

I Want a Divorce

I Want a Divorce chapter 3-Abigail immediately sobered up. "Wait a moment. I'm coming right now." Thus, she put on some light makeup to hide the dark circles under her eyes at the speed of light, changed into a set of light and trendy suit fit for moving around, and went downstairs in her heels.

1/5 Suddenly, she caught sight of two familiar figures leaning against each other on the couch in the lobby. She paused, and the smile she prepared on her

face disappeared immediately, but it was too late for her to leave now.

On the other hand, Sean frowned and jumped to his feet upon seeing her.

Then, he marched up to her, grabbed her arm, and dragged her to a corner.

"Abigail Quinn, your bravery knows no bounds! You even followed us here!" Nonetheless, she simply pursed her lips and wore an annoyed look. Since they were in the midst of a divorce, she couldn't be bothered to explain herself to him even though he had the wrong idea about her. So, she shook off his grip and put on a soft, polite smile. "Mr. Graham, I'm working now.

Want This Chess Please watch your actions." His brows furrowed with impatience and annoyance. "Did I not give you enough money? Do you need to work here as a server?" Abigail sneered in contempt. She had never kept it a secret from him that she was a fashion designer. If he had just paid a little bit of attention to her, he would find the sketches she was usually working on.

Alas, he didn't love her, so he had never spared any thought on her. In all honesty, it wasn't surprising that he would jump to the conclusion that she could only be a server after leaving him.

"We're already divorced. So, you don't have to feel embarrassed even if I'm working as a saleswoman. Aren't you worried that Miss Palmer will get the wrong idea by acting like this?" We were married for three years in secret. I don't think Joan even knows who I am, but he's having a hushed conversation with me without her.

He caught a main point from her words, and his face turned stone-cold.

3/5 Abigail swept her pretty eyes over him. All he cared about that night was Joan and hadn't even heard what she had said at all. Usually, he won't come 'home' and it only makes sense that he hasn't seen the divorce papers that I left behind. It's my fault for overlooking this, she thought in annoyance.

Hence, she pried his hand away and did her best to keep her cool. "It's okay.

The divorce settlement will be sent to your office tomorrow. Remember to sign it!" Sean had more questions for her but saw Joan trotting toward him from the lobby in her heels. She smiled sweetly, showing the dimple on her cheek.

"What's wrong, Sean?" He immediately changed his tone. "Nothing. Why did you come over?" Then, Joan leaned against his side like a meek little kitten and spoke in a soft, spoiled voice, "You've been here for so long, so I wanted to check out what's going on. Do you know this store assistant?"

4/5 Three years of marriage, and I'm not even a stranger to him, Abigail sneered silently. Regardless, he couldn't be bothered to argue with him as she wanted to leave right then and there. Unfortunately for her, Joan approached her while holding Sean's arm. "It's fate that you got the wrong person. It looks like we're destined to be your customers," Joan said in a considerate manner.

"Will you please show us the wedding gown designed by Alana?" Even though Abigail had given up on her relationship, she still couldn't help but freeze momentarily. Is he really in such a rush? We're not even completely divorced yet and he's already ready to marry Joan?

The wedding gown that Joan mentioned was the only one that Alana designed in the past few years. It was also displayed in the most eye-catching spot of L.Moon all this time. The price was astronomical, and everyone knew that it was actually not for sale.

Every stitch of that dress was made by Abigail herself, all for the promise that 1

After a moment of hesitation, she led them to that wedding gown. As she watched Joan gasp in admiration and delight, she took a few steps backward, her face gradually turning solemn.

Joan pointed at the dress in the display window in excitement. "I want this dress!" Sean nodded expressionlessly. "Sure, Try it on." UL/0 5/5 The store assistant who was with them gently reminded them, "Sir, this dress isn't meant for-" Before she could finish, Abigail interjected. "We're selling it, but the price is a little on the steep side. It's 1.3 million." Joan looked a little hesitant upon hearing the price.

I Want a Divorce chapter 4-This was the same price tag for a dress from an international designer and was clearly overpriced. However, the design wasn't inferior by any means. It was said that the dress was designed more than three years ago, but it still looked beautiful.

Sean briefly glanced at Abigail dispassionately with his hands in his pockets.

and said casually, "Just as long as you like it. We'll take it." Then, he passed the card to the shop assistant. "Swipe it straight away. There's no password

needed.

Filled with excitement, Joan gave him a huge bear hug. "Sean, I love you!" 17 Abigail looked away with an inexplicable discomfort in her chest. Just as she expected, a dress that was more than a million was peanuts to Sean. As long as it was something that Joan wanted, he would give it to her without any second thoughts.

So, Abigail nodded and gestured to the assistant next to them to process the 12:07 Sun, 24 Sept 62%

How could she sell this dress? This was the dress Abigail designed for herself!

It would be a lie if Abigail said that she could part with it, but since she was getting divorced and there wouldn't be any wedding for her, so what was the point of keeping the dress? Therefore, she chuckled lightly and said, "Didn't Miss Smith already say that only a dummy will miss out on a deal?" Furthermore, they would be making money out of Sean, which she would consider a fantastic deal. After that, only then did the assistant begrudgingly process the payment. Meanwhile, Abigail brought a stool for herself to retrieve the dress from the glass display window.

When it was time to try on the dress, Joan pointed at Abigail. "Will you help me put on the dress? I don't need anyone else." Abigail reflexively stole a look at Sean. Is he going to let his yet-to-be divorced wife help his seamlessly integrated next wife try on a wedding un, He'll only allow it if he's an idiot, 62%— Before the thought even finished running through her mind, she heard Sean say tenderly, "Sorry to trouble you, then." He stood under the shadow of the spotlight with his hands in his pockets.

