel located beside the airport before telling Eric, "Let's go to the airport. Oh, right, didn't you go to Ragos with the director?" "My scenes aren't that urgent. I was worried for you since you didn't return to the set and I wanted to help look for you," Eric answered gently.

Abigail was taken aback and said quietly, "Thank you." "It's nothing. I'm still waiting for your studio to design the down jacket for me.

We're friends now, so don't mention it." Eric flashed her a small smile.

When Eric drove into the city, he took a shortcut and Sean lost sight of them very quickly. Sean had no time to go after them anymore but was worried sick since he didn't know whose car Abigail got in.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 159-Mrs Graham Hopped on a Plane and Left On his way to the hospital, Sean called Cameron to check on the license plate of the car that Abigail hopped on.

On the other hand, Abigail arrived at the Elysian Garden Hotel just as Luna asked her assistant to send Abigail's belongings over.

"Abigail, Luna's busy with a client at the moment and asked me to send these to you. Are you alright?" The assistant had a concerned expression on her face.

Abigail looked totally disheveled. Even though she usually dressed down, she was never in this state -barefoot with wrinkled clothes and matted hair.

"I'm fine. I got wet. You may return if you have work. I'll be heading to Ragos after I'm done cleaning up. So, I don't need you here." Abigail pulled her luggage to a wider space.

The assistant watched as she opened up her luggage and took out a change of clothes.

"I'll go get you some food before I leave, so you can eat before boarding the plane," the assistant said and exited her room.

So, after her shower, Abigail came out to find a pack of ravioli on the table that the assistant had left before leaving.

After finishing the food, she headed to the airport, where Eric was waiting for her.

As they were waiting to board, Eric grabbed a magazine and asked, "Miss Quinn, I wanted to ask. How did you end up like that with just a trip back home?" Abigail felt a little awkward but still answered him since he had helped her. "My family didn't want me to work. That was it." Of course, Eric wouldn't find out the details of what happened. Not allowing her to work... "Your cousin's family is that unreasonable?" Eric was shocked.

"Old people. She probably wanted me to stay by her side," she answered with a smile.

Eric didn't know what to say as he could feel her aversion in her smile., but he was in no place to interfere since it was her private matter.

Then, they boarded the plane when the plane was ready. Abigail informed Luna and switched off her phone to rest.

Back at the hospital, Sean found out that it was Eric who took Abigail away and couldn't help but frown.

Cameron stood beside him and whispered, "Mrs. Graham's plane has taken off." 'Got it. You may go rest. Come back here later to care for her." Fatigue crawled up Sean's face.

Going back home was supposed to be a happy thing, but things turned out for the worse. Sean stared at Joan, who was lying on the bed, as he began to look back at the past three years he was with Abigail.

At Ragos, Lewis shook his head disapprovingly at Abigail. "You're lucky Eric was there. If not, you would have blown our plans apart." 'I'm really sorry. I didn't expect a nap to turn into something so big." Abigail's voice was laced with guilt.

However, Lewis shook his head helplessly. "Go get ready. We have work tomorrow." The days at Ragos were tough on the actors and staff. As a girl who grew up in Pendorf, Abigail suffered from frostbite on her hands and legs after working outside for three days in Rágos' cold weather.

When her hands and legs were warmed up at night, they would start to itch.

Finding it hard to sleep with the itch, Abigail put on a down jacket and went outside to push her hands into the snow.

That was the scene Eric saw when he went out.

She was surprised by his sudden appearance and asked, "Why are you awake at a time like this?" "I was looking for inspiration. Did you see the director's face during the day because we didn't get a good shot? Why are your hands in the snow?" Eric smiled bitterly but was also curious about her actions.

Abigail was helpless and showed him her hands. "I was born and raised in Pendorf where the weather's nice. It's too cold here. My hands and legs are covered in frostbite. It's so itchy that no cream is helping." "Your hands will fall off if you do this. Besides, it won't look good if it's swollen.

Go back in," Eric said sternly.

However, the fault wasn't on Abigail as she just couldn't stand the itch. Now that Eric had caught her, she could only return to her room. Once she was warmed up in the heated room, the frostbite on her hands started to itch again. It was torturing her.

After trying to deal with it for half an hour, she was about to sleep when she heard a knock on the door. She was surprised and found a hotel staff member standing at her door after looking through the peephole. She opened the door and asked, "What's the matter?" "Ms. Quinn, may I confirm if the last four digits of your phone number is 7423?" the staff asked politely.

Despite being confused, Abigail answered with a smile since the number was right. "Yes." "Here's your delivery." The staff passed a bag to her.

She returned to her room and shook the bag. It wasn't heavy, and she opened it to find a pair of gloves with a cable attached to it and an ointment to treat frostbite.

As she took the things out, she saw a card with Eric's signature.

'Miss Quinn, do charge the gloves before you sleep tonight, so you can wear them tomorrow throughout the day. You should also apply the ointment tonight.

It'll help with the itch. Also, I'll be waiting for you in the hotel's backyard tomorrow at 6.30AM for a run.

It was the first time Abigail had seen a chargeable glove, and she was amazed by it. On top of that, Eric's consideration touched her a little.

They didn't usually talk much, yet Eric would always help her when she needed it the most.

The next morning, Abigail met up with Eric for a run as per his invitation.

who u the female lead, asked her why she went for

I Want a Divorce Chapter 160-Sean Is Here Again Abigail knew the reason for that.

She heard that the director scolded Josie for scratching her hand and messing up a scene.

Josie said that her hands were itching badly due to the frostbite, but the director felt it looked authentic and made her maintain it.

As a southerner who came to the north, it was normal for her to get frostbite.

So, her hands were more severe than Abigail's and were cracking all over.

As Abigail considered the tough conditions Josie had endured since she was filming, she took out the gloves that she charged up and passed them to her.

"You can put this on during scenes where you don't need to show your hands.

It's rechargeable and can heat up. You can ask your assistant to buy some ointment later. I'm sure you'll recover in no time." "What about you?" Josie was a little embarrassed.

"I can use a heat pack once I'm done with my job. But it's different for you. You'll have to stand in the cold wind the whole day." Abigail said gently.

Josie blushed and replied. "Thank you, Abigail." After that, Abigail thought to tell Eric that she lent the gloves to Josie and ask him for the shop he bought the gloves from so she could get another pair.

Later, she realized that running didn't help with the frostbite as she realized her cheeks and ears were covered with them. So, she put a hot towel on her ears that were itching as she searched online for what she could do about it.

Abigail wasn't the only one who got frostbite as almost half the crew got it too.

Even though the director picked Ragos as it was a northern city with the best weather, the Southerners who had never experienced such harsh weather were all suffering from frostbite.

Abigail paused when she saw a recommendation to draw blood out with needles, as it was said to be very effective.

She looked into it further and actually thought that it made sense.

So, she got up to buy some needles and antiseptic from a nearby pharmacy.

However, she saw Sean when she exited the hotel, who just got out of the car and was pushing his luggage.

Their eyes met, but Abigail quickly averted her gaze and acted as if she didn't know him. It was as if he was a stranger.

Sean saw her walking toward him and let go of his luggage.

When she walked past him, he reached out his hand and grabbed her wrist.

"You've been angry long enough." However, Abigail just shook his hand off her forcefully and walked away without looking back. Sean ran after her and grabbed her hand once more. "Abigail, why do you want to make a fuss?" "Who's making a fuss here? We're having the divorce after this is settled, Sean.

We'll go our separate ways since you think this is troublesome." Abigail stared coldly at him as her eyes burned with fury.

"I won't divorce you," Sean stated coldly.

"I'll sue for the divorce! Your expenses with your mistress are all recorded. Do you think you can win?" Abigail glared at him.

He looked her in the eye and said, "Abigail, Joan and I are not lovers. I can't tell you the reason. Can you understand?" Smack! That earned him a hard slap across the face from Abigail.

The night was quiet, and the sound was loud while Sean's face turned red.

"Go away if you're not going to tell me! I don't care what your relationship with her is. You left me at home and caused me to be locked up. It nearly caused trouble for my studio. We're over! I won't forgive what your grandma did to me!" Abigail shouted with tears in her eyes before turning around to leave hastily.

Sean stood rooted to the spot and touched his face, which was going numb from the pain. Abigail really hated him. If not, she wouldn't have slapped him that hard.

He placed his luggage down and asked the assistant who followed him to take it back to the hotel before following Abigail.

Then, he realized she had entered a pharmacy and went in as well. "Are you hurt? What's wrong?" Sean asked her.

"None of your business. Get out!" Abigail shouted at him impatiently.

Seeing this, the pharmacist who was about to ask Abigail what she needed backed up. That made Abigail purse her lips and glare at Sean before pulling her scarf tighter around her.

She got some iodophor and medical alcohol before asking the pharmacist, who was playing with her phone at the cashier, "Do you have medical needles?" "Are you talking about needles for acupuncture? We do," she answered and glanced at Sean.

Until now, Sean didn't know why Abigail wanted to buy those things and was eager to know.

"I'm not too sure. I've got frostbite on my hands. I heard that needles can draw blood out to help it heal faster," Abigail told the pharmacist.

Sean's face immediately darkened when he heard that. The pharmacist shivered at his cold aura and answered quickly, "I've never heard of that method. You should apply ointment for frostbite." "It doesn't work. My hands are itching badly." Then, Abigail told the pharmacist the method she saw online.

Sean frowned when he heard that and his mood turned even more depressing.

The pharmacist was frightened and said, "Let me take a look at the frostbite." She assumed that Sean and Abigail were a couple and probably had an argument. However, Sean still cared for Abigail and didn't want her to treat the frostbite using the needles.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

I Want a Divorce Chapter 161-My Heart Aches for Her Abigail showed her hand to the pharmacist, who noticed the frostbite on her fingers. She said, "Have you been out in the cold all day? There's heating indoors; it shouldn't have gotten this bad." "Yeah, I work outside," Abigail replied.

Sean, with a stern expression, asked, "Aside from what she mentioned, isn't there any other way? If the work has to be done outside, is there a solution?" Abigail shot him a glare. "It's none of your business!"

The pharmacist quickly intervened, "He's just concerned about you. Sir, if she has to work outside, keeping warm is absolutely necessary. Otherwise, treatment won't be effective." "Just tell me if I can use acupuncture, Abigail expressed some concern. Many crew members on the set had the same problem.

"Yeah, it's an option. But it's not really necessary. If you're indoors for three or four days, the frostbite on your cheeks and ears should clear up" The pharmacist stuttered a bit, finding them both intimidating and strangely pleasing to the eye.

Abigail nodded in understanding After leaving the pharmacy, Sean followed Abigail.

Abigail was getting a bit annoyed. She was about to say something when Sean spoke up. "You don't want us arguing on set, do you?" "Are you threatening me?" Abigail turned around, giving him a hostile look.

Seeing that she was about to get worked up again, Sean interjected. "I promise you, there's nothing romantic between Joan and me." "It's none of my concern," Abigail said coldly.

"You're my wife. How can it not be your concern?" Sean retorted.

Abigail gave a bitter laugh and didn't respond.

Back at the hotel, Sean trailed behind Abigail. She was about to enter her room when he reached out and stopped her. "Why use acupuncture? What if you hit an acupoint wrongly, like last time, and something goes wrong?" "It's none of your concern..." "Abigail, don't push me. I've tried to talk to you, but you won't listen. You're just provoking me now," Sean said, restraining his frustration.

Seeing the anger in his eyes, Abigail reluctantly let go of the door.

Eric emerged from his room and saw Sean entering Abigail's room. He looked a bit puzzled but decided to check it out.

Abigail had just set the medicine down when there was a knock on her door.

Sean turned and opened it.

Eric stood at the door. Seeing Sean, he quickly put on a polite smile. "Mr.

Graham, are you paying a visit to your cousin?" The way he called Abigail "cousin" grated on Sean's nerves. He had a stern expression as he replied. "Can't I come to visit?" Eric was taken aback by his attitude. He then reached up to touch his nose and said, "Of course." Abigail sensed that the atmosphere was off and immediately approached the door. She smiled and asked Eric, "Can't sleep at this hour?" "I'm a bit hungry and thought I'd see if there's anything to eat," Eric replied.

As he spoke, his gaze shifted between Abigail and Sean for a moment before he took a step "Well, you two carry on. Just give a shout if you need anything. Miss Quinn." back.

Abigail nodded. "Alright, thanks." Sean promptly closed the door.

Eric stood outside her room for a while before turning back to his own room.

His brows were tightly knit, and his expression was grave.

Sean showed so much concern for his cousin and came all this way to do so too.

Thinking back to how Abigail had run away from home, Eric couldn't shake the feeling that something was off with Sean.

Abigail sat on the living room couch, and Sean approached her, taking her hand firmly.

"If I had hit you before, I would have gotten a dozen slaps in return. What happened to your temper?" Abigail asked sarcastically.

Sean shot her a glance. "Even if you provoke me, I won't lay a hand on you. Do you think I'm like those abusive partners?" Abigail huffed.

Sean didn't argue further. He gently squeezed the frostbite on her hand. "Should I just pop the red spot where you have frostbite on your finger?" "Yeah, the blood inside has coagulated. It's not circulating anymore," Abigail explained.

Sean applied a bit of pressure, noticing how the skin around the frostbite turned pale, while the inside, where the skin cells had died, had a red dot.

He took out a needle, sterilized it, and swabbed some alcohol on Abigail's hand before taking a deep breath.

"The ointment didn't work?" He was still hesitant.

Abigail's hand, so fair and delicate, made it hard for him to just jab it with a needle.

"It's itching like crazy. Come on, hurry up," Abigail urged.

Sean could only look at her seriously as he slowly and carefully pressed the needle against her skin.

As the needle punctured the skin, he anxiously asked, "Does it hurt?" "If you can't do it, just leave. You're dragging this out." Abigail was getting anxious from his hesitance.

Sean had to carry on.

Once it was nearly done, Abigail said, "Stop." Sean immediately withdrew the needle.

Blood, red and fresh, started to well up. Sean's brows furrowed.

Abigail squeezed a few times, indicating to Sean that he should continue.

"Can't the ointment do the job? Do you really need to poke dozens of holes in your frostbitten hands?" Sean asked.

"Why don't you try having frostbite sometime? Feel what it's like when your hands warm up at night. Without experiencing my pain, don't say so much." Abigail felt like giving Sean a punch.

From then on, Sean could only endure the ache in his heart for Abigail as he tended to her injuries one by one.

Once he was finished, Abigail applied the ointment. She then took off her socks; her feet had some injuries too.

They were a bit more serious, with some areas already swollen and red.

Sean reached out to take her foot.

Abigail was startled and instinctively pulled her foot back.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 162-Secretly Jealous Sean held onto her foot tightly, looking at Abigail. "You can't let your feet get worse. They're more sensitive than your hands. I'll massage them for you." Abigail felt a tickling sensation and frowned. "Let go..." Sean sat on the couch, holding her foot in his hands. He pressed on the swollen parts of her toes, his voice cold. "A little massage should help. Didn't you buy insulated shoes?" "Even with insulated shoes, it's not much help." Abigail replied.

Even with snow boots, running around in the snow all day often left her feet wet, and sitting for a while made them ice-cold.

Sean didn't say anything. He massaged Abigail's foot slowly, his expression stern.

After he was done, the itching sensation gradually subsided for Abigail.

"How does it feel?" Sean asked after massaging for half an hour, his hand a bit sore.

"I-It's okay," Abigail felt a bit embarrassed.

Sean's lips curled slightly. He flexed his hand a bit and said to Abigail, "You should go take a bath. I'll head back, and later, I'll come over to massage your ears." Abigail declined. "It's okay, I'm fine." "I heard that if your ears get frostbitten and the red flesh is exposed, it oozes clear liquid every day. Even a light touch would be excruciating, Sean said. He had seen a classmate experience this when he went to study in another city for university.

Abigail trembled at the thought and stared at Sean intently. "Don't lie to me." "Just look it up if you don't believe me. Why would I lie to you?" Sean said before getting up to leave.

"Send me a message when you get back," Abigail reminded him.

Sean smiled and opened the door before leaving.

Back in his room, he called his assistant over.

"Mr. Graham, is there anything you need?" the assistant asked respectfully.

"Tomorrow, I'll visit the set. First, go check if we can rent large trucks that can carry cargo containers," Sean instructed.

www 1/2 The assistant nodded. "How many do you need?" "Ten should be enough," Sean replied. "Also, check for generators. We'll need about ten of those too." The assistant promptly went to handle it.

This time, when Sean went to Abigail's room, he was much more cautious than before.

The two of them slept on the same bed. Sean massaged Abigail's ears, his touch gentle, and Abigail slowly drifted off to sleep.

Early the next morning. Abigail got up quietly and continued her morning run with Eric.

They walked side by side. Eric asked Abigail in a low voice, "I want to ask you a serious question." "What is it?" Abigail turned to look at him.

Eric licked his lips and hesitated for a while before asking. "Is your cousin acting strange toward you?" "Huh?" Abigail didn't quite catch on.

Eric couldn't help but say. "He's your cousin. Don't you think he's a bit too controlling?" Abigail burst into laughter at his words.

"Why are you laughing?" Eric asked, a bit embarrassed that he might be mistaken.

"He's not controlling toward me. Our relationship is a bit complicated, and it's not something that can be explained in a few words," Abigail replied. Sean used to avoid talking about their marriage. and now it had become her thing.

"Just tell me that you both don't have a perverted relationship like what I'm thinking." Eric said with a worried expression.

"Maybe everything between us is different from what you think," Abigail replied, looking ahead.

Eric glanced at her.

Mornings in the north were beautiful, with a clear blue sky and warm-toned streetlights casting a golden hue on the snow in the park, making everything shimmer.

Abigail's skin glistened with a light sheen of sweat, resembling a sprinkle of gold dust.

"If you don't tell us, we really wouldn't know," Eric said with a light chuckle.

"Everyone has privacy rights," Abigail said with a smile.

"Yes, I understand," Eric replied.

Just before breakfast, Abigail and Eric returned to the hotel, chatting and laughing.

In the hotel lobby, Sean, who had been watching them run circles around the park with such joy, had a cold look in his eyes.

As soon as Abigail saw him, the smile on her face disappeared, and she whispered to Eric, "I'll go up first with him." "Okay, don't forget to have breakfast," Eric kindly reminded.

Sean snorted.

The two of them entered a different elevator. Sean immediately asked sourly, "Do you like Eric?" "Oh, so now you think I like Eric?" Abigail asked, a cold smile on her face.

Sean was rendered speechless for a moment, after which he said with dissatisfaction, "So that means Eric has feelings for you. Why else would he be so concerned about you?" "You're blaming me for someone else's feelings? Why don't you confront him then? Are you scared?" Abigail asked Sean with a sarcastic smile.

"Do you really want me to confront him?" Sean suddenly asked, his tone growing serious.

"Sean, if you cause trouble for me at work again, we'll be strangers from now on," Abigail warned.

"So, if I cause trouble for him, you'll protect him? I guess I'll just keep my mouth shut then." Sean spoke sarcastically as he crossed his arms.

"Then keep it shut. You made me shut up plenty of times too. It's just karma," Abigail replied nonchalantly.

Sean suddenly grabbed Abigail's wrist, pulled her into his embrace, held her chin, and gently kissed her lips. "I can't hold back," he murmured.

Abigail immediately stepped on his foot. "What are you doing? Are you crazy?"

"There are security cameras!" "What's the big deal about these security cameras? We aren't on set. Besides, do you really think they're monitoring the cameras all the time?" Sean stubbornly said, his arms wrapped around her waist.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 163-Love That He Detested Abigail struggled to push Sean away.

"This isn't just about the crew. We need to consider if there are any hidden cameras in the hotel," Abigail retorted, her eyes fixed on Sean.

Sean let out a cold chuckle. "Are you afraid of our relationship being exposed?" "Just like how you initially looked down on me and were afraid of our marriage getting exposed," Abigail countered, refusing to appear weak.

Sean released her and gazed at her with deep intensity. "Abigail, I have to ask, is loving someone something you can start and stop so easily in your heart?"

He remembered clearly that Abigail had married him because she loved him deeply.

"If I were to say that I regretted liking you and regretted marrying you, what then? Since the Moment your grandmother drugged me, I regretted it deeply.

You were capable of leaving me for Joan, and for your grandmother, you could abandon me as well. I was the one constantly being cast aside by you," Abigail said self-mockingly.

Sean fell into a long silence before he finally spoke, looking directly at Abigail.

"Abigail, put yourself in my shoes. Would you abandon someone who raised you?" "So, why is it wrong for me to let you go?" Abigail shot back.

It was just a matter of reciprocating what he did.

Besides, he was unwilling to talk about Joan at this point. Even now, he kept it from her.

"In the future, if Grandpa wants to see you, I'll bring him to you," Sean said calmly.

"I only hope that there will be no connection between us," Abigail asserted firmly.

Sean pursed his lips, suddenly feeling somewhat powerless.

Back in the room, they had breakfast. Suddenly, Sean asked, "When did you start liking me? Can you tell me?" "Just eat," Abigail said, avoiding the topic.

"Even if I were to face a death sentence, I should at least be allowed to die understanding what I did wrong, right?" Sean smiled faintly, as if he had come to terms with Abigail giving up on him.

Abigail recalled a distant memory.

When she was engulfed by the sea, even though he was physically frail and usually aloof, he did everything to get her out of danger.

Abigail's eyes turned slightly red, and tears fell onto the table without warning.

Sean was momentarily stunned, quickly grabbing a tissue to wipe away her tears.

Due to his saving her life when she was younger, she vowed to devote herself to him and tried her best to get closer to him.

Yet, she didn't know why loving someone had to be so painful. Her love during those three years was much like a burden to him, and she had been met with his aversion and neglect.

This love that she had believed to be sincere turned out to be merely something he detested... After realizing this, she didn't even dare to face the love she once had for him.

Her purest feelings for him in her youth had been shattered by his aversion.

Abigail couldn't mend it, nor did she have the courage to. She was afraid of this feeling that was now tainted with his aversion.

"Sean, you shattered the love I had for you with your own hands. There's no going back. Besides, the emotional toll your grandmother imposed on me is just too much. I can't bear her anymore. and she's disgusted by me. Let's just leave it at that. Don't ask me anything anymore," Abigail cried.

Sitting beside her, Sean pulled her into his arms and patted her back. "I won't ask anymore, and you don't have to endure her. You don't have to go back in the future." As the morning grew busy with the crew starting work. Abigail noticed ten large trucks parked not far from the filming site.

She was a bit surprised and approached the crew to ask, "Why are these here all of a sudden?" "Oh, you can thank your cousin for this. He said everyone's been working too hard and specifically rented ten trucks. They're going to be pieced together, one side for the men, one side for the women, and inside, there will be generators and electric heaters to provide a warm place for everyone to avoid the cold," a crew member answered with a smile.

Abigail nodded, feeling a bit strange inside.

When she walked toward the trailers, she hesitated for a moment.

Sean watched as the trailers were lowered onto the snowy ground and slowly pieced together.

Abigail walked up beside him, catching his attention.

He turned to look at her, carefully examining her eyes for a while before asking, "Your eyes are still a bit red. Have you used the eye drops I got you?" Abigail gave a soft "yes," feeling a mixture of emotions inside.

With so many people around, Sean couldn't force Abigail to get close to him.

Seeing her crying earlier in the morning filled him with guilt.

It was because of this guilt that he found it even harder to make her feel uncomfortable in front of everyone.

Lewis approached, taking a quick glance at Abigail before turning to Sean with a smile. "Mr. Graham, you're certainly kind toward Miss Quinn. With a warm place now, the actors will be much more comfortable." Sean nodded. "Earlier, she caused a delay in your work. As her cousin, I'll make up for it on her behalf by providing a warm environment. It's nothing much." Lewis was a bit taken aback, and he reddened. "Thank you, Mr. Graham." He had scolded Abigail very harshly, so Sean's words left him feeling awkward.

He felt like disappearing into the ground.

Abigail felt a bit embarrassed too. With just a few words from Sean, both she and Lewis felt uneasy.

Soon, they were back on set. When Eric and Josie were filming their scene, Eric happened to notice the gloves Josie was wearing.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 164-4 Eric Is Uneasy “Cut! Eric! What’s wrong with you today? Are you going to act properly or not?

You’re wasting everyone’s time!” Lewis shouted in frustration for the third time, irritated by Eric’s absent- mindedness.

Eric looked around, his face filled with apology. “I’m sorry; can I have ten minutes to rest?” He couldn’t understand why Abigail had given the gloves he bought for her to Josie.

Seeing Eric leave after speaking. Lewis quickly approached Eric and asked in a low voice, “What’s going on? Are you feeling unwell?”

“No, just give me ten minutes. I promise I’ll adjust,” he said calmly, but his emotions were hard to hide.

Back in the resting trailer, he sat with his eyes closed. Thinking about the gloves on Josie’s hands, his breath becoming uneven.

