

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 201-300

201-210

I Want a Divorce Chapter 201-What a Coincidence As soon as Abigail walked toward Analise, she crouched down and playfully poked the orange kitten.

The orange kitten was startled by her appearance and quickly hid away.

Abigail couldn't help but smile at this.

Analise averted her eyes with a touch of discomfort as she watched Abigail having fun with the kitten. "How long are you planning to stay this time?" "I'll probably leave tomorrow. I'll take you to Pendorf once I wrap up my work.

You can't refuse this time, Grandma." Abigail sat on a chair, looking serious.

Alas, Analise immediately expressed her rejection, saying, "I've already said it repeatedly. Don't waste money on buying a house. Why won't you listen to me?" She was well aware of how pricey properties were in Pendorf. So, she was only saying all this because she didn't want to put too much pressure on Abigail.

"It's not a waste of money. My savings are more than enough for something like this. I won't even need to take a mortgage," Abigail replied with quiet confidence.

"What if I don't want to go to the city?" Analise asked softly.

Although Abigail understood that Analise had grown accustomed to the countryside, she couldn't possibly allow her grandmother to stay here alone without her guilty conscience bugging her.

"Grandma, please listen to me..." "You rarely visit me. Why don't I cook some of your favorite dishes?" Analise changed the topic and refused to continue discussing it.

Abigail sighed wearily as she thought, It seems it would take a lot to convince Grandma to come with me.

She helped Analise water the plants in the yard after lunch. Suddenly, she received a call from Eric.

Although she wasn't exactly pleased with him at the moment, she still answered the call.

"Miss Quinn, I'm really sorry about what happened, especially after learning that Josh paid a visit to your home completely unannounced," Eric started apologizing earnestly.

"Eric, I can empathize with the Pearsons. I understand that it's hard for them to live with the knowledge that one of them is missing. However, I believe I've already made things abundantly clear during our call last time. So, why did Josh visit my grandmother?" She hoped that with her clear stance this time, Eric and Josh wouldn't keep fixating on her.

"I'm sorry, Miss Quinn." He couldn't think of any other way to appease her other than apologizing to her again.

When she recalled that this person talking to her was a popular celebrity, she figured it wouldn't do to be so harsh. So, she softened her tone and replied. "It's okay. I'm not mad at you guys anymore. Just please don't visit my grandmother to satisfy your curiosity. She's getting on in age and doesn't handle surprises very well." Eric answered guiltily, "I'm really sorry." "It's fine. I'm a bit busy now, so I'll be hanging up," she said calmly.

Initially, he wanted to tell her more about the Pearsons' situation. Unfortunately, there was no denying her stance on this matter. Therefore, he had no choice but to reluctantly end the call.

Meanwhile, Abigail continued with her chores after hanging up the phone. It didn't matter to her what Eric and Josh had claimed; she would only believe in Analise's words.

On the other hand, news of Abigail's return quickly made it to Sean's ears.

Thus, he promptly arrived at Analise's house with a bag of supplements around the evening.

Abigail had rushed to open the door. So, she didn't bother checking the door before she swung it open. Hence, when she caught sight of him, she immediately frowned and demanded, "What are you doing here?" "Can't I come?" he asked as he raised an eyebrow.

Just as she was about to say something, she heard Analise's voice behind her, calling out, "Is Sean here? Have you had dinner yet, Sean?" Sean ignored Abigail and walked into the yard without another word. "Not yet. I was craving your cooking, Grandma. So, I rushed over. I didn't expect Abby to be back as well. What a coincidence." Abigail couldn't help but think

that he was a shameless and practiced liar. In the end, she could do nothing but follow him into the house. When she heard that Analise was chatting happily with him, she could only amuse herself by playing with the kitten.

Sean spent some time with Analise in the kitchen before eventually walking out. When Abigail recalled that her relationship with Josh had soured, she spoke in a hushed tone, "Come to my room for a moment; I need to discuss something with you." With that, she turned and headed toward her room.

Even though Sean felt a bit annoyed by her bossy behavior, he still followed her into her room. "Is your idea of discussing something just talking to yourself and then going into the room?" he asked in irritation the moment he was in the bedroom.

She cleared her throat sheepishly and said, "It's urgent. That's why I didn't consider propriety when I made that request." "Go on." He took a seat on a nearby chair.

"I wanted to ask if you have any extra manpower. My friend can't be with me every day due to some personal issues," she explained. Since she had decided not to have any contact with Josh, she didn't want Lynette to keep picking her up.

"Cameron can help," he suggested. "If you feel uncomfortable with him following you all the time, I can have him work on something else when you're working so he doesn't disturb you." Sean understood why Abigail was looking for an alternative. She's probably worried that Cameron might discover that she is hiding her identity.

"That would be fine." After all, she didn't have many other options.

"Is that all?" Considering her secretive behavior, he thought she had something more significant to discuss.

"Yeah." In fact, she felt a little embarrassed that she had to ask him for help when she had rejected his offer prior to this.

"Let's go and help Grandma with dinner then. She's probably bored out of her mind cooking by herself," he suggested, standing up from his chair.

Abigail silently followed him out of the room.

It seemed that she would always be entangled with Sean no matter how hard she tried to avoid any interaction with him. She had initially thought that with both the Pearsons and the Davidsons. involved, she would quickly find out about the mastermind of her kidnapping.

“You will tell me if you find out any clues regarding my kidnapping case, right?” she suddenly popped the question with worry lacing her tone.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 202-You Won't Keep Anything From Me, Will You?

Sean turned around, frowning as he regarded Abigail. “What are you trying to say?” His tone quickly took on a hint of anger.

“Nothing. I was just asking.” she replied immediately.

As he stared at her, he suddenly curled his lips into a mocking smile. “Do you still think I would deceive you for Joan?” “I’m going to the kitchen.” She sidestepped him, not wanting to continue this conversation.

Sean, who was just about to say something in response, was interrupted by Analise’s words as her voice rang out across the room, “Sean, let me know if there’s anything else you want to eat.” He immediately replied, “It’s fine. If you make too much, you’ll end up eating the leftovers tomorrow.” Analise was frugal, and he had seen her consuming leftovers several times.

After dinner, he didn’t speak to Abigail again until she had fallen asleep.

In the middle of the night, he finally gave up trying to catch a wink. So, he got up and went to the yard to smoke. Abigail doesn’t trust me at all.

Early the next morning, he learned that Abigail had already flown to Ouisford after catching an early flight by the time he woke up from his slumber.

She had informed Lynette that she no longer needed her to pick her up. Once that was done, she placed her entire focus on her embroidery.

Alas, her focus was broken when she overheard the staff working in the studio that Lynette was arguing with a man around lunchtime. It seemed that this mystery man had been waiting at the door bright and early. So, she decided to see just what on Earth was going on.

She could hear Lynette's frustrated voice at the entrance as soon as she stepped out of the backyard.

"I've been sending her to and fro for several days. If I wanted to harm her, I could have done it a long time ago. Why would I bother waiting?" "I'm sorry, but she's working at the moment. You can't enter," Cameron replied sternly.

"You have no right to bar my entry even if I don't know her. This is an embroidery studio; if I'm not mistaken, you don't own this establishment. Step aside." It seemed that Lynette had been here. for quite some time, considering the desperate tenor in her voice.

At this moment, Abigail came to the door with a helpless expression on her face.

When her gaze landed on the two people who were arguing by the entrance, she raised her voice as she inquired, "Are you guys done?" As soon as Lynette saw Abigail, she looked absolutely distressed. "Abby, even if you and Josh have a disagreement, you shouldn't take it out on me." "I'm not! I just feel bad about bothering you every day," Abigail explained gently.

"Why? I don't mind. Besides, I'm just giving you a ride. It's not like I'm doing any hard work," Lynette quickly responded.

Yet, Abigail merely shook her head in response. "It's fine, Lynette. I'm not that close with Josh anyway. I'm just a stranger who just happened to make his acquaintance at best. It feels weird to keep bothering you." Suddenly, Lynette's eyes turned red-rimmed. Unfortunately, when she took a step closer to Abigail to argue her case, she was promptly blocked by Cameron once more.

"What's with you?! Seriously!" Lynette felt the last strands that were restraining her temper snap as she hissed.

Cameron intoned sternly, "Ms. Quinn has made her opinions clear. You should leave." "Abby, can't we have a private chat?" Tears were welling up in Lynette's eyes.

Abigail knew that Lynette wanted to talk about that lost child. To be honest, she was fed up with that particular topic.

Frankly, Abigail didn't care just what happened to have caused such a tragedy to befall the Pearsons. Nonetheless, she was of the opinion that the fault was squarely laid on the adults' shoulders for losing their 'precious gem.

Furthermore, she had no connection whatsoever to the Pearsons. So, she felt nothing but annoyance whenever they brought this up.

“Come in.” However, she still agreed to Lynette’s plea after seeing the woman’s teary eyes.

Cameron instantly withdrew his hand and stepped aside.

Meanwhile, Lynette was overwhelmed with joy.

As the two walked into the lounge, Abigail went straight to the point. “If this is about the lost girl again... Then, I’m sorry, but I’m not interested in anything you have to say.” Lynette had initially wanted to show her some photos. Yet, she was utterly stumped in the face of Abigail’s resolute attitude.

“Your family’s loss has nothing to do with me. Besides, so many years have already passed by. You really shouldn’t disturb someone who is leading a good life if she’s still alive,” Abigail continued.

After some hesitation, Lynette finally posed the question, “What if that child really is you?” 2/3 don’t “That’s impossible. My grandparents have treated me exceptionally well.

Perhaps you understand where I’m coming from, but it doesn’t matter. I don’t need you to understand any of it,” Abigail replied calmly.

Lynette frowned, wearing an expression of disbelief.

Previously, when Abigail’s grandparents found out that she had feelings for Sean, they had gone so far as to propose a marriage to the Grahams. If she wasn’t their granddaughter, why would they treat her so well?

“I understand,” Lynette said lowly. It looks like it truly is impossible to convince her now. She was beginning to suspect that Abigail was unwilling to accept the fact that she wasn’t her grandparents’ granddaughter.

After Lynette departed, Abigail sat in the lounge for a while before heading to the backyard with a heavy heart.

As she had lived with her grandparents for over 20 years, it was difficult for her to accept the sudden revelation that she might not be their biological granddaughter.

Thankfully, Lynette never returned after their conversation.

As Abigail completed her embroidery work and prepared to get some accessories from the old craftsman, she received a call from Luna.

“Abigail, we’re doomed.” Luna’s voice on the phone was low and filled with tension.

“What’s wrong?” Abigail asked, perplexed.

Luna replied seriously, “I’m currently doing a live broadcast with Lexie, and I don’t know what to do!”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 203-Rescuing L.Moon When Abigail heard that, she immediately furrowed her brows. “What’s going on?” Luna whispered, “Lexie invited me to meet someone today, and I didn’t expect it to be a host from a show. They’ve practically forced me to do an interview. You can see what’s going on from the trending topics.” Abigail made a hum of acknowledgment and opened Twitter. She immediately spotted the sixth- ranked trending topic.

Luna denies being Alana. Here comes the most dramatic event of the year!”

She clicked on the trending topic, bracing for imminent disaster. Her frown deepened when she saw the video. How could Lexie do this? L.Moon has worked diligently to design her red carpet gown, and now she’s collaborating with a production crew to expose L.Moon?

“Why is Lexie targeting us?” she demanded angrily.

“I don’t know. I had no choice but to admit that I’m not Alana to ensure that L.Moon’s reputation wouldn’t be questioned. I’m really sorry, Abigail. I couldn’t keep it a secret any longer,” Luna said with a tone full of remorse.

“It’s okay. I’ll think of a solution,” Abigail replied.

When she checked the comments under the trending topic, it seemed that Luna’s admission of not being Alana didn’t lead to a positive outcome.

“Someone’s here. I’ll talk to you later.” Before Abigail could respond, Luna had already hung up.

She watched the trending topic for a while and then called the old craftsman to inform him that she couldn't look at the accessories today. After that, she immediately booked a plane ticket.

As she left the studio, she told Cameron, who was walking beside her, "I need to go to Capitalis. I've already booked my flight. You can head back if you can't make this trip." "I'm free," he didn't even hesitate before responding.

Once she had received his answer, she didn't bother to say anything else.

He noticed that her expression was gloomy and decided not to bother her.

Regardless, he didn't forget to secretly shoot a text to Sean as he boarded the plane.

At the same time, Sean was also scrolling through the trending topic of Lexie bringing Luna onto the show and Luna being pressured to admit she wasn't Alana-this caused a heated argument among many L.Moon supporters.

Once Abigail arrived in Capitalis, she called Luna once more. Alas, Luna didn't answer.

'Don't worry. I'm already here.' Soon, Luna replied to her message. "That's good. I can't answer the phone right now. Lexie is already suspicious of our studio. I'm trying to smooth things over.

Abigail had collaborated with several people over the years, all of whom were involved in at straightforward exchange of goods and payment. Nonetheless, the way Lexie had gone from insisting on meeting her to forcing their hand was making Abigail very displeased.

She wasn't stopped by the production crew due to Cameron's presence by her side.

Then, she entered a private room prepared for her by Cameron instead of informing Lexie of her arrival. She took the opportunity to swiftly change into a formal gown and applied some light makeup.

The show has started again. I've already made the necessary arrangements with another host. You can wait backstage. When that host makes an announcement, you'll know what to do." As Cameron entered from outside, he briefed her respectfully.

"Okay, thank you." Abigail nodded.

This was the first time Cameron had seen her all dolled up with such exquisite makeup.

On the other hand, Luna sat in the guest seat once again, feeling a bit uneasy.

Even though Abigail said that she's here, what could she do?

Lexie sat beside her, observing her distracted state. Lexie's originally domineering appearance now carried a sense of palpable dissatisfaction. "I didn't mean to put you in a difficult position. I just wanted to give you a surprise, but I didn't know that you were deceiving me." "I'm sorry," Luna apologized in a low voice. "But the designer for your gown truly is Alana." After all, Lexie was her employer at the moment. So, Luna had to endure whatever that was coming out of the woman's mouth.

The show's main topic was Lexie walking the red carpet. So, her gown was an essential part of it. Luna brought the wooden belt that Abigail bought, and little did she know it would amaze the audience on the show.

Alas, she couldn't come up with an answer when the host started asking her how she would use the belt to accessorize the dress.

In the end, she had no choice but to come clean that she wasn't a designer. She even went the extra mile to say that she wasn't Alana.

"But Alana is only collaborating with you, isn't she?" Lexie said with a mirthless smile on her face.

Naturally, their strained relationship on the show didn't go unnoticed by the netizens who were watching the live broadcast.

I'm here because it's trending. Seriously, what kind of studio is L.Moon? They actually dared to outsource the design for Lexie's dress?' I'm starting to doubt if Alana even exists. Or, maybe this is just another one of L.Moon's marketing tactics? They created a gimmick about a designer with extraordinary talent to make money when, in reality, there is no such person!" i think that speculation makes a lot of sense. After all, it's the era of influencers; creating a marketing stunt is the easiest way to gain fame and money.

'Is Alana a virtual designer? L.Moon makes me sick. I'm never going to support anyone from this studio again. As designers, all they do is tell lies! It seems that Joan wasn't wrong about them after all.

The barrage of insults was relentless. At this moment, the host, who had been relatively quiet, spoke up, "Now, let's welcome our special guest." Instantly, the other three hosts looked puzzled as the netizens in the live chat burst into another heated discussion.

A special guest right now of all times? The other three hosts' expressions look like they had no idea that this guest would be joining them.

"Wow, this show is on par with those drama shows at this point. Luna's appearance was also quite unexpected.

'I wonder how many more surprises they have in store for us. I'm really curious about who this special guest is. Could it be the virtual designer Alana?

I Want a Divorce Chapter 204-I Am Alana After a moment of confusion among the guests, they shifted their attention toward the stage entrance, following the host's gaze.

Abigail adjusted her gown one last time as she took slow, graceful steps forward in her high heels.

As she appeared in front of everyone, apart from the host arranged by Cameron, who came forward to hand her the microphone, the others in the production crew began to engage in hushed discussions.

When Abigail caught sight of the dazed expression on Luna's face, she gave her a faint smile before walking toward the center of the stage.

Hello, everyone. I'm Abigail, better known as Miss Smith's assistant, Miss Quinn. And I'm also L.Moon's designer, Alana." To her surprise, her introduction did not brighten Lexie's expression at all.

The show hosts, however, reacted quickly and enthusiastically welcomed her.

Yet, her confession didn't sit well with netizens.

'If she's a designer, why hide behind an assistant's facade? Is it fun fooling everyone? L.Moon Studio really makes me sick!' 'It's probably for the sake of publicity. She's really something else. Does she enjoy fooling the fans and everyone?' 'I hate this kind of publicity stunt. I even feel like L.Moon is pulling Lexie along for the ride just for today's attention. For a studio to keep trending time and again, you can't deny they have a knack for marketing. They've mastered the art to gain fame on the internet.

Although Abigail was unaware of the netizens' current sentiments, she was prepared for their reactions.

"I've been using the pseudonym Alana for many years. I never wanted to show my face, but I chose to meet everyone as an assistant because I wanted to put my entire focus on my designs," she continued saying with the microphone in hand.

The hosts nodded, looking like bobbleheads. None of them dared to interrupt her at such a crucial moment.

Just then, Abigail turned to look at Lexie, her face carrying a sense of apology.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Chambers. It wasn't our intention to hide this from you. But L.Moon has always prioritized design. It didn't help that I felt overwhelmed after several instances where the studio trended on social media. That's why I decided to keep my identity hidden." As Lexie examined the gown that Abigail was wearing, she found that it appeared simple but still bore the unique design style of Alana.

"You could have told me in advance. I wouldn't have invited Luna to the show if I was made aware of your circumstances," she said calmly. It was obvious that she wasn't about to accept Abigail's apology just like that.

"I'm just a designer. Being on television or participating in a show is not something I want to do. However, I also understand that one cannot avoid such exposure in this industry if they want to establish themselves," Abigail explained slowly.

Lexie leaned back in her chair and didn't bother responding.

Abigail turned back to the camera, saying, "This is the first time I've decided to choose to show my face as Alanna, and it's also the last. I just want to focus on my designs and not get entangled in these various matters. I've always had Luna stand in for me, hoping she could handle these troubles on the front lines while I focused on creating my best designs." Her response gradually calmed some of the more level-headed netizens.

I think with Alana's growing fame, it's only a matter of time before she gets into various troubles on the internet. Having Luna as a stand-in to focus on her designs makes sense, doesn't it? After all, her designs are always so stunning.

"If L. Moon really wanted to gain popularity, Abigail wouldn't need to hide her identity. A designer should indeed ignore online voices and focus on their work." 'Please don't tell me

people are falling for this already. Who knows what the truth is? L.Moon is probably just manipulating the whole situation. I've always had a bad feeling about L.Moon, and this doesn't make me think any better of Abigail." The debate among netizens continued.

At this moment, Sean was also watching the live broadcast, observing the increasing doubts about Abigail and L.Moon. He couldn't help but furrow his brow as he thought, I wonder if Abigail can resolve this situation effectively.

Abigail, with the microphone in hand, turned to Lexie, saying, "I've explained everything today. By June, L. Moon and Alana will deliver satisfying work for you and everyone." With that being said, she handed the microphone to the host standing beside her.

The host nodded and said with a delighted expression, "Good luck, Alana." "Thank you," Abigail replied warmly.

With that, she turned and walked toward Luna. "Let's go." There was a faint smile as she stretched her hand toward Luna.

Meanwhile, Lexie furrowed her brow, and her eyes were filled with curiosity as she gazed at to her close relationship with Abigail. Of course, she wasn't going to be too harsh on Abigail curiosity as she gazed at Sean.

"How can you prove that you are Alana?" Her attitude became a bit more friendly. After all, she made money through her fans; she couldn't afford to be too nitpicky to her juniors.

"The belt that Luna showed you is an accessory I selected for your gown. I've always thought your aura is unique-classical yet mysterious. Yet, there's no denying that your presence in your performances is very strong. So, when I purchased this item, I believed that this belt suits your distinctive charm," Abigail elaborated gently.

It was the first time Lexie had heard someone describe her as 'classical yet mysterious. Her acting. often portrayed her as dominant and hard to approach.

She genuinely didn't expect Abigail to have a different interpretation.

"I'll look forward to your design then," she replied impassively. In fact, she was really looking forward to the mysterious and classical style gown that Abigail was going to create just for her. After all, she had always believed that she fit the description given by the public. Thus, she couldn't help but find this unique outlook exciting.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 205-Harmonious Marriage Luna truly admired Abigail's resolve.

"You're really something else!" Abigail released her hand and wore a serious expression. "Our online reputation isn't great right now. Let's not pay attention to online matters for the time being. We'll discuss everything once Lexic walks the red carpet." Luna nodded solemnly upon hearing her advice. "All right. I understand." "This situation isn't anyone's fault. L.Moon's online popularity is growing, and these things are bound to happen sooner or later." Abigail consoled Luna when she noticed that Luna seemed a bit

down.

Luna responded with a quiet nod.

"Cameron will handle the cleanup for this fiasco. As for us... Why don't we go to the hotel we've booked? I'll change into something more comfortable, and we can go out and explore the city." Abigail wrapped her arm around Luna's shoulder while wearing a faint smile.

The milk had been spilled. So, there was no point in being negative and disheartened.

"By the way, is this your first time in Capitalis?" Luna asked in a relaxed tone as she looked at Abigail.

The two of them no longer dwelled on today's events and instead tacitly shifted the topic of conversation.

Nonetheless, Abigail's mood was still rather unsettled because she wasn't prepared to reveal her true identity at all.

Her sudden decision was driven by her concern for Luna, who was being severely mistreated on the show.

She didn't want to see Luna being treated poorly or even insulted by the public because of her decision.

Moreover, she suspected that Sean had watched today's live broadcast and couldn't help but wonder what he was thinking after discovering that she was Alana.

While she was preoccupied with her thoughts, Sean was warning Kevin to shut his blabbermouth.

“Even though we’ve known that she’s Alana for a while, you can’t reveal it. Let’s pretend to be surprised” Kevin responded hurriedly, “Got it, Sean. I’ll do as you say.” “Good. I’m going to Capitalis for a while. Keep an eye on L..Moon Studio in Pendorf and be cautious of extremists causing any trouble for them.” Sean said and was about to end the call.

“You have a truly harmonious marriage,” Kevin remarked with emotion.

Sean gave a brief and meaningful chuckle.

Just as he hung up the phone, his phone rang again.

When he saw that it was Cornelie calling, Sean involuntarily furrowed his brows.

He glanced at his ringing phone for a moment before finally deigning to answer.

“What’s wrong?” His tone immediately softened.

“Have you seen the videos of Abigail online?” Cornelie’s voice sounded particularly heavy.

“Yes,” Sean replied casually.

She spoke sternly, “I’ve heard people online saying that she’s a famous designer. What’s going on?! I’m telling you, I don’t want a granddaughter-in-law who works. Listen to me and divorce her!” Her words caused his frown to deepen further. “I won’t divorce her. I have some matters to attend to here. I’ll be hanging up if you have nothing else important to say.” “Sean, you have to listen to me.” Cornelie became impatient.

“I know you want a grandchild, but stop rushing us. We’ll have one when we want one.” Sean changed his attitude from his previous stone-cold refusal and tried to reassure Cornelie.

Alas, Cornelie was beyond furious. “By the time you decide to have one, I’ll already be in my coffin!” “What are you talking about? You’re in great health. Don’t say inauspicious things.” Sean chuckled.

“Sean, it’s only right for the man to work while the woman stays home and takes care of the household. Look at her. She’s hardly ever at home these days! Can you still call it a home?” she retorted.

“Isn’t that how work is? You haven’t complained that I’m hardly ever at home either. I have to go now. Remember to take care of your health, Grandma,” he said perfunctorily and hung up the phone.

Did Cornelie still expect Abigail to cling to him like she used to?

Abigail would be more than thrilled if he were to suggest a divorce right now.

Her career was already flourishing. How could she be willing to return home and be a housewife?

Abigail and Luna spent their afternoon visiting several famous attractions in Capitalis.

They were well and truly drained of energy and decided to dine at a well-reputed restaurant. Yet, they didn’t expect to bump into Lynette just as they entered the establishment.

“Abby!” Lynette appeared genuinely delighted and called out loudly as she rushed over.

Abigail was wearing a mask and hadn’t expected to be recognized by her.

“Shh!” She quickly reminded Lynette to lower her voice..

Luna regarded Lynette with inquisitive eyes.

Lynette stuck her tongue out as she said bashfully, “I got so excited when I saw you that I couldn’t control my voice. Are you here to have dinner?” “What do you think?” Abigail thought that they couldn’t possibly have come to the restaurant just to play, could they?

“Well, since you’re here for a meal... Heh. this is great! My family owns this restaurant. This is going to be my treat, and I won’t be taking no for an answer!” Lynette grabbed Abigail and tried to tug her along.

“Is this your friend?” She glanced at Luna and asked.

Abigail’s feet were tired from all the walking, and she really didn’t want to switch to another restaurant. So, she had no choice but to follow Lynette. “Yes. She’s my best friend.” “The Pearsons are from Capitalis, and our family invests in many restaurants here. I’ll list them for you later, so you can dine at these restaurants for free!” Lynette couldn’t stop chattering when she saw Abigail.

Abigail thought back to when she worked as a waitress at Josh's place and realized the woman had really tried her best to tame her enthusiasm back then.

Now, it seemed that all her pent-up energy had decided to make good use of its outlet, "Thank you so much," Luna spoke up on Abigail's behalf.

Lynette immediately focused her attention on Luna. "You're Abby's best friend.

So, that makes you my best friend too! What should I call you?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 206-Demolish the Restaurant?

Once they had gotten to know each other, Lynette swiftly took Luna's arm in hers and commented, "Your hair color is really cool." "You can be cool like me, too." Luna teased with a smile.

The two of them quickly became fast friends.

Lynette led them to a private dining room.

Abigail soon noticed that Eric and Josh were already seated upon entering the room. She couldn't help but scrunch her brows at the sight of them.

"Abby, I was so thrilled to see you that I forgot to tell you we were having dinner together," Lynette explained with a guilty expression.

Luna wasn't surprised to see Eric but couldn't hide her astonishment at seeing Josh.

"Miss Quinn! The great reveal was a real surprise. Anyway, good evening." Eric greeted politely with his trademark warm smile as he rose to his feet.

Josh also quickly followed suit and pulled out two chairs.

At this point, Abigail couldn't simply walk out.

Even if their relationship had soured beyond repair, adults in the real world had to endure any discomfort when necessary.

"Good evening. I didn't expect it to be such a coincidence," Abigail said as she walked into the private room.

“That’s right,” Eric replied and sat back down while maintaining a friendly expression.

Lynette stood to the side and asked, “Shall I go buy some coffee for you all?” “No, thank you.” Abigail declined.

“I can’t drink coffee at night; it keeps me awake. So, I’ll have to pass on that offer as well. Thank you, though,” Luna said graciously as she removed her mask and wore a bright smile.

After Lynette left, Luna’s gaze unintentionally fell on Josh’s face.

He looked too similar... “I was quite shocked by the online situation. I never expected you to be Alana. I always thought you were just a simple assistant.” Eric initiated the conversation.

Abigail simply acknowledged with a faint hum. It was clear that she wasn’t interested in saying more on the matter.

Josh, who was sitting next to her, naturally poured her a cup of tea.

“What would you like to eat?” he asked Abigail with concern.

Abigail quickly sensed that he might not have given up on her being a part of the Pearsons just yet upon hearing his question.

However, she didn’t want to open that particular can of worms with Luna present.

“Just order whatever you like, as long as it’s delicious,” Abigail replied coldly.

“All right.” Josh nodded and carefully examined the menu.

Eric couldn’t help but feel anxious at their back and forth as he continued, “Speaking of which, it seems that the online community is quite upset with you, especially regarding your concealment of being Alana. Many people are dissatisfied with your decision.” “Actually, their attitude toward me doesn’t affect my work as a designer at all,” Abigail replied.

Eric blinked at her dumbly and found himself at a loss for words.

He couldn’t help but notice that she was usually easy to talk to unless offended.

Once anyone had made that particular blunder, she wouldn’t bother showing them anything more than the basic courtesy needed.

Meanwhile, Lynette spotted Cameron getting out of the car and courteously opening the car door for someone after buying coffee and making her way to the restaurant.

When she saw Sean stepping out of the car, she tightened her hand around the bag and quickly dialed a number.

As soon as the call was answered, she issued a cold command, saying sternly, "Two men will enter shortly, and one of them is Sean, whom you should recognize. I don't care what happens; stop them until they are forced to leave the restaurant. If Sean causes trouble, tell him he should seek out the Pearsons in person for an explanation! I'm telling you, if he enters the restaurant today, I'll fire you, and you won't find work anywhere in the entire capital!" With that, she hung up the phone, feeling content.

Today, she was going to avenge the grudge she held against Cameron for blocking her way in the past. As for Sean... Well, he was simply not worthy of Abigail!

Moreover, Abigail should not have married him. Lynette was of the opinion that she should have married someone better.

Since it wouldn't be convenient for her to take the entrance, Lynette sneaked into the restaurant through the side entrance.

Cameron and Sean arrived at the restaurant's entrance and were about to enter when the restaurant's general manager intercepted them. He said politely, "I apologize, but the restaurant is at capacity, and any free tables have been reserved by other guests. I'm afraid we won't be accepting other guests at this time. Please consider dining elsewhere." Sean's chin lifted slightly as he spoke in an unfriendly tone, "I'm here to meet someone, not for dining. Let me pass." The general manager felt a headache coming on. The Pearsons were not to be trifled with, but this person who had just arrived from Pendorf was equally formidable. He prayed with all his heart, that the Pearsons would help him out after he resolved the matter.

"Sir, please don't put me in a difficult position. This restaurant has been reserved by the Pearsons, and they have invested a great deal of shares in this establishment. I'm just an employee, and I truly can't allow you entry," the general manager bitterly explained his situation to Sean.

Why was it the Pearsons again?

Sean narrowed his eyes.

The Pearsons had always been rather mysterious and elusive whenever they conducted their affairs. So, what was their connection to Abigail?

Why did they always appear wherever she was around?

“Mr. Graham doesn’t intend to dine in your restaurant. He’s here to meet someone,” Cameron explained to the general manager.

“I’m sorry, but the Pearsons have instructed that they have booked the entire restaurant for the night, and no one else is allowed to enter,” the general manager said in resignation.

Sean sneered. “So, you’re saying that if I want to meet someone in this restaurant today, I’ll have to demolish the entire place?” The general manager looked uneasy as he said wearily, “Please give me some time to make a phone call.” “Make the call here,” Cameron said with a stern expression, and his demeanor was as cold as ice.

Sean regarded the general manager with a mirthless smile, causing the manager to break out in a cold sweat.

He trembled as he took out his phone and dialed Lynette’s number.

These outrageous blue-blooded... They either threatened his livelihood or tried to go for broke by straight up suggesting they would demolish his restaurant.

Just who on Earth was that person that they were willing to go to such lengths for?

I Want a Divorce Chapter 207-I’m Worried About You Lynette was happily chatting with Luna when her phone decided to make itself an annoyance.

When she saw that it was the restaurant’s general manager calling, she immediately told Luna, “I need to take a call.” As soon as she stepped outside the private room, her face turned sour as she answered the call. “What’s the matter? You were supposed to stop them! Yet, here you are, disturbing my meal!” However, when she heard the general manager’s explanation, she exclaimed, “What?! They want to demolish the restaurant? Let them do it, and we’ll make

them compensate the Pearsons for such an outrage! Who does he think he is? I want to see how he plans to pull such a stunt!” Abigail faintly heard her talking outside.

She turned her head and glanced at the private room door before asking Eric, "Is she okay? Why would someone suddenly want to demolish the restaurant?" Eric looked bewildered and replied, "I don't know. You can ask her about it later." Josh remained silent throughout the meal and wisely didn't bring up Abigail's background. He acted as though he was genuinely there to have a meal.

Luna wasn't foolish as she finally connected the dots. It seemed that Eric's care for Abigail on the set wasn't just because they were friends. Instead, it was because of someone with the family name Pearson... When Lynette returned to the private room, Abigail inquired, "Who wants to demolish restaurant?" This question caught Lynette off guard for a moment, but she quickly explained, "It's nothing... Someone is just making themselves a nuisance. It's just an annoying troublemaker." Midway through the meal, the noise outside suddenly escalated.

Abigail couldn't help but wonder if the annoying troublemaker Lynette had mentioned was barging the door right now.

Just as she was thinking about it, the door to the private room was violently shoved open with a loud bang.

Everyone inside was startled by such a sudden intrusion.

Four or five burly men in black suits barged in.

Abigail began to worry if Lynette had offended some dangerous individuals upon seeing them.

Nonetheless, her worries were assuaged when she noticed Cameron leading the way, followed by Sean.

Luna, who had been on edge, burst into laughter upon seeing Sean.

Lynette shot daggers at Cameron and then at Sean.

"Sean, couldn't you have sent a text or made a call? You know, like a normal person?" Abigail stood up while furrowing her brow in displeasure.

Given the current situation, Abigail could tell that Lynette had gotten someone to block Cameron and Sean's way. As a result, they had entered the restaurant by force.

So, Lynette was probably taking revenge against Cameron for stopping her last time, which had resulted in Sean getting dragged into their mess? Or... Did Josh and Eric give out warnings to the staff?

"I initially wanted to surprise you, but someone interfered, Sean said before pausing momentarily when he noticed Josh.

"What's going on?" Josh's expression turned cold as he questioned Lynette sharply.

Lynette retorted defensively, "I just had someone stop him... Who knew he would be so impolite and barge in when he isn't even welcomed?" Sean walked up to Abigail and gently held her face in his hands while saying, "They wouldn't let me see you. So, I got worried." "Miss Pearson, is this a personal vendetta? Did you deliberately block us this time because I prevented you from seeing Miss Pearson last time?" Cameron asked Lynette with a stern face.

Lynette immediately refuted, "No! Do you think I'm like you? I simply don't like you people! What's wrong with that?!" Sean fixed his gaze on her upon hearing her words.

She felt like her body had been drenched in ice-cold water, and it sent shivers down her spine.

"Mr. Graham, have you had dinner? If you haven't, feel free to join us," Eric stood up and asked in a gentle tone.

"Are you full?" Sean didn't answer him but turned to ask Abigail.

"Yeah. Abigail had no intention of continuing to have her meal here. She had hesitated earlier due to social niceties. Now that Sean had made his grand appearance, she saw no reason to stay.

Luna immediately jerked to her feet and smiled at Lynette and the others while saying, "Thank you for the hospitality. We're quite tired from visiting all the tourist spots today. So, we'll head back to get some rest." "All right..." Lynette muttered nervously.

She couldn't shake the feeling that Abigail seemed distant and unwilling to spend time with them.

She also worried that her actions against Sean might have angered Abigail.

Eric was about to say something, but Josh shook his head gently.

After Sean left with Abigail, Lynette quickly apologized to Josh, “Josh, I didn’t expect things to turn out like this.” “We’ll have to think of another way to make her less resistant to us. How’s the investigation into Joan’s matter going?” Josh asked Lynette calmly.

“It’s still ongoing,” Lynette rushed to reply.

Eric took a sip of his wine and said gloomily, “If Abigail hadn’t gotten lost all those years ago, Sean would never have gotten the chance to marry her.

Josh patted his shoulder and consoled him, saying. We haven’t confirmed her identity yet.” “It’s a pity that nothing was discussed tonight. You care too much about Abby’s feelings. Why can’t you talk about Abby’s background when her friend is around? Luna is her best friend. She should have the right to know about Abby’s background.” Eric’s tone carried a hint of dissatisfaction.

“Did you not notice her attitude tonight? We went to great lengths just to see her for a brief moment. If we push her too hard, she’ll become even more averse to us, and we might not get another chance to meet her,” Josh calmly explained.

“At the end of the day, we’re still back in square one!” Lynette couldn’t help but exclaim after letting out a long sigh.

Eric was anxious, especially when he saw Sean being so intimate with Abigail.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 208-The Web of Secrets Sean had Cameron escort Luna to her hotel as he took a walk with Abigail.

“What are you doing here?” Abigail’s tone remained as unfriendly as ever.

Sean frowned while looking displeased. “Why do you think I’m here?” “If it’s about me being Alana, there’s no need to talk more about it then.” Abigail didn’t want to discuss this matter.

In fact, she had brought Luna to tour Capitalis precisely to avoid thinking about her identity. being exposed to the public. Besides, she had no intention of

wasting her breath explaining herself to Sean as to why she had concealed her identity.

“It’s not about that. I told you that I’m worried about you,” Sean said.

Abigail was slightly surprised. She stared into Sean's eyes and asked, "You're acting as though you have known who I am for a long time." "Not everyone is interested in your identity. Regardless of who you are, one thing remains unchanged-you're my wife." He tried to sweet-talk her into believing him.

"Did you use this smooth talk when you were wooing Joan?" Abigail deliberately asked.

"Abigail, are you allergic to romance?" Sean held her face in his hand and gritted his teeth as he spoke.

Abigail slapped his hand away coldly. "We're leaving tomorrow. As you can see, I'm fine. So, go home." They had walked around for an entire afternoon, and her feet were screaming in agony. She had no patience to have a stroll with Sean.

When she turned away, he grabbed her wrist. "Let's go back together. I can return tomorrow." Abigail didn't refuse him.

Back in the hotel room, Abigail saw Luna sitting there and immediately said, "You can ask me anything, but I can tell you that I have no connection with Josh." "How did you get to know Lynette and Josh? Is that why Eric has been so friendly with you on the set?" Luna couldn't contain her curiosity.

"We met in Ouisford, and it was Eric who introduced us," Abigail replied as she sat on the couch and massaged her tired legs.

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"It seems like they came prepared," Luna murmured.

"What do you think about it?" Abigail felt confused about the situation.

If they were to give up now, she could assume that she wasn't the person they were looking for.

Yet, the more persistent they were, the more uneasy she became.

Luna sat on a single couch, hugged a cushion, and said seriously, "What can I say? All I can do is support your decision." "That's like not saying anything at all." Abigail sighed in frustration.

“Are you sure?” Luna suddenly turned serious.

“Not at all, and there’s no need to be. I am definitely my grandparents’ child,” Abigail replied confidently.

Luna ran her hand through her hair. “Why not get a DNA test just in case? You and Josh really look alike and I’m not just talking about your facial features.

Your auras are also eerily similar. I’m going to give you some hard facts. The both of you look remarkably similar at first glance, which is why I’m even bringing this up. However, the resemblance kinda fades away upon closer inspection.” “So, there’s no need to make such a huge fuss about this and take a paternity test. Look at all the celebrities who bear no relation to each other but still resemble each other.” Abigail thought that the situation with the Pearsons was purely coincidental.

They had lost a child, and she happened to resemble Josh, which led to the misunderstanding.

If it were another person who resembled Josh, they would also go looking for that person.

“You have a point, but I was just thinking... What if... What if?” Luna sounded cautious when she said this, as if she didn’t want to upset Abigail. It was clear that she was somewhat reluctant to be in the same room with Josh and the others today.

Abigail remained silent for a moment before shrugging. “I haven’t thought about it because I think it’s impossible.” “In that case, don’t be unhappy. Your opinions are more important than what other people think. Don’t let them affect your mood since you’re so sure that they’re wrong. It was so obvious you weren’t in a good mood during dinner today, especially when you didn’t talk much the entire time. I was really worried.” Luna tried to console her with a casual tone.

“Really? Maybe it’s because problems keep popping up like mushrooms after rain. I’m just really tired of it all,” Abigail replied softly.

She was genuinely overwhelmed after her kidnapping incident that she wasn’t over at all. Then, there was Josh bothering Analise because he was desperate. Finally, she was forced to reveal her identity as Alanna. This was all too much! Her mind was in turmoil.

She could only momentarily forget these troubles when she was focused on her designs.

Luna scooted closer to her and patted her on the shoulder. "Don't overthink it.

No matter what happens, you're still you. L.Moon has your back, and we'll continue our operations just like before." "Okay." Abigail replied with a nod.

After Luna left, Abigail looked out of the window and fell into deep thought.

At the same time, in another room, Sean thought back to Josh's appearance.

He said to Cameron beside him, "Josh and Abby share a remarkable resemblance, which is quite strange, Cameron instinctively looked at him and replied, "They do look quite similar." "They do look alike at first glance. However, their facial features aren't that similar inspection. It's just that they share a similar aura... There has to be some connection between upon closer them," Sean said while rubbing his chin in contemplation.

Two people who were raised in different families yet shared such a similar aura seemed unusual. Even close blood relatives would struggle to achieve such a unified, icy temperament in different environments.

"Could it be that Mrs. Graham is part of the Pearsons?" Cameron couldn't help but pipe up.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 209-Leaving Sean Behind Sean wore a thoughtful expression as he considered the possibility.

After a moment, he spoke. "We can't be sure for now. However, if Abby has any connection to the Pearsons, it would explain why they are helping Eric. Go and investigate the relationship between the Pearsons and the Davidsons in detail.

The more detailed, the better." He believed that if they were looking for a family member, it shouldn't be Eric who was at the forefront of this particular matter.

So, he suspected that there was another reason behind Eric's special treatment of Abigail.

The next day, Abigail had planned to explore Capitalis a bit before heading back to Ouisford. To her surprise, she received a call from Analise early in the morning.

"Where are you right now?" Analise's voice was heavy, and there was a hint of anger.

Abigail replied quickly. "I'm handling some matters in Capitalis..." "In that case, can you come back today? I have something to discuss with you." Analise's tone suddenly softened.

Abigail couldn't help but wonder if her meeting with Josh had been discovered by Analise.

She agreed immediately as she did not want to worry Analise.

Abigail informed Luna and headed to the airport after ending the call.

Sean, who had overslept by half an hour, had intended to invite Abigail to breakfast. Unfortunately, Luna informed him that Abigail had already left.

Abigail was enjoying some pastries in the airport lounge when she received a call from Sean.

"Why didn't you wait for me when you left?!" The moment Sean's call connected, he scolded her angrily.

"I was in a hurry and forgot to wait for you. You could have come by yourself," Abigail replied somewhat guiltily.

She had forgotten about Sean while rushing to catch a cab. Regardless, she did decide to shoot him a text after she had her meal once the car had started moving.

She didn't expect him to call so quickly.

"Abigail, are you even human? It seems like I'm the only one worried about take me seriously!" Sean's voice was filled with frustration.

you, and you never " She took a bite of her noodles. "You were sleeping so deeply in the hotel. Why would I worry about you? Do I have to make this trip with you for it to be considered as me taking you seriously?" Alas, Sean immediately hung up the call after hearing her response.

"What a temper... Abigail held her phone and felt somewhat helpless.

Sean, who had hung up the call, tossed his phone aside.

Cameron stood by his side and asked in a low voice, "Would you like to order breakfast?" "Breakfast? What's the point? If you want to cat, just have breakfast alone. Stop bothering me," Sean hissed with a scowl.

Cameron nodded and made the executive decision to leave the room.

He had grown accustomed to being the target of Sean's anger for trivial reasons. It was quite sad, but that was the reality of his life now.

Eventually, Sean decided to take the day off after sulking for half an hour.

As soon as Abigail returned to Pendorf, she headed straight to the Quinn Village.

At this moment, in the Quinn Residence, Analise was hosting several guests.

Her expression was solemn, and she had a lot on her mind.

She had always hoped that Abigail would heed her advice. Yet, this time, she wished that Abigail would defy her wishes.

Alas, things didn't go as she hoped.

The sound of a bell rang at the entrance of the courtyard.

Analise glanced at the person sitting next to her sipping tea. Then, she got up to answer the door.

When Abigail's figure appeared at the gate of Analise's house, Joan, who was hiding not far was shocked.

Analise opened the door and whispered, "Why did you return so quickly? Aren't you busy?" away, Abigail looked a bit dazed. She blinked her eyes and asked, "Didn't you ask me to come back quickly?" Her response was met with a sigh from Analise.

Abigail saw Cornelie sitting inside after entering the house.

She put down her luggage and looked at Cornelie with a gentle tone, "Grandma, why did you come here?" Cornelie looked at her, and her face displayed a disdainful expression. "I shouldn't have come here to disturb your grandmother. Unfortunately, it seems that we have issues to discuss." "What is it?" Abigail asked.

"You took the property deed for the house that Sean bought for you, and then house?" Cornelie went straight to the point.

Analise, who was seated nearby, looked at Abigail with a worried expression.

She had expected that Abigail wouldn't be able to afford a house in Pendorf.

"You did that?" Analise asked angrily.

you sold the e "Grandma, that house was a gift from Sean..." Even as she said this, her tone belayed that she didn't feel that confident about it either.

Even though it really was a gift from him... What did that matter? Cornelie seemed determined to blame her.

"Are you telling me that you still want Sean's gift even though you're clearly capable enough to earn money to support yourself?" Cornelie sneered.

Abigail pursed her lips, and after a moment, she said to Cornelie, "I can give you the money for the house." "I didn't come here to ask you for the money. I came to ask you to divorce Sean.

Abigail, the Grahams have done everything we can for you. Since you can't fulfill your duties as a granddaughter-in-law, don't blame me for being strict with you," Cornelie said with a calm exterior, but her aura was overwhelming.

"Do you think divorce is a decision I can make on my own?" Abigail retorted.

When Sean tore the divorce agreement up back then at the Graham Estate, Cornelie had seen it herself.

"You "You can't even make an effort to have a child, and now you don't want a divorce either. Do you really want to cling to our family like a leech?" Cornelie's voice grew more intense.

"I have never once wanted to cling to your family, Abigail replied calmly.

Analise stood up and tried to mediate the argument. "Having a child isn't something she can do aloneBefore she could finish her sentence, Cornelie interrupted with a hiss, "Do you think I'm playing around with you?!"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 210-Forcing the Divorce Abigail looked at Cornelie, who was being so impolite to Analise, and couldn't help but speak up, "Even my grandmother doesn't think we're just playing around. Can't we discuss this with cooler tempers?" "When we try to talk calmly, you just keep dragging things on and on! I know you've been looking at houses and using the Grahams' money to buy a nice house for your grandmother to live in! You and your

grandmother are like leeches attached to Sean!" Cornelie didn't want to be polite. with them anymore.

"Selling the house was my mistake, and it has nothing to do with my grandmother. I'll give you the money. So, please calm down." Abigail sincerely

believed that she had never entertained any greedy thoughts regarding Sean's wealth.

She had only taken the money from that house, and compared to what Sean had given to Joan, it wasn't that much.

However, she couldn't even bring herself to mention this without feeling utterly humiliated.

Sean's legitimate wife was no match for his mistress. If she were to say this, how could she even show her face to the public?

"Am I speaking too harshly? It's been three years, and there hasn't been any sign of pregnancy from you. Why should I be supportive? Did Sean marry you just so you could do whatever you wanted? Even if you do harbor such thoughts, you should also consider whether you're worthy of such dedication!" Cornelie didn't hold back as she hurled abuse after abuse at Abigail and Analise.

"You're going too far! We are also making efforts regarding the baby. Your grandson doesn't want to cooperate. How is it useful to rely solely on her? It's not like she could get pregnant on her own!" Analise couldn't stand Cornelie being so demeaning toward Abigail.

"I'm going too far? I haven't even started! The Quinns live in a shabby rural house. If it weren't for my husband having some connections with you, Abigail wouldn't even be qualified to marry into the Grahams!" Cornelie's tone was full of disdain.

Only now did Analise realize how much Abigail had been mistreated in the Grahams.

She knew that Abigail had wanted to bear a child for the Grahams. Nonetheless, she was also aware that Sean wasn't a very willing participant.

tell "It's been three years, and she hasn't even warmed Sean's heart, and that speaks volumes. Let me you, he doesn't like her at all. He has someone he likes, and he's willing to give that woman luxury cars, gifts, and even a house. Meanwhile, Abigail secretly sold the house deed placed at the Graham Estate! Who in their right mind would want a

granddaughter-in-law as incapable as her?" Cornelie shouted, regardless of whether anyone was listening.

— Analise's face was devoid of color after being spoken to like that. She turned to Abigail and asked, "Did Sean really have an affair?! So, I wasn't wrong before.

Why didn't you tell me the truth?" "Grandma, he didn't-" "His grandmother has come to our doorstep, and it's clear that she isn't lying.

What more is there. for you to say on his behalf? I know you love Sean, and you don't want to speak ill of him, even if it means enduring injustice. Yet, what has he done? Yes, my wish is for you to be a good wife in your in-laws' house.

However, I have never once entertained the thought that you should sacrifice yourself to make others happy, Abigail! I don't want you to suffer any grievances!" Analise said with tears in her eyes as she tightly held Abigail's hand.

"I'm not suffering any grievances." Abigail choked out in response. Even though she was saying those words, they felt like nothing but ash on her tongue as she knew she was lying to herself.

There had indeed been a lot of grievances over the past three years, but she understood that Sean treated Analise well. She didn't want Analise to harbor any dissatisfaction with Sean, and she didn't want them to have prejudice against each other.

"Sean doesn't like her, so this marriage was a mistake from the very start, and they should have divorced a long time ago," Cornelie continued.

"Yes. Indeed, Abigail may not have the ability to win your grandson's favor! But she is worthy of anyone. If you don't like her, at least don't belittle her. Having a child is not her responsibility to bear. You're clearly placing all the blame on her, and that's just bullying!" Analise's eyes were filled with tears as she spoke in a tremulous tone.

"Does she need me to belittle her? She wouldn't have achieved what she has in her career without relying on the Grahams. Who knows how much money she spent behind the scenes to establish connections and collaborate with celebrities? A pauper is still a pauper. She even sold her own. house in secret.

Those who know her understand that she's part of the Grahams, but those who don't might think she's a habitual thief!" Cornelie sneered.

“We’re still in-laws. Your words are too heartless!” If it weren’t for knowing that the Grahams were not easy to provoke, Analise would have wanted to chase Cornelie away with a stick.

“What in-laws? After the divorce, I won’t have any relationship with your poor and worthless family!” Cornelie was unrelenting in her demeanor.

“I will get a divorce myself; you don’t have to make it sound so harsh, and my career is built on my own hard work. I can make a vow right here that I haven’t spent a single cent from the Grahams!” Abigail refuted Cornelie word by word with tears in her eyes.

“You have already sold the property without consulting us, yet you claim to be innocent?” Cornelie didn’t believe her at all.

Abigail was genuinely regretting trusting Sean’s words back then, thinking that the house was hers just because he had given it to her.

Now that Cornelie was saying such harsh things, she couldn’t even defend herself.

“Abigail, give Sean a call... You will get a divorce no matter what,” Analise couldn’t take it Her head was pounding, and she felt like she couldn’t breathe.

anymore.

If Cornelie hadn’t snarled at her with her nasty attitude, she would never have known how much Abigail had suffered while she was living with the Grahams.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

211-220

I Want a Divorce Chapter 211-Meaningless.

When Sean received the call from Abigail, he thought she was taking the initiative to apologize.

After answering, he said lazily, “Even if you’ve finally acknowledged the error of your ways, I won’t be coming back right away.” She paused for a few seconds before curtly informing him,

"Your grandmother's at the Quinn Residence. You need to come over." His smile vanished instantly. "What did my grandmother say?" he asked grimly.

"We'll talk about it when you're back... Grandma!" Abigail cried out before ending the call.

Still clutching his phone, Sean's mind went blank.

Naturally, he knew what his grandmother was like and wondered why she bothered the Quinns.

Abigail didn't expect her grandmother to faint out of the blue, and Lina was startled, too.

"Grandma!" Abigail held Analise, who had collapsed to the floor, and quickly called for an ambulance.

"Once Sean gets here, you two can just file the paperwork to get a divorce," Lina hastily said upon seeing Analise's condition before leaving.

Abigail was on the floor, embracing the unconscious Analise, tears streaming down her face. She regretted not standing her ground earlier and allowing the situation to persist because Sean. opposed a divorce.

Once Lina left the Quinn Residence, a car arrived to pick her up. Joan, the driver, had fully grasped that Abigail was Sean's wife.

While driving, Joan asked complaisantly, "How did it go?" After recalling the way Analise fainted, Lina patted her chest apprehensively. "It all depends on Sean now. What about on your end? Are you sure it'll work if we get her grandmother to force them into getting a divorce?" "It should work, but you can't say it was my idea, Old Mrs. Graham. Sean doesn't want me to get involved in these things. He'd be angry if he found out," Joan replied in a soft, helpless voice.

"Yes, yes. I know how he dotes on you. Don't worry, I'm his grandmother. What can he do to me?" Lina chuckled.

Joan responded with a bashful smile. In reality, she felt nothing but contempt for Lina, thinking, She's old, alright. All she cares about is getting a greatgrandchild. All I had to do was say a few words, and she leaped at the chance of doing the dirty work for me.

Nevertheless, the trip had been fruitful for Joan. Now, she understood how Abigail knew about Sean's marriage. Joan narrowed her eyes and thought, However, as long as the divorce happens, she won't be his wife anymore.

Along the way, they noticed an ambulance in the opposite lane. Joan looked at it out of habit and noticed Lina staring uncomfortably. Joan could not help but wonder, Did something happen to Abigail's grandmother?

Soon, the ambulance arrived at Quinn Residence. Abigail rode along to the hospital in Quinn Village. The prolonged wait gave her plenty of time to panic and blame herself for not pursuing a divorce sooner.

When the doctor came out, she rushed over and asked anxiously, "How's my grandma?" We're contacting a city hospital because we suspect the patient hit her head during the fall and may have intracranial hemorrhage. We lack the necessary equipment here. She'll require surgery at a larger hospital," the doctor explained before leaving.

Feeling light-headed, Abigail nearly fell to the floor. She mused, Intracranial hemorrhage? How could this happen?!

As soon as Sean landed, he hurried straight to Metro Hospital.

"Old Mrs. Quinn sustained a head injury which resulted in intracranial hemorrhage. Arrangements have been made for her surgery," Cameron reported the latest news while keeping up with Sean.

Sean's expression turned cold as ice, and he snarled, "How could Grandma piss them off this badly?! Have you looked into it yet? Why did she suddenly go to the Quinns?" "It seems that Abigail sold the house you bought for her to purchase a new one in the city for her grandmother. Old Mrs. Graham was upset, which prompted her visit," Cameron replied timidly.

Sean didn't say a word, but his expression darkened.

When they got to the hospital, Sean spotted Abigail sitting outside the surgical theater with Luna beside her.

He stopped in his tracks. Despite his fearlessness over the years, he wanted to escape and avoid confronting the situation.

What would happen to his relationship with Abigail if Analise's surgery went wrong? He knew the answer but couldn't bring himself to face it.

Luna noticed Sean, and though her expression was chilly, she patted Abigail on the shoulder and murmured something.

Abigail immediately looked up at him.

Sean had no choice but to approach them. He had never seen Abigail appear as cold as she did now.

"Sean, before my grandma's surgery, she wished for us to divorce. Will you agree to fulfill her wish?" Abigail tried to control her emotions.

It was her fault for assuming the house was hers and selling it without informing Lina. That's why Lina could unleash such abuse on Analise and Abigail. Abigail no longer wanted anything to do with Sean and didn't want to waste her breath on him anymore.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 212-Pushed to the Brink Sean sat down beside Abigail.

Cameron came forward and said courteously to Luna, "Let's give them room to talk." Without acknowledging him, Luna got up and headed toward the stairs.

Once they were out of earshot, Sean yanked at his tie and replied, "I want to talk to Grandma myself. Why does she want us to get a divorce? Doesn't she like me?"

"Are you implying that just because she likes you, she should forgive your grandmother for what she said to her? Don't you think you're being too selfcentered?" Abigail's voice was charged with fury, her eyes welling up and her body trembling.

"After all, she has taken care of me, and it's only right that I see her and apologize," Sean replied in a deep, melancholy voice.

Abigail knew that Sean had treated Analise fairly well all this time, even though he didn't like fter.

Analise deserved an apology, but Abigail knew that an apology couldn't resolve this situation.

With hatred and disdain in her eyes, Abigail declared, "My grandma has nothing to do with you. anymore! I thought my compromise was for the benefit of both our elders, but it seems

it only benefited your grandma! My constant willingness to compromise was nothing but a joke! Nothing. you say or do now will make a difference!” She pondered, I should’ve gotten the divorce a long time ago. If I hadn’t let things drag out this long, nothing of this would’ve happened today.

Sean’s mood was at an all-time low. He knew she wouldn’t be receptive to anything he said now. After a brief silence, he said hoarsely, “Once Grandma wakes up, I’ll confirm things with her. Then, we’ll get a divorce.” However, he didn’t get a response from her.

Analise’s surgery lasted three hours, but her condition remained unstable. She was wheeled to the intensive care unit, but Abigail was denied entry.

“We can only confirm the patient’s condition when she wakes up. Considering her age, her recovery will depend on various factors,” the doctor in the ICU explained patiently.

Abigail nodded. She was still beside herself with concern.

The Pearsons and the Davidsons also learned about Analise’s condition. When Eric brought Josh and Lynette over, Abigail felt a headache coming on.

Analise would faint from anger once more if she woke up and saw them.

“How’s your grandma?” Eric asked Abigail with concern etched on his face as soon as he saw her.

“She’s in the ICU. The doctor said that even if she wakes up, it doesn’t mean she’s completely out of danger,” Abigail answered..

Sean stood aside, eyeing Josh coldly.

Josh had been standing behind Eric the whole time. Compared to the panicked Lynette and concerned Eric, Josh seemed calmer.

“Everything will be fine,” Eric comforted Abigail. “You’re her only granddaughter.

I’m sure she won’t leave you behind like that.

She felt a bit better hearing his comforting words. Thank you.” In the meantime, Sean was irritated to see Eric and Abigail engaged in conversation.

"You've been here for many hours, Abby. I heard you haven't eaten since you came to the hospital. Why not have lunch with Josh and Eric? I'll stay here and help you keep an eye on things," Lynette offered caringly after squeezing in beside Abigail.

"I'll just order some food later." Abigail didn't feel good about leaving Lynette alone here. Moreover, she would be even more anxious if Lynette stayed with Analise. After all, she didn't understand Lynette enough to know whether or not she could be trusted.

"Abby, I think a walk would be good for you. Don't put too much pressure on yourself. Who will take care of your grandma if you tire yourself out?" Lynette had a knack for saying the right things.

"It's just lunch. We'll come right back afterward," Eric added.

Sean was about to speak when he heard Josh say, "Let's have a chat, Mr.

Graham." This caught Abigail's attention, and she glanced at them.

Sean replied coldly, "I have nothing to say to you. I've asked Cameron to buy lunch for her, so you need not be concerned about that." Based on Cameron's information, Sean did not think Josh was worthy of Abigail's trust.

In an amused tone, Eric asked, "What's the matter? Can't her friends express their concern for her?" Abigail suddenly turned to Eric, saying, "Let's go eat." Eric lit up with joy and nodded swiftly. "Sure. Let's go." A frown appeared on Sean's face, but before he could voice his thoughts, Abigail told him. "You and Cameron can have a meal together, Sean." With that, she turned and left.