Light poured over half of him while the other half was covered in darkness, which made him look exceptionally tall. His features were elegant with a touch of regality and indifference that deterred others from approaching him.

3/7 Abigail sneered inwardly as a thoughtful smile spread across her face. "This is no trouble at all. It's part of my job." Trying on the dress is my job and handing over the marriage as well.

He threw a look at her from the corner of his icy eyes, and she interpreted it as a warning look. So, she held the wedding gown in her hands, gestured at him, and put on a professional, soft smile. "Don't worry. I'll be sure to serve your wife the best I can." He Got the Wrong Person The changing room of L.Moon was very spacious and there was plenty of space to fit two people. Abigail helped Joan into the wedding dress without even flinching.

4/7 The dress was made according to Abigail's body proportion, and even though Joan had a very good figure, it was still a challenge to put it on her, especially when it came to the waist. It didn't matter how desperately Joan held her breath and sucked her abdomen in, Abigail couldn't pull up the zipper. Eventually, they both broke out in a

sweat after a few tries. Out of wits, Abigail hastily went out and returned with a pair of scissors. Then, she crouched down, cut off a few locking stitches on the waistline, and somehow managed to pull up the zipper.

Finally, she straightened out the hem of the dress and tried to relieve the awkwardness in the air. "It will be fine once we change the size later." Joan checked out herself in the mirror. The dress was more elegant and beautiful than it was in the display window, and she appeared more sophisticated because of it. Suddenly, she looked down at Abigail who was busy smoothing out the dress for her. "How long have you known my husband?" Abigail paused mid-action before standing up straight and raising her brows.

"He said that he got the wrong person." Joan relaxed and looked less wary as she regarded Abigail through the mirror. "You're right. He's so busy every day and I doubt that he has the time to befriend a small shop assistant like you." Abigail merely smiled, and Joan added, "It's probably quite tough to work in such a competitive place. Do you get paid by commission?" Abigail answered in a perfunctory manner while carefully adjusting the belt for Joan, "The job is alright, but I don't get any commission." Joan's eyes lit up. "Oh, are you the store manager?" Abigail thought it over for a couple of seconds as she said, "You can put it that way." Between her and Luna, one was in charge of the internal workings of the store while the other was responsible for the external affairs, so she could be considered as the store manager as well.

Then, Joan slowly bent down, fished out a business card from her purse, and said alluringly, "My husband kind of likes the designs by Alana and would like to order dresses from her for the long term for me, but I only want Alana's custom designs. If it's possible, will you help me set up a bridge between us and Alana? My husband is the president of Graham International and money is not an issue. Plus, I can help you get more customers, too." Irony washed over Abigail. Does Sean like my designs? Then, does he know that the designer he wants for Joan is the wife he despised and spent three years with?

She didn't take the business card from Joan's hand and said in an aloof tone, "Since your husband is so amazing, he should be able to contact Alana himself, Why don't you ask him for this favor?" Joan was furious as she didn't expect a lowly store manager to reject her. She kept the business card away, saying sarcastically, "That's true. I forgot that people of your station won't have the chance to meet a well-known designer like that." Then, she shoved Abigail out of the changing room and happened to bump into Sean who was coming over. Immediately, she put on a timid face, as though she was mistreated, and pouted piteously. "Sean, will you please get me someone else? She has a really bad attitude."

I Want a Divorce chapter 5-Sean glanced at Abigail as he furrowed his attractive brows tightly, wondering about her purpose here. Why is she doing such a servile job?

Moreover, having to face fussy customers. It is a stark contrast to her life with us, the Grahams!

Still, he couldn't help but sneer. "Stop following others and dive into the service industry if you can't stay humble." His words pricked Abigail like a thorn. These two simply are capable of turning

things upside down in perfect harmony, aren't they?

She curled the corner of her lower lip as she said in a somewhat impolite tone, "Very well, then. I shall let another person serve you. Hopefully, you can successfully ask for Alana's contact and subsequently introduce more clients to us.

Abigail left the fitting room area immediately after she finished saying that.

Then, she called over an assistant to replace her. Before the assistant Desperate entered, she specifically made it clear saying, "Don't mention my identity when you go in later." After a momentary pause, she added spitefully, "And if they ask why, tell them that Alana's husband has just passed away, so she currently isn't in the mood to design any dresses." Asking for a chance to meet Alana? Dream on!

The assistant swiftly took the order and walked to the fitting room area. Right then, she heard Joan complaining to Sean. "What's with her attitude?! I asked her for Alana's number because I genuinely love this wedding dress. Yet, she responded in such a manner! I can't believe store attendants nowadays are all so ill-mannered." Sean felt his head aching from Joan's whining. "Why do you want to argue with a store employee? I will ask someone to get Alana's number and then ask her to come and meet you. Okay?" The assistant involuntarily pursed her lips and secretly criticized, How hilarious! Ms. Alana was right in front of you moments ago, but you just had to offend her. And now, you still want her to design your dresses?!

"I'm sorry, but Ms. Alana's husband has just passed away. So, she doesn't feel like meeting guests at the moment." 2/0 Suddenly, Sean felt his right eyelid twitch. "We shall wait until she's ready, then." Alana has just become a widow? That's quite unfortunate, indeed, Thanks to the distress caused by Sean, Abigail no longer felt sleepy. Hence, she called Luna, "Hey, I have made 1.3 million worth of profit today! So, hurry over and throw me a celebratory party!" As soon as Luna heard what Abigail said, she knew Abigail had successfully sold the wedding dress. Well, she's in the midst of a divorce with him. It's good that she sold it to someone else.