“Pass me my phone,” he suddenly said, addressing his assistant, who was heating water for him.

He rarely used his phone, especially during filming. The last time he used it was when Laura had angered him.

One by one, everyone returned to their trailers to rest.

Abigail was busy selecting clothes for the other actors. Lewis approached her with a steaming cup of tea. “Thanks to your cousin, we can all have a sip of hot water.” Through the gap in the clothes acting as a barrier, Eric discreetly glanced at Abigail. Hurt emotions flickered in his eyes, but in the end, he didn’t say anything.

He heard Abigail say, “Director, if I make a mistake again, please go easy on me.” She said this while stealing a glance at Eric.

Eric seemed different today, but she had no idea why.

Seeing Abigail looking at Eric, Lewis asked her quietly, "Do you know what's up with that kid?" "I have no idea. He was fine during the morning run," Abigail replied.

The two spoke in hushed tones until Eric's assistant walked past them.

Abigail and Lewis quickly fell silent.

After Abigail finished picking the costumes for the actors, she went into the adjacent trailer for female actors.

When she came out, she saw Sean walking over with an umbrella.

He had a paper bag in his hand, and when he saw Abigail, he quickened his pace.

Abigail, standing under the fine snow, waited for him to approach. She naturally stepped under his umbrella. "I'm going to help the female actors with their outfits. If you have something to say, do it quickly. I only have ten minutes." "These snow boots were specially sent here for you, along with a few bags of heating pads and thick socks. Put them on after you're done with work, Sean said, handing the bags to Abigail.

Abigail lowered her head to take a look and slowly reached out to accept them.

"Thank you." "The gloves I ordered for you won't arrive until tomorrow. If the hot water bottles get cold, recharge them. The generators have enough power," Sean continued.

"Okay." Abigail nodded.

As she was about to leave, Sean forcefully handed her the umbrella. "You don't even know how to use an umbrella." "You don't want it?" Abigail asked.

Sean took two steps back, his tone indifferent. "The car is right over there. It's just a few steps away." Not giving Abigail a chance to speak, he turned and walked away quickly.

Abigail couldn't help but mutter to herself that her route was even shorter.

The biting, cold wind swept toward her in waves.

Abigail hurriedly ducked into the trailer.

After the hustle and bustle, once the actors had left. Abigail retreated to her designated corner for some rest.

She opened the paper bag and pulled out the fully lined furry snow boots. As she touched them, she could feel the warmth emanating from within. She swapped out her thick socks, applied a heating pad to her instep, and slipped into the new snow boots.

With these on, she wouldn't have to worry about her shoes getting wet in the snow.

Just as the chilly winds and snowfall set the scene, Abigail ventured out, umbrella in hand. However, something seemed off about the atmosphere on the set.

She quietly folded up the umbrella and sat under the temporary shelter.

"I never expected Eric to have such a temper. He's been so easygoing all along," a supporting actor whispered nearby.

Abigail also joined in the gossip. "Why did he lose his temper?" "It seems his assistant replied to a message for him, but this is quite common in big-name actors' studios. Many times, their phones are managed by their assistants or managers," the supporting actor replied.

Abigail acknowledged with an "oh." It was probably his assistant replying to a message for him that had caused him trouble.

Working until late at night, the actors and crew members were shivering from the cold.

As Abigail prepared to leave with the other people, Eric suddenly called out to her. "Do you still need gloves?" There weren't many people around, but Abigail was still a bit surprised that he would ask her such a question in this kind of place.

"Uh, no need. My cousin said they'll arrive tomorrow," Abigail politely declined.

Eric nodded. "Alright, start jogging on your own tomorrow. I'm not feeling well these days, so I'll take a week off." "No problem," Abigail replied.

Watching Abigail turn and leave with a smile, Eric stood in the icy wind, feeling his body slowly grow cold.

In groups of two or three, everyone returned to the hotel. Josie was waiting for Abigail at the door. When she saw Abigail approaching, she immediately took her hand. "I received the

heating pads you had your assistant send me. Thank you so much.” “No need to thank me. Are your hands feeling better?” Abigail smiled, walking with her toward the elevator.

The two walked hand in hand closely together, making Eric behind them feel incredibly uncomfortable.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 165-Sean Gets It Again Josie affectionately leaned on Abigail’s shoulder. “The swelling has gone down.

After we finish filming, I want to get a custom-made dress from your studio!” “Sure!” Abigail replied with a wide smile.

Eric’s face looked rather grim.

When Sean came to pick up Abigail and saw Eric’s expression, he couldn’t help but furrow his brows. This guy used to keep his eyes on Abigail all day long, even sneaking glances at her during their runs. What was up with him today?

Sean, ever watchful of Eric, remained cautious.

Abigail hadn’t been in her room for long before Sean arrived. He had ordered food from outside, and it would be delivered soon.

The hotel provided meals for the crew, but Sean found it particularly unappetizing.

Sitting beside Abigail, he naturally took her hand. “I’m boiling hot water,” Abigail said, trying to pull her hand back.

The frostbite she had pricked were no longer swollen and didn’t itch too much.

The hot water was mainly for soaking her feet, which she hadn’t had time for earlier. Now, they felt very uncomfortable even when she sat down.

“I’ll check. You stay put.” Sean got up without hesitation and headed to the bathroom.

Abigail bit her lip. In the past, she would have been thrilled, but now, she just found it ironic.

Sean returned with the hot water. He tested it with his hand, jolting back from the scalding heat. He frowned, saying, “This is too hot. Do you plan on making foot soup?

“It’ll be fine once I get used to it. Besides, this is my foot basin. Are you testing it with your hand?” Abigail said deliberately to disgust him.

Sean suddenly smirked. “I’ve massaged your feet before, and I didn’t mind. Now you’re repulsed by yourself?” “I’m not repulsed by myself. My feet are perfectly nice feet,” Abigail said, preparing to soak her feet.

Sean picked up a napkin from the side and wiped his hands. “Indeed, they are.” “You’re a pervert,” Abigail scolded, her face reddening.

Inattentive, she dipped her legs in too quickly, causing her body to jolt from the scalding heat. As a result, she accidentally kicked the basin over.

The water splashed toward Sean’s legs.

“Abigail!” he roared, unable to bear the pain.

Abigail rolled to the corner of the couch, clutching a cushion. “Who told you to chat with me when I needed to concentrate...” Sean quickly kicked off his shoes. After getting scalded, his face reddened. He grabbed his soaking pants and rolled up the hems.

Only when the pain subsided did he glare at Abigail. “Was this intentional?” Abigail hugged the cushion, her face full of innocence. “It really wasn’t.” Taking a deep breath, Sean took out his phone and messaged his assistant.

In no time, the assistant arrived.

“Get her another basin of hot water. It must be hotter this time. Then, have the hotel staff come and clean up the floor. You wait outside. There will be a food delivery later,” Sean said, suppressing his anger before leaving.

Abigail tucked her feet on the couch, smiling innocently at Sean’s assistant.

The assistant picked up the overturned basin from the floor and entered the bathroom.

Abigail soaked her feet, and the diligent assistant helped the hotel staff clean the room.

Sean came over, but the takeout had yet to arrive.

He was a bit impatient, and when he called the restaurant, he found out that the delivery was delayed due to the difficult road conditions in the snow.

"I'll have to wait for half an hour for the delivery. The food will be cold by then," Sean said angrily.

"I'll go pick it up. Just send me the address," the assistant said while stepping forward.

Abigail couldn't help but say, "The roads are slippery. Be careful. If it's too dangerous, don't go." "It's alright, Mrs. Graham. I'll be careful driving," the assistant replied.

"Go ahead and be safe, Sean said.

As the assistant left, Abigail said with dissatisfaction, "I know you're anxious, but in weather like this, don't rush them. What if they get into an accident because they're in a hurry?" "You care about others but don't seem to care if I get scalded." Sean sat beside her, his face cold.

Abigail shrank back, feeling terrified.

Seeing her instinctive reaction, Sean intended to hold her hand, but he changed his mind and gently touched her hair instead. "I was worried that your food would "I can eat anything. I'm not picky," Abigail answered emotionlessly.

"Give me your hand," Sean instructed.

Abigail reached out with her hand.

get cold." After dinner, Sean massaged Abigail's feet until they were no longer itchy, then returned to his room.

Snuggled in the warm blankets, Abigail felt a sense of fullness in her heart.

Yet, she was also conflicted.

What exactly was her relationship with Sean now?

She decided that she couldn't easily forgive Sean.

What had happened at his house was still vivid in her memory. She couldn't let her guard down just because Sean showed some good qualities.

Lost in her thoughts, she dozed off.

On the contrary, Eric couldn't fall asleep.

As soon as Sean lay down, he received a message from his assistant.

*Eric is outside, completely soaked." It was snowing heavily at night, and Eric was actually out in the snow? Sean replied to the message.

"If he catches a cold, call a doctor immediately and let Lewis know." Everyone wanted to finish this shoot as soon as possible, but he suddenly went out into the snow! If he got sick, he would delay the progress of the crew, and Abigail would have to freeze along with him!

I Want a Divorce Chapter 166-Someone's Jealous The next morning, Lewis informed everyone that they would have a day off. The minute Josie heard this, she rushed to Abigail's room for gossip.

"I heard Eric was outside in the snow last night, completely soaked and freezing.

Lewis even had to bring him back to the hotel. He was furious," Josie said with wide eyes. She was at that age where discussing such things made her eyes sparkle.

H "Maybe that's what actors do," Abigail replied, somewhat puzzled, as she didn't quite understand what was going on.

Josie frowned. "Could it be because he was playing someone who is dying, so he's tormenting himself to be in that emotional state?" Abigail shook her head as she sipped on her drink. She felt content to have a day off from work, lounging on the couch lazily by the floor-to-ceiling windows and watching the snow fall outside.

"Compared to a senior like Eric, I'm really far behind. I need to work harder," Josie said as she stood up immediately.

Abigail merely hummed. She didn't have to work today, so she enjoyed her day off with a blank mind.

Holding his notebook, Sean entered her room and saw her seated by the window, gazing at the snow. He asked, "Do you like it?" "I like sitting here and watching the snow," Abigail replied.

It was only comfortable to watch the snowfall from inside, where there was insulation. Outside, she felt like her face was going to shatter; there was nothing but pure discomfort.

Sean took the gloves and charging cable from his pocket and placed them on the coffee table. "I brought your gloves for you." "I will lend this pair to Josie. The one she's using was a gift from Eric. I should get it back from her and return it to him once we are done filming." Abigail said suddenly to Sean.

Abigail felt a bit guilty toward Eric because of these gloves. Josie had ordered a dress from L.Moon as gratitude for Abigail lending her the gloves, which would cause misunderstandings.

Sean immediately took the gloves from the coffee table with a cold expression.

"Why should my things be used by other women?" After saying this, he suddenly remembered how Eric looked, and, combined with what Abigail said, he instantly understood.

"What other women? She's so young. She's just an actress in her twenties.

She's like a younger sister," she replied nonchalantly.

He kept the gloves back in his own pocket. "Only you can use my things." "In that case, I'll use a hot water bottle." Abigail huffed as she watched the snow outside the window.

"Abigail, do you have to go against me to feel better?" Sean queried, increasingly frustrated and his voice rising.

Frowning in response to his outburst. Abigail looked at him and replied, "Forget it if you don't agree. Why are you mad? It's just a pair of gloves. I'll have Eric tell me the store's address, and I'll purchase them for myself." "Are you determined to take Eric's gloves back?" he asked through gritted teeth as he suppressed his anger.

"They are his. I already said that I was only lending it to Josie and would buy her a new pair. Since you came and brought them, I'm going to lend them to her.

What's the problem?" Abigail replied, "Why don't you ask Eric to inform Josie where to buy the gloves and get her to purchase a new pair to return to him? Why do you have to meddle in this?" Sean questioned.

Abigail hesitated, thinking about how Eric had secretly purchased the gloves for her. She felt it was not good for others to know about it, so she didn't mention it.

She found it strange that she had easily confided in Sean. Could it be that she had never really excluded him from her thoughts?

“So, these gloves are your secret with Eric.” Sean suddenly sneered in mockery.

Abigail had shared the gloves with Josie without hesitation, which left Eric feeling disheartened. It turned out that this small secret, which was only known to them both, was not so secret after all.

Abigail was displeased as she slammed her drink on the nearby table. “Why are you being so sarcastic? Do you think I’m you? Why are you getting mad at me?”

Who do you think you are?” Sean took the gloves and threw them onto the coffee table. “Do whatever you want with them. I don’t f*cking care anymore.” “These are your things, and I don’t want them. I’ve forgotten that I’ve caused you to be in such a difficult position by being stubborn.” Abigail suddenly calmed down.

It was something Sean had bought. What right did she have to deal with them?

She had mistakenly thought that they were closer than they actually were. For the past few days, he was a tad bit kinder to her, and she lost her sense of boundaries, thinking that she could decide on his behalf.

It was her mistake. They had never been that close in their relationship.

Seeing the indifference in her eyes, he softened his tone. “I was too impatient earlier. I’ll get you another pair. You can return Eric’s pair to him, and this one can be for Josie. Is that okay?” “No need,” came Abigail’s cold reply. She was still looking out of the window and enjoying the snowfall, adding, “Just don’t come here anymore to save me from being annoyed.” “Abigail-” “Don’t say anything, Sean. It was my mistake earlier. I shouldn’t have assumed that I could deal with something that you bought.” Abigail genuinely reflected on her actions and realized that she had been too presumptuous. Their relationship had never been strong enough for her to make any decisions for him.

“You can. You have that right,” Sean replied as he walked over to her. He placed his hand on her shoulder, his eyes deep.

Despite his efforts to console her, he had once again made her upset.

"I don't. I was wrong to be angry with you earlier. I've sincerely reflected on it." Abigail looked at him with a faint smile.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 167-Darling, Are You Asleep?

Sean held Abigail in his arms, resting his chin on her shoulder. "By the fact that you are telling me, it means you care about my opinion and you hope I'll agree.

It's my fault for being jealous and making you unhappy. Please don't be mad, alright?

Abigail furrowed her brows and pushed Sean away forcefully. She kept silent as she walked to the bedside, lifted the blanket, and lay down to cover her head.

"Don't say anything. I need my rest." She had no desire to communicate with him at the moment. The more she was caught up in his small acts of kindness, the easier it was for her to forget her

place in his heart.

In the past, when he made decisions, she merely needed to comply with them silently. Now that he was treating her well, she was stubborn.

Sean frowned, walked over to the couch in front of the coffee table, and sat silently for a while. Then, he took his gloves and walked to the door to send a message to call his assistant over.

Once Cameron arrived, Sean opened the door and walked out. The door clicked softly as it closed behind him.

Abigail lifted the blanket and walked barefoot to the door to peer outside through the peephole.

After ensuring that he wasn't outside, she went to retrieve Sean's laptop and headed to the door. Then, she gently opened it and pushed the laptop out through the gap in the door.

Not far away was Sean, who didn't notice what was going on, handing his gloves from his pocket to Cameron, whose attention was fully on him. "Deliver this to Josie and tell her that this was personally chosen by Abigail for her. Take the pair that Abigail gave her and deliver it to Eric with the message that it's from Miss Quinn." "Yes," Cameron replied, taking the gloves and heading off to execute the instructions.

Feeling slightly relieved, Sean headed back to Abigail's room. When he discovered that his laptop had been thrown out, anger rose within him and he reached out to bang the door. "Open the door!" Inside the room, Abigail wore soundproof earplugs, so she remained undisturbed and snored.

Frustrated at being locked outside, Sean returned to his room clutching his laptop. Then, he texted Abigail with the message, 'You'd better stay in your room for the rest of your life!

After typing it out, he deleted the message immediately and furrowed his brows, contemplating for a moment before attempting a calmer approach. "It's not suitable to burn bridges..." Yet, he erased that as well before reluctantly asking, 'Darling, are you asleep?' This text seemed to disappear into thin air.

Abigail took a short nap and started to watch videos on fashion shows. This was her favorite type of video to watch, and every time she saw those beautiful clothes showcased by models, she felt at sense of satisfaction.

During dinnertime, he knocked on the door again, and this time, she didn't refuse him. She opened the door without any expression.

"I had my assistant return Eric's gloves to him," he said first, but his gaze remained fixed on her.

Abigail was momentarily surprised but nodded a short while later. "I gave the ones I bought to Josie and bought another pair of you. When you have a word with Josie, don't mention that I bought them," he continued.

"You've bought quite a few things for Joan..." She started to say but stopped herself from overthinking and said, "Never mind." Sean went straight into her room and closed the door behind him. He took out his phone and asked Abigail, "What would you like to eat? I can get my assistant to buy it." "I can eat at the hotel. You don't have to spoil me that much," Abigail replied as she walked over to the couch and sank into it. She was somewhat worried about Eric. The gloves are something that I should have personally given him, but Sean has taken care of it. I didn't expect him to do this.

Without heeding her wishes, Sean placed an order while Abigail texted Eric. 'Did you receive the gloves?' Eric quickly replied, 'Yes, I did.

She stared at the message, contemplating whether or not to explain herself.

Ethically and logically speaking, she should do so since he had assisted her.

Yet, she was also afraid of saying too much and causing Eric to overthink. He was not in a good condition for the past few days, and she didn't want to further affect his work.

With a furrowed brow, she held her phone, deep in thought, and Sean noticed her conflicted expression.

"Who are you chatting with? Why do you look conflicted?" Sean asked.

"None of your business," Abigail replied as she glanced at him.

Sean was becoming frustrated. He sat down and opened his laptop, saying, "You left my laptop outside today. If it had been stolen and the contents of it leaked, you would have been in trouble." "The hallway has surveillance cameras. Who would be foolish enough to steal your computer?" Abigail replied without looking up from her phone.

"Is it so hard to say something nice?" he asked.

She casually looked at him and commented, "Here we go again." He rose to his feet and prepared a foot bath for her, too tired to argue with her.

As expected, Eric was under the weather. After being ill for three days, Abigail still visited him in his room with a bowl of soup. Sean wasn't around today, and with the end of the approaching, his company had a party, so he couldn't stay.

year Upon entering the room, she heard Eric coughing incessantly, after which his assistant quickly poured him some water.

"Eric, I came to see you," Abigail called out from the door.

"Place the things by the cabinet near the door. I'm down with a severe cold, and it wouldn't be good to pass the infection to you," Eric responded from his bed, his expression distant.

She keenly noticed him being distant. Without saying much, she placed the soup down and prepared to leave.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 168-Eric's Throwaway Account As Abigail turned around, she heard Eric's hoarse voice say, "Wait a moment." Abigail turned to look at him. His assistant quickly set down a cup after he waved a hand.

The assistant then hurriedly walked past Abigail, went out, and even closed the door behind him.

"I'll pour you some water," Abigail said, walking over to the water dispenser.

Eric watched her, and when she handed him the water, he asked, "What's in the lunchbox?"

"Chicken soup, made by the hotel for you." Abigail pulled out a chair and placed it by the bed before going to get the lunchbox.

"I want some," Eric said, then started coughing.

Abigail nodded and sat down by the bed. She opened the lunchbox.

As Eric sipped the soup, he occasionally let out a muffled cough. He didn't stop until he felt a bit better. Then, he suddenly asked Abigail, "Did you use the gloves I gave you to please Josie and get an order from her for your studio?" Abigail had already guessed.

"No, why do you ask? In your eyes, am I such a bad friend?" Abigail looked into his eyes, her expression calm.

Eric lowered his head to look at the soup. After a while, he said, "Those were gloves I personally bought for you. As a friend, you should have told me first before giving them to Josie. I admit, it bothered me a bit.

"I'm sorry. At the time, Josie's hands were swollen like buns. The director wouldn't let her seek treatment, and I really felt sorry for the poor girl," Abigail explained and apologized sincerely.

Eric gave a weak smile. "So, are we still friends?" "Of course we are. Finish your soup; it's good for your health," Abigail said gently.

"From now on, if I give you anything, you have to tell me first before giving it to someone else. I'm not stingy, just a little particular." Eric's voice was low.

"Alright, next time, I'll tell you first," Abigail replied, but she felt there might not be a next time.

While the worlds of fashion and entertainment were somewhat connected, the connections weren't that significant. After parting ways, meeting again could easily take several years, and more often than not, they might never meet again.

People in Eric's circle were always so busy.

After Abigail finished serving the soup, someone else came to visit Eric.

Josie held a phone, ready to take pictures. She even intended to drag Abigail along, but Abigail declined.

She was afraid that someone might pair her up with another male actor again and create gossip. Thus, she felt it would be better if people from the entertainment industry did things like this together.

As Abigail left Eric's room holding the lunchbox, she listened to the lively chatter inside, exhaling slowly.

Josie's photo was approved by everyone and posted online.

Abigail, with some free time on her hands, checked Instagram.

She found that Josie had tagged Alana's Studio, so she clicked to take a look.

"Only a little over twenty days until the New Year. This year, we're celebrating together at Ragos. This is my first New Year with my crew members. I'm very happy and looking forward to it. Happy New Year, everyone. Wishing Eric a speedy recovery from his cold!" Abigail read Josie's caption.

She glanced at the comments.

Then, she found some top comments quite amusing.

"Did anyone notice that Josie's gloves used to be pink, and now they're camel?"

Let's guess, did a guy or a girl buy her these gloves this time?" "It looks like everyone really likes Josie. They're so concerned about her frostbite. Last time, it was Miss Quinn who gave her the gloves. This time, it should be a guy, right?" "Miss Quinn's gloves are really pretty. I really like Miss Quinn. She's so good to Josie. No wonder Josie likes sticking around her on set." Abigail quickly closed Instagram.

Comparatively, Eric was quite attentive. He knew to choose an appropriate color.

Sean, on the other hand, was just a big goof, not caring about colors at all.

Josie wasn't very popular to begin with. She had around two hundred thousand followers on Instagram, but after she posted the photo with Eric, it quickly started trending.

The trending topic significantly boosted Josie's popularity. However, what they didn't know was that a few days ago, Josie had posted a selfie on Instagram, revealing the pink gloves with the logo. When netizens visited her Instagram and tried to find the same gloves, they discovered a throwaway account. On the day Josie announced that she had changed her gloves, this throwaway account posted a picture of pink gloves and even added a song to go with it called "Where the River Ends." Coincidentally, Eric had once posted the phrase "Wherethe RiverEnds" on Instagram.

He had never explained the meaning behind this phrase, so everyone had always assumed he was recommending the book "Where the River Ends" to his fans.

Netizens also noticed that there were no online stores selling these gloves.

So, this Instagram throwaway account became the subject of everyone's investigation.

The internet was buzzing, but everything on set remained calm.

Early in the morning, when Abigail went to prepare clothes for Eric, she had just entered the trailer when she heard his assistant say, "The company told you to immediately deactivate your Instagram throwaway account. If fans dig up your information, it won't be good." "I don't even have my own privacy?" Eric's voice was filled with displeasure.

Abigail wasn't sure if she should leave or stay.

Seeing other actors coming, she immediately walked in forcefully. "I'll help you with your clothes." The assistant seemed a bit anxious. He quickly said. "There's something urgent.

Can you come in a bit later?" "Sure, I'll tell the others," Abigail said with a smile.

She felt that something serious was going on with Eric.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 169-Intricate Connections Abigail and the other actors chatted together while standing at a distance.

After a while, her phone rang.

It was a call from Sean. She answered while walking away slowly.

“What’s the matter?” Her voice was cold.

“Eric’s throwaway account has been exposed and the crew knows nothing about it?” Sean’s voice was filled with anger.

Abigail immediately became alert. “What happened?”

“A few days ago, Josie posted a photo of the gloves he bought on the Internet.

Eric’s throwaway account also posted a similar photo of the gloves. Can you guess what the outcome might be?” he asked Abigail.

Netizens would think they were in a romantic relationship. Josie had claimed that she borrowed the gloves from Abigail, so Abigail would be rumored to be dating Eric.

Abigail had already been rumored to be in a relationship before. If this happened again, Eric’s fans would likely bombard her with negative comments.

“Are you sure it’s Eric’s throwaway account?” Abigail asked immediately.

“Are you questioning my abilities?” Sean retorted.

He could easily find out what netizens could discover.

“Tell Director Lewis about it. I’ll check online,” Abigail said. She wasn’t sure about the current situation online.

Sean remained silent for a moment before asking, “Do you believe Eric has feelings for you?”

“He only sees me as a friend,” Abigail replied. He had asked her the same question a few days ago, and there was no way he could suddenly develop feelings for her.

Besides, it seemed too inexplicable for him to develop feelings for her.

Sean let out a cold snort and hung up the phone.

Abigail opened Instagram and found trending topics related to “Where the River Ends” and “Eric’s throwaway account,” She first clicked on Eric’s throwaway account and found that the latest post was about the gloves, paired with the song “Where the River Ends.” That song... it was Abigail’s ringtone, which she had been using for many years.

She felt a cold sweat breaking out on her back as she exited Eric's throwaway account and then clicked on the trending topic.