After a glance at Sean, Eric followed her.

Josh eyed Sean coldly. Once Abigail and Eric were out of earshot, Josh said curtly, "Previously, all Abby had was her grandma, but that won't be the case anymore." Sean didn't respond. He continued to stare in the direction where Abigail had gone.

When Josh thought Sean wouldn't respond, Sean abruptly asked, "Does Eric have feelings for Abby?" Lynette looked at Sean with detest in her eyes and grumbled, "Does Abby not deserve to be liked by someone? Does she only deserve to suffer at your hands?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 213-Too Late Sean hesitated to respond to Lynette's question.

Josh cast one final glance at Sean before departing.

Seeing as no response would be forthcoming, Lynette scoffed and sat on the side. She thought, I'm going to stay right here today. I'll prove to Abby that she can rely on me!

Abigail and Eric briefly waited in the hospital lobby before Josh caught up with them.

"Why are you guys here?" Abigail asked coolly as soon as Josh approached.

"We were worried about you, so we came over to check on you," Josh replied.

He wasn't great at communicating and didn't know how to interact with her. The thought of her possibly being his sister made him nervous. He didn't know what to do with himself.

Noticing Josh's anxiety, Eric spoke for him, saying, "We were worried you'd get bullied if you were alone. We know Sean's grandma is the reason your grandma's in the hospital." Abigail nodded, appearing despondent. "I'm fine. I won't let anyone bully me." "Why don't we grab a bite to eat?" Josh suggested.

She agreed with a hum.

While eating, Abigail scarfed her food down. She was worried about leaving Analise in Lynette's care.

Plus, Abigail agreed with what the others had said. She needed to keep herself in good shape, thinking, If something happens to me, who will care for Grandma? Besides, the studio needs me... Also, Lexie's gown hasn't been completed yet. I don't have time to wallow in sadness.

Eric and Josh expressed deep concern for her, who appeared noticeably thinner. She bore a heavy burden, which was clear to both of them.

She finished her meal in less than ten minutes. "I'm done. I'm heading back to the hospital. You've seen what you came to see, so you should go back now. It won't be good if Grandma sees you when she wakes up." She stood up and said to Eric and Josh.

"Understood," Eric said with a nod.

especially at this time. Analise had an aversion to their company, especially to Josh. As a result, they couldn't visit her, "Remember that no matter what happens, we're always on your side," Josh said.

Abigail acknowledged with a hum, though she didn't take his words to heart.

Their concern and protectiveness felt more like a burden to her than a source of happiness.

Back in the hospital, she put in considerable effort to convince Lynette to leave.

Sean was still there. Now that he was finally alone with Abigail again, he couldn't help asking. "Abby, can we have a proper talk?" She had been agitated since his return but now looked calm, eyeing him coldly, showing no interest in talking. "What's there for us to talk about? Her tone conveyed her rejection.

He looked serious. "Do we have to get a divorce?" In the past, whenever she brought up the topic of divorce, he had been confident it wouldn't come to pass. He used to be carefree, but not anymore. This time was different. It wasn't just a matter between them now; their families were also in the picture. He couldn't make unilateral decisions about their relationship.

"Sean, my near-death experience is unresolved, and my grandma is injured now. Must your grandma harm everyone in my family before you consider divorce? Whether it's Joan or your grandma, they act boldly because of you!" she accused, her gaze unwavering.

Abigail knew she could never reconcile with Lina. Just thinking of Lina reminded her of what happened to her grandmother. Her resentment was permanent, and she could never forgive Lina for her actions.

"Abigail, I'll make amends for your suffering and your grandma's," Sean vowed, clenching his fists. Even his jaw was tense. "And Joan and I were never in a relationship. You're the only woman I've ever been involved with." It was true that he bore responsibility for the conflict between their families.

She scoffed and looked away. "What's the use of saying these things now?

Sean, from the very beginning, I shouldn't have chosen to marry you. It's my fault. I forced you to marry me. It was wrong of me. You don't love me. I deserve to suffer at your hands, but three years is enough. Please release me from this.

I'm begging you to spare me. I'm begging you to spare my grandma." He pursed his lips tightly. Finally, he said hoarsely, "When Grandma wakes divorce proceedings." With those words, he felt his heart shatter.

As he left the hospital, the sunlight felt more piercing than ever.

up, we'll initiate is she doing? When Sean arrived at Graham Estate, Colby immediately asked about Analise's condition. "How "She's not out of danger yet," he replied grimly.

Colby held his shoulder and said, "I didn't know your grandma would head over to Abigail's

grandma's place. I didn't think things would turn out this way." "It's not your fault, Grandpa. We're just not meant to stay together," Sean said evenly.

There was no point in saying anything more. Given the circumstances, the outcome was bound to change, regardless of who was to blame.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 214-Marriage Alliance Colby understood what Sean meant.

All previous talks of divorce hadn't been taken seriously, but this time, it was.

"Have you thought things through?" Colby asked Sean.

"Yeah." Sean replied.

Just then, Lina emerged from the kitchen, holding a fruit plate. She called out to Sean as if everything was fine. "You're back! Come and have some fruit, Sean.

The grapes are exceptionally juicy today."

Sean, looking at her, felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness. He ascended the stairs without responding.

"Sean..." she called out again.

He didn't even look at her.

"Who was it all for, anyway? It was all for him! Even if things turned out poorly, my intentions were good!" she lamented with reddened eyes.

Colby remained stoic as he entered the study. He didn't want to listen to her rants.

Lina felt there was no reason to put on a show when there was no one to watch.

Annoyed, she sat down on the couch and began eating grapes.

Soon, Sean came down with his luggage.

your luggage? Are you moving out?" Startled, she jumped to her feet. Her eyes were red as she interrogated, "Why did you bring down except for special occasions." "I bought a house," he declared in a chilly tone, rolling his luggage out. "I won't be returning here Lina quickly grabbed his hand. "Sean, think about it. Why did I do all that? It's so you can have a family. If you don't have any children despite being married, people will start gossiping about say such things about you?" you. They'll say you're impotent. You're the president of a company! How can we allow people to suffer instead?" Sean retorted. "So, just because people shouldn't be gossiping about me, you made Abigail and her grandma "What do you mean I made them suffer? Haven't you given her enough throughout these years? You spent millions on the house for her without hesitation- "I don't want to hear this from you!" he interrupted her, his eyes filled with anger, which made her uneasy. He continued, "So what if I bought her a house? Is that soon enough for you to go over there and humiliate them? She's your granddaughter-in-law, so why can't you treat her better?" His frustration was evident, and he struggled to contain his anger.

Sean struggled to control his emotions, but Lina's words shattered his composure. Soon, her eyes welled up with tears.

"You always say it's for my sake. Since it's for my sake, why won't you listen when I say I don't want to have children? Well, you get your wish. Abigail and I are getting a divorce-but I won't marry anyone else. I won't ever get married again!" He flung off his grandmother's hand and stormed off.

Colby stood silently at the door and watched as Lina's tears fell.

Inside the car, Sean looked drained. He couldn't picture getting a divorce from Abigail. Just the thought of it alone suffocated him. However, upon reflection, he realized that with Lina's personality, the divorce was inevitable. Even if they had a child, conflicts would persist.

Lina was resolute and authoritarian, refusing to accept Abigail. Even if Sean and Abigail had a child, Lina would continue to find fault with Abigail over trivial matters.

Someone prone to provocation would continue, even if temporarily halted due to the child.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 215-How Many More Explanations Necessary Abigail spent several days in the hospital, keeping Analise company. Her grandmother had already regained consciousness, but since the day Sean had discussed the divorce with Abigail, he had not

revisited Analise. Abigail had started to wonder if Sean's absence was intentional, perhaps as a way to prolong the matter.

Lying in bed, Analise weakly suggested. "Call Sean and ask when he's coming over." While peeling a banana for her grandmother, Abigail replied, "Sure, I'll call him once you finish. this banana."

Analise looked affectionately at Abigail. "Will you resent me for pushing you to get a divorce?" You might find it amusing, Grandma, but I had suggested getting a divorce many times before this," Abigail replied with a bitter smile.

"Why would I laugh at you... Was it because you learned about his infidelity when you mentioned wanting to work and have your income?" Analise asked while eating the banana.

"I don't know how to explain it," Abigail answered, avoiding eye contact. "You should ask him yourself." Analise sighed. "With his grandma being the way she is... you'll only suffer if you stay married to him. I know you've always loved him, but love cannot be enough to live on..." "I know, Grandma. I understand now," Abigail replied softly. She deeply regretted marrying Sean simply because she liked him. The man had shattered all her hopes for a blissful marriage.

"At the time, I didn't want you to marry him... How can we match up to a family like his?" Analise murmured.

"I was wrong, Grandma," Abigail choked. Her feelings for him nearly led to Analise's death. If Abigail hadn't insisted on marrying Sean, Analise wouldn't have ended up in the hospital and forced to undergo a craniotomy. Her elderly grandmother had to suffer because of her.

"I never blamed you for your decision. I just hope to see you happy," Analise said, her eyes red..

After Analise finished her banana and closed her eyes for a nap, Abigail called Sean. She had to ring him several times before he finally picked up his phone.

"Grandma wants to talk to you. When are you coming over?" she asked him, striving to keep her voice steady.

However, he didn't respond right away.

She heard his faint breathing sounds, so she didn't rush him.

Moments later, he said quietly, "I'll come over tonight." "Okay." After ending the call, Abigail took a deep breath.

Her feelings for Sean ended up hurting her and her grandmother, leaving him dissatisfied. It was time for her to wake up from her dream.

At night, Analise was awake when Sean came over.

"Abby, go and get some grapes for me." Analise wanted to speak with him in private.

Abigail nodded and left. After closing the door behind her, she stood still and exhaled. As she approached the elevator, she encountered Luna, who had arrived after work.

"How are you? Did Sean come today?" Luna took Abigail's hand with a look of concern.

"He's in the room talking to Grandma privately," Abigail said calmly.

Luna tugged on Abigail's hand. "Let's go on a walk together." "Yeah, sure." Abigail entered the elevator.

Neither one spoke while leaving the hospital and stepping out into the night.

"I never thought the two of you would end up like this... Still, everything will be better after the divorce. No one will force you to eat those things and get those ridiculous injections!" Luna purposely kept her tone light as she held Abigail's hand tightly.

"Yeah. You're right," Abigail responded with a smile.

They reached the fruit store, where Abigail purchased grapes and other items.

As they left the store, she couldn't help but wonder about Analise and Sean's conversation.

Inside the hospital room, Sean sat down beside Analise.

After staring at him a while, she said, "I always thought you were a good man.

Even though you had a privileged upbringing, you didn't turn out like all the other rich young men who live idle lives without doing anything. I thought you'd be good to Abby." "Grandma." He gazed apologetically at her.

He truly regretted the way he had hurt Abigail. Would things have turned out differently if he had told her from the start that he was not involved with Joan in any way?

Analise's tears trickled out of the corners of her eyes. "I'm so disappointed in you, Sean. I thought you weren't like all the other rich young men. I never thought you'd cheat on her. How could you do this to Abby, who spent the last three years eating all kinds of supplements and getting injections for you?" "Grandma, would you believe me if I told you I didn't cheat on her?" Sean looked her in the eyes. He truly hoped that she would trust him.

She turned away from him. "How can it be false when your grandmother came to our door and said so herself? She's your grandmother. Would she tarnish your name like that? What do you Grahams take Abby for anyway? She's my one and only granddaughter. What gives Grahams the right to take her for granted and abuse the sincerity of her feelings for you?" Sean's heart was shaken. He had always believed that Abigail married into the family as a gesture of gratitude, a notion repeated by Lina. It never occurred to him that Abigail truly loved him.

Feeling Analise's distress, he set aside his emotions and gently held her hand.

"Please calm down. You need to watch out for your health."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 216-She'd Be Angry Analise let out a heavy sigh as she gazed at Sean, her voice laced with bitterness. "G-Get a divorce tomorrow. From now on... our two families will have nothing to do with each other. I don't want to see any of you ever again..

Sean had arrived today with a glimmer of hope still lingering. However, she had clarified her stance, and he ultimately lost Abigail.

At his silence, Analise asked through her tears, "What did you people take my Abby for... How could you mistreat her this way? You bought the house for her.

Why was she accused of stealing it... Abby's the apple of my eye. I know our family isn't good enough for the Grahams. After she married you, I kept telling

her to compromise and let you get your way... How could you cheat on her?

How could you betray her..." The Abigail she loved so dearly suffered so terribly at the hands of the Grahams.

Sean held Analise's hand tightly, unable to speak. He couldn't deny that the Grahams had mistreated Abigail. Back when he hadn't developed feelings for her, he disregarded how Lina treated her. Little did he know that before marrying him, she had been the apple of her grandparents' eyes, and they also cherished her dearly.

By the time Abigail and Luna returned, the man had left.

Witnessing Analise's silent tears, Abigail rushed forward to take her hand.

"What's the matter?" Her voice was filled with worry.

"It's fine... I'm fine... Abby, you won't have to put up with the Grahams once you file your divorce tomorrow. You can do whatever you want. I'll take good care of myself. You won't have to worry about me." Analise's eyes were swollen. She wouldn't have wanted Abigail to get a divorce if the Grahams hadn't gone too far.

Many women faced hardships after divorce, and Abigail would be no exception.

Hence, Analise wished she were a few decades younger to continue looking after her.

Luna joined Abigail and gently assured Analise, "Old Mrs. Quinn, I'll take good care of Abby. Even though she won't have the Grahams anymore, she'll still have me. Don't worry. We're like sisters- to each other." Analise smiled and nodded. She held Luna's hand, hoping that Luna would become Abigail's pillar of support.

The night sky darkened.

When Kevin found Sean drowning himself in alcohol at the hotel, he was utterly shocked. "You never drink so much. What's going on?" Caught up with work, Kevin hadn't heard about the Grahams and Quinns situation. He wouldn't have known that Sean had been drinking heavily in front of his client if that client hadn't called Kevin.

"Am I not allowed to get drunk?" Sean shot back before taking another gulp.

Kevin's expression grew solemn. "You never drink like this in front of clients.

What on earth is going on?" "They wanted to share a toast with me, so I ensured they got as many as they wanted. What's wrong with that?" Sean eyed Kevin with a mocking smile.

“Something’s up with you. You’re never like this. What happened?” Kevin started getting frantic.

Sean didn’t speak. He quietly downed more alcohol.

“Did you get your heart broken?” Kevin sat down and asked.

Sean’s brows knitted together. “Do you only think of the worst when it comes to me?” Alas, his words did not match his thoughts. It wasn’t as simple as getting his heart broken. He was getting a divorce.

“I hope to see you doing well, of course, but it’s obvious something’s wrong,” Kevin said with a look of scrutiny.

“There’s nothing wrong. I plan on heading back once I finish this bottle. Don’t drink. Give me a ride later.” Sean was in a funk but didn’t want to open up to Kevin. He realized there was no reason to make the divorce public knowledge.

“I thought you’d refuse to leave until you’d drink your weight in alcohol,” Kevin retorted. Deep down inside, he figured out what was happening and thought, Perhaps it’s a matter of the heart.

He continued, “Did you break up with Abigail? You wouldn’t be drinking so much otherwise.” Kevin was Sean’s good friend, after all. He understood Sean pretty well. Even when Sean had been forced into the marriage, he didn’t drown himself in alcohol. Kevin was sure things were extremely serious this time.

“We’re getting a divorce.” Sean’s voice was unusually calm.

“Are you giving up just like that? I can’t believe it. That’s unlike you.” Kevin was utterly baffled.

After a brief silence, Sean said, “Everyone thinks a divorce signifies an end, that I’m giving up, but I-disagree.” Kevin rubbed his chin in confusion. “Just drink your drink. You’re spewing nonsense.

Sean knew Kevin didn’t understand what he meant.

After a night of heavy drinking, it was unsurprising that Sean was late the next day.

Abigail had waited outside the courthouse for quite some time when he finally arrived. As he emerged from the car, their eyes locked.

Sean balled his fists.

Abigail withdrew her gaze. She had the necessary documents in hand.

He came up to her and said, "Let's go." She nodded, and both of them experienced a mix of emotions.

The courtroom was filled with a diverse crowd. Among those seeking a divorce, most were engaged in heated arguments, while others included families with five or six members and couples. Those who had completed their divorce filings exhibited a range of emotions, from tears to bursts of anger.

Sean and Abigail sat on the side and watched others conduct their divorce proceedings.

After looking at the others for a while, he abruptly asked her, "Do you still have matters to attend to in Ouisford?" "Yeah. I'm leaving tomorrow. I told Grandma about it already. Luna will help me take care of her," she responded.

As things neared their conclusion, Abigail regained her composure and stopped addressing Sean with contempt and impatience. It was a relief to bring something to an amicable end.

"Okay. Call me if you need any help. Even though we're no longer married, everything can be the same as before," he said softly.

"Thanks, but that won't be necessary," she replied curtly.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 217-A New Beginning After filing their divorce papers, the two left the courthouse.

As soon as they appeared at the entrance, Cameron, who had been waiting outside, came over and handed an envelope to Sean.

Sean took the envelope and held it out to Abigail. "Honey... This is the last time I'll be calling you that." Abigail had planned on refusing to take the envelope from him, but after hearing his abrupt comment, a complicated mix of emotions welled up inside her. As she

stared at Sean, she felt both wry and sad.

“Alright,” Abigail said coolly as she took the envelope.

With pursed lips, Sean gazed at Abigail. After a long silence, he averted his eyes and said, “I’ve made you suffer a lot the past three years. When it came to both my family and our relationship, I disregarded your feelings and well-being. I want to apologize for that.” Even Sean found the situation ironic.

Perhaps Abigail doesn’t want to listen to these meaningless words anymore.

Maybe she’s been looking forward to the divorce for a long time now. I’m the only one who doesn’t wish to let her go. She has finally regained her freedom.

Abigail looked at Sean and said impassively, “That won’t be necessary. From now on, we’ll go our separate ways.” She could still remember just how happy she had been when she married him.

She had loved him in secret, and whenever she looked at him then, she thought everything was worth it.

From today onward, those memories would all be relegated to the past. She was going to lock them up and throw away the key—never to be revisited again.

Sean felt his chest tightening. He subconsciously loosened his tie before glancing at Abigail. “How do you want me to deal with the incident involving your grandmother?” “You don’t need to ask for my opinion. That involves you and your family. It has nothing to do with me,” Abigail replied. Neither she nor Analise had the power to make any sort of request.

It wasn’t as if she could ask him to piss Lina off so that she would get a heart attack and end the hospital too.

up in The only way to resolve this matter was to carry on living their separate lives after the divorce and not have any more contact with each other.

Sean nodded. “Cameron, give Abigail a ride one last time.” “No need,” Abigail rejected. “Luna’s waiting for me.

Cameron glanced tentatively at Sean.

Sean took one last look at Abigail before saying to Cameron, “Let’s go.” When Abigail got into Luna’s car, she let out a long exhale.

Luna held her and said consolingly, "Congratulations on regaining your freedom.

You can date anyone you want now." Abigail leaned against Luna's shoulder. "Yeah." Sean hadn't said a word since he got into the car.

Cameron drove as carefully as possible, afraid that even a small bump in the road would displease Sean.

All of a sudden, Sean instructed Cameron, "Continue to keep an eye on Kingston." "Got it," Cameron replied.

Sean stopped speaking. All he could think about was the cold and indifferent look on Abigail's face.

He didn't choose to get a divorce just because of his grandmother. It was also because of Joan and Kingston.

In any case, he didn't believe that a divorce signified the end of his relationship with Abigail. It could also be a new beginning.

That being said, Abigail's suffering left him in a dismal mood, too.

After the divorce, Abigail went back to Ouisford for work.

Before coming over, she didn't open the envelope Sean gave her.

Somehow, Lynette heard about Abigail's divorce and was startled to find that the latter had immediately returned to Ouisford to work.

"People really do work themselves to death. Why don't you take a few days off?" Lynette asked Abigail while sipping her drink.

"There's no time. We need to hand over the gown by June," Abigail answered.

Lynette nodded. "Has Lexie been pushing you too hard? If you don't want to do it, the Pearsons can help you." "It's fine. This is my job," Abigail replied indifferently.

"Can you not be so cold toward me, Abby? I really like you." Lynette felt a little hurt.

"I'm not being cold to you." Abigail thought she was being calm and pleasant enough.

Lynette was a Pearson, and Abigail didn't like the Pearsons. She was already being cordial enough by putting up with Lynette's constant presence.

Lynette sighed. "Are you just like Josh? Someone cold on the outside but warm on the inside?" "I'm not like Josh," Abigail emphasized.

Lynette quickly nodded in agreement. "Yes, you're right. I misspoke." Abigail was still resistant to having any sort of relationship with the Pearsons.

Lynette was afraid of saying the wrong thing.

"Don't you have work to do?" Abigail asked Lynette as she carried on with her sewing.

Lynette waved her chin in the air and said, "I don't have to work. I'm the boss of three hotels in Capitalis. All I have to do is collect my share of the profits every month and invest that money. I'm making money without even having to do anything. I can easily earn hundreds of thousands a day without needing to work hard like ordinary people." Abigail couldn't understand what that was like. She didn't even dare to dream of what it'd be like to earn six figures a day.

Lexie's gown was the result of months of effort, and it would result in about 1.2 million in profits. To Abigail, that was already more money than ordinary people could save up in their lifetime.

Her shock and speechlessness made Lynette feel a little awkward. The latter quickly comforted her by saying, "But my life is pretty meaningless. You live a far more meaningful life. You're so talented, and so many people adore your creations. You're way more incredible than me." Abigail remarked, "To an ordinary person, earning six figures in one day is a dream come true."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 218-Smugness Comes Before a Beating Lynette chided herself. I shouldn't have said anything. Abby's feeling inferior because of me.

She sat down in a quiet spot and observed Abigail in silence.

Lynette thought that Abigail was a great person. She was talented, humble, and serious when it came to her work. Lynette couldn't understand why Abigail's relationship with Sean would end in divorce.

She heard that it was Lina who looked down on Abigail's background.

Lynette knew that Abigail's grandparents raised her. They were both farmers from the countryside who relied on their farms for a living.

A wealthy family would usually turn their nose up at such a modest upbringing.

However, Lynette believed it was hard to find someone of Abigail's character.

Even though Abigail married Sean, she continued to work on her own career instead of simply living off her husband's money.

Abigail had no clue Lynette was singing her praises.

When Abigail was nearly done with work, Lynette quickly stood up and said eagerly, "Josh wants us to come over. He's made some desserts." "I want to have a proper meal, not desserts," Abigail declined without hesitation Lynette tugged on Abigail's arm. "Let's go, Abby. Josh is great at what he does.

What you need now is something sweet to lift your spirits." Abigail eyed her helplessly. "I'm in a pretty good mood right now." "Come on, please? Just for a bite!" Lynette pouted as she pleaded with Abigail, all the while holding the latter's arm.

"I'll go and take a look." Unable to reject such friendliness, Abigail had no choice but to give in.

Lynette would have kept pestering her if she didn't agree to go over.

Even as she stepped into the tea house, Abigail felt a little dazed.

At the time, she decided against ever having any contact with them, yet how long had it been since then?

Is it true there are some people you can't ever keep out of your life?

Josh seemed a little flustered when he saw Abigail. "Why did you come over?" "Lynette said you made some desserts and insisted that I come over to try them.

Did you not make any?" Abigail thought Josh was putting on an act. Why is he acting like this if he had been waiting for me to come over?

"I did. I'll bring them over right away. Would you like some tea? We stocked some new teas lately, and they're particularly fragrant." Josh immediately dropped everything. It was as if he couldn't wait to scamper off into the kitchen.

"Alright." Abigail nodded.

"I'll help you," Lynette called out to Josh.

"Okay." Abigail sat down by the window.

She wasn't working on any designs lately and felt a little bored to be just sitting still.

Just as she was about to ask Luna about Analise, someone entered the tea house.

Joan cocked her eyebrow when she spotted Abigail. "I didn't expect that you'd actually be here." "What are you doing here?" Abigail asked coolly.

Naturally, Joan came over after hearing about the divorce. She wanted to kick Abigail while the latter was down.

"I came to see you, of course. You must be in a bad mood after the divorce," Joan chuckled as she came over.

Abigail's expression was icy. "Care to bet whether or not Sean will rush here right away if I call him? What about you? Do you think you can marry him?" Joan remained unaffected. She knew that sooner or later, she would be marrying Sean. Lina said 50. 50.

goluen "You should be thanking me that the divorce finally happened. Do you think you could've a divorce if it weren't for my help?" Joan had a victorious smile on her face as she took a seat opposite Abigail.

Abigail eyed her icily, "You're the one who goaded Old Mrs. Graham into coming over to my family and causing a scene?" "What do you mean? I didn't goad her into anything. She was already dissatisfied with you. I was just helping you, her, and Sean," Joan declared smugly.

However, as soon as she finished speaking, Lynette rushed over. She flung the piping hot tea she had in hand at Joan's face. "How dare a mistress like you come over and strut in front of the woman whose marriage you ruined? Has anyone ever taught you decency? Well, I'll do favor and teach you that lesson today!" Then, she grabbed Joan by the hair.

“Ahhh!” Joan shrieked in pain.

you a “Lynette...” Worried that Sean would go after Lynette for this, Abigail quickly tried to stop her.

Lynette was furious. Her eyes were blazing ferociously. “Don’t stop me, Abby.

When my temper gets going, it won’t subside until I bash a few heads in!” Then, she dragged Joan, who was still screaming, toward the door.

“Let go of me... Ahhhh!” Joan howled.

Abigail went after them.

Lynette dragged Joan to the entrance of the tea house, and before Joan could react, she slapped Joan in the face.

The bystanders stopped to look at the commotion.

After slapping Joan, Lynette shoved Joan to the ground and shouted to the passersby, “Come and see, everyone! A living, breathing mistress! Get a good look at her face, and remember to keep your guard up against her. She might steal your husbands next!” Joan wanted to cover her face, but Lynette wasn’t going to let her do it. She grabbed Joan’s hair and yanked the latter’s head backward so that her face was on display.

“Weren’t you being all haughty and condescending earlier? You had the nerve to come over and boast in front of the wife, didn’t you? Have you finally figured out what shame is? I thought the word didn’t even exist in your dictionary!” Lynette rebuked loudly and domineeringly.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 219-Conditional Joan started crying. “I’m not... That’s slander! I don’t even know who you are.” Lynette sneered. “As if you’re even fit to be slandered by me. I wouldn’t have bothered with you if you had just stayed away after getting what you wanted. Why did you come all the way over just to taunt the woman whose marriage you ruined, huh? You either have too much time on your hands, or you’re just a b*tch through and through!” Abigail knew it was too late to stop Lynette. In any case, Joan asked for it. Just for the sake of getting Sean, Joan had Lina make a scene in front of Analise, and the latter nearly died as a result. Why would Abigail pity a woman like that? Joan came over to mock Abigail. She didn’t expect to find someone who would come forward to protect Abigail. “Abby... save me... Sean won’t let her get away with treating me like this!” Lynette was too scary, so Joan began pleading with Abigail instead. Just then, Josh came out and shielded Abigail behind

him. "Do you need me to call Sean Graham for you and tell him to come over?" Josh's voice was a lot colder when he addressed Joan. Joan stiffened. Her eyes flitted between Abigail and Josh as an outrageous thought occurred to her. "What's your relationship?" she asked instinctively. "Why would they need to inform an immoral lowlife like you what their relationship is?" Lynette scoffed. "I'm going back in," Abigail said coolly before heading into the tea house. She didn't want to continue standing in front of the crowd of onlookers. Josh wanted to go back in with her, so he said to Lynette, "That's enough, now. She's not worth any more of your time." Lynette smiled. "You're right, Josh. I'm just dirtying my hands." Back inside the tea house, Abigail remained silent. Nothing was going well for her. "Here's your dessert. I'll make another pot of tea." Josh set down the cupcake in front of Abigail. The icing on the cupcake was in the shape of a flower. It was very pretty. "Alright," Abigail said. Lynette sat down beside Abigail. Her eyes were shining as she asked, "Abby, what did you about my performance today?" think "Not too shabby, but wouldn't you be negatively affected for recklessly attacking her?" Abigail was worried that Joan would make a big deal out of this incident online. It would be negative publicity for the Pearsons. "Our family doesn't rely on public opinion to earn money. And anyway, Joan's just a bug on the windshield. Even us, the younger ones in the Pearson Family, can easily crush her," Josh explained. "Even so, you shouldn't underestimate the power of the internet," Abigail reminded. In this day and age, even the smallest incident can be blown up to epic proportions online. People would often upload bits and pieces of the truth and twist things around to garner attention. No one cared about figuring out the whole truth first. They would just pile on with the rest of the commenters online. "Abby's right, but it doesn't matter. I was already fully prepared to face the consequences of my actions when I decided to do it." Lynette wholeheartedly took Abigail's side. Abigail was worried that Sean would cause trouble for the Pearsons. After all, things were a lot tougher to resolve when these prominent families went up against each other. "Abby..." Josh wanted to speak, but he couldn't seem to form a proper sentence. Abigail was startled to hear Josh using that nickname with her. She was still biting on the cupcake when she looked at Josh. Still nervous, Josh's entire body was stiff as he declared, "Don't worry. I'll protect you and Lynette." Abigail didn't know if she should thank him. Had he been her friend, she would've been moved by his gesture. Alas, he was not her friend. He just wanted to take her away from Analise. Thus, all of his goodwill came with a condition. It wasn't simply an act of kindness. "I don't need anyone to protect me," Abigail said. "When I was kidnapped, I fought against my kidnapper myself and managed to hold out until I was rescued. I can take care of myself, you know." She spoke calmly and evenly, as if describing an everyday matter. Josh knew about this incident, of course. Unfortunately, their relationship wasn't established enough for him to express his concern to her then. To hear her describing it so casually now only made his heart sting with pain. She was always alone. She had no one to rely on by herself. Be it going against Sean or the production crew or even escaping from her kidnapper, she relied purely on her wits

and determination. "You're strong enough to take care of yourself, but you also have people you can rely on now," Josh couldn't resist reinforcing. Abigail had a somewhat detached smile on her face. "No, you're not the people I want to rely on. I don't know you all that well. The only person I can rely on is my grandma." "Hey, now... We can be friends. Abby, you saw how I did today. Why don't you let me be your bodyguard?" Lynette quickly piped up. "The cupcake is quite delicious. It's sweet but not cloying. There's a light floral taste to it too. Did you add a bit of rose in it?" Abigail asked Josh after taking another bite of the cupcake. After being ignored, Lynette pouted and busied herself with her phone. Abigail didn't want to hurt Lynette, but she knew that if she didn't put her foot down now, they would continue to weasel their way into her life. Analise's condition hadn't stabilized yet. Abigail didn't want Analise to feel any more turmoil. Josh had a faint smile on his face. "Yeah. I harvested them myself. If you're free tomorrow, you can come with me. The place is lovely." He didn't seem bothered by Abigail's aversion to the Pearsons.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 220-Keep Your People in Check They were still discussing the cupcake when the police barged in.

Lynette immediately stood up warily.

"What's going on?" Josh asked as he stood up as well.

"A Miss Palmer has filed a police report accusing all of you of physical assault.

Please come with us to the police station to assist in the investigations," the police officer in charge said to Josh.

"I did it. It has nothing to do with them. You can just take me to the police station," Lynette announced.

Abigail thought to herself, Shouldn't she try to make herself seem more vulnerable? She looks so... proud of herself. They'll probably charge her for it.

"Miss Palmer said it was all three of you, so you're all going to have to come with us!" The police officer was adamant.

A police report had been made, so they were just following procedure.

Abigail knew full well that Joan was an expert at scheming. Since the police officers were this firm about it, the situation was probably not as simple as they assumed it was.

“Alright. We’ll come with you,” Abigail said agreeably.

Josh had to do as Abigail said.

By the time they got to the police station, Abigail spotted Joan, whose face was entirely covered in blood, and realized the severity of the situation.

Who knew how she ended up like that? Alas, the security footage of the entrance of the tea house showed that Lynette had hit her.

“They all ganged up on me... You have to serve justice on my behalf, officer!” Joan wailed pitifully at the sight of them.

Seething with rage, Lynette raised her fist again. “What kind of conniving b*tch are you? Did you smash your face on purpose just so you could frame us?” “This is the police station! Are you trying to start a fight here?” The police officer who was taking down their information looked up from the computer and growled angrily.

Abigail held Lynette, whose chest was heaving. “You’re making it worse. Now it really seems like we’re in the wrong.” Lynette was red with fury. Gritting her teeth, she glared at Joan, who was covering meekly like a terrified victim, and muttered, “I figured out why you couldn’t get rid of her now. She’s an expert at punching below the belt! She needs to pray that Sean can protect her for the rest of her life...” “Are you ignoring my existence?” The police officer glared at Lynette.

“Josh!” Furious, Lynette looked at Josh.

“Keep quiet,” Josh said with a frown.

They gave their statements alone. The police officer asked a lot of questions.

Time went by in a flash.

When it was almost 8.00PM, Sean showed 1. up.

As soon as he entered the police station, he looked at Abigail.

Abigail didn’t notice his presence until Josh called out, “Are you here for Miss Palmer, Mr. Graham?” The moment Joan spotted Sean, she sobbed aggrievedly, “Sean...” “Shut up,” Sean barked at Joan.

Humiliated, Joan felt even more hurt. She bit her lip and looked like a pitiful little lamb.

When Sean saw Abigail's gaze falling on him, all of his negative emotions seemed to melt away- all because her attention was on him.

He walked over to Abigail. His lips parted, and he apologized, "I'm sorry I'm late.

It's caused you a lot of trouble." "You better keep her in check. Don't let her show up in front of me again. Also, she said she's the reason why your grandmother caused a scene at my family home. You should be keeping a closer eye on your people, Mr. Graham.

Otherwise, you'd be causing a lot of trouble for others," Abigail reminded mockingly.

Sean's apology only made Abigail even more pissed.

It meant that he did consider Joan one of his people.

I'll keep her in check," Sean said.

Soon, Cameron came in. Sean spoke to the police, and in the end, the case was settled privately.

After leaving the police station, Sean said to Abigail, "Let me buy you guys a meal as a token of my apology." "As if I'd want a b*stard like you paying for my food. I'd vomit the food right back out!" Lynette rolled her eyes and scoffed while hiding behind Josh.

Sean eyed her icily. "I haven't settled the score with you for hurting one of my people. You better watch your mouth, or someone might sew it up someday." "Is that a threat?" Josh retorted.

The atmosphere grew tense.

Joan was smirking smugly behind Cameron.

"That's right. What about it? I can easily see to it that a person who doesn't watch their tongue never speaks again." Sean stared at Josh with an icy smile.

Lynette ran over to Abigail and clutched her arm. "Give him a talking to. If he sews my mouth up, you won't have anyone to keep you company." Abigail stared coldly at Sean. "Just keep your people in check, Mr. Graham.

Lynette won't be saying anything bad about you. Besides, everything she said is true. If it weren't for you, would Joan have the nerve to come to Ouisford to mess with me?" Sean's expression immediately brightened. "Yes, you're absolutely right, Miss Quinn. In that case, could you do me the honor of letting me make it up to you by treating you to a meal?" "No need. I don't need a meal from you," Abigail declined coolly.

"I think you do. Miss Palmer came all this way just to cause trouble for you. She should give you a proper apology." Sean stared right at Abigail. His tone left no room for refusal.

Joan had been giddy with smugness the whole time, but her expression fell the moment she heard what Sean said.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

221-230

I Want a Divorce Chapter 221-Excessive Indulgence Abigail eyed Joan with an unreadable smile before raising her eyebrows at Sean. "How do you plan on having her apologize? Is she going to bow or get on her knees?" Joan hadn't even apologized for her attempt to sabotage L.Moon's reputation.

Sean glanced at Joan and said impassively, "You can ask her for any kind of apology you want, Ms. Quinn." "Even though an apology from her would be great, it would also make it hard for me to swallow my food. You should just take her away, Mr. Graham," Abigail responded indifferently.

She had no interest in flaunting her power over others. Plus, as a fellow female, even kneeled in front of her and apologized, she would find it humiliating as well.

if Joan Sean glanced at Cameron, who quickly said to Joan, "Let's go, Miss Palmer." Joan bit her lip and cried out with a hurt expression, "Seanie..." "Leave first," Sean said.

Just then, Abigail said, "Miss Palmer, I have a few words to say to all of you." Even though Joan disdained Abigail, she kept up her innocent act.

“You only had the nerve to come to Ouisford and mock me for my divorce because you think you have Sean to back you up. I didn’t ask you to get on your knees and apologize out of pity for you. Instead of protecting you at a time like this, the man who makes you think you have the power to bully others is now asking you to apologize to another woman. Do you really think I’m letting you off the hook because I’m scared of him?” Abigail questioned apathetically.

Her words made Joan feel utterly humiliated.

Sean listened in silence. He was in no way upset.

He had his reasons for letting Joan do whatever she wanted.

“I really think you should be ashamed of yourself. How long do you think you can use your fake pitiful act to gain sympathy? Plus, Sean’s not as dumb as you think he is. Who do you think you’re fooling?” Abigail continued questioning.

All along, Abigail thought Sean truly doted on Joan, but based on what she saw today, he didn’t care about Joan at all.

If she wanted Joan to kneel and apologize, Sean would have made Joan do it.

Because of that, everything seemed like a joke to Abigail.

Shouldn’t she feel ashamed for coming all this way to try and cause me more pain, just for the sake of a man who would treat her this way?

Joan instinctively glanced at Sean, who didn’t seem to care at all.

“I’ll take a raincheck on your offer, Mr. Graham. I only want to have a meal with my friends today,” Abigail said before turning around and walking off.

Lynette caught up to Abigail and muttered, “Why didn’t you make her apologize?”

At the very least, a verbal apology is better than nothing.” “I’d lose my appetite,” Abigail replied.

Josh silently trailed behind Abigail. He understood what Abigail meant earlier.

Sean hadn’t appreciated the old Abigail, and she saw a shadow of her old self in Joan—the foolish girl who once loved Sean so dearly that she lost herself in the process.

Abigail felt saddened and cynical about that.

Dented after “Sean’s excessive indulgence of her almost seems to be on purpose,” Josh climbing into the car.

“Who cares what he’s doing?” Abigail replied indifferently.

They had already gotten a divorce. She wasn’t going to have anything to do with Sean anymore.

No matter how amicably they had parted after the divorce, she knew full well that Analise wasn’t going to let her remain close with Sean.

Once they left, Sean walked toward his car.

Joan and Cameron got in as well.

Sean didn’t rebuke Joan, but he didn’t even look at her either.

Cameron drove in silence. The atmosphere in the car felt suffocating.

“Sean...” Joan couldn’t resist calling out.

Sean eyed her indifferently without saying anything.

His reaction made Joan panic. She reached out to touch him, but he avoided her.

“What are you doing?” Sean growled.

“I know I made a mistake. I won’t go looking for her anymore. Can you please forgive me?” Joan sobbed.

Sean scrutinized her for a moment before smirking. “I know full well you won’t actually change.” Joan began sobbing even harder.

“Joan, Abigail gave you a reminder today. I’m not worth you getting yourself all battered and bruised for.” Sean’s expression was icy. “No matter what you do, that won’t change.” Joan refused to accept this. “She doesn’t understand you at all...” “Do you?” Sean retorted sarcastically.

“I... I’ve known you for so long,” Joan said tearfully.

Sean snorted. All of a sudden, he glared at Joan with eyes as cold as ice and said, “Joan, I’m going to make it clear to you today. If you ever mess with Abigail again, I won’t get involved no matter what happens to you!” “But you promise my brother you’d take care of me!” Joan abruptly shrieked.

Sean didn’t respond and simply eyed her mockingly.

With her brother as her safety net, she constantly plotted and schemed behind Sean’s back.

He didn’t want to waste his breath on her anymore.

“Seanie...” Joan mumbled.

“Head back to Pendorf yourself. I have matters to attend to here.” Sean’s expression was as distant as ever. He didn’t care about how upset she was.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 222-Forced Date After sending Joan off, Sean found a hotel to stay in temporarily.

Since he made the trip to Ouisford, he didn’t plan on leaving so soon.

Abigail returned to her hotel after dinner. Then, she received a text from Sean.

‘Have you checked the contents of the envelope yet?’ ‘I haven’t had the time to. Don’t make a habit of texting me.’ Abigail’s rejection was clear and to the point.

‘Let’s meet up and talk. I heard the historical part of Ouisford is a good place to visit at night.’ Sean/sent another text.

Abigail frowned as she read Sean’s text. After a while, she typed out her response.

‘What’s this? Are you in a hurry to meet your ex–wife now that your mistress has left? Is there something wrong with you? Do you think I don’t need to sleep at night? Do you think I don’t have work to do tomorrow?’ She couldn’t put up with Sean anymore. We’ve already gotten a divorce. What’s he up to now?

‘Joan isn’t my mistress. You saw it yourself, and you even got mad, so why are you saying this?’ I knew it, Abigail thought. Sean always knew what was happening. He simply never said anything.

She responded to his text. 'I'm not upset because of Joan. I just think it's not worth any kind of genuine relationship with the likes of you!

Naturally, she didn't pity Joan, who nearly caused Analise's death. Nevertheless, she truly hoped Sean wasn't the kind of person she thought he was.

'Are you coming or not? I know a few things about the Pearsons and the Davidsons. If you're interested in hearing what I have to say, I'll have Cameron pick you up.' Based on Sean's text, Abigail got the hint that Eric and Josh might not have approached her solely to find the Pearsons' missing daughter.

There was a historical street in Ouisford that was often packed at night.

History buffs often came to take photos in the historical setting. It was also a popular tourist attraction. Of course, some came purely for the food and just to walk along the street.

When Abigail got out of the car, she saw Sean standing at the entrance to the street. With his tall figure and attractive looks, he caught the attention of numerous women.

Abigail was wearing a mask. She approached Sean with a frown. There was a hint of disdain in her eyes.

Why didn't he wear a mask?

Sean glanced at her mask before quirking his eyebrows and asking teasingly, "Are you afraid that someone would see us? We've gotten a divorce. There's no need to hide anymore." "If you asked me to come over to listen to your irrelevant comments, I can get right back into the car and leave." Abigail pulled her mask down. She felt a little uncomfortable.

She had never visited a busy place like this with Sean before. There were too many people around her, and many were staring at them because of his physical appearance.

Abigail didn't like being the center of attention.

"They're not irrelevant comments," Sean said while taking her hand.

"Let go." Abigail's gaze turned icy at once.

Sean glanced at her, but he let go anyway.

“Can we no longer hold hands just because we’re divorced?” There was a hint of a smile on his face.

Abigail’s face was emotionless. “One more comment like this, and I’m leaving.” “Come. I booked a place where we can talk.” Sean ignored her fury and strode off.

They entered a store with vintage decor and went up to the second floor. They sat by the window. When Abigail looked out, she saw a small river with boats floating along the water.

The server brought up a pot of tea, as well as some fruits and other snacks.

Abigail felt herself calming down.

The server lit up a scented candle and left a warm light on before leaving the private room and heading back downstairs.

The atmosphere became rather romantic.

Abigail picked up a piece of dried fruit and asked, “What do you want to say to me?” “It wasn’t a coincidence that Lexie Chambers suddenly found fault with you guys.” Sean poured Abigail a cup of tea.

2/2 Cameron stumbled across this when he was looking into the Davidsons and the Pearsons.

Abigail paused. Frowning, she asked, “Does this mean it was the Pearsons and the Davidsons who wanted to force me into admitting my identity?” “I don’t know the reason for that yet, but I can confirm that’s the case. Eric knew all along that you were Alana. You never changed your ringtone, right?” Sean said before sipping his tea.

Abigail nodded.

Sean continued, “Do you remember the gown you designed for Miss Barton?” “Yes.” Abigail met the award-winning actress herself and designed the gown based on the latter’s appearance.

“While you and Miss Barton were talking, Eric was in the room beside hers. He even saw you himself. You took a call while you were with Miss Barton. Do you remember when that was?” Sean spoke slowly.

“May 18th, two years ago,” Abigail answered.

“Check Eric’s Twitter. See when he posted about Where the River Ends,” Sean said.

Abigail didn’t check. The answer was clear.

“Why did Lexie and the others want my identity to be exposed?” Abigail asked in confusion.

Sean nudged the plate of watermelon over to her. “Eat up. We can talk slowly.

There’s no rush.” “You’re not the one who’s affected, so of course you’re not in a rush,” Abigail responded in dissatisfaction.

“The Pearsons and the Davidsons are keen to form a marriage alliance. Both families agreed to the marriage arrangement.” Though Sean knew it was cruel to tell Abigail these things, he couldn’t bear to see her feeling touched by their protectiveness and returning to the Pearson Family, only to be forced into marriage for the sake of the marriage alliance.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 223-The True Intention Abigail could never have imagined their reason for seeking her might be this.

She felt slightly touched when Josh hesitantly told her he would protect her in the past.

Even though she knew there were additional conditions, she had not thought that taking her away from her grandmother was only the surface condition, and the true intention ran much deeper.

Sean began, I understand this might be hard for you to accept-”

“You think I’m that fragile? I never planned to accept them in the first place, so there’s no question of finding it hard,” Abigail interrupted him.

He nodded gently. “As long as you’re not upset, it’s fine.” “I never had deep feelings for them from the start. So, what’s the purpose behind having Lexie force me to acknowledge my identity?” Abigail asked with a cold and unwavering gaze, looking at him.

Honestly, she did not fully trust Sean yet. After all, this was all coming from his mouth.

Still, what benefit would he gain from deceiving her? What was her value to him? He could have found many ways to avoid divorce if he could not bear to part with her and marry someone else. He was capable of anything. It all depended on his willingness to act.

"The Davidsons aren't an ordinary family. In Capitalis, Eric's parents are influential figures. You've been missing for many years. Without abilities beyond the ordinary, it would be difficult to marry him. Whether it's for your protection or other reasons, Eric and Josh must make sure you pass the test with Eric's parents first," Sean explained thoroughly, which was unusual for him. He would only be willing to explain so much to Abigail.

A hint of disgust flitted across her face. "What do they think I am?" "I didn't lie to you about this. If you ask Eric, Josh, or even Lynette, they can all verify it," Sean said, leaning back in his chair and looking at Abigail with a hint of compassion.

Whether she accepted these arrangements or not, this was how things worked in high society.

Marrying into a wealthy family had always been stringent, not to mention that Eric's parents were not ordinary people.

"So, they think they can marry me off to Eric by exposing my professional qualifications, huh?" Abigail found it somewhat funny. She had not even said if she wanted to marry Eric. Why were they arranging all of this?

"I can't be sure about that, but if they're going to reveal your identity, there must be a reason," Sean replied.

Abigail took a sip of her tea, feeling furious.

"I appreciate you telling me all this today, but let me clarify: I still find your attitude toward women disgusting, even if that person is as despicable as Joan.

Who gave you the right to toy with someone's feelings?" She set down her teacup, her eyes brimming with anger.

"You're directing your anger at the wrong target," he replied slowly.

"Then who should I be directing it toward? Do you dare say you didn't deliberately let Joan act recklessly? You allowed your grandmother to run wild... If you had just... Never mind!" Abigail decided not to continue. Why did she even have to care about what Sean did?

"If I had just stepped in to stop my grandmother from berating you, we might never have reached the point of divorce. Is that what you mean?" Sean asked calmly.

Abigail remained silent.

"It's not that I couldn't control Joan, but her situation was much more complicated than you think. No matter how cold-blooded I may be, I wouldn't harm the kin of the person who helped me the most," he explained slowly.

Abigail looked at him. "Did Joan's family help you in the past?" He nodded gently. "If they hadn't helped me back then, I wouldn't be here today, and the Grahams would have been ruined." Abigail was left speechless.

"I can't tell you more, but let me emphasize once more: I never had an affair," Sean stated, lowering his gaze and taking another sip of his tea "Are you just going to allow her to act this way? Your indifference is only harming her! Are you repaying kindness with ingratitude?" Sometimes, Abigail felt that Joan wouldn't have acted this way if Sean had cared more.

"Abby, I'm not Joan's father, and I don't need to teach her how an adult should behave. Moreover, how long has it been since her family reached out to me?

They entrusted her to my care just recently, but how old is she now?" Sean countered, asking her.

Tonight, his primary purpose was to clarify his intentions. He did not want Abigail to misunderstand him as a lousy guy.

Abigail remained silent.

Adults had their sense of right and wrong and could distinguish between the two of them.

Joan's personality was not a result of Sean's indulgence but rather her inherent nature.

"Abby, do you know some people won't realize they're wrong unless they face serious consequences? Before that, they might even consider themselves righteous." His tone was neutral as if he were talking about the most ordinary thing.

"I can't argue with you on that," she replied.

Some people would only be willing to admit that they were wrong after experiencing the consequences of their actions. Before that, they may have genuinely believed they were the Saints of justice.

"Come, let's eat." Sean's eyes softened.

Abigail's emotions were in turmoil.

Her world used to be simple—taking care of her grandmother, dealing with Sean's grandmother, and doing design work in private. She was just an ordinary person among the masses.

Yet now, nothing was simple anymore.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 224-Definitely Sean's Doing After parting ways with Sean, Abigail immediately called Luna.

"What's up? It's quite late for you to call me." Luna was at the hospital accompanying Analise, whose recovery was going well.

Abigail got straight to the point. Luna, help me transfer my grandmother to another hospital or a more advanced ward. I want only you and me to take care of her, no one else." "Has something serious happened?" Luna asked right away.

Abigail pursed her lips and asked, "Do you think Sean would lie?"

"Well... I don't think he would resort to lying," Luna replied. She knew he would not do something undignified even if she was not fond of him.

"I'll explain when I get back," Abigail promised.

"Alright," Luna agreed, feeling uneasy.

Abigail spent the whole night packing her things and left Ouisford without delay.

Fortunately, her custom-made clothes were all ready. She had initially stayed in Ouisford because she believed there were many valuable traditions to learn.

She planned to stay until June, when Lexie's dress would be completed, but now that seemed impossible.

She was well aware of the influence of the wealthy, especially since Lynette dared to challenge Sean. This showed that the strength of the Pearsons was on par with his. Abigail did not want to confront them head-on because she was unsure what other tricks the Pearsons and the Davidsons had up their sleeves.

It would be okay if it only affected her, but she had L.Moon to think about. It was the result of her and Luna's hard work. Besides, many employees depended on them. If something happened to L.Moon, how could she face them?

Furthermore, Luna had already been a great help. Abigail could let down anyone but not Luna.

Abigail returned to Pendorf that night.

In the morning, Luna had already sorted out the transfer of Analise to a different ward.

Over breakfast, she could not help but ask Abigail, "What's going on?" "Sean found out and told me that the Pearsons and the Davidsons have questionable intentions," Abigail explained briefly to Luna.

Luna was stunned after hearing it, but after a moment, she nodded. "Rich people can really stoop to such a level. What's your plan now?" "I've already arranged my itinerary. If anyone asks, just tell them I'm away on a business trip, and you're not sure when I'll be back," Abigail stated. She had no desire to engage with Josh and Eric anymore.

Luna teased, "Not even me?" "You can reach me on WhatsApp. Don't worry. I won't get into trouble," Abigail reassured.

Luna agreed, "That works too. Let's focus on building our careers, and when we become powerful, no one will dare to mess with us." While Abigail felt the goal was a bit distant, she agreed with Luna that it was worth striving for.

Later that night, Abigail felt exhausted when she got on the short-distance bus after visiting her grandmother in the hospital. She did not need an ID to buy a ticket for the bus, and it made stops at various stations along the way. In her journey, she could see a stark income disparity between Pendorf's urban and suburban areas.

Eventually, Abigail settled in a small town she had visited before and checked into a local homestay. The homestay had two floors in total. The second floor had individual guest rooms, a shared living room, and a kitchen.

After resting for two days, Abigail began to focus on her work. High-end dresses were entirely crafted by hand, without sewing machines.

On the third day, she received a call from Lynette “Why did you leave so suddenly?” Lynette asked on the phone, sounding surprised.

Abigail once had a good impression of Lynette, but now, speaking to her, she felt uneasy.

“I don’t like staying in one place for too long. Everything was completed, so I left.

Is there a problem?” Abigail maintained her usual tone.

Lynette did not sense anything amiss and was simply disappointed. “Why did you leave without saying goodbye?” “If you have nothing important, please don’t call me. I’ve been busy recently, and sometimes my phone signal is weak. So, unless it’s urgent, don’t contact me,” Abigail replied with a distant tone.

Okay... Lynette’s voice was filled with disappointment.

Abigail ended the call and continued to work on the dresses.

On the other end, Lynette hung up the phone and turned to Josh, saying, “Her tone seemed normal. I don’t know what she’s thinking.” “And we don’t know what Sean told her to make her leave Quisford overnight either.” Josh’s face showed signs of helplessness for the first time.

“She’s still very guarded against us,” Lynette commented and pouted. “Why, though? We won’t harm her. We just wanted her to come back home.” “To her, we are essentially strangers. Let’s take it slow. First, we should Josh’s tone was entirely resigned.

try to locate where she is.” “There’s no record of her after returning to Pendorf. It will be tough to trace her,” Lynette sighed, her shoulders slumping in frustration.

Josh’s expression turned cold at this point. “Sean probably found out something and told her, so she’s guarded against us. But she could have simply asked us.” “She doesn’t accept us from the bottom of her heart, so how could she ask?” Lynette remarked.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 225-The Two Sides of Abigail After spending time with Abigail, Lynette got to know her better. She was the type of person who kept her troubles to herself and never shared them with anyone. This often made her seem distant and cool. In fact, she had a personality quite similar to Josh’s.

In the blink of an eye, it was already May, and Abigail was still staying in the homestay. She had recently cut off all communication with the outside world, including Sean.

Meanwhile, Analise had been discharged from the hospital and was recovering at home.

One morning, as Abigail came downstairs, planning to take a walk along the country roads, she spotted a car parked in the homestay's yard. A man was casually tossing car keys beside it. While she stood there in confusion, he looked up at her.

"Good morning, Ms. Quinn. Are you also on vacation here?" Sean greeted Abigail with a relaxed and cheerful tone.

Her face visibly darkened. "Are you spying on me?" "Not really. I've invested here and came to check things out," Sean explained, though he had indeed done some investigation. However, he found that he had conveniently invested in the local tourism industry in February this year. So, he came with a legitimate reason for work.

"Do you think I'll believe that?" Abigail responded with a frosty tone.

Cameron, who was helping Sean with the luggage, quickly added, "It's true. We invested in this project in February, but because there were a few holdouts causing trouble last month, no one from the company wanted to come. So, Mr.

Graham had to come himself to assess the situation." "The more perfect the excuse, the more it seems premeditated," Abigail replied with a cold smile, directing her words at Cameron, who then stood there like a wronged puppy in front of the car's trunk.

When she saw him like this, she suddenly calmed down.

"Forget it," she said, intending to ignore them and walk away.

Sean quickly caught up with her.

Abigail noticed he was well-prepared, as he was dressed in gray and white casual sportswear with sneakers. In contrast, Abigail wore a halter dress of her own design layered with a tight-fitted cardigan, and her long hair was pinned with a wooden hairpin. It was a beautiful vintage look.

Sean took a moment to admire her and said, "You look great in that outfit. Are you heading out for a morning walk? Have you had breakfast?" "If I had known that you invested here, I wouldn't have chosen this place," Abigail retorted coldly.

Still, Sean was not offended. He walked alongside her and commented, "The scenery here is beautiful, and the air is refreshing. You won't regret being here." Abigail remained silent and continued strolling along the village path leisurely.

On their path, they encountered an old lady whose eyes lit up when she saw Sean. "Is this Abby's husband? He's so handsome!" Abigail felt a bit helpless. Gossip knew no age, after all.

os yas dluow naeS diarfa ,derewsna yldeirruh ehs ",secnatniauqca tsuj er'ew ,oN" imething careless.

"Even so, you so, you should get to know him better. Such a handsome young man should not be taken for granted," the old lady joked with a hearty laugh.

"We used to be a couple, but we broke up," Sean suddenly said, shocking everyone.

Abigail shot him a sharp look. "Can you please keep your mouth shut?" He innocently turned to the old lady and said, "In her eyes, no matter how handsome you are, it's not worth showing off. Could you teach me how to win over Abby?" Abigail felt like kicking him. Why had she not noticed how talkative he could be before?

"There's a saying that a good girl is afraid of persistent suitors. With a handsome young man like you, you'll definitely win her back," the old lady advised before slowly walking away with her basket of vegetables.

Once she was out of sight, Abigail rolled her eyes and looked at Sean. "Can you please stop making things up?" "I'm not making things up. I'm serious," Sean replied with a sincere expression.

Abigail chuckled coldly but did not respond.

"You seem pretty familiar with them. Do you think they are easy to get along with?" Sean shifted the conversation, putting aside his teasing.

"Why?" Abigail raised an eyebrow.

“Remember the few stubborn holdouts I told you about? I’m just asking you about what they’re like. Sean’s tone was serious.

Abigail wondered. So, he really is here for work, huh?

“I don’t know. I usually just come out for a morning walk and occasionally help the elderly people 212 here move things. I really don’t know much about the locals here,” Abigail replied.

Upon hearing this, Sean sighed slightly. “This project has been delayed for quite some time. If it continues to be delayed, we might lose out if the policies change. Do you know how much we will lose if we can’t complete it?” “That’s none of my damn business.” She doused his enthusiasm with a cold response.

“I never realized you had such a fiery temper and were so hard to talk to.” Sean looked at Abigail curiously as if she were an intriguing discovery.

While she occasionally used strong language, she was rather gentle most of the time.

“Never realized it? Well, maybe it’s time for some self–reflection on your part.

Why didn’t you notice it earlier?” Abigail retorted, her face growing cold.

She thought she had always been this way, but he had never really paid attention to her true personality.

Sean chuckled softly. “You’re right. I should reflect on why I didn’t realize that the woman who’s been sleeping beside me for three years has two sides I didn’t know-” “If you bring up the past again, get out of my sight,” Abigail interrupted Sean, growing impatient.

Some memories of the past were better left in the past

I Want a Divorce Chapter 226-For The Sake of The Noodles The two of them bickered all the way, and by the time they returned, the sun was high in the sky. Still, the countryside was shaded with plenty of trees, making the temperature pleasant.

As Abigail headed for the kitchen, Sean asked Cameron, who had been waiting for their return, “Is the room all set?” “Yes.” Cameron nodded.

“In that case, you should head back to the city first. Don’t let anyone know where I am. If there’s anything, just text me on WhatsApp,” Sean whispered.

“Got it.” Cameron obediently nodded again.

When Sean saw Abigail chopping meat in the homestay’s kitchen, he asked, “Are you making breakfast?” “Yeah,” she said, a bit puzzled. Was he not here for work? Why did he seem so idle?