Even so, curiosity got the best of her. Therefore, she asked, "Which unfortunate—Bah! Which magnificent customer has generously bought it?" "Sean." Abigail smiled wryly. "He bought it for Joan." Sun, 24 Sept 62%

Desperate Luna couldn't help but screech into the phone, "Why did you still sell it?!" 4/6 Abigail couldn't suppress the tears from welling up in her eyes. Still, she raised her head

and struggled to hold them back. "Who cares? We have made a huge profit, haven't we? That money alone can sustain our expenses for a year!" It was just that Abigail never expected that the thing that she had worked hard for three years would end up in another woman's possession.

Well, I can't say I didn't gain anything out of it, can I? At least I sold the dress for 1.3 million. 1.3... January 3rd, the day Sean and I applied for our marriage license at the City Hall. Then again, Sean probably has long forgotten about the date.

In the evening, Abigail did her level best to get wasted. Luna also drank the alcohol like a champ for the sake of keeping Abigail company. As a result, she passed out on the ground.

So, after sending Luna home in a cab, Abigail hailed another one and returned to the studio. However, halfway through the journey, she suddenly remembered that Sean hadn't seen the divorce settlement. Thus, she figured 12:09 Sun, 24 Sept O 62%

Desperate that she had to go back, take it, and send it over. Hence, she immediately asked the driver to change their destination to the 'home' where she had stayed for three years.

5/6 After the driver pulled over at the apartment's front gate, Abigail paid the driver and staggered her way into the building. As soon as she entered the house, a strong force pressed her against the door, followed by her lips getting domineeringly kissed by a man.

Although she was definitely wasted, the familiar scent and burning body heat that assailed her nostrils made her have the urge to burst into tears. His initiative and enthusiasm would have sent her on cloud nine if it was a few days ago.

Yet, all her passion instantly disappeared as soon as she remembered him showing up in the studio with Joan and accompanying her to try on the wedding dress before her eyes in the afternoon.

So, she raised her hand and shoved the man in front of her away with all her

Desperate 6/6 strength. Then, she wiped her mouth in disgust. "How desperate are you?! Did Joan not satisfy you enough?" Sean had obviously just returned home as he was still wearing the suit from this afternoon. He stared at the woman in front of him with sullen eyes as he asked, "What about you? You said you were going to divorce me, right? So, why are you still here in the middle of the night? What's the matter? You can't stand the hardship of your current job?" When she sensed the disdain in his words, she balled her hand into fists, which hung by her side, tightly. "The pay isn't as great, but the suffering is really far from when I was working for you," she said snappishly.

Then, she bypassed Sean, headed inside, and turned on the lights in the living room. After she grabbed the divorce settlement and the cards that were on the coffee table, she stuffed them into his arms and snarled, "I came back here to get these. I'm glad that you're here. That way, I won't have to make an extra trip tomorrow."

I Want a Divorce chapter 6-Sean felt agitated as he glanced at the divorce settlement and the several cards in his hand. I simply thought she was just throwing a tantrum. How dare she think of divorcing me!

"Are you being serious right now?" He held back his anger and managed to ask through his teeth.

Abigail quirked a brow at him and replied nonchalantly, "I am dead serious.

Sign it, and we will go through the procedures when both of us are free later.

Sean looked at his wife before his eyes relentlessly as he thought, We have been married for three years, and Abigail has been fulfilling her duty as Mrs.

Graham. She's well-behaved, obedient, and kind to my family members.

More so, she pleases me in every possible way. Yet, she's like a different person now.

As he regarded her fair and lustrous face painted with impatience that was completely different from before and listened to the icy cold words that escaped her lips, he felt a knife stabbing through his heart as he realized that Abigail was truly looking forward to leaving him. So, he quickly retracted his gaze, turned around, and walked into the living room. "There's no need for that. I will see you at the City Hall front entrance tomorrow at 9.00AM." His indifferent voice sounded.

At first, Abigail thought that she was all prepared for this day. It was only at this moment that she truly realized that her heart was still in pain like it was getting pricked with thousands of needles. Half of her body went numb. In fact, she didn't even know how she managed to walk out of the house.

She returned to the studio in a daze and lay on the bed, only to realize that her stomach was churning in pain after a while.

So, she hastily covered her mouth and rushed into the bathroom before vomiting everything she ate and drank earlier that evening. Still, the pain in her stomach worsened instead of being relieved.

To make matters worse, whenever she suffered from digestive troubles, she would feel nothing but excruciating pain. Since she hadn't had a relapse for a she had completely forgotten about the agony she would have to endure. Therefore, she didn't even bother taking her stomach medicine with her when she moved out. At this moment, the journey

from her bathroom to her bedside could result in her back drenching in a cold sweat. Still, she gritted her teeth and endured the pain as she grabbed her phone to call Luna.

To her dismay, Luna didn't hear her phone ringing at all as she was sleeping like a log.

As she feared she would die of pain in the studio tonight, she eventually called Sean after a great deal of hesitation. However, no one picked up during the first call. Thus, she called again. This time, it was answered after the second ring, and a soft, waxy voice sounded from the other end of the phone. As soon as Abigail heard the voice, she could tell it was Joan. "Hello?

Who is it?" He was still alone when I left the apartment just now. Yet, he's already with Joan within seconds! Damn it! I was out of my mind to think of asking Sean Sun, Thus, Abigail swiftly silenced herself instead of answering.

61%

When Joan heard no response on the other end, she tentatively asked, "Is it you, Abigail? Are you looking for Sean?" As she had no intention of hearing Joan say something nonsense like Sean was taking a shower, she promptly hung up the phone. Then, she curled up on the carpet, frowned, and blocked all of Sean's contact.