This topic was related to Eric's official account and an Instagram post from three years ago.

Abigail looked at the date of the Instagram post that Eric had made but couldn't remember anything significant about that day.

She had been standing in the snow, and when she turned around, she saw Eric coming out of a trailer. They exchanged glances from a distance, and she decided to walk over to him.

He was there to meet Director Lewis, but he approached her when he saw her coming.

"That throwaway account..." "It's not me." Eric interrupted Abigail.

Abigail frowned. "Sean found out that it was you." "Are you sure?" Eric asked Abigail as a faint smile appeared on his face. "I became friends with you, and he wasn't happy about it. I know that." "The gloves are only available in Ragos, right?" Abigail continued. She looked at him with determination in her eyes.

Even if she hadn't figured it out, the netizens would have.

"I don't know if they're only available in Ragos. Director Lewis is looking for me, so I have to go now," Eric said gently before walking away without looking back.

Could it really be that Sean was lying?

However, Abigail couldn't help but believe Sean in this matter. She didn't believe he would resort to baseless accusations to smear someone.

She understood Sean very well in some aspects. Even if he wanted to compete for something, he wouldn't resort to baseless smears.

After Eric finished talking with Lewis, they got to work within a few minutes.

His performance was better than ever, and Lewis praised him repeatedly.

During a break, Abigail took out her phone to browse the Internet.

The online trends had shifted.

Because of the popularity of these pink gloves, they were now available in many physical stores in cold cities across the country. Some fans of Eric and Josie had even started reselling them.

As for the so-called Eric's throwaway account, it turned out to be a stranger from a city thousands of miles away. His personal information was exposed, and people had already reported him to the police.

Abigail sent a message to Sean.

"What's your explanation for the online situation?" She believed Sean, but the things she had seen told a different story.

"When I checked it, the account was registered to his phone number, Sean replied to Abigail.

Are you saying that he managed to leave no trace for anyone to find by changing his phone number and identity information in just two hours?" Abigail felt that unless Eric had a deep connection with Instagram staff, it would be impossible to erase all traces like that and it was undetectable even by Sean.

"Anything is possible with money, Sean replied.

"I trust you, but what I've seen with my own eyes makes it hard for me to believe you. I've always believed that you wouldn't resort to smearing someone." Her message was followed by a phone call from Sean.

"I'm at work, so I can only send messages." After she rejected the call, Sean replied to her, "I'll explain it to you later.

Abigail didn't really want to hear his explanation anymore.

What was the point of Sean's explanation for her?

She didn't reply to Sean's message.

After work, Josie told Abigail nervously. "I'm afraid something will happen. I won't take random photos anymore." "Is anyone criticizing you?" Abigail was still feeling guilty about the situation she had inadvertently caused, which had nearly dragged Josie into the center of public opinion.

Josie was about to respond when she saw Sean approaching from a distance.

She whispered to Abigail; "Your cousin is here. I'll leave first."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 170-I Have No Parents Everyone knew about the close bond between Abigail and her cousin Sean, who regarded her as incredibly important in his life. He had even spent money to set up a trailer on the set for her, complete with electric heaters to keep her warm during breaks, as he was concerned about her well-being. Abigail hadn't expected Sean to come in person and she was feeling a bit tired of the situation. As members of the crew gradually left, Abigail and Sean entered the trailer. She took her seat and asked him, "Weren't you busy with the New Year's Eve gala?" "I'm done with that now, and I wanted to spend New Year's Eve here with you," Sean said in a gentle tone. He appeared casual on the surface but was secretly observing Abigail. Abigail remained composed. "It's better for you to go home. It's New Year's Eve. I wouldn't want your grandmother to call me and upset me." Sean knew that Abigail's words were entirely valid. "Regarding Eric's situation... I don't think it's simple. Be careful when dealing with him on the set." Sean couldn't help but offer a warning. "After we finish shooting, we won't have any chance to meet. You don't need to worry about it," Abigail replied coldly. Sean leaned against a nearby table and asked Abigail, "About half a month ago, Alana personally made a down jacket for him and had it delivered here, right?" He clearly knew that Abigail was Alana, but he couldn't bring himself to ask directly. "What does that have to do with me?" Abigail asked with a sly smile. "How could it not have anything to do with you? L. Moon's assistant said it was your order. He's a big shot, yet he respected you, a little assistant," Sean said ambiguously. "Yeah. Josie will also be ordering a dress from our studio because of me. Josie likes me too. When the time comes, I'll divorce you and get into a relationship with her." Abigail deliberately provoked Sean. Sean stared at her intently. "What if it really is Eric? Your L. Moon will be finished." "Too bad it's not," Abigail said indifferently. She packed up her bag before asking him, "Is that all? I'm leaving now. In my heart, you've completely ruined your image, and your credibility is nonexistent." Sean looked at her with disbelief. "You believe Eric but not me?" "The facts have made me believe that he is innocent. You said that evidence is required for everything, but where is your evidence? When you told me on the phone, I even asked him based on my speculation, but he is truly innocent," Abigail explained. "There are so many coincidences in this matter..." you in "Sean, I don't want to talk to you about these things. I shouldn't have been entangled with the first place. At most, you can avoid me until after the new year. If you don't divorce me by then, I will sue you," Abigail said as her expression turned cold and determined. "Do we have to do this?" Sean gripped the edge of the table tightly. "I will talk to my grandmother about this. Your grandmother, on the other hand, is wishing very badly that I will divorce you. I think the timing is right," Abigail said, walked past Sean, and exited the trailer. She appreciated Sean's

care during this period, but when she thought about it, wasn't he just as considerate and gentle toward Joan when he disliked her? Joan's present was her future. Sean hugged Abigail from behind. "I will investigate this matter thoroughly. Please don't bring up divorce again. If you don't accept my grandmother, I won't let you two meet. Okay?" "No," Abigail said decisively. "Abby... Honey." Sean held her tightly and kissed her neck. Abigail's body trembled slightly. "Watch your actions! This is the set." He buried his head in her neck and asked, "What do I need to do for you not to be angry?" Abigail didn't understand why Sean still thought she was angry at this point. "Let me go," Abigail said wearily. "I've had a busy day today, and I'm very tired." Sean loosened his grip on her. When Abigail returned to her hotel room, she locked the door, sat by the window, and looked out at the snowy landscape. She felt empty inside. Sean had been good to her, and she was affectionate toward him, but she was afraid of getting hurt. That night, Abigail couldn't sleep. Over the next few days, Sean was on set every day. He tried to talk to her, but she was distant. On the other hand, Eric had resumed his morning runs together with Abigail. "It looks like those warm clothes are working. Your hands have improved. How about your feet?" Eric ran backward while smiling at Abigail. There were tiny beads of sweat on her face. "They're better too." Sean had helped her massage them, and after a few days, they had healed completely. Coupled with the shoes he had bought, there had been no recurrence. "That's great. Your cousin is really attentive and capable. I felt helpless before." Eric smiled as he turned back to face the front and ran side by side with Abigail. Upon thinking about Sean's suspicions of Eric, Abigail smiled and said, "Meh, he's not that great." She finished speaking and looked at the sky. Eric glanced at her inquisitively, but when he turned his gaze back to the front, the feigned smile in his eyes slowly faded, and it was replaced by a deep sense of sadness. "I rarely see you call your family. Aren't your parents urging you to come home for New Year?" he asked all of a sudden. Abigail replied with a faint smile, "I don't have parents. I was raised by my grandparents." Eric abruptly halted, and when she turned around to look at him, he immediately caught up and said, "I'm... sorry." "It's fine," Abigail replied calmly. She had no memories of her parents and, therefore, no emotional attachment or sorrow.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

171-180

I Want a Divorce Chapter 171-She Seems to Like You a Lot As their morning run was about to conclude, Eric suddenly asked Abigail, "Did your grandparents ever tell you about your

parents?” “No. They probably didn’t want to make me sad, so they never talked about it. I didn’t ask either. It’s fine this way,” she replied while breathing lightly.

He nodded.

When she returned to the hotel lobby, Eric, who was outside, couldn’t help but frown.

Could it be that as her cousin, Sean hadn’t told her about her parents?

Sean was waiting for Abigail in the lobby. Through the glass, he saw Eric appearing contemplative outside.

As Abigail approached Sean, he asked, “You seem to have a lot to talk about with Eric. What did he say to you?” “What does it matter to you? It’s almost New Year’s. Aren’t you going home?” Abigail wiped her sweat with the towel that was hanging around her neck.

Her face was flushed and her neck was rosy.

Sean followed her into the elevator before leaning against the wall and looking at her seriously. “Eric didn’t know you before, but suddenly, you’ve become close to him. Don’t you find that strange?” “What’s so strange about it? Alana’s designs are good, so it’s normal for him to go through me to get his designs from Alana,” she said as she glanced at him with a tilted head.

In reality, she was starting to feel a bit suspicious about Eric. She admitted that she wasn’t particularly good at reading people and couldn’t understand why Eric was so interested in her past.

However, Eric’s intrusion into her affairs was not something that Sean could meddle in either.

“Abigail, why are you so obstinate?” Sean was a bit helpless.

“I’m not obstinate. Stay out of my business,” Abigail said with a cold face.

Sean looked at her firmly. “As long as we’re not divorced, we’re still husband and wife. I don’t like how close you’ve become with Eric.” Abigail sneered but didn’t say anything.

Her sarcasm was evident.

Sean didn’t let it bother him. He had grown used to her attitude.

During breakfast, Sean received a call from home.

Colby wanted to talk to Abigail, so Sean handed his phone to her.

“Grandpa.” Abigail greeted Colby warmly while holding a dumpling.

“You’re not coming home for New Year’s?” Colby’s voice was full of affection.

Abigail’s voice carried a hint of regret. “Yeah. It was agreed upon with the crew that we wouldn’t go home for New Year’s. Even well-known actors aren’t going home, so how could I request special treatment?” In previous years, they always spent New Year’s together, even if they didn’t get along well.

He sighed. “All right. Integrity is essential in your line of work. Remember to eat well while you’re out, and don’t endure any hardships. If you need money, just ask that brat Sean.” “I don’t need it,” she replied.

Sean leaned in and listened to the conversation. He looked at Abigail and raised an eyebrow, to which she pushed him away.

After chatting with Colby for a while, she handed the phone back to Sean.

Sean was currently speaking with Cornelie. He looked at Abigail and said, “I’ll come back to accompany you for the New Year’s Eve dinner.” He had decided to return home just like that.

Abigail texted Analise every day, so there was no need to make a phone call.

As New Year’s approached, the atmosphere on the set became increasingly festive.

Eswadian naturally had a genetic predisposition for liking festivals and enjoying lively occasions.

On the day before New Year’s Eve, Sean returned home.

While Eric was video chatting with his family on his phone, he passed by the set and introduced Lewis to his grandmother. “This is Director Lewis, who has been very good to me.” Lewis felt a bit awkward, as even someone like Eric had received quite a bit of scolding from him when Eric wasn’t performing well on set.

With a somewhat forced smile, Lewis waved at the woman in red on the phone screen and said, "Hello, Madam." "Hello. Happy New Year," the elderly woman on the other end of the video replied with a smile.

Abigail and Josie had planned to go shopping in the nearby stores and walked past Eric while he was video chatting.

Eric immediately called out to them. "Josie, Miss Quinn, come here." Josie, who was startled by Eric's call, quickly stopped.

Abigail looked at Eric. The cellphone camera was perfectly positioned to capture her naturally beautiful face.

The elderly person on the other end of the camera looked at Abigail with surprise.

Abigail smiled at Eric and asked gently. "What's the matter?" "Come and say hello to my grandmother." He smiled and said to Abigail and Josie.

Josie then quickly pulled Abigail over to stand in front of Eric's phone. The elderly woman greeted Josie first with a smile and then turned her gaze to Abigail.

"Miss Quinn, Happy New Year!" The elderly woman looked at Abigail with a hint of astonishment. She tried to restrain her excitement as she carefully examined Abigail.

Abigail responded with a smile. "Happy New Year, Madam." "Happy New Year!" The elderly person smiled instantly.

Josie felt that Eric's grandmother seemed to really like Abigail. She found it strange but didn't think too much about it.

Eric introduced Abigail to his grandmother through the video call. "Her name is Abigail Quinn." "Such a lovely name," Maisy Walsh said with gentle eyes.

After greeting Maisy, Abigail left with Josie.

Eric held his phone and looked at his grandmother. His eyes were filled with excitement.

"Eric, do you think... she might be from the Pearsons?" Maisy asked with tears in her eyes in the video call.

"I haven't found any useful information yet, Grandma. Don't worry, I will soon." Eric reassured her, and she nodded repeatedly.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 172-Let's Spend New Year's Eve Together They finished work early on New Year's Eve. Lewis had arranged a dinner at the hotel.

Abigail had a bit of alcohol. When she returned to her room after taking a shower, she noticed that it was snowing again outside.

Snowflakes were falling slowly outside the window. She had originally intended to make a video call to Analise, but after drinking a few rounds, it was already past 10.00PM.

She leaned against the window and watched a TV series. In a daze, she heard a knock on the door.

She paused the TV series and tilted her head to listen. After hearing the knocking sound again, she got up to open the door.

To her surprise, she found Sean outside. "Aren't you spending New Year's with your grandmother?" "She's already asleep, so I came over. It's not even midnight yet, so I made it in time," Sean said as he walked in.

He was wearing a cashmere coat with a scarf, and there were some water droplets on it. They must have melted from the snow.

Abigail closed the door and frowned. "It's going to be hard to explain this to them now." "Just tell them that we're a married couple then." Sean turned and looked at Abigail.

She immediately replied, "No way." She seemed afraid of people finding out about their relationship as she didn't even hesitate, but Sean thought that she was more afraid of Eric knowing about it.

At this thought, Sean was displeased. "Abigail, is it because I'm not presentable, or are you worried that our relationship will affect your interactions with people on the set?" "Are you here to pick a fight with me?" Abigail's face fell.

Sean wondered, Who's trying to pick a fight?

"I came all this way to spend New Year's Eve with you, and this is how you talk to me?" Abigail mumbled, "It's not like I asked you to come." "I dare you to say it again." Sean reached out and pinched her chin while appearing angry, but his actions were more like flirting.

She thought he was being serious and looked at him while asking, "Are you angry?" "Can't you say something nice?" Sean frowned, but his tone carried a hint of indulgence.

Abigail replied seriously, "I can't." Sean rubbed her chin with his hand for a moment, then let go before taking her hand. He looked at her and said, "Do you just enjoy making me angry?" She pushed his hand away. "If you didn't come, no one would make you angry.

You came here to be abused on your own." He reached out to touch her face again. "Was the dinner delicious? Are you busy tomorrow?" "I'm not as picky as you," Abigail replied casually.

"Let's celebrate New Year together then." Sean held her hand as they walked toward the bedroom.

Abigail resisted for a moment and said, "You should get your own room, or how am I going to explain it tomorrow?" "There's no need to explain. I'll accompany you until 3.00AM, and then I'll leave," Sean said before wrapping his arm around her shoulder and pulling her to sit on the couch.

This time. Abigail didn't refuse. She calmly pressed on the TV remote.

It was just ten minutes away from midnight.

She felt drowsy and slowly slumped onto the couch.

Sean turned to look at her with gentle eyes.

As soon as it struck midnight, fireworks started outside the hotel.

Abigail was startled and quickly looked out the window, only to see colorful fireworks bursting in the sky.

One round of fireworks followed another. She watched in silence.

Suddenly, Sean's kiss landed on her cheek.

She turned to look at him and heard him ask, "Is it pretty?" "Did you arrange this?" Abigail was clearly surprised.

He held her face and asked, "Do you like it?" "I like fireworks," she replied eagerly.

Sean released her face and pulled her into his embrace. "Honey..." "Don't get cheeky, or I'll kick you out." Abigail quickly stopped Sean's advances as she fully understood his intentions.

He leaned against the couch and stared at her. "So, we can't even do things that couples do?" "I have no intention of that." She turned to look at the fireworks outside.

Her ears were a little red.

He moved even closer and rested his head on her shoulder. "Let's watch the fireworks together then." Because it was nighttime, the fireworks only lasted for about ten minutes.

Abigail resumed watching TV, and Sean was in a rather gloomy mood.

When she fell asleep, he carried her into the bedroom and lay beside her while gazing at her with a sense of melancholy.

Despite all his efforts, he couldn't make Abigail like him.

True enough, Abigail didn't see Sean around the next morning.

The set became busy early in the morning. Just then, Abigail received a call from Luna.

"Happy New Year!" Luna exclaimed loudly over the phone.

"Happy New Year to you too," Abigail replied with a smile.

When Eric saw her, he wanted to say hello, but she was on the phone, so he followed her silently.

"Thank you for working on New Year's Day. In the future, we won't accept jobs from the set," Luna said on the phone. She was full of guilt.

Abigail smiled and her lips curved up. "We'll still take the job if we need the money, or if something unexpected comes up." "Alas... .. By the way, I have some gossip news. Is it

really just a coincidence that Eric's throwaway account has nothing to do with him?" Luna asked curiously.

"It should be unrelated," Abigail replied, but she hesitated in her heart.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 173-Eric's Intentions?

The song she liked was actually quite obscure.

Coupled with the gloves and the date being so coincidental, she couldn't convince herself that it was just a coincidence.

"Too bad. Eric is really good-looking. Speaking of which, how is it between you and Sean?" Luna lowered her voice as she said that.

Abigail pondered for a moment before replying, "It's pretty good." However, Sean's recent actions didn't touch her like they would have in the past.

"I have to go now. I'll call you tonight," Abigail said hurriedly as more actors started entering the trailet.

Eric saw her hang up and caught up with her.

"Happy New Year. His voice rang out beside Abigail.

Abigail placed her phone in her small backpack and looked up at him. "Happy New Year." "We'll be wrapping up in about a month, and our roles will be almost done by then. I have a request," Eric said as he walked beside Abigail. His tone was gentle.

"What is it?" Abigail asked with a hint of a smile in her eyes.

"My grandmother really likes the designs from your studio. She wants you to meet her in person when you have time to discuss a custom outfit for her 75th birthday." Eric said while staring at Abigail. He seemed nervous.

"I'm starting to suspect that you're promoting me everywhere." Abigail teased.

"Of course not. I'm not that bored." Eric chuckled.

Nevertheless, she agreed to his request.

Back at the set, they continued to work diligently, and two weeks passed in the blink of an eye.

During this time, Sean did not come to the set.

However, Abigail understood why.

He was busiest at the beginning of each year and he would be busy for at least a month or two before he could take a break.

We In Pendorf.

Sean had just finished reading a report when Cameron walked in.

"How is the investigation going on the matter I asked you to look into?" Sean raised his eyes to look at him.

"The Davidsons have some connections with the Pearsons. The Pearsons have a stake in Instagram, making it easy for them to erase the trace of information related to Eric's throwaway account," Cameron replied respectfully.

Sean then picked up another report. "You should know that this evidence is not enough to convince Abigail." It wouldn't be convincing to tell her that Eric had connections with a family that had a stake in Instagram. She would have a thousand counterarguments.

Cameron wanted to explain himself. He had investigated for nearly a month and only found this one piece of useful information.

"You couldn't find anything else?" Sean asked as his voice turned cold.

"It's my incompetence." Cameron immediately admitted his mistake.

He had never said such words before, which made Sean think deeply. After a moment of contemplation, he spoke. "Investigate the Pearsons." Did Eric erase the traces of his alternate account to lure Sean into a trap just because he didn't like Sean?

Moreover, as far as he knew, Eric didn't know that he and Abigail were married.

In Eric's perception, he was just Abigail's cousin.

If Eric wanted to court Abigail, why would he try to sow discord between Sean and Abigail?

Upon thinking about how he hadn't contacted Abigail in a long time, he picked up his phone and called her.

Meanwhile, Abigail, who was resting in the trailer, received his call and answered it.

"What do you want?" Her tone was as cold as ever.

Sean was unhappy. "I haven't called you for so long, and you're so dismissive when I finally called?" "I'm busy with work. Calling me is a waste of time," Abigail replied unkindly.

"Do you want to completely disown your husband?" Sean was about to fly into a rage.

Abigail, who was holding a hot water bottle, made a noncommittal sound.

"You heartless woman," Sean said coldly.

"Is there anything you want to talk about, or did you call just to chat?" Abigail raised her eyebrows.

"It's not that," he said as his voice softened. "Honey..." "Stop... I can't stand that term." She quickly interrupted him.

His tone clearly conveyed his displeasure. "Can you just listen to me?" "Speak normally, and I'll listen," Abigail said indifferently.

"Suppose Eric's intentions are not as simple as they seem?" Sean didn't have concrete evidence this time, so he couldn't say too much.

He didn't want Abigail to misunderstand him.

Sean's words reminded her of the doubts in her own heart.

"Tell me what you found. There's no need for assumptions. I need to hear the facts," she said calmly.

Actually, she was trying to gather information from Sean.

"It seems you don't completely trust Eric either. So why did you argue with me because of him?" He immediately guessed Abigail's intentions.

“Are you going to tell me or not?” she asked as her voice turned colder.

“Eric knows some people who have a stake in Instagram, and it’s easy for them to erase the traces of his throwaway account. Of course, you can choose to refute me.” Sean preemptively blocked Abigail’s possible arguments.

Abigail took a sip of hot water. “You think this person with a stake helped Eric erase the trace of his account, right?” Sean replied, “Yes. This makes me wonder why he would target me. In his eyes, I’m your cousin. Even if he wants to pursue you, my status as your cousin should not be an obstacle.” “And then?” Abigail thought that what Sean said made a lot of sense

I Want a Divorce Chapter 174-Are You Calling to Pick a Fight?

Sean didn’t immediately respond to Abigail’s question. Instead, he asked her, “Do you think Eric likes you?” “I haven’t really paid attention. I’m cautious about my interactions with people in the entertainment industry, so I haven’t thought much about it,” Abigail replied honestly.

She considered Eric as a friend at most. He had helped her twice, so when he asked her for help with making clothes for his family, she agreed as a way to repay the favor.

However, she hadn’t really thought about the romantic feelings between them.

“This suggests that you haven’t felt any obvious affection from him,” Sean said.

Abigail’s mind quickly flashed through Eric’s behavior toward her during this period and she narrowed her eyes. However, she replied nonchalantly. “Come on. Even if he does, he’s an actor. He acts for a living. Moreover, we’re in the same set. If he really liked a woman, would he show it? Don’t you think I have enough trouble to deal with?” “But I’m your cousin. Why would he target me?” Sean couldn’t understand.

“Do you actually want to have a conversation? I’m very busy.” Abigail reminded him once again.

She suspected that he was intentionally bringing up a boring topic just to chat with her and closer to her, but she couldn’t help but think more about Eric.

get “Maybe Eric isn’t targeting me because he likes you. I suspect there’s something else going on.” Sean redirected the conversation.

“If the throwaway account is really his, he wasn’t targeting you then. If the account was exposed, he would have been the one to suffer along with Josie.

He’s smart, so he would have switched accounts. It was you who came to me and caused us to misunderstand each other. Abigail reasoned.

Sean accepted it. After all, Abigail didn’t like him, so there was no point in arguing further.

“Fine.” He conceded.

Anyway, she despised him, so anything he said was pointless.

She felt like Sean was somewhat dismissive, so she couldn’t help but explain, “Sean, you can’t find concrete evidence that the throwaway account belongs to him, right? Suspecting him just because he knows someone who has a stake in Instagram is unreasonable.” “You’re right,” Sean said calmly.

Abigail took a deep breath. “So, you called me just to pick a fight? You wasted so much of time!” After saying that, she hung up the phone directly.

Sean put down his phone and rubbed his temples.

Abigail got up, stepped outside the trailer, and let the cold breeze blow away her pent-up frustration. She then calmly returned to the trailer to reflect on Sean’s words.

my She had been speculating about Eric all along, but apart from the care shown by him as a friend, he hadn’t crossed any of her boundaries.

Before this, she was thinking about whether it had any connection to her heritage when he asked about her family. However, he also asked Josie and other artists this question.

It was understandable that he asked, especially since he didn’t go back during New Year’s.

Not having parents was quite uncommon, and after expressing his surprise, he had asked her a couple more questions, which seemed reasonable.

Unable to figure it out, Abigail decided to stop thinking about it.

On the day when the crew returned to Pendorf, Sean came to pick Abigail up.

Originally, Lewis had planned to buy a plane ticket for Abigail, but now, that was no longer necessary. He had saved some money.

"The drama will be wrapping up in just half a month. You and Miss Quinn must attend the wrap-up banquet then," Lewis said with a cheerful smile as he saw Sean and Abigail off.

"Of course," Sean replied.

With that, they parted ways and Abigail got into Sean's car.

"You didn't have to come. Why help the set save money?" Abigail expressed her dissatisfaction with Sean coming to pick her up.

As Sean fastened his seatbelt and looked out the window, he saw Eric standing in the distance, watching them.