The next moment, he rolled up his sleeves, approached her, and asked, “What do you want for breakfast?” “Spaghetti. What are you doing?” Abigail noticed he was reaching for her knife, so she moved away slightly.

“I’m making you breakfast because it seems you can’t handle a knife safely,” Sean said, swiftly grabbing her wrist and taking the heavy knife from her grasp.

She saw him skillfully chopping the ingredients, so she decided to help by washing the vegetables.

“It’s okay. You can go ahead with your work. I’ll finish and bring your breakfast to your room,” Sean suggested, pausing to look at her.

“I’ll always make time to cook myself breakfast,” Abigail replied. When she came here, she had already decided that no matter how busy she was, she would take the time to cook for herself.

Sean sighed. “You’ve cooked with me twice, and I still don’t have a good impression.” Upon hearing his words, Abigail suddenly felt very embarrassed.

“Fine, do it yourself,” she said, looking irritated, then turned and left.

Sean grinned subtly as he saw her slender figure walk away.

Back in her room, Abigail was having mixed feelings. Even though they were divorced, sometimes, when she saw him around, it felt like there was not much difference from when they were married.

The countryside had fewer selections of ingredients than the city, but the freshness made up for it.

Sean cooked two bowls of spaghetti with meatballs. He also thoughtfully prepared some parmesan cheese for Abigail.

In Abigail's room, there was a large table covered with a tablecloth in the middle, and on it lay Lexie's dress. The dress might not appear impressive at first glance, but the myriads of materials on the table suggested it was far from simple.

Abigail sat on the single couch, in front of which was a small table where she usually had her meals.

"I went to see your grandmother before I came. She's recovering well, and she looks energetic," Sean mentioned to Abigail as he stood by the window.

She nodded. "Thank you for visiting my grandmother." "No need for thanks. It's the right thing to do," Sean replied. Abigail's grandmother was in the hospital because of his grandmother, so morally and ethically, he should visit her.

Abigail made a soft sound of agreement and said nothing further.

Sean moved closer to her and stood beside her. "I heard from the doctor that your grandmother hasn't been taking her insulin for diabetes as prescribed. Did you know about this?" Previously, Analise had a history of not taking insulin as prescribed. Abigail had repeatedly warned her, yet she didn't change her ways.

"Did you ask for details?" Abigail asked.

"I did. The doctor said she's managing her condition somewhat marginally.

When it's severe, she takes insulin and medication, but when it's not, she neglects it," Sean explained.

Upon hearing this, Abigail wished she could fly back immediately. However, what good would it do now? Whenever her grandmother was under observation, she briefly adhered to the prescribed regimen, but as soon as no one was looking, she returned to her old habits.

After a moment, Abigail spoke softly. "I'll call and talk to her." "I have a proposal. Would you like to hear it?" Sean asked.

"No need. I'll handle it myself," she replied firmly.

"You're as stubborn as your grandmother. Even with the condition she is in now, you're so focused on our personal matters that you won't even consider my advice," Sean replied sternly.

Abigail frowned at him. "My grandmother is in this situation because of your grandmother and Joan. I can't afford to have any connection with you." "You haven't even heard my plan, and you're already assuming it's related to me?" Sean raised an eyebrow.

"You proposed it yourself, so it's hard not to link it with you," Abigail retorted with a hint of sarcasm.

Sean playfully reached out and pinched her cheek. "Can't you say something nice? If not for my sake, at least for the sake of this plate of spaghetti." "It's not like I forced you to cook it. You wanted to cook it yourself," Abigail replied, swatting away his hand.

"Will you listen?" Sean reached out to poke her cheek again.

"Just go ahead," Abigail said, feeling like she wanted to bite off his poking fingers.

しい "Okay. My idea is to find a reliable family doctor for your grandmother. I can help you with the research, and then you can personally talk to the doctor when you have time," Sean proposed, gazing at Abigail. He appeared composed on the surface, but he was actually nervous.

Abigail took a few bites of her spaghetti and pondered momentarily. She actually found this plan entirely satisfactory.

"That could work. But when you're looking for the doctor, make sure your grandmother and Joan won't find out, alright?" Abigail was still somewhat skeptical. She did not want to invite any more trouble from Lina

I Want a Divorce Chapter 227-All for Her Sean's gaze held a mysterious depth. "You really don't trust me, huh?" "My grandmother's life is at stake here. I can't afford to make light of it," Abigail replied firmly.

If there was even a one-in-a-million chance that people would find out, she would refuse Sean's proposal.

"Alright, I promise you, no one will find out about this."

Abigail was almost finished with her spaghetti. She glanced at Sean, who was still standing beside her. "Do you have anything else to do? If not, you can leave. I have my own matters to attend to after I finish eating." Sean fooked at her plate and said, "The meatballs are

delicious too. Finish it. I'll clear the dishes, and you can focus on your work." Abigail was momentarily at a loss for words.

"Hurry up and eat. I've got things to do too," Sean gently urged.

Abigail quickly snapped back to reality. She finished her spaghetti and handed the plate to Sean, adding a courteous "Thank you." Sean pursed his lips slightly but didn't respond.

True to form, Sean didn't disturb Abigail for the rest of the morning.

At lunchtime, Abigail emerged from her room and went to the kitchen, only to find Sean already there.

He was holding a plate of fish, and when he saw Abigail, he said in a familiar tone, "Go freshen up and get ready for lunch." "Aren't you supposed to be at work?" Abigail headed for the sink.

Sean raised an eyebrow. "Yes, I was. I inspected the surroundings and caught a couple of fish on the side. I wonder how they taste." Abigail couldn't help rolling her eyes. Was he really working, or was he just on vacation?

Sitting down at the dining table, she noticed Sean bringing in dish after dish.

Upon closer inspection, there were three dishes and a soup.

"I didn't expect you to be able to cook these ordinary dishes." Abigail picked up her cutlery.

Sniffing the aroma of the food, she found her mouth watering.

Sean sat across from her, a faint smile playing on his lips. "Once you master cooking, whether it's simple or complex, you'll be able to make it. The difference is how it tastes." The two of them sat at the table, chatting like ordinary friends about these trivial matters.

In the afternoon, Sean went out again. Abigail sat by the window, gazing at the mountains outside, her emotions somewhat complicated.

However, she only sat for a short while before she started to keep herself busy.

In the evening, Sean was back in the kitchen. He had somehow managed to get some local delicacies. Abigail was still working on her dress when the rich aroma reached her.

Her stomach began to growl.

Abigail put down her needle and touched her stomach, letting out a slight sigh.

She felt like she had eaten quite a bit for lunch. How had she gotten hungry so quickly?

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Abigail quickly stood up, wondering if it was time for dinner already.

The scent was so inviting.

She opened the door and saw Sean standing there, asking, "Are you done with your work?" He was wearing an apron, and his hands were still wet.

"I won't be able to finish everything before June, Abigail replied.

"In that case, let's have dinner first. You can continue after you've eaten," Sean suggested.

Abigail nodded. She was hungry too, and she was really looking forward to what Sean had prepared. It smelled so good.

When they sat at the dining table, Abigail patiently waited for Sean to serve the food.

Sean came out with a large iron pot. Abigail craned her neck to get a look.

It wasn't until he placed the pot on the table that Abigail saw the bright red spicy crayfish.

"Where did you get these?" Abigail's mouth was practically watering.

"I went fishing with a group of kids this afternoon, Sean answered, sounding rather proud. "I have some experience with fishing, so I caught more than they did." Abigail thought to herself that sometimes men could be really childish.

"So, you caught them all? Aren't the kids upset?" Abigail licked her lips and got up to wash her hands.

"They're not upset. They even followed me to learn how to fish," Sean said with a smile playing on his lips.

Abigail thought he was genuinely finding pleasure in the countryside....

“Aren’t you supposed to dislike these dishes?” Abigail asked Sean when she returned to the table.

Sean paused for a moment as he was about to head to the kitchen for some more dishes. “If you like them, then it’s fine.” Abigail gave a little ‘oh’ and didn’t ask any further.

Sean brought over a plate of vegetables, a plate of fish, and mushroom soup.

They sat down and had their meal together.

He thoroughly enjoyed these moments, even though he didn’t particularly like crayfish from the pond as he thought it was unsanitary. However, he accepted them because Abigail liked them.

“You’ve done well with these crayfish,” Abigail praised as she ate.

“I’m glad you like them,” Sean replied, not touching any himself.

He hadn’t even touched the crayfish.

Abigail didn’t mind. After all, she used to catch them with friends in the village.

Sean had grown up in luxury, so in his eyes, crayfish weren’t worth eating.

Of course, he was here mainly for Abigail’s sake.

“Did you clean these crayfish?” Abigail suddenly asked Sean when she was halfway through her meal.

“They’ve been thoroughly cleaned with a small brush. You can eat without worry, Sean assured her.

Abigail smiled. “You really put in a lot of effort for this meal.”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 228-Must Not Owe Him Seeing her happy, Sean smiled but didn’t say anything. Since Abigail didn’t want to bring up the past, he wouldn’t either. He cherished every moment he spent with her now.

Abigail felt thoroughly satisfied after this meal.

As Sean cleared the table, he asked, "You've always liked these, haven't you?" When she married him, the dietary restrictions at his home were strict, so Abigail rarely had the chance to eat these kinds of indulgent, heavy foods. She must have missed them.

"Quinn Village is close to the sea, and there are ponds around as well. I grew up playing around in these places. Of course, I like them, My grandmother is very good at making these dishes." Abigail leaned back in her chair and wiped her hands, which were still faintly scented with oil, with a wet cloth.

"I'm glad you like them. If you're busy, you can go back to your room. I'll be busy too," Sean said, heading toward the kitchen.

"Do you need any help?" Abigail stood up, feeling a little embarrassed to ask.

Sean had been the one helping her with meals all day. It wasn't right to let him do all the work.

"No need, go do your thing." Sean naturally wanted her to spend more time with him, but pursuing someone required patience.

"Alright." Abigail didn't insist.

She returned to her room and closed the door. She could still hear faint sounds from outside.

Abigail didn't know how long Sean had been busy preparing the food, but his actions today had put some pressure on her.

She realized she should do something tomorrow as she couldn't let Sean do everything; otherwise, she would end up owing him.

As Abigail returned to her room, about to sit down and continue her work, her phone buzzed. She picked it up and saw it was from Luna, so she immediately opened the message, "Grandma doesn't want to stay in the hospital. She insisted on going home today. The doctor said she can recuperate at home, but you know her. There's no way she'll obediently go home to rest. You need to call and persuade her." Abigail had been planning to give her grandmother a piece of her mind. Her grandmother was really something; she was starting to be disobedient again.

"Alright, I'll call right away." After replying, Abigail immediately dialed Analise's number.

Thinking they might chat for a while, Abigail held her phone and left her room, heading downstairs.

“Grandma,” she called out as soon as the call was connected.

“Oh, Abigail, I heard you’re on a business trip. How do you have time to call me?” Analise sounded quite cheerful.

Hearing her voice, Abigail almost couldn’t bring herself to reprimand her.

“Grandma, Luna said you want to come back to the countryside?” Abigail went straight to the point considering her grandmother’s health.

Upon hearing this, Analise quickly tried to explain, “It’s just too uncomfortable lying in the hospital... My old bones ache from lying down too much, and my back hurts every day.” Technically, it had been a month so she could be discharged, but old people’s wounds healed slowly. Abigail was worried that if she came back too soon, her wound might get infected. She wanted to wait until Analise was completely healed before she would agree to Analise being discharged.

“You can walk around. It’s not like they’re not allowing you to move. Anyway, you’re not leaving the hospital.” Abigail’s tone was stern.

Analise’s voice softened a bit. “Abigail, I will take good care of myself.” “Grandma, you said that before, but what happened? The doctor told me that your diabetes isn’t well controlled. Grandma, where did you spend all the money?” Abigail’s tone was unusually serious.

Upon hearing this, Analise quickly said, “The doctor is talking nonsense! Of course, I’ve been diligently taking insulin.” “Grandma, don’t lie to me,” Abigail said gently.

“Abigail, I know my own situation. You can’t always fully trust the doctors. They sometimes say random things just to make money.” Analise was still trying to convince Abigail.

“You’re the patient, so you should listen to the doctor. Have you ever thought about why I’m making money? If you don’t take your treatment seriously, what’s the point of me working so hard?” Abigail’s voice was filled with helplessness.

“I know. I’ve been taking my medicine properly.” Analise still insisted.

Abigail knew it was pointless to continue, so she had to say, "You have to listen to me this time. Stay in the hospital for another month. Luna can take care of you, and if you come back, she won't be able to take care of you." "But we can't always trouble others, can we? Luna is also very busy, and we shouldn't inconvenience her." Analise gently tried to negotiate with Abigail. "Luna also has her own job..." "Grandma, you must listen to me this time. Stay in the hospital for another month. After I finish my work in June, you can leave, okay?" Abigail's tone was still serious.

Analise sighed. "Alright... I'll do as you say." It was only about a month more, anyway. Analise knew that if she didn't agree with Abigail, Abigail wouldn't be able to focus on her work.

After Abigail heard her agree, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Hanging up the phone, she turned to go back, but she saw Sean standing under the tree in the courtyard looking at her.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 229-Cultivating Feelings "What are you looking at?" Abigail's face held a mix of confusion and embarrassment.

She wasn't sure if Sean had overheard her conversation with her grandmother.

"Your grandmother wants to leave the hospital again?" Sean had caught a snippet of their conversation.

Abigail gave a small nod. She didn't intend to have a deep conversation with Sean and was about to head back.

"Let's take a stroll?" Sean approached her.

"No need, I still have work to finish." She wanted to get it done quickly and return home so her grandmother wouldn't have to stay in the hospital for too long.

"You should take a break occasionally. What if you get too tired and end up in the hospital, which would delay your work even more?" Sean gently held Abigail's wrist without much thought.

Abigail immediately tried to pull away.

"Help me take a look at the scenery here and give me some design advice," Sean said, pulling her toward the exit.

“This is something you should ask an architect, not a fashion designer!” Abigail freed herself from Sean’s grasp.

“Sometimes, professional designers may not have better ideas than cross– industry designers,” Sean said, pulling Abigail’s hand once again.

Abigail was dragged out by him.

They happened to run into a couple who were taking a leisurely stroll, fanning themselves. Abigail stopped making a fuss at once and followed Sean.

“Taking a walk?” The woman recognized Abigail and initiated the conversation.

Abigail nodded.

The man was engrossed in scrolling through his phone, occasionally exchanging a few words with the woman.

Abigail awkwardly followed Sean, listening to the couple’s casual chatter.

“Do you think the plan to turn our village into a tourist village will really work? I’m still counting on the compensation to buy a new house in the city,” the woman, fanning herself, asked her 1/4 husband.

“They want to demolish all the houses in the village. But what can they do if a few holdouts refuse?” The man’s tone was indifferent.

“We should try to persuade those holdouts. Otherwise, the whole village will suffer if we don’t get the compensation,” the woman continued.

Sean and Abigail listened in silence, not offering any comments.

“What are you talking about? Why should we persuade them in a nice way?” The man grew impatient and snapped at the woman.

The woman pursed her lips and fell silent.

Abigail wondered why he was so upset. He had such a bad temper. It was surprising that he could find a wife.

At this moment, Sean suddenly took Abigail's hand, whispering, "Let's walk faster." "Why?" Abigail lowered her voice. She suspected that Sean was deliberately showing affection in front of others.

"Just walk faster." Sean hastened his steps.

Abigail was pulled along, and they jogged on.

As they passed by the couple, the woman murmured, "Being young is a wonderful thing." There was a hint of envy in her tone.

Sean led Abigail to a lush riverside with a dense clump of bushes, where fireflies were fluttering.

"This is quite rare," Sean said to Abigail.

Nowadays, it was really hard to see fireflies, Abigail took out her phone, snapped a photo, and sent it to Luna.

"I've never seen fireflies, even though Quinn Village is in the countryside," Abigail said to Sean after sending the photo.

"Quinn Village used to be a tourist village, so it was crowded. There couldn't have been fireflies," Sean explained.

The couple approached them.

"You haven't seen them before?" the woman smiled and asked Abigail and Sean.

"No." Abigail smiled in reply.

"There are many of them every summer, but if it becomes a tourist village, there might be fewer," the woman said, still fanning herself, and walked away with her husband.

Sean and Abigail waited until they were gone. "What she said is actually correct.

Fireflies don't like crowded places," Abigail watched the fireflies and suddenly said, "I have to go back. I just thought of a design idea." "You should think about a design for me too." Sean quickly spoke when he saw her leaving.

“You figure out how to keep these fireflies here, whether artificially or naturally.” Abigail hurried back.

She had designed starry skies and oceans before, but she had never thought about fireflies as she had never seen them.

However, today, when she saw them, she felt like they were like the Milky Way, beautiful and full of vitality.

So, she had the idea to design a dress like that.

“You’re right.” Sean walked beside her, thinking that her idea was really good.

Rearing fireflies were out of the question, but they could consider keeping fireflies in captivity.

But for now, it was just an idea. Dealing with the few holdouts in the village was the priority now. They demanded high compensation and had terrible attitudes, especially since they had elders at home. Thus, they were particularly domineering “What do you think? How should I talk to the holdouts?” Sean walked beside Abigail, looking for conversation.

“I’m not a negotiation expert. Don’t ask me, and don’t disturb me. I’m thinking of ideas,” Abigail said to Sean.

Sean walked up to her and tilted his head to look at her. “Why are you so serious?” Abigail pushed him lightly. “Don’t talk! Don’t interrupt my thoughts.” Sean gave a low ‘oh’ and suddenly reached out to pinch her cheek.

Abigail glared at him.

“I didn’t say anything,” Sean immediately said.

Abigail could only shake her head in disbelief.

She furrowed her brows at him. “What are you doing? If you have nothing to do, think of how to deal with those holdouts.” Sean silently smirked.

Cultivating feelings with Abigail was the important thing he needed to focus on now.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 230-Who Says I Don’t Like Her?

As they walked along, Sean's phone rang.

Abigail watched him pull out his phone, and when she saw the caller ID, the joy on her face visibly vanished.

"I'll take this call; just wait a moment," Sean said, heading toward the roadside embankment.

Abigail gave a wry smile. Who would care to wait for him?

Without a word, she continued walking, not looking back.

Meanwhile, Sean answered Kingston's call, his tone icy. "What's the matter now?" "Did you install surveillance on my phone?" Kingston went straight to the point, his voice seething with anger.

Sean hadn't expected Kingston to find out so quickly.

While he was surprised, his voice remained cool, tinged with detachment. "Do evidence that it was me?" you have any Sean knew Cameron well enough; there was no way he would let someone like Kingston get dirt on him.

"Sean, I've just been released, and only you knew about it. I haven't contacted anyone else, just you and my sister. It couldn't possibly be my sister trying to monitor me, right?" Kingston's voice was filled with suppressed anger.

"You haven't contacted anyone else? Kingston, do you and your sister think I'm a fool?" Sean sneered, countering.

Kingston fell silent for a moment. After a pause, he said, "Sean, with the way you're behaving now, are you planning to sever ties with us?" "Why can't I sever ties with greedy people? Or is it that you and your sister intend to cling to me for the rest of your lives?" Sean taunted.

"I've done enough that you owe both my sister and me, not just in this life, but in several more! You want to sever ties now? You're tossing me away after using me!" Kingston rebuked angrily.

"Kingston." Sean's voice suddenly turned airy.

His tone was bone-chillingly cold and exuded a frigid indifference. "From the moment you found me, I spent nearly 100 million on your sister. Do you understand what kind of sum that

is?” “This money isn’t something you can make just by saving a random person’s life,” Sean stated.

While he used to cherish the debt he owed Kingston for saving his life, now he found that thinking this way undermined his own capabilities.

All along, Kingston had been using this rhetoric to manipulate him.

Sean used to care about the favor Kingston had done him, so he avoided any arguments. Yet, this only made Kingston more brazen.

“But without me saving you...” Kingston began.

“Is dwelling on the past productive, Kingston?” Sean interrupted. “Does everyone who’s been saved owe their savior a debt so high they have to do what I do?” “My sister wants to marry you. All I’m asking is for you to agree to that condition, and I won’t bother you with these calls again.” Kingston’s voice was filled with stubbornness.

Sean couldn’t help but let out a mocking laugh at this. “When you sent your sister to me, you didn’t say I needed to marry her.” “You think this is funny?” Kingston asked, a touch of dissatisfaction in his voice.

“I have no affection for your sister. Asking me to marry her is a bit too much, don’t you think?” Sean’s voice was cold.

Kingston couldn’t help but let out a bitter laugh. “You don’t like Abigail either, so why did you marry her?” “Who says I don’t like her?” Sean retorted. “Let me tell you, your sister instigated the situation. My grandmother ended up causing Abigail’s grandmother to end up in the hospital, and I haven’t even held your sister accountable for that yet. Yet you and your sister are quick to ask for more favors.” “Sean, you’re truly unwilling to marry my sister, aren’t you?” Kingston’s voice was chilling.

“Let me tell both you and your sister, don’t cross the line. Crossing that line won’t lead to a good outcome for anyone, Kingston!” Sean declared coldly before abruptly hanging up.

As he held his phone, his face contorted in extreme displeasure.

I should have just given them money from the start. I never should have gotten involved with them.

When Sean returned to the homestay, he passed by Abigail's door and knocked.

Abigail quickly opened it.

"Want some ice?" Sean produced a bag of popsicles from behind his back.

Abigail, who had been wearing a cold expression, couldn't help but smile when she saw the popsicles. "Where did you get these?" "I bought them from a kid," Sean replied.

Abigail reached out to take one. She said softly, "Thank you." "After you're done, remember to brush your teeth," Sean reminded with a smile before heading back to his room.

"I'm not a child, you know," Abigail muttered to herself, shutting the door.

Back in her room, Abigail was about to tear open the popsicle packaging when her phone rang.

Seeing that it was Lynette, Abigail felt a twinge of exasperation.

She answered the call. "What's up?" "My brother said he needs to talk to you about something urgent. Do you want to hear him out?" Lynette's words rushed out quickly, as if she feared Abigail might refuse.

Abigail asked, "Did he mention what the urgent matter is?" "It seems to be related to the kidnapping incident," Lynette replied.

"Let him tell me, then," Abigail immediately agreed.

She hadn't expected this incident to still be under investigation.

Lynette promptly handed the phone over to Josh.

"Ms. Quinn, you're alone, right?" Josh asked in a low voice, sounding rather mysterious.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

I Want a Divorce Chapter 231-Inner Hopes Abigail hummed in acknowledgment, a slight sense of unease washing over her.

“We’ve found out that Joan has a brother named Kingston, and he has a criminal record,” Josh slowly informed Abigail.

Abigail listened quietly, and after he finished, she responded with a simple “mm– hmm.” “After Kingston was released, he contacted Sean and handed Joan over to him.

I’m not sure if Sean mentioned any of this to you,” Josh continued.

Abigail thought about what Sean had said about Joan’s relative saving him... Could it be Kingston? Did Kingston end up in prison because of Sean?

“Please continue,” she said, reeling back her thoughts to focus on the conversation with Josh.

She knew that Josh was preparing her for something more important.

“As a result, Kingston kept a close eye on Joan from the shadows. The first time he targeted you, he got in touch with someone who had some knowledge of traditional medicine. After causing harm to you, that person fled abroad and hasn’t been in contact with Kingston since,” Josh explained slowly.

Abigail immediately inquired, “Can we find direct evidence?” “I’ve already dispatched someone abroad. If everything goes as planned, we should have results within a month. However, that’s not the most crucial part.

We’ve gathered evidence linking Kingston to the person who kidnapped you.” Josh’s tone suddenly turned serious.

“I’m currently out of town...” Abigail wanted to see the evidence, but since she had already said she was on a business trip, and there was only a month left until June, she was too busy to return immediately.

“You can file a police report first. We’ll send the compiled evidence to you, either by mail or personally delivered to someone you trust,” Josh gently advised Abigail.

Abigail thought for a moment and said, “Alright, you or Lynette can send the items to L.Moon, and personally hand them over to Luna.” “Understood. If you encounter any difficulties in the

legal process, just let me know.” Josh’s voice was incredibly gentle, carrying a hint of indulgence.

“Alright... I have to return to work.” Abigail felt a bit awkward.

“Take care not to overexert yourself,” Josh said before falling silent.

Abigail waited for him to hang up, but he didn’t seem to do so. In the end, she had to hang up first.

After ending the call, she set the phone down and rubbed her arms.

Once she calmed down, she began to contemplate.

Does Sean know about all of this? If he does and is keeping it from me... In the following days, Abigail attended to her own affairs while Sean strolled around the village. He managed to catch every catchable critter and swindled the children out of their trinkets.

As June approached, Sean, who was busy harvesting lotus roots in the pond, received a call from Cameron.

“The Pearson Family has found evidence implicating Kingston in Abigail’s kidnapping. Luna intends to take the case to court against Kingston and Joan.” Cameron’s tone sounded extremely urgent.

Sean’s face immediately turned grave. “Do they have concrete evidence?” He had been investigating the matter as well, but he hadn’t expected Josh to beat him to it.

Considering that the Pearson Family had the Davidsons’ help, what couldn’t they uncover?

“Yes, the evidence is solid. Should I negotiate with Luna on your behalf?” Cameron asked Sean.

“No need. Let them proceed with the lawsuit,” Sean replied indifferently.

This matter was orchestrated by Kingston and Joan. Since he hadn’t found any evidence, he would treat it as though he knew nothing and wouldn’t get involved.

In the end, Kingston would come to him anyway.

“Alright.” After ending the call, Sean furrowed his brows.

If Kingston came to him, he had to help the guy, but in doing so, he would have to offend Abigail.

Thinking about it, Sean let out a sigh.

When Sean returned to the homestay with fresh lotus roots, Abigail was chatting with the Handlady in the courtyard. Seeing him return, she spoke up. “I’m leaving after lunch today.” “Have you finished everything you needed to do?” Sean asked Abigail, his expression unchanged.

“Yes, I have a meeting with a client tomorrow, so I must leave today.” Abigail nodded.

212 In reality, she would be heading to court tomorrow. After all, Luna was only representing her, and she had to be there in person.

Filing the lawsuit against Joan and Kingston was done quietly.

Of course, during this time, Josh had called her to let her know that Sean might be aware, but she wasn’t sure why he hadn’t taken any action.

Abigail didn’t care whether he knew or not. Joan had instigated Sean’s grandmother, who nearly caused fatal harm to her own grandmother. Joan also conspired with her brother to harm Abigail and then kidnap her. She would never forgive them for everything they had done to her.

Even if Sean chose to stand on their side, Abigail wouldn’t let Joan and Kingston off the hook.

“I’ll go make lunch for you,” Sean said with a warm smile before heading inside.

Once he was upstairs, the landlady smiled and said, “Sean is handsome and can cook. You should treasure him.” “But he’s not my type,” Abigail lied with a smile.

If he sided with Joan and Kingston, it would be impossible for Abigail and him to be together in the future. Moreover, if he really did so, she would still feel a pang of sadness. She secretly hoped that, even if it was just once, he would stand on her side.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 232-Exercise Caution After lunch, Abigail set off for Pendorf.

At L.Moon, Luna and her assistant greeted Abigail as she arrived.

“Josh has been visiting L.Moon quite frequently recently. I heard he rented a house around here,” Luna mentioned as she helped Abigail with her luggage.

While Josh and Eric had greatly assisted Abigail this time, Luna still remembered that the Pearsons and the Davidsons were not to be underestimated. Therefore, she also kept a close eye on Josh and Eric’s movements in Pendorf.

“We can talk about it later. I’m a bit tired,” Abigail replied. She didn’t want to discuss matters involving the Pearsons and Davidsons in front of Luna’s assistant. After all, these two families were able to uncover such hidden secrets, indicating an exceptional level of resourcefulness. If the assistant knew too much, it could potentially be detrimental to them.

“Alright.” Luna nodded.

Once inside the office, Luna closed the door and asked, “Can we really trust Josh?” “Since we’ve been in contact with him, we’ve essentially agreed to cooperate. It might be too late to bring up these concerns now,” Abigail stated.

“True,” Luna agreed.

“A special car will bring back the clothes today. Give Lexie a call and ask if she prefers our studio to deliver them to her personally or if she’ll come pick them up,” Abigail instructed Luna.

Hearing this, Luna looked concerned. “Lexie is quite particular. Do you think she’ll be satisfied with your designs?” With Lexie offering such a high price, both Luna and Abigail were worried. After all, she was a famous actress who had seen all sorts of high-end fashion. They weren’t sure if she would approve of Abigail’s designs.

“Whether she’s satisfied or not, she’s already paid the deposit. Right now, the most pressing matter is dealing with Joan and Kingston,” Abigail said, wanting to settle this issue quickly before Sean got involved.

“Alright. You should go check on your grandmother. I brought her home yesterday,” Luna suggested.

After Abigail finished dealing with the situation, she returned to Quinn Village.

She had been busy with her own affairs after her grandmother's incident and hadn't been able to stay and take care of her, so she felt a bit guilty.

Eager to return home, Abigail rang the bell as soon as she arrived.

However, she didn't see her grandmother come to answer the door.

"Grandma," Abigail called out.

After waiting for a while with no response, Abigail called out again, but louder this time. "Grandma!" The neighbor next door heard the commotion and stuck her head out, smiling.

"Are you looking for your grandma?" "Yes, I just got back," Abigail replied, her tone anxious.

"Your grandmother isn't home. She left with a man wearing a baseball cap.

husband?" the neighbor asked, still smiling.

Was that your Sean rarely came here, so the neighbor didn't know what he looked like, which was normal.

Abigail's heart raced.

Sean didn't usually wear a baseball cap, and the only man she knew who wore one was the man who had appeared in Ouisford.

That cap had left her with a significant psychological scar.

Could it be that the Palmer siblings had found out about the lawsuit she intended to file?

"Thank you," Abigail said, not answering the neighbor's question, before hurrying away.

She returned to find that the courtyard gate had not been locked.

Now, she was even more certain that her grandmother had been taken away.

Abigail was about to call Josh when Sean's call came in first.

Her intuition told her that this call was related to her grandmother.

She answered, her voice cold. "Is this about my grandmother?" "Yes," Sean confirmed. He had just received a call from Kingston, informing him that Analise was in his hands.

"Is this related to the Palmer siblings?" Abigail's voice grew even colder.

"Abigail, I know you plan to sue Kingston and Joan, but I'm advising you not to act recklessly. Please trust me..." Sean began.

"Trust you in what? Sean, are you planning to let Joan off again?" Abigail interrupted.

Whenever she thought of Joan, she got angry.

If it wasn't for Sean, she wouldn't have gotten involved with these two siblings.

"I have no intention of letting her off. I have my own plans," Sean explained to Abigail.

"Do you think I'll still believe what you say? Sean, forget it! I'm definitely going to sue them. If they dare touch my grandmother, let them try!" Abigail's voice was filled with anger.

"Abigail, can you please calm down?" Sean's tone also grew serious.

"Calm down? My grandmother has only been discharged for a day, and now she has been taken away by them. How can you expect me to stay calm?" Abigail's voice rose suddenly.

Without waiting for Sean to speak, she continued, "What right do you have to tell me to stay calm? Those two people you're protecting did such a terrible thing!

You keep talking about investigating, but there's still no news so far. I had to hear it from someone else. Is this what you mean by giving me an explanation?" "You don't understand Kingston's nature. Do you know the consequences of provoking him?" Sean countered Abigail.

Abigail's hands trembled slightly. "Then what do you want me to do? My grandmother must have owed you in her past life!" "Listen to me. Don't act recklessly," Sean advised Abigail in a gentle tone.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 233-Drop The Lawsuit Abigail held her phone tightly, her face filled with a cold determination.

“Sean, if anything happens to my grandmother, I will ensure Kingston and Joan pay with their lives!” she declared, then forcefully hung up.

She had concrete evidence that was enough to ruin Joan’s reputation! Who would have thought that Kingston would stoop so low as to kidnap Analise?

As for trusting Sean... she’d rather believe that pigs could fly.

Abigail took a deep breath, calming her emotions. She then dialed Luna’s number.

“Hey, why are you calling me now? Is it because Grandma misses me? Tell her, as soon as I have the time, I’ll come visit...” Luna’s voice, full of warmth and affection, greeted Abigail as soon as the call/connected.

Abigail couldn’t help but feel her nose tingle upon hearing Luna’s voice.

She choked back her tears. “Luna, immediately cancel the lawsuit. Make sure the news spreads so that Joan finds out.” “Why?” Luna’s voice, that was filled with excitement, now brimmed with anger.

“They’ve done so many wicked things. How can we let them off the hook? Is it because of Sean?” Mentioning Sean seemed to strike a chord, and Luna launched into a barrage of curses, sparing no aspect.

Finally, she turned her fury toward Abigail. “That rotten scumbag isn’t worth cursing. What’s wrong with you? You’re divorced already! Why are you still making concessions for him?” “I’m not.” Abigail spoke with a hint of weariness. “Luna, right now, I want Sean and Joan to pay for their wicked deeds more than anyone else, but they’ve got me cornered with something I can’t give up.” “Cornered? Is it...” “Don’t worry about the specifics. Just make sure you let Joan know as soon as possible that I’m dropping the lawsuit.” Without waiting for Luna to respond, she hung up.

It wasn’t that she didn’t want to seek Luna’s help; it was just that a more formidable adversary had appeared before her.

“Sean, what are you doing here?” Abigail looked at Sean, who had appeared at the door, her eyes devoid of any warmth.

Her gaze was filled with a blood–red hue, and the look she gave him was one that someone would give an enemy.

That look sent a shiver down Sean's spine, and he somehow could keenly sense that something between them was crumbling.

Even when they signed the divorce papers, he thought it was because of Analise's injury that Abigail was so enraged.

But now, he couldn't find any reason to deceive himself. Abigail's eyes held an unabashed hatred with no hint of concealment.

"Abigail, I can explain..." "I don't need your explanation," Abigail interrupted him, her voice incredibly cold.

"There's no need for explanations between us. If you truly want to do something for your beloved, then persuade her to release my grandmother. Otherwise... it will be a fight to the death." She clenched her fists, enunciating each word.

As Sean stood before her, she suddenly saw through everything.

Instead of searching for Kingston like finding a needle in a haystack, it was better to have Sean release Analise.

If he refused, she would have no choice but to drag them all down to hell together.

Sean opened his mouth to say something but ultimately swallowed his words.

After a few seconds of silence, he spoke up. "I'll take you to find Joan." "Heh!" A mocking laughter escaped Abigail's red lips as she looked at Sean with disdain. "I've done too many foolish things before, haven't I? That's why you think no matter what you say, I'll believe it? Sean, what you should do now is go tell Kingston that I'm dropping the lawsuit, but he must immediately return my grandmother!" Her last sentence was a vehement roar.

Analise had only been out of the hospital for a day, and she couldn't bear to imagine her frail grandmother in the ruthless hands of Kingston, enduring who knew what kind of inhumane treatment.

As this thought flashed through her mind, she couldn't sit still any longer.

She got up to leave but was grabbed by Sean. "Where are you going?" "You have no right to ask!" she retorted angrily.

He furrowed his brows, still patiently insisting, "Your emotions are too unstable right now. Going out like this could lead to trouble." "Could there be anything worse?" Abigail shot back, her tone unyielding. "Sean, my grandmother better be safe and sound. Otherwise, Kingston, Joan, and even your precious family members will all be held accountable

I Want a Divorce Chapter 234-At a Loss Abigail was practically roaring, her eyes bloodshot with hatred. Sean's heart felt like it had been pierced, so he simply let go of her. She paid him no mind and turned to leave.

He watched her retreating figure and suddenly understood.

This time, she was truly leaving him. Or perhaps, he never truly had her from the beginning.

"Mr. Graham." Xavien saw his former lady boss storming out, exuding an aura of hostility. He didn't know what to do for a moment and could only call out to Sean, who was still standing at the door.

Sean's lips tightened. "Follow her and make sure she doesn't get into any trouble." Xavien hummed his acknowledgment and was about to turn to chase after Abigail, but Sean called him back once more. "Drive. She might need a car." "But you..." Sean didn't say anything, and Xavien immediately understood. The boss is angry!

He didn't waste any more words and swiftly hopped into the car, immediately tailing after Abigail.

The car trailed Abigail slowly. Xavien called out through the half-opened window, "Madam..." "I'm already divorced from him," Abigail coldly interrupted Xavien.

Xavien coughed and said, "Ms. Quinn, Mr. Graham has already arranged for someone to track down Kingston's whereabouts. I believe news will come soon.

Wandering around like this won't help, will it?" Indeed, if she continued like this, would she really find her grandmother?

Seeing her stop, Xavien thought his words had an effect and was about to continue speaking up for his boss.

Unexpectedly, before he could start, Abigail cut him off. "He told you to follow me; did he mention that you can let me use the car?" "Of course." Abigail didn't waste time with words. She opened the door and got into the car.

“Drive back to Pendorf city center.” Xavien wanted to ask further, but when he saw the hostile aura emanating from Abigail, he immediately drove in silence.

It had to be said that it was quite fitting that Abigail and Sean were once a married couple.

Abigail didn't have the mind to consider Xavien's thoughts. She quickly dialed Josh's number.

She hadn't deeply pondered the nature of her relationship with the Pearson Family, but she had to admit that they had helped her a lot during this time.

Now, in the face of this situation, the Pearson Family might be her only lifeline.

She had to save Analise, so she couldn't think too much about it.

Despite her seeming to have contemplated many things, in reality, it was only a matter of seconds. from the moment the call was answered.

“Abigail.” Josh's pleasantly surprised voice came through, interrupting all of Abigail's thoughts.

She took a deep breath and went straight to the point. “My grandmother has been kidnapped, and I need your help.” “Is it Kingston's doing?” Josh's response was quick.

“Yes.” “I'll send you the location. Come over, and I'll immediately arrange for people to search.” After ending the call, Abigail hadn't even started speaking when Xavien began, “Mr. Graham has already arranged for an investigation, so news should come in soon. If Mr. Graham can't find him, it's even less likely for others to.” “How much has he done for Joan? Others might not know, but surely you're aware as his secretary?” Abigail sneered.

At this point, she spoke callously. “You don't think that by riding in this car and letting you monitor me on behalf of Sean's order, I would tolerate your interference in my affairs, do you?” Analise's disappearance had made her panic completely.

Now, everyone trying to stop her had become her imaginary enemies.

Xavien dared not say another word and only silently drove her to her destination.

As she pushed open the car door, he said, “Ms. Quinn, I'll be waiting right here.

If you need anything, just call me.” Abigail didn’t respond. After getting out of the car, she walked away without looking back.

The address Josh had sent her was for a cafe. So, when she was brought to Josh, a hint of unease flashed in her eyes.

Being astute, Josh immediately noticed. Without any unnecessary words, he went straight to the point. “The reason Kingston kidnapped Analise is probably because he heard about the lawsuit you were planning. Now that you’re dropping it, Analise should be safe.” “But...” “Don’t worry. I’ve already arranged for someone to access the surveillance cameras within a 30-mile radius of Quinn Village. However, someone had already accessed them before me. I believe you know who it was, right?”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 235-You’re Not Worthy “Sean!” Abigail’s eyes suddenly turned cold, her hands clenched into fists. “Sean deleted the surveillance footage?” “No.” Josh’s answer relieved her, but his next words raised her guard again.

“But there was interference in the footage from several key streets.” Sean went to such lengths for Joan?

Abigail gritted her teeth in frustration and spoke in a low voice. “Mr. Pearson, I hope to have your assistance. Of course, I won’t let you help for nothing. I’ll

personally design the outfits for Old Mrs. Pearson’s annual birthday banquet from now on.” She didn’t want to owe the Pearson Family any favors.

Josh pursed his lips slightly, a fleeting hint of helplessness in his eyes. “We just want to help you.” “I’ll repay great kindness. If you need anything in the future, I’ll do my best to reciprocate,” Abigail said.

Josh didn’t dwell on this topic any longer and moved on to the matter at hand.

“I’ve already arranged for people to find Kingston’s whereabouts. In addition, his motive for doing all this is simply to ensure Joan’s safety. As long as you give up the evidence, your grandmother will be safe.” Abigail nodded. “I’ve already informed Joan that I won’t sue her. But as for providing evidence... I can’t contact Kingston.” “Leave that to me. But even if this issue is resolved, it doesn’t mean they won’t cause trouble in the future.” “I won’t let them off easily either.” After a brief whispered conversation between Abigail and Josh, he nodded. “I’ll take care of the rest.” Exiting the cafe, Abigail saw Xavien still there, and her brows furrowed.

Xavien walked over, but before he could say anything, Josh, who had followed Abigail out, spoke. "Abigail, where are you going? I'll give you a ride." "Alright." Abigail didn't refuse.

"Mr. Pearson, I can send Madam back." Xavien immediately stopped Josh, his tone firm.

"Xavien, Sean, and I have nothing to do with each other anymore. When you address me, be mindful." Abigail's voice was cool and distant.

Josh looked at Xavien with a cold expression. "Mr. Summer, you might as well go back and assist Mr. Graham with his work. There's no need for him to worry about Abigail's affairs." "Ms. Quinn..." Xavien called out, looking pitiful.

Abigail understood his predicament, but she had no room for mercy. She and Sean were now completely opposed, and she didn't want any involvement with Sean's people.

"Xavien, go back and tell Sean that if he still cherishes any trace of our past relationship, he should arrange for me to meet Kingston. If he can't even do this, then we'll go our separate ways," Abigail said coldly, and without looking back, she walked away.

Josh glanced at Xavien, then quickly caught up with Abigail.

Not long after Abigail returned home, Sean learned from Xavien about her meeting with Josh.

Sean's face darkened, and the air around him seemed to freeze.

Summoning his courage, Xavien spoke up. "Madam was just worried about her grandmother, which was why she contacted Josh." Sean picked up his phone and called Cameron.

Once the call connected, he spoke coldly. "Stay put; don't do anything. I'll be there soon." Cameron was puzzled, but he still responded, "Understood." Late at night, Sean appeared in an extremely run-down neighborhood.

After signaling for Cameron to hold his position, he knocked on the door.

Soon, the door opened, revealing a greasy-haired man. He was burly with a sinister countenance.

"I never thought you would show up in a place like this, Mr. Graham." Sean stared coldly at him. "Kingston, what do you want?" "What do I want? Don't you know?" Kingston smirked. "Of course, I want you to marry Joan. When I'm your brother-in-law, we can talk everything

out.” “It’s impossible.” “Is it? Then, today Abigail’s grandmother will die, and tomorrow, it could be Abigail herself. Tsk, they’ll both die for you. You...” Before he could finish, Sean kicked him.

Completely unprepared for Sean’s kick, Kingston stumbled back. His gaze toward Sean turned dark and menacing.

Sean looked at him coldly. “You’re trying to negotiate terms with me? You’re not worthy.”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 236-It Was You The chill in Sean’s voice made Kingston’s eyelids jump. It was a known fact that there would be bad news for anyone who tested Sean’s boundaries. However, it was too late to take back what they had done. “I sacrificed my whole life so that you could have a good life, and I think it’s perfectly fine for you to repay me, but I only have one sister. Everything that I’m asking for is for the sake of her wellbeing.” Kingston attempted to capitalize on the fact that he had known Sean for a long while.

Sean could see the hidden look of intellect and caution under the man’s sorrowful and agonized expression. Sean scoffed at Kingston with an icy look on his face. “I can promise you that Joan will still thrive even after I send you

abroad. She’ll be fine as long as she doesn’t get greedy over things that don’t belong to her.” “Are you not going to marry her?” Kingston asked.

Sean didn’t respond and simply took another step closer to Kingston. Kingston took one step back and steadied himself before he spoke. “I’ve offered you so much help. How could you do this to me? Furthermore, if it weren’t for the fact that Abigail was trying to harm Joan, why would I have done such a thing?” Kingston’s eyes were bloodshot as he shouted and howled at the top of his lungs. He didn’t seem to think that he had made a mistake at all. Sean had decided to show up personally because he was still grateful for how Kingston once saved his life. However, it seemed like Kingston was still too stubborn.

Sean took two steps forward while glaring at the other man with sharp eyes.

“Where’s Analise?” “Don’t come any closer!” Kingston growled. “Analise will be fine as long as you marry Joan.” There was a hint of fear in Kingston’s eyes as he stared at Sean.

“You really refused to play along while I was playing nice, huh?” Sean’s tone was icy cold as he immediately sent a kick into Kingston’s face.

Kingston felt as if his face had been deformed for a while. Before he had the time to react to the situation, Sean reached over and grabbed his hair. Then, Sean pulled out a syringe that he had prepared earlier and stabbed it into Kingston's neck.

"How dare you trick me, Sean..." Kingston's voice was filled with rage. Right then, Cameron rushed in with the other bodyguards. There was a hint of amusement in Sean's gaze as he let out a grim smirk, his intimidating aura enveloping Kingston. "How dare you touch my woman's family members? It looks like you're not going to be alive for long." After Kingston passed out, Sean pulled the syringe out of the man's neck before addressing the bodyguards beside him. "Tie him up." Then, Sean went to the stairs, where he gave Joan a phone call. Once she picked up the call, Sean spoke in his usual monotonous voice. "You'll have to send Analise home if you want to see your brother." "What have you done?!" Joan let out a loud cry. Sean didn't allow the woman a chance to go into a 1/2 frenzy with him he simply ended the call after that, Sean had just gotten into his car downstairs when Navien rushed over with an anxious look on his face. "Joan just called. She said that she'll kill Mrs. Stein if you don't go over to meet her now!" Sean narrowed his eyes. They sure are from the same family. Both of them are equally brainless—they never plan their way out of these things, Abigail sat on the couch with her eyes glued to her phone. She had lost track of the times she glanced at her phone before the device actually rang. It was a call from Josh! "Do you have news about Grandma?" Abigail asked right after picking up the call.

"We saved her, but she's not in a good state. She has been sent to the hospital in town. I'm right outside your house now, so you just need to come down, and I'll send you to the hospital," Josh offered.

A look of joy and excitement surfaced on Abigail's face as she kept thanking Josh. She rushed out of the house and hopped into Josh's car. "Grandma's... okay, right?" "Her life is not in danger." Josh tried to simplify everything while he drove.

"Emotionally, she might be a little unstable." I'm glad she's fine. She felt like the rock that had been pressing against her chest was finally gone, and tears began to stream down her cheeks. She turned her head away and brushed her tears off.

"Did you find out where Kingston hid Grandma from the surveillance footage?" Abigail asked.

"Yeah. We had to kidnap Joan in order to get her to tell us about Analise's whereabouts."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 237-That's It For Us As soon as Abigail rushed to the hospital and found Analise unconscious in bed, she burst into uncontrollable tears.

Josh's heart ached at her cries, and he extended a comforting hand to pat her gently. "Don't worry, Abigail. Your grandma is just sleeping. The doctors have checked on her and assured us she hasn't been injured or harmed in any way." She clutched her grandmother's hand tightly, fearing that she might lose her again. "It's all my fault. None of this would have happened if I had been more decisive and divorced Sean earlier."

He handed her a tissue to wipe away her tears and softly said, "It's not your fault. You mustn't blame yourself. The responsibility lies with the kidnapper, not you." With teary red eyes, she looked at him gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Pearson." "I didn't act alone. Once my men received the news, we immediately called the police and rushed to the scene. We discovered that only Joan and your grandmother were at home. But, considering how much Kingston cares for Joan, it's strange that he left her alone." Josh patiently explained the situation to Abigail in a calm tone. He was never one to take credit for others' efforts, and he had no intention of deceiving her.

After contemplating his words, she bit her red lips and said, "I got it. Well, I'd still like to thank you for all the effort and hard work you've put in. If you ever need anything, just let me know." He responded with a faint smile. "It's fine. You don't have to say that. Like I mentioned, we're a family, and whatever's your problem is also my problem." Abigail understood that she might come off as annoying if she continued the conversation, so she decided to remain silent.

"I've made some arrangements with the office so that there's an additional bed for you to rest in. You've been out and about for the whole day, so you should get some rest. I'll tell someone to come pay a visit tomorrow." Josh's gaze turned gentle as he spoke.

"Okay," Abigail replied. She was indeed tired. The news about her grandmother and the long car ride had left her tense and exhausted. She only managed to relax a little then.

"By the way... Sean is in the emergency room upstairs. Xavien was in a severe car crash, and the doctors are still trying to save them." He made sure to inform her before leaving.

"That's his concern, not mine," she replied flatly. Her sanity seemed to have returned after seeing Analise. She no longer wanted to waste her strength on feeling hateful and resentful toward others—all she wanted was for her grandmother to stay healthy and safe.

He didn't say anything more, respecting her choice.

Abigail was worried that Analise might need water in the middle of the night, so she went out with a flask that Josh had bought to get some warm water. To her surprise, she bumped into Sean in the lobby.

The man was, as usual, dressed in a smart suit. However, there were some tears on his sleeves, and his hair was rather messy. Despite his disheveled appearance, he had a rugged and handsome look.

She only allowed her gaze to linger momentarily before walking away with her flask. Her eyes held a calm and empty expression as she looked at him, almost as if observing a stranger.

Sean was on the verge of pouring out all the words he had kept inside, but something held him back at the last moment. He watched as Abigail walked away, feeling like he was trying to hold onto grains of sand slipping through his fingers. The tighter he clenched his fist, the more sand he lost. It was as if he was losing her feelings for him.

Instinctively, he chased after her. "Abigail," he rasped.

She didn't respond with anger as before. Instead, she turned around and addressed the way she might address a stranger. "Is something the matter?" man in a "Must it be this way between us?" His fingers trembled as he spoke. Earlier that day, they had sat together at the homestay's dining table, and she had been delighted by the delicious meal he prepared. It felt strange for them to turn into strangers in just one afternoon.

Abigail struggled to hold back tears as she listened to Sean's voice. She knew she wasn't heartless and had harbored feelings for him for many years. Ending their relationship wasn't something she could easily do. However, she couldn't ignore that her grandmother lay in a hospital bed. She pushed down her emotions and looked at him with an empty gaze. "How about this, Sean? You can protect your people, and I'll protect mine. Does that sound fair?" He softly responded, "I've handed Kingston over to the police, and I'll take care of the remaining matters." She nodded, saying, "Congratulations. At least you've done one good thing. If Xavien's injuries are connected to Grandma, I'll also take responsibility. Thank you." Sean had hoped for a different reaction from Abigail, perhaps anger, shouting, or a sign that she cared. Instead, her expression remained cold as she turned and walked away. He felt a lump in his throat as he watched the hospital's white door close, creating an unbridgeable gap between them. From now on, there would be a chasm separating them.

She returned to the ward and spaced out for a long while.

The following morning, she received news that Xavien had regained consciousness after undergoing surgery the previous night. He was no longer in critical condition.

Analise, on the other hand, was still fast asleep. Abigail had the hospital staff check on her before leaving.

Xavien, with his ventilator in tow, entered Sean's hospital room, where Sean was engrossed in work. He wished to convey to his boss not to overexert himself and to heed the doctor's advice. Regrettably, Xavien's condition prevented him from speaking.

Just then, a knock came from the outside of the room. Seated with his laptop on his long, slender legs, Sean called for the visitor to enter.

A gorgeous young nurse stepped in with a pretty fruit basket. "The girl from Room 302 told me to send this over," the nurse said rather bashfully.

It's a gift from Abigail? Xavien was confused. Why would she give a fruit basket?

On the other hand, Sean seemed to grasp the situation better as he focused on the fruit basket. He thought that Abigail might have heard about Xavien's injury and sent this as a kind gesture. However, her thoughtfulness with the gift raised suspicion in his mind. He thought, Is she doing this to target me?

After the nurse set the fruit basket down, she cast a few more glances at Sean before leaving with a starstruck expression.

Seeing the concern on Sean's face, Xavien realized that the fruit basket had something to do with Abigail. Perhaps the misunderstanding had deepened after the mission's failure, and Xavien couldn't help but feel guilty about it.

Sean closed his laptop and got up to inspect the fruit basket. His gaze appeared distant as he examined the fruits. The basket seemed like something you could buy in a store, giving the impression that Abigail hadn't put much effort into choosing a special gift.

He took another look at the basket and then took out a banana, peeling it. He told Xavien, "You won't be able to eat any of this for a while, so I'll help you.

Focus on taking care of yourself, and don't overthink the rest, okay?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 238-Fond of You Sean treasured the items that Abigail bought, and he couldn't bear to waste them, even though the intention behind the fruit basket wasn't entirely kind.

Xavien felt like Sean was inviting trouble upon himself.

Around noon, Analise woke up, and the doctor conducted another full-body check-up on her. The doctor remarked, "Her diabetes is getting serious. It seems she's not taking her insulin on time, affecting her eyesight. Is she still going to be so stubborn?" Abigail gave Analise a playful but stern look, and her grandmother bashfully averted her eyes, saying, "I'm getting old, and my memory isn't what it used to

be. It's normal for me to forget things." "I've bought a house, so it doesn't matter what you say—you're not going back to stay in that village." Abigail's expression turned serious. "You're not allowed to reject my offer again, or I might get angry." After this incident, Analise no longer attempted to argue with Abigail. The elderly woman gazed lovingly at her. "I'm sorry for making you worry, Abigail," she said compassionately.

Abigail hesitated for a moment as tears welled up in her eyes. "It's all over now, so everything's fine." She contemplated whether to tell Analise about Josh.

However, she suspected that her grandmother already knew that he was the one who saved her. She didn't bring it up, and she refrained from saying much.

"She can get discharged after this round of IV drips," the doctor uttered before leaving.

Fortunately, Analise didn't have any severe injuries after this incident. As Abigail was packing up, Analise let out a long sigh. "Joan shared a lot of stuff about Sean and you." After hearing her grandmother's words, Abigail paused momentarily but soon resumed her actions. "What did she say?" Analise waved it off, saying, "Ah, let's not discuss this further. Some of the things I heard were unpleasant, and it's embarrassing to talk about them, even after all these years. In the future, we can live our lives without having to worry about others." She mumbled, "Why... Do you think Sean is so close to people like Joan and Kingston?" Abigail's gaze flickered briefly, but she quickly cleared her mind of other thoughts before turning to give Analise an exasperated look. "Let's not concern ourselves with others." Analise nodded. "Alright. I'll listen to you and no one else." Eric arrived when Analise was discharged. Analise didn't know who he was, so she treated him as one of Abigail's friends. With Analise's legs feeling sore, he and Abigail assisted the elderly woman out of the ward.

Eric's eyes sparkled with joy as he playfully remarked to Analise. "The fact that Abigail knows someone as handsome as me shows she's a magnet for attractive men. But do you think I'm good- looking? Even my grandmother doesn't hold that opinion." Analise looked at him, puzzled, and asked, "Don't you consider yourself handsome? You look as good as a celebrity on TV." Abigail couldn't quite tell if Eric was being humble or just playfully bantering with Analise. Did he not realize how handsome he was? Abigail couldn't believe her ears.

The three of them continued chatting while waiting for the elevator. When the elevator doors opened, Sean stood inside, stunned as he saw them.

Analise's smile stiffened as she looked at Sean, appearing both helpless and anxious.

"Grandma," Sean greeted her, breaking the silence. When he shifted his gaze to Eric, his eyes turned icy and menacing momentarily.

In contrast, Eric remained neutral, avoiding Sean's gaze and focusing on Abigail. Eric's smile faded slightly.

Unwittingly, Abigail tightened her grip on Analise's arm but maintained her smile.

"Oh, did someone from your family get admitted to the hospital, Sean?" Analise wasn't as cruel as Abigail—she caved and initiated a conversation with him.

Abigail consciously tried to ignore Sean, directing her conversation toward Eric.

"By the way, that TV show I was part of... When is it airing?" Eric's smile widened as she shifted her attention to him. "What's the matter? Are you excited?" he asked with enthusiasm.

"I'm eager to know if the audience likes it," Abigail said with hope. They continued chatting as if Sean didn't exist.

"It's not my family; my assistant got hospitalized, so I came over to check on him," Sean responded, his gaze fixed on Abigail. His clenched fists and the icy aura around him were noticeable.

Analise sensed the tension and nodded. She spoke patiently, "Miss Palmer cares about you. She sacrificed her reputation for you, so you should treat her well. It would save both your families a lot of trouble." Though Analise didn't express herself directly, Sean quickly grasped her underlying message. He pondered, Grandma wouldn't have been kidnapped if I had accepted Joan from the start, and Abigail wouldn't have had to go through so much trouble.

She's blaming me for causing them so much trouble, and she's doing it in front of Eric. At that thought, he felt a pang of guilt.

Sean vividly remembered the times when Abigail was upset with him at home.

On the other hand, Analise would still speak to him with her usual cheerful and kind tone, making him feel cherished. However, he was no longer part of such a loving family. A sharp ache in his chest made it hard to breathe. He realized he had lost not only Abigail but also his grandmother.

"I'm sorry, Grandma. During my marriage, I never had feelings for another woman." He looked deep into Abigail's eyes as he spoke in the sincerest tone ever.

Analise didn't know how to respond. A look of concern appeared in Eric's eyes as he watched Abigail, clearly invested in her response.

Abigail relaxed her grip on Analise's arm. She hadn't noticed how tense she had become upon seeing Sean, but her expression remained calm as she gave him a distant, empty look. "Is there anything else you'd like to say, Mr. Graham? My grandmother's legs are sore from being kidnapped, so she shouldn't stand too long." Sean noticed that Abigail hadn't responded to his words, even after everything he said. The look in his eyes darkened a little, and a mixture of disappointment and dejection surfaced in his gaze. "We'll head off now." Abigail held onto Analise's arm and nodded to Sean before she looked away and walked past him.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 239-Charismatic Sean didn't want to say much since Analise and Eric were around. He observed as they entered the elevator, and he remained rooted to the spot as the elevator doors slid shut before his eyes. Abigail wore a pleasant expression as she conversed with Eric about their show. As Sean watched this, he couldn't help but feel like an outsider.

Once the elevator doors were shut, Sean slammed his fist against the wall. He pondered, Will Abigail accept Eric and Pearson's marriage? Does she hate me that much? Is she willing to be used like this just to get back at me?!

Inside the elevator, Analise released a long, contemplative sigh.

Abigail, struggling to maintain her composure, also sighed softly. She was cautious, not wanting to burden Analise with her worries. Observing the anxiety in Analise's expression,

she mused a seemingly carefree smile and inquired, "What's bothering you?" Analise mirrored the smile, her concern evident. "It's nothing." How could they lose feelings for each other just like that? She knew that the situation was far from simple. She chose not to interfere, recognizing that Abigail would have to navigate this challenging marriage and its aftermath alone. Once they escaped the clutches of the Grahams, they could finally rebuild their lives in peace, free from the entanglements that had plagued them.

Abigail purchased a house in Pendorf and helped Analise settle in the new place.

Soon, Josh and she prepared to file a lawsuit against Kingston and Joan.

Kingston's deep involvement in the kidnapping incident was already quite evident. Still, Abigail was determined to keep him behind bars for as long as possible. She wasn't about to let Joan escape justice either.