Then, she suddenly lost her vision and passed out once she placed her phone away.

"Abigail?" Luna woke Abigail up early the next morning.

4/6 As Luna was still wearing her pajamas, she obviously rushed here before she had time to change. Then, she said guiltily, "Was it your digestive troubles? It's Procedures all my fault. I slept like a log last night and didn't hear your call!" ❧ 61%#

However, Abigail couldn't be bothered about that right now. Instead, she jerked up and demanded, "What time is it?" "It's 9.00AM." At once, Abigail's mind buzzed. Sh*t! I'm late!

"Sean and I have agreed to meet at the City Hall and go through the divorce settlement procedures at 9.00AM today." Abigail grabbed the phone that had fallen on the carpet and hastily called him as she knew that Sean despised people being late.

5/6 The phone rang once before it got automatically hung up. Did Sean block my contact as well?

In the same amount of timidness as her speed in blocking Sean last night, Abigail unblocked him and made a voice call.

SUIT, 24 Sepi Chapter 6 Let's Go Through the Procedures 6/6 Once the call got through, she probed courteously and distantly, "Are you still at the City Hall? I'm going

over now." Sean's brisk voice sounded through the receiver. "Are you saying I have to wait for you at the City Hall front entrance for half an hour?" Abigail didn't bother explaining herself since she was in the wrong. Thus, she got up and changed her clothes while apologizing on the phone, "I am so sorry. I'll try to hurry up. 20 minutes? Is it okay?" Sean's voice tinged with a chilling sense of anger. "Do you think my time is as worthless as you?"

I Want a Divorce chapter 7-Abigail's eyebrows twitched when she heard Sean's slightly insulting remark.

He is free to attend the meeting with Joan and accompany her to try on a wedding dress, but when it comes to finalizing our divorce settlement, he is annoyed by having to wait another 20 minutes! Damn! He needs to get things straight! It is I who decided not to humiliate him and Joan by voluntarily ending our marriage, not the other way around!

When she thought of this, she attempted to calm herself down by taking a

deep breath. Suddenly, she heard a knock on the door from the other end of the phone. "Sean, you didn't go to the City Hall at all, did you?" Abigail instantly changed the topic.

"Do you honestly think everyone has the habit of going back on their words like you?" Sean scoffed coldly.

When Abigail heard what he said, she became certain that he wasn't at the City Hall. "Okay then. Take a picture of the City Hall front entrance and send it to me-" Buty With Widowhood Sean immediately hung up the phone before she could finish her sentence.

2/6 So, she tossed her phone aside as she cursed in a low voice, "Ugh! Sc*mbag!" As for Luna, who was tidying up the clothes she had changed halfway, she joined in and rudely ragged at Sean as well. "What sort of undignified thing did he do again?" A still fuming Abigail replied waspishly, "God knows! I admit that it's my fault.

that I'm running late, so I have patiently asked him to wait a while. It turns out that he, too, didn't go to the City Hall. Yet, he has the audacity to lose his temper!" Hah! He thinks he has the right to do whatever he wants while I don't, eh?!

As soon as Abigail said that, Luna received a message on her phone. She picked it up and took a look at the message before rolling her eyes with contempt. Afterward, she handed her phone to Abigail, asking her to read it too. "Sean is paying a lot of money to reserve an appointment with you the day after tomorrow." Sun, 24 Sept Busy With Widowhood 3/6 Well, to be precise, Sean wanted to meet Alana. Well, well. For someone who couldn't wait another 20 minutes for me, this b*stard sure has plenty of time to make an appointment to meet Alana.

Such thoughts made Abigail nearly crush the phone. Her gaze turned chilly as she said, "I'm busy with widowhood!" At present, she only had one thought in her mind, which was divorce. I need to immediately finalize our divorce!

So, Luna retrieved her phone to play with it for a second before quoting Abigail's statement and replying to her assistant.

After that, she placed her phone down and analyzed the situation. "Sean wants to meet you probably because he wants you to make a dress for Joan.

East Joy Talent will hold a fashion gala next month, and I heard she is also on the list. Considering how private this event is, I suppose Sean has spent a large sum of money just to get her in." Perhaps she was numb at this point, for she no longer felt as heartache as Busy With Widowhood before when she heard Luna's words. She merely twitched the corner of her lips in disdain. Of course, he spends heavily on this. After all, not only is he getting Joan in, but he is also looking for dresses designed by Alana to aid her.

4/6 When Luna saw that Abigail was showing no reaction, she couldn't hold back her temper and slammed her hand hard on the table. "Are you for real?!"

You're actually allowing his mistress to bully you?!" Meanwhile, Abigail remained expressionless. "If you have an idea to make Sean go bankrupt, I don't mind joining in." It takes two to tango. Joan won't stand a chance to interfere with our marriage if Sean hasn't decided to cheat on me. Ultimately, Sean was the one who failed to stay loyal to our marriage.

Besides, why should I downgrade myself by quarreling with a mistress who doesn't even know who I am?

Abigail wiped her face and hurriedly changed the subject when she saw that Luna was like a dog on a bone, refusing to let this matter go. "Didn't you mention an important client last time?" Busy With Widowhood Luna replied in a lukewarm manner, "Oh, it's East Joy Talent. The boss happens to be in Pendorf today, so he wants to meet you and discuss some details. But I have yet to say yes." 5/6 East Joy Talent—an entertainment agency that houses many well-known A-list actresses. Their celebrities constantly attend various fashion events, awards ceremonies, and various parties throughout the years. As a result, their demand for dress rentals is way higher than their peers. Forget next year, our entire studio's reputation will surely reach a higher level if we manage to cooperate with them. As soon as this thought crossed Abigail's mind, she instantly cheered up. "What are we waiting for? Only an idiot would let go of an opportunity to earn more money! Come! Let's go now!" Luna rolled her eyes and hit upon an idea when her eyes laid on Abigail's slim waist.