"How many orders has L.Moon received on set?" he asked by answering Abigail's question with another.

"Only two," she replied without going into detail.

"I know Josie has one order, but who's the other one?" Sean squinted his eyes as he asked.

Apart from Eric, there was another male supporting actor who had received a warning from Sean privately. So, in theory, that male supporting actor wouldn't have approached Abigail to place an order.

"What does it concern you? Just drive!" Abigail immediately became annoyed.

"Is it Eric again?" Sean seemed to smile wryly.

Abigail didn't bother to answer him.

They remained silent throughout the drive to the airport. When he helped her take her luggage out of the car, he asked again, "Is it Eric?" "Why are you asking so many questions?" Abigail asked while frowning.

"You seem to really like Eric. You keep protecting him from me." Sean's patience was wearing thin. but he suppressed his anger. His smiling voice sounded forced.

If Abigail had just been honest, he wouldn't have minded.

However, she was unwilling to tell him anything.

"What do you want?" Abigail asked as she furrowed her brows.

Sean took her luggage from the car's trunk and pushed it forward. "It's not difficult for someone in the entertainment industry to fall from grace." "So, all the kindness you showed toward me on the set was fake, and you're only showing your true colors when we're alone?" Abigail sneered.

"Never mind. I'm just worried about you, but you don't appreciate it. Since I can't find out what Eric's true intentions are, I won't let him get close to you," Sean said coldly.

"His grandmother wants a custom outfit for her 70th birthday," Abigail replied, as she did not want to implicate innocent people.

Sean's specialty was shifting his anger onto people around her. She had experienced it firsthand before.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 175-Bitter Resentment Reserved for Him Alone Sean raised an eyebrow but didn't answer her.

Had Abigail already met Eric's family without Sean knowing?

As he contemplated this, Abigail fell silent.

Once they entered the airport waiting area, Sean sat down and looked at Abigail. "After this project, I have another job opportunity..." "Please. Let's not mix business and personal matters." Abigail quickly interrupted him.

After experiencing multiple unfortunate incidents with him, she had no interest in working together with him.

"I absolutely won't cause you trouble this time, and this job opportunity is really important." Sean said earnestly.

"I decline," Abigail replied without hesitation.

Sean was taken aback.

He looked at Abigail and tugged at his tie. "Not even a chance?" "I've suffered twice in your hands and the hands of your family. Do you think L.Moon will work with you? I won't forget those who wronged me," Abigail said, a faint smile playing on her lips.

It was unclear whether she was mocking herself or mocking Sean.

"You can contact the other studios," Abigail added.

Sean didn't bring up the topic again during the entire flight.

He had caused trouble before, and now he was trying to make amends.

Abigail would work with anyone but him; she avoided him like the plague.

Sean sat beside her. His mind was racing as he tried to figure out how to regain her trust.

Everything between them was on the brink of a trust crisis.

Back in Pendorf, the weather had turned warmer, with bright sunshine that made people feel lazy.

Abigail's mood began to relax a bit as she knew that she no longer had to worry about shivering from the cold.

Sean carried her luggage and silently followed behind her.

When they reached the car parked at the entrance, he handed her luggage over to Cameron.

Cameron prioritized opening the door for Abigail. "Mrs. Graham, you've had a tiring trip." "It's okay. Thank you," Abigail replied with a pleasant smile.

Sean frowned and looked displeased.

It seemed that Abigail was friendly to everyone except him. Whenever she saw him, it was as if she held a deep grudge against him.

He got into the car with a cold expression.

On their first day back in Pendorf, the crew had half a day off.

Abigail and Sean returned to her rented apartment. When they opened the door, there was dust and the place was clean. It even had a lived-in feel.

“You were living in my place while I was gone?” Abigail asked Sean.

“Not every day. Sometimes I went back home.” Sean stood by the door while looking at her relaxed expression. He was still in a sour mood.

Abigail nodded and walked into the living room wearing slippers.

no “Are you hungry? I can make some food for you.” Sean wore the slippers as well and stood in the living room as he asked her.

She looked up at him, who was standing there and towering in height.

Sean’s superior external qualities always made it impossible for people to ignore him.

“Let’s sit for a while first, and I’ll join you.” After all, she couldn’t bear to let this work of art be exposed to the kitchen fumes on his own.

Sean thought about holding her hand as he sat down, but she quickly withdrew her hand.

“I can’t even touch you in our little apartment?” Sean looked at her with deep eyes. “I really want to make things right with you.” Abigail leaned back on the couch, picked up the remote control, and turned on the TV. “Is that traditional medicine doctor really hard to find?” In reality, there was no news from Luna either.

Upon seeing that Abigail had no intention of discussing their relationship, Sean could only discuss her topic. “Mm.” After all, there was no information left behind. It was almost as if the person had never existed.

“Does this mean that someone is indeed targeting me? That doctor said...” Abigail stopped herself before mentioning what Sean had said about Eric targeting him.

These two incidents had a strange similarity.

Could she conclude that this had something to do with Joan just because the person mentioned the family name “Palmer”?

Sean would also mock her about Eric’s situation.

“What did he say?” Sean asked.

“Nothing. I’ll go tidy up my suitcase,” Abigail said as she got up from the couch.

Sean sat on the couch and watched her drag the suitcase into the bedroom without offering to help.

The gap between them was growing wider.

“I’ll be out for a while. I’ll order some food for you when I get back.” Abigail was about to take a shower when Sean appeared at the bedroom door.

“Oh.” Abigail replied and showed no objection.

Sean turned and left.

At Fantasy Bar, Sean ordered a bottle of whisky for himself.

Upon seeing him slowly sipping his drink, Kevin couldn’t help but speak up.

“Sean, did you have another argument with Abigail?” “We didn’t argue, but we’re growing further and further apart, Sean replied with frustration.

Kevin picked up his cocktail and took a sip. “Is Abigail interested in someone else?

After all, she had been interacting with handsome actors for a long time on set, so Kevin couldn’t help but think that familiarity might breed attraction.

“Not yet, but she’s not the same as before,” Sean said as his eyes were downcast.

She wasn’t as in love with him as before.

“You need to figure something out then. Drowning your sorrows in alcohol won’t help,” Kevin advised.

“That’s why I came here to look for you. Do you have any ideas?” Sean immediately looked at him.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 176-Trust Me Kevin felt like he was putting himself in a difficult situation. He was just an average single guy, after all. “Okay. What kind of solution do you want me to come up with?” he asked.

Sean explained in detail.

Kevin looked at him seriously and took a while before replying. "I can't really make comments about this situation. If I were Abigail..." "I know it's my problem. That's why I asked for your advice." Sean had a serious expression.

"Abigail is probably only concerned about Joan, your first love. It only takes a phone call for you to rush to her side whenever she wants. Just stop doing that, and everything should be fine," Kevin replied blandly.

"Think of something else." Sean said.

Kevin had a puzzled expression. "Sean, I don't understand. How important is Joan?" "She's not important, but the things between us might also involve Abigail. It's a complicated matter." Sean took a sip of his drink.

"To what extent does it involve her? Life-threatening?" Kevin asked curiously.

"Perhaps. I wouldn't dare to bet on it," Sean said, "especially now that our relationship has reached this point and she's not staying home. I'm worried something might happen to her." Kevin could understand that.

Abigail traveled extensively for her work, and if something happened while she was away, Sean wouldn't be able to reach her immediately, even with his abilities.

"How powerful is Joan that she can afford to disregard the law?" Kevin couldn't help but ask this.

"Please don't ask too much," Sean replied coldly.

Kevin nodded. "If you say so." Abigail opened the door for Sean, and the strong smell of alcohol immediately greeted her.

Kevin carried him and greeted Abigail with a smile. "Good evening, Abigail.

Sean had a bit too much to drink." "I'll take care of him. Would you like to come in?" She approached Kevin.

1/2 "I'm fine. Please take care of Sean. He's not in a good mood." He quickly waved his hand.

Abigail gave a nonchalant response.

Kevin sighed inwardly.

She placed Sean on the couch and planned to get some hangover medicine.

This used to be her place, so she didn't have those things on hand.

As she got up to retrieve her phone, Sean grabbed her hand.

"Honey... My head hurts. Can you massage it for me?" His voice was muffled.

Abigail agreed to help him.

During their time in Ragos, the cold weather had affected her work, and without him, the entire crew would have had to extend their schedule.

She sat down next to him and used her fingers to massage his temples.

Sean leaned against her, and he could feel the warmth emanating from her. As soon as her fingers touched his temples, he felt his body and mind completely relax.

"In the future, if you drink this much and end up like this, find a place to stay on your own. Don't come back. I don't like taking care of a drunkard. Abigail warned him, her voice filled with annoyance.

Sean made a vague sound of agreement and reached out to encircle Abigail's waist. His tone was much softer than before. "Honey." "Don't be flirtatious," Abigail replied coldly.

He enjoyed the warmth of her embrace and whispered, "I never liked Joan... not even once..." Although there was a saying that a person under the influence of alcohol was more likely to speak their hidden thoughts and desires, he might be pretending, especially if he wasn't completely drunk.

She kept a straight face and continued to massage his temples without responding.

"Trust me." Sean tightened his hold on her.

The events that followed were a blur for Abigail.

Sean talked to her a lot, and the two of them entangled from the living room to the bedroom, where she was pushed down onto the bed by him.

His breathing was very sensual.

Eventually, she succumbed to his advances.

The next morning, Sean woke up with Abigail in his arms. He looked at the woman in his embrace and couldn't help but kiss her forehead.

Abigail woke up from his kisses.

"Let's have a baby!" He suddenly had a wild idea, and his words were all it took to sober her up.

"What's gotten into you?" She grumbled and turned away from him.

Sean had only wanted to test her reaction, and since she wasn't interested, he didn't push the issue.

"We won't have a baby then. We can talk about it when you're ready," he said while drawing closer to Abigail and kissing her shoulder.

Abigail's scalp tingled, and she murmured, "It's morning." Sean chuckled and gently nibbled on her shoulder. He leaned in closer. "Yes.

Good morning. Honey." Abigail blushed as he addressed her as his wife, but she kept her eyes closed, and her eyelashes fluttered. This kind of tenderness she had longed for countless times in the past was now easily obtained because of her lack of love..

She couldn't help but wonder, Is this how men work?

He got up to prepare breakfast, and Abigail checked the time. She didn't have much time left for her work, so she had to go to the film set.

That morning, the two of them surprisingly got along harmoniously.

Sean accompanied Abigail to the film set.

As he looked at Eric, he couldn't help but wonder what Eric would do if Eric found out about his relationship with Abigail.

Of course, he was only thinking about it.

If Abigail found out, she would probably force him to go to the city hall to get a divorce.

Sean watched Abigail's figure in the distance and suddenly came up with an idea. He looked at Eric for a while and then left in his car.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 177-Negative News Strikes Half a month had passed, and the production team was already preparing for the wrap-up of the show.

Abigail had some free time lately.

Eric had scheduled to take her to the Davidson Residence a week after the wrap-up to get Maisy's measurements.

One day, while idling at the production team, Abigail received a call from Luna.

"Abigail, we've scored a big job!" Luna's voice was filled with excitement.

Abigail was puzzled. "What's that? Did someone offer you a sweet deal?" "Do you know who Lexie Chambers is?" Luna's voice was full of amusement.

Abigail certainly knew. Lexie was a Hollywood actress who had even won awards and was internationally renowned.

"She personally called me today and said that there's an international red carpet event in June. and she hopes you can design a gown for her. She wants to outshine everyone on the red carpet," Luna said with excitement.

Abigail was a bit taken aback by Lexie's request to outshine everyone, but it was still March, and there were three months for the design.

"I've already turned down all the other brands that wanted you to design for them and promised Lexie on your behalf. If your design can make her outshine everyone on the international stage, then L.Moon will truly take off." Luna was already dreaming big.

Abigail made a hesitant sound. “All right.” However, the thought of Eric’s grandmother’s situation came to her mind, and she felt a bit conflicted.

After Eric finished filming, Abigail proactively discussed it with him. “Alana just discussed it with me. She mentioned that she accepted a design project for Lexie and feared that she wouldn’t be able to personally design for your grandmother. So, I wanted to ask you if you would be okay if another designer from L.Moon handled your grandmother’s design.” Verbal agreements could still be changed, and Abigail hadn’t firmly committed to it at the time. She had mentioned that if anything came up, she might not be able to design for his grandmother.

“Lexie is a big deal...” Eric also sensed Abigail’s dilemma.

After all, Lexie was a sought-after figure in the industry, and everyone wanted to be in her good. books.

It was reasonable for L.Moon to prioritize a project for her to promote the studio’s growth.

“I understand. I’ll inform my grandmother, and when Alana finishes designing for Lexie, she can. proceed with the design for my grandmother. How does that sound?” Eric readily agreed and showed no intention of making things difficult for Abigail.

That worked out well.

“But what if something comes up later?” Abigail couldn’t help but ask.

“My grandmother’s 70th birthday isn’t until next year. Can you... talk to Alana about it?” Eric asked with a touch of pleading in his voice.

Abigail hadn’t expected him to use his charm.

She was briefly stunned and wasn’t swayed by it. Instead, she was curious about why he was adamant. “Why does it have to be Alana?” “Maybe it’s because of my grandmother’s personal preference. She said she really liked. you moment she saw you. She knew you were an assistant working at L.Moon and wanted you to handle more high-profile projects to make L.Moon value you more.” Eric explained gently.

This response genuinely surprised Abigail.

“My grandmother said that being an assistant isn’t easy,” he added as he looked at her.

the “Well, in that case, when Alana finishes designing for Lexie, I will definitely talk to her to prioritize your grandmother’s project, Abigail replied with a slight smile on her face.

Eric’s expression brightened instantly.

With that settled, she began visiting the studio more frequently.

“Troubled Times’ wrapped up, and the actors and actresses, who were dressed in their costumes, took photos to commemorate the occasion and posted them on Instagram.

As the show had been extremely popular initially, it quickly started trending again.

Josie wore traditional clothing and returned to her original style.

Whether it was the supporting actors or the lead cast, their outfits were of high quality, instantly propelling L.Moon into the spotlight.

Netizens couldn’t help but bring up Laura for comparison.

The attention to detail in these outfits shows L.Moon’s capabilities. Laura called the outfits ugly, but I think she doesn’t match the clothing because of her looks.” ‘A mature studio should be able to pay attention to the details of traditional clothing, which is quite normal. I still remember the commotion caused when they filmed the Western Roman Empire’s invasion. If they don’t deliver on the costume quality, I’ll be the first one to criticize L.Moon.’ ‘Not to exaggerate, but isn’t this one of the most beautifully crafted shows in recent years? It doesn’t follow the same trends or use cheap materials. It’s truly exquisite. I believe historical dramas should be held to this standard.

‘Don’t speak too soon. Can’t these pictures be edited? Moreover, this is a historical drama, and I can’t stand historical dramas nowadays. They’re slowpaced, and I feel like falling asleep. What use is there in having good clothing quality?’ There were varied opinions.

Meanwhile, at this time, a trending topic emerged-‘Cousin Sleeping with Each Other Shatters Morality.

Abigail immediately sensed that it was about her and Sean.

She clicked on the topic, but there was no detailed information. Instead, there were numerous paparazzi photos and a video at the end.

The video had been taken on New Year's Eve at the hotel where they were staying during the drama shoot.

Based on the angle, it seemed like it was taken through a window, as they hadn't drawn the curtains. First, it showed Sean holding Abigail affectionately, and later, when Abigail had fallen asleep, he had carried her to the bed. They were together until around 3.00AM before he left....

Combined with the photos of her returning to Pendorf and the pictures of Sean entering the rented apartment with her, it wasn't difficult for people to put the two together

I Want a Divorce Chapter 178-I Can't Sleep if Abby Gets Angry Abigail's entire body turned cold.

In an instant, she thought of how Sean had threatened her with Eric's future. His whereabouts were secretive, and he was financially supporting Joan. As long as he didn't want anyone to know, no one would find out.

And this time, Abigail didn't know if it was intentional on his part.

Her mind was in turmoil. She suspected Sean, but she didn't want to accuse him without evidence.

Sitting down in her office after putting down her phone, Abigail furrowed her brow, and her dissatisfaction with Sean reached its peak.

Just then, her phone rang.

Upon seeing that it was a call from Sean, Abigail stared at it but didn't answer.

He made dozens of calls, but she didn't pick up any of them.

Finally, it was her assistant who walked into her office with the phone, looking troubled. "Mr. Stewart is calling; he said he'll come over if you don't answer." Abigail refused without thinking. "Don't answer." The assistant held the phone to her ear for a while and then said, "Mr. Stewart said if you don't answer, Mr. Graham will come in person." The assistant also read the online news.

Anyway, she thought that Sean was pursuing Abigail, and she didn't quite understand the current state of their relationship.

“Just tell them to try if they dare.” With that, she slammed her notebook on the table with force and made a loud bang, frightening her assistant, who hurriedly left the office.

Having the call from Kevin disconnected, Sean looked helpless. “Abigail isn’t even paying attention to us.” For Sean, resolving this matter was a piece of cake, but he had ulterior motives.

He wanted to publicly announce their relationship to the world. Even though he knew she was angry, he still called her in hopes that this call could fulfill his wish.

“She’s angry,” Sean replied while knowing for sure that she was furious this time.

She must think that nothing good would happen every time she encountered him.

“What are you planning to do? This situation leaves room for Eric to take advantage,” Kevin suggested.

“Now that she won’t even answer my calls, you can go back for now,” Sean said.

He didn’t want to give up this opportunity just because Abigail didn’t answer his calls. He still had the fantasy of talking to her in person, convincing her, and publicly announcing their relationship. Then, he wouldn’t feel uncomfortable about other men around her just because they were cousins.

After work. Abigail didn’t go to the studio but instead lay on the couch in her office while lost in thought.

She just wanted to focus on her designs and didn’t want to be involved in these messy affairs.

Sean waited for Abigail at her rented apartment in Pendorf the whole night, but she didn’t return.

The dinner on the dining table had gone cold. He reheated it, but it turned cold again... By daybreak, Sean, with an unsatisfactory expression on his face, looked at the brightening sky outside. He sat up.

He picked up his phone and checked the time.

It was almost 8.00AM.

He stared at the dinner on the table that had gone completely cold while feeling utterly powerless.

After freshening up, Sean called Cameron.

“Mr. Graham.” Cameron addressed him respectfully.

“I won’t be going to the office today. Have the public relations department release the statement I wrote earlier,” Sean said and then hung up the phone.

No one knew where he had gone.

Abigail started brainstorming her design after breakfast, and her assistant rushed into her office, looking excited, and said, “Mr. Graham’s company has issued a statement clarifying that you’re not cousins, and it’s true that he pursued you but was rejected.” “Oh, Abigail responded indifferently.

The assistant could only leave her office with a disappointed expression.

Abigail didn’t even check Instagram. In fact, she had uninstalled the app. Then, she sent a message to Luna.

‘Let everyone know that I’m in seclusion for a while. Please manage my Instagram, and don’t take on any more design projects for me. I’ll only design for Lexie.’ ‘Noted.

Luna didn’t dare to say much, either. She heard that Abigail was angry until today. Who would dare to speak too much in front of her?

Sean arrived in the countryside. He parked his car in front of a small and wellkept single-story house.

After getting out of the car, he stood in the yard and looked at the wind chimes hanging there.

These wind chimes had been made by Abigail.

Analise came out of the house. “Sean, what brings you here?” Her eyes appeared to have lit up when he entered her field of vision.

She had changed the way she addressed him, which they decided during the New Year’s celebration.

Abigail was not at home during the New Year. He made a point to spend time with Analise on the first and third days of the holiday.

"I wanted to relax here at your place," Sean replied warmly while standing at the door.

Analise opened the gate, reached out to touch his face, and looked up at him.

"You look tired. Did you not sleep well last night?" "Yes. Abby is angry with me, so I couldn't sleep," Sean replied, and his voice carried a hint of hoarseness.

"Did you two have another fight?" Analise asked with a touch of helplessness.

Her way of addressing Abigail had changed as well.

"It's my fault, Sean said.

"That girl has been spoiled by us. Do you want me to call her?" Analise asked as she followed Sean.

"No need. I just feel better being here with you." Sean told her.

Analise's eyes instantly softened. "Would you like some tea? I just collected some honey, and it makes a delicious combination." He agreed with a nod. "Sounds good. I haven't eaten yet, so I could use a little something to eat too." "I have some schnitzel prepared. Would you like a piece?" Analise smiled happily.

"With a dash of lemon and some potatoes. I'm quite hungry," he said with a smile before turning to look at her.

Analise instantly looked like a little girl and smiled with great joy. She then went inside to start frying.

When Sean entered the house, he sat in the corridor while watching Analise busy in the kitchen.

The corridor was designed by Abigail, with an iron front door and no rear door.

When the front door was opened, the entire corridor floor was illuminated brightly. It was very relaxing when the wind blew through while he sat on the armchair in the corridor.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 179-Unexpected Encounter Sean lay down and fell asleep in no time.

Analise brought out a blanket from the house and covered him with it. He looked at the worry in his eyes, and she sighed softly.

She had no idea what had happened between the two of them.

After she returned to the kitchen, she scooped up the dumplings and called Abigail on WhatsApp.

Soon, the call was connected.

Analise looked at Abigail with a face full of affection and asked, "How's work been lately?" She had a feeling that this call was related to Sean.

Abigail bit her lip and asked Analise. "It's been okay. What's going on?" "You haven't come back for a long time, and I miss you. During the New Year, from the first day to the third day, it was Sean who was afraid I'd be lonely, so he came to keep me company," Analise said with a gentle voice.

She sat in the kitchen and glanced at Sean, who was resting in the corridor.

Analise was still anxious about Sean.

Maybe he hadn't been feeling comfortable at home, so he had come to her for some comfort and food.

When Abigail heard what Analise said, she was a bit surprised. After a moment of silence, she asked in a soft voice, "He spent three days with you during the New Year?" "Yes," Analise replied with a smile.

Abigail felt a bit complicated after hearing Analise's words. She chatted with Analise for a while. before hanging up as she was busy.

Abigail's thoughts were in disarray as she sat in the office.

Sean had never mentioned this matter to her.

He could have used this to his advantage and taken credit for it, so why didn't he say anything?

Around noon, Abigail returned to the countryside.

Sean was in the yard picking vegetables with Analise. He squatted on the ground and carefully pinched the tender white cabbage hearts at the end of February.

Abigail stood outside the fence and looked at him. Her face was full of disbelief.

He isn't at work?

She had just decided to come back and visit her grandmother, and she didn't expect to encounter Sean.

"Abigail." Analise turned around, and when she saw Abigail, her face lit up with joy before she dropped the basket she was holding.

Sean also looked up at Abigail.

It had been so long since Analise had seen Abigail. She rushed out of the yard, held Abigail's hands, and sized her up. Her eyes were filled with tears. "How long has it been since you came back? You didn't even come back for the New Year!" Her complaints made Abigail truly realize what longing meant.

It turned out that videos and phone calls couldn't relieve someone's longing for another person.

Abigail hugged Analise. "I won't be so busy in the future, Grandma." "I didn't mean to blame you for being busy..." Analise let go of Abigail, her eyes red.

Abigail looked at her with a sense of guilt. "I should consider your feelings more." "It's all right... Did you have lunch?" Analise held her hand and led her into the yard.

Sean was still picking vegetables and occasionally looking at Abigail.

Abigail and Sean joined Analise in preparing the vegetables.

"You're not at work today. Did you come here to relax in the countryside?" Abigail asked Sean after Analise prompted her several times.

“I wasn’t in the mood. I came to see Grandma, and being with her makes me feel better,” Sean replied.

She hadn’t even noticed that Sean had such a good relationship with Analise.

In the past, Analise used to call him ‘Sean.

His answer made Abigail smile, and she couldn’t help but ask, “Is my Grandma a lucky charm? Does being with her make you happy?” “Because it’s relaxing here,” Sean replied seriously.

Analise’s eyes sparkled with joy. “You can come here more often. It’ll be lively in the summer.” Sean’s memories of this place are already quite distant. After all, he came here when he was very young.

“All right,” he replied with a smile.

Afterward, the two of them helped Analise prepare lunch.

Abigail felt that the conflict between her and Sean seemed to have been diluted due to this unexpected interaction.

After lunch, Analise went to take a nap.

Abigail and Sean sat in the corridor. She reviewed some materials with a tablet in her hand while Sean lay on a lounge and looked at her.

“Can we talk about the trending topics?” Sean asked Abigail.

Abigail replied, “Sure.” “I admit that our relationship has caused you to be constantly embroiled in controversies. You’ve indeed been deeply affected,” he said to her slowly.

Abigail pursed her lips but didn’t respond.

If it were in the past, she would probably have thought about going through hardships together with Sean.

When the incident happened yesterday, she was angry at first, thinking it was the result of Sean repeatedly not heeding her advice.