"Both Joan and Kingston were involved in my kidnapping. Will you be able to ensure Joan gets incarcerated as well?" she sat in her chair as she spoke to him on the phone.

"Joan's case presents a more challenging aspect. We possess only a phone recording, and the methods we employ to obtain it may raise questions. I'm consulting with our lawyer to find ways to prevent their legal team from using this against us," Josh replied.

Abigail couldn't help but express her frustration, scoffing at the situation's complexity. "Joan sure is a smart woman. She got her brother to handle everything." "It seems like Sean knows that you're planning to sue him. He told me to let you know that he has even more evidence on hand," he uttered out of nowhere.

She pressed her lips together and hesitated for a moment before questioning him. "Do you his words can be trusted?"

think "I believe his claim is legitimate. However, my concern is the necessity of tinuous interaction with him to obtain this evidence. Lawsuits tend to be lengthy procesex," Josh replied. The idea of having Sean involved in this made Josh worry about Abigail "Well, my entanglement with him isn't much of a concern here. What I care about the most is Joan and Kingston's imprisonment." Abigail had always been a woman who was clear with her priorities. Now that her grandmother was alive, she could handle everything rationally "Well, I feel more relieved after hearing you say that the heaved a sigh of relief.

She had always assumed that she was good at concealing things and thought she had made it clear that she didn't care about Sean. However, Josh was thoughtful, and his kindness reminded her of the exposure "By the way... What you previously mentioned... Are you still planning to expose them?" His voice was filled with patience.

Previously, when Abigail felt like she had no choice, she had considered using Sean to expose Kingston's acts. She wanted to turn Sean and Joan against each other. However, she no longer had to do that now.

"There's no need for that anymore. However, I'm not planning to let Joan go so easily. We'll have to be well-prepared to tackle this" Her tone turned cold and resolute. This was a rare opportunity for Abigail—she had to destroy Joan as revenge for all the suffering that she and Analise had to go through.

"Alright." Josh seemed to be in complete agreement with Abigail.

She knitted her brows after getting off the call with Jim. Right then, she received another incoming call from Luna.

Abigail had just answered the call, and she barely got a chance to make a sound before she heard Luna's excited voice coming from the other end. "Lexie gave me two invitation cards to dinner and insisted I bring you there. It'll be good for om rudio "Is she doing this because she's satisfied with our design" Alpit's rape seemed a line lighter than before.

"She is delighted. I wouldn't sound so happy otherwise. By the way, how have you been lately? Have things been settled?" Luna didn't know about Analia's hiddoppling and assumed that Sean was just bothering Abigail because of Joan.

"Everything's settled. When's the event?" There was a hint of joy be Abigail's voice. Lama chuckled. "It'll happen one week after she goes on the red carpet.

"That's nine days from now" Levies going on the red carpet soon! For the past two weeks, Abigail hiel been too occipled with gathering documents, searching for lawyers, and dealing with Joan and Kirugaton. It felt like everything had happened in the blink of an eye, "Alright," Abigail replied. Upon ending the call, Abigall got herself busy once more, she had to design an outfit for Erie's grandmother's birthday. She had already agreed to this job, and they had already signed a contract. It was about time she repaid them.

Lexie's red carpet show was revealed after the third day. The theme of her outfit was a mixture of royalty and oriental culture, and the unique embroidery and complicated designs gathered the attention of various media outlets. Lexie's outfit design made her go viral throughout the country.

While Abigail was busy designing an outfit for Eric's grandmother, Anthony was the first to call and congratulate her. "Congratulations! Congrats to L.Moon! You guys are famous now!" Anthony had always been a relatively calm person and experienced in the entertainment industry, so it was rare to see him get so excited over anything.

"What's famous?" Abigail was stunned at first.

"Lexie's outfit received a lot of attention from the local media. The intricate embroidery patterns and the wooden accessories around her waist are now a hot topic on the news." Anthony sounded like he was trying to contain his excitement as he spoke. "Congratulations. Alana's name is now internationally famous. You sure are impressive." Abigail had never known how popular her designs were. She had been on the trending news in the past, so she wasn't too sensitive to the public's attention

I Want a Divorce Chapter 240-His Reciprocity However, after Anthony's call, Abigail continued to receive tons of congratulatory messages on her WhatsApp. Many of the directors and actors that she had worked with were all congratulating her. Luna called to congratulate her as well.

Abigail had just picked up the phone and was about to tell Luna to calm down when she heard. Luna's loud shout from the other end of the line. "Ahhh! We're famous, girl! We're going viral! Lexie sure is impressive! You're impressive!" "Calm down..." Abigail held the phone away from her ear. She falls with th burst.

like Cardrums were about to "We're globally famous now! It's the Cannes Film Festival that Lexie walked for!

Furthermore, local and international media outlets have been reporting about the Cannes Film Festival. Lexic's now known as the Eswadian Goddess." Luna continued to scree at the lungs.

top of he "The Eswadian Goddess?" Abigail mused, realizing that international nicknames could be pretty straightforward.

“Yeah, yeah. She’s known for being the only one dressed in pure black. Who made it a rule for everyone to dress in bright and shiny colors at the Cannes Film Festival. Our cultural features defeat all of that!” Luna added.

in “Well, I guess this is worth celebrating. Why don’t you make an announcement in our work group tonight? Let’s show our appreciation for all the hard work everyone has put in,” Abigail suggested with a smile. The surge in fame also meant that they were likely to receive more job offers in the near future, including lucrative ones from high-paying clients.

“Got it. Hurry up and check the news online. You’re about to be shocked!” Luna exclaimed in an overly exaggerated tone.

After Abigail ended the call, she massaged her ears a little. She was about to check the news when she received another call from Josh. She had no choice but to pick up the call.

“I know that L.Moon’s famous,” she said before the man could.

“Well, that’s not what I wanted to talk about. Actually, I wanted to come clean to you about something. Can we have dinner tonight?” he asked.

She felt he wanted to explain his intention for exposing her identity. “Sure. Send me the location. Should Eric come along?” she asked in a warm and gentle voice.

“Um... The man sounded somewhat awkward on the other end of the call.

She smiled as she ended the call. She was drained after being on the phone for more than thirty minutes. Finally, she got the chance to scroll through the news.

When she checked Instagram, she found all sorts of posts about Lexie and L.Moon, Lexie and Alana, Lexie’s gown, Alana’s gown... All kinds of keywords like these filled up her home page.

Abigail was genuinely stunned by the grandeur of the whole incident. Her Instagram feed was flooded with news about Lexie’s show and the outfit she had designed. When she was initially designing the outfit, she had only hoped to attract some attention to L.Moon’s brand. However, she hadn’t expected to garner such enormous and passionate followers.

She tapped into one of the trending posts and saw a picture of Lexie dressed in the gown she had designed. Abigail only realized how gorgeous her design was after she saw Lexie, with

her flawless makeup, walking down the runway in the gown. Lexie's aura and charisma seemed to make the whole outfit breathtaking.

The media wasn't wrong to call her the Eswadian Princess. The contrasting black and red colors around her waist area and the intricate embroidery patterns matched well with Lexie. Lexie was an incredible sight as she strolled down the red carpet.

The comments on one of the videos were filled with expressions of surprise.

'Ahh...' Abigail tapped into the comment section and scrolled through them. Her lips curled into a slight smile as she read through them.

'This design is way too good. It makes her stand out, especially under the sun.

It's almost as if there's a celestial energy surrounding her figure. She looks like a goddess!' 'Alana shocked us all this time. The media claims that Lexie's waist chain smells good. They all claimed to have smelled different things when they walked past her. I wonder who made this whole outfit for her. It's unbelievably good!' "This is evidence of Alana's skills. The more charismatic you are, the more outstanding her designs for you are. This is way too good! Lexie suits her title as the Eswadian Goddess!' Most of the comments were praise, and reading through all the high praises made Abigail ecstatic. Her heart was whole from all the generous comments, and she even felt rather emotional. Even though she had received recognition in the past, she had been relatively modest with her work, and her designs had been fairly average.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

241-250

I Want a Divorce Chapter 241-Present That evening, Abigail arrived at the restaurant chosen by Josh. As she exited the car, she spotted Eric waving at her from the restaurant entrance. Walking over with a faint smile, she asked, "This is Josh's party. Why are you here as well?" Eric had been helping her behind the scenes lately, and she had wanted to thank him in person.

"What? Am I not welcome here?" he retorted playfully.

“This isn’t my party; I would never dare to refuse you,” she said as she walked into the restaurant.

Suddenly, he called out to her. “Abigail.”

Abigail stopped and turned around, looking at Eric with confusion. “What is it “A gift for you.” He handed her a box.

She looked down at the velvet box and softly asked, “What’s this?” “Look. It’s a bracelet.” He opened the box and held the present up for her to look at. He nervously scratched his nose as he said, rushing his words, “I asked Josh to carve it out of small acacia tree wood. Inside the largest bead is a GPS tracker.” Abigail was surprised as she took the bracelet and carefully examined it. The largest bead was as big as her thumbnail and completely hollow.

“The bead right here is a button. Press it if anything ever happens to you, and the GPS tracker will be activated. It has enough battery to last around three days,” Eric explained.

While looking at the bracelet, she was lost in thought when she heard the words “small acacia tree.” She had previously bought Sean an antique puzzle ball on a necklace made from small acacia wood by Josh. It was a minor coincidence, but it instantly reminded her of that necklace, giving her a strange feeling, as if they were a couple’s accessories.

“Let me put it on for you,” he offered, oblivious to her peculiar behavior. His throat bobbed nervously.

Abigail was lost in her thoughts about the small acacia tree wood and didn’t register Eric’s words. She simply made a non-committal sound in response.

It was only when he grabbed her hand that she snapped back to reality. She twitched, about to pull away, but she saw sincerity in his eyes.

The bracelet was soon secured around her wrist, and he released her hand.

The whole process took only a few seconds.

He looked at her with admiration in his eyes. “It’s just a bracelet made of wooden beads. It’s not worth much, so no criminal will instantly target it Eric’s words made Abigail realize how thoughtful he had been about the gift.

“Thank you,” she said, looking down at the bracelet.

She hadn't planned on wearing it, but since it was already on her wrist, she decided to keep it on. Besides, small acacia tree wood didn't belong exclusively to Sean, so why shouldn't she wear something made from it?

"I got this for your grandmother," he said, pulling another box from his pocket.

"Another bracelet?" she asked, surprised.

Abigail was initially going to reject the present. After all, she did not like to accept presents from men without an apparent reason. However, if he had also bought one for Analise, that would have changed things.

"Yes. I also had a GPS tracker installed in it," Eric added, his face innocent.

That made her wholeheartedly accept the present. "Thank you." After taking the box from him, they walked into the restaurant.

Standing somewhat nearby by a car was Sean. His face was unusually frosty.

Kevin, who was standing next to him, felt like slapping himself. Why did he invite Sean out for a drink and a talk? Why did he have to choose this specific restaurant? Look at what happened!

"S—Shall we go somewhere else?" Kevin asked awkwardly.

Sean's face darkened, giving Kevin a sidelong glance as he calmly retorted, "Why should we do that?" Kevin scratched his head. "Abigail... Ms. Quinn seems to have accepted someone else's offer. There are plenty of fish in the sea. Why must it be her?" He knew that there was no use trying to persuade Sean, but he still did not want Sean to obsess over her. Once Sean dug his heels in, everyone around him would suffer.

"I simply insist on having her. Not even 10 Erics can change my mind," Sean said, walking into the restaurant.

Did Abigail think she could abandon him just because she said she did not love him? No way! She was the one who insisted on marrying him.

Kevin swiftly followed after Sean, saying, "Won't you feel hurt to see her acting intimate with Eric later?" Sean pursed his lips as he clenched his jaw.

That was what he deserved anyway. After all, he did not cherish her in the past.

Josh had booked a table on the top floor. Due to how expensive it was to dine on the top floor, there were only over a dozen tables. The walls were replaced by floor-to-ceiling windows, allowing diners to view Pendorf's night sky.

When Abigail sat down, she spotted Kevin and Sean walk into the restaurant. A haughty, cold look instantly replaced the nonchalance on her face. She picked up the menu and started ordering, ignoring the two men.

Kevin decided to walk over to her table when he spotted Abigail. A sly grin was on his face as he greeted, "What a coincidence, Abigail. You're dining here, too?"

Sean and I are dining here as well." She did not look up at him as she politely chuckled and replied, "Yes. What a coincidence." She was acting very distant, and it felt like a stab to Kevin's heart.

Sean was looking at her wrist with restrained inquisitiveness. As she was wearing a long-sleeved shirt, he could not see what Eric's gift was.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 242-Don't Accept Him Abigail felt Sean's gaze burning into her, making her uncomfortably fidget in her seat.

However, why should she feel uneasy? They were both divorced. What right did he have to look at her so audaciously?

Her gaze shifted from Kevin to Sean's face, and she asked straightforwardly and coldly, "Mr. Graham, do you need something?" Since Josh had not arrived, Eric was in no position to talk to Sean. Eric believed that she could handle the tension between her and Sean. Hence, he silently perused the menu.

Sean calmly looked at her. "Enjoy your meal, Ms. Quinn." With that, he turned and left.

Kevin had been waiting for Sean to say something mind-boggling. In the end... Abigail hadn't expected Sean to respond this way either. She watched him walk over to a table in the corner with a dazed expression, "What are we ordering?" Eric's voice brought her back to the present.

She stopped staring at Sean and scanned the menu before ordering a few dishes. Then, she pulled out her phone and started scrolling absentmindedly.

Sitting across from Abigail, Eric could sense her distracted mind. Her eyes occasionally glazed over, and she seemed lost in her thoughts despite her attempts to conceal it. He observed her momentarily, wanting to say something to break the silence but eventually deciding against it.

Just as she was absentmindedly scrolling on her phone, a message from Josh popped up.

‘I have something urgent to deal with. Tell Eric I won’t join you two since I have to head back to Capitalis. Enjoy your dinner with him.’ She looked up at Eric and turned to show him the message. “Mr. Pearson said he’s going back.” His expression changed, clearly puzzled by what could be so crucial that Josh had to leave abruptly. Suppressing his frustration, he rose from his seat. “I have to make a phone call. I’ll fill you in on this later.” “Okay,” she replied, her tone somewhat resigned.

Eric walked into the restaurant’s restroom and called Josh. The tension in his voice was palpable as he began the conversation, “What’s going on? What can be more important than Abby?” he immediately interrogated.

Josh replied, “Eric, you must promise me you’ll stay calm. Abigail might not be a Pearson.” Eric’s hand trembled as he tried to process this shocking revelation. He couldn’t help but chuckle nervously, “Are you joking? She is the best fit! She looks like you and your mother, whether in looks or behavior.” However, Josh dropped a bombshell, saying, “My family’s saying the girl they found is a perfect DNA match.” Eric’s disbelief was evident in his face, and he tightly pursed his lips, rendering him momentarily speechless.

“Eric?” Josh tentatively asked.

“I don’t want to marry any woman but Abigail,” Eric finally spoke, his voice trembling with a sense of torment. “Josh, you told me she was it. Now, you’re telling me she’s not Alana. What do you want me to do? Ever since I knew she was Alana, ever since I saw her, my mind is constantly thinking about her.” “I’m sorry. I was over-confident this time. Still, I won’t interfere in your love life.

Don’t think of our parents’ promises as orders,” Josh softly said.

Eric immediately hung up.

After returning to the table, he found Luna engaged in a lively conversation with Abigail.

Abigail appeared gentle and patient, resting her chin on her hand as she listened to Luna's excited and happy chatter. Eric couldn't help but be moved by the heartwarming sight as Abigail occasionally responded with a warm smile.

He forced a smile on his face before walking over to sit across from Abigail.

"Have you ordered, Luna? Josh won't be here. Something urgent came up.

Sorry," Eric explained to Abigail and Luna.

Abigail instantly waved a hand and reassured him, "It's nothing. Don't look so dejected. There's no need for that. We can dine together next time." "Yes." He nodded.

Noticing there was something off about his mood, Abigail soothingly said, "It's fine. It's not that important." "I know," he replied. However, he just could not cheer up.

He never could have thought Abigail would not be the daughter of the Pearson Family. Conflicting emotions warred in him, messing up his mind.

"Let's get drunk! What do you think, Eric?" Luna asked, already pouring Abigail a large glass of red wine she had ordered.

Abigail swirled the wine around to aerate it, saying, "Yes. We must celebrate." After a few glasses, Abigail drunkenly stumbled into the bathroom. When she entered the room, she found Sean standing by the sink, immediately sobering up. Once she calmed down from the surprise, she pretended not to see him and moved over to the sink.

Suddenly, he grabbed her wrist. "What did Eric give you?" When Abigail saw that Sean would pull her sleeve up, she other hand. "Let me go!" mediately stopped him with her Hurt shimmered in his eyes as he looked at her with suppressed fury. "You've hooked up with another man right after our divorce. Are you heartless? Abigail, is your love for me that easily changed?" Detecting the scent of alcohol lingering on him, she started struggling. "That's in the past! Is this a joke? Do I have to love you my whole life?" He tightened his grip around her hand and said in a pained voice, "Throw away the thing Eric gave you. I will give you whatever you want. I can even give you my life. Just don't accept him!" The distress and reluctance he now felt were equal in intensity to the blunt and tactless manner in which he had wished her a happy meal earlier.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 243-The Power of a Present Abigail stiffened up and glared at Sean, shouting, "I don't want your life! I don't care what you can give me. Let me go!" Under

the influence of alcohol, he clamped his hand firmly on her wrist, displaying a stubborn expression.

During their struggle, Abigail, wearing high heels, lost her balance and stumbled into Sean's embrace. Seizing the opportunity, he wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her passionately, intending to rekindle their connection.

Her body quivered as she was almost drawn into the intense kiss. However, her rationality prevailed, and she pushed him away, speaking slowly and

deliberately, "We are divorced! You have no right to interrogate me over someone else's present! Who do you think you are? What gives you the right to treat me like this?" As Sean began to sober up, he loosened his grip slightly. Abigail quickly pushed him away, demanding, "Stay away from me!" However, he remained unmoved, refusing to budge an inch. Taking a few steps backward, she displayed frustration and wariness. Yet, her heart skipped a beat when she glimpsed the intense turmoil within his eyes. She hurriedly averted her gaze and discreetly hid her hands behind her back.

Sean couldn't help but feel an intense ache in his chest as he observed Abigail's actions. The pain was so overwhelming that it felt like a dagger piercing his heart, leaving him breathless. "Abby..." "Sean, it's over between us," she stated calmly but coldly, her voice devoid of emotion. "I hope you can respect that and stop interfering in my life." "Abby." Luna's voice echoed from the restroom entryway.

Abigail whirled around when she heard Luna's voice, sighing in relief. Sean felt the pain in his chest intensified when he noticed her reaction.

When Luna saw Sean, she hurried forward to stand in front of Abigail. "You're drunk, Mr. Graham. I think you should head back for some rest." Abigail seized the chance to wash her hands. Then, she grabbed Luna by the hand, allowing Luna to lead her out.

Once the two women left, Sean placed his hands on the sink to steady himself.

His gaze turned cold when he looked at his reflection with bloodshot eyes.

Abigail and Luna returned to their table while Eric went to pay the bill. Luna tightened her hand around Abigail's and kindly asked, "Are you okay?" "I'm fine." Abigail shook her head. When she saw Sean walking out of the bathroom, she continued, "Let's go. We'll message Eric later." "Okay," Luna said, standing up while holding Abigail's hand, Abigail sat in Luna's

car in the parking lot, looking down at the bracelet on her wrist. If the bracelet weren't meaningful to her and her grandmother, she would have left it unused at home.

When Eric approached them, he noticed Abigail looking at the bracelet and couldn't help but remember Josh's words, which weighed on his heart.

"We're leaving, Eric," Lana said with a light tone.

"Okay, Stay safe," Eric replied with a warm expression as he looked at Luna.

She smiled and opened the car door to get inside.

The following day, Eric returned to Capitalis as well.

When Abigail arrived at the studio, Luna placed a stack of contract proposals on her desk and proudly exclaimed, "See? These are the orders we have after making a name for ourselves. We're rich!" "That's a lot... Are you going to overwork us?" Abigail playfully complained.

Analise's health hadn't improved much despite lengthy treatment, so Abigail planned to save up for a trip to seek medical care abroad. If Analise adapted well to the foreign environment, Abigail would consider settling there to oversee her treatment.

As Abigail reached for the contracts, Luna noticed the wooden beads on her wrist and immediately grabbed her. "Who gave this to you? It's an exquisite bracelet." Abigail never liked to wear jewelry of any kind. Hence, this was Luna's first time seeing an- accessory on Abigail.

"Eric, Abigail replied.

Luna promptly leaned in with a sinister smirk on her lips. "Is it possible?" "What are you thinking? This is just a tracker." Abigail raised her hand to show the bracelet off.

"That's amazing. Speaking of Eric, something about his behavior last night is fishy." Luna had noticed Eric had something on his mind when they met back up at the parking lot." "Don't overthink it. We're just friends, and he also gave a bracelet to my grandmother," Abigail reassured Luna, thinking she might be jumping to conclusions again. "I'll return the favor one day."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 244-Throw Out His Flowers “I don’t mean to imply Eric likes you,” Luna said thoughtfully. “I thought about it last night. Something is weighing down on him. Was he like that when you arrived? I felt so uneasy the entire evening.” Abigail paused, thinking back to the night before. After carefully combing through her memories, she realized Luna was right. However, the strange behavior only started after Eric’s phone call. Did that mean he was distracted because of Josh’s departure? “Why did his strange behavior make you uneasy?” she asked, grinning as she read the documents.

“We were going to have fun, but then... Yesterday was a grand celebration for L.Moon! I thought it would be a lively party.” Luna pouted. “In the end, everyone was there. Look what they did! All of them were acting weird, so how can I fully let my hair down?” “Perhaps it’s a family business? I know Josh. If he’s going back immediately, it must be because whatever’s happening in Capitalis is more important than our success,” Abigail tilted her head in thought. Was it because of the Pearsons’ lost child? That had nothing to do with her, but he kept saying they were family, so she would subconsciously keep an ear out for news on the Pearsons. However, she merely spent a moment thinking about it before pushing those thoughts aside.

“Tell the cleaners to throw out the flowers from Graham International.” In Abigail’s mind, that was more important than Josh’s business.

When Abigail arrived at L.Moon this morning, she saw the rows of flower bouquets by the entrance. All of them were labeled with Sean’s name, which she considered an eyesore.

Luna curtsied. “Yes, Ms. Alana. This one will get to it right away.” Abigail laughed. “Go on, already.” Later that afternoon, Sean drove past L.Moon and noticed the rows of flower bouquets by the entrance, but his flowers were conspicuously absent. It was clear that Abigail had discarded his gift.

While sitting in the car, Sean’s expression grew dark, and Cameron didn’t dare to make a sound. After contemplating, Sean said in a low, foreboding voice, “Let’s go.” Cameron immediately drove away from the scene.

Inside L.Moon, Abigail was having lunch with her assistant. When her assistant saw the car parked outside the entrance finally drive off, she commented, “Mr.

Graham is finally leaving.” Flipping through a fashion magazine while enjoying her lunch, Abigail looked up in question. “Huh? Who?” “Sean Graham? When he sent the flowers, they

needed several cars to deliver them. The shops opposite us were so jealous,” the assistant said with a flair of exaggeration.

Abigail did not know why Sean was there. Unwittingly, she glanced out of the window.

“He’s gone, Abigail. Don’t you find that Mr. Graham pays too much attention to us? Someone might think it’s because a certain someone is here,” her assistant teased with a gossipy chuckle.

you “Can focus on your food? Stop talking about random people when you’re meant to be eating, okay?” Abigail rapped her knuckles against the back of her assistant’s head.

Sensing that Abigail did not like Sean, her assistant stuck her tongue out before falling silent.

Abigail thought everything would be over after the divorce. She had not expected Sean to haunt her instead. He was everywhere she went.

Once home, Abigail slid the bracelet Er gave her onto Analise’s wrist.

“Why did you buy this for no reason?” Analise asked, looking down at the ordinary-looking bracelet.

“When you press the button on this bead, you’ll turn on the GPS tracker. If anything bad happens, you just need to press on that,” Abigail explained.

Analise was visibly awed.

“Who gave it to you? Eric?” Analise asked, admiring the bracelet.

“Yes, but don’t overthink it. I’m his business partner. It’s not strange for him to give us a few presents,” Abigail swiftly clarified, afraid Analise might misunderstand the situation.

“Isn’t Eric good friends with Josh Pearson?” Analise abruptly asked.

Abigail subconsciously straightened up when she heard Josh’s name. “How did you know?” I’m not a fool. Eric is a celebrity. I recognize him because the television always broadcasts his shows. That’s something he said in a variety show,” Analise slowly replied. She had nothing to do in the city except watch the television all day.

Abigail held Analise’s hand. “Grandma…”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 245-For Her Sake Josh saved me. I should be thanking him for it, but I'm scared," Analise confessed, her hand tightly linked with Abigail's. Her eyes were clouded with worry.

"Don't be scared, Grandma. What will be, will be," Abigail reassured her.

Analise's emotions changed rapidly, but she quickly replaced her conflicted expression with a loving gaze, saying, "You must be hungry. I'll get food ready." "Okay." Abigail nodded, not dwelling on Analise's quick change of mood.

When Sean returned to his residence, he received a call from the police, informing him that Joan had been acquitted and released due to insufficient evidence. This outcome didn't surprise him; he had expected it. After all, Kingston had always been ready to shoulder all the blame to protect her.

As the call ended, Sean received a message from Cameron.

'Joan wants to see you.' He stared at the message with a cold, calculating look for a few moments before replying.

'Let her wait. I'll think about it when I have time.'" 'Okay.' 'Have you checked Eric Davidson's recent purchase history, as I asked?' 'Still working on it. I found some other news. The Pearsons have brought a young woman home!

Sean immediately called Cameron to discuss this new development.

"Does this mean Abigail isn't the Pearsons' daughter?" When Sean saw Josh, he was almost confident that a simple DNA test would confirm the truth.

"Yes, according to the investigation, that young woman has already done a DNA test, and it's a perfect match with the Pearson Family's elders," Cameron replied in a grave tone.

Sean's expression darkened, and after a brief pause, his voice turned icy with a hint of danger. "So, Eric and Josh returning to Capitalis means they plan to abandon Abigail." Initially, this seemed like a good thing for him. Without Eric and Josh, he could deal with Joan alongside Abigail without any interference. Their sudden return disrupted Abigail's life, as they had gone to great lengths to help her. However, now they seemed to be leaving without a second thought, leaving her in the lurch.

Sean coldly instructed, "Don't let anyone inform her about this. I don't want her disappointed or hurt." "Yes, sir," Cameron hurriedly replied.

"Book a ticket to Capitalis for me. You don't need to come with me. Just keep a close eye on Joan. Do not let her get up to anything. Cameron, if she ever does anything that hurts Abigail or Analise, you can stop showing up to work." Sean hung up right after that. He had to check out the Pearsons' daughter for Abigail's sake. He had to see how chaotic and sly the family was for them to dare make a mess in Pendorf.

The next day, Abigail arrived at L.Moon to find Anthony waiting for her in the waiting area. "You must be busy." "What brings you here, Mr. Booker?" Abigail asked as she glanced at her office.

Judging by the soft chatter from within, she was sure he did not come alone.

"I need your help. How the tables have turned. Now, I'm the one begging you." Anthony smiled brightly as he sat down and sipped his tea. Then, he looked up at her with a reluctant look.

"What is it? I'll help you wherever I can," she replied, sitting in the armchair beside him.

"You are a celebrity now. A television executive I know wants to invite you as a guest on a show to discuss traditional outfits. Do you mind?" Anthony leaned back and looked at Abigail expectantly.

"When is it? I'm quite busy, but I won't say no if the time is right," she answered.

"It'll be in September. We can adjust the date according to your schedule," Anthony said.

Abigail took a moment to consider the offer. She would have agreed to it even if she didn't have the time. After all, she owed him a favor.

"I was afraid Mr. Graham would interfere and give you trouble again, so I'm taking the chance to talk to you while he's in Capitalis. Keep this a secret. Don't tell anyone," he said with a helpless smile.

Abigail was taken aback and wondered why Sean went to Capitalis.

"I won't," she said, smiling.

He stood up and invited her into the office to discuss the matter further.

“You’re finally here. Mr. Booker must have informed you, right? I’ve reviewed the contract, and everything seems promising,” Luna remarked, motioning for Abigail to join her as soon as she noticed her presence.

“Let’s accept the invitation. What does the production want? Do we need to provide any outfits to be showcased during filming?” Abigail asked, walking over.

The slightly chubby man in the room hurriedly said, “Yes. We’re working with Miss Smith on the theme. While it’s about historical outfits, the trends change so fast that it’s hard to pinpoint a topic the audiences would be interested in.” Several young individuals accompanying the man nodded in agreement, all eagerly looking to Abigail as the key decision-maker in their minds

I Want a Divorce Chapter 246-Everyone Has an Idea When Abigail sat down, Luna handed over the booklet of themes.

She carefully read it.

Historical outfits were a trend every industry had jumped in on. Whether it was in movies, dramas, or games, the companies liked to lure consumers in with historical and traditional outfits.

Of course, if there was a new idea, it might work.

With her mind made up, Abigail turned to ask the chubby man, “Your name is?”

He Just then, a young and handsome man who had been sitting next to the chubby man stood up. grinned, showing off his white teeth, and said in an Eastbay accent, “Hello, beautiful. I’m Ronaldo Fernandez, the boss of the studio. It’s quite a sight for someone your age to be this accomplished.” Anthony chuckled, laughing over the fact that Abigail asked the wrong person.

“You rarely come to Pendorf, Mr. Fernandez. It’s normal for Abigail not to recognize you.” She blushed and cleared her throat. “My apologies, Mr. Fernandez. Pleasant to meet you.” Due to the slight mix-up, the tension in the room vanished as everyone lightened up.

“Tell me, what kind of theme would the audience like? I’m getting a headache just trying to pick one; even then, we don’t have any in mind.” Ronaldo put aside all formalities and said in a casual voice as his accent became heavier.

Even Abigail had to smile, forgetting about the embarrassment she felt.

“You should stop speaking in your local slang, Mr. Fernandez. Otherwise, the ladies don’t understand you at all,” Anthony teased.

“I can understand a little.” She chimed in. “I think the Western Roman Empire’s invasion is a good topic. You just need to slightly adjust when you broadcast your show.” Anthony’s smile deepened, and his eyes flashed as he instantly understood what she meant. As expected, he was right to come to Abigail, who always had a great idea to turn something rotten into a miracle.

Ronaldo immediately rejected the idea. “Nah! Our audiences won’t be interested in something that obscure. Most of the outfits around the era can be so easily mixed up that people will only get a headache.” “Let me finish,” she said gently.

“Go on, missy.” While Ronaldo disagreed with the idea, he still respected her as the expert in her field.

She took a sip of her coffee and slowly stated, “By the end of the year, Director Lewis’ Troubled Times would have been released. The show will be set in the time of the Western Roman Empire’s invasion, focusing on historically accurate costumes. If you broadcast the show then, you will be able to ride the hype wave.” He wrinkled his nose in thought.

She did not rush him.

Her idea was to anticipate what would be coming out in the future. If she was not doing this to return Anthony’s favor, she would have rejected the invitation.

“Man, historical dramas and films always flop. I ain’t gonna risk it. There’s nothing wrong with just following the mainstream trends.” In the end, Ronaldo decided not to risk it.

“Lewis Francis’ shows are very reputable, sir,” the chubby man whispered.

Ronaldo glanced at Anthony. “What do you think?” “I think she has the right idea. We can first announce that we’ll be working with her. In September, we’ll release a teaser clip to show off some of our outfits.

Once the show is released, we can broadcast our show at the same time,” Anthony said with a polite smile.

“You’re an artist, so you must have a better eye for beauty than I do. Since Mr.

Booker agrees with you, we’ll go with your idea.” Ronaldo was eventually persuaded to go with the idea.

Once the contract was signed, Abigail sent her assistant to book a table at the nearby restaurant so that she could treat Ronaldo and the rest to a meal.

Being a good host or hostess was an important quality in the eyes of those from Eastbay. Hence, it would be extremely rude not to treat the guests to a meal when discussing business.

As Anthony headed to the restaurant with her, he softly explained, “Forgive Mr.

Fernandez. He started as a local businessman, so he’s not that great with business talk. He also has a poor sense of boundaries.” “He has an interesting way of speaking, don’t you think so? We don’t have to be stern and polite when discussing business. He’s also easy to talk to. I find it more comfortable to talk to him compared to those who are always polite.” It was a response that was being considerate to Anthony.

Since Ronaldo was Anthony’s guest, no matter how uneasy she felt around him, she always made it sound more positive for Anthony’s sake.

“You plan on borrowing the costumes from Director Lewis, don’t you?” Anthony asked in a guessing tone, swiftly changing the topic.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 247-Perfect Candidate for Marriage Abigail looked him in the eye. “You should know that this program isn’t working out. I saved the situation for him with Troubled Times. Or else, he would be screwed with his original idea.

“Thank you.” Anthony’s voice was filled with gratitude, but he sounded worried at the same time. “We’re still friends, aren’t we, little junior?” “Of course. I’ve been competitive my whole life, so I’ll help you out,” she teased.

Regardless, Abigail had to repay the favor she owed to him. Even if she could not, she had to come up with a solution. After all, he had mentioned earlier that

he was here to ask for her help, which proved how important Ronaldo was to him.

Meanwhile, Ronaldo stayed in Pendorf and decided to tour around for a week, and playing the duty of a host, Abigail sent one of the male employees from the studio to be his guide.

One day, amid work, her employee dashed into her office in excitement and exclaimed delightfully, "Mr. Fernandez is such an interesting man. He had Donny ship in a big batch of seafood that was fished out this morning and rented an airplane to deliver it here by air!" Although Pendorf was a huge city with its seafood supply, the variety of seafood produced here could not be compared to Eastbay, a city dependent on the sea.

Surprised, Abigail rose to her feet to check out the situation. The moment she stepped out of the studio, she saw Donny, Ronaldo's assistant, standing under the sun and sweating buckets from his forehead as he directed the workers to shift the seafood into the studio's kitchen.

At the sight of almost two hundred boxes of seafood, she gasped in surprise.

"Mr. Donny, how much do these seafood cost? The studio will pay it to Mr.

Fernandez," she said with a straight face, pacing toward a slightly stout man.

Since they were going to collaborate, the nature of their partnership would change once she received something from him.

"These are fished out by Mr. Fernandez's company, so you don't have to pay for it," Donny answered with a gleeful chuckle.

Strolling around the polystyrene boxes filled with ice, Luna muttered, "He's giving away so many expensive goods for nothing? This is the first time in my life that I've met a businessman as simple as Mr. Fernandez." At the mention of the devil, Ronaldo's car came rolling toward them and came to a stop in front of the studio. The car door swung open, and he climbed out, dressed up fancily in a pair of sunnies, a beachy shirt, and shorts.

"Mr. Fernandez, you're too kind. We're just partners at work-" "We owe our meeting to fate, and this little bit of seafood is just a token of my appreciation, pretty. Just accept it without any fuss. If you would like any kind of seafood in the future, let me know, and I'll fish them out for you." Ronaldo fanned himself with the paper fan he always carried with him, his face filled with bravado.

"Mr. Fernandez, I'm afraid to collaborate with you when you're acting this way," Abigail said helplessly. Seafood isn't cheap. I can understand it if he gives one or two boxes, but he's giving me almost two hundred boxes now. It seems to me that he has nowhere to spend his money.

“I’m a brute with little education and would like to make another deal with you, but I don’t know how to open up the topic, so I decided to give you some presents to earn some credit.” The embarrassed Ronaldo raised his hand and scratched his head.

Hearing that, Luna blinked a couple of times. “Then, you’ll have to tell us what this deal is about.” A grin spread across his face. “Fret not. It’s not anything illegal. You’re Anthony’s friend, and I’d never harm his friends.” When he mentioned Anthony, Abigail said, “Let’s go in and speak about it.” In Castella Grand Hotel, Josh would occasionally steal a look at Sean, who was seated nearby, and felt as though there were pins and needles on his chair.

Although Sean had done absolutely nothing and was just eating his meal quietly, the air around Sean was somehow affected, making him feel uneasy and unsettled.

Suddenly, the girl next to him asked in a gentle voice, “When is Eric coming, Josh?” Josh’s attention fell on the girl’s face. She looked more docile than Abigail and had soft, long, dark hair. Although she did not carry a sophisticated air like Abigail, he could tell she was as aloof as her.

“Kelly, he’s stuck in traffic. Let’s wait for him.” Instantly, his voice became gentle.

When interacting with Kelly Hagl, his younger sister, whom he had just recovered, he was nervous and careful, just the same way he was with Abigail back then.

“Oh, okay.” She nodded but could not stop her eyes from looking at Sean.

She thought that Eric was stunning enough. In addition to his excellent family background, he was the perfect candidate for marriage. Unexpectedly, Sean, seated at the table opposite them, was even more gorgeous than Eric.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 248-Don’t Embarrass Yourself He was simply sitting there to enjoy his meal, but that attracted the attention of every female in the entire restaurant. Even the servers who received strict training for this high-standard hotel blushed when they served him.

While researching Abigail, she had paid special attention to Sean, but there were very few videos of him online. Due to his out-of-the-world gorgeous looks, she thought that his pictures were post-edited. Surprisingly, he was better looking in person than in pictures.

Sensing her staring at himself, Sean raised his gaze suddenly and swept his eyes over her coldly. Immediately, Kelly looked down and bit her lip as she

fluttered her lashes slightly, trying her best to display her alluring self to him.

The edge of his lips hooked upward just a little into a lopsided smirk tinged with sarcasm, and Josh was unhappy when he caught the hostility in his eyes.

During the long wait for Eric, Josh decided to follow Sean when the latter went to the washroom. "Kelly, excuse me," he said softly to her and hurried after Sean.

In the washroom, Sean was leisurely washing his long, knuckled hands under the tap, exuding a cold air around him that deterred others from getting close.

"Sean, don't tell me it's a coincidence that you're here today," Josh said from behind him.

As though he had not heard anything, Sean took his sweet time to gently shake off the water droplets on his hands after washing, his every move candy to the eyes "Regarding Abigail, I'll apologize to her once the time is right. You're not in the position to stick your nose into this. Plus, you know she won't appreciate anything you do," Josh added indifferently.

Finally, Sean turned around to face him, but his eyes were icy, as though he was looking at a pile of trash. "Are you done?" Josh's hands at his sides shook with a jolt, and he held his fists. He had not done anything, and Abigail was not a member of the Pearson Family. All they did was bring home the correct person, but whenever he saw Sean, he would be reminded of how careful she was. With a mix of guilt and frustration, he lashed out at him. "Why exactly are you here?" "Your family isn't so powerful in this city that I have to get my schedule approved by you. As for Abigail, she has never thought of herself as a Pearson, and you guys are the ones flocking to please her. If you go apologizing to her after this, I'm afraid she'll be disgusted by you." As though Josh was nothing in his eyes, Sean did not display a single shred of emotion when he spoke. Very quickly, he wiped the smile off his face and walked away without another glance at Josh.

The muscles on Josh's face were rigid, and he looked far worse than before, wondering what hold Sean had in his hands against the Pearsons.

Hiding behind the gigantic vase outside the washrooms, Kelly secretly observed Sean's tall figure; the infatuation in her eyes was hard to miss.

Although Sean felt someone staring, he did not care about it at all, and when he walked out of the hotel, he received a call from Cameron. "Mrs. Graham will be going to Eastbay with

Ronaldo Fernandez, an owner of a TV station with whom she'll be collaborating. To get into her good books, he even gave her two hundred boxes of seafood!" he reported urgently.

"Did you say two hundred boxes of seafood?" Taken aback, Sean thought, Setting aside the price, isn't he worried that so much seafood will cause health issues to the receiver? Is this guy for real?

"Yes, and Mrs. Graham has accepted it," Cameron added in detail.

'Who's this Ronaldo Fernandez? How did he find out about L.Moon?" Sean asked with a frown.

"It was Anthony who introduced him to her. I looked up Anthony and have a hunch that he has ulterior motives for asking Mrs. Graham to help out Ronaldo.

According to Mr. Stewart, Miss Smith has asked for two guys from him to secretly follow Mrs. Graham to Eastbay," Cameron said, his tone solemn.

Narrowing his eyes, Sean replied in a threatening, low growl, "Seems like Anthony took the opportunity while I was away to approach Abigail. You don't have to send anyone. I know what to do." So, this guy will set up Abigail while I'm gone, huh?

After Freshie TV announced that they would be collaborating with Abigail, it immediately drew the attention of others in the industry. Of course, the ancient dynasty was not that interesting as a theme. Though L.Moon and Alana were big names, it did not help Freshie to grow in followers.

Seeing that the response from the collaboration was not that great, Luna seemed a little worried. "Forget it if the collab doesn't work out. You don't have to put yourself on the line," Luna said to Abigail over a meal.

"This theme has been overused by every other industry, so this outcome is expected, but we're still at an early stage now. Have some patience. I have ways to turn the situation around." This outcome came as no surprise to Abigail.

"I must say you're amazing. By the way, I've already packed your luggage to Eastbay. Once you arrive, give me a call to let me know you're safe." Luna was worried about her, and even though she knew Abigail would take care of everything, she still could not set her heart at ease.

Out of wits, she had told Kevin about Abigail's schedule. L.Moon was gaining popularity, but she was no expert in security. Should anything happen to Abigail, nothing she did would make up for her guilt.

"If you run into any trouble, immediately hit the brakes and return. Don't force yourself." Unease washed over Luna, and she kept nagging Abigail, worried that she had missed out on anything. "Why don't you bring a couple of pepper sprays with you? I heard that Eastbay has a lot of frauds."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 249-Another Chance Meeting?

Silently, Abigail listened to Luna's nagging with a soft smile. The concern Luna had for her warmed up her heart so much.

"That's right—the bracelet Eric gave you has a GPS tracker, doesn't it? Did he mention how to connect it to the cell phone?" Luna asked and urged, "Send a text and ask him about this." Right now, she simply wanted to armor Abigail with everything beneficial to her, preparing and protecting her to the point that everyone knew she should not be trifled with.

At the mention of the bracelet, it struck Abigail that Eric had told her the function of the bracelet but not whose phone it was connected to; she forgot to ask.

Nevertheless, she did not want to ask him anymore. Ever since Eric and Josh had returned to Capitalis, they had not contacted her again, and this had spoken for the situation between them for itself.

"There's no need to ask. It can be connected. Moreover, the function of the bracelet is useful for dangerous situations, and Ronaldo is introduced by Anthony. If I run into any accident, he won't get away with it, either. So, don't worry," Abigail assured, smiling.

"Okay." Although Luna was often alone on business trips everywhere, she could not stop worrying when Abigail would be doing the same.

The trip to Eastbay quickly arrived. Even before sunrise, Analise already woke up to prepare breakfast. Right after Abigail kept her electronic tablet away in her bag, she heard Analise calling from outside her room. "Breakfast is ready!" "Okay!" Abigail hurriedly left her room, and the delicious smell of food drifted into her nostrils. "Although I'm only away for a few days, the thought that I won't get to have your specialty noodles for breakfast makes me sad," she whined adorably.

Analise placed a big plate of noodles on the table. "Once you're back from your business trip, I'll cook it for you three times a day." "Better not. Anything delicious will lose its appeal once taken in excess." Abigail raised the white flag and joked, but she shifted into a serious tone suddenly.

"Pay more attention to safety when you're home. Ignore any conversation from strangers and always take routes with camera surveillance whenever you go to the market." "Don't worry, I'll keep that in mind. Furthermore, there's a bracelet I can use." With a warm, kind face, Analise waved her hand.

Although Abigail nodded in agreement, she was still worried in the depths of her heart. How could she completely relax to leave Analise alone at home?

For the trip this time, Ronaldo had been considerate enough to book a first-class air ticket for her, and after two hours of flight, they touched down at Eastbay Airport.

Eastbay was much hotter than Pendorf, and the breeze in a city by the sea was warm and humid. When Abigail sniffed carefully, she could taste the saltiness and stench in the air.

Wearing sunnies, Ronaldo fanned himself with his fan and said to her, "I guess this is your first trip to a city by the coast, pretty. The air here smells a little odd, and I'm sorry that you'll have to bear with it for a while to get used to it." The first time he brought a girl from the south, she had told him that the salty stench in the air here was unbearable.

"It's alright," Abigail answered.

From his bag, Donny fished out an umbrella and passed it to Ronaldo, who opened it and held it over her head. Turning to her, he smiled brightly, revealing his pearly whites. "The sun is too strong. You'll need an umbrella to block out the rays." "I can hold it myself." She reached out and wanted to take the umbrella from him, but he raised his hand with a wide grin.

Teasing her, he spun around her and swapped the umbrella to his other hand. "I can't allow a great artist to hold an umbrella. Let the men do labor work like this." Abigail said no more and merely stepped away a little, drawing the distance with Ronaldo. While they were speaking with each other, they did not notice the man following them.

Dragging a suitcase, Kevin trailed after Sean as the latter walked in front of him with a stoic face, his razor-sharp eyes glued on Ronaldo's back.

Ronaldo, busy chirping away at Abigail, suddenly felt a chill down his spine and spun his head around to check behind him.

Unaware of his unease, Abigail started arranging the schedule for later. "I'll check into the hotel to eat and rest for now. Come to me tomorrow, and I'll take a look at the goods with you." Ronaldo's gaze fell on Sean, and he stood still. It was hard not to notice him, whether it was due to his looks or the air he carried around him.

As she did not receive an answer from him, she turned, only to find out that Ronaldo had fallen behind her. Unwittingly, she twirled around and saw Sean and Kevin as well.

Dressed in a tailored suit coupled with his aloof expression, Sean appeared especially awe-inspiring. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Fernandez," he greeted with a smile, walking toward Ronaldo.

Kevin waved to Abigail. "Ms. Quinn, what a coincidence. Are you here on a business trip as well?" "Yeah, just here to buy some stuff." Confusion shrouded her mind. Why did Sean show up here? Didn't he go to Capitalis?

"The pleasure is mine. You must be Mr. Graham. I've seen you in the financial magazines that interviewed you, and you're more good-looking in person. What a talented person you are," Ronaldo praised the moment he opened his mouth.

Hearing that, Sean looked at Ronaldo, who had a wide and earnest grin. "I've heard that the businessmen from Eastbay are amazing conversationalists. Now, I can be sure that it's true after meeting you," he said, his tone unreadable. As the saying goes, don't hit a smiling face.

"Well, it's hard for a businessman to strike a deal when you don't have the gift of the gab." With his friendly personality, it did not take him long to start a conversation with Sean.

Forced to walk alongside Sean and Kevin, Abigail wondered, Is Ronaldo always this friendly and has no boundaries with everyone? How is he able to start chatting with anyone?

Next to her, Kevin muttered, "This chap is rather chatty." "I don't know him that well," she answered calmly.

At first, Luna was worried sick about her, but with Sean and Kevin around as her guards, it would be tough for Ronaldo if he wanted to set up Abigail..

“Mr. Graham, we gotta go now. Until next time.” The cab stopped in front of them, and a longing look appeared on Ronaldo’s face.

you “You live here, Mr. Fernandez. Arcoing to stay at the same hotel as Ms. Quinn?” Sean asked, leisurely sticking one hand into his pocket.

“Of course not. I’m going home after sending her to the hotel,” Ronaldo answered.

Sean’s eyes swept over Abigail as he said emotionlessly, “You can just take one cab home yourself. Ms. Quinn and I are friends, so we’ll take one to our hotel together.”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 250-Kelly Hagl The smile on Ronaldo’s face remained unchanged at Sean’s suggestion. “That won’t do. Ms. Quinn is my guest and friend as well. I must drop her off at the hotel safely.” Abigail thought that he would agree, but he turned Sean down instead. “Mr.

Graham, we’ll just take our transports.” She, too, did not want to share a ride with Sean, and regardless of what brought him here, it was unrelated to her.

Grinning, Kevin hung an arm around Ronaldo’s shoulders, his attractive eyes turning into crescents from grinning. “What? Are you worried that a respectable man like Sean is going to harm her?”

Out of the blue, Ronaldo became serious. “Bro, you can’t put it that way. It’s one thing that you guys are friends, but me taking care of my guest is another thing.” “Let’s get in the car, Mr. Fernandez.” Not bothered to argue with them, Abigail paced to a cab, opened the door, and climbed in before anyone else.

“Mr. Graham, see you around,” Ronaldo said to Sean, shaking off Kevin and climbing into the same cab as her.

Behind them, Donny loaded the luggage into the boot and jumped into the cab, too.

The smile on Sean’s face disappeared, and only iciness could be found. He ran his tongue around the insides of his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with indifference.

“For a guy that doesn’t seem threatening and is so easygoing, he’s surprisingly hard to get rid of.” Kevin smiled with a tightened jaw.

The cab gradually rolled further away, and Sean stopped staring before walking to another one. “Since Anthony has spent so much effort befriending him and even asked Abigail for a favor to please him, he must have some power.” “Say, what’s Ronaldo’s purpose for being so attentive to her?” Kevin asked unmindfully.

“No matter what his purpose is, I’ll destroy his entire home if he dares to harm Abby.” Sean scoffed.

After checking into the hotel, Abigail had her meal and wanted to shower. Just then, her phone started ringing. Upon checking it, she saw it was a number from Capitalis calling her.

I’ve saved Eric and Josh’s number. Whose number could this be? she wondered and picked up the call. “Hello?” On the phone, a gentle voice from a girl said, “Hello, Alana. Sorry to bother you.

I’m sorry about this.” She called me Alana. Is she a customer? “It’s alright. May I know who is calling?” Toward her customers, Abigail had always been friendly.

“I’m Kelly Hagl, and you can just call me Kelly. I’m calling because I ordered a dress from L.Moon. As I’ll be wearing the dress for a very important function, I’d like to speak about the details with you,” Kelly composedly explained the reason for her call.

“Okay.” Abigail picked up her electronic tablet and then took a seat. “Please tell me, Miss Hagl. I’m ready.” “I’ll be wearing the dress during a family reunion banquet, and the guests will be the upper class of Capitalis, so I wish that the dress will help me stand out and help me appear different from others. It will be best if it can achieve the effect just like Lexie Chambers. The price is not a problem, and I can afford it even if it’s one or two million. My brother will buy it for me,” Kelly said gently.

She was soft-spoken, but Abigail could hear the hint of bragging in her voice.

Nevertheless, she had met one too many clients like this—after spending a huge sum of money on a dress, they could not help but feel the need to show off.

“If possible, please send me pictures of yourself, Miss Hagl. A short clip will do, too, and I prefer it if you have no makeup on. Pictures from the front and back,” Abigail explained patiently. “If you want the dress to bring out the best in you, this detail cannot be skipped. Are you alright with this?” Kelly’s tone remained gentle. “Sure, no problem.” After hanging up, Abigail wanted to organize her notes when Luna’s text popped up. ‘Did you receive an order?’

“What?” Abigail had no idea what Luna was speaking about, and Luna called her straight away because texting was too much hassle. “The finance department just received a payment of 657 thousand, and the memo that came along with it was the payment for a dress booking. I have no record of such order and can only think of you as the other possibility,” she said anxiously. It was not their operation method to receive payment before signing a contract, and doing this would cause lots of problems afterward.

“Well, a lady by the name of Kelly Hagl did call me earlier saying that she had booked a dress at the studio. I thought she already signed the agreement and even discussed it a little with her. Doesn’t she know about our procedure?” The frowning Abigail found this situation peculiar as well.

“We’re swamped with orders now, and she’s paying without saying anything nor signing the contract. Is she trying to cut the queue? Moreover, the amount of money is random and doesn’t make sense at all. What’s her number? I’ll speak with her.” After noting down the number from Abigail, Luna ended the call.

Although Abigail found this whole thing very odd, she could not put a finger on it

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

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I Want a Divorce Chapter 251-Abigail Is So Heartless Minutes later, Abigail received pictures of Kelly and saw that she was a stunning girl with a slightly aloof temperament. Her skin was fair, and she appeared like a docile person. After saving the pictures, she placed this matter to the back of her head for now.

Early the next morning, when she went downstairs for breakfast, she bumped into Kevin and Sean again. “Ms. Quinn, there aren’t many seats left. Here, join us at our table.” At the sight of her, Kevin immediately waved at her in exaggerated excitement.

While she was still contemplating. Ronaldo’s voice echoed from the restaurant entrance. “Good morning, pretty. I came at the right time today. Come on, I’ll take you to a better place for breakfast. The breakfast here isn’t great.” “Okay.” Her eyes sparkled as she smiled and paced toward him.

Even though Sean did not flinch, the veins on his hand holding a fork were popping.

“Rascal!” Kevin was burning from anger, but he later whined, “Abigail doesn’t care about our feelings at all.” “Go settle the bill,” Sean urged and rose to his feet.

Back in his hometown, Ronaldo drove a red convertible to the hotel. After Abigail was seated properly, he was about to start the engine when an arm suddenly rested on his car window.

Leaning on his side, Sean kept his eyes glued on Ronaldo’s face as he put on a threatening grin. “Do you mind picking up two more people? It’s our first time in Eastbay, so please take us around and show us the delicacies and tourist spots here.” “Well, how can I turn you down when you’ve already put it that way? Hop in.” All Ronaldo felt was Sean pointing a sharp edge between his brows with his gaze.

Like a sword between his eyes, he felt his scalp turning numb and could not bring himself to turn down Sean.

With a silent sigh, Abigail scooted over and stayed away from Sean, who just climbed into the car.

When Kevin came out, he took the passenger seat. “You drive a good car, Mr.

Fernandez.” In the car, he started to chat with Ronaldo. Otherwise, he would suffocate from the two boring people behind him.

“Thanks. By the way, what business are you guys here in Eastbay for? I heard that Mr. Graham is in the property business, but I’ve never heard of any new developments around Eastbay,” Ronaldo asked him purposely while driving.

Sean was uninterested in answering him and merely twisted his head to the side, running his eyes over Abigail casually. Occasionally, he would check out her wrist breezily. Sensing his stare, she kept her wrist away, shifted her body to the side, and stared at the scenery outside.

The wind ruffled her hair high and brushed it over Sean’s face. As her hair swept over his face, he took in her light, refreshing scent and could not help but recall the details of their married life. Right then, his heart was filled with sadness and felt heavy.

They did not even have the chance to argue now and were as simple as two strangers.

“You’re gorgeous, Ms. Quinn. Indeed, a gorgeous woman pairs perfectly with a sports car. After we’re done with work today, I’ll bring you shopping for a couple of Bohemian skirts. Wearing that to have fun at the beach, you’ll be the center of the boys’ attention.” Out of the blue, Ronaldo started praising Abigail without embarrassment.

With a hand, she straightened out her hair, and her eyes crinkled with her smile.

“I kinda like Bohemian clothes, too. Let’s go to the beach when we’re finished with work and check out how many boys will be smitten by me.” Knowing that she was saying that to him, Sean glanced at her with a straight face and asked calmly, “Are you looking for a boyfriend, Ms. Quinn?” “No, but it’s my freedom to display the pretty side of myself.” She snapped back composedly.

A lopsided grin tinged the edge of his lips at her reply. “You should be selective of the men you’re trying to attract. They should at least have looks equal to mine. Or else, they’re not good enough for you.” Stumped, she wondered, Who is he to take himself as the standard for measurement? As disgruntlement filled her heart, she argued, “Aesthetics are objective. In my eyes, you’re just alright.” In the front, Kevin struggled to stifle his laugh from making sounds. Hurriedly, Ronaldo asked, “What do you think of me, pretty?” “You’re very fitting to my aesthetics. Not bad,” Abigail answered, switching to a happy expression.

Then, Sean turned to Ronald and said out of the blue, “I heard that you and Mr.

Booker didn’t know each other at first, and it was him who looked for you. That’s how you have the opportunity to work together.” “Yeah, actually… He tried contacting me a few times before that.” Due to his question, Ronaldo was nervous, losing his usual relaxed manner.

“Freshie was developing quite well under you, but you decided to heed Mr.

Booker’s advice and became so busy. Did you consider whether your audience could take it or not?” Sean folded his arms across his chest, and the light in his eyes was bright, like a black panther who had suddenly awoken.

“It’s not surprising that you don’t know, but the viewership of Freshie TV is very low this year. Our profits are almost in the negative. If I don’t come up with another solution, I’m afraid I’ll have to shut down the station. If I don’t get out of my comfort zone, how can I cut out a new path for myself?” A grinning Ronaldo returned to the relaxed manner that he had before.

However, Abigail had paid special attention to Sean's words. If I remember correctly, Anthony mentioned that it was Ronaldo that went to him for his help.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 252-The Pearl Purchase Plan Abigail turned her gaze toward Sean and wondered, Was he asking this purposefully?

"What's up?" he asked, turning his head to look at her.

"Nothing." She averted her gaze and continued to admire the passing scenery.

Sean's question, however, made her reevaluate the situation between herself and Anthony. She would not feel so uncomfortable about Anthony's actions if it were just a matter of business and mutual benefit. After all, they were here to make money.

However, it felt like an advance pardon when he asked her if they were still friends. She would have to suppress her displeasure to continue their friendship if she agreed, even if he later engaged in questionable behavior.

After breakfast, Abigail visited Ronaldo's house to inspect the pearls. Sean and Kevin, unable to car to the seaside, which was filled with docks, and many fishing boats anchored nearby. However, her attention was immediately drawn to a luxurious cruise ship moored at a nearby dock with no fishing boats around it.

accompany her, watched them depart. She took Ronaldo's "Let's get on the cruise ship first, and I'll show you the goods later." Ronaldo waved his hand casually and strolled toward the dock.

Abigail followed him and glanced at the serene sea, asking, "Isn't taking a boat enough?" He swayed his fan leisurely. "Oh, there's food and drinks on the cruise ship, so we can enjoy ourselves while working, right?" Since he put it that way, she did not refuse.

The sea was sparkling and boundless, and she stood on the deck, her mood unexpectedly lifting. Meanwhile, Ronaldo sat in a beach chair, occasionally stealing glances at her, which brought a smile to his lips.

The cruise ship docked at a cluster of islands. When they disembarked, she heard him say, "The back of this island is a shallow sea area, surrounded by mountains on all sides, shielded from the- waves. It's a natural breeding ground." "How did you discover this valuable spot?" she asked, almost absentmindedly.

In reality, she did not care much about the specifics of his family's breeding farm. What mattered was the quality of the pearls she needed.

"We came across it when we sailed out to sea. Our Fernandez Family has been managing this area for several generations," he said with a hint of pride.

Abigail nodded in understanding. As he led her to the island's backside, she discovered a shallow, crystal-clear sea area surrounded by imposing cliffs. The setting was exquisitely beautiful; the orderly rows of floating breeding nets with buoys on the surface added to the pleasing view.

"If we team up, we can provide as many pearls as L.Moon wants every year, and they will be the finest," Ronaldo assured enthusiastically, fanning her like a loyal servant.