At 2.00PM, Abigail and Luna arrived downstairs of the East Joy Talent's building.

Just as Luna was about to park the car, a dashing blue supercar, which was Busy With Widowhood 6/6 diagonally behind them, drifted and drove toward the parking space that she had seen.

This caused Luna to panic as she instinctively stepped on the gas pedal.

Like a shot, the two cars hit each other with a loud bang.

I Want a Divorce chapter 8-“How much does this car cost?” Luna stared at the supercar, which got caught under the back of her Volkswagen, through the rearview mirror and asked wryly, “Are both our net worths enough to pay for the damages?” Abigail blinked and teased, “It wasn’t on purpose? I thought you hit the car because you were mad at the driver for stealing your parking space.” “I panicked, but I certainly was no fool!” Luna’s facial expression twisted in pain at the thought of the amount of compensation she would have to pay.

1/5 Abigail leaned over to help her put the gearbox in parking mode and pulled the handbrake before opening the door and getting out of the car. “I’ll check it out.” At the same time, the owner of the supercar stepped out too. It was a handsome man with a height of 6’2” feet. He was wearing a pair of oversized black sunglasses, which covered half of his face and only revealed his attractive nose as well as overly rosy lips. Once he saw Abigail step out of the 12:13 Sun, 24 Sept 0.

Our President Has Been Waiting for You Volkswagen, he momentarily stopped chewing the gum in his mouth and smiled. “Miss Slim Waist, have we met before? Why do I feel you look awfully familiar?” 2/3 Likewise, Abigail thought he looked familiar too. Therefore, she approached him and took a closer look. Then, she immediately realized that the man was none other than Kevin Stewart, Sean’s closest and best friend, who grew up with him. However, she merely met him once, which was two years ago. At that time, Sean was drunk. So, she had to ferry his wasted *ss home and consequently greeted Kevin in the process.

Abigail’s eyes wandered back and forth between the disastrous state of the head of Kevin’s supercar and his face. Then, she curled her lips into a smile and tentatively called out, “Kevin?” Kevin was taken aback. So, he raised his hand, pushed his black sunglasses up, and squinted his fox eyes as he looked at her. “Miss Slim Waist, have we indeed met before?” “I’m Abigail Quinn.”

Kevin thought about it for a few seconds before recalling who Abigail was.

Then, he reflexively straightened and greeted, “Abigail...” 3/5 She didn’t bother wasting her breath explaining her newly single status as she glanced at the head of Kevin’s supercar and said, “About your car...” Kevin clapped his hands and continued, “It’s my fault! I was in a hurry for a meet-up, so I thought of racing for a parking space. It’s nothing serious. I’ll just claim the car insurance later.” Thus, she smiled. “Sure. You can claim the car repair expenses from Sean.” He swiftly dismissed her suggestion by

saying, “No, I can’t do that! It’s no big deal. You can just go your own way!” Abigail turned around and left. Once she got into the Volkswagen, she stared at Luna, who was covered in cold sweat and utterly dumbfounded. “What are you doing? Drive! Drive to the parking lot of the opposite shopping mall.” “Oh, okay.” Although Luna remained in the car, she had heard every word 12:14 President Has Been Waiting for You between Abigail and Kevin’s conversation. Therefore, she was slightly startled. “Are you not afraid that he would tattle to Sean later?” 61%– 7 “I will decide what to do when that happens. Right now, all we need is to make sure we are safe through the afternoon.” Abigail looked wholly indifferent. “If we are forced to spend three hours negotiating with him, not only would we have to pay the damages, but we would also lose a business deal.” Moreover, Kevin is super close with Sean. He won’t fuss about such a trivial amount of money.

After a few seconds of silence, Abigail warned, “You will be Alana while I’ll be your assistant once we arrive at East Joy Talent later.” Luna asked in utter bewilderment, “Why? Are you planning on giving me credit for your achievements now?” 4/5 Abigail glared at her. “Are you an idiot? What if the place where Kevin rushed to for his meet-up was in East Joy Talent? What if he finds out that I am Alana? What should I do if he tells Sean?” Furthermore, I have just announced

Our President Has Been Waiting for You that my husband is dead and I’m now a widow. Sean will undoubtedly kill me if he knows that I am Alana!

Luna fell silent.

The two parked the car in the shopping mall across from the building. Then, they pattered aimlessly for a while. , they set off to East Joy Talent after feeling that they wouldn’t be so unlucky to bump into Kevin again.

The receptionist involuntarily took a second look at them upon hearing that they were from L.Moon Studio. “Are you Ms. Alana?” she asked in a low voice.

Since Luna was afraid of being discovered, she bought a pair of black sunglasses and put them on when she came over. She deliberately steeled her nerves before intentionally answering in a whisper, “Yes. This is my assistant.” The receptionist led the two to the elevator as unabashed adoration appeared on her face. “Our president has been waiting for you!”

I Want a Divorce chapter 9-Luna smiled, entered the elevator, and walked straight in the direction of the president’s office. Once she arrived at the door, she heard an idle voice from inside, asking, “Alana, is that you?” The two ladies froze at the door and stared at Kevin in utter astonishment. It didn’t help that the man had also personally come out of the office to greet them.

Eventually, it was Luna who reacted first. “Nice to meet you, Mr. Stewart. I’m

Alana and also the owner of L.Moon, Luna Smith.” Although he was shaking hands with Luna, Kevin fixed his gaze on Abigail.