Now, she realized that she had gradually grown impatient with the man she had once loved deeply.

“Your attitude yesterday made me realize that you probably won’t want to announce our relationship anymore,” Sean continued.

“It’s good that you understand,” she replied calmly.

He looked at her profile for a while before saying, “So, it was already predetermined from the very beginning.” Since they got married, all the rules he had set had become punishments for him.

“I used to think I could change you, but it turned out that if you don’t like it, you just don’t like it,” Abigail said candidly.

Sean’s eyes had a deep and thoughtful look. “How can you say that I don’t like you?” “If it’s necessary to involve Joan in between us, I think It’s better not to then,” Abigail said with a faint smile.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 180-The Significance of a Wedding Dress “I’ve never liked her,” Sean emphasized.

“When I asked you why that wedding dress cost 1.3 million, you didn’t know.” Abigail looked into Sean’s eyes as her smile turned somewhat bitter. “That was our wedding anniversary, and that was the wedding dress I once told you about.

Because Joan liked it, you had the studio sell it to her.” Sean’s eyes trembled slightly.

Abigail looked away and continued, “The moment that wedding dress was sold, I let and embraced my new life.”

go of the past “Why didn’t you tell me?” Sean’s throat tightened.

Abigail’s lips curled in a mocking smile. “Do you think it would have made any difference? Marriage is the union of two people, not one person’s affair, whether it’s a woman or a man.” Sean never knew their marriage had silently grown into such a wide rift.

“You’ve never cared about me. That’s why you didn’t know anything” Abigail said calmly. “You didn’t know how hard I worked during our three years of marriage to make you notice me and

care about me. You couldn't see it, and you even mocked me." "Abigail..." Sean sat up straight.

"Do you want to apologize?" She turned to look at him, and her eyes were filled with mockery.

He understood that an apology wouldn't change anything now.

"I know that an apology means nothing to you, but I still want to apologize to you for what happened in the past," Sean said before reaching out to tightly hold her hand at his side.

Abigail didn't respond. She didn't want to accept the apology.

That night, Abigail stayed there to rest, and Sean stayed with her. With only one bedroom left, they had to squeeze in together.

After taking a shower, the two of them lay in bed, and suddenly, there was a sense of distance between them.

The conversation during the day had made Sean unable to touch Abigail as naturally as before.

They resembled a couple in a period of marital fatigue, silently facing each other.

"It was Laura who did all of this. She arranged for people to secretly take those photos behind our backs as revenge against you and me." Perhaps feeling too stifled, Sean finally spoke.

"All right. I understand, Abigail replied in her usual calm manner.

The next morning, Sean left.

Abigail stayed with Analise for a week.

During breakfast, Analise asked her countless times, "Are you really okay with him?" "Yes. You have to remember to take your insulin on time." Abigail couldn't help but change the topic back to her.

Analise pouted. "I'm talking about you. Don't change the topic. I've been taking it regularly." Her words made Abigail silently chuckle.

Sean arrived at the place where Joan lived. He went straight to her dressing room and found the wedding dress personally made by Abigail. As he looked at the wedding dress, his emotions became chaotic.

The details of this wedding dress were exquisite, and he couldn't imagine what kind of feelings Abigail had when she put so much effort into creating it. Selling it must have been a heartbreaking decision for her.

He opened the closet, took out the wedding dress, and carried it with him as he left.

A maid stood at the door and watched him walk out of the room with the wedding dress. She wanted to say something but hesitated.

"Tell Joan that I'll get her a wedding dress worth 1.5 million as a replacement.

Just say I took the wedding dress," he said indifferently to the maid and left.

Back in the car, Sean told Cameron to arrange for the person working on the cabinet to come to the company.

"Understood," Cameron replied immediately.

Sean held the wedding dress the entire time and occasionally pressed his face against it.

He kept his head down, and Cameron couldn't discern the emotions in his eyes, but Cameron was still very concerned about him.

Sean's actions of returning to the company with the wedding dress immediately stirred up discussions among many employees, but he didn't care.

Kevin was in Sean's office. When he saw Sean coming in with an extraordinarily beautiful wedding dress, he was momentarily stunned. "Sean, what's this for?

Are you getting married to someone?" "Shut up. Why are you here?" Sean asked coldly.

"I'm just worried about you. How's Abigail doing?" Kevin approached him and inquired.

"Stay away. Don't ruin the wedding dress." Sean pushed him away with disdain.

Cameron brought a hanger for Sean to hang the wedding dress, then glanced at Kevin.

Kevin realized what was going on and took a few steps back while asking. “Is this the wedding dress designed by Abigail?” “Yes.” Sean hung up the wedding dress and began to examine it closely.

There were intricate patterns embroidered on the wedding dress. It was clearly a result of a lot of time and effort. It was adorned with many diamonds.

Kevin stood in front of the wedding dress and exclaimed, “This wedding dress is really beautiful, and Abigail is really talented.” Sean remained silent as he touched the wedding dress. He then said to Kevin.

“I sold this wedding dress to Joan.” Kevin was shocked as he turned his head to look at Sean with his eyes wide open. “No wonder Abigail stopped liking you. If it were me, I’d be furious to the point of spitting blood! How are things between you and her?” “She asked me to consider divorce carefully, but she won’t force me. After all, I was forced into marrying her in the first place. She considers it compensation and is giving me time to think.” Sean answered as he caressed the wedding dress, all the while explaining to Kevin.

Judging from his demeanor, Kevin could tell that Sean had a certain attitude toward divorce

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

181-190

I Want a Divorce Chapter 181-She Finds Fault with Everything About Me Joan learned that Sean had taken back the wedding dress designed by L.Moon, so she rushed back from the set in anger.

The maid, upon seeing her furious expression, quickly explained, “Mr. Graham said that you can ask for a wedding dress priced at around 1.5 million.” “Did you ask him why he took the wedding dress back?” Joan’s facial expression turned grim, and her eyes reflected with overflowing rage.

“I wouldn’t dare to ask Mr. Graham about his affairs, the maid replied while retreating to the side and shrinking her neck.

Joan forcefully pushed her aside and entered the dressing room directly.

Upon seeing that the exquisite wedding dress she had set her eyes on was gone, her eyes turned red.

She immediately fell in love with it, but why did Sean want it back?

She sat in the dressing room with a heart full of grievances. Then, she angrily tossed her bag to the ground and blinked her tear-filled eyes.

Could it be because of his wife?

Joan calmed down, and her face darkened. She picked up her bag and took out her phone.

In the bright dressing room, she dialed a number with an expressionless face.

“Sean took back the wedding dress he gave me...” As soon as the call was answered, Joan cried and told the other person. “I dare not call him. He doesn’t care about my feelings at all.” “Kingston, can’t we have all of his property? You’ve done so much for him. Why should his wife benefit?” Joan said resentfully.

After she finished venting, the man on the other end of the phone finally spoke.

“Do you want to marry him?” “Yes! Is that not allowed? As long as I marry him, we can have whatever we want. Besides, it’s what he owes you!” Joan said with a self-righteous attitude.

Kingston fell silent.

“Kingston... I know he has done a lot for us, but I’m not satisfied... You sacrificed your freedom so that he could inherit the company safely. Without you, how could he be where he is today?” Joan became anxious.

1/2 “Do you really want to marry Sean?” he asked gently.

“I can’t make it on my own in the entertainment industry, and he doesn’t care about me... I almost died, and I can only feel safe when he’s by my side.

Kingston, please help your only sister!” Joan pleaded coquettishly.

"I will talk to him, but the matter of marrying him is not that simple. I need to consider it. After all, he hasn't divorced yet." After saying this, he hung up the phone.

Joan held the phone and smiled at the corner of her lips. "I'd like to see who exactly Sean's wife is!" Abigail sneezed.

She touched her nose and continued drawing on her tablet.

Even though she only had designs for Lexie's dress on hand, she was busier than ever before.

Lexie had been in the entertainment industry for many years, and as an awardwinning actress, she naturally had a firm presence. To design for her, Abigail had to create a dress that would not only complement her but also stand out and capture attention.

This dress had cost Lexie 1.5 million.

It was the first time Abigail had received such a high design fee in her career, surpassing the 1.3 million Sean had paid for her personally designed wedding dress.

Even though the production company paid her a substantial amount, there were numerous costumes for all the actors, totaling over a thousand pieces.

Abigail had been working tirelessly for several days at the private embroidery studio, focusing on honing her craft. During that time, she received a call from her assistant.

"Miss Palmer came to the studio, saying she wants to order a wedding dress worth around 1.5 million. She mentioned that Mr. Graham would come to pay. I told her that Alana is not accepting orders until July, but she caused a scene in the studio." After hearing her assistant's words, Abigail responded calmly. "Tell the security to escort her out." A hint of disgust appeared in Abigail's eyes when she thought about it being related to Sean again.

The assistant hung up, and Abigail contemplated for a moment before deciding to call Sean.

When Sean received her call, he was about to feel happy, but his enthusiasm was quickly extinguished by her icy tone.

"Can you please control your little lover? She went to the L.Moon studio and caused a scene."
"What?" Sean's voice was filled with confusion.

"You can call her and ask her for yourself. If she keeps throwing her weight around at L.Moon, L.Moon will permanently blacklist her!" Abigail's voice was exceptionally cold.

Upon thinking that it was related to Sean again, Abigail felt a wave of disgust.

Whenever something involved Joan, Abigail's attitude toward him was as cold as a winter's day.

"I'll ask, but you better show a better attitude. It's not like I did it." Sean complained, unhappy about being accused by her.

"What's the difference between whether you did it or not? Without the confidence of you providing her with money, would she dare to show off at L.Moon?" Abigail taunted.

How dare he complain on his own behalf!

"It's my fault. I'll talk to her." Sean quickly conceded.

"You're only good at making excuses," Abigail said before hanging up the phone.

In their marriage, he had made excuses countless times, and even though he had sincerely apologized this time, she wouldn't take it seriously.

After receiving the call, Sean was filled with frustration. He threw his phone onto the desk and told Cameron. "She finds fault with everything about me now." Cameron glanced at Sean in silence, unsure how to comment on the situation.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 182-Only When There's Good Feelings Will They Quarrel Sean raised an eyebrow and glanced at him. "Say what you want to say." Cameron interlocked his hands and placed them on his abdomen while replying cautiously, "Don't you think that you two seem like a married couple?" Cameron's words instantly extinguished the anger that had been burning inside Sean. Sean tried to control the corners of his mouth, which were about to curl up, and asked Cameron, "Why do you have such thoughts?" "She seems to be quarreling with you. Don't you think so?" Cameron asked Sean cautiously.

Sean fell into deep thought, but before that, he said to Cameron, "Continue." "Only when the emotional bond between a couple deepens will they quarrel without reservation. Previously, Mrs. Graham never used to argue with you, probably because she still had some reservations about you," Cameron whispered.

“What you’re saying makes sense. She used to be very obedient. Even if she suffered grievances, she wouldn’t say a word,” Sean mumbled unconsciously.

In his memories, his perception of Abigail had always been that she was very compliant.

He picked up his phone and called Joan.

The call was almost answered as soon as it connected.

Sean frowned. In a bitter voice, he said, “Why do you insist on having L.Moon design your wedding dress? You haven’t even apologized to L.Moon, and you expect them to treat you as a customer?” “Sean, I don’t understand. W-Why did you take back the wedding dress you gave me?” Joan’s voice trembled.

Sean’s suspicions were confirmed.

Joan’s visit to L.Moon seemed to be an attempt to make him call her and question her about the wedding dress.

However, he did owe her an explanation about the wedding dress.

“I have use for that wedding dress. You can request anything worth 1.5 million, except for that wedding dress,” he almost unintentionally said in a milder tone.

“But I really like that wedding dress... Is it because Abigail also likes it, so I have to give it to her?” Joan’s voice was filled with sadness.

Sean held his phone and fell into silence for a moment. “No. It’s for another reason.” Joan’s voice quivered slightly.

“L.Moon won’t design a wedding dress for you. You should be clear about this.

Find another designer. Even if it costs more than 1.5 million, I’ll pay for it,” Sean said in a gentler tone to Joan.

“Sean, do you think I’m bothering you a lot now? Because of what happened on the show last time, you seem to like me less and less, don’t you?” Joan cried.

“What kind of ‘liking’ are you referring to?” Sean asked in a calm voice.

Joan hesitated for a moment as if she hadn't expected Sean to care about this question.

She stammered in her response. "You've always been good to me. I thought that was liking. I can't explain it." "I'm good to you. Does that mean I like you as a person? You should be clear about why I'm good to you." Sean said calmly.

"Sean... Did my brother call you when I was in danger, and you became unhappy..." Joan started to speak hesitantly.

"Why do you think it's someone else's fault?" Sean interrupted her with impatience.

Joan's hand holding the phone trembled, and she couldn't say a word.

"I still don't understand why you targeted Luna, planted a recording device in her room, and teamed up with others to go after her. She's your idol, after all." Sean's final sentence carried a very clear tone of sarcasm.

His words shook Joan, and tears welled up in her eyes.

"I'm sorry..." She apologized.

Joan thought this matter had been put behind them, but Sean had brought it up again.

"Everyone has moved on from the matter with you and L.Moon's studio, but you chose to trouble them," Sean said indifferently.

He had taken back the wedding dress, and if she wanted to question something, she could have called him directly.

Instead, she went to bother L.Moon, forced him to call her, and acted as if she had been wronged.

"It's my fault for not telling you about the wedding dress beforehand. All I can do is compensate you more. Choose a reputable designer, and I'll talk to them. What do you think?" Sean didn't speak too harshly, considering her brother's presence.

"Okay..." Joan still didn't dare to defy Sean.

"In the future, just call me directly if you have any issues. There's no need to go around in circles," Sean said before hanging up the phone.

Cameron retracted his gaze from Sean.

Sean put his phone down and said to Cameron, "Go see if there are any suitable variety shows for her to appear on. Find one and let me know." He wanted Joan to gain fame as soon as possible so he wouldn't have to worry about her anymore.

After the incident on the set, no production team was willing to accept her, and because of her dirty tactics against L..Moon, everyone avoided her.

A good hand had been ruined by her.

Sean called Joan's brother.

"Hello." The person on the other end of the phone had a hoarse voice.

"What's wrong with your voice?" Sean still expressed concern.

"I didn't sleep well." The man's voice sounded hoarse, making it uncomfortable to listen to.

"I want to talk to you about Joan's situation." Sean decided to get straight to the point without asking further about the voice.

The man remained silent for a long time before asking, "What do you want to talk about? I heard you took back the wedding dress you gave her. Do you know how sad she is?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 183-You're Slapping Her Face "I will compensate her the most for this matter," Sean replied.

"Sean, have you always been like this? You don't understand at all what it feels like when something you love is replaced by something you dislike. You only care about your own feelings and don't care about how others might feel." The man's voice was filled with sarcasm.

"So, are you saying that Joan has always been like this?" Sean questioned him.

"What do you mean?" The man's tone suddenly became displeased.

Sean asked him coldly. "You know very well what I mean. Why hasn't she been willing to apologize to the people she caused trouble with on the show until now?" "Is that her fault?" The man retorted. "You clearly knew that my sister liked you, but you intentionally flirted with another woman on the show. She posted on Instagram, and you deliberately embarrassed

her.” Sean leaned back in his chair and asked him indifferently, “I never said she could flirt with me.” “When my sister opposed your marriage back then, why didn’t you consider how she would feel? She’s a girl too, and she can have feelings for someone. Is that her fault?” The man questioned sharply.

“Did your sister tell you about her first love?” Sean sneered.

“From what you’re saying, you’re disavowing her first love, aren’t you? You promised me to treat her well just to use her, and once you’re done, you can throw her away like trash. Sean, can you justify everything I’ve done for you?” the man asked with disappointment.

“Don’t you know how I treat your sister? Do I need to use her?” Sean countered coldly.

Without Joan, he and Abigail wouldn’t have reached this point.

For Joan’s future, he never revealed everything, even if Abigail misunderstood him.

“Sean, my sister has told me that she’s fallen for you a long time ago. This is all your fault. Aren’t you going to take the responsibility?” The man’s voice was icy and stubborn.

“Are you suggesting that I promised to take care of her and then made a mistake in taking care of her?” Sean’s bitter voice carried a hint of sarcasm.

“Who is responsible for this situation? You know better than I do.” The man hung up the phone directly after saying that.

Sean-held his phone and squinted at the computer screen.

It seemed like there was no way to resolve this matter amicably.

Sean sent a message to Cameron, who was out on business. “There’s no need to find variety shows for her.’ When Cameron returned, Sean handed him a card. “Tell Joan that there is 4.5 million in this card. Her affairs are no longer my concern.” “Okay...” Cameron accepted the card without understanding the reason behind it.

Not long after this incident, Abigail received a gossip call from Luna.

“After Joan came and caused us trouble, Sean completely ignored her! How strange is that!” Luna’s voice was filled with curiosity.

Abigail was a bit surprised. "How did you know?" "Kevin told me... Ahem!" Luna said somewhat awkwardly.

You're on good terms with him." Abigail continued embroidering without stopping her movements.

"Ughh... That's because he didn't ask for too much in breach of contract fees.

It's all part of the business. You know, we have to keep in touch." Luna firmly decided not to tell Abigail that she kept contact with Kevin, mainly for Abigail's sake.

After all, Abigail and Sean had not divorced yet, so when she couldn't find her, she could still ask Kevin for information.

"Mm... Do you know the reason?" Abigail asked in a soft voice.

"I don't know the reason, but it's a good thing for you, isn't it? Sean doesn't want to divorce, and it's complicated with Joan, which is off-putting. He's-" "Are you suggesting that he's having a change of heart?" Abigail interrupted Luna.

Luna unintentionally became more serious. "Um... I respect all your decisions." "Although I don't know the reason, I don't think he would easily abandon Joan like that," Abigail said calmly.

Based on her understanding of Sean, she felt that what happened between him and Joan seemed more like a temporary conflict "Alas... I don't know what's so good about Joan. She's like a haunting spirit," Luna mumbled.

After hanging up the phone, Abigail lowered her gaze to the embroidery pattern she was working on, shook her head, and cleared her mind of all the cluttered thoughts.

In the evening, as she was leaving the embroidery studio, a person blocked her path.

The person wore a duckbill cap and a black mask. He was dressed in casual military green and exuded an unsettling aura.

"Who are you?" Abigail instinctively took a step back.

attire "I heard you were looking for artisans for your boss, Alana, right?" the man asked Abigail while intentionally keeping his head down, as if afraid of being recognized.

“Yes.” Abigail nodded.

She indeed needed artisans to help with some accessories for the clothes she was making, but the man’s words didn’t put her at ease.

“Come with me. Our boss wants to see you, the man said, then turned to walk away.

Abigail didn’t follow him but returned to the embroidery studio instead.

She glanced at the man standing in the shadow under the tree through the glass door.

She couldn’t see his expression clearly, but she couldn’t shake off the feeling of uneasiness.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 184-Who Is Sean Graham’s Wife?

Abigail sat in the shop and watched the man emerge from the shadows before he slowly walked away. Although she had initially planned to call the police, she chose to watch him for a long time inside the place. She breathed a sigh of relief only after she confirmed that he had left.

That said, she still did not dare to return to her place. What if the man was waiting for her there? She had no idea what his intentions were.

The studio was about to close, and she couldn’t stay here indefinitely. So, she took out her phone and decided to report her situation to the police, and patiently waited at the entrance for them to arrive.

“It’s best to have an emergency contact so that you can notify someone quickly if anything happens,” the police officer, who was escorting her home, advised her.

Abigail quickly agreed and set Luna as her emergency contact.

We’ll inform you once we have the results,” the same police officer told her.

“Thank you so much.” Abigail said as she nodded gratefully.

Fortunately, there was surveillance footage at the studio’s entrance. So, it should be easier to identify the person based on the footage.

After she took a shower, she intended to give Luna a ring and inform her about what had happened earlier. However, when she looked at her phone, she saw that she had received more than a dozen text messages.

She had a bad feeling about this, but she read the messages nonetheless.

'You know who Sean Graham's wife is, right? Send her picture to me, and I will never harass you anymore.' 'Where are you?' 'Are you serious? Do you think you can evade me for the rest of your life?' What followed these messages was a series of threats. So, while Abigail was about to reply to the messages, she planned to send his phone number to the police. Unfortunately, she discovered that his number was a virtual number, and it changed each time he sent a message.

"Who are you?' Abigail replied to the last text, to which the other party responded with yet a new line, I don't mean any harm. Just tell me who Sean Graham's wife is, and I'll leave you alone. Otherwise, just you wait. There's no use in reporting to the police.

Abigail did not understand what was going on. Why would she know who Sean's wife was? Could the sender be someone associated with Joan?

She held her cell phone and fell into deep thought.

Abigail had initially suspected that Joan was the cause of all her troubles, but after contacting Joan, it was clear that Joan had no knowledge of her being Sean's wife. So, the medical practitioner who claimed to have the last name of "Palmer" was not connected to Joan whatsoever.

With confusion and fear about who might be trying to harm her, Abigail called Sean, who promptly answered the phone. "Darling," he said, his tone carrying a hint of relief.

She couldn't help but wonder why he wasn't exasperated about their previous encounter. "Someone asked me who your wife is and if you've offended someone," she replied coldly.

He immediately became serious. "I'll handle this matter. Where are you right now?" "I'm at an embroidery store in Quisford." "Stay where you are, and don't wander around. Wait for me to come. Got it?" There was a sense of urgency in his voice. Soon, sounds of clothes rustling could be heard at his end.

"Is the situation that grave?" she asked, her voice filled with concern.

Sean's level of anxiety also caused Abigail to be involuntarily tense as well.

"Listen to me," he reassured her. "No matter what happens, I won't let you suffer harm." Abigail felt there was no need for him to say these words because, after all, he posed the greatest threat to her safety. However, since it came to her own life, Abigail still responded with a simple "okay." "Send me your location," Sean requested.

She replied with an "okay" again and shared her location with Sean after she hung up the phone. Still, did this mean he knew who was behind all of this?

Meanwhile, he was on his way to the airport and decided to call Joan's brother.

Although he repeatedly dialed the number, there was no answer at all.

Out of frustration, he gave Joan a ring, and she answered almost immediately.

"Sean, is there something wrong? You're calling me at such a late hour," she said.

Tell your brother that if he dares to harm anyone close to me, I'll sever all ties with him!" Sean warned.

"I don't know what you're talking about. My brother rarely contacts me—" "Joan, you know well my feelings for you. Your family had better not cross the line!" He concluded coldly, hung up the phone, and tossed the device aside.

Abigail was extremely nervous and unable to sleep at all. When someone knocked on the door, her heart skipped a beat. She approached the door and was about to check who it was through the peephole when she heard Sean's voice from outside.

"It's me." When she opened the door, she frowned and complained, "What the hell is wrong with you?" Before she could say anything more, Sean stepped forward and embraced her.

"Did the personally come to meet you?" She gently shoved him aside. "Let's discuss this inside." person Sean had no choice but to release Abigail. After she closed the door behind them, she changed into a pair of flip-flops and said to him, "Today, a man wearing a duckbill cap came to see After I refused to follow him, he texted me, asking who your wife was and whether you knew that person." "Is there any surveillance footage?" He couldn't be sure whether it was Joan's brother based on such vague descriptions.

"The police have already requested it," Abigail replied.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 185-Helping You Get Dressed Sean sat down on the couch and looked at Abigail standing next to him. "I'll stay here tonight and head over to the police station tomorrow morning. Until this is resolved, you need to stay vigilant." "Who is it, exactly?" Abigail asked, her eyes cold as she looked down at him from her vantage point.

He held her hand and gently massaged it. "It's someone from my past, but I can't tell you." She frowned and stared at him for a while before nodding. "I won't ask about that, but let me ask this. Why is it so difficult to locate the doctor from last time?"

"I can't find any traces of him. He did not leave any evidence," he replied truthfully. He had been investigating the matter but could not locate any leads. It was as if the said doctor never existed.

"Can I trust you?" Abigail asked as she looked into his eyes.

Sean tightened his grip on her hand. "Do I need to lie about something like this?" Abigail moved to sit next to him. The doctor's last name is Palmer. Any thoughts?" "Are you suspecting it's related to Joan? I thought the same thing at first.

Unfortunately, Joan has never known that you're my wife, which is rather contradictory," he said after he analyzed the situation with Abigail.

This contradiction left her puzzled.

"And this person who came to see you didn't know that you're my wife as well, so it might not be related to the doctor," he continued.

"I haven't offended anyone," Abigail confirmed.

"I'll handle this matter," Sean reassured her. "Focus on your work instead." She stared into his eyes, genuinely curious about who was trying to locate her.

"Sean, you've been keeping a lot from me. I want to know who's behind this." "I can't tell you the details. I really hope you can understand," he said, reaching out to ruffle her hair.