"I'll need to inspect the processed pearls before making a decision. And by the way, I'm not hot. You can fan yourself," she replied in a businesslike tone.

Subsequently, he showed her the breeding farm and then to the pearl Wessing factory.

Inside the factory, Abigail saw pearls of various qualities placed in plastic basins on a table, with workers sorting them. The pearls were of impressive quality.

After the inspection, the two made their way to the office within the processing factory.

"Your pearls have good quality, so they shouldn't be hard to sell," she commented, sitting on the couch and watching Ronaldo make tea.

There were interested jewelry dealers, but their offers didn't meet my expectations. Artificial breeding is costly, and maintaining the island isn't cheap either. We can't afford to sell at a bargain," he expressed with a hint of dissatisfaction.

Abigail could sense the disdain in his tone. She went on to negotiate, "I can purchase half of your pearls, but the price needs to be reasonable." Sea pearls were more expensive than freshwater ones, and rarer colors were even more valuable. Although her designed dresses were not cheap, increasing pearl costs would still mean a loss for her.

"Let me tell you a secret. I have over a thousand peacock overtones." He looked at her with a shrewd glint.

Peacock overtones were extremely rare; having over a thousand was a substantial fortune!

“Are you planning to sell them to me?” she asked. She could not afford over a thousand peacock green sea pearls at market prices.

“I can give you a discount. I’m confident that the peacock overtones will fetch a good price in your hands.” He poured her a cup of tea and smiled, trying to please her. She smiled back but remained unfazed by his flattery. “Mr. Fernandez, I’m buying your pearls to design a dress to capture attention online and boost your show’s popularity. I think you should lower the price of these pearls a bit more,” she suggested with a negotiating tone. After all, she would not have come to purchase his pearls if it were not for the show’s viewership.

He wore a pained expression. “Ms. Quinn, you must understand how hard it is to produce sea pearls, especially in Eastbay, where sea pearl farming is uncommon.” She smiled in sympathy. “I’m here to buy your pearls for the sake of Freshie, and we can continue collaborating in the future. It’s not just this one-time deal.” “Ah, but this is already the lowest price.” He sighed.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 253-Negotiating the Partnership Abigail, in no hurry, knew that patience was the key to business.

“Mr. Fernandez, you approached me because of Alana’s reputation, right?” She casually lifted her teacup and blew gently on the steam.

Indeed, this partnership was very beneficial for Ronaldo.

Artistry had no price, and her reputation could elevate the value of his pearls. In actuality, he would not suffer a loss even if he made a slightly smaller profit.

Once his pearls were included in Alana’s designs, they would no longer be ordinary sea pearls but artist-approved gems. Businesses seeking to ride on Alana’s wave of popularity would choose to buy pearls from him.

His pearls were good but lacked recognition, which meant they could not fetch a high price. In this day and age, any product would need a celebrity’s endorsement to find buyers. How else did online influencers make money?

Ms. Quinn, it’s a pity you’re only an artist.” Ronaldo chuckled with a hint of resignation.

“Peacock overtones are very precious, but having over a thousand of them suggests you have trouble selling them at your desired price. By selling them to me at a discount this time, your peacock overtones won’t remain unsellable once my designs generate popularity

online.” Abigail eloquently pressed on, negotiating for a better price. If she was going to buy, it had to be below the market price.

After many years in business, this was the first time Ronaldo felt like he was getting the short end of the stick. He drank his tea, then bowed his head and sighed. “All right...” This deal was quite a blow for him, mainly because she was no fool. Despite her youth, she understood her advantages well and analyzed his disadvantages.

She did not exaggerate her talents and would not have made such bold claims in front of him if she was not confident.

In the end, Abigail purchased his pearls for 1.5 million. After signing the contract with their names, she stood up and extended her hand. “Mr. Fernandez, it’s been a pleasure doing business with you.” He shook her hand, displaying a restraint he rarely showed. “Ms. Quinn, you’ve got a deal that no one else could’ve secured, not to mention the one thousand peacock overtones. Please don’t let me down. I agreed to this partnership for Mr. Booker’s sake.” “Mr. Fernandez, rest assured. Your peacock overtones will surely gain recognition and become the Pearl Queen of the Oryashia continent.” She promised confidently.

After their partnership was settled, Ronaldo drove Abigail back to her hotel. As his fancy car stopped at the hotel entrance, he held the steering wheel and asked, “Hey, pretty, how about staying a few more days in Eastbay?” “Mr. Fernandez, you know yourself that you’re quite busy. I don’t want to disturb you anymore. Besides, I have a design to work on, so I don’t have time to relax,” She could always consider whatever he proposed before the deal, but now that the deal was done, she saw no reason to extend her stay. Besides, she was not just making excuses. A thousand peacock overtones had ignited her inspiration, and she could not wait to fly back to Pendorf and concentrate on her work.

“Just a few more days of relaxation won’t hurt. I’ll cover the expenses as a token of our partnership,” he insisted.

She looked apologetic. “Mr. Fernandez, it’s not that I don’t want to stay, but I’m feeling the pressure after purchasing your pearls today. I can’t truly relax while holding onto them.” He was about to respond when an untimely male voice interrupted. “Abigail.” She turned to see Eric, somewhat surprised to find him there. Meanwhile, Ronaldo observed Eric’s uneasy gaze shifting back and forth between him and Abigail.

“Mr. Davidson, are you here for a movie shoot?” She got out of the car, speaking calmly and gently. However, there was no trace of their previous familiarity.

When Eric heard the change in how she addressed him, he felt a pang in his heart. Nevertheless, he was an actor who could conceal his emotions well.

Thus, he replied with a tender smile, "No, I came to see you." Ronaldo remained seated in the car and playfully called out to her. "Hey, beautiful! Let me know when your flight is. I'll drive you to the airport." She away.

gave a quick 'yes' and waved her hand in his direction. He then made a suave exit and drove. Approaching Eric, she maintained a composed and polite tone. "Mr. Davidson, did you come here to discuss something related to your grandmother's birthday outfit?" "Yes," he answered with a downward glance, then quickly added, "and a little more." "Her birthday outfit is currently in the design phase, but I'm quite busy lately.

Could you please arrange for a professional tailor to take her measurements? I'll send the outfit once it's finished," Abigail suggested, looking at him with eyes as calm as a tranquil lake, free from ripples.

"Abigail, why don't you call me by my name?" Despite his effort to appear at ease, his polished acting skills displayed cracks in front of her.

"It's not just about your grandmother's outfit, is it? Is there something else important?" She did not provide a direct answer.

Both were well aware of the unspoken truth, and there was no need to say it out loud. She did not blame him but thought it was wise to avoid any future complications with the Pearson Family.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 254-Willingly Became His Mistress Eric's eyes drooped, and with a few shifts, he appeared troubled.

Abigail felt somewhat resigned.

The night breeze tousled her soft hair, and she raised a hand to tidy it up.

decided what to ask, I'll head inside. Just give me a call when you're ready." "Since you haven't He felt a sense of urgency and reached out to grab her wrist. "Abigail." He called out and immediately released her, his face blushing as he apologized, "I'm sorry.

I was too hasty. I didn't mean to touch you. I returned to Capitalis a few days ago because the Pearsons found their missing daughter. I'm truly sorry I didn't inform you!" Josh had told

him they would apologize together to Abigail once the time was right. However, he did not want that. He could not stand the days of dating Kelly as he did not like her.

“Finding her is a good thing. Why apologize? This way, I can finally relax. After all, you insisted on treating me like the Pearsons’ daughter, which was quite a burden and made my gron uneasy.” Abigail stopped and smiled. Her smile was completely genuine, with no pretense.

Eric took a step closer, looking into her eyes. “It’s our fault for being so reckless, causing you trouble. But even though the Pearsons have found their lost daughter, our relationship remains the same. You can still call me ‘Eric’. If you need anything, just hit me up, and I’ll come to side.” your She knew precisely what he meant by this subtle message. “To be honest, being mistaken for the Pearsons’ daughter brought me plenty of benefits from you all. I appreciate your help, and I think the mistake was a stroke of luck. I don’t want to cling to a fortune that doesn’t belong to me and trouble you further,” she politely declined. He wanted to say more, but she continued, “Eric, this is the last time I’ll call you that. We’re from different worlds and cities. I’ll never forget your help, but I also want to continue and lead my life. Thank you for taking care of me.” With that, she turned and walked into the hotel. At that moment, she realized that Eric might have a slight fondness for her, which began from a mistaken identity. He should have a marriage alliance with the Pearsons, provided that Sean did not lie to her. In that case, Eric should return to his circle and treat the Pearsons’ found daughter well rather than coming to her.

She would be thrilled if the elders from both families were friendly to talk to and decided not to see her trouble. Yet, what if they found her and Eric’s relationship too complicated and felt enraged?

Moon was at the height of its career and could not afford any mistakes. Just dealing with Sean was giving her a headache, let alone the combined forces of the Davidsons from Capitalis and the Pearsons. L.Moon could not handle it, and neither could she.

Eric watched her as she walked into the hotel step by step, his hand slowly forming a fist by his side.

The following morning, Abigail received a call from Ronaldo when packing her bags. She did not want to trouble him to take her to the airport, but little did she know that his timing was perfect.

She answered the call and chuckled in a relaxed tone. “Up so early? I was planning to leave quietly. How did you catch me so easily?” “Don’t be so relaxed, pretty. Hurry! Pack your bags

and switch rooms. Eric's fans have infiltrated the hotel. If they catch you, it'll be a big problem!" He sounded worried, like an anxious kid.

"What?" Abigail had hardly finished speaking when the room's doorbell rang urgently.

She held her phone, gazed at the door, and listened to Ronaldo's explanation.

"Did Eric hold your hand at the hotel last night? I know there's nothing between you two, but the paparazzi twisted the story and posted it online. It's already trending. Some media have revealed his engagement to the Pearsons' heiress in Capitalis. They said you willingly became his mistress!" "I've got someone ringing my doorbell. Can you contact hotel security?" Abigail was not panicking. After all, she was in a high-end hotel, and Eric's fans could not harm her.

"I'll get in touch with them. Stay in your room. I'm coming in a few minutes!" Ronaldo said and hung up.

She ignored the doorbell and continued packing.

Ding!

Within just two minutes, her room's door unlocked with a click. Abigail's heart tensed, but it quickly dropped when she saw Sean. "You..." "Come with me. Kevin, help her pack her bags!" He approached and grabbed her wrist, leading her outside.

"I'm almost done packing," she said in a hurry. She knew Kevin was unfamiliar with how much she had, so she worried he might miss something.

"There's no time. Many reporters and Eric's fans have taken the elevator up.

First, come into my room to hide," Sean explained with a serious expression.

"Don't worry, Abigail. I'll make sure your luggage is safe." Kevin gave her a reassuring smile at the door.

She stepped out of her room just as the faint sounds of commotion came from the direction of the elevator.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 255-A Reminder Sean stayed in the room across from Abigail's, and the loud commotion outside became gradually clear as soon as he closed his door.

“That’s Room 6688!” “Don’t let that b*tch escape. Hurry!” Their words were filled with malice.

Abigail knew well that these days, celebrity fans could be pretty crazy, especially those devoted female fansite admins who had close connections with the celebrities. Some even had direct contact with the stars themselves. In the

entertainment industry, celebrities were not uncommon to be romantically involved with their fansite admins. That showed how intimate the relationship between fans and celebrities could be.

“I’ve already looked into this. Are you going to clarify it yourself, or are you waiting for Eric to do it?” Sean walked over to the couch, purposefully lowering his voice.

“Let’s see if he clarifies it today. If not, L.Moon will surely issue a statement,” she replied calmly, showing no signs of panic. Of course, in such situations, the sooner they clarified, the better.

“In situations like this, Eric may not have a say,” he stated while sitting on the couch, his eyes dark as obsidian and his tone obscure.

Celebrities were typically under the management of their agencies. Even someone like Eric, relatively famous in the industry, could face restrictions if he stirred up trouble. The company could be displeased and might restrict him from using social media and confiscate his phone.

Furthermore, he was the only son of the Davidsons and engaged to the Pearsons’ long-lost daughter. They would rather let the blame fall on Abigail than tarnish his reputation in the least.

She glanced at Sean. “Are you suggesting that I should clarify it myself first?” “Just be prepared. Perhaps Eric won’t be able to come forward to help you clarify it.” His face turned cold, his voice stern.

He was certainly angry at Eric for causing trouble for her last night, but he doubted Eric would be afraid of this incident. Besides, if Eric personally clarified it, it would only deepen Abigail’s relationship with him in the eyes of the media.

However, if he had not, she would not have benefited either. Hence, it would be better if she released a statement herself.

Abigail hesitated momentarily and said, "Thank you for the reminder. To be honest, Sean had been helping her, both openly and behind the scenes, these past two days, and she appreciated it. "Contact L.Moon now. Don't wait for Eric's call. Clarify it in the best way possible. Either way, I've got your back," he said, then checked his watch.

She nodded and dialed Luna's number.

Luna was still asleep at this hour until Abigail's call woke her up. Her voice was groggy as she pleaded, "What time is it? Let me sleep a bit longer." "I've become a hot topic online, and it's a huge scandal. Get the PR team ready," Abigail said with a serious tone.

"What?" Luna's drowsiness disappeared immediately. "Who the heck did this?" Abigail calmly stated, "Just check the trending topics on Twitter, but I can tell are innocent. The media twisted the facts." you that Eric and I "Tell her I can access the complete surveillance footage. Ask her to handle L.Moon's public relations carefully." Sean's voice suddenly ran in Abigail's him but only to find her lips almost brushing his face. He startling her. She turned to see standing a bit too close.

a She quickly took a step back, giving him a stern look. However, he wore an innocent expression.

"I heard what Sean said. I'll check Twitter now. Are you okay?" Luna used another phone to assess the platform. She knew her words were a bit redundant. Since Sean had gone over to help Abigail, what could go wrong?

There was not much for her to do.

"I'm fine. I'm so sorry for causing you trouble," Abigail said apologetically. Even when she was on a business trip, she still managed to bring trouble to Luna.

"What trouble? Being irresistibly charming is something you can't control, after all!" Luna roared as if on purpose.

Although Sean was helping Abigail now, Luna could not forgive him for the pain he had caused Abigail in the past.

He looked at Abigail, who felt slightly pressured by the situation. "Please, don't say more. Once you've finished up there, give me a call. I'll be back today." "Okay." Luna agreed immediately.

After hanging up the phone, Abigail felt uneasy. Just when Sean was about to speak, they suddenly heard a commotion from outside.

“Is Kevin in trouble?” She became worried.

“At the very least, he owns East Joy Talent. Eric’s fans don’t have the guts to go after him,” Sean replied casually.

East Joy Talent was an entertainment company with plenty of means to handle Eric. Even if the Davidsons had influence, what could they do to Kevin in Pendorf?

Abigail breathed a sigh of relief, stepped over to the door, and intended to eavesdrop on the situation outside. Just as she pressed her ear against the door, she heard Ronaldo’s angry voice from the corridor. “Do you think this hotel is a flea market which you can just barge in? Smash these reporters’ cameras!” Since the whole matter had started because of her, Abigail felt that Ronaldo’s handling of it would bring endless trouble. She frowned and intended to call him.

Beside her, Sean firmly grasped the doorknob. “I’ll go out.” She looked at him, feeling somewhat stifled. She should be the one dealing with this situation, but now, she was hiding in the background, indirectly leaving her indebted to three people—Sean, Kevin, and Ronaldo.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 256-They Never Stopped Seeing Each Other Owing Anthony a favor has already made things difficult enough for me, and now I’m owing three people favors at the same time. I’m going to have a hard time repaying them. But now, there’s no better option. If I show up, things may get even worse, thought Abigail. Eventually, she stepped aside to make way for the man.

Sean opened the door and walked out.

There was a lot of noise outside. Not only did Ronaldo’s security guards snatch the cameras from the reporters, they also warned Eric’s fans in strong language.

Just then, Sean’s chilly voice rang. “What are all of you doing here?” In an instant, everyone’s heart sank; silence reigned over the hotel corridor as everyone turned their heads simultaneously to see Sean standing at the door to the hotel room.

It was impossible to ignore his commanding presence as his tall and imposing figure stood at the door. Impatience flickered in his eyes as his gaze swept over the faces of everyone present. Despite the casualness with which he glanced at everyone, these people, who were

all meeting him for the first time, noticed his gaze that was enough to strike fear into anyone's heart.

Immediately, Ronaldo came up and went along with him. "Mr. Graham, my sincere apologies for disturbing you and your friends' rest. These people sneaked into our hotel early in the morning to take unauthorized photos. I've called the police, and they'll be here soon to arrest them." Sean darted an impassive glance at him. Then, he gave a slight nod, saying, "This is a star-rated hotel, after all. You need to do a better job of ensuring the safety and privacy of your guests." "Did you hear that?!" yelled Ronaldo, pretending to be furious, in a reproachful tone to the young man following him.

The young man nodded repeatedly. "You're right, sir. The police will be here in a minute, and none of these people taking unauthorized photos are going to get away with it! I'll report to you all about the developments later. Whether it's complimentary rooms or compensation, our hotel will definitely take responsibility." At that moment, Kevin stepped out of Abigail's room. Pretending to be frightened, he patted his chest. "I was scared to death early this morning. I was just about to go out for breakfast when a bunch of people suddenly barged into my room holding phones and cameras and pointed them to my face." Inside the hotel room, Abigail pressed her ear against the door, paying attention to the commotion outside. She heard the noise quiet down in an instant, and then there was silence.

She stood waiting by the door for over ten minutes. Suddenly, there was a rhythmic knock on the door, upon which she immediately knew it was Sean.

When she opened the door and saw only him, Ronaldo, and Kevin, she couldn't help but crane her neck to look in the direction of her own hotel room.

"Don't worry. They've all been taken away by the police," said Ronaldo, reassuring her with a cheerful smile.

Kevin let out a long sigh of relief. "Thank goodness you've already left with Sean. They had your room key and barged into your room. These fans and reporters are so audacious!" Sean quietly shot a dark look at him.

Noticing the guilt in Abigail's eyes, Kevin instantly understood why Sean had shot him a look—his words were making her feel guilty. "It's okay! We're friends, aren't we?" he hurriedly added in an attempt to ease the situation.

Abigail was nonetheless very grateful to them. “Thank you so much for your help today. If you need my help in making designs in the future, feel free to let me know.” “Oh, come on! We’re friends,” replied Ronaldo with a wave of his hand. “After all, it’s the hotel’s mistake. It’s already lucky for the hotel that you’re not making a fuss about it.” Sean turned to look at Abigail, his voice gentler without him noticing as he spoke. “The hotel’s security lapse has nothing to do with you.” “I’ll deal with the hotel about this. Mr. Fernandez could’ve stayed out of this; since he has helped me, I need to thank him for this,” replied Abigail in a businesslike tone.

“You’re welcome, senorita. Would you prefer to have breakfast first or head straight to the airport?” Ronaldo asked her with a smile.

Abigail had merely treated Ronaldo as a client before, but his timely phone call had saved her today. Without the phone call, she wouldn’t have left with Sean; instead, she would have been caught by those reporters as well as Eric’s fans. If they started a stream, put her on the internet, and confirmed that she was staying at this hotel, she would have a much harder time clarifying the situation.

“Mr. Fernandez, can you recommend a place for breakfast?” she asked in a softer voice. Since Ronaldo had helped her this time, she felt the need to remind him of several things as a way to repay his favor.

“Then come with me.” Ronaldo waved his hand, his expression filled with delight.

Kevin muttered to Sean, “Even without him, we could handle it...” This has unexpectedly caused Abigail to have a much better impression of him. Well, this is going to put Sean in greater danger.

Abigail didn’t say much upon hearing his words, though.

Just then, Sean’s phone rang. He said to Abigail, “I have to answer this—it’s probably about the surveillance footage. You guys wait for me here.” “Okay.” Abigail nodded.

As she watched the man step aside to answer the phone, an inexplicable sadness crept over her. They were already divorced, and yet it seemed like they had never stopped seeing each other. And now, today’s incident forced her to be entangled with him once again.

“Just send the complete surveillance footage to Miss Smith from L.Moon. She knows what to do.” Although his voice wasn’t loud, everyone in the room heard him clearly.

Seizing the opportunity, Ronaldo cozied up to Abigail, saying, "I've prepared some seafood for you. It was sent out for delivery last night, so Miss Smith will receive it by noon today. You've got to try it; it's very delicious."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 257-She's Not Even Mad Kevin chimed in, "What kind of seafood is it? Tell me about it so I can bring some back to try too." Abigail asked Ronaldo with a smile, "Would you mind if I send him some as well?" "What's with the formality? It's been given to you, so it's yours to do with as you please," replied Ronaldo generously.

Sean hung up the phone, saying, "Mr. Fernandez, please lead the way."

After checking the room and making sure there was nothing left behind, Abigail was about to pick up her suitcase. However, Sean happened to be near the suitcase, so he reached out and took it before catching up with Ronaldo.

After hesitating for a moment, Abigail eventually followed them in silence.

"Let's get out through the back door with me. Considering Mr. Davidson's fame, there'll be more than a swarm of paparazzi," said Ronaldo as he led them toward the elevator accessible only to the hotel's staff.

"Okay," replied Abigail.

After the four of them entered the elevator, she no longer held her tongue. "You shouldn't have snatched the phone from Mr. Davidson's fan today. You're working for a TV station, and fans are very skilled at digging up someone's information. If your identity is exposed, your show's reputation will suffer." Ronaldo seemed surprised that she was concerned about him. Their interactions had been nothing else but business-related pleasantries before, but today's incident seemed to have added a touch of friendship to their partnership.

"In that case... will there be any problems later?" He appeared nervous. "I thought once we called the police, they'd be in the wrong. They've invaded your privacy, after all." "I'm just reminding you to never do that again. The internet is chaotic nowadays, and there are countless instances of someone being quoted out of context.

Even innocent people find it hard to prove their innocence, and netizens' emotions are easily stirred by false narratives. L.Moon will deal with today's incident, so don't worry," explained Abigail, reassuring him. She had no intention of letting him get dragged into this mess.

“Alright! Thank you.” Ronaldo’s eyes were brighter than usual, holding a touch of strange emotion.

Kevin cleared his throat.

Sean’s grip tightened slightly on Abigail’s suitcase, but he said nothing in the end.

Abigail darted a look at Kevin. “Do you have a sore throat?” “Uh... maybe it’s the smell of sea salt in the air here in Eastbay. I think I am allergic to it,” said Kevin as he pinched his throat.

Abigail knew he had done that on purpose, but she nonetheless offered him an out. “I have drinking water in my suitcase. Do you want to have some?” “That’s very thoughtful of you, Ms. Quinn, but it’s not necessary.” Kevin hurriedly refused.

As they got in Ronaldo’s car, Abigail received a call from Eric’s number. She clutched the phone and took a deep breath before answering the phone call.

“Hi, Mr. Davidson,” she said in a polite voice laced with coldness.

“Hi, Ms. Quinn. I’m Eric’s talent agent. I know the incident on the internet is the media taking things out of context and causing damage to you and Eric’s reputations. Our company is sincerely sorry for that. May I ask if you’re free? I’d like to discuss a solution with you,” explained Eric’s talent agent to her in a businesslike tone.

Abigail sensed no sincerity in her voice; instead, she discerned the underlying meaning behind her words. Sean’s guest is right; Eric’s phone has indeed fallen into the hands of his talent agent. “I’m quite busy. If you want to discuss the solution, you can do it now,” she replied flatly.

Just when Eric’s talent agent was about to speak, Abigail heard Eric’s voice coming through the phone. “Who gave you the right to touch my phone?!” After that, the call was cut off abruptly.

Hearing her phone conversation, Sean turned to glance at her, saying, “Once Miss Smith clarifies the situation, he’ll be put on the spot. I just wonder what he’ll think about it.” A unilateral clarification of the situation from Abigail’s side meant that Eric would have to face the consequences of his own actions. Knowing that she and Eric were on friendly terms, giving her an advance warning about the situation.

“He’s in the entertainment industry. Naturally, he has his own ways to handle it,” replied Abigail. She was grateful to Eric and could repay him in many ways, but she wouldn’t do so by eating dirt and taking the blame for him.

Just then, her thoughts were interrupted by her ringing phone. Seeing that it was another call from Eric’s number, she answered the call.

As soon as the call connected, Eric said apologetically, “Just clarify this in whatever way you want. Since it’s my fault, I’ll bear the consequences. And besides, I’m not engaged to anyone. Has someone purposely spread this news to smear our reputations?” “Who did it? Your enemies or someone else?” She had a hunch that the culprit was either related to the Pearsons or her own family.

“I haven’t found out yet. Can you give me some time?” Eric sounded even more apologetic.

“Eric, it’s fine as long as you find out who’s behind this. L.Moon will clarify the situation as necessary. As you know, L.Moon is just starting to grow. We can’t afford any scandals, or all the hard work we put in will be in vain.” Abigail’s attitude was still the same as the night before; she wasn’t even mad at him for getting her in trouble.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 258-She’s Too Young After All The meaning behind her words was clear. She would handle this situation rationally for the sake of L.Moon’s development, but she wouldn’t allow his past kindness toward her to put the company in danger. Compared to him, her own career was more important.

Upon realizing this, Eric suddenly felt a tightness in his chest. Unbeknownst to Abigail, his feelings for her didn’t stem from their interactions in Ragos. In reality, he had committed her to memory when he first saw her at his friend’s place and heard her phone ring. It was just that she was secretly married to Sean at the time, so he had no way of knowing her whereabouts; all he knew was that her

stage name was Alana. “Sorry.” His voice was strained with an almost imperceptible quaver in it.

“There’s no need to apologize. I know you didn’t mean it.” Abigail offered him a way out, not wanting to embarrass him too much.

“Thank you. I’ll take care of it without putting you in a tight spot,” said Eric awkwardly before hanging up.

Sean shifted his gaze toward Abigail. From her words, he roughly figured out what they had said to each other. At least he doesn't act like he never existed.

Well, I'll just wait and see how he's going to take care of this.

Abigail, her mood somewhat affected, looked out the car window and let out a soft sigh with her phone in hand. How much simpler things would've been if we were just ordinary friends. Why did he suddenly have to cross the Rubicon like that?

After they had breakfast, Ronaldo drove them to the airport. "Babe, call me anytime if you ever want any seafood," he said, sounding reluctant to part ways with her.

Abigail's lips curled into a smile. "Sure! Thank you for taking care of us these past few days." Kevin teased, "Mr. Fernandez, don't treat us differently. Can any of us call you if we want to have seafood?" "Of course," replied Ronaldo generously.

Seeing that he had no intention of leaving, Abigail couldn't help but urge. "You should go back first. We still have to wait here for over an hour before the plane arrives. You can't leave matters aside and keep waiting with us." She felt awkward having him stay with them any longer.

your "Alright." After Ronaldo left, she went to the waiting area with Sean and Kevin. After they seated themselves, Kevin went shopping at the stores in the airport on the excuse of buying local specialty products from Ragos, leaving Abigail and Sean alone.

The two of them were usually close, and Sean never felt any pressure when communicating with her. Today, however, he furrowed his brow, unable to find a suitable topic despite rehearsing countless times in his mind. "You and Ronaldo-" Just when he finally began to speak, Abigail's phone rang.

Sean immediately bit his lip.

Abigail darted a look at him before taking out the phone. Seeing that it was a call from Luna, she promptly answered it.

"Abby, how did you discuss the situation with Eric? His talent agency just called me, and I think they want both sides to discuss this together. We can't clarify the situation unilaterally; they said it wouldn't do us any good to damage Eric's reputation either," explained Luna to Abigail in a serious tone.

“Eric seems to disagree with his agency because of this. What about you? How do you think we should deal with this?” Abigail suddenly felt somewhat irritable.

This incident is an undeserved misfortune for me. Why do I have to consider so many things?

“If we insist on dealing with this in our way, we might indeed offend Eric’s agency- “What are you doing?” Before Luna could finish speaking, Abigail’s phone was snatched by Sean. “Now that L.Moon has gained some international reputation, offending someone like Eric won’t be a big deal. And besides, his agency is pretty much nothing to me. I sent flowers when L.Moon was trending on Instagram. Do they not know who is behind L.Moon?” he said to Luna in a calm voice, implying that he could also back L.Moon up.

“Mr. Graham, I appreciate your willingness to help us, but as the saying goes, relying on oneself is always better than relying on others. If we offend Eric and his company based on your advice today, what if you have another lady friend in the future, and she’s unhappy with L.Moon for some reason? Who can L.Moon rely on, then?” Luna’s voice sounded polite, but her words carried a sarcastic undertone.

“So, you’re planning to let Abigail suffer?” Sean’s voice grew colder at once.

“Give me back my phone!” Abigail was starting to get upset.

your “L.Moon’s affairs should be discussed between Abby and me. There’s no need for involvement, Mr. Graham. I appreciate your kindness in providing me with the surveillance footage, and I’ll send you a thank-you gift for that. However, I don’t want you meddling in L.Moon’s affairs,” said Luna firmly. She didn’t trust Sean. Abby has submitted to humiliation in the past for L.Moon’s sake and her grandmother, but now, she doesn’t need to do so anymore. L.Moon has slowly gained confidence. No matter how tough it gets, we no longer need help from the person who hurts Abby the most!

Abigail grabbed her phone back and stood up, heading toward the ladies’ restroom. “We’ll take our time discussing this, so don’t worry,” she whispered to Luna.

Sean leaned back in his seat, his eyes extremely cold. He had only himself to blame for Luna’s strong opposition toward him now. He was willing to accept being disliked as part of the consequences, but the situation was far from as simple as Luna and Abigail thought. Eric might not have ill intentions, but what about the people around him? Wouldn’t they try to harm Abigail and L.Moon to protect his reputation?

I Want A Divorce Chapter 259-I Believe Him Abigail frowned the moment she entered the toilet. "I know you didn't want me to lose out, but we need to think this through." Everyone in the circle was close, and making enemies wasn't good for L.Moon's development.

"Why don't you discuss this with Eric's company again? I can let you know that we have all the evidence. The video is complete with sound. His company wouldn't be able to let you lose out!" Luna talked with her in a low voice.

Abigail hummed in acknowledgment and hung up the phone. She then dialed the number Luna gave her, but all she got was a busy signal after trying numerous times.

She waited for a minute before calling again, but it was still the same busy signal. So, she had no choice but to give up for now.

Then, she messaged Luna before turning around to leave the toilet.

Sean noticed her return and asked, "Found a solution with Miss Smith?" "Not yet," Abigail answered.

"You're still too young. Eric's company is obviously stalling you. They're trying to pull him out of this. They keep saying that they want to discuss things with you, but it's just to stall your time," Sean commented frankly.

At first, he didn't want to bring this up since she was determined. However, it seemed that she was still being too nice to Eric. Does she not want to harm that man who tarnished her name that much?

"But didn't you give that video? If Eric's company is playing tricks, I can post the complete video," Abigail answered calmly.

"Many things are involved in the video. Can you put everything out there? The missing child of the Pearsons is a secret. What would they think if you revealed it?" Sean's gaze turned sharp unconsciously.

She pursed her lips as she couldn't retort his question.

"But I don't want to make enemies in the industry too." Her tone was honest.

“Abigail, I know you guys don’t like me, but do consider my advice. Make the statement ASAP. You can still afford to offend a star of Eric’s level and his company.” He meant what he said, expressing himself in a solemn tone.

“When you say you can still afford to offend, I guess that includes you, right? If it is, then I can’t. You should know how troublesome your family is, Mr. Graham.” Abigail insisted on her own opinion.

“Why can’t you trust me just once?” Sean’s voice was filled with pain.

“This has nothing to do with trusting you. I just don’t want to have anything to do with you. I think you should respect my wishes,” Abigail said as she sat beside him.

She avoided him like the plague.

Sean’s eyes flickered. A moment later, he clenched his fists while suppressing the turmoil in his heart. “Then, let’s just talk about it. What happens if Eric’s company releases a statement first, and it’s unfavorable for you and L.Moon?” Sean questioned in a cold tone.

Abigail turned her head to the side and looked at him seriously. “Then, it’s up to Eric. It may be ridiculous in your eyes. But I believe in his character. He didn’t run away and took the initiative to call me. I should give him a chance to explain things to me and L.Moon.” A hint of bitterness flashed across his eyes. In the most dire times, she trusted Eric, but not him, who was once her husband. However, he had to admit that Abigail made sense as Eric braved the huge pressure on him to call and apologize to her, which earned Eric a good impression in Abigail’s heart.

When Kevin returned, he noticed that something was off between Sean and Abigail. It felt like they argued, but Abigail wasn’t angry. In fact, Sean was the one looking a little down.

“Want a drink?” He passed a cup of iced strawberry fruit tea to Abigail.

She reached out to accept it. “Thank you.” “Oh. Don’t mention it!” Kevin then sat down and glanced at Sean.

But Sean was busy working on something on his tablet and didn’t look at Kevin.

When it was announced that the airplane was ready for boarding, Abigail threw away the remaining half cup of tea.

As they were boarding the plane, Kevin insisted that Sean walk a little slower.

“How was the chat with her? It feels like you’re distracted,” Kevin asked in a whisper.

“Not very good,” Sean replied. “In conclusion, any man is better than me in her eyes.” Kevin heard that and glanced at Abigail’s graceful figure before them. “Since you know you were wrong, apologize for it. She’s liked you before, but you didn’t appreciate it and hurt her. Take this slow. You guys have just been divorced not too long ago.” “If I can control it, wouldn’t I take it slow too?” Sean asked in return.

It was because many people around Abigail treated her very well, and he was afraid that she would leave his side the moment he wasn’t looking.

“Sigh. ‘Wise man does not fall in love’ is her current mentality. Eric’s a pretty nice guy, but she still rejected him, let alone you.” Kevin looked at Sean with obvious comparing intent in his eyes

I Want a Divorce Chapter 260-Take a Step Back Sean glanced at him coldly, asking, “Are you suggesting I’m lesser than Eric?” Met with Sean’s gaze, Kevin immediately backed away. “I was just analyzing this from Abigail’s perspective.” “Seems like you think I’m not suffering enough.” Sean quickened his pace after saying that.

“Hey! Wait for me!” He ran after Sean.

As soon as she boarded the plane, Abigail sat down and put on her sunglasses and earplugs to prepare for sleep.

She wouldn’t know how Eric would handle the situation and what his company would do for the time being. But she was willing to give his company the benefit of the doubt as she waited to see if Eric would disappoint her.

She slept well during the two-hour flight. When the plane landed, she was woken up by the flight attendant while Kevin teased, “Everyone’s anxious about the dire situation, yet you can still sleep peacefully.” “Are you talking about the matter with Mr. Davison?” Abigail rubbed her eyes as she yawned.

“Who else could it be? His company released a statement. It’s like Sean predicted. They are throwing you under the bus.” Kevin felt hopeless for her.

She was sleeping, so getting anxious was pointless for him and Sean.

"I'll deal with this if Eric doesn't." Abigail twisted the cap of a bottle of water and took a sip.

She was still dazed and didn't want to think about anything too complicated.

Sean exited the toilet at the moment, and his gaze landed on her face. "So, you're still going to wait for Eric to handle this?" And Sean stayed silent.

"Yes." She nodded, but he remained silent.

After exiting the airport, Abigail received Luna's phone call.

"Eric's company is trash! It was no wonder your call couldn't go through. They were waiting for this. I'll release the statement now and post that video!" Luna was fuming as she scolded.

They had given his company some good faith but were tricked instead.

Those who were in the entertainment industry were indeed deceitful and evil.

"Don't panic. Let's see what Eric has to say about this," Abigail stopped her since there was no need to rush things now since she lost the opportunity as she didn't want to make enemies.

"Can we trust him? What if that punk hid himself when he saw that his company's statement was going to benefit him?" Luna's tone was filled with worry.

"That's fine. He helped me once, and I owe it to him. I can consider it repaid since I saved his reputation this time," Abigail answered gently.

Hearing that, Luna said bitterly, "We'll become better and stronger. Then, there'll only be people owing us favors!" She still didn't know that Eric saved Analise and thought that Abigail was referring to the time he helped Abigail retort Laura at the set.

"Yes. That day will come. I have good news for you when I'm home. A huge one!" Abigail laughed and comforted her.

Her excited tone made Sean glance at her unconsciously.

He got the news that Ronaldo had some good stuff on hand, so Abigail probably bought it from him and was probably excited about that.

"Sure. I'll wait for your good news," Luna answered immediately.

After hanging up the phone, the smile on Abigail's face didn't disappear yet.

All her bad mood vanished at the thought of the pearls from Ronaldo. It seemed that working with Ronaldo was a better option.

"What good news?" Kevin was quite a busybody.

"It has nothing to do with you. I'm not telling you. Do you want some fruit tea when we exit the airport? My treat." Abigail glanced at him. Her attitude toward him was much warmer compared to when she was talking to Sean, as she saw Kevin as a friend.

It made Sean wonder if he was a stranger in her eyes.

"Wait. I just bought you a drink in Eastbay, and you're rushing to return the favor now?" Kevin pretended to be hurt as he put his hands on his chest. "Can't you let this favor last longer? You can treat me the next time I go to L.Moon." "Have I not treated you when you come to my office?" Abigail was speechless.

"I'll drink if you tell me it's not to return the favor in Eastbay." Kevin put his hands down and looked at her with puppy eyes.

Then, Sean gave him a side-eye. "Can you stop acting?" "I was just trying to cheer her up. Alright. Fine, I'll drink whatever fruit tea Abigail gives me." Kevin knew that Sean was secretly getting jealous again.

After getting Kevin the drink, Sean told her that he didn't want to drink as he didn't want to make things awkward for Abigail since he knew she didn't want to treat him.

Then, Abigail got into a cab as Kevin sipped on the tea. "She even rejects sitting in your car... Sigh." "Shut up," Sean ordered coldly.

Kevin laughed and got in Sean's car after him. He took out his phone and immediately saw a post from Eric.

"Eric really made a post!" He frowned and immediately clicked on the post.

If Eric handled this well, Sean was in danger.

Which woman wouldn't be moved for a man who would take on all the pressure for her?

On the other hand, Abigail still didn't know about Eric's post as she sat in the cab.

She took out a small bag of pearl samples that Ronaldo gave her from her bag with a giddy smile.

She couldn't display her love for pearls in Eastbay, fearing that he would catch onto it. After all, he was a seller and would raise the prices if he knew she liked them.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

261-270

I Want a Divorce Chapter 261-Challenge Openly Just as Abigail was satisfied with the pearl's quality, her phone rang.

She kept the pearls to read a message from Luna. It was a link to an Instagram post.

She clicked on it to see Eric's post and immediately started to read it seriously.

She hadn't read the statement from Eric's company, but Eric's statement was filled with sincerity.

"Before we clear things up, I would like to apologize to Ms. Alana for bringing so much trouble to her. I first met her back in Ragos when her ringtone was the

song 'Where the River Ends' that I posted before. Everyone knows that she was always mysterious before her real identity was revealed. After meeting her once, we had lost contact for three years..." Eric Wrote sincerely about the first time he met Abigail and how he kept having her on his mind for the next three years. It was like a diary filled with lots of small details.

Toward the end, Abigail got lost in her thoughts. During the three years of her messed up marriage with Sean, there was another person who was quietly missing her back in the faraway Capitalis. That thought gave her a strange feeling.

In the end, Eric also explained that his engagement was decided by his elders, but he still had the right to pursue freedom. He had always told people that he was single and would

chase after someone if he liked them. He never said that he must abide by the engagement his elders promised.

Abigail felt a little emotional after reading it. Then, she clicked on Eric's company profile and realized that they put all the blame on her in their statement.

They claimed that she ran with Eric every day in Ragos and was close with him, but Eric was inexperienced in relationships. In conclusion, they hinted that she deceived Eric, and the company would explain this to Eric and his fans.

Now that Eric made a post, it was like a slap to the company's face and put his company's statement in an embarrassing position.

Abigail had a thought. Eric was probably the first celebrity to openly challenge his managing company.

With that post, Eric and Alana were trending simultaneously while his fans were attacking her yet envied her as he had secretly admired her for three years.

The cab stopped at the entrance of L.Moon, and Abigail saw Luna the moment she got down.

"You're finally back safe. Come in quick." Luna went up to help her carry her luggage.

Abigail had a relaxed expression. "I got some good stuff. I'll show you later." "Are you worried about what's happening online?" Luna pulled Abigail's luggage.

Then, they walked side by side while chatting and laughing into L.Moon.

"Eric's reply is enough. We don't need to do anything more," Abigail said.

"His fans are quite nice. Most of them are wishing him luck in chasing you. But he didn't say he would pursue you anyways." Luna was most interested in this.

If Eric was persistent and pursued Abigail, they might get together. Then, she would be happy for Abigail since he was a responsible man. She approved of them being a couple.

"I won't promise him. Don't even think about it," Abigail said firmly. "All I care about is work. I won't get into a relationship." Besides, she had lost all interest in love.

"I mean, it's still something to think about since Analise is still concerned. She's getting older, and you're the only one she can't let go. If there's someone who could care for you wholeheartedly in her stead, she'll be at ease," Luna said earnestly.

Of course, she believed that Abigail could live a good life alone, but Analise might fall sick from the worry.

If Eric was a suitable prospect, she hoped that Abigail would consider him from the perspective of a good friend.

"You've talked too much to my grandma. You're like my mom now," Abigail said with a helpless smile.

During the time that she wasn't around, Luna visited Analise every day and was almost assimilated by her.

"Oh, my. I wouldn't dare be your mom. That's too much," Luna joked.

Then, they entered the office before Abigail took out the bag of pearls and passed it to her. "Look at the luster. It's Marimora." "Ronaldo grew this? That's amazing. The peacock overtone on the pearl probably makes it a Tahitian pearl. It's a rare color. I heard it's hard to grow in the country, let alone in the Eastbay area." Luna observed the pearls with excitement through the plastic bag.

Abigail grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and took two sips before answering, "Exactly. But Rolando doesn't have a channel to sell. The jewelry stores couldn't give him much and wanted to lower his price, so he's been keeping them and has accumulated a thousand pearls." "No wonder you spent 1.5 million on the pearls. It's a steal!" Luna loved the pearl.

"I intentionally asked this for you. You can use it to make something beautiful," Abigail's voice was filled with adoration for her.

"My effort in caring for you didn't go to waste." Luna beamed.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 262-Thunderstorm Coming Abigail leaned into the couch as she stared at Luna, who was admiring the peacock overtone pearl excitedly.

"I planned on using those thousand pearls to design a gown. We're selling it for 8 hundred." Abigail told her.

1- "This is the second most expensive dress aside from the one for Lexie. But the color of this pearl is expensive, let alone your design. You can draw the design first, and we'll work on the rest later." Luna walked to her side with anticipation on her face.

"I wanted to get some normal pearls to design a dress, but I discovered this surprise instead." Abigail smiled, satisfied with the trip to Eastbay.

"This is so beautiful." Luna could not resist and touched the pearl Abigail gave her.

"Take your time admiring it. I'm heading home." Abigail stood up and told her while pinching her face lightly.

"Okay. Rest well. Don't worry about rushing the design." Luna stood up with her.

Then, she muttered, "I've got to find myself a jewelry designer now so I can wear this baby soon!" Abigail could not help but laugh. Compared to the peace on her side, there was a thunderstorm on Eric's side.

As soon as he posted his statement, Josh immediately called him. "Why didn't you discuss this with me before posting on Twitter? Even if you disagree with the marriage, we should discuss this. You've upset Kelly now," Josh said and sighed.

"You told me not to take the words of elders as edicts, but you keep meeting me for Kelly. I've always come up with an excuse. You should know my feelings. I know you hope I can treat her like how I treated Abigail, but I just can't do it." Eric did not deny that he hurt Kelly.

He simply harbored no feelings toward Kelly, nor could he transfer a part of his feelings for Abigail to her.

"You're too impulsive. Kelly's just returned, and your statement embarrassed her. My parents dote on her, and your actions will cause endless problems for Abigail, do you understand?" Josh's voice went chilly.

He would not interfere if Eric wanted to pursue other things. However, Eric mentioned that he disagreed with the engagement, which was akin to disrespecting the elders of both families just for Abigail.

At first, the elders of both families thought they had the wrong person and felt bad for intruding on Abigail's family. So, they pretended not to know that Eric went to Eastbay to find her, but now, Josh's father was furious since Kelly was dragged into this.

Eric calmed down and frowned. After a long time, he said in a low voice, "I'll protect her. No matter what they do, I won't let them harm Abigail." Josh sighed. "You're so stubborn. If you want to pursue her, you should do it slowly. I'll comfort Kelly. You should talk this out with your parents so they won't find trouble with Abigail." Even if Abigail was not Josh's sister or Eric's originally appointed fiancée, their desire to protect her had never changed.

After hanging up the phone, Josh was still frowning with his phone in his hands.

"Josh." Kelly's voice rang from behind him.

When he turned around, he hid the worry on his face and replaced it with a doting smile. "What's up?" "Did my return make things difficult for Eric? I saw his post. I'm impressed by him and envy Abigail. If possible, I'll tell her I just got to know Eric and hope she's not affected by the negative news." Her big eyes were filled with obedience.

Then, he walked toward her and patted her head. "It's fine. Eric can handle his problems. Abigail doesn't wish for us to disturb her. Oh, she's the same age as you, so it's not right to call her sis." "Oh. Okay. I know now." Kelly lowered her eyes like an obedient child.

Josh's heart ached at her response as she had just returned to the family, yet behaved like she was walking on eggshells even though the whole family treated her well. She was obedient and looked like a puppet.

She was told about the marriage between the Davidsons and Pearsons by their parents. Josh had wanted to meet Eric to see if there was chemistry between the two. If there was not, then they would think of a solution. Unexpectedly, Eric refused to meet him and went to Eastbay, leading to such a thing happening.

"If there's nothing else, I'll return to my room, Josh." Kelly's voice once again brought Josh back from his thoughts.

"Okay. Rest well. You don't need to worry about this. Your return is the next best thing. Everything else can be discussed. We'll prioritize your feelings. Even Eric isn't as important as you." He nodded.

In other words, he was implying to her that the marriage promise between both families could be changed. If Eric was not agreeable to the marriage, the Pearsons could always propose terminating the marriage contract without considering the Davidsons' feelings.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 263-Kill Two Birds With One Stone Kelly returned to her room, closed the door, and sat on the edge of the bed.

After some time, she took out her phone and looked at the peacock overtone on the screen. Then, she was lost in thought. It's normal for the Pearsons to be able to afford the Tahitian pearls. However, I doubt Abigail went to Eastbay just to buy a pearl for Luna as jewelry.

Can you guys help me find out what Abigail bought when she went to Eastbay?

In return, I'll assist you with something—to wipe out anyone who knows the truth about the Pearson Family. After she was done editing her message, she sent it with a smile.

In the meantime, Abigail sneezed.

“Did you catch a cold when you visited Eastbay?” Analise hurried over and touched her forehead.

“No. It's just that my nose suddenly itched. Maybe because Orangie is around?” replied Abigail as she rubbed her nose and looked at the orange cat crouching at her feet.

“Nonsense. I've always used the cat supplies that Luna bought for me. There's never a single strand of cat fur in the house.” Analise refused to admit that Orangie might be the cause of Abigail's sneeze.

“I'm just saying,” said Abigail as she let out a yawn.

“Just go and sleep if you're tired. Don't push yourself too hard.” Analise patted her shoulder.

“I know,” replied Abigail. It was just that she wanted to spend more time with her grandma.

As Analise looked at her for a while, she casually asked, “It's been some time since the Pearsons looked for you.” Hearing her words, Abigail knew she was concerned about her. “They won't look for us anymore, They've already found the person they were looking for. Don't worry. It's all a misunderstanding.” To ease Analise's concerns, she decided to tell her the truth.

When Analise heard it, she was shocked. “They've found her?” “What's wrong?” Abigail looked at her.

Immediately, Analise waved her hands and said, "It's nothing. It's good that they've found her. Did you meet the child? Does she resemble you in any way?" "No. I didn't get the time. Plus, it's not my business, nothing interesting. Anyway, you can rest easy from now on, Grandma. Nobody will ever come to take your granddaughter away again," Abigail said softly.

Hearing her words, Analise managed a forced smile and did not say anything.

Instead, she absentmindedly watched the TV while holding Orangeie.

After this matter had passed, Abigail returned to her room. As she recalled Analise's odd reaction, she could not help but let her thoughts wander. Is Grandma disappointed because I'm not the daughter of the Pearson Family? Or perhaps she was worried about me being taken away but also secretly hoped that the Pearsons would recognize me? However, Grandma isn't one to seek personal gain. She's an honest person. Hence, there is no way she'd want me to be mistaken for the Pearson Family's daughter just because they were rich. If she has a connection with the Pearson Family, what's with the girl they found?

As she thought about it, her mind was a mess. She ran her fingers through her hair and decided to message Luna when Sean called. At that moment, she accidentally answered his call. Then, she reluctantly held her phone to her ear.

"Are you at home?" he asked straightforwardly.

"What's the matter?" She countered.

"I missed you. That's all." Sean's voice was low and husky.

"Oh, I see," Abigail responded with an expressionless face. She wondered if he got any inspiration from Eric's post to be so straightforward.

He fell silent momentarily before asking, "Do you have any thoughts about Eric's post?" Hearing his words, she did not answer immediately. She thought about her feelings when she read the post and replied, "I don't know. It felt strange realizing that I've also had moments when I had been on someone's mind for three years." "Okay. I understand," said Sean. Then, he ended the call.

Abigail held her phone and felt puzzled by his response. Meanwhile, Sean was with Kevin. He held a can of beer in one hand and his phone in the other, silently staring at her name. From the moment he saw that post, he was unsettled. Finally, under Kevin's prodding, he made the call, and the outcome was as they had expected.

“Damn...” Kevin took a sip of his beer and had mixed feelings. After all, Eric had defied everyone to clear Abigail’s name and increase Alana’s popularity. Any woman would be touched by his actions. Now, people were shipping the duo on social media. No one had remembered the once assistant and president’s couple pairing.

“If she falls for it, it’ll be troublesome,” he expressed his concerns as he looked at Sean, who had remained silent for a long time.

“I know.” Sean put down his phone and lowered his eyes. He was in deep thought.

Looking at him, Kevin placed his beer down and asked, “What’s your plan?” “The Davidsons won’t agree to this. Even if Eric is persistent about this, there’s no use. His family gave him everything. The reason he dares to go against the entertainment agency is because his parents opened it for his sake.” Sean looked at Kevin.

“You’ve done your research. What’s next, then?” Kevin asked, appearing attentive.

“Then, it’s time for us to take action. The entertainment industry is full of unknown dangers. They will surely do something bad to Abby to crush Eric’s spirit.” Sean’s eyes darkened.

“Kill two birds with one stone, huh...” Kevin mumbled.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 264-Running Out of Plan Neither the Davidsons nor the Pearsons would harm their family members.

Moreover, Abigail was the only outsider involved in this matter. Thus, to have Eric learn his lesson, she would have to bear the brunt./ “Keep an eye on the internet for now. I’ll handle the rest,” said Sean.

In theory, Abigail should not have any dirt about her when being Alana.

However, there was still a possibility that the others would fake rumors about her.

“Alright. Make sure to look after your grandma. The only disadvantage for Abigail now is that she hadn’t gotten a divorce from you yet when she was in

Ragos. They may use this as a point and label her a homewrecker.” Kevin, being a seasoned entertainment industry insider, knew just how ruthless people within the industry could be.

Sean hummed and nodded in agreement. As they talked, his phone rang abruptly. It was Cameron. He answered the phone and asked, "What's the matter?" "Joan wants to meet you," said Cameron, his voice tense.

In that split second, Sean's face turned cold, and he replied coldly, "Let her wait.

I'm busy right now." With that, he hung up the call Kevin said sarcastically, "Joan still hasn't changed after she's out of prison.

She's still trying to gaslight you, treating you like a pushover." "Let her be for now," Sean responded calmly.

If Joan were smarter, she would have chosen a better path to walk.

Unfortunately, she was too greedy.

"Want her to get desperate?" Kevin asked.

Sean lowered his gaze and took a sip of his drink without answering.

Once again rejected by Sean, Joan tossed her phone angrily onto the bed. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her breathing was rapid. "Sean! How dare you treat me like this!" Tears rolled down from her eyes, and her resentful gaze slowly turned into a sinister one. "Since to show me mercy, don't blame me for being ruthless either!" Then, she sobbed on the bed.

you refused After a long time, she got up and went to the bathroom with red and puffy eyes.

Half an hour later, she left her apartment, looking fresh and vibrant as she made her way to the entrance of the residential building.

Ever since she was released from the police station, she had been staying at her apartment. This was the first time she had stepped outside.

She hailed a cab and would occasionally glance at her phone.

Soon, she arrived at a bar. As she entered, she eagerly wore her wireless earphones and walked through the bustling crowd. "I'm here..Are you sure Sean's men won't find out?" she asked in a low voice.

"They won't," the person replied.

Then, Joan entered a private room. She was the only one there and had ordered many drinks, pretending to be there to drown her sorrows.

“The only way to make Sean back down is to go after his grandma.” The man’s husky voice sounded deviously cunning through the earphones.

Hearing his words, she pursed her lips and hesitated. “If we fail this time, we’ll have no way out.” After all, she knew that Sean seemed to have spared her once for hurting Abigail. However, laying a finger on Lina might cost her her life.

“Do you think we still have a way out? Your brother is detained right now, and we have no idea how much evidence Abigail has handed to the court for his prosecution. If he gets sentenced, it’ll be a second-time offense, and the punishment will be severe. Hence, your brother can’t go to prison! Joan, the only way to get your brother out now is to force Sean to pressure Abigail into withdrawing her lawsuit and calling it a misunderstanding.” The man’s tone was cunning.

Joan clenched her teeth and said nothing. To be honest, she did not care what would happen to Kingston. The reason for her frequent contact with Sean was simply an attempt to have him keep on supporting her. Without Sean, she had nothing to maintain her life. She did not know how to do anything and lacked a talent like Abigail. Moreover, the 4.5 million he had given her now left over 1.5 million, insufficient to cover her expenses!

“I’ve got a plan for you. Just do as I say, and it’ll work. I guarantee it!” The man did not notice her emotions and continued discussing with her.

“Tell me what to do,” she replied, acting obedient and attentive, even though she was absent-minded. If his plan fails, I’ll come up with my plan. Kingston had indeed committed a crime. Instead of wasting my opportunities on him and offending Sean, it’s best to find a way that benefits me without displeasing Sean.

Once the misunderstanding between us cleared up, he would treat me like normal, and I would support Kingston after his release.

“I’ve done my research. Sean has moved out of the Graham Estate for some time. Old Mrs. Graham would visit and cook for him three times a week. All we need to do is to avoid Sean and approach Old Mrs. Graham to gain her trust.

Later, we can resort to the same trick. We'll abduct her. When that happens, he will undoubtedly force Abigail to withdraw the lawsuit to protect his grandmother," the man explained in detail.

2/3 Joan hummed in response and asked, "When do we start?" "She'll be leaving tomorrow. I'll let you know the route. It's up to you whether you can gain her trust," the man replied.

She hummed but suddenly added, "I have an idea.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 265-Innocent Victim The weather in July was getting hotter. What frustrated Abigail was that the Davidson Family unilaterally canceled the design she had just completed for Eric's grandmother. Of course, they had also audaciously forfeited the initial twenty percent deposit.

Her assistant was so furious that she ranted for about ten minutes. "Why didn't they inform us about this earlier? They were wasting our time. Do they think designing is something easy?" "You're getting me all riled up. Hurry up and get some ice cream. We can cool down together" Although Abigail maintained a calm facade, she was also

internally dissatisfied. She knew Eric's actions had likely angered his family, so they were venting their anger on her. Not wanting her design was probably the start of a show because she was sure there would be more awaiting her.

Still, she could not believe this matter had become her fault when it was Eric who confessed to her.

While Abigail was in thought, the assistant returned with the ice cream. She opened the packaging for Abigail and continued, "The Davidsons are being petty about this. Eric likes you, not the other way around. So, why should they make things hard on you?" "Let's have some ice cream to cool off." Abigail knew that her assistant was standing up for her. Although her assistant was usually gossip-prone, she was on Abigail's side when crucial moments occurred. As Abigail spoke, her phone rang. Seeing that it was Eric calling, she answered the call. "I'm aware of the canceled order. There seems to be a misunderstanding, but it wasn't my parents' or grandmother's intention for this to happen," he explained anxiously.

"It's fine if you cancel it. Let's say L.Moon is put online for people to purchase it.

Will your family come and say this isn't what they want?" she asked calmly. Facing her question, Eric felt ashamed. After all, his impulsive decision caused her so much trouble, "I'm

sorry about these, but I can't evade what's already happened or what's next. I just want to tell you that no matter what, I will stand by your side and protect you. You don't need to sell this design to anyone else. I'll buy it from you." He acted as if he was ready to stand alongside her to face this.

Hearing his words, Abigail frowned. "You're not the only customer who cancels the order, Eric. However, there's a rule in our studio. If a customer cancels an order without any valid reason, we'll blacklist them and cease any chances of cooperation. Even if we know each other, I will not sell the design to you." Seeing that she was going to discuss important matters, her assistant quickly left the office.

With this statement, Abigail had added Eric to the studio's blacklist. In the future, unless a director from his film crew ordered clothes, L.Moon would not cooperate with individuals related to him or himself.

"I'm still investigating this matter. I don't know why the order was canceled-" His voice was hoarse.

She interrupted him and said, "Eric, although you're prepared to face the challenges with me, I don't want any of it. I'm an innocent victim. I don't need to bear the trouble your family has caused me, nor do I need to face all of this with you, let alone accept the consequences your family wants to teach me." Eric said nothing and breathed shakily.

"If the person you like has to suffer with you, maybe you shouldn't like anyone at all. If your family are such characters... I'm sorry, but there's not even the slightest chance we'll be together." Then, she immediately hung up the phone.

Initially, she thought the Davidsons were wonderful people since they could raise someone like Eric. However, she realized she had been wrong.

"What's gotten you so angry, little junior?" She looked Just as she set her phone down, she heard Anthony's voice from her office door and was surprised. However, recalling what Sean had said, her feelings became somewhat complex.

"It's just something work-related. I'm not a saint, so there are times I will get angry," Abigail replied jokingly.

Over Anthony walked over and sat down on the couch. Although he appeared casual, he was guessing if she was saying those words to him on purpose. Ronaldo had told him what Sean

had said in Eastbay but did not know what impression Abigail currently had of him. Hence, he was here today to make up for it.

“We have a class reunion next week. The professor said you must attend it,” he informed, looking somewhat troubled.

“Why would they suddenly organize a class reunion?” she asked, sending a spoonful of ice cream into her mouth.

Anthony did not answer her question. Instead, he smiled and said, “You still love eating ice cream on hot summer days, don’t you? I remember back in the days, you used to eat it all the time in the summer.” “Is that so? I eat it anytime,” she replied, avoiding his topic.

Her response left Anthony somewhat stifled.