“She is...” “She is my assistant,” Luna explained hastily.

Kevin almost burst into laughter upon hearing that. Then, he turned around and teased the person inside, “Sean, is your family going bankrupt?” 61%

Abigail followed his gaze and looked inside. Unfortunately for her, she immediately saw a familiar figure sitting on the couch with his back facing the door.

Abigail could still recognize it was Sean at a glance even if it was merely a silhouette. Hence, she couldn’t help but curl her lips in annoyance. It’s true when they say opponents always stumble upon one another. Look at us! I can’t believe I would meet him here after we didn’t get to meet at the City Hall this morning.

Likewise, Sean was looking at her with apparent suspicion in his eyes.

277 The oblivious Kevin shifted his gaze between the two as he smiled and said, “Miss Smith, I have been waiting for your arrival. Please come in.” Abigail looked away nonchalantly and followed Luna, who was trying her best to play the role of an assistant.

Now that the cooperation between East Joy Talent and L.Moon was practically finalized, all that remained was Kevin’s final decision.

- 61% #

Although Luna wasn’t the real Alana, she still knew her design concept and strength thoroughly by heart from her years as Abigail’s best friend. Hence, she wasn’t afraid of being not–so–subtly interrogated.

Unexpectedly, Kevin pushed the contract aside and said with a smile, “Miss Smith, there’s no rush in signing the contract. Before we sign the contract, I have a presumptuous request. There is a friend of mine who would like to ask you to design a dress that is solely for him. This isn’t included in the contract, so I’ll let you set the price. Of course, this is only if the dress could be completed before our company’s fashion gala next month.” Only Sean was the other person present in the huge office other than Kevin that wasn’t from L.Moon Studio. Hence, even a fool could figure out who this friend was.

Therefore, Luna shot Kevin a faint smile as she inwardly cursed him to hell and back. Meanwhile, she outwardly replied in a polite manner, “Mr. Stewart,

my husband has just passed away recently, so I’m afraid I can’t design a dress that will satisfy your friend’s needs. I don’t want to spoil such a joyous event and ruin your friendship.” 47 After that, she stood up without hesitation and picked up the contract.

“Since you still need time to consider our cooperation, I shall take this contract with 1. me. We still have other businesses to attend to. So, we shall take our leave.” “Wait!” Kevin stretched out his hand, attempting to ask them to stay. I was just casually bringing up the topic. I never said I wouldn’t sign the contract!

To his dismay, the two clearly had no intention of sticking around any longer, for they simply departed without even a backward glance.

When Kevin quickly realized that the famous Alana, who finally agreed to meet him, took off just like that, he focused his gaze on Sean suspiciously.

“Hey! Abigail is Alana’s assistant. So, why didn’t you just ask her for help?” Instead, he still needs to indirectly communicate through me!

“Did you two have a fight?” Kevin mumbled to himself, “It doesn’t seem like it.

When her car hit my car earlier during her arrival, her eyes still lit up at the mention of you.” Lit up? Well, of course, it did. However, it didn’t light up because of love.

Instead, it’s because of money.

Sean gave him a cold look before stating, “Your father was right in not naming you as the successor of the Stewarts.” He will lose all the wealth his family has built for years sooner or later.

After that, he grabbed his coat, got up, and left.

Once Abigail stepped out of the building, she sneezed loudly. Then, she rubbed her eyes and snappishly speculated the two gentlemen were criticizing her harshly in the office.

5/7 As for Luna, she immediately took off her sunglasses and spat, “That good-for-nothing Graham! You have yet to divorce him, but he dares to pull

off such a dishonest act?! In my opinion, you are right to file a divorce. It’s best to cut ties with a sc*mbag like him before it’s too late!” 6/7 Since she had always been a hot-tempered person, she naturally didn’t hesitate when she was in the mood to scold a person. “How could he think of asking his wife to customize a dress for his mistress?! She isn’t worthy of wearing the clothes you designed!” At this moment, Luna lashed all her frustration and resentment from having lost the opportunity to sign a profitable business deal with East Joy Talent at Sean.

Meanwhile, Abigail merely curled her lips into a bitter smile. Even though what Luna said was facts and heart-wrenching, she really didn’t feel anything now.

Currently, divorcing Sean as soon as possible was her top priority.

“We should hurry up and leave. Otherwise, we will definitely lose both the deal and our money if Kevin chases us down here and demands the money for his car,” Abigail said rationally. “Besides, why bother lowering ourselves to the

same level as a lowlife?” 3.61%

Sean, who chased after her, only managed to hear these words out of the entire conversation. In an instant, his face darkened in anger. First, she uses me as a decoy. Now, she calls me a lowlife?! Excellent! Truly excellent!

,dnah rehto eht no ,anuL dna liagibA in didn't notice his presence at all. As they chatted, they swiftly got into the car. Then, Luna started the engine and drove out of the building resolutely.

Luna was still indignant halfway through the journey. “By the way, I have successfully gotten the invitation card for East Joy Talent’s fashion gala. I will attend the gala with you that evening. If he dares to bully you, I’m going to slap him and his mistress hard in the face

I Want a Divorce chapter 10-Unfortunately, sleep had caught up with Abigail, so she did not hear a thing that came out of Luna’s lips.

When she woke up, she realized that Luna hadn’t parked the car at the studio and had parked it at a new residential area instead. So, there was a confused look on her face as she stared at Luna playing on her cell phone, asking, “Is there a customer?” When Luna saw that she was awake, she jingled the keys in her hands. “Yep,

I’m bringing you to experience life!” After Abigail got out of the car, she realized that there was no customer at all.