She turned her head away and looked at him coldly. "If you want to keep it a secret, sure, but you don't expect me to understand." Sean looked at her in silence for a while and nodded. "Alright, I shouldn't have said that you should understand." "Since this matter is related to you, please handle it and ensure that it does not interfere with my work," Abigail mentioned, clearly unhappy.

She might have understood his reasons if he had been honest with her. Yet, he chose to keep everything a secret, which was something she couldn't comprehend.

"Have you taken a shower?" Sean asked Abigail.

"I've showered, but I don't have your clothes here. If you want to shower, you'd have to change into something else. I'll use the washing machine to wash your clothes, and you can wear them tomorrow," she told him.

He leaned in a bit closer and gently touched her cheek. "Can I wrap myself in your towel?" "Sure, I brought two, anyway," Abigail replied, finishing her sentence as she went to grab one of her upused towels.

Sean entered the bathroom first before Abigail handed him the towel and prepared a set of clean clothes.

After he finished the shower, she sat on the bed, playing with her phone. He looked at her and smiled. "What are you doing?"

"No condom," she replied indifferently, setting her phone aside and slipping under the covers.

He got into bed and gently hugged Abigail.

Her voice was low as she spoke, "It's been a while since you came home..." She was silenced by the kiss on her earlobe, her body becoming pliant. She held onto the covers, making a sound of agreement without saying anything.

Sean's kisses rained down on her as he mumbled, "I won't let you get pregnant.

Don't worry." "Mmm..." Abigail's voice trembled.

The next morning, she woke up feeling drowsy. She heard someone talking and opened her eyes to find Sean on the balcony, talking on the phone.

"Do you have to take it this far?" He deliberately lowered his voice.

She looked at his back with a puzzled expression.

"I'll be back by noon today, and you should return too!" he stated firmly.

Abigail immediately closed her eyes, feigning sleep.

Sean ordered breakfast for Abigail and then called her.

2/3 She sat up and glanced at him before saying. "Give me my clothes." He had thrown her pajamas on the floor the previous night and washed them for her earlier this morning.

"I washed them by hand for you. Shall I head to the hallway to grab your clean clothes?" he asked.

"Yes" Abigail nodded and was wondering who Sean had been talking to on the phone.

Scan retrieved her clothes and deliberately used his fingers to hold the intimate apparel before passing it to her.

Abigail snatched it from him forcefully and glared at him. "Turn around!" "Do you want me to help you get dressed?" He moved closer to her, his eyes deep and seductive, making her blush and her heart race She extended her leg out from under the covers and kicked him.

He reached out and held her ankle, gently caressing it with his fingers. "Why are you so irritable as soon as you wake up?" "If you find me annoying, the door is right there." Abigail sniped as she pulled her leg away.

Sean had a smile playing on his lips, but he still turned his back to her.

She did not know what he was smiling about and furrowed her brow in confusion as she wore her clothes. "What are you laughing at?" "Can't I do that?" He glanced at her from the side.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 186-Who Is Your Wife?

Abigail unintentionally verbally argued with him and didn't even realize it herself.

Cameron had already said before that this was Abigail's way of getting close to Sean. Of course, Sean would not tell Abigail that in the event that she distanced herself from him to avoid these arguments.

During breakfast, Sean suddenly spoke, "I'll be heading to the police station later. If everything goes smoothly, I'll head back directly." She merely nodded and focused on her meal, and he reached out to pat her head.

“Are

you possessed?” She tilted her head with a mouthful of food and mumbled.

“How am I possessed by patting my own wife?” Sean’s tone carried a hint of annoyance.

“Who’s your wife?” Abigail retorted as she shifted her body.

To her surprise, she soon realized that Sean wasn’t really mad but was merely looking at her with smile Abigail furrowed her brow and felt that the man seemed to have changed somewhere down the line. If she had acted like this in the past, he would definitely have been upset.

She quietly analyzed Sean’s change and couldn’t help but think of the scene where he had made that secret phone call in the hallway. He seemed to know everything but refused to say anything.

This gave Abigail reason to suspect that this was related to Joan.

Once they were done with breakfast, Sean dropped her off at the embroidery store. He wanted to hold her hand and say a few words to her. Alas, she simply brushed his hand aside and got out of the car without looking back.

“What are you sulking about now?” he asked Abigail.

Abigail rested her hand on the car window and gazed down at him. “I’m not angry with you. There’s no need for that either. Just run along now.” With that, she closed the car door without another word. Sean watched her walk into the embroidery studio, and his tongue couldn’t help but touch the inner wall of his mouth. He was finding it increasingly difficult to understand Abigail.

Sean went to the police station to complete some formalities and reconfirm whether the person Taught in the surveillance footage obtained by the police was indeed Joan’s brother.

The person in the video was not Joan’s brother, but there was something about that person’s demeanor that reminded him of him. Sean was almost certain that this person and Joan’s brother were acquainted.

The call was answered quickly. “Don’t you find this interesting?” he asked the person on the other end of the line.

The man cleared his throat. "Sean Graham, I only have one request. Take care of my sister. I don't understand why you'd want to woo an assistant but can't marry my sister." "I don't like her. Is that reason enough? Kingston, I don't want to waste time dealing with you. Just present a solution that I can accept," Sean replied.

"You seem to care a lot for your wife. Who is she, really?" Kingston's voice carried an inquisitive tone.

"Kingston Palmer, if you dare to get someone to investigate her privately, I promise everything about Joan will be ruined. You know what she fears the most even better than I do," came Sean's cold reply.

"Come back and meet me," Kingston said before hanging up.

Sean held his phone for a moment before starting the engine.

Meanwhile, Abigail was having a conversation with an elderly craftsman about the materials used in jewelry when her phone kept vibrating.

She took out her phone and saw over a dozen MMS. When she noticed that the elderly craftsman stopped speaking, she quickly shoved her phone back into her bag and asked, "Is this craft difficult?" "It's quite challenging. The finished piece has to be polished into such small beads, and there's some wastage involved, but I'm willing to give it a try," the old craftsman replied.

"Thank you," Abigail responded with a smile.

After she left the old man's home, she wore a stylish sun hat and took out her phone. She opened her inbox and saw pictures of Sean dining with Joan, which caused her expression to turn cold.

From various angles, Joan looked elated and was clearly blushing throughout the entire meal. Unable to hide her affection for Sean.

Abigail had already guessed that those two had temporarily resolved their conflict and thought she had calmly accepted the truth. Strangely, she still felt a bit stuffy inside.

With one matter resolved, Abigail planned to locate a dessert shop to indulge herself and relieve her bad mood.

Alas, her plans went down the drain right then as her phone chose now of all times to ring. When she noticed it was Eric calling her, she was a bit surprised but nonetheless answered the call. Then, she greeted him, "Hey, Eric, long time no see." It had only been about a month since they last met. Once they left the production team, it became nearly impossible for them to meet again.

"I heard that you're in Ouisford. Is that true?" Eric sounded a bit excited.

Abigail was slightly surprised. "How did you know?" "Of course, I heard that some fans spotted you. You're quite popular now," he replied warmly.

"I heard you don't really like to browse Instagram," she responded with a smile.

He was eager as he asked, "That's what Josie told me. By the way, I have a friend who just opened a shop in Ouisford. Would you like to check it out?" She still had her doubts about Eric, but because she never had the time to understand him as a person. Hence, she did not plan to have too much contact with him.

"Well, I might not have time. I have a lot of things to deal with right now," Abigail replied, illustrating her hesitation.

"You'll miss out if you don't go, though," Eric said, but he was calmer than before.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 187-A Familiar Face Abigail couldn't help but wonder, This is interesting. A shop has actually gotten such high praise from Eric? "Is it really worth a visit?" she asked curiously.

"I recommended it because I believe it can help with your designs. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bothered you with something so trivial, Eric replied warmly.

When she heard his words, she felt a bit apologetic for her initial caution toward his good intentions. "Is it far?" she inquired as she licked her lips.

"Since you're in Ouisford, you should actually take your time and explore. There are many unique shops here. Trust me when I say that you will regret missing out on any of them," he said, with a smile.

At the same time, she received a location pin from him.

"Make sure to check it out; I need to get back to work." With that, he ended the call.

Abigail bought a cup of ice cream and headed to the shop he had recommended. The shop appeared quite ancient, with a wooden sign that read 'Serenity.' As she strode in, she found various exquisite wooden carvings and ornaments.

Nonetheless, it was evident that it was still primarily a tea house.

So, it was with a slight sense of surprise in her heart that she found a place to sit down.

Before long, a young waitress approached her. "Here's the tea menu. Please take a look." "Thank you." Abigail didn't see anything special about this tea house. It's a tea house with no customers. How did it make enough to survive?

She tried her best to squash her disbelief as she flipped open the tea menu. To her featured a way of making tea from the 18th century.

surprise. it She ordered a selection of pastries and some English Garden Green Tea. Then, she handed the menu back to the waiter.

After the waitress returned to the kitchen, she glanced at Abigail through the bamboo curtain.

Just then, a tall man walked up to her and took the menu from her hand.

"She really looks like him. Look at her brows and eyes; it's like they were carved from the same mold, the waitress whispered to the man.

The man with a small ponytail at the back of his head, holding the menu, scrutinized Abigail with complicated eyes. "She does resemble him, but we can't disturb her until we have solid evidence." 719 "I know." The waitress stuck out her tongue playfully.

Then, the man went to prepare the tea with the menu in hand.

As the waitress emerged from the kitchen, she told Abigail, "You can take a look at the wooden carvings here. They are available for purchase." "Alright, thank you," Abigail said, examining the wooden carvings. Some of them were hung on the walls, while others were displayed in glass cabinets. Even though there were several display cabinets available, the tea house didn't feel crowded at all.

At this moment, she came across an exquisite wooden carving. It wasn't exactly a carving: it was a wooden piece of accessory. The craftsmanship was extraordinary, evident from how exquisite it looked. It was a very intricate belt with the smallest wooden bead measuring just

barely an inch wide. Yet, the carver had managed to create tiny holes in between. Various colors of wood blended harmoniously, giving it an antique yet somewhat vibrant appearance.

“This belt uses six different types of wood. Most people mistake it for jade due to its shiny texture. However, it’s made entirely of wood and even emits a unique fragrance,” the waitress approached her and enthusiastically introduced their wares.

Abigail nodded in appreciation. She gazed at the belt for a while before asking, “Is it for sale?” “Of course, but I have to warn you, it’s quite pricey. Since it has been appraised, the price is 30 thousand and not negotiable,” the waitress replied.

A dress worth 1.5 million can certainly be a fitting match for this 30 thousand belt. “I’ll take it. Can you wrap it up for me?” Abigail asked.

The waitress seemed surprised by her response. “Are you sure?” “Absolutely,” Abigail replied with a smile.

Soon, tea and pastries were served. Abigail savored her tea while brainstorming design ideas and admiring the wooden carvings.

At this time, she realized why Eric had recommended this shop. It was peaceful, offered excellent tea and pastries, and had attentive service. Most importantly, the aroma of the wooden carvings in the shop calmed her emotions.

Abigail had spent her time designing various details of her clothing pieces, only to realize it was getting dark outside.

As she planned to leave, she noticed a casually dressed man carrying a wooden box approaching her.

When she saw his face, a strange sense of familiarity hit her. Alas, she couldn’t quite place where this feeling originated.

“This is the item you purchased,” the man said politely. His attire, much like his demeanor, exuded a relaxed and gentle charm.

After a nod, she took out her phone. “Do you accept Venmo?” “Yes,” he replied, taking out his phone.

Abigail paid for the food and drink and left the shop with the wooden box.

Meanwhile, the waitress and the man saw her off at the door. They only started talking once they were sure she was truly gone.

“Why didn’t you ask for her number? I think we should. When we create new pastries, we can invite her to taste them,” the waitress suggested to the man.

“We’ve been over this. We shouldn’t disturb her until we have clear evidence.

Let’s not give her false hope,” the man replied, returning to head inside.

The waitress playfully stuck out her tongue at him and decided not to say anything else.

Abigail returned to her rented room, carrying the box. She was immediately greeted by a delightful woody fragrance when she opened it. It was a blend of several sandalwood scents, giving her a subtle yet refreshing feeling. Overall, it was a unique scent. No perfume could possibly compare to the impression left by the scent emanating from this belt.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 188-Declining Calls Abigail sent a message to Eric. Thank you so much. Your suggestion was fantastic. I did find a treasure.

She thought that Lexie would definitely love this belt. Not only was its design unique, but its fragrance was also one of a kind.

“What treasure?’ he quickly replied.

However, she didn’t tell him the details. Instead, she chose to keep the cards close to her heart. “You’ll find out when Lexie walks the red carpet.

‘Well, I have to wait a while for that. Still, consider me hooked.” She felt increasingly grateful as she read the text. Then, she eventually decided to respond. I’ll treat you to a meal once you’re free.

After she sent this message, she realized that she hadn’t talked to Anthony in a while and owed him a meal as well. So, she switched to Anthony’s chat and immediately sent him a message. “What are you up to? Why haven’t you contacted me? Do I always have to do the heavy lifting. between us?” He replied to her message within a minute. You’re a busy person now. I heard you’re secretly designing a red carpet gown for Lexie. I didn’t want to disturb you. Where are you now?

When she read his message, she felt touched by the concern of her friends and smiled faintly. I'm working on some embroidery in Ouisford. However, I want to send some gifts to a few friends. Send me your address.

He seemed surprised. 'It's not my birthday. Why are you sending me gifts? Oh, I'm not the only one. Who else is receiving your gifts?' "Do you want it or not? If yes, then send me your address. Of course, she wouldn't spill just who was on her friend list.

She had a smile on her face as she sent the text and went into the bathroom to wash her face. When she looked at herself in the mirror, the smile on her face disappeared instantly.

She stared at herself in the mirror and suddenly remembered why the shop owner had seemed familiar to her today. It was because she bore a striking resemblance to him.

When she came to this realization, she was beyond stunned.

It was only when a message came through on WhatsApp that she lowered her head and replied to Anthony. Then, she promptly switched to Eric's chat.

Eric hadn't replied to her text yet, so she briefly explained to him about her intention to send a gift and asked for his address.

He promptly replied with an address and then asked, 'Why are you sending gifts all of a sudden?' To thank you. Also, I have a question for you. Are you familiar with the owner of that tea house?' 'Not particularly. Why?' From his words, she couldn't discern whether his inquiry was genuine or feigned.

"The shop owner looks a lot like me. Didn't you notice?' She then noticed that Eric was typing continuously, but no message came through.

As she looked at herself in the mirror again, she reflected on Eric's unusual behavior since they had first met. He has been quite kind to me, but what lies behind his kindness? She ran her fingers through her hair, feeling a bit frustrated.

When she emerged from the bathroom, Eric had finally replied to her message.

Fine, you got me. I did recommend that place because I found the resemblance uncanny. It doesn't help the fact that you once mentioned that you only have your grandparents. So, it made me want to inquire about your parents.

‘Did the shop owner lose a child?’ She would be rather foolish if she failed to understand the implications behind his words. I’m sorry. I’m definitely not his child. My grandparents told me that I’m their biological granddaughter, and I believe they wouldn’t lie to me without a good reason. Maybe there’s something they find difficult to talk about, which is why they haven’t said anything about my parents. Regardless, I have complete faith in them.

Eric felt particularly dejected upon receiving her message. He had initially wanted to ask her more questions, but her response had extinguished his desire to do so.

Abigail didn’t have any interest in prying into other people’s family matters. So, she decided to change the topic by mentioning that she would send him the gift.

‘Aren’t you curious about how that child went missing?’ He persisted.

‘It’s none of my business. Besides, it’s inevitable for people to look alike sometimes. If you post his picture on your social media, you’ll find that countless others resemble him.

‘Okay.

After their conversation concluded, she pushed the matter aside. I certainly wouldn’t doubt the words of Grandpa and Grandma. Plus, I remember my early childhood memories very well. How could I possibly be an abandoned child?

Grandpa and Grandma have always treated me well, and I’ve never lacked familial love. Thus, I have never once felt envious of others for having parents.

During dinner, Sean’s phone calls started coming in.

Abigail chose to ignore him as she recalled that he had reconciled with Joan.

Sean called her repeatedly, but she didn’t answer any of his calls.

Shortly afterward, he sent her a message on WhatsApp. Answer the phone.

There’s something important I need to tell you!’ She didn’t fall for his tactics and didn’t open his WhatsApp message either.

Since he failed to reach her, he sent another message. If you don’t want me to show up at your door tomorrow morning, answer the phone!!

She glanced at the message but didn't bother to respond.

Luna called her within a few minutes.

The moment she pressed the answer button, she heard Luna's displeasure ringing out on the other end of the line, complaining angrily. That jerk Sean can't reach you. So, he asked me to call you! Did you two have another fight?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 189-I'm Your Husband Abigail was sipping her soup. Then, she said in an impressively calm tone, "No.

By the way, help me ask Kevin for his address. Don't mention that it's me asking. I want to send you guys a little gift.

"Okay..." Luna couldn't understand why she wanted to send a gift to Kevin. Still, it was clear that her relationship with Sean was rather rocky at the moment.

"If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up. It's been a long day." Abigail remained composed and continued to sip her soup, making the sound of drinking audible.

"Okay." Luna felt that she had also hit a dead end. Sean deserves it anyway. He keeps upsetting his wife every few days. He deserves to be ignored.

Abigail packed her luggage and changed to a better hotel that night after finishing her meal. She even went to sleep early.

Meanwhile, Sean was in a foul mood because he had planned to talk to her that night. Yet, she refused to answer any of his calls.

Kevin, who had been called to the bar by Sean, watched him drink with his chin resting on his palm.

"Abigail is ignoring me again. We shared a bed just last night. I can't figure out what's on her mind." At this moment, Sean was still unaware of what he had done. So, he was restraining his anger and confiding in Kevin.

Kevin sighed and replied wearily. "If you don't know, how am I supposed to know?" "Drive me to the airport later." Sean wanted to find out why Abigail was upset with him.

"She's angry with you. Going to her now will only make her angrier," Kevin pointed out.

"I want to go in person to try to appease her," Sean replied.

Abigail had indeed been cold on the phone. Nonetheless, he knew her well enough to know that she was generally gentle when spoken to face-to-face.

"Have you considered why she is angry?" Kevin asked, looking at him seriously.

Sean furrowed his brows and considered things carefully before saying, "If there's something worth making her angry, it would be related to Joan." "You didn't reconcile with Joan again, did you?" Kevin raised his voice.

"What do you mean by 'reconcile?' Watch your words," Sean reminded him.

Kevin immediately pounded the table. "Someone probably snitched about it to Abigail. You got back together with Joan because of Abigail, didn't you?" "I didn't get back together with her," Sean said with a cold expression. Plus, he knew who had informed her about it even without investigating this matter.

Although Kingston doesn't know that Abigail is my wife, he sees her as the bridge to contact my wife. So, when I spend time with Joan, he will surely pull out all the stops to ensure that Abigail is in the know. No wonder Abigail is angry with me.

"I know, I know. Is Joan that difficult to deal with?" Kevin couldn't help but feel that Sean was dealing with chewing gum. What kind of influence is lurking behind Joan that makes him so cautious?

"Let's go to the airport." Sean stood up.

As Kevin followed him, he murmured, "Why don't you just tell Abigail the truth?"

Keeping this misunderstanding going isn't good. She hates Joan from the bottom of her heart. If you don't explain, how would she possibly consider getting back together with you?" Sean didn't answer him. I'm a man of my word. I won't go back on my word to Kingston.

When he arrived at the hotel where Abigail was staying, he knocked on her door for a long time but received no response.

He couldn't help but frown as he went to the hotel's front desk. Soon, he found out that she had checked out long ago.

Once he was outside the hotel, the anger building up inside him tipped over the metaphorical cauldron. So, he called her but found her phone was turned off.

Then, he tried calling her on WhatsApp. Alas, there was still no answer.

He clenched his phone tightly, grinding his teeth. "You're really something.

Abigail!" Abigail's room door was pounded violently at 4.00AM. She was so startled from her sleep that she gripped her blanket in fright. By the time she came to her senses, there was a deep scowl on her face as she regarded the door warily.

"Abigail!" Sean's angry shout echoed faintly outside the door.

As she didn't expect him to find her here, she was momentarily caught off guard. Unfortunately for both of them, her surprise quickly morphed into irritation.

He was about to knock on the door again when the door suddenly swung open with a loud whoosh, making his hand freeze mid-air.

"Why are you causing a scene at this hour?!" She stood by the door, her face filled with anger.

Sean promptly pushed her into the room without saying a word and slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

She barely had a moment to react before he seized her chin and kissed her forcefully. His grip on the back of her head was firm, and he bit her lip with such a violent intensity that she instinctively recoiled from his grip. She winced from the pain and beat his chest, but he held her waist in a tight embrace. Suddenly, he pivoted her body, pinning her against the door, and pressed himself against her, continuing his assertive ministrations.

As the oxygen in her chest began to diminish, her mind started to feel hazy.

Soon, her body grew weak.

At this moment, he finally let go of her and rested his forehead against hers, his nose glistening with sweat.

"Do you still want to hide from me?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

“Do you think you’re worthy of making me do something so cowardly?” She glared at him, her breathing heavy.

“You certainly are easy to find, aren’t you? Do you know how long I’ve been wandering the streets?” His tone was filled with fury.

“Why should I care?” She was even more upset than him at this turn of events.

Suddenly, Sean reached out and grabbed her wrist, kissing her lips again. At this point, her lips were red and almost swollen due to his actions. “Of course, you should care. I’m your husband. You shouldn’t even think about getting rid of me in this lifetime.” “Sean, you’d better stop testing my patience!” Abigail didn’t hesitate to stomp on his foot as a way to vent her frustrations.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 190-I’m Not So Easy to Deal With Sean winced in pain but didn’t retreat. Instead, he smirked as he stared at Abigail. “How have I gone too far? I took a flight from Pendorf at 9.00PM yesterday to Ouisford just to explain things to you. But when I arrived, you had already checked out without a word. I’ve been searching for you until now. Is asking for a kiss from you too much as compensation?” In her mind, she couldn’t help but think, Was that just a kiss? It seemed like he wanted to devour me. “Sean, I don’t have anything to say to you.” She raised her gaze to look at him. His eyes were deep, like a cold pool. So, she hastily averted her gaze.

Yet, he raised his hand and gently held her chin. He looked at the faint blush on her face and her eyelashes trembling. “If you have nothing to say, then we won’t talk,” he said softly, kissing her lips again. As he tilted his head, he kissed her slowly, inch by inch. Each action belayed a hint of attentiveness and some imperceptible attempts to please.

“We’re a married couple. Even if you argue with me, I won’t argue back,” he whispered.

Alas, she only looked at him with furrowed brows. “Sean, I want a divorce. I’m not joking.” She was truly tired of the constant feeling of insecurity. She no longer had the energy to worry about the tangled situation between Joan and him..

After she said that, Sean held her face in his hands. “We won’t get a divorce. I know you’re upset because of Joan. But I swear the title of Mrs. Graham will always be yours.” His voice was calm, without any emotional fluctuations.

However, Abigail turned her face away. "I don't want that position, Sean." "You were the one who wanted to marry me in the first place. Yet, now you're the one who wants a divorce. What do you take me for? Do you think I'm so easy to deal with?" He held her chin firmly, and his eyes suddenly filled with anger.

Her breathing instantly became rapid, and she stared at him intensely. "We've been through this. I'll give you all the time you need to think things through." "There's no need for that! I'm going to take a shower. Get me a towel." He released her.

She merely leaned against the door and watched him with red-rimmed eyes in response.

"Haven't I been treating you well enough? I'm not the least bit angry even when you refuse to calls and make me search for you high and low. What else do you want from me?" he answer my asked her.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she choked back her sobs.

Sean promptly swallowed any words of reprimand the instant he caught sight of Abigail crying. Instead, he walked over and hugged her, patting her back gently.

"I know it's hard for you because of Joan, but I promise you, I really don't like her." "Can you just let me go?" she said tearfully.

He only tightened his embrace around her as he placed his chin on her shoulder. "No." When she heard his answer, she reached out, grabbed his clothes, and bit her lip as she tried her best to get her emotions under control.

At this moment, he kissed her neck slowly, moving downward. With that, her body went limp, and she collapsed into his embrace.

"Honey," he said with tenderness in his tone, comforting her.

Still, she whimpered and curled into herself.

After he carried her to the bed, he planted kisses all over her body.

The moment their intimate moment ended, she lay on the bed in a daze as she gasped for breath.

"I'll carry you to the shower." Sean got up and, in the process, lifted her from the bed.

She obediently held onto his neck. She became particularly compliant, allowing him to touch her as they showered.

When she came out of the bathroom, she was completely hapless. Thus, she fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

The next day, she woke up around 10.30AM. Sean's phone call awakened her, and she furrowed her brow when she opened her eyes. The first thing she did was kick Sean beside her.

He took a deep breath and reached out to pinch her face. "Are you hitting me as soon as you wake up?" On the other end of the phone, Cameron turned silent.