“You’re now famous in our design department. The professor probably wants to use the reunion as an opportunity to ask for your help,” he explained.

Abigail understood that. After all, whenever there was a notable figure in the department, the school would usually use them as a role model for the juniors. Even the professor who had taught them in the past would feel proud of their alumni,

I Want a Divorce Chapter 266-Every Success Comes With a Great Challenge Abigail couldn’t refuse the professor’s request since she was now a public figure. She needed to be cautious with her words and actions. Moreover, she also had to act modestly in the professor’s presence and at the school.

“When is the reunion? I need to check my schedule,” Abigail asked as she looked at Anthony.

“It’s on Tuesday. It’s a working day, but it will be held after 6.00PM. I did tell the professor that you’re very busy, and she said a two-hour gathering wouldn’t take much of your time,” Anthony said gently. He was still a considerate person, like how Abigail knew.

Abigail nodded and replied, “Okay. Please send me the hotel address where the reunion will be held.” “Sure Anthony stood up. Then, he looked at Abigail hesitantly, seemingly as if he had something to say.

However, Abigail pretended not to see it. At this moment, she was getting fed up. Whether it Eric or Anthony, she felt it was hard to communicate with them.

was “Send my regards to the professor. It’s getting late, and I still have some work to get done. Please excuse me. Oh, by the way, thank you for introducing me to Mr. Fernandez. He has some excellent quality pearls, and I’m quite satisfied with them,” Abigail said as she stood up, wearing a fake smile.

Anthony froze momentarily but maintained his usual elegant demeanor. “I’m glad you like them.” When he left Abigail’s office, his usual gentle composure faded away. He took a deep breath and left.

On the other hand, Abigail and her assistant went to the warehouse.

The fabric and accessories they used for the birthday dress they made for Eric’s grandmother were now bought back. These materials were expensive, and they needed to sell them out. Thus, the only thing they could do was redesign it.

Once it turned into a finished product, the Davidsons would surely cause trouble again.

“Double-check it, especially the length of the fabric and the quantity of the gold thread and other materials. I need precise numbers,” Abigail stated after inspecting the materials. Then, she turned around and left.

The length of the fabric determined the style she could design, and the amount of gold thread dictated the patterns she could embroider. Knowing the gold thread’s exact quantity would allow her to make adjustments when drawing the design. She wouldn’t give away the design to anyone that the Davidsons didn’t want. After all, this was an insult to herself and her clients. She would treat it as a discarded draft. Abigail felt relaxed after giving the two men who had annoyed her the cold shoulder. Initially, she thought this was over. However, during dinner, while she was scrolling through her Instagram feed, she noticed someone had mentioned her. A user named ‘Davidsons Girl’ had tagged her, mentioning her name as Alana, and posted a post questioning her.

‘As an internationally renowned designer, I was promised that you would design a dress for my grandmother on her birthday. However, because of a few amateur family members, you canceled our order and even blacklisted our entire family. Is this reasonable? My grandmother is waiting. for her dress and genuinely loves your designs. Your actions have hurt her feelings. Is it fair for your studio to blacklist a client without any investigation? Or do you guys want to take away the 20% deposit? Are you being arrogant because you’ve gained international recognition? My cousin Eric Davidson has treated you well. Before he collaborated with Lexie Chambers, he had replaced the previous designer just to have you make the dress for my

grandmother, gaining benefits for L.Moon. Yet, you now have blacklisted out the entire Davidson Family. Don't you think you're being harsh on Eric? After all, he has always supported you, even scolding the others when they went too far. Yet, this is what you give him in return?' This post had gained much attention since it mentioned Eric's name. Eric's name had become a trending topic on Instagram, so the person's post attracted various marketing accounts. After many shares, it had climbed to the end of the trending list.

However, just as Abigail clicked on the post, it had disappeared. The webpage showed that the post didn't exist and had been deleted by the author.

At that moment, Abigail looked at the screen with a baffled expression. Like any other netizen, she didn't understand what happened. Then, as she aimlessly browsed Instagram for about ten minutes, she suddenly stumbled upon an Instagram post by Sean. Since she followed Sean's account, she would get notice whenever Sean posted anything.

Tagging Davidson Girl, he wrote, 'Is the Davidson Family bullying Alana because she has no one backing her up? How dare you question her when it was your family members who caused trouble for her? If you can't manage your own people, don't be so impulsive about it. If your family enjoys toying with others, please find a designer who is willing to be toyed with. As a high- status family, don't harass a newly established studio. Would it take me to expose the real motives behind this incident for you to stop bothering her? Keep some dignity for yourself.

When Abigail read Sean's post, she realized the post earlier was probably deleted because Sean had taken action.

However, she wondered how he found out about it so quickly.

Abigail closed the app and wanted to ask Sean about it. However, she didn't know how to do it. She knew this situation with the Davidsons canceling their order was more complex than it seemed. It could have been a trap initially, intending to lure her into it. This time, Sean intervened promptly and saved her from much trouble. She knew that if he hadn't intervened, she might have fallen into many more traps set by the Davidsons. She would be mentally exhausted once she was done repeatedly clarifying the situation.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 269-Did Josh Agree?

Seeing Abigail so angry, her assistant quickly entered the room and glanced at Chad, who was smirking. She immediately stated in a cold tone, "Please leave!" Chad set down his coffee

and slowly stood up. He looked at Abigail with a disdainful expression. “Ms. Quinn, I know that you have Mr. Graham backing you, as well as East Joy Talent. However, East Joy Talent is busy keeping an eye on the Davidsons for you. As for Sean, he hasn’t even resolved things with the Palmers. How does he have time to deal with you?” Abigail turned her head, her gaze as sharp as a knife that pierced through Chad,

Meanwhile, Chad continued, “You may threaten to use the surveillance footage against me, L.Moon really so clean? Consider this carefully—if you sell those thousand pearls, L. Moon gains a friend in me. If you’re not selling them, L.Moon might find it difficult to operate.

but is After he finished speaking, he ignored the anger in Abigail’s assistant’s eyes as he raised his chin proudly and left.

Once he was gone, the assistant walked up to Abigail and looked at her with concern. “What should we do?” “I need some time to think. Don’t worry,” Abigail replied calmly, leaning against the table.

Could there be something wrong with L.Moon?

The truth was, Abigail wasn’t sure.

Luna and Abigail had established L.Moon, and the latter hadn’t intervened in the past three years. Luna, being a newcomer, had slowly built it up. Is there a problem somewhere?

Abigail was definitely not going to sell the pearls. These thousand pearls were not only meant to pave the way for Ronaldo’s pearl business but also to establish L.Moon!

“I’ll call Micah first. You go ahead and do what you need to do,” Abigail said, feeling that Micah’s resignation must be related to this.

Abigail dialed Micah’s number, but no matter how many times she called, there was no answer.

She came out of her office and immediately instructed her assistant, “Notify security to check the surveillance footage. Also, check all computer usage records for me!” Abigail then called Luna.

She called three times before Luna finally picked up.

“Did you discuss the contract with Kelly?” Abigail asked immediately.

“No, she said she’s too busy these days and asked me to wait until she has the time to let me know. She wanted me to come to Capitalis and sign the contract with her. Why?” Luna felt that Abigail sounded a bit tense, and her own heart started to race.

“There’s a problem with Kelly. Don’t bother signing the contract. I’m going to the finance department. Finish up what you’re doing and come back as soon as possible,” Abigail commented, not giving Luna a chance to ask further. She then hung up and headed to the finance department.

“Let me see the payment record of 657 thousand from that day!” Abigail ordered as she arrived. She was determined to investigate who this Kelly was and why she was causing trouble for the studio.

“Ms. Quinn, take a look at this,” the finance staff said, moving aside.

Abigail saw that the payment came from Josh’s account, and a shiver ran down her spine.

Kelly... The family reunion banquet... So, she’s the heiress of the Pearson Family who has been found!

“Return the money. Tell her that we’ll make the payment when the contract is signed,” Abigail said, then turned and left.

Josh knows that Kelly has paid 657 thousand for a dress from me and even sent the payment himself. Does he not realize how inappropriate this is?

Back in her office, Abigail sat down with a stern expression.

The head of security came to her office and reported in a serious tone, “Ms.

Quinn, Micah used virus stored on her phone to infiltrate your computer and copy the design files.” Abigail looked up at that. “Has it been reported to the police?” “It’s already been reported,” the head of security replied.

“What kind of job are you doing? I have to ask you to check the surveillance footage every day. Have you checked? When did this happen?” Abigail stood up, her voice cold with anger.

The head of security hung his head, trembling as he spoke. “It happened the day before yesterday after work. She said she had to fix a design that wasn’t done well and decided to stay overtime. We didn’t expect her to steal the design files.” “You’d better pray that Micah

hasn't left the country. If the police can't handle it, I'll handle it myself!" Abigail growled, then waved for him to leave.

Once he was gone, Abigail's breathing gradually grew heavier.

Her computer and tablet were from the same brand, and she had synchronized all the design files. Theoretically, it shouldn't have been possible to breach her computer and tablet through conventional means. However, Micah had used a particular method. Why would she go to such lengths to steal the design files? Can it be related to Kelly?

Abigail suddenly felt like she had unknowingly walked into a trap.

This trap had been set silently, and she hadn't noticed a thing.

After taking a moment to calm down, she called Ronaldo.

When he answered, he greeted her in an Eastbay accent, "How do you have time to call me? Did you finish the design and want me to take a look? Or is it that you miss the seafood and want me to send some over?" "Mr. Fernandez, I need your help with something serious." Abigail's voice was stern as she explained, "This matter concerns L.Moon, as well as the development of your Marimora pearls business. Will you help?" Ronaldo's tone became serious too. "Tell me what you need. If it's something I can do, I'll definitely help you." "Well, the company is facing a very serious problem, Abigail slowly explained to him.

Being anxious and flustered would not help in this situation. She needed to address the issue as quickly as possible to minimize the losses. Design files could be redrawn, but some of them had already been made into clothes. If a large number of counterfeit products flooded the market, these clothes wouldn't sell and would result in significant financial losses.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 267-Right or Wrong Abigail didn't want to ask Sean. After hesitating for some time, she sent a message to Kevin, her fingers trembling slightly.

"Did Mr. Graham find any useful information?" She took a deep breath and then held her phone, waiting anxiously. Although she had just sent the message, her palms were already starting to sweat.

In less than a minute, she received a reply from Kevin.

"Ms. Quinn, I'm not sure what you mean. Has Mr. Graham done something?"

Abigail hadn't expected this response from Kevin. She pursed her lips and typed slowly.

"Oh. I was referring to the incident on social media. You can go take a look." Kevin was always keeping an eye on the online world, so there was no way he wouldn't know about the incident. He hoped that Abigail would ask Sean directly.

"Alright, Ms. Quinn, but if you're in a hurry, you can always ask him yourself.

After all, if it's about you and him, he'll definitely tell you." After Abigail acknowledged his message, she didn't immediately approach Sean. Instead, she logged onto her social media.

Sean was already on it, and he had set up notifications for when Abigail came online. He noticed her login and waited for her as she read through the comments on his posts.

Can Mr. Graham and Alana really be together? From assistant and CEO to now designer and CEO, this pairing is not bad at all! I'm shipping them so hard that I'm about to go crazy! I'm quite curious why that girl from the Davidsons deleted her social media. Was it because of false statements? Were they having a fight online? This is getting interesting.

The entertainment industry is really messy, and I'm waiting for more juicy gossip. I'm completely lost right now. Is this pairing even that good? Alana is now trending so much that, to be honest, I'm getting tired of seeing this name!

There were both positive and negative comments. Abigail closed her social media, still unsure about whether she should message Sean.

At that moment, Sean called her. Her fingers trembled, and she took a deep breath before answering.

"Hello, Abigail answered, trying to sound normal.

Sean made a sound of acknowledgment. He had received a message from Kevin, prompting him to call Abigail.

"Kevin messaged me, saying you wanted to ask me something. What is it?" he inquired. His tone was calm as usual, with just a hint of the gentleness he reserved for her.

Abigail, feeling more at ease now, got straight to the point. "Did you find out about the Davidsons canceling the order? Was it a straightforward matter?" "The cancellation of the order was indeed the doing of the younger Davidsons, but it wasn't just a casual act. It was a

calculated move to tarnish your reputation after you announced the end of your collaboration with them,” Sean explained calmly, though his gaze was dark, and a chilling aura surrounded him.

Though it wasn’t clear whether the older Davidsons were involved or if they approved of the younger generation’s actions, it didn’t matter to Sean. He only needed to know that the Davidsons had bullied Abigail, and he was determined to strike back hard.

Abigail hesitated for a moment before she murmured, “Sean?” “Yes?” Sean responded naturally. He didn’t realize how gentle his voice had become.

Abigail’s grip on her phone tightened. Her tone grew more formal. “Thank you for your help this time. If there’s anything I can do in the future, I won’t hesitate to help.” Sean felt a pang in his heart. Resuming his usual tone, he said, “Alright. There’s no need to worry about the online comments. The younger Davidsons won’t dare to push their luck too far.” “Thank you.” Abigail quickly said her thanks and then hung up.

“You’re always so busy... You can’t even have a meal without holding your phone,” Analise remarked, giving Abigail a bowl of soup. “Look at how thin you’ve become.” “Thank you, Grandma,” Abigail replied, suppressing a smile. The whirlwind of thoughts Sean had stirred up in her mind finally settled in this moment of her grandmother’s care.

“Is it Sean? Why are you still in contact with him?” Analise asked, concerned.

She didn’t interfere with Abigail’s work, but she worried that if Abigail continued to interact with Sean, his grandmother might come to scold them again.

“He helped me out with something related to work. I just wanted to thank him.

After all, I shouldn’t owe anyone anything,” Abigail explained cautiously, afraid of being scolded by Analise.

Analise let out a light sigh at that. “Your job is just too complicated. If you’re not short of money, consider changing to something else. As long as you don’t have too much contact with him, anything should be fine. His grandmother is not easy to get along with. We’d better keep our distance.” “I’m actually in need of money. When have I ever not been short of money?” Abigail joked.

Analise gave her granddaughter a light tap on the head. “Every time I tell you, you never listen.... What’s this about the Davidsons canceling an order?” “Grandma, you never used to

care about these things. Why are you interested today?" Abigail asked as she looked at Analise with a playful expression.

Analise's face turned stern. "I care about you, that's why. If you don't want me asking about your work, then I won't!" "I didn't mean that. It's just that this matter is a bit complicated. I'm afraid you'd get upset, alright?" Abigail sighed, the smile fading from her face, only to be replaced by a look of vexation. and helplessness.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 268-Threats Analise's expression softened as she sat at the dining table, but there was a hint of worry in her eyes.

"Why would the Davidsons suddenly target your work? Is it related to the heiress from the Pearson Family?" she couldn't help but ask.

Abigail looked at her grandmother with confusion. "How is it related to her? It's just that Eric and I had a little issue that got blown out of proportion online. It's complicated, but in short, the Davidsons are unhappy with me now."

"Why is it complicated? Why would they have a problem with you out of nowhere? Explain this to me! I might not interfere with your affairs, but if you're being bullied, I can't just stand by and do nothing!" Analise was visibly angry, with her hands on her hips and her brows furrowed.

"Grandma, don't be upset. Be careful of your blood pressure. It's just that Eric is related to the Pearson Family through a marriage arrangement. He didn't want to say that he liked me openly, and then the Davidsons started disliking me.

They even canceled the order they had placed with studio," Abigail explained, feeling a bit embarrassed.

my Analise looked at her in silence for a while before swiftly getting up to clear the dishes.

"I'll keep my distance from them in the future. I won't let myself get into a bad situation again just because of something like this. I won't let you worry, Grandma," Abigail assured, noticing that her grandmother was upset.

"I'm not upset with you. It's late. Go rest," Analise said, her tone low.

She was upset with herself.

“Grandma...” Abigail began to say.

Analise suddenly looked up and gazed at her with a loving expression. “I don’t have that much free time to worry about all these messy matters of yours.

You’re an adult now, and you can handle these things on your own. I won’t meddle in your affairs.” Abigail nodded with a smile upon hearing her words.

Once Abigail was in her room, Analise put down the cutlery, sat on a chair, and murmured absentmindedly, “Darling, did I do the right thing or the wrong thing...” Abigail arrived early at the studio. Her assistant approached her with a nervous expression, smiling as she spoke. “A jeweler is here, and he’s waiting for you in your office.” 1. 1. A jeweler visiting her studio out of the blue was quite odd, especially since L Moon and jewelry “Alright, I’ll go take a look, Abigail said, heading toward her office.

The assistant continued, “Also, Micah, the designer, submitted the resignation this morning. Miss Smith is on a business trip and doesn’t know yet. We’re short stalled at the moment. HR hasn’t approved it yet. We’re waiting for your decision and Miss Smith’s” Abigail massaged her temples as she asked, “Did she come today?” “No,” the assistant replied.

“I’ll call her later. Have HR hold off on any action for now.” Abigail said before entering her office with a smile The jeweler was a middle-aged man named Chad Lancome. He was dressed in a burgundy handmade suit, and his fingers were adorned with exquisite rings, but his appearance was rather ordinary Upon seeing Abigail, he stood up from his chair politely and greeted her with a smile. “Ms. Quinn, I’m Chad Lancome, the head of Katie Jewelry” “Hello, I’m Abigail Quinn” she replied, thereafter approaching and taking a seat.

“I know you must be very busy, so let me get straight to the point, I’m interested in purchasing the peacock overtones pearls that Ronaldo sold to you. I have a wealthy client in Capitalis who wants to use these pearls to create a set of jewelry for her family reunion banquet. Price is not an issue, as long as you are willing to part with them, any amount will do,” Chad explained leisurely. his tone polite.

However, Abigail was more intrigued by the mention of a family reunion banquet.

Can it be Kelly? Capitalis... A family reunion banquet... No matter how Abigail thought about it, she couldn’t help but think of Kelly That being said, her transaction with Ronaldo hadn’t been publicized. It was impossible for anyone to know that Ronaldo had sold the peacock overtones pearls to her unless they specifically investigated.

In the end, Abigail pushed aside her thoughts and gave a calm response. “Tim sorry, but I won’t sell them at any price.” Chad smiled faintly as he commented, “My client specifically requested your pearls. If you offend her, it won’t be beneficial for you.” “Mr. Lancome, the deal won’t go through. Are you going to use lowly tactics?”

Peel tie to tell you client that since these pearls were acquired by L.Moon, they are now even more valuable than gold. They are not for sale!” Abigail spoke with a smile, yet her gaze turned ice—cold. She lifted her chin slightly, a touch of mockery in her tone.

“It’s just one thousand Marimora pearls. Why go through all this trouble to offend a wealthy heiress? L.Moon is very new, and it would be difficult for it to recover from a setback,” Chad said casually, lifting his coffee cup and taking a leisurely sip.

“Mr. Lancome, this conference room is equipped with surveillance. If anything happens to L.Moon down the line, I will make sure to take you and that heiress to court. The discussion is over. Please leave,” Abigail stated, her tone unwavering.

She pushed back her chair and stood up before calling out to her assistant outside, “Escort Mr.

Lancome out!”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 270-Kevin Is Ensnared Cameron hastily entered Sean’s office, and as he pushed the door open, he immediately began to report, “L.Moon is in trouble. The police have already arrived at their studio.” At his words, Sean abruptly stood up. “What’s going on?” He couldn’t contain his urge to go to L.Moon immediately.

“They say there’s an insider at the studio who used a virus to steal all the design drafts from Mrs. Graham’s computer. The studio has already reported it to the police, and they are collecting evidence right now. Kevin is also embroiled in a

scandal. East Joy Talent’s focus is on it completely. I checked, and it’s very damaging.” Cameron’s expression grew serious.

As Sean leaned on his desk, his eyes revealed a hint of cold determination. “So many things happening at once can’t be coincidental; it’s deliberate.” Cameron watched him, waiting for his next words.

quit “Now that East Joy Talent is in trouble, I suspect it will be my turn soon. Well, this is interesting,” Sean said with a smile, though the smile was cold enough to freeze one’s bones.

“What’s Kevin’s scandal?” He sat back in his chair and crossed his legs.

“Kevin is known for his romantic pursuits and has had several girlfriends. His previous girlfriend claimed to be pregnant with his child and had an abortion.

Now, she’s unable to conceive, and her family has caused a scene at his company. It’s a complete mess,” Cameron replied with his head lowered, and his tone was somewhat awkward.

Sean’s expression was indescribably grim at this point. “Is there concrete evidence for this?” “I looked at the post, and it seems genuine, but given the current situation, it’s possible that he’s being framed,” Cameron explained..

“That guy.” Sean touched his tongue to his palate, then spoke in a low tone.

“This scandal could be something the Davidsons dug up to deal with him.

Investigate further “Got it,” Cameron responded promptly.

On the other hand, when Abigail finished her discussion with Ronaldo, her assistant informed her about Kevin’s scandal.

With her hand propping her chin, Abigail looked at the Instagram post bashing Kevin. The timeline in the woman’s story was neatly organized, and there were screenshots of WhatsApp conversations. After comparing the account’s profile picture with Kevin’s, she realized that if it wasn’t photoshopped, it was indeed him.

While she had heard that he frequently changed girlfriends, she had never met any of them.

Moreover, her interactions with Kevin had been brief.

Nonetheless, the fact that the scandal emerged several months after the incident with his ex-girlfriend was just strange.

The moment Abigail recalled what Chad had mentioned, her brows furrowed.

This situation led her to think about Sean and the Palmers. To this day, she still didn’t know how Kingston had become Sean’s savior.

Abigail then dialed Kevin’s number. It didn’t take long before he answered the call.

“How are things... on your end?” Her voice held a trace of concern.

Kevin couldn't help but chuckle. “Why? Are you worried I can't handle this situation? Don't worry. It'll be cleared up in a couple of days.” “Is this the Davidsons' doing? Both Mr. Graham and you have helped me avoid many troubles behind the scenes, and I'm not an ungrateful person. I called you today to discuss something important.” There was a hint of guilt in Abigail's voice.

Throughout the conversation, Kevin maintained a relaxed tone. “I might be fickle in love, but I wouldn't harm my ex-girlfriends without reason. As long as you believe that, there's no need for further comforting words.” “As long as you are guilt-free, that's what matters. You don't need others to believe in you,” she said gently.

She understood that Kevin's relationship with his girlfriend was a private matter, and she didn't know the whole story, so she wouldn't rush to take sides. After all, the issue of abortion leading to lifelong infertility was serious.

“Okay, I understand your point. I will investigate this thoroughly. As for the Davidsons...” Kevin's initially relaxed tone suddenly turned icy. “It's better if Eric remains oblivious to this. Otherwise, I won't show mercy to him.” “Mr. Stewart...” “Ms. Quinn, this situation is not our fault. Eric publicly approached you, and the media's attention sparked the controversy. Mr. Graham and I are just supporting our friend. If we didn't lend a helping hand when our friends were in trouble, we would be extremely selfish.” He reverted to his casual tone.

“Thank you, but I need to tell you something important. It seems that Kelly, the heiress found by the Pearson Family, might be involved.” Abigail's voice turned solemn when she mentioned that.

Kelly had already caused quite a stir without even making a public appearance, indicating she wasn't a simple person. With the backing of the Pearson Family, even if Josh wasn't directly involved, others would naturally try to gain her favor, especially as she was the recently found Pearson Family's heiress.

The best example of this was Chad Kevin's tone became stern as he asked, “How did you know that the Pearson Family's recently found heiress is called Kelly?” “It seems you knew this even before I did, Abigail replied instinctively. Of course, Sewn Jund out about that in Capitalis and also informed him.

“I've heard about it. Has she contacted you?” he inquired.

“She called once, saying she wanted to order a dress for a family reunion banquet. She told me her name but didn’t reveal her identity as the Pearson Family’s recovered heiress. But I’ve now figured it out,” she explained.

Despite being thousands of miles apart and never having met, Abigail had sensed hostility from her interactions with Kelly. Kelly’s words when she ordered the dress, the sum she offered, and her recent actions to steal the pearl all pointed to malicious intent.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

271-280

I Want a Divorce Chapter 271-The Unimpressive Sean “This time, we have a formidable opponent. Let’s talk more about it tonight. I’ll come to pick you up,” Kevin said and quickly hung up the phone. I have to inform Sean about this.

Abigail also wanted to share a few more words with him, but when the call was disconnected, she didn’t feel like calling him back. She intended to let him talk to Sean, but now it seemed inevitable that she would have to meet with the latter.

When Luna returned, it was already evening, and Abigail was preparing dinner at home with Analise. As soon as Luna entered the house, she and Abigail quickly returned to their room.

Meanwhile, Analise put her task aside and secretly followed them, leaning against the door to eavesdrop on their conversation.

Luna already knew about the crisis at L.Moon. Since she rushed back from a distance, her face was visibly tired.

“Have some rest first. We’ll go out after dinner. This situation involves too many people, and the two of us discussing it won’t help much.” Abigail patted her on the shoulder.

“Abby, if Micah runs away, will our design drafts be leaked? If that happens, the market will be flooded with counterfeit products, leading to L.Moon’s closure, right?” Luna’s face turned pale at that.

Seeing her like this, Abigail felt guilty. She sat down beside Luna and held her hand. "I won't let that happen. You have to trust me. If worse comes to worst, I can negotiate with the Pearson Family," Abigail said softly.

Outside the door, when Analise heard that, she slowly moved away and walked into the kitchen with a heavy heart.

The two didn't chat for long, and Abigail asked Luna to rest before going to the kitchen to help her grandmother.

"How is Luna? She doesn't look good," Analise asked with concern, sounding as she usually did.

With her usual expression, Abigail replied, "She's just tired; it's nothing." Analise nodded and didn't say anything more.

During dinner, Luna didn't eat much. After finishing the meal, the both of them went downstairs together.

Originally, it was Kevin who was supposed to pick her up, but instead, she saw Sean standing by the car. He was tall and imposing. Under the moonlight, his long legs were particularly eye-catching.

When Abigail saw him, it didn't surprise her. It was Luna who turned to look at Abigail immediately.

"Let's go," Abigail held Luna's hand and said warmly.

Only after Luna realized that Abigail knew that Sean would be coming did she finally relax.

Abigail stepped forward and greeted him. "Good evening." With a nod, Sean opened the car door for Abigail. "Hop in." After everyone got in, the car drove into the night and stopped at the entrance of Fantasy Bar.

The three of them got out of the car, and it was only then that Sean told Abigail, "Kevin came earlier to make a reservation, so he didn't go to pick you up." It was as if he was afraid she would misunderstand.

"Got it," Abigail replied.

At this moment, Sean noticed that both she and Luna weren't in high spirits and understood that the incident at L.Moon had hit them hard.

Once inside the private room of the bar, they took their seats, and Kevin asked Abigail and Luna, "Do you prefer low-alcohol wine?" "You can handle the order," Abigail replied.

Leaning back in her chair, Luna suddenly announced, "Bring me a bottle of whiskey." Abigail knew her friend was in a bad mood and thought it would be good for her to vent.

When Kevin heard her order, he raised an eyebrow and looked at her before saying, "Sure. Let's have a drink and discuss the situation thoroughly to find a good solution." In fact, Luna felt frustrated. She had previously refused Sean's help, but he had actually been helping them quietly all along.

I've been investigating Micah Carott from your company. I expect there will be some news in the next couple of days. If she's connected to Kelly, you should personally go to the Pearson Family to hold Kelly accountable." Sean got straight to the point after the waiter left to fetch the drinks.

With her hand interlocked, Abigail spoke calmly. "I already have a plan for Micah. You guys are their target now. Mr. Stewart is ensnared, so you must be careful too." She made this reminder in a very casual manner, but it made Sean's heart swell with happiness.

All this while, Luna kept an eye on Sean and couldn't help but think to herself, Look at him, acting all unimpressive.

"Thank you for the reminder, Ms. Quinn." A smile played on Sean's lips uncontrollably, "You should also rein in your behavior, Mr. Stewart. It's not easy to clear your name once you've been labeled a playboy." Luna, seeing Kevin sitting there and smiling, couldn't help but remind him aloud.

He has been bashed online, and the stock market of East Joy Talent has been dropping continuously. How can he still be in the mood to smile?

"I'm a playboy, and I deserve criticism. I have nothing to clear." Kevin leaned back on the couch casually, his face a mask of indifference.

Luna couldn't help but purse her lips in disdain.

“How much do you know about Kelly?” Abigail asked Se After taking a sip from his glass, he replied, “Kelly is not a good person.

Besides, the Pearson Family’s situation is even more complicated than the Davidson Family’s. It would be quite time- consuming to investigate her.” When Abigail went to Eastbay, Sean was concerned for her safety, and they had limited time. And so, he had only investigated some of the Pearson Family’s history and had stopped because he didn’t consider Kelly a significant threat at the time.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 272-Awkward As soon as Abigail leaned back against the couch, she pursed her lips. “I bought a fine batch of Marimora pearls from Mr. Fernandez. Interestingly, a jeweler told me today that there is a wealthy young lady from Capitalis who wishes to acquire this particular batch of pearls to craft into jewelry for her upcoming family reunion banquet. Coincidentally, Kelly commissioned me to make her a dress for her family reunion banquet. I strongly suspect that they are the same person.” Sean looked at her with a cold and stern expression. “You never mentioned your Marimora pearl purchase, but she somehow managed to find out. It seems that she’s quite resourceful.” “She even transferred 657 thousand to us! I found the number suspicious at the time. She’s really infuriating!” Luna was almost out of breath as she huffed angrily.“She holds such deep malice against Ms. Quinn, but did Ms. Quinn do anything to wrong her? She’s done so many disgusting things openly and in secret!” Kevin’s fists tightened.Abigail thought about it. Kelly’s cunningness lay in how she managed to disgust them from various angles. When they finally understood her words, actions, and intentions, they suddenly felt utterly humiliated.“It does feel like swallowing a bitter pill,” Abigail commented.However, Kelly wasn’t merely after the Marimora pearls. She could easily ask the Pearsons to buy them for her.After Abigail spoke with Ronaldo, she realized that Kelly’s previous tactics to disgust her were merely a byproduct of her ultimate goal.She definitely had hidden intentions.“Since this batch of Marimora pearls belongs to you, it’s yours. Who does Kelly think she is?” Sean glanced at Abigail with a cold gaze.Kelly had the resources to obtain the Marimora pearls, yet she insisted on taking them from Abigail. Obviously, she was using the Pearsons as leverage to trample on Abigail.“If she really has connections with those people from the Davidsons who were after me, I don’t think I’ll let her go!” Kevin snickered through gritted teeth, a sinister smile plastered on his face.“I’m meeting you guys because I want you to watch out for her. Each of us deals with one threat. Mr. Stewart, you take care of the Davidsons. Mr. Graham, you deal with your affair with the Palmers, and I will personally take care of Kelly!” Abigail uttered those aggressive words with an icy expression.Sean couldn’t help but glance at her. ‘Do you already have a plan?’ “I don’t know about your dealings with the Palmers, but I hope you can handle it on your own. My problems have caused you a lot of trouble, and I don’t want you to get involved in more trouble

because of me,” Abigail commented with a sharp look in her eyes. Sean nodded. A glimmer of hope had just risen in his heart, only to be shattered into disappointment by her words. She was sitting here today because they had encountered a common enemy, and that enemy had made her a target, endangering everyone who had secretly helped her. Abigail merely didn’t want to carry more guilt. Thankfully, the wine was served at the right time. Luna raised her whiskey glass and angrily exclaimed, “Let’s unite against our common enemies and defeat the nasty people hiding in the shadows!” Abigail followed suit, raising her glass. They only drank for an hour. After getting a little tipsy, Abigail leaned toward the teary-eyed Luna and reassured her, “Don’t worry. We’ll find Micah. I’ve teamed up with Mr. Fernandez... and he said he’ll take Micah down no matter what it takes!” Hugging Abigail, Luna lamented, “We’ve been through so much trouble, all because of Eric’s confession to you. Kelly must be jealous of you and Eric, thinking you stole her fiancé. That’s why she’s treating us like this!” Sean listened silently, gripping his wine glass tightly throughout. It turned out that before seeking him out, Abigail had prioritized working with Ronaldo. For the matters involving Kelly and her studio, she and Ronaldo had a shared plan. After Sean instructed Cameron to send Abigail and Luna home, he continued drinking with Kevin. “Seems like Abigail is still awkward around us,” Kevin commented purposely while drinking. Raising his wine glass, Sean gazed into the blue liquid. His pupils reflected a bewitching color. “Kelly didn’t hesitate to buy off her studio’s designers, steal her designs, and then snatch the Marimora pearls that belonged to her. She will eventually get what she deserves!” Looking at the bewitching glint in his eyes, Kevin shuddered. “Are you... planning to deal with Kelly?” Sean swirled his wine glass and replied cryptically, “How dare someone who came out of nowhere challenge me? I think she’s asking for trouble,” Kevin wrinkled his nose and uttered, “I can’t believe she threatened you with the Palmers’ affair.” Before he could finish his sentence, Sean’s phone rang. It was a call from Xavien, who had just been discharged yesterday. Sean answered the call. “What’s the matter?” he asked, finishing his drink. Xavien immediately reported, “Something is going on over at Joan’s end.” Upon hearing this, Sean stood up abruptly. “I’m coming over now.” With that, he hung up. “Are you leaving?” Kevin raised his head. Sean grabbed him by the collar and said, “You’re coming with me. The online rumors about you haven’t died down yet, so keep a low profile.” “Uh, okay,” Kevin replied as he was dragged outside. Sean knew Kevin’s tendency to accidentally reveal personal information when he was drunk. Since Kevin had gotten involved in a scandal to help Abigail deal with the Davidsons, Sean couldn’t leave him alone in case something happened.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 273-A Good Show After putting Kevin into a cab, Sean headed toward Joan’s residence.

“What’s going on?” Sean’s expression was dark and mysterious as he sat in the car Xavien used for tailing.

“Their aim is to use Old Mrs. Graham as a threat. She will force you to pressure Mrs. Graham into dropping the lawsuit against Kingston and forgiving him so they can get him released from prison, Xavien stated solemnly.

Sean sneered in response. “Joan is someone who knows how to avoid trouble and seek benefits. She’s already seen the consequences of those who go against me, so she’s not foolish enough to do that. Keep an eye on her. I’m anticipating the good show she will put on for me.” After saying that, he opened the door and disappeared into the darkness.

At that moment, Joan discussed the next day’s plan with Kingston’s friend.

However, a knock on the door startled her.

She quickly exited the temporary chat application and approached the door, asking in a low voice, “Who is it?” “It’s me,” the person outside the door replied.

The owner of this voice was precisely the person Joan had been yearning for day and night.

She eagerly opened the door, but when she saw who the guest was, her face quickly turned pale.

The next morning, as usual, Lina set off from the Graham Estate to go shopping at the supermarket.

She pushed a cart through the crowd and occasionally saw couples with children. She would even- envy the parents who carried a little chubby child in their arms for a while before moving on to the next aisle to pick ingredients.

It’s about time Sean goes on a blind date. This can’t go on forever! Lina sighed.

“Grandma, are you shopping for groceries too?” A familiar voice resonated beside her.

When Lina turned around to see Joan, her expression instantly fell. “Who’s your grandma? I don’t have a granddaughter! I heard that your brother kidnapped Abigail’s grandmother and got into trouble. How many years of imprisonment was he sentenced to?” She was eager to get Sean a wife, but Joan’s brother, who had committed a crime, wouldn’t fit her criteria at all!

Joan felt somewhat awkward due to the elderly woman's reaction. With reddened eyes, she appeared as timid as a rabbit who was bullied. "If it weren't for that old lady from the Quinns insulting Sean and claiming that he has an affair at the hospital, my brother wouldn't have been driven to kidnap her. She was trying to frame him!" "Both of them are ungrateful brats! If Sean were really having an affair, I would've had a great- grandchild by now. Why would they even be involved?!" Lina was instantly enraged upon hearing it and started mumbling.

Seeing an opportunity, Joan tagged behind her and added fuel to the fire. "You must watch out for Sean, Grandma. Lately, he's been in frequent contact with Abigail, and they even went to a bar together." Upon hearing this, Lina immediately turned to her and scolded angrily, "When did they start contacting each other again?" "Something happened at Abigail's studio, so she asked for Sean's help," Joan explained as she naturally reached out and pushed Lina's shopping cart.

Lina was fuming by now, and her eyes showed complete disgust. "I knew it!

Sean was definitely the one who paid for her fame!" "Yeah, and who knows how much money he spent!" Joan added, playing along.

"You seem to care a lot about him." Lina realized this through her observation despite the look of dismay presented on her face.

"You're aware of my feelings for Sean, don't you, Grandma? I certainly don't want him to get tricked by Abigail," Joan replied obediently.

When Lina turned around to pick her ingredients, she couldn't help but ponder.

Although Joan had a criminal brother, her intense interest in Sean allowed Lina to keep tabs on him through her. This way, she could make arrangements for him and get rid of Abigail, that leech, once and for all!

After a certain amount of consideration, Lina turned back to Joan. "Speaking of which, your brother went astray because of Sean. It has nothing to do with you.

The issues were essentially caused by the Quinns. Without that leech and her grandmother, your brother wouldn't have resorted to crime." Joan burst into tears at her statement. "My brother... is just too loyal. He treats Sean like his own brother and can't stand watching him getting bullied by the Quinns!" Lina could tell Joan was acting, but she didn't express her thoughts directly.

By the time they left the supermarket, Lina had a big smile on her face. "You really shouldn't have paid for this. I'm not short of money, so why are you trying to pay for me?" Joan looked at her with reluctance and uttered softly, "It doesn't matter whether or not you're short of money. It's the thought that counts." "Let's exchange numbers. From now on, you'll accompany me when I go grocery shopping. You know what Sean's food preferences are since you've been in a relationship with him before, so you can act as my advisor!" Lina suggested, acting like a magnanimous elder.

"Maybe not. My brother has done wrong because of Sean, so Sean doesn't want me to have contact with him or the people around him. We've merely encountered each other by fate today, so he should be fine with it. However, if he finds out I'm in contact with you, he'll be infuriated," Joan lamented with red eyes, looking genuinely hurt.

"You know where I live, don't you? I have a morning exercise routine, and I like to jog along the road outside the Graham Estate. Perhaps you can join me for a run. Sean has been enchanted by Abigail, so he's not affectionate with me anymore, but I'm getting old, and I really hope to have someone to talk to, alright?" Lina suggested before she left with the accompanying driver.

When Joan watched her back as she left, a smug slowly crept up her face.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 274-Sean Is on a Blind Date At noon, Sean was summoned to the restaurant by a call from Lina.

As soon as his tall figure appeared in the restaurant, he immediately drew the attention of many women.

However, Sean looked as though he was oblivious to the stares. Taking Cameron with him, he walked toward the dining table where Lina sat and took his seat.

Meanwhile, Cameron stood silently behind him.

Lina glanced at Cameron before putting on a displeased look on her face. "Must you bring your assistant when you have a meal with me? It's not like you're here to talk about business affairs." "Since we're here to have a meal, let's start ordering." Sean changed the subject, picked up menu on the side, and browsed through the food.

But after turning a page, a person with a faint floral fragrance sat beside him.

At once, Sean furrowed his brows and looked to his side.

the Before him was a girl with long, silky hair wearing a white dress and holding a purse studded with pearls sitting at the dining table.

When Sean looked at her, she nodded slightly and greeted him in a tender voice. "Hi, Seanie. My name is Lucy Snyder." Her appearance was as pure as the driven snow. Her voice sounded like a trickling stream, and her aura exuded a pleasant vibe despite her not looking particularly beautiful.

"Do I know you?" Sean asked while looking at the woman expressionlessly.

Upon hearing that, Lucy turned to look at Lina with a slightly embarrassed demeanor. Even so, she wasn't angered by his derisory remark.

With a straight face, Lina explained, "Sean, this is Frank Snyder's daughter. She just came back from studying abroad not long ago. She always called you Seanie when you two were still young, remember? Since she has yet to make new friends upon her return, I figured you could take her around to get her familiarized with the city after the meal." "Grandma, do I look like I'm very idle to you?" Sean questioned. Even though he had a smile on his face, his words were harsh.

"If you're busy, arrange for her to join your company as your secretary. That way, not only can she get familiar with the environment, but it won't delay your work, Lina said. Then, she turned around, smiled at Lucy, and added, "The chef in this restaurant has cooked for state dinners. You *

must have missed the food at home after years of staying in Findella and having their Findellian cuisine." "Yes, I am. Besides, I have yet to taste the dishes made by a state dinner master chef. I can grab this opportunity and have a taste." She looked as gentle as the autumn wind, her whole face appearing as clear as water.

Lina was extremely pleased.

As expected, such a graceful and beautiful young lady is indeed attractive.

Just as Sean dropped the menu, got up, and was about to leave, he met with Abigail and Ronaldo, who were entering the restaurant.

The two made eye contact.

When Abigail saw him, she was stunned for a moment and then nodded at him.

After that, when she saw the gentle young lady, she immediately understood what was happening at the table.

Upon seeing this, Cameron silently mourned for Sean.

This has got to be a joke! I can't believe Mr. Graham is this unlucky! Judging from the look in Mrs. Graham's eyes, I can tell she must have misunderstood the situation.

"Mr. Graham, what a coincidence!" Ronaldo greeted him with a smile. His smile grew profound when his gaze fell on Lucy.

"Let's proceed to our table. Mr. Fernandez, you have to try the food in this restaurant. Their chef has cooked for state dinners and is well-known on the internet," Abigail whispered to Ronaldo in a confident and graceful manner.

At first, Lina wanted to ridicule her.

However, Abigail's aura made her feel a little unfamiliar. It was as though today was her first time meeting her.

Compared with someone like Lucy, a beautiful daughter of a humble family, Abigail's superior-like aura was the sure winner.

"It was a pity that I didn't have time to finish savoring the delicacies here last time because I was in such a hurry. Today, I have to take advantage of this opportunity and taste them all." Ronaldo smiled as he walked toward the dining table.

With one walking in front and another walking behind, the two finally reached their table and took their seats by the window.

Lina watched Abigail warily for a long time. She felt extremely uncomfortable when she realized that Abigail didn't spare them a single look.

"Grandma, since you like it here, why don't you stick around and enjoy your meal with Miss Snyder? I shall take my leave first." Sean stood up and left without looking back.

Cameron was surprised, for he thought Sean would change his mind and stay around to have lunch due to Abigail's presence in the restaurant.

"Sean!" Lina rose to her feet.

As her voice was loud, both Abigail and Ronaldo heard her shout too.

Fortunately, because it was a high-end and customer-limiting restaurant, the shout didn't attract the attention of the guests at the other tables besides Abigail's.

Sean calmly glanced in Abigail's direction, only to discover that she didn't even raise her head.

So, she won't mind even if I really am on a blind date today?

"Cameron, remember to inform the restaurant's owner that whatever the guests at this table ordered will be on me." Sean left the table without looking back after he finished giving his order.

At this moment, Lina suddenly placed her hand over her chest and said, "Sean... Y-You really are pissing me off..."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 275-It's Just That the Villain Has Aged Still, Ronaldo was feeling a little gossipy. For that reason, he frequently looked at the table where Sean sat.

Sensing something was off with the situation, Cameron immediately went to the corner and made a phone call.

Within two minutes, the few guests in the restaurant were kindly escorted out by the servers.

Two guests remained, though, since Cameron wasn't sure if he should ask the server to show Abigail and Ronaldo the door. Therefore, he approached Sean and asked, "What about Ms. Quinn and her guest?" "Leave them," Sean replied flatly. After that, he turned around and cast Lina a cold look. "I will ask Xavien to call an ambulance. Grandma, you should have just stayed at the Graham Estate if you are feeling unwell. I am a perfectly healthy young man. I can take care of myself." Then, he glanced at Lucy without a word. He turned around, planning to leave.

However, Lucy could feel her whole body turn rigid because of his glance.

"You are still in love with Abigail, aren't you?!" Lina suddenly raised her voice.

Minutes ago, she was still restraining herself a little as there were guests in the restaurant. But now that all guests except for Abigail and Ronaldo were gone, she couldn't be bothered to lower her voice.

Upon hearing her name suddenly get called, Abigail cursed in silence. Sh*t! Just my luck!

“You think I don’t know? Something has currently gone wrong in her studio, and you, along with Kevin, are the ones bearing all the consequences for her. Just how much more money want to give to her and her grandmother?!” Lina expressed bitterly. Shortly after, she glared at do Abigail, who looked wretched and confused. “If you don’t have what it takes to run a business, just you go and work hard as an employee then! You and Sean are divorced, yet you still-” “Cameron, what are you doing standing there?!” Sean questioned before she could finish speaking, his voice abruptly turning frosty.

Trembling in fright, Lucy immediately grabbed her bag and escaped without Cameron’s order.

“Lulu!” Lina yelled, attempting to stop her.

Cameron walked up to Ronaldo and gave him an extremely modest smile. “Mr.

Fernandez, we have some private matters to deal with here, so why don’t you step aside for a while and allow me to take you to enjoy your meal at a nice restaurant right away? I can assure you that you will absolutely be satisfied.

“Well, since Mr. Graham has some family affairs to deal with here, I suppose we should just have our lunch at another restaurant. Mr. Hopkins, there’s no need for trouble.” Abigail stood up.

Despite feeling a little bummed, Ronaldo still got up and nodded in agreement.

“No problem. Let’s go, then.” Yet, Lina stopped Abigail before she could walk out. “I’m warning you—keep pestering Sean, and don’t blame me for being ruthless.” The muscle in Sean’s face tightened as he suppressed his anger.

Meanwhile, Cameron was sweating profusely. Without delay, he showed Ronaldo the door.

When there were only the three of them left in the restaurant, Abigail looked at Lina with an indifferent expression and said in an extremely calm tone, “I have no idea that eating in the same restaurant means pestering. Old Mrs. Graham, don’t you think you’re being too oppressive? You’re not the owner of this restaurant, so why can’t I bring my friends over for a meal? Is that illegal?”

Besides, Mr. Graham offers me a helping hand simply because he feels guilty for hurting my family!" Knowing Abigail was feeling deeply wronged, Sean swiftly expressed his apology. "Ms. Quinn, shouldn't have presumptuously interfered in your affairs.

For that, I'm sorry." Upon hearing that, Lina looked at him with pain written all over her face, and tears welled up in her eyes. "So, you're going to act cruelly toward me for the sake of an outsider? Is that it? I see it now. You won't stop until you piss me off!" Abigail ignored Lina, turned around, and planned to leave.

"I'm sorry. In the end, I still caused you trouble." Sean apologized again from behind her.

However, Abigail didn't respond and simply left with an icy expression.

As soon as she left, the coldness all over Sean faded away. He raised his hand to pinch his eyebrows and sat at the table without uttering a word.

"Sean... If you go along with my arrangement for today and have a nice meal with Lulu, I won't give Abigail a hard time. I'll pay no attention to her no matter how you help her. Marry Lulu and have a child with her if she's compatible with you. What do you think? Are we good?" Ultimately, Lina didn't dare to push Sean too hard.

Moreover, she wasn't sure if it was her illusion, but she had a feeling that her grandson cared about Abigail more.

"I will not get married, and I will never change my mind, no matter how many more blind dates you set up. Feel free to make excuses for me to meet these heiresses if you aren't afraid of offending others. I will just give them my attitude, though," Sean answered, his gaze indifferent.

"Sean, do you want to drive me to an early grave? What's so good about Abigail?! You both are divorced, yet you still want to defend her? She's the one who is incompetent and always relies on men-" "Grandma!" Sean suddenly slammed his palm on the table and sprung to his feet, interjecting her.

Upon looking at him up close, Lina realized that Sean's eyes were bloodshot. At once, her heart twitched in pain, and tears streamed down her cheeks. "Are you seriously going to condemn yourself so much and disobey me for her sake?" "I have always stood on the side of justice! Did you ever feel guilty for bullying Old Mrs. Quinn and causing her to be

hospitalized? Why do you still have the nerve to keep making humiliating remarks at them?" Each word that escaped Sean's lips hit the nail on the head.

"Previously, you weren't guilt-stricken too, regarding the acupuncture incident conducted by the traditional medicine doctor either! I can't believe you can truly keep hurting them with a clear conscience. Indeed, you are my Grandma, but at the same time, I also know that you are a wicked old lady. This makes me feel very disappointed and helpless." With that, Sean stood up dejectedly and walked toward the restaurant's door.

"Grandma, since you're unrepentant, then let's not see each other anymore.

Right now, I'm terrified to see your face." He walked away after saying that.

Lina was trembling all over.

Just then, Xavien took the doctor into the restaurant.

As for Cameron, who waited outside, he immediately stepped forward when he saw Sean come out. Lowering his head, he reported, "Ms. Quinn has left." Despite feeling slightly troubled, Sean hummed in response. Then, with his tone as cold as ever, he said, "Ask Xavien to take good care of Grandma."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 276-I Am Not a Passive Person At last, Abigail and Ronaldo went to another restaurant to have their lunch.

After lunch, she drove him back to L.Moon, but realized that he, who sat in the front passenger seat, kept staring at her.

"What's wrong?" she asked subconsciously.

"Were you... married to Sean before?" Ronaldo asked tentatively. If truth be told, he had already figured it out even though Lina didn't point out clearly who Abigail had a divorce with.

"Yeah, but we're divorced now. It isn't something worth publicizing, right?" Abigail replied nonchalantly.

In other words, she was hinting at him that she hoped he wouldn't tell anyone else.

Looking at her completely indifferent attitude, Ronaldo rested his chin on his hand and observed her. "Did you leave him because you didn't like him?" "Mr. Fernandez, I don't think

we are that close to the point where we can discuss private matters with each other.” Abigail’s side profile appeared indifferent, and her tone sounded gentle yet autocratic. “Besides, I dislike talking about private matters with my clients.” “Ms. Quinn, you’re too serious!” Ronaldo complained under his breath.

Seeing that he was fooling around, Abigail, too, restrained her solemn demeanor. “Have you found out the origin of Micah’s virus?” “I have asked someone to look into it. Don’t worry. There should be information about it in the next two days,” Ronaldo said before suddenly leaning forward.

Curious, he asked, “What’s your plan to deal with Kelly?” “You’ll know when the time comes.” Abigail raised the corner of her mouth slightly, looking enigmatic.

Upon hearing that, Ronaldo said joyfully, “I shall look forward to your big plan, then.” “Mr. Fernandez, we may have suffered a loss this time, but the benefits that await us later will be endless,” Abigail stated.

Sure enough, the reason Ronaldo came here this time wasn’t purely to chat and have lunch with her.

Considering that Abigail had given her employees half a day off, the current atmosphere in the whole studio was quiet.

After unlocking the door and entering the studio, Abigail headed straight to the office while Ronaldo followed closely.

As they stood at the door of the office, Abigail’s originally benign expression turned extremely cold the moment she opened the door.

Micah, who was tied to a chair, lowered her head in defeat when she saw her enter. Perhaps she, too, didn’t expect that Ronaldo would find someone to capture her at the airport and send her back after she left the country.

up “Micah, you have only two options now. You can either be sent to the police station and get locked behind bars for a few years, or you can tell me honestly who the instigator is. I won’t hold you accountable if you tell me.” Abigail stood before the woman and looked at her condescendingly, her tone eerie and merciless.

“Just send me to the police station and let me be imprisoned for a few years, then,” Micah said, exuding the vibe of completely giving up on herself.

Meanwhile, Ronaldo glanced at her. I can't believe Micah would rather go to jail than tell us the instigator!

"You are merely doing it for the money, aren't you? Tell you what—I will pay twice as much as the amount the other party pays you." Abigail raised her hand and pinched Micah's chin, her eyes filled with venom.

"I did it because I am annoyed by you. Stop wasting time and ask the police to come and arrest me already!" Micah glared at her arrogantly, and at the same time, her hatred for Abigail emerged inexplicably.

After loosening her grip on Micah's chin indifferently, Abigail stood up straight and looked at her as though she was looking at garbage. "Mr. Fernandez, you have ways to check the accounts of all her family members, right?" "No doubt. None can escape." Ronaldo didn't take Micah's unyielding attitude seriously at all and responded with a smile on his face.

However, Micah snorted, not fearing their threat.

"You are so confident because you think your backer is more powerful than me and can protect you, but have you forgotten that the deed you and your backer did is a crime? The mills of God grind slowly but surely. As long as you violate the law, you will get caught sooner or later. When that happens, who else will defend your interest?" Abigail looked at Micah as if she was looking at a fool.

"Just sue me, Abigail." With that, Micah lowered her eyes and stopped looking at her.

At this juncture, Abigail knew there was no point in talking about it anymore.

Therefore, she left the office with Ronaldo. She sat on the couch, took out two bottles of water from underneath the coffee table, and handed one to him.

"Damn it! Her lips sure are tight!" Ronaldo took the bottle of water and commented, his voice tinged with anger.

"No matter how tight her lips are, she is still a human. Every human has a weakness." Abigail calmly twisted the cap and took a sip of water.

"What if she refuses? It will be difficult for us to deal with Kelly." A rare hint of worry flickered across Ronaldo's face as he held the bottle of mineral water.

Our position will remain disadvantageous until we possess definite personal or material evidence.

At that thought, he involuntarily looked at Abigail, only to see her drinking her water slowly with calmness in her eyes.

Seeing that she was sinking into her thoughts, Ronaldo stopped talking. Instead, he rested his chin on his hand and observed her.

“Perhaps we have been advancing in the wrong direction,” Abigail suddenly said to him.

At once, Ronaldo gathered his thoughts and asked, “What?” “Keep investigating. As for me, I have some things that I need to deal with recently, so that’s it for today,” she instructed.

“Then how about Micah? Are we going to continue to tie her up here?” He stood For a moment, he couldn’t catch what decision she had made.

up after Abigail.

“Someone will send her to the police station. Our studio will be cooperative regarding the investigation procedure.” With that, Abigail walked out the door.

Ronaldo immediately followed. “Whoa! You sure are swift in changing your mind.” “We can’t keep getting ourselves into dead ends. Otherwise, it will be very passive, and I am not a passive person, alright?” Standing by the door, Abigail raised her eyebrows and elaborated to him.

Since she rarely made such an expression, it made her look expressive for a moment.

Ronaldo’s heart skipped a beat out of surprise. He then walked out of L.Moon in a daze and couldn’t regain consciousness for a while.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 277-Analise Has a Secret Ronaldo’s first impression of Abigail was that she was a gorgeous lady, yet distant and seemed hard to communicate with.

In the eyes of the public, people with such an attitude were deemed as aloof.

Yet, only now did he understand that she wasn’t aloof; she was purely exuding such a vibe.

The two went their separate ways, and Abigail drove home.

Considering that she went back early today, she thought Analise would be waiting at home for her. However, panic struck her once she realized her

grandmother wasn't home. At once, she took out her phone and called her grandmother.

It took a long time for Analise to answer her phone.

"Grandma, where are you? I got off work early today, so I happened to be able to pick you up." Abigail spoke in a relaxed tone as soon as the call got through.

"Oh, that won't be necessary. I'm just watching TV at a friend's house in the complex. I'll be back in a while!" Analise swiftly refused the offer.

A faint smile appeared on Abigail's face the moment she heard that her grandmother had actually made friends. "In that case, have fun with your friends. It's fine too if you come back a little later." After Abigail ended the call, the corner of her mouth raised into a smile.

She couldn't help but be happy for Analise when she thought of the latter wanting to blend into city life.

Once Abigail returned to her room, her phone suddenly rang moments after she turned on the computer.

It turned out to be a message from Sean.

The smile on Abigail's face faded slightly when she remembered the incident that happened in the restaurant.

Sean had sent her a picture.

Curious, Abigail clicked on the picture and was shocked when she spotted her grandmother in it. Through the picture, she could be seen gripping onto someone at the subway entrance, looking as if she was asking for directions.

'When did this happen?' Abigail immediately asked Sean.

'A few minutes ago. Don't worry. I have asked Cameron to follow her.

Thanks. I will keep in touch with Mr. Hopkins and go to pick her up.

With that, Abigail stood up and got ready to head out.

‘Ms. Quinn, are you not aware Old Mrs. Quinn has gone out? If that’s the case, you’d better not go and pick her up. Instead, keep a close eye on her for a few days and see what she does when she goes out. After all, even if she’s your grandmother, I’m sure she still has secrets that she doesn’t want you to know.’ Sean attempted to persuade Abigail to think twice through his text.

Thinking about how Analise lied to her when she called her just now, Abigail eventually agreed that what he said made sense.

But then again, it’s not like I forbid her to go out. Why would she lie to me?

Almost an hour passed, and Analise finally came back with a small cake in her hand.

Before her return, Abigail was in a state of worry and couldn’t refrain from overthinking.

“You’re hungry, aren’t you? My friend specifically asked me to bring this cake back for you to try. Dig in and see if you like it,” Analise announced lovingly as soon as she stepped through the door.

Abigail felt relieved at the sound of her grandmother’s voice. After concealing her emotions, she reached out and took the cake from her. “It looks delicious.

Remember to thank your friend for me, Grandma.” Nevertheless, she still detected the stench of sweat on Analise’s body. It was clear to her that it was the result of being outside for a long time.

“Have you gone to have your blood pressure checked at the complex’s infirmary recently?” Abigail pretended to ask casually as she walked toward the couch with the cake.

‘I have. I even made a lot of friends. You can ask them to testify for me. By the way, why do you always not believe me?’ Analise complained while faking an upset look.

“Nonsense. I’m clearly worried about you,” Abigail refuted with a pout.

Analise hung up the keys and walked to the bathroom. “I’ll make dinner for you after I take a shower.

“Okay. I’m going to my room first. I have yet to finish my work.” Abigail immediately excused herself, for she feared she would have a hard time holding back and couldn’t help but blurt out what was on her mind.

After closing the door, she looked at the cake in her hand. Her eyes slightly welled up with tears as she thought, Grandma even purposely spent money to buy snacks, which she had never been willing to buy, in order to deceive me.

Breathing out a long sigh, Abigail eventually decided to secretly find out what exactly her grandmother was going to do.

The next morning, Abigail acted like she was going to work when, in reality, she was hiding in the complex.

As expected, Analise went out an hour after Abigail hunkered down outside the house.

She trailed behind and discovered that Analise took a bus first and then arrived at the subway station. Analise, who stumbled and lost her direction many times, finally arrived at Pendorf’s train station.

Abigail was puzzled as to why her grandmother would come to a train station.

The gray-haired and hunched-back Analise asked the attendant at the train station how to buy a ticket by herself and the things that she needed to pay attention to when buying a ticket. After receiving her answers from the attendant, she stood aside and repeatedly muttered the steps.

Since she couldn’t remember how to write many words and wasn’t skilled in using her smartphone, she had no choice but to rely on her memory.

Generally, it would surely take less than an hour to complete if it was up to a youth to carry out such a task. Yet, Analise spent almost a whole day.

Under the 4.00PM scorching heat, Analise once again stumbled home with her back hunched.

Instead of following her, Abigail sat at the bus stop and looked up at the sky in confusion.

Even if she wants to return to the countryside, she doesn’t need to take a train.