Instead, Luna had secretly bought a cozy three-bedroom apartment that was sufficient for her to live alone.

Then, she said in concern, “Living at the studio is not a long-term solution. You can’t sleep well and it’s not safe, either. This apartment is close to the studio, and since you’re in the midst of settling your divorce, I’m worried that the jerk Sun, 24 Sept 61%

So, I’ve bought this place under my name for now, but it will be yours once you’ve regained your freedom.” Abigail clutched the keys in her hands and was at a loss for words.

Luna waved her hand nonchalantly. “Hey, you earned this. You’ve always refused to accept bonuses from the company, so take it as me returning all the bonuses you rightfully deserve. I’m pinning my hopes on your designs to take me to greater heights!” Abigail stopped being modest after Luna’s words and accepted the keys willingly.

The next morning, she was woken up by a phone call, and when she checked her phone, she was surprised to find thirty–three missed calls.

Thirty–two of them were from Luna while the other one was from Sean.

So, she immediately called Luna and asked, “What’s the matter?” t wanted to remind you to take a break. I was worried that the designs couldn’t make the deadline, but some customers claimed that the dresses did not meet their requirements and insisted on canceling their 3/6 orders at the cost of forfeiting their deposits. Now, all the finished designs are hanging in the store and our efforts in the past days have been in vain.” A frown appeared on Abigail’s face. “The dresses don’t fit their requirements?” The studio had been operating for years, but nothing like this had happened before. They were a small studio with some minor fame, so it wasn’t enough to have a big brand to target them to this extent.

Her grip on the phone tightened, and her fingertips turned white. “Hang on.

I’m coming over right now.” After she ended the call, she ordered a ride, rushed to the studio, and replied to Luna’s text messages on the way. Suddenly, her Instagram sent a push notification to her of a story update that Joan had just posted.

Abigail had forgotten when she ever started following her and neither could Capsizing Her Boat she recall why, but she tapped on the notification to check it out.

4/6 ‘The happiest thing in this world is probably someone turning the world upside–down for you over something small,’ Joan captioned with a selfie. The background was the building of East Joy Entertainment, and the lower right corner of the picture was the half–shoulder of a man. The material of the suit he was wearing was of superior quality and the design was fashionable.

This was the suit he was wearing when she met Sean at Kevin’s place today.

It seemed that he decided to destroy her studio without any regard for the livelihood of her legal wife just because he couldn’t get Alana’s designs. What a sc*mbag! With a stroke of determination, she tapped on ‘Unfollow’ and turned off the screen of her phone in frustration.

Meanwhile, the studio was in a mess. The phones were ringing off their hooks and Abigail picked up some of the words the assistants in the studio were saying, and mostly were about order cancellation.

Capsizing Her Boat “Did you contact our customers? What did they say?” 5/6 At first, Luna didn’t want her to worry, but seeing that there was no end to the order cancellation calls, she couldn’t control herself and lost a gasket. “They just gave us all sorts of silly excuses saying that the designs are not suitable.

Finally, I got some information from an old customer. They only mentioned that they were paid to do this and asked whether we offended someone.” Who else can we offend except Sean Graham? “How much did we lose?” Abigail asked bluntly.

“These orders are tailored–made dresses according to customers’ requirements. I planned to clear the payment with the factory after getting the final payment from the customers. Now that they’re not taking the dresses, we won’t get the final payment to pay what we owe to the factory.

Adding everything together, we lost about... .. He’s out to bankrupt us! Abigail thought, utterly furious, and almost couldn’t catch her breath. Just when she wanted to say something, Capsizing Her Boat her phone started ringing. So, she took a quick glance at it and saw that the caller was Sean.

I Want a Divorce chapter 11-“Accompany me to the Graham Estate tonight, Grandpa wants to see you” Abigail stared at the stack of canceled orders in her hands. She was already extremely frustrated, to begin with, but hearing Sean’s voice now only added fuel to her fury. Thus, she said indifferently, “I’m not in the position to visit the Graham Estate.” At the other end of the line, Sean was quiet for a few seconds before ordering, “We’re not divorced yet. You cannot decide whether you want to go

or not.” Due to certain reasons, Sean was raised by his grandparents, Colby Graham and Lina Toth, and listened to everything they said. Therefore, he didn’t object when they wanted him to marry Abigail. During three years of his secret marriage to Abigail, his understanding of the obligations of a husband and a wife, besides the monthly coitus, was visiting the Graham Estate regularly to show Colby and Lina how blissful they were as a form of assurance.

Chapter 11 One Meal for 28 Million Whoever made the elderly couple sad was Sean’s enemy.

2/6 If this call had happened any other time, she would have thought that he was being self–centered and demanding again. Yet, right when her company was in a crisis, he called and threatened her to go to the Graham Estate with him.

She couldn’t help but let out a contemptuous chuckle. My three years of love and dedication were for nothing. Not a single shard of it had touched Sean.

For Joan’s sake, he’s willing to go as far as exterminating me.

So, she took a deep breath and went straight to the point. “Will you solve the crisis at the studio if I go to the Graham Estate with you?” Sean agreed without even thinking twice. “Okay. I’ll pick you up tonight.” After he hung up, his spirits were better than he imagined, and his lips even curved upward unintentionally.

He rarely took the initiative to contact Abigail and he would usually ask his assistant to contact her whenever Colby wanted him to visit with her.

12:15 Sun, 24 Sept O X 3.61%

Chapter 11 One Meal for 28 Million However, he decided to make this call personally because she had been 3/6 throwing a tantrum recently. So, in his opinion, this call would serve as an out for her.