"You couldn't have answered your phone outside?" she said irritably.

"It's already 10.30AM. Yet, you want to keep sleeping?" he asked bemusedly.

She flipped over as she grumbled irritably, "It's none of your business." He chuckled and told Cameron on the phone, "Just buy whatever." After that, he tossed his phone aside and flipped over, pinning her down. Once again, his kisses landed on her body. "What do you want to eat for lunch, honey?" Her eyes turned half-lidded as she enjoyed his kisses. "Anything..." "Can I savor you, then?" he murmured, his hands starting to wander, "Go away." She wriggled away in annoyance.

6984 This made him laugh, and the two of them continued to play fight on the bed until the doorbell rang.

Sean quickly grabbed the blanket and covered himself securely. "It's probably Cameron bringing me some clothes. I don't have anything to wear. Can you help me get it?" "You can go get it naked. You're both men, after all." Abigail lay on the bed, not moving an inch.

"What if he has a different sexual orientation?" he said.

She couldn't be bothered to respond. So, she closed her eyes in exasperation, leaving him hanging.

"Honey." He kissed her cheek.

She couldn't stand the continuous kisses and sweet nothings. So, she reluctantly got up to help get the clothes.

When she opened the door and saw Cameron, she felt that they were taking things a bit too far. What has the ever-diligent Cameron done wrong?

“Thank you. Sorry for troubling you.” She took the bag of clothes from him and thanked him with a polite expression.

“It’s not trouble at all, Mrs. Graham. This is my job,” he replied respectfully.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

191-200

I Want a Divorce Chapter 191-Danger Approaches Silently Abigail looked at Cameron and suddenly exclaimed loudly, “Sean said you have a different sexual orientation; that’s why he doesn’t want to come over to pick up the clothes. He’s afraid that might have ideas about him.” you His face displayed surprise for a moment. After a while, he smiled in a very polite manner and replied, “Mr. Graham is just trying to make you happy. I understand his intentions.” She could hear Sean burst into laughter from inside the room. It was the first time she had heard. him laugh so heartily.

So, she smiled awkwardly at Cameron and grabbed the paper bag before closing the door.

“Go change your clothes,” she told Sean as she walked to the bedside.

There was a teasing smile in his eyes as he looked at her while leaning on the bed. “Okay” After she tossed the paper bag to him, he lifted the blanket and unabashedly changed his clothes right in front of her.

“You’ve seen and had a good taste of it all. So, you can’t keep bringing up divorce,” he said to her bluntly.

She felt like kicking him when she heard those ridiculous words coming from his lips.

After lunch, Sean and Cameron left for the airport together Before they left, Sean reminded Abigail once again, “Even if you’re angry, you shouldn’t ignore my calls. When you don’t

answer, I worry about you and will start looking everywhere for you.” “I thought you said you had something important to discuss with me,” she asked as she shook her raised phone.

“Yes.” He nodded. Suddenly, he leaned closer to her, his voice low and seductive as he said, “I wanted to ask you, how was your experience the night before last? How was it compared to before?” She instantly shoved him away and rolled her eyes before sauntering off.

A faint smile lingered at the corner of Sean’s lips. Only after he watched her enter the embroidery studio did he turn to leave with Cameron.

As their car slowly departed, a man wearing a cap emerged from behind a tall tree by the roadside with his eyes squinted.

He stared at the entrance of the embroidery studio for a while before sending a message to W 1/3 Kingston. ‘Is there a possibility that Abigail is Sean’s wife?’ Joan learned about this message shortly after. When she recalled various events from the past, she couldn’t help but furrow her brows, lost in thought.

Kingston immediately sent her another message. ‘Sean says he’s pursuing her, so she might not be. However, if you don’t like her, I’ll find a way to prevent her from being with Sean.

“What do you think he likes about her? She doesn’t even look top-tier attractive.

‘I checked; her grandmother and his grandfather have a good relationship. It’s probably this connection that led to her being taken care of by Sean.” Joan couldn’t help but feel disdainful when she read that. So, it turns out she was relying on her grandmother to connect with Sean’s grandmother. No wonder Old Mrs. Graham doesn’t like her. That woman is already so old, yet she refuses to stay still and enjoy her retirement. It seems that Abigail learned the art of seduction from her grandmother.

I don’t think she’s Sean’s wife. The Graham Family is undoubtedly a prominent one, and the wife he marries should also be from a wealthy family. It doesn’t matter how well Sean is hiding her away. It’s impossible that there’s no information about his wife. She most probably hails from a significant background for us to have such difficulty tracking her down.” Kingston thought her words made sense and stopped dwelling on it.

“But if possible, let’s make sure Sean is out of her league.

‘Sure. I’m planning to do that, too.” Meanwhile, Abigail sneezed multiple times in a row, making her rub her nose with a frown.

“Is the air conditioning in here too cold, Ms. Quinn?” the tea house’s waitress asked her with a concerned expression.

As Abigail shook her head, she answered, “No, it’s just that my nose is a bit itchy. Maybe it’s because I’m in a new environment and not used to it.” “Alright.” The waitress nodded immediately.

Just then, Abigail pointed to a yellow rosewood-carved griffin and said to the waitress, “I’ll take this car pendant.” “Sure, the waitress replied with a smile.

Next, she chose a keyboard and a bracelet. The bracelet was for Eric, and the keyboard was for Anthony. Anthony had a hidden hobby as a keyboard enthusiast. And, of course, the griffin was for Kevin. She thought the adorable griffin matched his temperament quite well.

Then, she continued shopping after mailing the three gifts straight from the tea house.

Suddenly, she stopped in front of an antique puzzle ball pendant.

This ball is only half an inch in size, but it has five layers. Naturally, it’s all carved by our owner.” the waitress explained.

Abigail leaned in for a closer look and saw that each layer was incredibly thin, yet the patterns were very intricate. “This one has got to be very expensive, right?” she asked. For some reason, she felt that this ball was somehow perfect for Sean.

“Let me ask the owner, the waitress said before quickly heading to the kitchen.

After a short while, the shop owner came out while kneading a piece of dough.

As he looked at the antique puzzle ball, he said, “This is 150 thousand.” She was utterly dumbfounded when she heard the price he had set.

“It’s made from the wood of the small acacia tree, which is very hardy. I spent five years making this piece, and it still exudes the scent of violets to this day,” he elaborated.

Five years. It’s certainly worth the price, but I don’t have that much money... “Please serve me the pastries. and tea first. I need some time to think things over,” she told him.

The shop owner’s last name was Pearson, which she noticed when she paid for her meal.

“Sure. My name is Josh, by the way. Feel free to call me by my name,” he said before turning and heading back to the kitchen.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 192-Sean’s Karma As Abigail sat down, she sent a message to Sean. Transfer me 150 thousand.

It’s for him anyway. I don’t want to spend this money. Also, it’s 150 thousand! I don’t have that much in my account right now. All the money I earn is in the company’s account.

This was the first time she had asked Sean for money, and he was quite surprised. He promptly transferred 600 thousand to her. ‘Spend it as you wish.

When she read the message, she sneered. He spent more than this on Joan.

However, since he didn’t ask any questions and simply transferred the money, she decided not to make an issue out of it with him.

In a few days, Kevin, Eric, and Anthony all received gifts from Abigail.

Sean Seethed with anger upon discovering that Kevin had received a griffin gift from her. To add to that, when he saw Eric flaunting the bracelet on Instagram, he didn’t even need to think twice to know that it was a gift from Abigail.

Meanwhile, when Anthony saw Eric’s post, he promptly decided to show off his wooden keyboard. on Instagram.

They’re all wooden products. It’s obvious that they’re from Abigail. Sean ground his teeth and immediately called Abigail to confront her.

“Did you ask me for 150 thousand to buy gifts for them?” His tone was far from his usual gentleness.

Abigail was deliberately provoking him. When she planned to buy a gift for Anthony, she wanted to do so. “I bought them with my own money, and those things aren’t expensive. It’s only a total of 4,000,” she responded nonchalantly.

“Kevin demanded 300 thousand less in breach of contract. compensation, Anthony introduced me to orders worth millions, and Eric recommended this carving shop, which also helped me. Is it unreasonable for me to give them gifts?” “So, everyone got one except me?”

He wished he could fly to her immediately and make her buy him one. How is this fair? All the men she knew received gifts, so why didn't I?

"Why should you have one? You can have Joan buy you one. Oh, my. Don't you tell me that you've only been giving her stuff and haven't been receiving anything?" She mocked him.

He immediately hung up the phone right then and there.

"Mr. Graham, she didn't buy you one because you're her husband. If she bought you one, you would be on the same level as those ordinary men Cameron tried to console him.

"That argument won't work on me," Sean said, anger clearly visible as he loosened his tie.

1/3 He couldn't accept Abigail giving gifts to other men. Why did she have to send gifts to three men at the same time? Aren't bracelets for good luck? Did she care so much about Eric's future? As for the griffin, it's for warding off evil. And it's a car pendant to boot. Is she that worried about Kevin's safety? Anthony received a wooden keyboard. It's clear she knows a lot about his interests.

Otherwise, why would she choose to give a keyboard among all the other options? They are all her close friends, while I'm just nothing!

At this moment, he felt a surge of anger rising in his head, filling his usually clear mind with chaos and emptiness.

Cameron didn't dare say anything more and could only watch as Sean simmered with anger.

"Tell me, why did she do this?" He couldn't accept Abigail's contempt for him. I even went all the way to Ouisford in person to appease her when she was upset.

Cameron lowered his head, afraid to make a sound, as he was unable to provide him with a satisfactory answer.

In the end, Kevin was summoned to his office yet again.

"Does she hate me that much?" Sean asked him.

Kevin, who had received a gift, felt inwardly delighted but did his best to maintain a serious expression on his face. "You know her temperament. She's doing this to make you jealous." "She doesn't care if I'm jealous. She's just humiliating me." Sean's face darkened.

To be honest, Kevin had never seen Sean lose his composure like this before.

“Let me say something you won’t like to hear. When you were giving those gifts to Joan without giving her anything, did you ever consider how she felt at that time?” he asked softly.

Sean’s anger was instantly extinguished by his words. He became calm, and his face grew terrifyingly grave.

Kevin didn’t dare to say anything more and reached for a glass of water, taking several sips.

After a while, Sean forced a wry smile. “True. She’s just getting back at me and making fun of me.” “I just don’t understand one thing. Why did you bring Joan in front of her in the first place? If you were a bit more restrained, things wouldn’t have escalated to this point today,” Kevin muttered.

Sean recalled that he did care about Abigail back then, but not to a great extent.

Today’s events seemed like his karma, a way for her to gradually return what he had imposed on her.

I should endure her indifference and disregard for me.” His tone was cold as he tightly clenched his hand at his side.

“But she still provokes you on purpose, which means she still cares about you,” Kevin quickly interjected.

2/3 “Forget it.” Sean’s hands turned slack, his voice now cold and firm.

He thought that by treating her well during this time and showing his concern, she might have started to develop feelings for him. Little did he know that she would react by humiliating him.

“Don’t give up so easily, Sean,” Kevin advised him.

Alas, Sean simply picked up a file and returned to his work without saying another word.

Kevin quietly left the room after loafing around in the office for a while. These two are just making things far more complicated than they should be.

Meanwhile. Abigail, far away in Ouisford, had no idea about Sear's current state of anger. She was still playing with the antique puzzle ball. Maybe it's because this thing has many facets, and I think that Sean is also like that, which makes me feel that it suits him well.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 193-Miss, Answer the Phone In the following days, Abigail frequently visited the tea house, becoming a regular customer at Josh's shop. Once she was finished with her embroidery work for the day, she would head to 'Serenity' to drink tea and brainstorm her designs while indulging in some pastries.

Josh would sit across from her at the table, diligently working on his woodcarvings. Currently, he was carving a character from an anime, a commissioned piece. After some interaction, Abigail noticed that he had a peculiar work style; he accepted commissions ranging from just single digits to hundreds of thousands, solely depending on his mood.

Initially, she thought that the tea house might not be very profitable, but she now realized that his woodwork was renowned online. The tea and pastries were more of an accessory to his art, and carving was his livelihood.

She felt a bit tired from drawing and set down her tablet. So, she watched as he lowered his head and observed the character in his hands while sipping her tea.

Since she wasn't very familiar with this field, she couldn't make much sense of it despite having observed him in his element for a while.

Josh had a mature appearance, resembling that of an old cadre. Yet, his mindset was up-to-date with the younger generation. He had a broad range of interests, including gaming, anime, and movies.

"I can tell you don't surf the internet often," he suddenly said.

When she heard this unexpected comment, she nearly choked on her tea. She suppressed her urge to cough and replied, "Yes, I don't pay much attention to things outside the design community." "Well, that can be a good thing," he said.

They continued their conversation casually, discussing various topics as the day slowly turned into night.

As Abigail left the tea house, she looked at the streetlights and suddenly realized that Sean hadn't contacted her in several days. She had planned to personally give him the antique

puzzle ball, but since he was infuriated over her giving gifts to others, she decided to drop the idea.

She lowered her head to check her phone and saw that her Uber driver was a few minutes away.

“What the heck, Miss? Why aren’t you answering your phone again?” In L.Moon Studio, Luna was becoming increasingly anxious. She had made over 20 calls to Abigail, all without a response. In the end, she got so frustrated that she decided to call Kevin.

1/3 “Both you and Sean are unbelievable. You call me when you can’t find your bestie, and he calls me when he can’t find his wife. I might as well resign and become Abigail’s maid!” Kevin complained, clearly irritated by being awakened so early.

“I haven’t been able to reach her since last night. Did she have another fight with Sean?” she asked.

Kevin, who was snuggling under his blanket, muttered, “I suppose. She’s given gifts to all the men she knows except for him. I imagine they had a big argument. I haven’t heard from Sean in days.” Regardless of that, she was currently so anxious she couldn’t help but grab her hair and bounce around in place. “But I need to contact her urgently!” Lexie had a few days off and wanted to meet Alana. Now, with this situation, she was sure Lexie would be angry.

“Miss, I can’t do anything even if you make a fuss here. I’m very sleepy. Find Sean...” he said, followed by shallow breaths.

“Abigail sent you a gift, right?” she hissed through gritted teeth.

“I know she’s good to me, but I only slept at 3.30AM last night, and it’s only 7.30AM now. Are you trying to kill me?” He sounded mournful.

“Please, just ask Sean for me, and I won’t bother you anymore,” she pleaded.

“Oh, please. I only received a small griffin pendant. Don’t make me sacrifice my life for it,” he begged while clutching his blanket.

So, it was an even more infuriated Luna who hung up on him. How can he be brothers with Sean when he’s this timid?

Just as she felt completely helpless, she received a message from Abigail. I'm learning now, and they don't allow me to check my phone frequently to prevent anyone from stealing their techniques. Do you need anything?" Luna found this rather odd. In the past, when Abigail learned embroidery and some very difficult techniques, people were eager for her to promote those techniques everywhere. After all, these intangible cultural heritage techniques were at risk of being lost. Young people were unwilling to endure the hardships required to learn them, so the old masters and craftsmen were eager for her to help promote them and find more apprentices to carry on the traditions.

"Lexie wants to meet you. You need to come back now. You can keep learning those skills later and hurry back.

"I really can't make it back. I'll explain it to you when I get back. It's hard to explain through text.

Luna couldn't fathom what kind of technique Abigail needed to be so secretive.

Soon, she received several images of embroidery designs from Abigail, and her eyes lit up when she saw them.

2/3 'I'll try to talk to her. After all, it's a dress worth 1.5 million; perhaps she wants to give Lexie a surprise, so she couldn't reveal it yet.

At the same time, inside a pitch-black room with metal walls, a man wearing a cap and a face mask placed Abigail's phone down and answered another call.

"Is the smuggling route confirmed? We'll sell the merchandise directly at the farthest industrial park. You can handle it as you see fit. Don't worry. The merchandise is of excellent quality. She has delicate skin, and she's been married before, experienced enough to handle all of you." Abigail, still dazed, struggled to comprehend the words due to her disoriented state. She felt utterly drained, and her last memory was getting into a cab. When she woke up, it was like this.

The man glanced at the motionless Abigail on the ground and couldn't help but smirk. We have invested significant time and effort, creating countless seemingly coincidental encounters. Finally, we captured her stealthily.

Is the video ready yet? If Sean becomes suspicious, our smuggling operation could fail."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 194-Emergency Help Message Soon, the man received a message. 'I'll send you the video today. Are you sure you can send her away in three days? Are the people at the industrial park reliable?' "The area where the park is located is one of the most chaotic in Southeast Asia. Even if Sean has extraordinary abilities, would he dare confront the military forces over there? Even if he were to go, his death would merely be inconsequential; nobody would care.

Just as he had sent out the message, Luna called again.

The man holding Abigail's phone didn't answer immediately. His face darkened as he watched the messages pop up one by one, his expression clearly showing impatience.

When Luna noticed that there was still no reply from Abigail, even though she had sent so many messages, she started to feel anxious. Lexie didn't want to only see pictures. In fact, she insisted on meeting Abigail in person, which put Luna in a difficult situation. 'Reply to my message! If you don't reply, I'm going to video call you!' She kept repeatedly calling, making the man wish he could strangle her through the phone.

At this moment, Abigail's black cloth bag was removed from her head, and she gasped for air. When she looked up and saw the man standing not far from her, she trembled in fear.

"Now, I need you to cooperate with me and have a video call with your friend.

Just tell her that you're fine and ask her not to insist on seeing you. I promise that in two days, I will release you," he calmly told her.

She nodded repeatedly, but the cloth in her mouth prevented her from speaking.

After the man put the phone aside, he began to set up the scene.

Abigail's phone returned to her hand, and she immediately remembered the emergency contact setting she had configured with the police. She had set up a message to be sent to Luna if she pressed the power button five times.

"Don't play tricks, or I'll kill you right away." The man threatened as he saw her holding the phone: but not doing anything.

After a deep breath, she said, "I'm a bit nervous. I'm afraid she might notice something." She tightly held the phone, and her fingers silently positioned themselves over the power button.

"It's normal to be nervous the first time you're kidnapped. Don't worry. As long as you cooperate, I won't harm you," he gently reassured her.

"What should I tell her?" she pretended to ask the man.

He replied, "You can read the messages she sent you." "Okay," she said as she opened the messages and carefully read them. Worried that she might seem too compliant, she started feigning fear by shaking in her seat. She pulled out all the stops. So, by the time she was done, her eyes were puffy, and she was quietly sobbing into her hand.

"You'd better not have any funny ideas. Why are you crying?!" the man suddenly roared.

She shivered involuntarily at his outburst. She quickly raised her hand to wipe away her tears, biting her lip tightly to suppress the urge to cry.

"Don't waste my time!" the man barked again, harshly.

Abigail's shoulders trembled as she looked at him with red-rimmed eyes and a fearful expression on her face. "Wait a moment. I need to compose myself." She tightly clutched her phone. When she irritated the man, she took the opportunity to press the power button five times. Once she calmed down, she connected to a video call with Luna and calmly said, "I'll be able to return in three days. Can you please talk to Lexie and see if she can wait?" Three days? Lexie only has a one-week vacation in total, and we've already wasted several days. I don't know if I can convince her to stay. She's really angry today and insists on making me leave. This won't work," Luna said, her palms sweaty.

As soon as she received Abigail's emergency message, she thought of the dangerous people Abigail had encountered before.

Her words made Abigail anxious as well. He's unlikely to let me go three days later. Why else would he have kidnapped me in the first place?

Lexie and the public believed that Luna was Alana. The thing was that Luna, who wasn't particularly skilled in design, wouldn't be able to explain her dress design concept to Lexie. In the end, Lexie might suspect L.Moon or even Alana's abilities. This was undoubtedly a huge crisis for their studio.

"You find a way to keep her calm; it's only three days," Abigail said helplessly.

"I've already made arrangements here and can't afford to cancel them. Just tell her it's for her dress, and I have a special design piece that I'm sure she'll love when she sees it." "Alright." Luna ran her fingers through her hair in frustration.

The moment they hung up the call, Abigail's phone was snatched away by the man.

"Don't worry. You'll definitely go back in three days, he said with a smile, holding her phone.

"Okay..." She pretended to be meek and submissive as she nodded repeatedly.

Meanwhile, Luna immediately reported the kidnapping to the police, and they took it very seriously.

"Don't make a big scene. Make sure to approach this quietly. I'm almost certain that the kidnapper is clever. He even mimicked her tone when he responded to my texts. I didn't even notice that the phone had switched hands until later," she nervously informed the police.

"Don't worry, Miss Smith. Since the kidnapper is still within our borders, there's no need to be alarmed." The police assured her, When she left the police station, her face was as pale as a ghost. Should I tell Sean? What if he gets anxious and ruins the police's plan?

Slap! Abigail received a harsh slap across her face, and then her hair was forcefully grabbed by the man.

"You damn b*tch, how dare you pull such a stunt right under my nose? I'll get someone to kill you!"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 195-Giving It Her All Abigail was seeing stars, and her ears were ringing after getting slapped so brutally. The pain in her cheek felt like her skin was torn from the blow. Then, she was forced to raise her head, revealing a faint trace of blood flowing out from the corner of her lips.

The man's eyes were overflowing with viciousness as he raised his hand, ready to slap her again. But then, his phone started ringing, and Abigail was promptly thrown to the ground.

Her head knocked against the ground, and the pain was so immense that she blacked out and was almost rendered immobile.

"Hello? I don't know when that b*tch sent a distress signal to her friend. She tricked me!" The man left with his phone.

“The guy said three days. There’s no other way! I’ll contact another buyer. Don’t worry. I will make sure she’s sent to the industrial park. That way, she won’t have any chance of escaping.” Once he was done, he ended the call and returned to grab Abigail.

Abigail was held by her hair and dragged out of the iron shed. Tears welled up in her eyes from the pain, and she found a chance to kick the man. She knew very well what the industrial park was and would be doomed if sent there.

The man stumbled from the kick and almost fell on his face. He grumbled angrily as he came for Abigail once more, but she mustered all her strength and began madly kicking at the man.

“Bstard. Scm of society!” Abigail cursed.

The fuming man tried to grab Abigail’s leg and tie them up, but she was no fool.

Instead, she was now a woman filled to the brim with righteous anger as she violently attacked the man’s hand. “You’re a trash who only sells women for a living. You’re useless! A piece of trash!” Abigail shrieked.

Those words infuriated the man so much that his veins protracted from his skin.

Suddenly, he stopped walking and turned around to snap a thick branch off a nearby tree.

When the branch landed on Abigail’s body, she was in so much pain that tears started falling. By the time her clothes were tattered from the beating, she finally lost all her strength to resist.

At that point, she was battered and bruised. So, the man threw the branch hard to the ground. before grabbing her by her soil and blood-stained clothes. Finally, he slapped her once more and forced her to look into his fierce eyes.

Fresh blood flowed out from the corner of Abigail’s lips, and though she looked weak, they were still filled with unrelenting hatred.

W “Sean won’t let you get away with this!” She gritted her teeth and threatened through pained.

gasps.

“Don’t worry. I’ll go abroad if this deal goes through.” The man said with a smile.

Abigail took the opportunity to suddenly pounce on him and viciously bit the man's neck.

"Ahh—" The man screamed.

The place Abigail bit was around his Adam's apple, and she bit down with the intention of killing him.

Blood stained their clothes. The man delivered several blows to Abigail's head, and though she blacked out several times, she still refused to unclench her jaw.

Tears continued to rage from her eyes as she let out a low whimper.

The man screamed miserably and struggled, reaching out to grab Abigail's hair fiercely. When he finally pushed Abigail away with all his might, she had already bitten off a piece of flesh from his throat.

Abigail was gasping violently as she tumbled to the ground.

In the meantime, the man covered his neck and kept letting out pained moans as blood flowed continuously from between his fingers on his throat. The continuous blood loss and lack of oxygen made the man turn pale. So, he clutched his neck tightly and started searching for his phone.

But just as he grabbed it, Abigail kicked it away with her last bit of strength.

Then, she watched him struggle like a fish out of water and laughed madly.

"Serves you right!" She grinned in vicious glee.

The man's lips were wide open, but he couldn't make a sound in response.

Soon, he went into shock right in front of Abigail.

Abigail wriggled her tied-up body and desperately crawled toward the nearby forest with dense bushes after catching some rest. She had no idea how long she had wriggled and crawled her way across the grass when she finally fell unconscious.

When Sean heard Luna say that Abigail had been kidnapped, he immediately rushed to Cloudgrove with Cameron.

At the same time, the police had launched a full-scale investigation.

oxygen.

“We found a man with a bitten throat who went into shock due to blood loss and lack of We’ve expanded our search. Mr. Graham, please send more helicopters to search the area.

Sean, who was searching the place with the police, received a call from the local police while in the middle of searching.

“Sure.” Sean’s face was gloomy.