She just needs to take a bus or a cab. Where exactly does Grandma want to go? Is the place she's going somewhere that I can't find out?

Abigail was so preoccupied with the many thoughts in her mind that she still couldn't figure it out even after she sat there until the sky turned dark.

I don't even know how to ask Grandma either. What if she tells me the day she's about to leave? If I ask her now, it will be the same as me telling her that I have followed her. It will only make her sad, so I can't do that.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 278-Turns Out to Be a Loser Abigail returned home with her heart filled with worry.

She opened the door and looked into the living room.

However, her expression immediately turned cold when she saw the person sitting in the living room.

"Who permitted you to come to my house?!" Abigail questioned Chad angrily.

Upon hearing her shout, Analise swiftly ran out of the kitchen. Looking at Chad, who was smiling gently, and then at Abigail, she asked with a look of

incomprehension, "What's wrong?" "Grandma, you shouldn't let strangers in when I'm not home!" Abigail walked to Analise and pulled the elderly woman to stand behind her, protecting her from Chad.

"Ms. Quinn, how can you be so certain that I don't know her? Besides, your Grandma is an adult. You can't restrict her from making friends." Chad had a smile on his face, completely ignoring her anger.

"Mr. Lancome, I suggest you leave my house now. Otherwise, don't blame me for attacking you!" Abigail wasn't in the mood to make small talk with him at all.

In fact, her tone of voice was so frosty that it surprised Analise a little.

After all, this was Analise's first time seeing Abigail wholly on guard like this.

"I know Mr. Lancome. He lives in this complex. Not only that, he was the one who asked me to bring you a cake yesterday, so stop speaking so harshly to him," Analise kindly explained while tugging on Abigail's sleeve.

"Grandma-" Abigail nearly blurted out the truth but eventually held back.

Then, she took a deep breath and added, "Grandma, why don't you go to the kitchen while I and have a chat with him?" go Meanwhile, Chad watched them like a cunning fox, the wheels in his mind turning incessantly.

"Okay." Analise turned around and entered the kitchen.

After that, Abigail walked to the door and shouted at Chad through gritted teeth, "Come out!" Only then did he leisurely walk out of the house and follow her to the downstairs of the apartment complex. Looking at the fuming Abigail, he mocked, "I thought you would always be so sure of victory before I came over. My, my, it turns out that you, too, have moments when you feel so anxious." "Grandma is my family member. Of course, I am anxious. As for you, you don't have a sense of shame and have become someone's lackey, eh?" Abigail countered coldly.

114 The complacent smile on Chad's face faded slightly after he heard that. "Ms.

Quinn, insulting guests isn't what a lady would do." "What does it matter to you whether I am a lady or not? Stop educating me on how to be a woman. A sc*mbag like you isn't worthy of that position." Abigail cast him a piercing look.

This lackey of Kelly really has crossed the line!

"Ms. Quinn, it's just a thousand pearls. Think about your grandmother. You still have to manage "Ms. Quinn, it's just a thousand pearls. Think about L.Moon well to support her. Her health deteriorates year after year. Surely, you need to spend money on plenty of things." Chad folded his arms across his chest and spoke in a condescending demeanor.

"I won't sell the pearls to you even if I keep them as marbles to play with, so you can just hold on to the money given to you by your backer and covet them!" Abigail scoffed.

Upon hearing that, Chad looked at her with disdain. "So what if you find out?

Ms. Quinn, you'd best heed my advice and not go against the heiress of Capitalis." After a momentary pause, he continued, "How about this? You can name any price you want for the

pearls. Regardless of how much, the amount of money you receive will be enough for you to live the rest of your life with your grandmother. But if you go against a rich young lady such as the heiress of Capitalis, not only will you be miserable, but you may also involve your grandmother in this matter.” Abigail turned down his offer as she stared him down. “I’m only going to tell you this once—I will undoubtedly skin you alive if you cross the line like you did today. Sure, go ahead and be as proud as you want now, but if I ever see you showing up in this complex again, I will hire someone to beat you to the point you are immobilized! I dare you to try it if you don’t believe me!” With that, she immediately left.

Chad squinted his eyes and watched as she left. Moments after, he snorted coldly. “How indiscriminating!” After that, he turned around, and just as he was about to leave, he got punched in the face.

“Argh!” Chad cried out in pain. Before he could respond, he was kicked hard in the stomach again, causing him to stagger and fall to the ground.

Cameron stepped forward, lifted him by the collar, and dragged the barely conscious Chad toward Sean’s car.

Meanwhile, Sean sat in the car with one hand resting on the window. Although his demeanor seemed indifferent, he was full of anger.

Cameron threw Chad to the ground before kicking him in the knee.

Chad’s legs went weak, and he knelt on the ground with a thud.

The severe pain from his knee made him break into a cold sweat, waking him up.

His body trembled in fear, and his face instantly took on a total ghastly expression once he looked up and saw Sean.

“What’s the matter? Did you lose the arrogance you had earlier?” Sean tilted his head, put his fingers together to support his temples, and asked coldly.

Even though Chad tried his best to calm down, his voice couldn’t stop quivering as he mumbled, “I’m just here to run errands for someone... I have no intention of giving Ms. Quinn a hard time...” Sean snorted when he heard that. “Tsk! So, it turns out that you’re a loser who bullies the weak and fears the strong!” With that, he sat up straight and ordered Cameron flatly, “Disable him and then have someone send him to the heiress of Capitalis bedroom.” “Yes, Mr. Graham.” Cameron grabbed Chad by the hair and dragged him toward the trees.

As soon as Abigail returned home and saw Analise serving food to the table, she said with a straight face, "About that man... He came to my company and forced me to make a trade with him, but I refused. That's why he came to our house. Yet, you were still defending him earlier?" "No, I didn't. I really know him," Analise replied. But since she knew Abigail was angry, her tone was slightly lower.

"Grandma, I don't mind you making friends, but trust me, Chad isn't a good person. Don't treat him as a friend anymore, got it? He approached you on purpose. Besides, how can you tell if he tells a few lies?" Abigail expressed her powerlessness.

It seems that Chad has arrived here for a long time and has investigated everything about me in the shadows!

I Want a Divorce Chapter 279-Her Royal Highness the Princess Is So Imposing!

Analise put the dishes on the dining table and muttered unhappily.

"How can I be so easily deceived? When I was young, I was the queen of Quinn Village, and I even married your grandfather, the most handsome man in the village. You can ask the folks in Quinn Village, and they will tell you that I had never fallen into lies since I was born!" Her words successfully made Abigail laugh.

At the same time, she couldn't help but recall the scene where her grandmother chased her bully from one edge of the village to another with a broom.

Even so, Abigail couldn't forget Analise was now an elder who couldn't even take a cab.

"Still big cities are different from villages. Folks in villages meet regularly, so we more or less know them through and through. City folks, on the other hand, are complex. Moreover, you don't see each other often, so how can you tell their character?" Abigail smiled, not forgetting to remind Analise.

"Fine, I get it. By the way, what business deal is he forcing you to make, Abby?"

The matter at your work is serious, isn't it?" Analise looked at her. Although her gaze was hazy, her eyes carried concern.

"No, I didn't agree to his deal. I guess someone had entrusted him to complete this mission. That's why he would unscrupulously come to our house today." As Abigail didn't want to worry her grandmother, she downplayed the severity of the matter.

Moreover, she would never let Chad have the chance to come to her house!

After dinner, Abigail was busy in her room.

Analise returned to her room and locked the door. She sat by the bed, held her phone, and quietly sent a voice message to Chad.

“Please don’t cause trouble for Abby anymore! I will follow you to Capitalis, but I won’t if you make things difficult for her again.” To her dismay, her message never received a reply.

Analise clutched her phone and stared at Abigail’s picture on the screen saver, her heart filled with deep sorrow and loss.

Eventually, I still have to face this day.

Abigail, who worked until midnight, finally received the emails she wanted.

She opened it and read through each one of them.

Chad Lancome was the CEO of Katie Jewelry based in Capitalis.

Katie Jewelry was a family business that had been operating in Capitalis for hundreds of years. Among the pieces of jewelry sold there, some were high– end, while others were affordable. All the affordable ones had received a good reputation among their customers in towns and villages. Hence, their annual sales were very consistent.

Moreover, all the generational CEOs of the company had excellent reputations.

It was to be expected. After all, Katie Jewelry was a large enterprise. Of course, the public image of those in power must be positive.

Chad’s overall information was impressive, and his public image was excellent.

However, this was precisely what Abigail wanted.

Truth be told, she was initially afraid that Chad would have some heinous past.

Once she finished studying the information, Abigail logged onto Twitter and edited a tweet using Alana’s account.

It was almost midnight by the time she completed it.

As soon as Abigail tweeted, she squinted her eyes slightly. The coldness in her eyes made her look even more distant and unkind.

Resting her chin on her crossed hands, she whispered, “Kelly, the show is about to begin. I wonder if you can handle the drama I have for you.” Within seconds, her tweet attracted the attention of many media outlets.

After all, she was also a celebrity and had many fans.

Not only that, she rarely tweeted on Twitter and mostly just retweeted other people’s tweets.

‘Are all jewelers so arrogant nowadays? Why can’t they just go to the pearl farms and buy the pearls that they want? Why must they rob others of their pearls? What’s wrong? Are looted pearls more precious?’ After Kevin read out the tweet to Sean, the former turned to look at him and exclaimed, “I can’t believe she personally challenged Chad!” Holding his phone, Sean carefully watched the video attached to Abigail’s tweet.

After that, he replied calmly, “Chad is nothing but a cover-up.” As he spoke, he put away his phone, his eyes carrying an expectant smile.

“How do you know? How can you tell?” Kevin looked confused.

He repeatedly read the words and watched the video in Abigail’s tweet. Yet, he couldn’t spot any due.

“We were married for three years. Of course, I know: Sean leaned on the couch, picked up the beer on the coffee table, took a sip, and continued, “Chad can no longer give her an answer, but it’s fine. The longer he refuses to answer, the more beneficial the situation will be for Abigail.” Only, he didn’t expect that coincidentally confronting Chad would create a more favorable situation for Abigail. All the netizens are scolding Katie. Do you want me to contact the team on Twitter and secure a top spot in the list of trending topics for her so that more netizens can condemn Katie and Chad?” Kevin didn’t think it was a big deal, and he even tried to make things worse while excitedly rubbing his palms together.

At present, he especially wanted to know the profound meaning behind Abigail’s tweet “That won’t be necessary. You’re also a suspect, and yet, you still have the time to pay attention to others. Keep your guard up. If not, the Davidsons will certainly cause trouble for her if they have you by the short hairs, got it?” Sean glanced at him and stated, his tone full of disdain.

“Uh... Kevin felt awkward at the mention of the topic.

He hadn't gone out to hang out much recently. Every day, he would drop by Sean's place to have a drink after getting off work.

As Katie didn't respond, the topic regarding Abigail's tweet silently started to make its way up the trending searches list, and it was currently seated at the bottom of the top 20 trends.

While waiting for Chad's call. Abigail was also reading replies left by her fans on Twitter.

'So, it turns out that because our Ally has become famous after designing a dress for Lexie to the point that even her buying pearls now can be sought- after. Chad from Katie Jewelry clearly can rob her off directly, yet he still offers to pay. Oh, I'm seriously going to weep until I die! Heiress of Capitalis? More like Her Royal Highness the Princess. She's being extremely merciful by only looting the pearls from L.Moon's studio instead of directly ruining the whole business.

'Oh my Gosh, Ally! You have succeeded! You have caught the attention of Her Royal Highness the Princess. Since she wants the pearls, why don't you just give them to her? L.Moon has just started to grow, so I fear the studio will vanish into thin air at the command of Her Royal Highness the Princess. Ally, hurry up and raise your white flag! Oh, Ally, I can't live without you!' "What the hell? Are we having a family reunion banquet? Wow, so the pheasant who suddenly claims ties with the elites after having lived among us normal citizens is so eager to exercise her royal authority now? Too bad Her Highness can't afford Tahitian pearls from abroad. That's why she has no choice but to steal L.Moon's pearls. Although money is not an issue, it's still unethical to steal the pearls bought by others.

Dear princess whom I have never met before, I must say that you truly are the best among the best!" As Abigail watched her fans fight a brave battle for her, she felt that she wasn't alone for the first time.

I have many fans who adore L. Moon and my works as my spiritual support.

They will accompany L.Moon and me through this difficult time.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 280-Excellent Counterattack Abigail had made a wise move by posting this tweet. Now, she could use her tweet and ridicule Kelly to a complete defeat with the help of netizens after having been disgusted by her overtly and secretly previously. She was in a good mood after reading the supportive replies under her tweet. She had to be more mindful if she wanted to take another approach through the internet in the future, now that she was currently using the web traffic to deal with Kelly. After all, the internet was like a

double-edged sword. One wrong move would result in getting injured. The next day, Luna informed Abigail that Katie's legal team was waiting for her in her office as soon as she arrived at L.Moon. Meanwhile, in the Pearson Residence located in Capitalis, Kelly still had no idea about the tweet that Abigail had posted on Twitter last night. When she rolled over, she suddenly hit a wall of flesh. This frightened her to death, and she abruptly opened her eyes. "Argh!" Instantly, a scream sounded from the second floor of the Pearson Residence. Josh was downstairs with his phone, analyzing the identity of the princess who was ridiculed by the netizens in Abigail's tweet. When he heard Kelly's scream, his hands shook in surprise, and his phone fell to the carpet with a clatter. Ignoring his phone, he rose to his feet and ran upstairs. As for the helpers in the villa, they all took action and immediately followed him upstairs. Josh pushed open Kelly's bedroom door, and his eyes instantly widened in shock when he saw a middle-aged man lying on her bed. Nonetheless, he was quick to react. He directly entered the room and slammed the door shut, locking out all the helpers. "Josh!" She seemed to be greatly frightened. At first, she was standing at the end of her bed, but after he came in, she swiftly threw herself into his arms and wailed, "Who did it... Why must they do this to me?!" Likewise, Josh was furious. Our house has been peaceful since Kelly returned. Yet, I never expected someone would give us such a big surprise in our peaceful days! "There, there... Get changed first, and I'll check who this man is." Josh patted Kelly's back, his tone still containing restrained anger despite sounding gentle. Kelly sobbed and nodded. She took two steps back before grabbing her pajamas and entering the bathroom with an uneasy look on her face. Once she was inside the bathroom, Josh walked to the bed and pulled the man up to face him. Upon seeing Chad with a bruised nose and swollen face, he abruptly furrowed his brows. Josh's facial expression tinged with mixed emotions. That's strange. Abigail was condemning Chad last night, yet he shows up in Kelly's bedroom looking like this today. Is he helping Kelly acquire Abigail's pearls? Chad had been cleaned out of the Pearson Residence and sent to the hospital by the time Kelly came out of the bathroom. Josh had extremely mixed feelings when he looked at Kelly's teary eyes and ghastly face. I can't go straight to Abigail and interrogate her regarding this matter. In addition, I absolutely don't believe that she would do such a thing. Perhaps there is a misunderstanding about this matter. "Do you know Chad?" Josh asked. Kelly was already seated at the dining table and had just taken the glass of milk handed to her by the housekeeper. The moment she heard Josh's question, she froze momentarily before quickly resuming her initial expression. "Who is he?" she asked with a confused look. "The person who lay in your bed this morning is Chad Lancome. By the looks of it, he has sustained a severe injury. I will look into this matter. Don't worry about your reputation getting tarnished. It won't happen since everyone in this house is trustworthy. Also, we have hired a group of bodyguards to protect you day and night. Don't think too much. Mom, Dad, and I will be here for you. We absolutely won't let you suffer regarding what happened this morning!" Josh comforted Kelly softly, his

eyes filled with indescribable affection. At this moment, his best guess was that some people in the house who did not accept Kelly might have done this on purpose. Kelly hummed and nodded in response. Then, she lowered her eyes and sniffed. "I will follow your advice and behave." Every time such words escaped her lips, Josh felt all the sorrier for her. In his view, such a cautious, obedient, and sensitive character was the result of living a life full of hardships after years of getting lost. If possible, he hoped that she could be more playful. In fact, he wouldn't mind even if she caused random chaos at home. While Josh was dealing with the matter, Kelly tightened her grip on the glass slightly. I can't believe Abigail is so competent! So, this is how you want to play? Making me afraid by quietly sending Chad to my bedroom? After breakfast, Kelly received a message. She opened it, and her face took on a ghastly expression as soon as she read Abigail's tweet. Upon seeing those netizens naming her 'Pheasant Princess,' she held back her humiliation and returned to her bedroom. Just then, she received another message from the other party. 'Didn't you say that Abigail would give up after a while? Her approach is clearly wise. Even without mentioning any names, she could make the netizens go after you. Moreover, Chad is no longer useful to us, so we have decided to pull out promptly unless you tell us your next plan.' Thanks to the message, Kelly gradually calmed down. 'She would have been an unworthy opponent if I could easily suppress her. She wants to drive me mad through the netizens' chastisement, but that's a wrong move. She can't get her hands on any evidence, so she can only use this method to repulse me. What's the point, though?' After sending the message, Kelly murmured with a condescending look on her face, "Abigail, it's such a pity that you can't even name me even if you want to confront me. Well, I guess that's all you can do. Now that you have pissed me off, you shall see how I fight back!" 'Since Chad has completed his mission, get rid of him if you think he is no longer competent. Next, we shall wait for her grandmother to arrive in Capitalis. Be sure to arrange everything properly. I want her dead!' Kelly slowly exhaled after typing and sending the second message. Dear Abigail, go ahead and make the netizens come after me. I will take the life of the people around you for compensation!

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I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

281-290

I Want a Divorce Chapter 281-Analise's Secret Abigail sat silently in her office, listening to Katie's lawyer without saying a word. "Ms. Quinn, we shouldn't have hard feelings in business.

Posting something like that online is too extreme. By doing so, you're damaging his reputation, and you'll have to face severe consequences. Moreover, he disappeared without a trace after he visited your home. Can you honestly claim that you have no involvement in this matter?" the lawyer continued prodding. "Alana's lawyer will speak to you later. You won't benefit from trying to explain now!" Abigail's assistant replied to the lawyer, her expression stern. Instead of responding to the assistant, the lawyer continued, "Mr. Lancome's disappearance could benefit your online blog significantly. Was this part of your plan, Ms. Quinn?" Abigail picked up her teacup elegantly, took a sip, and even yawned. Since Katie was not easy to deal with, Abigail had no intention of saying a word to her lawyer. She didn't want to fall into any traps during their conversation, which could potentially lead to her having to pay a substantial sum to Katie. Noticing her continued silence, the lawyer rubbed his temples. He was simmering with anger as he whispered to Katie's vice president, "We should probably wait for her lawyer to arrive since she's not willing to speak." Katie's vice president, who happened to be Chad's cousin, Yaron Lancome, checked his watch and couldn't hold back any longer. "Ms. Quinn, we're all in this business to make a living. Going to court won't be in anyone's interest. We will carefully consider your demands, and as long as they are reasonable, we will agree to them." Abigail's gaze fell on his relatively gentle face as she responded nonchalantly, "Mr. Lancome, let's have both our lawyers handle this. It's my first time sitting down formally to discuss a matter lawsuit with someone, so it's quite intimidating." Even though she said that, there was no hint of fear in her demeanor. Yaron's lips twitched, and his brows knitted tightly as he looked at Abigail. Just as he was about to "In that case, we won't take up any more of your speak, Katie's lawyer yanked his sleeve slightly time, Ms. Quinn." With that, the lawyer pulled Yaron aside. A group of over a dozen people in suits emerged from L.Moon, shocking passersby, who looked at them but dared not approach. Yaron walked to the entrance of L.Moon and turned to look at the sign hanging outside the studio. His face darkened as he muttered, "Alana might be a woman, but she's cunning! How dare she release a video challenging Katie openly? She definitely has a hidden agenda." They had initially come here today to intimidate Abigail into seeking reconciliation. However, they ended up merely sitting with her for half an hour. She sipped water and yawned, and as soon as their lawyer opened his mouth, she didn't even bother letting out a squeak! It made them feel passive and afraid to say anything harsh or speak bluntly for fear of causing a loophole. They feared that she might catch onto something to use against them in her tweet. With a grim expression, Yaron got into the car and rubbed his forehead. "Head back to Capitalis!" As the car slowly started moving, Chad saw Sean in a luxury car across the street. Their gazes met, and Yaron caught Sean slowly curling his lips into a mocking and meaningful smile. For a moment, his mind seemed to pause, but soon, he realized what the other party's expression meant. Abigail not only had fans supporting her but also the influence behind Sean! Cameron watched Yaron's car drive away and turned to Sean. "It doesn't look

like he's fared well." "Do you really think Mrs. Graham is as foolish as to let him bully her in her own studio?" Sean winded the car window up, releasing a sigh of relief. He had been worried about Katie's aggressive approach against Abigail, but now it seemed that his concern was unnecessary. "If Katie really goes to court with L. Moon, L. Moon will still consume significant resources and energy despite its loss. After all, L. Moon is challenging a century-old enterprise." Cameron expressed his concern for Abigail. Litigation demanded significant resources and financial investment, and L. Moon was just starting out. It should be focusing on developing its business, as getting embroiled in a legal dispute at this point could potentially hinder future opportunities. "Have you forgotten about Ronaldo?" Sean asked lightly. Didn't Abigail involve Ronaldo in this dispute to gain his support behind the scenes? Cameron nodded. "I see. Mrs. Graham does have everything arranged." Sean revealed a smile as he murmured, "Let's see how far she can go. Anyway, did you find out the purpose of Old Mrs. Quinn going to the station?" Cameron's expression quickly turned serious when he heard that. "Old Mrs. Quinn had two private meetings with Chad, and both times didn't seem very pleasant. However, she has somehow maintained contact with him. It's just strange." Sean's gaze darkened when he heard Cameron's explanation. "How much do you know about the content of their communication?" Cameron shook his head. "The messages she sends to Chad automatically get deleted. Chad's phone is equipped with special spyware that erases content in real-time, and even the communication companies can't trace it." Leaning back against the seat, Sean gazed ahead, deep in thought. Meanwhile, Cameron started the car and drove slowly to avoid disturbing the man's contemplation. "Old Mrs. Quinn... also has secrets," Sean murmured suddenly. He then instructed Cameron, "In the near future, I want you to keep a constant watch on Old Mrs. Quinn with two of our most reliable team members. I will not allow the slightest room for error."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 282-Crossing the Line After giving instructions to Cameron, Sean leaned back in his seat, intending to take a short nap. As such, Cameron adjusted the air conditioning to a slightly higher temperature.

Ever since the last encounter with Abigail at the bar, Cameron noticed that Sean had started experiencing insomnia.

Sean didn't say anything about it, but Cameron knew that he was feeling uneasy.

Before Sean could even doze off, his phone rang.

He retrieved it from his pocket and noticed that it was a call from Josh. With a cold snort, he tapped on the answer button and shut his eyes, remaining silent.

“What’s going on with Chad?” Josh’s voice was cold and demanding over the phone.

With a lazy tone, Sean replied, “He’s right there with you. Can’t you just ask him?” “Sean, I’m not asking what Chad did. I’m asking why you sent him to my place?!” Josh’s anger could no longer be contained as he scolded Sean. “No matter how dissatisfied you are with Kelly, you shouldn’t be sending a middle– aged man to her room!” “Why would I be dissatisfied with someone I have no connection to?” Sean coldly retorted, his tone unmistakably chilling.

Josh suddenly fell silent.

“We should mind our own business, and if we can’t, then you might want to look into who crossed the line,” Sean uttered indifferently before raising his hand to massage his throbbing temples.

“Kelly would never do anything to hurt Abigail. There must be a misunderstanding. You acted without fully understanding the situation. What’s going to happen to Kelly in the future because of this?” Josh’s tone sounded calmer and more composed when he spoke.

Unable to hide his impatience, Sean clicked his tongue. “Do I need to understand your intentions to protect your sister?” Josh let out a deep breath. “I understand how enraged you are about Chad pressuring Abigail to sell the pearls, and I’m angry about it too. But I asked Kelly, and she told me she didn’t know him. Our family situation is also somehow complex. If someone bullies Abigail in the future using Kelly’s name, you can’t handle it the same way as you did this time.” “I have no interest in knowing the specifics of the Pearsons. As long as the information suggests a connection with her, I will take it over. Instead of making demands, you’d better hurry up and get to the bottom of things, Mr. Pearson,” Sean suggested with a blank face before hanging up.

While driving, Cameron asked tentatively, “Mr. Pearson seems to be biased after finding out that Mrs. Graham is not his sister.” Sean opened his eyes, but his expression was indifferent. “His initial kindness toward Abigail was probably based on the assumption that she was a member of the Pearsons. Now that she’s not, his favoritism will naturally fade. It’s just human nature to favor one’s own family.” After Josh hung up the phone, he turned around to find Kelly staring at him with reddened eyes. He quickly walked up to her and asked out of concern, “What’s wrong?” “Why must Sean do this to me?” Her eyes were filled with teary innocence, making her appear pitiful.

“His thoughts have always been hard to fathom, and he isn’t one to get along with easily. He acts according to his own whims and won’t even think twice about it. It’s not surprising that he would do something like this,” Josh explained in a soothing tone.

Lowering her eyes, she asked, “Is he like this with everyone?” “More or less,” he responded. Even after three years of marriage, it wasn’t until their divorce that Abigail left a significant impact on Sean’s heart.

The man’s heart was evidently cold.

“I sec... Regarding Chad’s situation, how are you planning to explain it to Abigail? If she continues to misunderstand me, I’ll be really sad,” Kelly mumbled softly, wearing a troubled expression.

“I’ll investigate the situation and clarify everything with her. Don’t worry,” Josh replied gently. He realized that he needed to personally meet with Abigail and explain everything, especially since she had left without a word.

On the other hand, Kelly was sent to the garden by Josh.

She felt uneasy at the thought of Chad being sent over by Sean.

Even though Josh had assured her, she knew that Sean had acted this way for the sake of Abigail.

Last time, he had confronted the Davidsons for bothering Abigail online.

It should be the same case this time, as there was no other reason for him to confront Chad when this matter did not involve him at all.

Downstairs, Josh had just let out a sigh when he received a call from Eric.

He answered the call, sounding somewhat weary. “Are you calling to ask about the matter online between Chad and Abigail?” “Is Kelly really out of the picture?” Eric knew about Chad and Abigail’s matter.

Chad was in a disadvantageous position and wouldn’t gain any benefits, but if Kelly had been involved, he would seek justice for Abigail.

“Do you think it’s possible? Kelly just returned a few days ago, and what capability does she have to manipulate someone like Chad to help her with anything? Someone is likely using her name to pick on Abigail, and their intentions aren’t difficult to guess,” Josh responded in a cold tone.

“I just called Abigail to clarify. They mentioned that your account had once paid 657 thousand to her studio. You shouldn’t be unaware of what this number represents, should you?” Eric’s tone was not as friendly as usual and held a hint of coldness.

“I have no idea about that!” Josh immediately defended himself.

“Who knows the details of your account and password?” Eric questioned calmly.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 283-A Complete Victory Josh felt irritated by Eric’s tone.

“Aren’t we friends? How can you be mad at me when you have no conclusive evidence that it was Kelly who did it?” Josh was supportive of Eric pursuing Abigail. However, he was frustrated at Eric because he was accusing Kelly without solid proof, all for Abigail’s sake.

Josh was his closest friend, and he hoped that, in addition to Eric’s feelings for Abigail, the man would also approach this situation rationally, especially since Kelly was Josh’s sister.

Eric’s direct suspicion of Kelly seemed to disregard his feelings as a friend.

In a gold tone, Eric said, “I’ve known you for many years, and I trust you. But I don’t know Kelly, so I have no reason to believe her. Shouldn’t you consider the time you’ve known her? Just tell me Thav if she knows your password.” “How could she possibly know that? Besides, I will find out how my money was transferred to Abigail,” Josh explained.

“I trust Abigail, and I’ll always stand by her side.” Eric declared his determination and promptly hung up the phone.

It was peaceful and quiet at L.Moon Studio throughout the morning. However, during lunchtime, Katie published a post on Instagram.

There was no caption, but she tagged the official account of Pendorf Police Station and attached photos of Chad in the hospital, along with a medical report confirming his injuries. His eyes were swollen, his face had numerous wounds, and he had a cast on one leg.

This post stirred up a significant commotion.

Abigail frowned as she clicked on it and saw that the comments were filled with conspiracy theories.

‘Katie has been renowned in the jewelry business for a century. Even if they are making customized jewelry for someone, do they really need to force them to buy pearls from someone else? Besides, doesn’t Katie have the connections and resources to purchase Tahitian pearls?’ ‘Katie once released limited edition jewelry with Tahitian pearls. Who knows how much of what Alana wrote is true? Moreover, ever since her studio became well-known, it’s been frequently trending online. How can she prove her innocence?’ ‘Let’s hope the netizens stay rational. Even if Chad appeared overly aggressive in the video, beating someone to the point of severe injury is too much, isn’t it?’

Are people from Pendorf this fierce? I’m scared to visit the studio now in case I say something wrong and get beaten.’ Clearly, there were sock puppets trying to shape the narrative.

However, Chad’s injuries were real. The question remained—who was responsible for this incident?

Abigail was skeptical of someone, but she couldn’t be sure.

Faced with Katie’s attempt to manipulate the situation, Abigail wasn’t worried.

The fact that Chad wasn’t causing her trouble anymore was a positive development. As for the sock puppets, it wouldn’t affect her. After all, she was innocent, and any investigation would only prove her innocence.

“Will this have any impact on us?” Abigail’s assistant expressed concern, her face filled with worry.

“We didn’t hurt him, so how could it affect us? But judging from the way he speaks, I’m sure he’s bound to get himself into trouble sooner or later,” Abigail calmly replied before eating her meal again.

Her assistant sighed without another word.

After they finished their meal, the police from Pendorf Police Station replied to Katie’s post.

‘Upon further investigation, it is confirmed that during his visit to Pendorf, Chad Lancome threatened and intimidated one of the responsible individuals from L.Moon, Abigail Quinn. After a failed attempt to force her into a business deal with him, he privately contacted Ms.

Quinn's grandmother. He is suspected of deceiving the elderly lady into befriending him. While deceiving the elderly woman, Mr. Lancome also personally visited Ms. Quinn's home. After being driven away by her, he continued to threaten her without any remorse. He was seen by a passionate young man who identified himself as Mr. Hopkins. He misunderstood Mr. Lancome to be a morally reprehensible man. In order to stand up for justice on behalf of women, Mr. Hopkins took the matter into his own hands and gave Mr. Lancome a beating during the night. Our department has strongly reprimanded Mr. Hopkins, who has caused harm. We have also imposed a fine of 300. We hope that all members of the public will exercise caution in their words and actions and refrain from crossing ethical boundaries at any time and in any place.

Upon reading this statement, Abigail nearly sprayed the water she was drinking onto her computer screen.

On the other hand, Luna burst into laughter while clutching her stomach. "Chad is insane! How could he deceive Old Mrs. Quinn into being friends with him?" Abigail wiped her mouth with a tissue, pondering whether 'Mr. Hopkins' was actually Cameron Hopkins.

She scrolled through the comments to find that everyone was having a good laugh.

'I hope I misunderstood the text about befriending and tricking the old lady.

Otherwise, Chad is truly abnormal. I must also say that this gossip is genuinely hilarious. Mr. Hopkins, the passionate young man, sounds like a modern-day Spider-Man. Even though we don't know what he looks like, he sounds pretty cute.

Mr. Hopkins did a good deed but got fined 300? Being a passionate young man surely isn't easy! Katie, please don't cry foul. Threatening someone by showing up at their home to do business? It's challenging my worldview. Is this the modern way of conducting business? If they are not stirring issues on social media, they're showing up at people's homes in real life. Can't they engage in a more sophisticated form of business competition?' 'Is Katie's social media filled with sock puppets? The police have confirmed that Katie's CEO, Chad Lancome, threatened people, deceived the elderly about pearl purchases, and feigned being a victim. It is truly mind-boggling! What kind of CEO is he? Has he lost his mind? He's the worst. corporate executive of the year. Such outlandish actions can only be carried out by someone foolish.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 284-I Will Leave You One Day When Abigail read the comments from netizens, she couldn't help but smile.

Though they deemed the business tactic rather low-end, it had already brought her a lot of trouble.

With Chad injured, Abigail managed to temporarily secure the pearls in her possession.

The only thing left to deal with was Micah.

Time passed day by day, and a week went by in the blink of an eye.

After leaving the company, Abigail received a call from Anthony.

“Here’s a gentle reminder to come to the alumni reunion tomorrow. Should I pick you up?” Anthony’s voice on the phone was incredibly gentle.

No, thanks. Just send me the address.” Abigail politely declined the offer.

“Alright. By the way, I saw what happened to you online. How are you doing now? Is your grandmother okay? I’ve been really busy lately, and it seems like you’ve been overwhelmed with all these issues, so I only decided to ask you today since I didn’t want to disturb you.” Anthony’s tone was laced with concern.

“I’m fine. Making money is never that easy, and you’re bound to encounter some difficulties, but I’ve managed to resolve them,” Abigail responded. Over the past few days, she had inquired and learned that Sean had been constantly assisting her.

However, since she and Sean had parted ways at the restaurant the other day, she hadn’t seen him again.

He also used to park his car outside L.Moon often, but he no longer did so.

“Okay,” Anthony replied before hanging up.

Clutching her phone, Abigail felt somewhat disheartened. It seemed like there was a growing barrier between her and Anthony.

As soon as she got into her car, she received a call from Ronaldo.

“The investigation involving Kelly and Micah hasn’t yielded any direct links or strong evidence,” Ronaldo uttered with a somewhat downcast tone.

"I had suspected that might be the case, but the current situation seems to be in our favor, no?" Abigail consoled Ronaldo.

"We didn't find anything conclusive, but we did discover that there is some force behind Kelly. It's force that isn't directly connected to the main branch of the Pearsons but has significant ties to their collateral branches," Ronaldo continued.

Abigail contemplated the information. In prominent families like the Pearsons, differences between the main branch and collateral branches were not uncommon. Many families faced such internal divisions.

She didn't want to get involved in the Pearsons' disputes. If it weren't for Kelly coming from afar to target her, she wouldn't have wanted to concern herself with matters that had nothing to do with her.

"You should be aware that the Pearsons were considering a marriage alliance with the Davidsons, right? Originally, if their missing daughter wasn't found, they would pick someone from the collateral branches for marriage. But her return dashed the hopes of the daughters from the collateral families marrying into the Davidsons," Ronaldo explained.

Abigail widened her eyes when she heard that. "That means Kelly's presence is actually a threat to the interests of the collateral branches. They won't support her. Instead, they'll try to deal with her by any means necessary." "That's right. I'll make a speculative suggestion, but please don't be upset. I suspect that Kelly's identity might be questionable. Could the reason she picks on you be related to the fact that you once met all the conditions that were the closest match for the daughter who went missing from the Pearsons?" Ronaldo asked in a hushed tone.

Before investigating Kelly, Ronaldo had also conducted a background check on Abigail, and he knew of her strong aversion to getting involved with the Pearsons.

Abigail let out a sigh. "I have no connection to the Pearsons. I can say that with certainty." Ronaldo hummed in response. "Whether you have a connection with her is secondary. What's important is that the collateral branch of the Pearsons is supporting her, so she's most likely a pawn in their game." "This is unrelated to the evidence we need to find. As long as Kelly doesn't bother me, we shouldn't get involved in her identity or her relationship with the Pearsons. Now, all we need to do is focus on Kelly and find evidence of her targeting me. Once she quiets down, our business will improve," Abigail explained to Ronaldo in a composed manner.

“You’re right. I’ll continue keeping an eye on her, then.” Ronaldo acknowledged.

He understood that she had reservations about the Pearsons.

After ending the call, Abigail pushed Ronaldo’s concerns aside and drove home.

As usual, she opened the door and walked into her house.

However, the house was eerily quiet, so much so that one could hear a pin drop.

Due to the issue with Chad, Abigail suddenly became anxious.

“Grandma!” She searched the house, looking for any signs of her grandmother, but she couldn’t find her. In her anxious state, she noticed a letter on the coffee table.

She had a bad feeling upon seeing that.

Walking over to the coffee table, she picked up the letter and started reading it.

“I’m leaving home for a week, Abigail. Please take care of yourself at home. I’ve prepared some pasta in the fridge so you can heat it up and eat it. If you don’t want to cook by yourself, you can just eat these. I’ll be back in a week.” Whenever Analise went back to her hometown in the past, she used to feel reluctant to send her off, but she was never worried.

This time was different.

Abigail immediately made a call to her grandmother.

After a long wait, the call was answered.

Abigail’s voice was filled with urgent concern as she questioned, “Why didn’t you tell me you were going out? Where are you now? I’ll come and find you!” “I’m on the train and will arrive tomorrow. What are you coming over for? Don’t you have work? It’s no different from how I used to go back to the countryside.

Do you think I’m a three-year-old child?” Analise complained.

It was the first time Analise talked to her in such a tone. Hence, Abigail was slightly taken aback.

“Grandma...” she muttered in a meek voice, much like a child who had done something wrong.

“I have a really important matter to attend to, Abigail. Don’t be too dependent on me. When you’re hungry, just eat by yourself. When it’s cold, dress warmly.

There will come a day when I’ll have to leave you for good,” Analise stated slowly amid the noisy background on the train.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 285-Are You Putting on a Show?

Abigail held her phone, tears welling up in her eyes.

She knew that one day, her grandmother, like her grandfather, would leave her due to old age. However, when her grandmother said these words, she couldn’t help but feel overwhelmingly sad.

“I know, Grandma.” Abigail’s voice was subdued, but she was no longer as panicked as before.

She realized that she had overreacted because of Chad and had forgotten that her grandmother had lived several decades longer than she had.

“I’ll be back as soon as I get my business done,” Analise mentioned before hanging up the phone.

Her indifference left Abigail feeling flustered, and she sniffled while holding her phone, suppressing her tears.

Sitting on the couch, Abigail unfolded the letter and stared blankly at it.

What important business could Grandma have?

After a while, she folded the letter and stood up.

Even if Analise didn’t want her to interfere, Abigail couldn’t just sit at home and wait for her return.

Meanwhile, Sean had received news that Abigail’s grandmother was taking a train to Capitalis early on.

He had previously ordered Cameron to send a few men to keep an eye on Analise, so there were two of them currently at Capitalis with her. Nevertheless, Sean felt somewhat reassured about Abigail's grandmother's trip to Capitalis.

"Why would Old Mrs. Quinn go to Capitalis? Chad's threat is no longer valid, and we've had the police remind her, but she still went alone despite everything." Cameron couldn't fathom her actions.

Sean's expression was indiscernible under the dimly lit night.

He stood outside the self-service ticket machine at the train station with furrowed brows, watching as Abigail was escorted out by station security and then re-entered to search for him.

Abigail had been arguing with security here for half an hour, trying to find out which ticket her grandmother had purchased.

The last time she was escorted out, the security guard had gone from exasperation to anger. "If you come in again, I'm going to call the police! Can't you just go home and ask your family? If you think she's missing, go to the police station and let the police handle it! Obstructing official duties is illegal!" Abigail's hair was disheveled by the night wind.

Exhausted, she stood on the stairs for quite some time. Then, she turned around, sat on the steps, and rested her head on her hands in frustration.

Sean approached her.

He stood in front of her, sighed helplessly, and asked, "If there's really no other way, can't you just ask me for help?" Abigail suddenly raised her head. Her eyes were red, and they were filled with a sense of powerlessness.

After taking just one glance at him, she lowered her head again, clutching her knees with her hands. "It's not a big deal. I don't think I have to ask for your help." "Sometimes I admire your stubbornness, but what's the point of being so stubborn right now?" Sean looked at her, his tone laced with helplessness..

Abigail remained silent.

Since her divorce, she had managed to handle everything on her own without relying on anyone. She had her own pride.

But today, her helplessness was made painfully evident to Sean.

Abigail unconsciously grasped her pants, her head buried even lower.

Sean crouched down in front of her, taking note of her striking yet cold facial features. "Since you've chosen to treat me like an ordinary person, you should also ask me for help when difficulties. Your stubbornness makes me feel like you're deliberately putting on a show for me." you face Abigail immediately raised her head and glared at him. "Who's putting on a show for you? Since our divorce, I've made it clear that we're no longer related.

I do everything because I want to, and I've never intentionally done anything to impress you." "So, what's the issue?" Sean raised a brow at that.

Abigail pursed her lips, deciding not to argue further.

"Get up. Let's go eat. Sean extended his hand to Abigail.

Cameron stood by, wondering why Sean didn't tell Abigail about her grandmother's whereabouts.

However, Abigail didn't take his hand.

She suddenly stood up and ignored the somewhat disheartened gaze in Sean's eyes. Turning to Cameron, she questioned, "Are you the passionate young man, Mr. Hopkins?" Cameron lowered his gaze, feeling quite embarrassed. "I just happened to see him, Ms. Quinn..." "Did you really get fined with 300?" Abigail's voice involuntarily softened, and she even sounded concerned.

"My salary is relatively high, so 300 isn't a big deal," Cameron replied. In truth, Sean helped him pay the fine, but Cameron couldn't let Abigail know that it was Sean who assisted her, so he took it upon himself.

"Of course. I'm sure you didn't want to be the passionate young man. do it paid the fine, didn't they?" Abigail spoke while looking at Sean.

The person who made you Sean's expression remained calm, but his hand, which was resting by his side, involuntarily curled in the slightest way. "Should we have dinner together, Ms. Quinn?" "I'm going home to have the pasta my grandmother made," Abigail replied coldly.

After saying that, she noticed a fleeting hint of desolation in Sean's eyes.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 286-Do You Believe Yourself?

Analise used to make some for Sean as well.

However, he would no longer have his share.

Instead of asking for permission to visit Abigail's home for dinner, he offered, "I'll send you back. You don't need to worry too much about Grandma's matters.

She has her own affairs, and interfering too much may make her feel restricted." While Sean didn't know why Analise had to go to Capitalis, he believed that she wasn't foolish enough to go there just because of Chad's threats.

She must have had her own reasons for going.

"I know," Abigail replied softly.

"Grandma is an adult. She has way more experience in this world than you do.

It's not wrong to be concerned, but you also need to trust her," Sean added.

Analise's determination to take those routes daily in preparation for her task demonstrated her strong resolve.

Sean believed that Abigail's personality was largely inherited from her grandmother.

Once Abigail decided to do something, she would see it through, even if it took a lot of time and effort.

"Cameron, since you helped me deal with the trouble from Chad, I'll share some pasta with you that my grandmother made as a token of my appreciation. I know you're not short on money, and my grandmother's pasta isn't worth 300, but it's still a token of my appreciation." Abigail completely ignored Sean and continued to chat with Cameron.

Cameron shot Sean a side-eye glance and agreed instantly. "Kind gestures are priceless, and besides, it wasn't right for me to use violence to hurt others. The fine was justified. We can't always resort to violence to solve problems." "Did you write a self-reflect essay? Why are you so obedient?" Abigail teased.

"I was severely punished. Initially, I was supposed to stay a few more days in the lock-up, but Mr. Graham intervened and assured them I wouldn't repeat my mistakes, so they released me," Cameron explained, scratching his head and looking embarrassed.

After saying that, he realized that he had revealed too much.

Abigail nodded, her expression turning serious. "Thank you." Sean threw Cameron an indifferent glance before following Abigail to the parking lot.

Once they arrived at Abigail's home, Sean stayed in the car, watching Cameron and Abigail enter the apartment building together.

Shortly after, Cameron returned to the car with some pasta. Then, he handed it to Sean. "These are meant for you, Mr. Graham. Mrs. Graham just couldn't bring herself to say it," Cameron explained nervously.

Sean glanced at him, his tone aloof as he muttered, "Do you believe yourself when you say that?" Cameron found himself at a loss for words.

"If it's a token of gratitude meant for you, then keep it. Grandma makes good pasta," Sean said before averting his gaze.

"Well then, I'll heat some for you at your place, and I'll take the rest," Cameron insisted, not wanting to enjoy Abigail's gift alone, "In that case, go ahead and heat it up at my place, and we'll eat together," Sean replied coolly before closing his eyes and resting against the car seat.

Cameron drove slowly and was unable to resist asking, "Why didn't you tell Mrs.

Graham the truth?" Sean remained silent for a long time before answering, "If Grandma doesn't want her to know, then we should respect her wishes. We'll just keep a close watch." On the first day of her grandmother's absence, Abigail had a restless night plagued by chaotic scenes in her dreams. As a result, she felt mentally exhausted throughout the following day.

At 6.30PM, Abigail arrived at the address sent to her by Anthony.

To her surprise, the gathering took place at the same prestigious restaurant they had visited before.

As soon as she got out of her car, she saw Anthony waiting for her at the restaurant's entrance.

He instantly walked down the stairs upon noticing her.

She also noticed that he was wearing a white suit today, which was reminiscent of the one Sean had worn before. While Anthony looked stylish and handsome, Abigail thought Sean had a more commanding presence.

"You're here. What's wrong? You don't look too good," Anthony commented with concern as he approached Abigail. He couldn't help but notice her tired appearance.

Abigail had even taken a nap in the afternoon, but, as she found out from Luna, she still looked as drained as she did earlier. It was as if someone had sucked the life out of her.

"I didn't sleep well last night," she replied while walking toward the restaurant.

Anthony followed her, a smile playing on his lips. "Because of the alumni reunion?" "No, it's personal. How many classmates are here today?" Abigail asked, glancing at him from the corner of her eye.

"Almost everyone who is in Pendorf is here. We've reserved a large table for more than ten people," Anthony explained, showing a certain eagerness for the reunion.

"I didn't expect so many classmates to stay in Pendorf for work," Abigail murmured.

As they entered the restaurant, a car pulled up at the entrance.

Cameron glanced at Sean and asked, "Are we still going in?" "Let's wait for the clients to arrive," Sean replied calmly.

On the second floor of the venue, Abigail noticed that the dining tables were quite large, likely intended for banquets.

Soon, she spotted her gray-haired lecturer.

Upon seeing her, the mentor immediately wore a gentle smile and scholarly demeanor. "Hello, Abigail. It's good to see you, but why do you look so pale?" "I didn't sleep well last night, Madam Mora. It's been a long time since we last met," Abigail replied, feeling somewhat reserved.

“Yes. You’ve been quiet since you graduated, and you don’t even participate in the alumni group chat. Aside from your design job, what have you been doing over the years?” The woman looked at Abigail with a concerned expression.

Hearing that, Anthony placed a hand on Abigail’s shoulder and sat her down beside their lecturer.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 287-An Unpleasant Gathering Abigail had gotten married after she had graduated not long ago. Now that she had gotten a divorce, it was hard for her to respond to her professor’s question.

“I haven’t gone anywhere. I’ve opened a studio with Luna and am mostly working behind the scenes on designs to improve myself,” Abigail replied softly.

Hearing her words, the professor nodded in satisfaction.

Soon, more classmates arrived. Even Luna, who was out of town, managed to make it.

As Luna sat next to Abigail, she gestured to her to look at the table beside them.

Abigail was so engrossed in talking to her professor that she didn’t notice someone sitting beside them. When she turned to look, she saw Sean, along with several other individuals she didn’t recognize. They were all dressed smartly and looked professional.

At the same time, Anthony noticed her gaze and instinctively looked over. Upon seeing Sean at the next table, he thought it was quite a coincidence. However, this restaurant had become a preferred gathering place for upscale people because of a famous chef’s recent national recognition, so it wasn’t entirely unexpected. Hence, it was evident that Sean was here to talk business.

Sean seemed to have sensed Abigail’s gaze and gave her a nonchalant glance.

Although his expression appeared composed, his gaze was dark.

Immediately, Abigail averted her eyes.

When all the classmates were gathered, Anthony told the waiter to start serving the food.

"I know everyone here is very busy, so I've prepared everything in advance. If there's anything not to your liking, please excuse me," Anthony announced loudly while the waiter served the dishes.

Since it was an open-plan restaurant, when one table spoke, the other table would overhear some of the conversation.

Thus, Sean turned his head and glanced at the table where Abigail was seated.

So, she is here to attend a reunion.

As he thought about it, he averted his gaze. Then, he heard Luna say, "Mr.

Booker has always been considerate. I'm sure he has considered everyone's needs, right, Madam Mora?" The professor looked at them and smiled warmly. "Anthony is indeed very thoughtful. We have every reason to trust him." "Speaking of which, many of us present here are already married. Aren't your family worried that you are still single, Anthony?" A beautiful female classmate, who resembled a movie star, asked Anthony as she propped her chin on her hand. Although she studied design, her striking looks and figure allowed her to work as a model right after graduation. Moreover, she managed her own social media accounts. Thus, she believed that she was doing pretty well compared to Abigail.

Those classmates who were married sipped their drinks quietly, not engaging in the discussion.

A male classmate with a beer belly and thinning hair teased, "Yeah. Do you not have someone in your heart, Anthony? Are you waiting for someone?" Anthony smiled and replied, "I'm very busy with work. How could I have the time to find someone else?" "Oh, come on. You're not busy tonight. We have Abigail, Luna, Sarah, and our super gorgeous classmate, Jennifer. All of them are single. Don't be too picky now, as it's hard to find girls who are single nowadays. It's quite a coincidence that we have a few single female classmates here tonight." The male classmate advised Anthony with the tone of an experienced person.

Abigail decided not to say anything because their professor was still present.

She kept her head down and continued eating.

Meanwhile, the elderly woman was also looking at Anthony with a smile.

"Thomas is still straightforward as ever. Though, you really should consider it.

What do you think of Abigail?" When Abigail heard her name, she raised her head and looked at Anthony.

Meanwhile, Anthony was looking at her too.

Seeing that she still had her cutlery in her mouth, Anthony smiled since he thought she looked cute. "With how successful Abigail is, I dare not to think about it. Moreover, today is just a class reunion, not a matchmaking event. Let's not make things awkward, shall we, Madam Mora?" After speaking, he lifted his wine glass and gave a toast to the professor.

Upon hearing his words, Abigail heaved a sigh of relief.

This was precisely the reason many people disliked attending class reunions.

After all, one never knew what outlandish things their classmates might say.

Jennifer took a sip of her wine and smirked seductively. "Speaking of backgrounds, I recall that Abigail only has a grandmother, and she's from the countryside, right? If Anthony had chosen Abigail, it would be like a Cinderella story. Don't you all agree?" When Luna heard that, she rolled her eyes and thought, Is it time for a battle between females now? With a smile, she retorted, "If that's the case, everyone is from the countryside if we trace back far enough. Is anyone here a descendant of the royals?" "I'm talking about the present, Luna. You don't have to get so worked up. Plus, Abigail's reputation online isn't that great. You guys should stop buying hot searches. The people are getting tired of it," Jennifer replied casually. Then, she continued to eat her food.

"Although Abigail may be from the countryside and only has a grandmother, she bought a house and a car in a top-tier neighborhood in Pendorf with her own hands. As someone who relies on their parents, I can't compare to her," Anthony responded politely, maintaining his gentlemanly demeanor.

Jennifer felt embarrassed by his words and remained silent.

"Abigail is indeed a remarkable woman. Anyone who marries her is spared the hassle of buying a house and a car. Though I may not have reached her level of success, I'm still a design director of a well-known fashion company. Shall we give it a shot, Abigail?" a tall and slim male classmate asked confidently.

"Jake, you are a high-ranking executive. Why don't you have a girlfriend yet?" Sarah asked curiously.

Jake smiled gently and replied, "I was pursued by the CEO's daughter before, but I can't stand those clueless, spoiled rich girls. I prefer a talented woman like Abigail." When Abigail heard that, she smiled awkwardly and said, "Thank you, but I'm not thinking about that aspect of my life right now." Seated beside her, Luna was rolling her eyes.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 288-Abigail Stood up for Anthony Anthony's smile had a hint of sarcasm. Then, he sipped his wine and told Abigail, "I heard that Eric is genuinely courting you. Aren't you going to consider it?" With these words, he effectively shredded Jake's misplaced self-confidence into pieces.

"Well, I'm in Pendorf, and he's in Capitalis. If I were to consider someone, it would be someone in Pendorf," Abigail replied. She appreciated Anthony for helping her. After all, she didn't enjoy engaging in trivial conversations like this, especially since she was still concerned about her grandmother's situation and had no interest in talking to them.

"It's kind of a disadvantage, but you're on an upward trajectory in your career right now. You have a constant stream of invitations. Moreover, the fame you gained from Lexie Chambers has a time limit. You need to focus on your career," Anthony said slowly, steering the conversation toward their professor.

Abigail had mixed feelings toward Anthony. On one hand, she resented him because he had lied to her. However, he looked out for her tonight, saving her from much trouble. Moreover, he had been a caring senior during their school days. Thus, with everyone now focused on their careers, personal interests often took precedence, which was the reality of the world.

At that moment, she suddenly realized that the past might not be as severe as she had initially thought. Even among friends, considerations for one's interests often prevailed in this world.

After a few rounds of drinks, Abigail excused herself to go to the restroom. Upon returning from the washroom, she spotted Jake, who seemed to be waiting for her. However, she wasn't particularly keen on talking with him as he appeared cunning. Plus, she didn't resonate with his way of thinking.

"I'm not joking around, Abigail. I know I can't compare to a big star like Eric, but think about it. How many beautiful women does he come into contact with every day? Affairs between actors on set are quite common. He's not suitable for you." Jake was straightforward in his approach.

Even Abigail, who had seen her fair share of weird people, was baffled by his words.

"I'm really not interested in seeing someone right now." She rejected him bluntly.

As she was about to leave, Jake grabbed her arm and murmured, "Abigail, I'm serious about marrying you. The moment I saw you, I felt we had a special connection. I have a good job, and after we're married, you can focus on designing and raising our children. My parents can also support you-" Before he could finish his sentence, someone grabbed him by the collar and dragged him aside.

Abigail also stumbled as she was struggling out of his grip. Then, she fell into a warm embrace. Looking up, she saw that it was Sean.

Sean furrowed his brows and gave her a glance. Then, he looked at Jake coldly and said, "You're not worthy of her." Although Anthony had motives toward Abigail, he was right. She had reached her current status through her own efforts. Not just anyone could simply be with her.

Initially, Jake had thought about putting up a fight. However, as soon as he saw Sean's gaze, he shivered and scrambled off.

Once he was gone, Abigail pushed Sean away and mumbled, "Thank you. I didn't expect him to behave that way." "He treats women as tools to gain personal benefits. You don't need to pay him any attention. If he ever gets handsy with you again, just slap him. People like him won't listen to words," Sean commented as he looked at her.

Abigail nodded in agreement.

Then, the duo returned to the restaurant one after the other.

As soon as Abigail sat down, she heard Jake's sarcastic words. "You had a boyfriend all along, huh, Abigail? Why are you pretending to be single? Is it because only then will you be able to attract more attention from the guys?" Their professor had already left due to an urgent matter, so there was no need for restraint among these classmates.

"How do you know she has a boyfriend?" Jennifer asked curiously. A smirk played at the corner of her lips as she enjoyed the show.

At the same time, Anthony looked at Abigail, silently asking if she needed any help.

Abigail declined the offer and looked at Jake coldly. "Do I really have a boyfriend just because you said so? You're quite confident in yourself, aren't you? Do you think your words are the

absolute truth?” “That’s right! And yet you are here picking on girls! Abby doesn’t lack suitors, and you’re delusional if you think you can get your hands on her. Just forget it!” Luna taunted, not understanding the purpose of this gathering tonight. She felt that Anthony was trying too hard to please their professor.

Anthony looked at Jake with a cold expression. “Tonight’s reunion is because our professor wanted to see Abigail. Don’t treat this gathering as an opportunity for your own romantic endeavors. Especially you, Jake. You already have a girlfriend, so you should think before you act. Everyone here has a bright future.

We don’t need your help.” Jake felt humiliated upon hearing that. “You are just a backup plan to her, Anthony,” he grumbled. “Don’t try to act so high and mighty. No matter how much you help her tonight, she will never choose you since she has a boyfriend.

You will forever be a plan B to her!” At that moment, Abigail grabbed a glass of wine and splashed it on Jake’s face.

“Anthony is my friend. You’re just a hypocrite who likes to use random words you picked up online. If you refuse to show us some respect, just get lost. You’re eating a meal he paid for, so how dare you say such things to him?” The commotion on this side drew Sean’s attention. When he heard Abigail’s words, he felt the need to reevaluate Anthony.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 289-Flirting in Public Jake, drenched in wine, stood up and glared at Abigail. “How dare you say that?

Do you really think you’re all mighty just because you’re famous? No matter how famous you are, you’re still a country bumpkin without parents and nothing more than an unwanted orphan! How long do you think that old woman can support you? In the end, the only choice you have is to rely on a man! How naive of you to think you can act high and mighty for your entire life just because of your current fame!” Anthony’s expression turned grim in that split second. “Trust me, Jake. I’ll have someone cut off your tongue!” He looked at Jake with hostility.

The commotion at their table quickly drew the attention of the waiter.

Sean cast a glance at Cameron. The latter understood his intention and approached Jake with a cold expression. Then, he said, “My boss owns shares from this restaurant. Because of your disturbance, which is affecting others, my boss has asked me to escort you out.” “I’m

a customer here-" Before Jake could finish his sentence, Cameron slapped him across the face.

Jake fell to the ground, and several of his teeth fell out onto the floor.

Cameron walked up to him and smiled. "Do I need to repeat myself?" In the meantime, the entire table fell silent. Jake could feel his head buzzing from the pain and tried get back on his feet. As he stumbled out of the room, the other male classmates quickly stood up and bid farewell to Anthony before scrambling away.

When Cameron saw Abigail looking at him, he felt a bit uneasy. "Please continue your boss will waive the cost for this table." meal. My At that, Abigail looked at Sean. Sean raised his glass and made a toasting gesture toward her. Then, he withdrew his gaze and took a sip of his wine.

The rest of the classmates were filled with curiosity and amazement. After all, Sean was undeniably handsome, and his actions were undoubtedly flirting with Abigail!

Jennifer fixed her gaze on Sean. Her heart was racing, and she blushed.

"Serves him right for turning a class reunion into such a mess!" one of the female classmates whispered.

Abigail watched as Cameron returned to Sean's side, looking like the Grim Reaper itself.

No wonder he got a severe reprimand from the police and was fined. He doesn't know how to control his strength!

As Abigail thought about it, she sat back down and asked Anthony, "So, the reason Madam Mora invited me was just to meet up?" "Did she not add you on WhatsApp? I assume she has something to discuss with you." Anthony looked at Abigail intently. "Thanks for standing up for me. I really hate how he addressed me." Nowadays, many people would use such words to insult others during arguments. Abigail hated this too.

"No problem. You've been helping me all night too. I haven't thanked you yet," Abigail replied as she averted her gaze.

Jennifer looked at Abigail, and her attitude was completely different from her earlier taunting. "I saw you on a TV show before. Sean seemed to be quite friendly with you. The two of you must be quite close, right?" she asked gently.

Luna snorted at that. "What's with you? We are having a meal here, and you are eyeing Anthony and Mr. Graham. Your heart sure is fickle." Jennifer suppressed her anger and smiled before saying, "Oh, you know, it's just that we're all getting older. It comes at a time when marriage is a hot topic. Since we're all single, we might as well get to know each other." Abigail gave her a cold look and said, "Sean is just sitting over there. If you want to get to know him, just ask for his number." Luna couldn't help but look at Abigail. She's quite clever, hitting two birds with one stone!

Meanwhile, Sean had no idea that Abigail had set him up. He was engrossed in discussions with the clients about investment matters.

Initially, Abigail wanted to pass the problem over, but she didn't expect Jennifer to do as she said. Her mouth was slightly agape since she couldn't believe Jennifer actually went for it.

Anthony leaned back in his chair, looking utterly amused.

Luna watched as Jennifer approached Sean. Then, she turned to Abigail and said, "I'm sure she'll tell him that you are the one who asked her to go."

Someone as petty as Mr. Graham will surely come looking for you." "I didn't expect her to actually go," Abigail muttered.

On the other hand, Jennifer walked up to Sean with a flushed face. She mustered up the courage and casually flipped her long, wavy hair. Then, she said to him, "I'm Abigail's classmate, and I'd like to get to know you. She told me to come and get your number." As expected, Sean's gaze immediately shifted to Abigail.

Abigail felt a chill run down her spine, so she took a few sips of her drink and pretended to be calm as she talked to Anthony. "I heard that your company has been doing well lately and is planning to cooperate with the official television station. Is that true?" She had learned about this from online sources, but she wasn't sure if it was true or not.

"Yes. It's in progress. We are working on aligning with the official station." Anthony nodded. "In the future, our company's TV dramas will have a priority slot on that channel. Of course, quality matters. Only the top-notch productions will make it." TV dramas with priority slots often had a high chance of competing for awards, making them highly prestigious in the industry.

"That sounds great!" Abigail replied.

At the same time, Sean kept his eyes on Abigail. Seeing that she was unfazed, he shifted his gaze to Jennifer. "Do you want me to date you?" he asked directly.

Immediately, Jennifer's face turned flushed, and she bit her lower lip hard.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 290-Outstanding Men Get Married Early "We can give it a go if you're willing." Sean raised an eyebrow and said nothing upon hearing her words. It was as though he was genuinely considering the possibility of this proposal. The others were looking at Jennifer with amusement in their eyes. She gradually went from shy to feeling awkward as she fiddled with her fingers nervously. Just as her legs were slightly shaking from the anxiety, he finally spoke up, "I'm sorry, but I still want to get back together with my ex-wife. Thus, I'm not going to date anyone else." When she found out that he was married, she was left utterly flabbergasted. She was so embarrassed from being rejected that she nodded hastily and quickly returned to her seat. "Why didn't you mention that he was married? I wouldn't have said anything if I knew he had an ex-wife he deeply loves!" Jennifer glared at Abigail. Abigail gripped the wine glass tightly and said nothing. "It seems that outstanding men do have the tendency to get married early," Sarah mumbled, expressing a hint of regret. Sean was exceptionally handsome in person. Even the media couldn't capture his unique charisma in pictures. "It seems like I'm not good enough," Anthony instinctively added. Sarah hastily backtracked and explained, "That's not what I meant." Suddenly, Abigail said, "I'm done. I'm going back to rest. I didn't sleep well last night. God, I hope I'll sleep better tonight." Luna got up and offered, "You look pale. I'll drive you home." Anthony nodded. "Sounds good. It's getting late, too. Let's head back home." With that, the class reunion ended quietly. After they bid their farewells, Abigail rested her head on Luna's shoulder as they sat in the car. "What do you think the professor wants from you?" Luna was curious. "I don't know. My brain is all fuzzy. I really don't want to think about it right now," Abigail replied. She felt even more tired after having some alcohol. Luna called a cab to send them home. When she recalled Jennifer's words, she asked, "Do you think Sean was talking about you when he mentioned that he had an ex-wife he deeply loved?" "Don't listen to him. He's just trying to get back at me since he knew I was the one who told Jennifer to go to him," Abigail replied with zero hesitation. After all, she didn't believe one word that came out of the man's mouth. Love? Does he even know what that is? "That makes sense. He should have treated you better in the past if he genuinely loved you." Luna pursed her lips. Once Abigail made it home, she closed the door, sat on the shoe-changing stool, and stared blankly at her empty home. She wanted to know where Analise had gone but couldn't find a reason to call her. Plus, she was afraid that Analise would be mad if she called her. Finally, she removed her shoes, put on her slippers, and went to her room after sitting there for a while. Just as she was about to take a shower, her phone rang. When she noticed that it was Sean calling, she thought he might be

calling to confront her. So, she didn't bother answering. Once the call ended, he immediately called again. In the end, she got so annoyed that she answered the call and snapped angrily, "What is it? Are you here to settle the score?" "Am I that petty?" Sean retorted. You are the pettiest person I have ever met in my entire life, Abigail sighed in frustration. She forced herself to stay sober and think of him as though he was just an acquaintance. Once she got her emotions under control, she asked, "What do you want?" "You don't have to push me towards other women even if you don't like me," Sean said calmly. "That's a mistake on my part. I apologize." Abigail calmly admitted her mistake. Sean sighed and ended the call without saying anything else. He didn't like how Abigail had treated him as though he was just some stranger. Lately, when he woke up in the middle of the night, he would recall her loving voice when she used to talk to him in bed. The farther he was from such experiences, the more he yearned for them. Alas, the more he yearned for them, the worse his insomnia became. Abigail held her phone and stared into space before heading to the shower. She turned on the hot water, letting it run over her figure. At that moment, her mind suddenly went blank. Abigail fell to the ground with a thud. Her lower back had collided with the basin, causing a sharp pain to assail her senses. Yet, she remained stiff as the continuous stream of water splashed against her body as she lay there, utterly unmoving. As time passed, the warm water gradually turned cold. Still, she remained immobile. The icy water made her shiver. So, she tried to reach the shower's control switch but to no avail. Her face turned pale from the pain as she started shivering from the cold. In the meantime, Sean sat alone in his car as he looked up at the floor where Abigail lived. As the night grew darker, the only apartment with lights on was hers. He had already smoked three cigarettes even though only an hour had passed. Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly felt that something was amiss. Why is her bathroom light on for so long? She isn't the type to take long showers. He remembered her habits well. She would usually be out of the bathroom in 15 minutes at most. Therefore, he immediately got out of his car the moment he realized that something had gone terribly wrong. By the time Abigail had slowly regained control over her faculties, she heard a knocking at the door. "Abigail!" Sean's voice sounded from outside. His voice was louder than ever as he bellowed, "Open the door!" He called out again. Abigail felt herself becoming anxious. Alas, she could only move extremely slowly. She couldn't help but suspect she might have seriously injured her back due to the fall. Sean's voice disappeared when he received no response. Just as she thought he had left, he returned in less than ten minutes. He had called a locksmith.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

I Want a Divorce Chapter 291-Sean's Personal Care When Sean rushed into the bathroom, he saw Abigail struggling to stand up. He quickly wrapped a towel around her and lifted her by her arms. "Did you injure your back?" he asked in concern.

"Yeah, I suddenly felt dizzy and hit my back," Abigail replied tremulously due to the agonizing pain.

"Let's get you to the hospital," said Sean. He didn't dare to risk touching her back as he slowly helped her out of the bathroom.

He took Abigail to the hospital in less than half an hour. Once they arrived, she was rushed to the emergency room without further ado. He could do nothing but

place his trust in the professionals and anxiously watched as she was wheeled inside. When the emergency room doors slid open, he immediately rushed to the doctor and demanded, "How is she?" "There doesn't seem to be a serious problem. It's just temporary numbness. So, she's fine now. However, she's suffering from a minor injury to her back. My advice is that she should rest and apply cold packs to the injured area for 15-20 minutes several times a day. Repeat this process for a week, and she should be fine. Also, please pay attention to her mental state. Sometimes, the body's functions are closely linked to one's mental well-being." The doctor reassured him before leaving.

It was a false alarm.

Meanwhile, Abigail was also sighing in relief after listening to the doctor's diagnosis.

Sean followed her into the ward and watched as the doctor prepared the IV bag for the duration of her stay. Then, he sat down at the edge of the bed before looking at her seriously and inquiring, "Are you sure you'll be okay living alone?"

"Today's incident was due to my carelessness. It won't happen again. However, I do have a question for you. How did you know I had an accident?" Abigail couldn't help but feel that it was all too coincidental.

Sean shifted his gaze to the window. "We share a special connection." Abigail rolled her eyes at him in exasperation. Sure, and I can walk on water.

"Are you secretly spying on me?" she asked abruptly.

He frowned and looked at her. "Do you think I'm some kind of stalker?" "Why did you just happen to be here, then?" She insisted as she thought it was too coincidental. that he arrived just after he called her.

"When I called you, I was already at your place. I saw that you had been in the bathroom for an 1/3 hour, and the light was still on. Based on your habits, I guessed that something had happened to you," Sean explained patiently.

When she heard his words, she felt her heartstrings being tugged. He remembered something as trivial as showering?

"Well, I guess I was lucky to have you conveniently nearby tonight," Abigail said as she adjusted the blanket.

That's because I stood by your house every night until your lights went out, Sean thought wryly.

"It's getting late. Why don't you get some rest?" he suggested. He knew she hadn't slept well due to Analise's condition. She looked exhausted tonight.

"You should go home too. There are doctors in the hospital." She looked at him.

He didn't respond. Instead, he got up and left the room. Although she knew that she really. shouldn't have expected anything else, she couldn't understand why she felt a faint sense of disappointment as he left.

When Sean returned, he had some documents in his hand. Then, he placed them on the bedside. table before making himself comfortable on the empty bed.

"Get some sleep. Call me if you want some water in the middle of the night," he said calmly. before closing his eyes.

She stared at him as he lay with his eyes closed. When she noticed the obvious signs of exhaustion on his brow, she didn't say anything in protest. Her mind started twisting itself in knots before she gradually succumbed to slumber.

Since their separation at the bar, this was the first time Sean had slept so peacefully. Even though the bed was uncomfortable, having Abigail beside him made him feel secure.

The following day, he helped her go through the discharge procedures. That left her absolutely bored as she waited for him to complete the necessary paperwork since she was stuck in the ward. So, she decided to check on him.

Sean was in the middle of the administrative process when he suddenly received a phone call from Cameron. Thus, he excused himself and answered the call.

The female doctor teased him, "I'll wait for you since you are handsome. Hurry up! There are still people waiting in line." Sean didn't respond to her light-hearted remark. Instead, he asked Cameron, "What's the matter?" "We lost Analise Cameron's voice was low. Nonetheless, there was no hiding the fear he felt toward Sean 2/3 Sean fell silent for a moment after hearing such a report. Once those words registered in his mind, he snarled, "Are you even doing your job, Cameron?!" His voice was so full of anger that it sent shivers down the spines of the doctor and the people in line behind him. As a result, the doctor didn't dare to rush him.

Instead, she hastily kept her head low as she processed the paperwork.

"We're doing our best to find her," Cameron replied faintly.

"If even a hair on Analise's head is harmed... Well, you know the consequences." Sean threatened. Then, he hung up the call. Just as he was about to inform the doctor to hurry up, he caught sight of Abigail standing nearby.

He instantly jerked his head toward her.

Abigail's face was drained of all color. It was as if she was a ghost gliding through the hospital corridors.

"Is there anything else that needs to be signed?" Sean urged the doctor..

Just a signature here will do," the doctor said as she handed him the forms.

After he finished signing the documents, he quickly grabbed them and walked over to Abigail.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 292-Analise Went Missing Abigail had not expected that Sean had known about Analise's whereabouts.

She lifted her head slightly and looked at Sean.

Sean seemed visibly anxious. He gripped her wrist and confessed without hesitation, “I have known where Analise is all this time, but it was just because I was concerned about her well-being.

I planned to keep an eye on her without interfering in her life to ensure her safety. However, something unexpected has happened. We need to go to Capitalis now.”

“Did Grandma go to Capitalis?” Abigail was promptly dragged out of the hospital.

Although he was in a rush, he was also mindful of her injury. So, his steps were much slower than usual.

“Yes. I don’t know why she went there,” he answered.

Her heart was on edge. “You seem so worried, Sean. Do you know that her trip could be dangerous?” He glanced at her and replied, “No, it’s just that she’s getting old. Plus, she’s not exactly familiar with the place. It would be troublesome if she gets lost.” Abigail didn’t say anything else.

Sean dropped her off at her apartment. Then, he made another call to Cameron while she was off packing her things. “How did you lose her in the first place?” Even though he was significantly calmer than before, his voice still carried an undertone of menace that sent shivers down the spine.

Cameron wasted no time explaining, “Old Mrs. Quinn went to the restroom.

When she came out, someone replaced her. The woman was wearing her clothes and bag. So, we assumed that was her. I was standing at a distance, and the individual had intentionally avoided showing her face. So, I didn’t notice anything amiss until it was too late. Plus, the replacement started acting strangely around the second-hour mark, avoiding us. That’s when our men got suspicious.” “Quickly investigate this matter! If you can’t find her whereabouts within two hours, you’re fired! Also, bring my identification to the airport, Sean ordered harshly. Then, he hung up and immediately called his friends in the Capitalis.

On the other hand, Abigail was hobbling downstairs as fast as she could manage after stuffing her identification and a few sets of clothing into her backpack. Since it was summer, she was packing lighter than usual. Hence, she only needed a small backpack.

Then, he wasted no time driving straight to the airport the instant she hopped into his car. She was about to ask him something when his phone rang again.

When he noticed that the caller ID 1/3 was displaying Colby's name, Sean had no choice but to answer.

"What's the matter?" Sean asked. His tone was considerably warmer.

"Your grandmother went for a walk yesterday and hasn't returned yet. Is she with you?" Colby's voice sounded worried.

"She's not at my place. I'll call and check," Sean replied. Then, he ended the call before dialing Xavien's number.

Abigail decided not to disturb him since his phone hadn't ceased ringing ever since they left her home.

"What's the situation over there?" Frankly, he wasn't too worried about Lina's whereabouts. After all, Xavien hadn't called to report anything alarming.

"For now, we're sticking to the original plan. However-" Before Xavien could finish, Sean cut him off, saying, "I've got another call coming in. I'll get back to you." Initially, he assumed Was Cameron calling, but it turned out to be Joan. After he ended the call, he turned to Abigail and said, "I'll take you to the airport. From there, you can head to Capitalis directly. Someone will be there to assist you. I can't leave right now.

My grandmother hasn't been home all night, and my grandfather is worried." Abigail seemed momentarily taken aback but quickly responded, "It's alright. I can manage on my own." She knew he had already gone above and beyond by staying up all night. Plus, he had done more than enough with Analise's situation. Thus, she didn't want to trouble him any further.

Sean nodded and continued to drive in silence.

Just as Abigail was about to go through airport security, he suddenly grabbed her wrist. So, she instinctively turned to look at him.

There were many words he wanted to say to her. Alas, he swallowed them all and only murmured, "Put yourself and your grandmother first. Please call me if you need help. I have friends at Capitalis. Seeking help when necessary won't do you any harm." Abigail nodded and thanked him with sincerity.

Thus, he reluctantly released her hand. Although there were many things he wanted to say, he decided they were better left unsaid for now. After all, she had enough to deal with regarding her grandmother, and he didn't want to burden her further.

After she passed through the ticket checkpoint and disappeared from his line of sight, Sean turned around and left the airport. His face turned stoic almost immediately as he dialed Joan's number.

2/3 Once the call connected, she answered it immediately.

"What do you want?" Sean demanded coldly.

"Kingston's men have taken your grandmother hostage. I know where she is. Do you want to bring some people over?" Joan's voice was anxious.

"You're not involved in this, are you, Joan?" Sean asked tonelessly.

Joan immediately started sobbing as she replied, "I have always listened to you.

I wouldn't dare to get involved in something like this. After all, I can't make the same mistake my brother did. Those words you said to me are still clear in my head. I won't forget them even for a single moment." "Send me the address. I'll be right there." Then, he ended the call.

When Analise regained consciousness, she found someone standing by the bedside. She soon noticed it was an elderly lady that looked healthier than she did, even though they were of similar ages. She didn't panic. Instead, she calmly sat up and looked at the woman without saying a word.

"Do you know where you are?" The old lady stared her down; her gaze was filled with unending contempt. In fact, even the woman's tone was filled with obvious arrogance.

"I don't need to know. All you need to understand is that if anything happens to me, the secrets you want to hide will be exposed," Analise replied fearlessly, staring straight into the elderly woman's eyes.

Her self-assured demeanor caused the old lady's face to turn grim.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 293-Ms Quinn, Please Look at Me Molly slowly changed her expression to a more amiable one during their silent standoff.

“You should take your secret back to Pendorf, and you’re not allowed to return ever again. You should also forget about seeking the Pearsons out. Only then will you and your granddaughter be safe.” “Is that so? You people brought back that fake and acted all grand when you returned to the Pearsons, only to bully my granddaughter as soon as you reap

the benefits. Is that what you call safety?” Analise retorted mockingly as she stared at Molly.

“Others might have respected you when you acted tough in Quinn Village, but you can’t bring that attitude to Capitalis. Besides, you can’t even enter the Pearsons’ gate. You, an elderly woman, can’t possibly seek justice for your granddaughter, Molly continued while sounding genuinely persuasive.

“If you think I can’t get in, why did you tie me up then?” Analise questioned sharply.

“We were actually saving you. An elderly woman from out of town having an accident in Capitalis wouldn’t raise any eyebrows. Furthermore, Capitalis is filled with cars and people. It’s normal for an old person like you to get bumped into accidentally,” Molly said calmly, as though she was just talking about the weather.

“In that case, why don’t you let me out to experience a bump or two?” Analise looked at Molly with a hint of a smile.

Molly didn’t know what kind of tricks Analise had left behind the scenes. After a moment of contemplation, Molly turned on her heel and left.

Analise looked at the closed door and lay back down while muttering, “Oh my goodness. I’ve toiled all my life, and I didn’t expect to receive such good treatment as soon as I arrived in Capitalis. All I do is eat, drink, and sleep. It’s so comfortable.” The people monitoring her couldn’t help but feel infuriated by her words.

Molly briskly walked through the quaint house before passing through several corridors and entering a courtyard.

In the courtyard, a woman dressed in a dress was pruning flower branches. She turned when she saw Molly returning, and her appearance bore some resemblance to Abigail. Yet, their temperaments were entirely different.

“How did it go?” She held a freshly cut rose in her hand.

“That old woman is extremely stubborn and definitely has an ace up her sleeves. We can’t take any hasty actions, Molly replied with a respectful tone 1/3 “She raised Abigail, who is quite cunning herself. We can’t underestimate her.

Moreover, she may have ulterior motives. Are you sure she’s not deceiving you?” The woman scented the rose and asked calmly.

“But she knows the truth about what happened all those years ago,” Molly said gravely.

The woman looked at the rose for a while before musing, “We can’t allow that old lady to meet the head of the household, and she wants that old lady to die. If you can’t achieve that, I’ll be in a difficult position here as well. How do you suggest we proceed?” Her words made Molly’s face turn pale.

“But Sean’s people are still investigating this matter. The consequences would be unimaginable if we offended him.” Molly expressed her concerns.

“What use is there for me to keep you under my employ if you want me to consider these factors. for you?” The woman suddenly crushed the rose in her hand, and her eyes were filled with malice. as she regarded Molly.

Molly was so frightened that she instinctively shivered in response. Then, she swallowed hard before saying, “I will find a way.” “I only care about the ult. Don’t bother me with the process. Otherwise, I will consider you useless. Do you understand?” The woman tossed the crushed rose on the ground, and her expression grew even more vicious.

The sufficiently terrified Molly nodded obediently and left with shaky legs.

Meanwhile, Abigail felt a bit lost upon arriving in Capitalis.

She had made the decision in a hurry and only now realized that finding Analise was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

It was a call from Eric.

She wasn’t sure if it was a coincidence or if Eric had been monitoring her movements all along.

Nonetheless, she still answered the call.

“What’s the matter?” Her tone was as cold and distant as ever, showing that she had no intention of talking unless absolutely necessary.

“You’re in Capitalis. Do you need help? Do you want me to be your guide?” Eric asked.

2/3 Abigail was just about to say something when she saw a stylish man in a black suit and sunglasses holding up a sign.

The large words ‘Ms. Quinn, please look at me’ on the sign were quite eyecatching as they drew the attention of many.

Abigail couldn’t help but cringe. Still, she tried her best to hide her discomfort as she walked over.

“No, thank you. I have someone picking me up, and I’m not here for vacation; I’m here on business,” she replied flatly.

“All right... Be sure to contact me if you need anything.” Eric sounded somewhat disappointed.

Abigail gave a noncommittal response and ended the call right then and there.

Then, she walked up to the stylish man and cleared her throat.

“Hello, Ms. Quinn. Mr. Graham asked me to pick you up. We’ve been working tirelessly to investigate Old Mrs. Quinn’s situation, and her disappearance is likely connected to the Pearsons.” The stylish man put away the sign and got straight to the point.

Abigail scrunched her brows as she inquired, “When can you find my grandmother?” She wouldn’t spare them if the Pearsons dared to harm her dearest grandmother. It didn’t even matter to her that Josh had once saved Analise.

“We’ve already contacted the Pearsons. Please wait for a moment,” the stylish man replied.

“What’s your name?” Abigail walked out of the airport with him.

“You can call me Alfie, Ms. Quinn,” the stylish man answered with a big and toothy grin.

Even though Abigail was in Capitalis, she had no plan in mind. Sean didn't even know the purpose of Analise's visit to Capitalis. Hence, she felt clueless about what to do.

"Ms. Quinn, let's grab some lunch. Don't worry. Mr. Graham is taking care of everything. He will find your grandmother even if he has to turn this place upside down," Alfie said with a grin while acting like a loyal henchman.

Abigail couldn't help but shoot a glance at him. Did Sean know what kind of people his subordinate was?

I Want a Divorce Chapter 294-Does Mr Graham Know?

Alfie received a phone call during their meal. He immediately dropped his sycophantic demeanor and furrowed his brows. His whole presence became assertive and was impossible to ignore.

Abigail thought to herself that this guy looked quite intimidating when he got serious.

"Are you sure it's related to the Pearsons? All right. I'm having a meal with Ms.

Quinn-" He hadn't. even finished his sentence when Abigail snatched his phone away from him.

"We're done eating. Send us the address, and we'll come right away," she said before ending the call and handing the phone back to Alfie, who looked somewhat resigned.

Then, he took his phone and said, "This meal was quite expensive. Please consider my wallet and also the feelings of the uneaten food. They will feel unappreciated." "We'll come again next time, and it'll be my treat. My grandmother is more important," she replied firmly.

Alfie stood up while muttering, "Mr. Graham wouldn't want you to handle things on an empty stomach, but you're the biggest..." Abigail didn't pay attention to his quiet muttering. Instead, she took her bag and vacated the premises.

Not long after they got in the car, Abigail received a strange call.

Alfie was sitting beside her as he watched her hesitate as to whether she should answer. He playfully extended his hand and pressed the answer button for her.

She was shocked by his behavior. When she snapped back to her senses, she wished she could punch him.

Alas, he simply acted in a goofy manner and motioned for her to answer despite being the recipient of her ferocious glare.

Abigail reluctantly pressed the speaker button. Meanwhile, Alfie didn't hesitate to lean closer and eavesdrop on the conversation.

"Is this Ms. Quinn?" the person on the other end of the line asked.

"Yes. Who are you?" Abigail replied coldly.

"I'm a staff member at the train station. The owner of this phone has fainted in the train station restroom. We found your contact information in her phone. Can you please come to the station to accompany her to the hospital if it's convenient for you?" 1/3 2 Abigail hesitated while looking at Alfie.

He found the situation incredibly perplexing... So, he took out his phone and made a call.

After she hung up, she stared at him without saying anything.

Alfie's call got through, and he asked with a sardonic smile playing on his lips, "Are you guys playing a prank on me? Ms. Quinn received a call from the train station staff saying her grandmother was there. Did you guys leave your brain in the trash while you're on the job?" Abigail leaned closer to eavesdrop.

"We searched the Pearsons' premises and didn't find Abigail's grandmother.

Boss, you should bring her to the train station and check things out a young man answered.

"Do you even know how to do your damn job?!" Alfie snapped and told the driver to head to the train station.

"It's not that your people can't get the job done. It's that they know your people will be going there. So, they moved her before you could trace things back to them." Abigail comforted him.

Alfie licked his lips and said with a sly grin, "This time, it was Pearsons' distant branch that was the mastermind behind the kidnapping of Old Mrs. Quinn. They assumed that since Mr.

Graham. wasn't a local, he wouldn't dare to confront them. They're quite an audacious bunch. Unfortunately, they don't know that Mr.

Graham is way worse. Honestly, he wouldn't bat an eye even if you asked him to fight a deity." Abigail was curious. "Does Mr. Graham know what you think of him?" "Of course, he doesn't. I'm just a small fry he assigned here. He doesn't care about my thoughts," Alfie replied confidently.

Still, she couldn't help but think that he sure seemed to be enjoying himself working as a small fry and ridiculing his boss.

After the brief banter, all of her thoughts were focused on her grandmother.

Abigail and Alfie soon arrived at the train station and followed the instructions of the station's staff to the waiting room.

Analise was sitting in the waiting room and drinking water. When she saw Abigail rush in, she froze for a moment and then scolded her sternly, "What's the matter with you? Didn't I tell you to stay at home?!"

"I was worried about you. Also, don't you dare start with me! You came to Capitalis without telling me! How could I stay home and not worry about you?!"

Besides, I wouldn't stop you from visiting Capitalis. So, why did you have to keep it from me?!" Abigail shouted. After a while, her voice started to take on a tremulous quality.

Analise had always been a tender-hearted woman. So, when she saw Abigail shaking from her emotions as tears welled up in her eyes, she sighed helplessly and replied wearily, "I just wanted to visit an old friend. What's there to worry about?" However, Abigail couldn't stop herself from rushing over and giving her a tight hug. "But you rarely leave the Quinn Village..." "Oh, look at you. You're already an adult, and yet you are crying like a child.

You're making a spectacle of yourself." Analise patted her back gently.

Abigail only tightened her embrace around Analise as she muttered petulantly, "I haven't been able to sleep or eat properly these past two days, and I had no idea where you were- "You know that I will leave you one day. You need to get used to it," Analise said dotingly as she gently pried herself away from the koala monster that was Abigail.

'She isn't in good health. You need to make sure she doesn't go around under such scorching heat. Otherwise, it could be troublesome if she suffers from heatstroke.' The station staff took the opportunity to advise Abigail after their emotional encounter.

"Okay. I understand," Abigail answered while holding Analise's hand; her eyelashes were still glistening with tears.

"Let's go, Ms. Quinn. You have been busy all day and haven't had lunch yet.

Why don't you have lunch together with Old Mrs. Quinn?" Alfie kindly suggested.

"Okay." Analise agreed as she supported herself with the chair. "I'm still quite healthy despite my age. There's really no need to treat me like a child.

Abigail squeezed her hand lightly and said, "I'm just worried about you. Don't you worry whenever I'm away?" "Hmph. Worry? Why should I worry? Have you ever seen me stopping you from running yourself ragged?" Analise retorted.

Sometimes, it was truly challenging to communicate with the elderly.

Abigail didn't want to argue with her. Plus, she was overcome by relief, knowing that Analise was fine.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 295-Unexpected Incident As the three of them stepped out of the train station's waiting room, Abigail and Analise debated whether to have lunch or visit the hospital first.

The train station in Capitalis was bustling with people. One could see people walking to-and-fro, rushing about like bees, "Let's go to the hospital for a check-up and then have lunch at a restaurant near the hospital." Alfie decided on their behalf when it became clear that the two women weren't about to come to a decision anytime soon.

Abigail looked at Analise, who was about to speak. Before she could say anything, Alfie suddenly shouted, "Watch out!"

Before they realized what was happening, he had already shoved them aside.

He was quite strong. Plus, he hadn't held back his strength while pushing them out of harm's way. So, his actions made Abigail stagger a few steps backward.

When she finally regained her balance, she immediately helped Analise, who had also taken a stumble.

“Go!” Alfie screamed at them, his voice tinged with pain.

A man was standing before Alfie and had Alfie by the collar. As Abigail was about to speak, the man’s hand moved, and a bloodstained fruit knife appeared in her field of vision.

“Ah!” Analise was so frightened that she let out a shriek and took a couple of steps back in terror.

“Run!” There was no disguising the agony in Alfie’s tone this time.

The man struggled to push Alfie away. Nonetheless, his gaze remained fixed on Abigail and Analise while he was doing so. However, he couldn’t harm them because Alfie was tightly gripping. onto his collar.

Abigail retreated a couple of steps and screamed, “Help!” Her shout drew the attention of many passersby at the train station.

There was already quite a bit of blood on the ground between Alfie and the man.

“Ah! Help! Someone is trying to kill people!” A woman suddenly screeched, causing chaos in the train station.

“Let go!” The man’s eyes were bloodshot, and he was trying to push Alfie away.

When that didn’t work, he tried to stab Alfie with the fruit knife again.

Abigail took off her bag and swung it fiercely at the man’s head. Her hands were trembling, but she couldn’t afford to let her guard down. So, she gave it her all.

The moment the man was struck by her bag, Alfie released him.

The man staggered back as he was hit by her bag. At that moment, a burly middle-aged man approached from behind and used his arm to lock the man’s neck. Then, he didn’t even hesitate for a second as he twisted the man’s wrist and forced the assailant to drop the fruit knife to the ground.

Abigail breathed a huge sigh of relief, turned around, and rushed to Alfie’s side.

Alfie lay on the ground while clutching his bleeding abdomen. He was experiencing minor convulsions.

“I’ll take you to the hospital... Grandma, call 911! Quick! Call 911!” Abigail shouted at Analise. Her eyes were red.

Analise snapped out of her daze and hastily whisked out her phone.

The whole train station was in utter chaos.

Alfie lay on the ground weakly, and Abigail carefully placed his head in her lap.

Tears streamed down her face.

Blood continued to flow from his abdomen as it stained the ground red.

Abigail returned to the emergency room’s entrance and gripped Analise’s hand tightly after washing her hands in the nearest washroom in the hospital.

Analise was completely out of it as she stared at the emergency room entrance, lost in thought.

Sean had rushed to the hospital the instant he received the news.

When he saw Abigail standing in a daze at the emergency room’s entrance, he quickly approached her and asked lowly, “How is he doing?” The news of this incident had already become a trending topic online.

After all, it was an incident that occurred at Capitalis’ train station.

Abigail’s eyes were somewhat swollen. Nevertheless, she struggled to control her emotions as she answered hoarsely, “I don’t know. He lost a lot of blood. HHe was stabbed deeply in the abdomen.” Sean’s brows furrowed, and he nodded. Then, he turned to Analise, who was staring at him. “Grandma.” Analise merely nodded at him slightly and remained silent.

She had come to realize that Alfie was one of Sean’s men. Still, she couldn’t bring herself to dwell on how Abigail had once again become entangled with Sean at the moment.

After all, one of them would be the one receiving treatment in the ER if it weren’t for Alfie.

“Have the both of you eaten?” Sean asked Abigail as waiting here doing nothing wasn’t going to make the doctors work any faster.

When Alfie found Analise, he had texted Sean, saying he would take them out for a meal. Alas, trouble ensued before he could follow through.

“Yes,” Even though Abigail was upset by the turn of events, she had to consider Analise’s health. She could skip a meal, but Analise wasn’t getting any younger.

“Cameron is downstairs. Why don’t you take him with you as you take a look around the food options here? I’ll stay here with Grandma,” Sean suggested to Abigail warmly.

“All right.” She had no objections.

Alfie was definitely someone important to Sean. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have come in person.

After she left, Sean sat down by Analise’s side.

“Are you here because Abigail was bullied by the new young lady of the Pearsons?” Sean looked at Analise with his gentle eyes.

She looked at him and opened her mouth. Alas, she couldn’t find the words to say anything.

“Abigail also told me about the incident where she was bullied by that wealthy young lady. I sent Chad back to Capitalis. So, the matter should have ended when he returned. Why did you come to Capitalis again?” Sean asked. Now that it involved Alfie’s life, he needed to know why Analise had made this trip.

Because if it weren’t for Alfie’s quick actions, the ones in danger today would be Abigail or Analise.

The moment the other party revealed that they were more than willing to endanger their lives to secure their interests, it indicated that this was not a simple business matter. Instead, that pretty much confirms that a much deeper conflict of interests existed, and Analise held the key to unlocking part of their schemes.

Analise’s eyes became lidded. Yet, she still did not utter a word.

“Grandma, I really don’t mean to press you for answers. It’s just that the other party has already threatened your safety, and I can’t just sit idly by. The Pearsons are a real

powerhouse, and if we're going against one of theirs... Only I can do something against them. If you're going to fight against her with just Abigail, all your efforts will be in vain without my support," Sean intoned seriously while holding Analise's hand.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 296-The Child Rescued from the Water Analise still didn't say anything.

She had initially arrived at an accord with Molly, thinking that everything would be fine from now on. She believed that the young lady from the Pearsons wouldn't bother Abigail anymore and that it meant that Abigail would live happily in Pendorf from now on.

Yet, Alfie getting stabbed publicly made her realize she had been a naive fool.

The Pearsons could easily act one way on the surface and do something completely different behind the scenes.

If Abigail lost her life today, what purpose did it serve to expose the secret she had been protecting for so long?

She had always hoped that Abigail would remain by her side, completely worryfree.

Sean, can you please not tell Abigail anything about this? I don't want to lose her... She's the one I watched grow up, and her life has been filled with nothing but hardship. I don't want her to suffer... Analise looked at Sean with tearful eyes.

At this point, any doubts or suspicions he had been harboring were confirmed.

How could he not understand what she was implying?

"Grandma, I understand." He held her hand.

"Abigail doesn't remember anything because I rescued her from drowning. Her brain was injured, causing her memories to be in disarray. At the time, I thought that was more than fine. She won't have to remember those painful things. She has loved ones and her loving grandparents," Analise spoke as she gripped Sean's hand tightly. She had even started crying silent tears toward the end. of her sentence.

"Yes. She is very fortunate to have you. You love her just as much as she loves you." Sean patted Analise's back.

The older one got, the more one feared losing what they had.

Sean understood her feelings very well. She had lost her lifelong partner, and now she only had Abigail. If Abigail were to leave her... What else would she have left?

By the time Abigail returned, Sean and Analise had finished their conversation.

Analise's had experienced one too many roller coasters today. So, she looked worn out as she leaned against the chair.

"You two can go downstairs to the car and have your meal. I'll keep an eye on things here," Sean 1/3 said to Abigail, who was carrying their food.

Abigail nodded and handed him a takeout container. Then, she gently led the somewhat weary Analise away.

She could see that Analise was too tired to argue, which was why she listened to Sean. Otherwise, she would have stayed here and waited for Alfie.

Cameron arrived shortly thereafter.

Sean hadn't eaten and was sitting on a chair with a stern expression as he looked at the door to the emergency room.

"Mr. Graham," Cameron approached him and said quietly.

"This time, you need to find solid proof. You have to make sure of it no matter the cost!" Sean looked at Cameron with a dangerous look in his eyes.

If they didn't investigate and expose the Pearsons for injuring someone at the train station in broad daylight and make them pay the price, they would likely continue to pose a threat to Abigail due to Analise's secret.

Originally, this kind of situation could have been avoided by taking Abigail to the Pearsons with an explanation in hand and then doing a DNA test. Unfortunately, Analise didn't want Abigail to return to the Pearsons, and Abigail refused to believe she had any form of ties with the Pearsons.

The reason Abigail ended up being lost in the water and found by Analise might have been due to internal conflicts within the Pearsons.

If that was truly the case, would Abigail be able to live a good life when she returned to the Pearsons' side? That was a hard no. Instead, she would be like a lamb entering the wolf's den waiting for slaughter if she did return. The current situation in the Pearsons was such that only a wolf in sheep's clothing would survive.

"Yes!" Cameron replied.

The surgery took four hours. Even so, the doctors barely managed to save Alfie's life and made sure everyone knew it. Sean was still worried about the recurrence of the incident. So, he arranged a private plane to send Abigail and Analise back to Pendorf effective immediately.

Once Analise returned home, she took a bath, ate the takeout, and hit the hay.

Abigail's thoughts were a complete mess. She couldn't stop linking Analise's trip to Capitalis with the Pearsons.

The reason why she figured that these two matters were related was mainly because the new young lady of the Pearsons' had been targeting her. That was the only explanation she could come up with that could possibly lead to Analise's sudden trip to Capitalis.

Just as she was trying to parse things out further, Luna came a-calling.

Abigail answered the call and leaned back in her chair while asking in a gentle tone, "What's going on?" "I saw the news! Are you okay? How is Grandma? Were you both scared? Why did you go to Capitalis out of the blue? If you were planning to go on a trip, you should at least let me know!" Luna was on the verge of tears.

Abigail let out a deep sigh. "Let's go to our usual place for a drink. I need your help in sorting things out." "All right." Luna agreed quickly.

Abigail sat down and sighed softly once she was at the bar.

Luna immediately ordered a cocktail for her and looked at her with concern. "Tell me! It's all over the news! Even though they didn't explicitly mention who it was, I knew right away it was you and Grandma!" Abigail rested her chin on her hand and inquired, "Grandma went to Capitalis alone. Thoughts?" Luna's eyes widened and her jaw dropped in her astonishment.

After a good while, she stammered. "Did... Did Grandma go to Capitalis on her own? She can't even take a cab. How did she get to Capitalis?!" "You find it quite odd, too, huh? She

really did go there. Then, she went missing for almost a day before she was found unconscious in the train station's restroom," Abigail explained slowly.

Luna's disbelief was gradually replaced with grave concern as she considered the severity of the matter. "She can't have possibly been in a train station restroom for a whole day, can she?" "She's refusing to tell me just where she went during her disappearance. When I asked her, she only said that she can't believe that she lost so much time," Abigail added. Analise was her grandmother. So, how could she not see through the fact that Analise was feigning ignorance?

She didn't know whether Sean had questioned her grandmother. Nonetheless, given Analise's attitude toward him, which wasn't particularly friendly, she doubted Analise would have discussed such matters with him, who was an outsider to her.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 297-You Are Analise's Granddaughter Luna sipped her drink slowly and began to brainstorm.

"Grandma only cares about you. The only reason she would go to Capitalis would be because of you. We only know the Davidsons and the Pearsons in Capitalis. The Davidsons aren't worth mentioning since you haven't had any direct conflicts with them. The only person you have an issue with there is Kelly." Luna began her analysis.

Abigail nodded and urged her to continue, saying encouragingly, "Keep going." "However, given her identity, I doubt she'd even get past the front gate by trying to approach the Pearsons in Capitalis," Luna said cautiously.

"Do you think my grandmother is that reckless?" Abigail asked.

"No. She's at an age where she's way more experienced in discerning a situation than us. Could it be that she's hiding something from us? I watched the video, and that assailant was clearly targeting the two of you. It's obvious that you were the intended target. Some internet users have also agreed with my analysis, saying the attacker was clearly out to get someone," Luna explained.

Abigail took a sip of her drink and inquired, "Under what circumstances would someone go to such lengths to eliminate a person?" "It's either for significant gain or because Grandma has damning evidence against them. Regardless, I still can't wrap my head around it. Grandma has lived her whole life in Pendorf; her only connection to the Pearsons is probably-" Luna suddenly fell silent.

She stared at Abigail for a while before continuing, "Could it be that you are the real young lady of the Pearsons and Kelly is a fake?" Abigail didn't reply.

Ronaldo had said something similar, and now Luna was suggesting the same.

Given that Analise had spent her entire life in Pendorf, the only possible connection would be her identity.

"I'm actually scared that you would come to this conclusion." Abigail lowered her head suddenly.

Analise would rather lie to her than let her return to the Pearsons. If she were indeed one of the Pearsons, that meant that this wasn't just a simple case of losing a child. Considering Analise's reaction, it was something Abigail couldn't accept. This was why Analise had been guarding the secret of her identity so closely.

"You have the best support, which is a grandmother who has always considered your well-being. It doesn't matter what your identity is; I only recognize you as Grandma's granddaughter," Luna said, her expression unusually resolute.

The confusion that had been swirling in Abigail's mind was suddenly dispelled by Luna's words.

Indeed, she would always be Analise's granddaughter regardless of the truth.

She could never forget the kindness Analise had shown her in this lifetime.

After they left the bar, Luna hugged Abigail and murmured, "Please bring bodyguards when you go to Capitalis. You really scared the hell out of me. I'm so happy you're okay." "Sean's subordinate was almost killed," Abigail said. It turns out that even the most formidable individuals can become completely powerless after being stabbed." It seemed that TV dramas were indeed nothing but nonsense.

Luna patted her back, consoling her silently.

Abigail failed to find any solace even though she was now safely at home. She really wanted to have an open conversation with Analise. Nonetheless, she was also aware that Analise would be extremely defensive if she were to strike up any conversation about the truth of her origins. It would be utterly counterproductive if she said something wrong, eventually leading

Analise to overthink things. She didn't want her grandmother to fall into melancholy due to her pursuing the truth.

She had been sitting there staring at nothing when she suddenly received Josh's call.

She looked at his name and suddenly felt as though she was looking at the name for the first time.

She answered the call but remained silent.

That was because she knew that if her assumptions were true and that this attack at the station. was truly orchestrated by the Pearsons, her relationship with Josh would become hostile as well.

"Abigail, I already know about the station incident. Sean mentioned that it has to do with the Pearsons, and we are also conducting an internal investigation. The Pearsons will definitely give you and Old Mrs. Quinn an explanation if we find out anything." Josh's tone was apologetic.

"Why do you think it might be related to the Pearsons?" Abigail asked him calmly.

"I know you suspect Kelly, and all the events that have occurred point to her targeting you. However, I can say with certainty that Kelly is innocent. There are individuals within the Pearsons who don't want her to return and are deliberately framing her," Josh explained.

"Does that mean she personally called to order a wedding dress from me and transferred money to Studio 438 to frame herself?" Abigail asked indifferently.

"I will investigate all of these; I will have answers for you within a week." Josh replied promptly.

"Josh, you and I could have had no conflicts. Yet, someone from afar has decided to meddle and target me. Grandma went to Capitalis because of me!

Alfie nearly lost his life because of us! How 2/3 sinister are the people from the Pearsons that they can murder in a public place?!" Abigail couldn't help but express her anger when she thought about the dangerous situation they had. faced.

"You'd better tell the Pearsons this-I now know the purpose of my grandmother's visit to Capitalis. If some rats from the Pearsons continue to engage in such despicable actions from the shadows, I won't hesitate to find allies and deal with the Pearsons altogether. Heed me

when I say. I don't believe that any of you have the power to escape the law's constraints!" Abigail abruptly hung up the phone after saying her piece.

At this point, there was nothing more to say between her and Josh.

He might not have been involved in this incident, but would he step aside when the truth about the attack came out? Or would he protect the perpetrator in the interest of the Pearsons' reputation?

Sean had asked her to swallow her pride for the sake of Joan as well.

The concept of sacrificing personal feelings for a greater cause was not uncommon. Plus, these prominent families were primarily concerned with the reputation and interests of their family as a whole.

Just as Abigail was seething in fury, she heard a knock at the living room door.

She was about to check who that was when a message popped up on her phone.

I'm here. Open the door.

She only opened the door for Sean once she was sure that Analise had fallen asleep.

This time, Sean's subordinate had saved them. Still, that didn't necessarily mean that Analise would welcome him. Gratitude was one thing, but it couldn't be confused with their previous entanglements.

"What are you here for?" Abigail asked.

She thought Sean was still in Capitalis.

Sean carried a paper bag in his hand, walked over to the couch, and placed the bag on the coffee table. "Is your grandmother asleep?" "Yes. She's tired and has been asleep for nearly an hour." Abigail nodded.

He looked at her before noticing that she wasn't wearing undergarments and immediately averted his gaze. "Have you forgotten what the doctor said?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 298-Good Intentions Rejected Once Again Abigail couldn't help but glance at herself after his actions. When she realized what was going on, she turned around,

somewhat embarrassed. "It's not that painful. I won't really feel anything as long as I don't bend my back doing anything strenuous." "Should we do this here or in the bedroom?" Sean looked at her calmly as his tone left no room for refusal.

"I'll have Luna help me. You should go home. I appreciate what you did in Capitalis, and my grandmother does, too. However, it's not suitable for you to apply the ointment for me."

Sean looked at her and asked calmly. "Are you worried that I'll do something to you?" "You know very well that it's not what I meant," she answered placidly.

Sean's eyes were like a deep abyss that could captivate one's soul. "I won't do anything to you. I'll rest once I'm done." Abigail averted her gaze. "Just go home. You've had a busy day, and you're definitely tired. Besides, I still have my grandmother." After she finished speaking, she walked toward her room.

Sean stood up and intoned deeply. "Very well. You can seek help on your own.

Your body is your own. So, it won't make a difference no matter how worried others might be if you don't take care of it yourself." He was willing to compromise, but he wasn't about to allow Abigail to think he was using the incident involving Analise's rescue to pressure her into submission.

"Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Graham," Abigail said sincerely.

After he left, she sat on the couch for a while before heading to her bedroom.

Sean didn't immediately leave once he sat in his car. Instead, he lit a cigarette.

Abigail was truly not about to give him any opportunity to get closer.

After he finished his cigarette, he was about to leave when Colby called.

Colby usually went to bed early. So, a call this late was quite surprising to Sean.

"Grandpa, what's wrong?" Sean answered the call and inquired softly.

"I saw the news. Did she go to Capitalis? Is she okay? The news was quite alarming, and I couldn't sleep properly, Colby blurted question after question in his concern.

1/3 Sean smiled and reassured him. "She's fine. I had my people step in, and neither she nor her grandmother were harmed." "That's good... That's good. Why did she go to Capitalis? Oh, by the way, your grandmother has been getting close to Joan these past few days. She even invited her to our house. Aren't you going to do anything about this?" Colby felt a strong aversion to Joan.

"I can't do anything, Sean replied indifferently.

Colby sighed heavily, then continued, "Joan is someone you got involved with, and now she's clinging to you like gum. You're just going to ignore it and let her cause trouble for me?!" "I don't mind you coming to stay with me if you feel they find her annoying" Sean maintained his cold tone.

"Sean, it's not that I want to nag or interfere. However, your divorce and the estrangement between you, Abigail, and her grandmother are all because of Joan. Do you really intend to just let the woman do whatever she wants?" Colby's tone held a hint of confusion.

"I'd like to do something, but will Grandma let me? Joan played a key role in rescuing her from suffering when she was kidnapped by Joan's brother. Now, she treats Joan like her own. So, she'll get upset the moment I even try to do something against Joan," Sean replied nonchalantly.

Colby exhaled a sigh filled with frustration, and then he grumbled, "Joan's brother broke the law. Can she be considered a good person? What she did was for her own benefit! Does she really think that everyone likes her?" Colby hung up the phone after complaining.

Sean sat in his car and tossed his phone aside. His eyes were concealing a hidden storm.

He sat quietly for a while before finally taking a last look at Abigail's home.

The living room lights were switched off, leaving only the light in her bedroom still on.

He withdrew his gaze and drove away.

The next day, the officials hadn't even made an announcement regarding the incident at Capitalis station. Yet, a marketing account had already posted an article about it.

"The assailant has been diagnosed with a mental illness. According to his statements, the young woman in the incident reminded him of his ex-wife, who used to control and torment him, leading to a momentary lapse of judgment.

According to the assailant, he had been subjected to prolonged emotional abuse by his ex-wife, who not only tormented him but also took away all of his assets after their divorce...”
2/3 Luna lost her temper entirely after reading the article.

She started exclaiming in fury. “What is that post supposed to mean? Someone almost got stabbed to death! Yet, all they report is how the assailant was tormented and driven insane by his ex-wife! What about the man who almost got stabbed to death? Isn’t he in a terrible state as well?!” Abigail looked at the news with a furrowed brow and said calmly, “This news is clearly aimed at me. The online environment is already unfavorable, and you can see that for yourself from the comments below.” Luna scrolled down to read the comments.

Sure enough, no one cared about the person who got stabbed. Instead, everyone was fervently discussing how the assailant had suffered, how his exwife had tormented him, and finally, how he had eventually become insane..

“If I were him, I wouldn’t be able to control myself either. After marrying, his parents ended up in the hospital due to distress after their marriage. Then, she took away all of his property. If I were in such a situation. I’d lose it too!” “Who’s the woman who was almost stabbed? I really want to know what the face of such a malicious woman looks like. We should keep our distance from women who look like her in the future.

“Yeah! I mean, that woman who almost got stabbed doesn’t seem like a good person either, considering her malicious expression. Here’s a thought-What if she deliberately pushed the man who got stabbed to shield herself from the knife?”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 299-The First One to Stand Up for Her Luna exploded when she saw the nonsense the netizens were spouting.

She licked her lips and hissed with anger, “They don’t know anything. So, how dare they assume things about you?” Abigail looked at the increasingly uncontrollable comments and said seriously, “These comments are likely from internet trolls with the aim of provoking irrational reactions from some people so that they will dig up my personal information and tarnish my reputation.” This incident was a silent standoff between the Pearsons and her.

The Pearsons wouldn’t wait for the official report. Instead, they would use the internet to stir things up and create more trouble for her.

Luna looked at her with concern.

"We need to investigate if what the assailant said is true," Abigail said calmly.

"All right. I'll immediately have someone help you with this!" Luna quickly got up to contact her friends.

Nevertheless, before Luna's people could look into the matter, Eric had taken the initiative to defend her. He even went as far as to tag the entertainment news outlet.

He wrote to Capitalis Entertainment, And here I thought an account with a blue tick and millions. of followers on Instagram would do some investigation before posting an article. An innocent victim was in surgery for four hours and was barely saved from the clutches of death. The police haven't even released an official statement regarding the incident. Yet, here you are, posting that the assailant was diagnosed with a mental illness, and the blame is to be placed on one of the victims a young woman? Have I lost my marbles, or have you? Is this what the world has come to? The fact that the assailant has a mental illness and was previously hurt might be a reason behind his actions. However, does it justify attempted murder? It's the victims who had no knowledge of the situation.

Yet, now they have to endure online rumors all because of your irresponsibility.

Why isn't anyone speaking up about this?" After Eric's Instagram post, many celebrities and accounts with blue ticks reposted it.

Just because someone looks similar, they're at risk of being smeared by internet rumors and enduring a second round of harm. God, I truly hope that none of you out there has any doppelgangers going around torturing someone. Aren't the police going to do something about. Capitalis Entertainment? What nonsense is this? A lunatic commits murder, and they blame it on someone who looks similar to the attacker's tormentor? So, are you actually saying that anyone who resembles someone else should go for plastic surgery to avoid being mistaken for a murderer? Are you seriously trying to say that someone should be blamed for looking like someone the killer knows if they refuse to change their features?

This is ridiculous!" 1/3 Tdidn't know that victims would be at fault for resembling someone the attacker knows. The victim is already unfortunate enough to have been seen by the murderer. Yet, they're supposed to suffer this outrageous smear campaign started by some unscrupulous internet users spreading rumors after that incident? Are you kidding me? The victim almost lost his life. Yet, what are you doing? You netizens and this absolute trash of an entertainment news outlet are taking the side of the murderer! What are all of you on? Since I'm already at it, I think the police should investigate these commentators to see if there

are potential murderers hiding among them!” Due to Eric’s condemnation, the news from Capitalis Entertainment went viral.

However, Capitalis Entertainment deleted the Instagram post within half an hour.

Although some netizens continued to protest, the Capitalis police finally released an official statement.

The murderer has been diagnosed with an inherited mental illness, and his experiences match those mentioned by Capitalis Entertainment. However, his mental illness was not solely caused by his ex-wife’s control and torment but due to his long history of gambling and alcohol abuse, which made him extremely unstable. The assault with a knife was not due to the young woman’s resemblance to his ex-wife but was the result of manipulation. The case is under further investigation, and we hope that netizens will use the internet rationally and not add to the secondary harm to the victims.

The handling of this case was relatively fast.

Abigail’s information was not exposed, and the Instagram account of Capitalis Entertainment was banned.

If Eric hadn’t spoken out promptly; the public sentiment would likely have been unfavorable to her.

Abigail sent a message to Eric, Thank you for your prompt action. In the future, if there’s anything you need help with, L.Moon will definitely lend a hand.” “You’re welcome. It’s what I should do. You never blamed me, even after I caused you so much trouble last time. This time, I have to help you no matter what.” Abigail looked at the message and let out a sigh.

‘In any case, thank you. Let’s leave the past behind us.” Her relationship with Sean and Eric seemed less strained than before after this incident.

Eric knew that Abigail had genuinely forgiven him after reading the message.

He felt his eyes welling up with tears, and his eyes had a shiny quality to them as he held his 2/3 phone.

In these past weeks, Abigail had not paid even a sliver of attention to him. As a result, he had gone through a particularly tough time. Whenever his mind wandered to how he had caused her so much trouble and that her relatives were criticizing her, he felt extremely guilty.

Alas, he didn't dare say anything at this moment.

He couldn't rush matters now because she had developed some goodwill for him.

On the other hand, Sean was also quietly assisting her from the shadows, which gave him the opportunity to work with her.

In his opinion, the best way to get closer to her was to prepare for the unexpected.

Eric called Josh after he got his emotions under control.

Josh hadn't slept well the previous night due to the harsh accusations Abigail had hurled at him.

He had thought that his connection with her was over. So, he no longer held her in the same carefully guarded place in his heart as before.

Yet, the moment he picked up the call and heard her voice, he realized that his protective and caring feelings for her had never really changed.

Her anger and suffering because of the unfair treatment had also made him feel uneasy.

After Josh pressed the answer button, his tone was as calm as usual. "What's the matter?" "Do you know who the person who got stabbed is this time?" Eric's tone sounded less amicable than before.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 300-Bringing an End to Everything Josh had only started investigating these matters yesterday afternoon. So, how could he possibly find out anything so soon? Moreover, he had also been suffering significant resistance during his investigation.

"I don't know," he answered calmly.

"Alfie Willis. You know the Willis Family in Capitalis, don't you? He has a very close bond with Sean, and now he's lying half-dead in the hospital. The Pearsons might face intense scrutiny from Sean until he's satisfied," Eric said.

His tone finally held some concern for Josh when he mentioned this fact.

"Alfie Willis..." Josh's eyes darkened.

In the social elite circles of Capitalis, this name had gone from being everyone's laughingstock to an unspeakable existence. The main reason for that was all because of Sean.

"You know Sean's temperament. If it weren't for Alfie's intervention, it could be Abigail lying in the hospital in critical condition. Both Alfie and she are important to him. Now that they're both involved in such danger, do you think he will let the Pearsons off easily? If the Pearsons don't clear things up quickly and provide him with a satisfactory explanation, Sean will never let the Pearsons have a single moment of peace," Eric said. He was indeed angry at the Pearsons' actions. Regardless, he genuinely believed that Josh was likely not involved or aware of their actions.

"Eric, the Pearsons will provide an explanation for Abigail," Josh assured him.

"Josh, I want to ask if the Pearsons are doing all these things behind the scenes because I chose Abigail over the young lady of the Pearsons for marriage. Is that why you're targeting her?" Eric didn't want to beat around the bush with Josh.

"These things still lack concrete evidence that the Pearsons are behind them.

Your words are quite irresponsible," Josh responded with a hint of displeasure in his voice.

"I don't think you and I can find evidence of this," Eric retorted.

After a moment of contemplation, Josh asked, "So, what do you want to do?" "The root cause of these events lies in the arranged marriage between the Davidsons and the Pearsons, which I reneged on. I hope you can play along with me. Of course, I don't want you to tell Kelly about it," Eric said as he lowered his voice slightly.

Josh didn't speak but listened quietly to the plan Eric laid out.

After Eric finished speaking, Josh couldn't help but ask, "Is it really worth doing all this for Abigail? I don't think this approach is suitable. It might burden her even more." 1/3 "I won't let her know that I've done all this, and I'm not doing it to make her accept me. I just want to make amends. Moreover, if it weren't for us recklessly approaching her, she wouldn't have been entangled in all this trouble. Since the trouble arose because of us, let's be the ones to put an end to it." Eric's tone became unexpectedly gentle.

"All right," Josh said softly.

He had always regarded Eric as a brother because he truly was a kind and upright person. Furthermore, what he said was right. Everything that had happened to Abigail was ultimately due to his poor judgment, which got her entangled in the Pearsons' turmoil.

While Abigail was still impatiently waiting for further information from the Capitalis police, news about Eric's engagement to the young lady of the Pearsons was spreading like wildfire on the internet.

This news was hard for Eric's fans to accept.

It also came as a surprise to Abigail. Plus, she couldn't help but wonder why Eric, who was usually not so impulsive, had made such a decision.

Nonetheless, she knew better than to interfere with the decisions of two prominent families as they often had various complex reasons behind their choices.

Eric's fans were in an uproar, and some had even threatened to unfollow him.

Yet, Abigail couldn't help but notice that Eric didn't reveal which young lady of the Pearsons he was engaged to.

"Abigail, Mr. Graham is here. He said he wants to see you." Abigail's assistant suddenly informed her, which interrupted her train of thought.

She looked at her assistant. After a brief consideration, she nodded. "Let him in." The assistant smiled before turning to invite Sean into the office.

Shortly after, Sean entered the room while holding two cups of coffee.

"I brought a cup for you. I hope you don't mind," he said as he approached the couch.

Abigail shook her head and watched as her assistant closed the office door.

Then, she stood up and asked, "What brings you here?" The engagement between the Davidsons and the Pearsons is not as simple as it seems. I came to discuss this matter with you," Sean said before sitting down on the couch with the coffee.

Abigail waited until he had taken a sip of coffee before saying, "I know, but I don't know the reasons behind it." 2/3 "Alfie has a close relationship with me. Right now, I'm doing everything

I can to deal with the Pearsons. If the Pearsons say they're not afraid of my retaliation, it's probably a lie," Sean replied. calmly.

His words made Abigail think, Alfie said he's just one of your lackeys....

"Do you mean that the Pearsons and the Davidsons are trying to join forces to deal with you?" Abigail's brows furrowed, and her expression grew serious.

For some reason, she felt that Eric wouldn't do such a thing. He was generally mild-mannered, but he wasn't someone who would let others manipulate him.

She had always thought of him as honorable. Would someone like that take responsibility for the Pearsons' wrongdoings?

"Although there is a possibility that might happen, you and I both know that it doesn't align with his character." Sean looked at Abigail, and his gaze was seemingly calm. Nonetheless, it also held a deep intensity, as if he cared greatly about her assessment of Eric.

"Eric hasn't mentioned which young lady of the Pearsons he's engaged to.

Could his actions be related to the internal division within the Pearsons? Abigail moved closer to Sean, staring at him. with bright and focused eyes.

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