The helicopter started a detailed search, starting from where the man was found. No one knew of Abigail’s current situation. What if she was in worse condition than the kidnapper? The more delay they faced, the more dangerous her situation would be.

As soon as Abigail woke up, she realized her body was hot and weak. She guessed she might have gotten a fever due to her inflamed injuries.

As she lay sprawled on the grass, she felt like everything that had just happened was straight out of a bad dream. It never occurred to her that she would encounter such a thing in her ordinary life. The scene when she fought with the kidnapper seemed like a movie.

Suddenly, she heard a rustling sound from the side. Alas, Abigail had no strength to move, so she could only look in the direction of the sound with wary eyes.

When the grass was pushed aside, she saw Sean’s pale and tired face.

The moment she saw him, her tears instantly started flowing.

Sean’s suit was all torn, and his usually clean face had several scratches and smudges. He threw himself before her and picked her up in his arms.

When Abigail fell into his arms, she looked into his eyes and parted her lips. But she couldn’t make a sound.

“I’ll bring you home. You’re fine now. Everything’s fine.” Sean hugged her tightly.

At that moment, all Abigail truly wanted to say was that her wounds were hurting because of his manhandling

I Want a Divorce Chapter 196-Not Expecting Gifts From Her When Abigail woke up in the hospital, she was almost tackled by Luna. "Wait... I have injuries on my body. It hurts," Abigail weakly pushed her friend away.

Luna's eyes were red. "I've already called the police. How did you end up like this?" "He found out I had you call the police in less than two hours after our video call.

Also, he had an accomplice," Abigail whispered to Luna.

"When I received your message that day, I immediately called the police. Later, the police asked me to come to the police station... Do you think we're being

watched?" Luna sat by the hospital bed and asked.

Abigail hadn't made any enemies recently, and Laura, who had exposed her relationship with Sean, had been sent to who knows where. Therefore, the possibility of Laura being behind this was slim.

Hey, do you think it might be the fake doctor from before?" Luna continued to ask.

"Even Sean couldn't find out who he was," Abigail replied.

At that moment, the door was pushed open, and Sean came with a lunchbox.

His face had several band-aids, making him look a bit comical.

"Well then, I'll leave for now. Take good care of yourself." Luna stood up, reluctant to part with Abigail.

"Okay. We'll stay in touch by phone." Abigail nodded..

After Luna left, Sean opened the lunchbox and asked her, "Are you still in pain?" "It's better now," Abigail replied.

"The kidnapper nearly died. His windpipe is damaged, so he can't speak anymore." Sean gave her the lunchbox.

"Would I get punished by the law?" Abigail asked.

Sean ran his fingers through her hair in comfort and explained, "You did it in self-defense, and this is not the man's first crime. He actually kidnapped you from Ouisford to Cloudgrove." "They want to sell me to an industrial park in the neighboring country. Also, they have accomplices and are watching Luna's every move. Then, Abigail told him about how she had Luna call the police but then got beaten up in less than two hours.

When Sean heard what she said, he touched her still slightly bruised cheek. "I'll get to the bottom of this. But from now on, I'll let Cameron follow you." "No way." Abigail immediately responded. She refused to have anyone from Sean following her.

"Be good. Do you want to wait until things are irreversible before you regret it?" Sean asked her.

"To tell you the truth. I am a bit averse to using people from your side, Abigail replied seriously.

"Well, your objection is heard and noted. However, you need to listen to me on this matter," Sean spoke firmly.

Abigail got lucky this time. Although her opponent was a grown man, she almost managed to kill him. Perhaps the man thought he was stronger than Abigail because he was a man and underestimated her, leading to his miserable outcome. Nonetheless, such luck wouldn't exist a second time.

Abigail had some difficulty in raising her hand, so Sean took the lunchbox and fed her.

Have you decided to give up because I didn't give you a gift the last time?" Abigail suddenly inquired.

Sean had been on a business trip during those few days. When Abigail hurt his feelings, he went to deal with the things he had left behind, deciding to immerse himself in work to forget about his sadness. "I haven't given up. I just took a temporary break," Sean replied.

"You deserved it," Abigail retorted.

"Forget it. I didn't expect you to give me anything. My only wish right now is that you'll do well in any of your endeavors, and such things won't happen ever again." Sean's eyes were filled with endless gentleness.

He was filled with deep regret when he heard about Abigail's incident. If he had called her every day like before, he would have quickly noticed that she was missing. Then, she wouldn't have been taken to Cloudgrove and suffered so much.

"Let's talk about this when you've caught the culprit." Abigail said.

Sean hummed in response. Once he left the ward, his relaxed demeanor disappeared.

Cameron glanced at him.

"Look after her. If anything goes wrong, I'll hold you responsible." Sean left those cold words and walked away with the lunchbox.

When he returned to his car, he seemed gloomy. Actually, he suspected this was Kingston's doing, but he didn't have any definite proof.

After all, Abigail had a simple social circle and had only offended Laura. After Laura exposed his and Abigail's relationship, he banned her from the industry. Therefore, no one would dare to help her do such things anymore.

But it was different for Kingston because he wasn't as simple as he seemed.

Of course, Sean wouldn't be able to touch him without any evidence.

Sean dialed a number with a dark expression on his face. The call was soon answered.

"Keep a close eye on Kingston's movements and find a way to hack into his phone. I want to monitor his phone in real time!" After he ended the call, he pinched his nose bridge, speculating in his mind. If Kingston is targeting Abigail, then what's the reason? Is it only because I said I wanted to pursue Abigail, so he decided to do away with Abigail for Joan's sake?

While Abigail was in the hospital, Eric brought a worker from the tea house to visit her.

"My name is Lynette Pearson, Josh's cousin. I heard something happened to you, and since Josh couldn't come, he asked me to visit you for him." Lynette squeezed into the spot beside the bed, looking concerned.

Abigail had only met her briefly. Yet, the woman had come all the way from Pendorf, which was at surprise.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 197-No Longer Her Sole Focus “Thank Josh for me.” Abigail smiled.

“This is a gift from Josh. Carry it with you for safety Lynette handed a square wooden box to Abigail.

Abigail thanked her again. It turned out that she had managed to form her own circle of friends unbeknownst to her.

For the past three years, her life had revolved around Sean. However, now he was no longer her sole focus.

Eric pulled Lynette behind him by the collar and stepped forward, asking concernedly, “What happened? How are you feeling?” “I’m fine, but things are a little complicated and hard to explain,” she replied.

heard that things like this happen a lot. Even some tourists who go to Cloudgrove for vacation would get scammed by cab drivers and trafficked abroad. Anyway, you have to be careful when going out.” Lynette chimed in.

Indeed, Abigail had seen such news while browsing through social media. Many people who went in search of jobs were deceived to head abroad but couldn’t return. Nonetheless, she had no intention of revealing her own situation.

“Strangely, you were brought to Cloudgrove from Quisford,” Eric remarked with a frown.

“It’s still under investigation. Besides, I’m fine now,” Abigail explained to Eric.

Eric looked at Abigail and asked, “Actually, Josh found it strange when you didn’t return to the hotel the next day. He and Lynette went to the hotel you stayed at and discovered that you never returned. Did the cab driver kidnap you?” Lynette didn’t expect that he would be so honest with Abigail, so she nudged him. “What happened to keeping things on the down low?!” Abigail looked at them with a puzzled expression.

“Miss Quinn, can you tell us in detail about what happened? Perhaps the Davidson and Pearson. Families can help you.” Eric ignored Lynette and asked Abigail with a serious expression.

Lynette pursed her lips, silently reprimanding Eric for being unable to keep a secret.

"If you put it that way... Do you still think I'm the child the Pearson Family lost?" Abigail asked gently.

"First and foremost, we are also friends. You don't have the ability to find out the truth, but we do." Eric stared fixedly at Abigail, anticipating her answer.

"Even if I accept your help, I can't possibly be the Pearson Family's lost child. I know they might be anxious... but I'm not." Abigail couldn't deny that her grandparents treated her well and. couldn't find it in herself to accept the fact that she wasn't the Quinn Family's child.

Moreover, judging by how much they loved her, they would certainly tell her the truth if she were not their grandchild.

"I understand. I'm just trying to help you find the source of danger," Eric replied hastily.

"Thank you." Then, Abigail told them what happened that day and repeated what happened next, including the fact that Luna was being watched.

"About that, can you help me dig into someone?" Abigail whispered to Eric.

Lynette quickly leaned forward. "Who is it?" Joan Palmer. I want to know about her background" To tell the truth, Joan was the only person Abigail suspected. Since Sean couldn't find out who that doctor was, it meant the other party was unwilling to reveal their identity. Besides that, she had an intuition that this matter had to be connected to Joan.

"Sure." Eric immediately nodded in agreement.

Once the two came out from the ward, Lynette put on a stern expression and asked unhappily, "Joan Palmer. Is she Abby's husband's mistress?" "Keep your voice down... Abby still doesn't know that we already know everything about that woman," Eric softly reminded Lynette.

"Joan Palmer, right? How dare she steal Abby's husband? See that I don't rip her to shreds!" Lynette's charming face was twisted with hatred.

"Don't rush to teach her a lesson yet. You have to follow up on Lexie's side first," Eric said before leaving.

Once they left, Cameron appeared from the corner and watched them leave while calling Sean.

“What’s the matter?” Sean’s cold voice came from the phone.

“Lynette Pearson from the Pearson Family and Eric Davidson came to visit Mrs.

Graham. They say they know everything about Mrs. Graham. Should I investigate them?” Cameron sounded very respectful.

“Including the fact that she and I are married?” Sean’s tone became serious. If Eric had long since known Abigail was married, why would he hate me so much? Is it because he wants to intervene in our marriage?

“It seems like it. Lynette said she wanted to teach Joan a lesson and stand up for Mrs. Graham,” Cameron replied.

Sean pondered for a moment and asked, “Why are the Pearsons getting involved in this?” Cameron also found that strange. It would be normal for Eric to find out everything about Abigail because he liked her. Still, the Pearsons wouldn’t get involved in this matter because they supported Eric’s decision to intervene in Abigail’s marriage, right?

“Look into the Pearson Family.” Sean hung up after giving that order.

That night, Sean returned to Ouisford to pack up the things Abigail left in the hotel and brought them back.

He arrived at the hospital late at night.

She looked at him wearily as he brought in the luggage and a few wooden boxes.

“What did you buy?” Sean was curious but hadn’t opened any of the boxes on the way.

Abigail held her hand out, looking at him playing with the box containing the antique puzzle ball. “Give me the one you’re holding.” Sean threw it to her. “Come clean. Who is this gift for? Some man you fancy?”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 198-I Can’t See Through You Once Abigail got ahold of the box, she didn’t open it right away but looked at Sean with an inquisitive glance..

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Sean asked.

Abigail touched the box while asking him, "Do you know how much the thing inside here costs?" "How much?" Sean didn't care about what that thing was worth. All he cared about was who she would be giving it to. In addition, he knew her character well.

To her, practicality held more value than anything expensive.

"150 thousand," Abigail replied.

He quickly recalled that she had asked him for 150 thousand. So, Sean suddenly felt slightly curious about what was in the box and why she was willing to pay 150 thousand for it.

What is it? Did you buy it for your grandmother?" Sean's gaze landed on the box.

Alas, Abigail didn't reply. Instead, she held the box in her arms and got under the covers.

After Sean finished washing up, he lay down beside Abigail. But just as he hugged her, she turned around and placed something around his neck.

"What's this?" Sean touched the thing.

"The five-layer antique puzzle ball pendant I bought for you. Sean, take this as our parting gift," Abigail explained.

Sean immediately pulled the pendant off and lowered his head to examine it for a while. He asked her, "Why do we have to part ways?" "I can think of only one person who would harm me, and that's Joan," Abigail looked into his eyes and explained.

"This ball. You bought it before this incident happened. Then, is she also the reason you bought this for me? How many times do you have to make me repeat that I don't have any feelings for her?" Sean spoke while holding the antique puzzle ball.

"Don't you think you resemble this ball? There are several layers to it, each with its own mystery. When I bought it, I thought it looked like you," Abigail replied slowly.

Sean finally spoke after gazing at the tiny ball for a while, "What do you want to say?" "I can't understand you and no longer want to understand you. I'm tired of guessing. I don't want to know what lies underneath the last layer of this ball," Abigail explained with a smile.

"I can tell you." A trace of sadness appeared in Sean's eyes.

Unfortunately, Abigail had already turned around, her back facing toward him.

“This is the gift I bought for you, and it’s the most expensive one.” “I won’t ask you for any more gifts and won’t get angry at you for buying someone else a gift. Please don’t argue with me anymore, okay?” Sean hugged her.

“But I want to know if no one will harm me anymore as long as I leave you,” Abigail whispered.

Sean held her tightly without answering. It wasn’t until Abigail thought he had fallen asleep that she heard his hoarse voice say, “Abby, can we start over?” “I have many friends now, and love isn’t my only focus anymore. Besides, even if this is related to Joan, you won’t do anything to her, right?” Abigail asked indifferently.

“If she is behind this, I will give you an explanation,” Sean promised while hugging her.

“You’re making excuses for her,” she remarked coldly.

Sean felt that Abigail wouldn’t listen to his explanations whenever Joan was brought up. But he could also understand her. She despised Joan, and after this near-death experience, she would certainly grow even more hostile toward Joan if she were indeed the culprit.

At that moment, Abigail felt lucky to have accepted Eric and the Pearson Family’s help because she knew Sean would behave this way. He had always been unreliable.

“I’m not. I don’t want to argue with you now. Let’s talk about everything after we find out the truth, okay?” Sean was concerned about Abigail’s recent near-death experience and figured it might have put her in a bad mood.

His concession earned him a kick from Abigail, but he didn’t get angry but embraced her while playing with the antique puzzle ball. “This was made from the small acacia tree, right? It has the scent of violets.” Abigail was surprised that he was so knowledgeable about this.

“Do you know the meaning of violets?” Sean asked.

Abigail watched him twirling the inner part of the antique puzzle ball with his fingers and pursed her lips, saying nothing. Of course, she didn’t know what violets meant. She wasn’t someone who studied these things.

“Eternal beauty and love, simplicity, and virtue,” Sean answered for her.

A slightly unhappy Abigail inquired, "Can we go to sleep now?" "Yes. Honey, can you help me put it on?" Sean placed the antique puzzle ball in Abigail's palm.

Abigail couldn't help but frown as she was slightly unwilling to do so. After a tussle between the two, she had no choice but to help him put it on as she had lost.

"You have such good taste, honey," Sean praised Abigail.

"Stop it, and go to sleep." Once Abigail said so, she closed her eyes. Yet, another failed attempt to break up with him. Since she was indeed exhausted, she didn't feel like mentioning that topic.

Sean wouldn't agree to Abigail's request at this moment. Perhaps he might agree to her request if Eric and Anthony didn't exist.

If loving someone meant setting her free, but because he loved her, he refused to agree to her request under Eric's watchful eyes. Moreover, why would someone like Eric fall for a married woman? There were several excellent women in the entertainment industry, but why did Abigail catch his attention? Even if... he knew Abigail might be Alana, being a designer wouldn't be enough to make him fall for her.

Sean speculated that the Pearson Family might have a significant connection with this.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 199-Abigail's Secret Background Sean emerged from Abigail's hospital room early the next morning. The warmth on his face had faded, leaving in its wake a cold demeanor.

Cameron immediately looked at him.

The two of them walked to a more secluded area away from the hospital room.

Sean leaned against the wall and maintained his gaze on Abigail's room door.

His tone was icy as he said, "Make sure to investigate thoroughly whether Abigail's situation is related to Joan. On top of that, keep a close eye on Kingston."

Sean was not going to let what happened to Abigail slide, even if it turned out that Joan was involved. However, if Joan was really involved, then he would need to protect her again.

Kingston posed a big problem for Sean, meaning he must carefully plan his next move, Abigail had been hospitalized for a 'week and planned to return to Ouisford. The embroidery work that she left unfinished required her immediate attention, but she had also sent Cameron away and instead asked Lynette to accompany her. Since she intended to cooperate with the Pearsons and the Davidsons, she naturally agreed to make a good impression on Lynette. After all, Lynette seemed easy to get along with. Meanwhile, Cameron clung to Abigail like a shadow, following her wherever she went. It was getting quite annoying as she couldn't afford to have him trailing her when she needed to handle business.

"When we arrive in Ouisford, you can return to help at your cousin's shop. I'll be safe in the embroidery studio," Abigail told Lynette while they were on the plane.

"Sure, but let's cut a deal," Lynette suggested, not wanting to be overly clingy to Abigail. "I'll take care of your transportation; otherwise, Eric might be angry with me." After all, when Abigail was busy with her embroidery, Lynette couldn't find it in herself to remain seated and do nothing.

"Sounds good," Abigail agreed with a smile.

"However, you might not enjoy the pastries that my cousin makes or the tea that he brews," Lynette complained as she wore her sunglasses.

Abigail did the same.

Lynette sighed. "He has gone on a business trip and probably won't be back for another four to five days.

At that, Abigail responded with a simple "Oh" and did not ask any more questions.

The sunlight in late April was bright. Analise was squatting in the vegetable garden and feeding a stray cat that she had recently discovered when the doorbell suddenly rang.

She rose to her feet, her back hunched, and went to answer the door. When she opened it, she saw a man, who bore a striking resemblance to Abigail, and hesitated for a moment before asking. "Who are you looking for?" "Is this Analise Stein's house? I'm Abigail's friend," Josh asked politely.

"Um..." Analise stepped aside, and when she lowered her gaze, there were complex emotions in her eyes. Then, she closed the door and informed Josh, "Abby isn't home. You'll

have to call her if you need to talk to her.” A little orange cat hiding in the vegetable garden peeked out from among the plants and secretly watched Josh.

“I’m not looking for her. I actually want to ask you about something.” His purpose was simple- he wanted to inquire more about Abigail’s background. As he followed Analise into the hallway, he sat down on a chair and handed her a photograph. This is my mother.” In the photo was a woman who looked almost identical to Abigail if her mouth was obscured.

Analise looked at the photo and repeatedly wiped her eyes. “I have severe diabetes, and my eyesight isn’t very good. What about the photo?” Josh was skeptical and hesitant. “You can’t see it clearly?” “Not entirely. I can see it, but it’s somewhat blurry. She handed the photo back to him.

He had indeed learned that she had diabetes and nearly went blind due to how severe her condition was. He thought Analise already made a full recovery when she left the hospital, but apparently, her vision was still unclear.

Regret was evident in Josh’s expression as he asked directly, “Abby... Is Abby your biological granddaughter?” He didn’t want to beat around the bush. Even if there was a one percent chance, he still wanted to bring Abigail back.

“Of course, she is. What’s going on?” Analise asked lovingly.

Josh replied, “Abby looks very much like my mother and the Pearsons lost a child more than twenty years ago. We still haven’t found them, so my mother’s health has severely deteriorated.” Analise listened attentively to his explanation and then said sadly, “Her mother must miss her child a lot, but Abby is not one of you.” “Can we have a DNA test with her then?” Josh asked. “I know this is impolite, but we can use a www.

strand of her hair or draw blood. Whichever works is fine.” “Abby is my granddaughter. Suddenly coming here to request a DNA test isn’t appropriate, is it? She’s my biological granddaughter, and I can’t possibly be mistaken about that. I sympathize with your mother’s illness as a result of losing her child, but without Abby, I won’t be able to continue living.” Analise insisted.

At this, Josh immediately stood up and apologized. I’m sorry for making such a request. If you’re not willing to do it, I won’t insist. Thank you for your time.” “Abby is the Quinn Family’s granddaughter, and that is a certain fact. You may leave now.” Analise also stood up and had a resolute attitude.

“Alright. Thank you.” He turned and left..

Once he was completely gone, she collapsed into her chair with an incomprehensible facial expression. She had clearly seen the resemblance in the photo, but Abigail was her granddaughter -her and her late husband’s granddaughter.

“Abby, where I am at is your home. Don’t be afraid,” Analise murmured.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 200-A Stray Cat Josh returned to his car and received a call from Eric. “How did it go?” Eric asked urgently.

“The Quinn Family has only an elderly lady left, and she firmly claims that Abigail is her granddaughter. Could we really be mistaken?” Josh was in doubt.

Abigail also insisted that Analise was her relative, and her attitude was resolute.

“But she fell into the water at the Quinn Family’s vacation resort back then... Plus, weren’t you the one who rescued her?” Eric asked..

Their current lead was the Quinn Family never moving out from their village.

Twenty years ago, this place was a well-known vacation resort where many wealthy people came to recuperate from their illnesses and rented houses in the Quinn Family’s village for years. The Pearsons had lost their youngest daughter during their vacation here, but over a decade ago, the resort had declined as tourism outside the area became more popular. Therefore, it gradually transformed into an ordinary village. The beaches disappeared, causing the village to significantly deteriorate to the point where very few young people were left.

“It’s too much of a coincidence. Why does she look so much like her? Also, why has she been living there?” he continued asking, addressing Josh’s silence.

“But why doesn’t she acknowledge it? If Abby recognizes her roots, we would gladly bring her back to the Pearsons to live out her days.” Josh said as he was filled with confusion.

“Maybe we need to investigate why she fell into the water back then. Perhaps the other party thought she was abandoned, which is why they refused to acknowledge your family,” Eric speculated since such misunderstandings were not uncommon.

“How can we possibly investigate what happened when she fell into the water all those years ago?” Josh’s voice rose slightly. After all, that was merely an accident.

“Speaking of which, I found out that Abigail nearly drowned once when she was in her teens,” Eric informed Josh.

“That doesn’t seem relevant, though. Let’s think of other ways. It would be great if we could do a DNA test directly,” Josh suggested to Eric.

Eric asked Josh instead. “Should we have Lynette try to arrange it?” After a moment of silence, Josh replied, “I think we should hold off on that for now. She loves her grandmother so much, and her grandmother loves her too. If we act recklessly, she might end up resenting us.” The situation was becoming increasingly complicated, and the mystery of Abigail’s true identity still remained unresolved, leaving both men with more questions than answers.

T D “That’s true...” Eric fell into silence.

Abigail received a call from her grandmother a day after Josh left.

“Grandma, I’ve been a bit busy lately and haven’t called you. How have you been at home?” Abigail’s voice was gentle.

“Abigail...” Analise’s voice trembled.

“Grandma, what’s wrong?” Abigail immediately became nervous.

Analise’s voice was coated with tears as she explained, “Abigail, someone came to our home suddenly, claiming that you’re their family’s child and that I’m useless. As a result, they want to take my granddaughter away.” Abigail’s nose started to tingle with sadness when she heard that. “Grandma, I’m absolutely sure. that I’m your granddaughter. I’ve lived with you since I was a child, and no one can take your granddaughter away!” Grandma misses you a lot. I’m afraid that one day I’ll open my eyes, and you won’t be my granddaughter anymore,” Analise whimpered as she began to cry.

Abigail gripped her phone tightly. “I’ll come back tonight and spend a week with you, okay, Grandma? Please don’t cry.” “I’m fine. I’m just worried about you leaving... Go on with your work. I won’t bother you any longer,” Analise replied through her tears.

www “Okay...” Abigail replied verbally but had already purchased a plane ticket. She needed to have a word with Eric and Josh.

She called Josh's number after she bought the plane ticket.

Josh answered the call promptly. When she called him, he had already sensed that things were about to take a turn for the worse.

"You went to see my grandmother, didn't you?" Lynette mentioned that he went on a business trip, so was it to verify the lineage?

"I'm sorry. It's just that my mom- "Josh Pearson! I agreed to collaborate with you, but I never mentioned anything about Hooking for my grandma!" Abigail interrupted him in a fit of anger.

The person on the other end of the line fell into silence.

you "Do you even know how old my grandmother is? Even if I were from the Pearsons, what does it matter? I was raised by my grandparents since I was a child. After my grandfather passed away. she's the only family member I have, and vice versa Abigail continued angrily with red eyes. "For me, your mother, you, and your cousin are all familiar strangers. Why did you hide this from me and say these things to my grandmother?!" She was almost blinded by anger.

I'm sorry." Josh apologized.

He hadn't expected Analise to call Abigail and inform her about their conversation. If Abigail wasn't her granddaughter. Analise should have concealed it. Had they all been mistaken?

"Don't ever contact my grandmother again, and our cooperation is over. I don't need you or Eric to help with anything!" Abigail declared before promptly hanging up the phone.

As her chest heaved with emotion, she started packing her bags. She traveled overnight from Quisford to the Quinn Family's village. When she saw Analise, Abigail immediately embraced her.

"Silly child, you've traveled so far to return," Analise mentioned as she held Abigail and patted her back.

"It's not so far, as long as you're okay, Grandma," Abigail responded as she rested her head on Analise's shoulder and gently closed her eyes.

Analise led her into the house and showed her a little orange cat she had found.

The cat was abandoned and suffered from skin problems when Analise found it.

“When I found it, the poor animal was thin and pitiful,” Analise told Abigail with a face filled with warmth.