Sean called an internal line and gave his order emotionlessly, "Find out what issues L.Moon has encountered. There's no need to inform me about anything and just take care of it straight away." Before the day was over, more than half of the canceled orders at L.Moon were restored. While Luna was still worried about the 2.8 million that they owed to the factory, the customers with canceled orders had all returned to her. They agreed to raise the price to compensate for the losses of the studio, and some even directly transferred the final payment without further prompting.

So, she turned to Abigail with a look that was mixed with surprise and concern. "Did Sean do this?" 12/16 Sun, One Meal for 28 Million Abigail's heart, face, and words were equally cold as she uttered, "Yeah. A meal in exchange for 2.8 million. That's a good deal." 61%

At 7.00PM, Sean arrived on time to pick her up, and they went to the Graham Estate without any exchange of words.

4/6 Before they entered the yard, he stopped in his tracks suddenly. When he caught sight of the deadpan look on her face, he grumbled in disgruntlement, "With this expression of yours, Grandpa will definitely smell a rat." In a split second, she curled her lips into a professional smile. "Fret not. I'll finish the act since I've already given you my word." Sean's eyes turned gloomy, and a ball of frustration welled up in his chest.

She says that she's acting, which means she still wants a divorce. But I've already solved the crisis for her studio. Why is she still unhappy? There was only one reason he could think of, and he asked in sarcasm, "Did you already find your next husband?" Sept 61%

Abigail wiped the smile off her face and answered provocatively, "So what if I did?" Does he think that he's the only one with special privileges and then condemn me if I do the same?

The spot between his brows twitched in annoyance, but before he could say anything, the main gates swung open, and Dahlia greeted them with a surprised smile. "Mr. Sean and Ms. Abigail, you're back!" Sean held back his tongue and muttered softly in acknowledgment before walking in. After they were indoors and changed into indoor slippers, one of them went upstairs to look for Maverick, Sean's father, while the other went to the living room to meet Colby and Lina.

Lina called Abigail to her side and observed her body. "You're still not pregnant?" she asked and sighed. Then, she steered the conversation away.

"It's alright. Try again next month." Although her last statement carried no blame, it sounded like a curse to Abigail. There was no need for complicated incantations from Lina. Just those words were enough for her to tense up as it served as a regular reminder One Meal for 28 Million that this marriage was never equal when it started.

6/6 Before this, she would prepare for pregnancy so diligently because she thought that Lina was sincerely concerned about her. Until one day when she accidentally overheard Lina's conversation with Dahlia, the butler, and heard the disdain in her voice. "Back then, I agreed to their marriage solely because I wanted her to bear our family a descendant. Her grandfather owes us a life, so it has to be paid with life as well, and I can only acknowledge that the debt is paid after a child is born. Otherwise, I wonder whether the Quinn Family is just taking advantage of us because we're indebted to them

I Want a Divorce chapter 12-Colby had been an upright man all his life and would never tolerate something like this. Even if Abigail wanted to have a child, Sean would have to be a willing party as well.

Although Abigail was highly discomfited by Lina's words, she only answered obediently, "Okay." Colby couldn't help but frown upon his wife's actions. "The kids rarely come home as it is. Don't bring this up at every chance you've got."

"Don't deny it. You want a grandchild as badly as I do," Lina snapped.

Nonetheless, he changed the topic. "Abigail, some rumors have been going around outside recently. What do you think about them?" 1/7 Abigail maintained her usual meek demeanor. "I trust that Sean will handle it well." Chapter 12 She's Not a Maid 2/7 Her answer was well-received by Colby. "Ignore what the masses are saying.

You're the only granddaughter-in-law the Graham Family acknowledges.

That woman who isn't recognized by us will never enter our doors." "You should work harder and bear him a child. Then, he'll come home naturally," Lina added. When Colby was about to lose his temper, she quickly stopped herself from saying more. "Okay, I'll stop. Stay here for the night. I've prepared your favorite food for dinner." Abigail wanted to say something, but Lina had already risen to her feet and paced into the kitchen happily.

When Colby's stern, sharp eyes fell on Abigail's face, they turned soft and gentle. "Don't take Lina's words to heart. She just wants you and Sean to have a blissful, complete family of your own." "Yes, I know," she answered softly.

He sighed at the sight of her looking so dim as though the fire in her had gone out. "How is your grandmother doing?" 16 Sun, 24 Sept 61%

In fact, she appeared a great deal happier. "She's doing well." 3/7 "Is she still unwilling to move here and live with you?" Colby inquired.

Abigail was in a trance for a couple of seconds before answering, "She's used to life in a village and finds the city too noisy for her liking, but I've asked some villagers to help me keep a lookout for her." Colby was an old friend of Abigail's grandparents, Theodore Quinn and Analise Stein, and she chatted with him about some trivial stuff regarding Analise. She even knew how often Analise fed her chickens today, which showed how attentive she was to Analise.

Colby felt as though he was looking at another person through her face as he regarded her. "Theodore is lucky to have you." Abigail paused for a second before breaking into a smile. "No, I'm the lucky one to be brought up by them." She's Not a Maid However, he said no more on the matter.

4/7 After dinner, Sean and Abigail retreated into their bedroom. This was the first time they were spending the night in the Graham Estate after their wedding night.

While Abigail was feeling a little uneasy, Sean broke the silence. "Grandma went for a physical checkup yesterday and her heart is not as it used to be.

Thank you for agreeing to her request to stay the night." Abigail nodded expressionlessly. "You're welcome. This is what I should do." For the sake of 2.8 million, I can sleep anywhere, she added silently in her heart and walked further into the room decisively.

This was their marital suite and was originally decorated in black and white color schemes, which made the room simple and cold, but a soft carpet was just recently added. The lights were not turned on; only a red-colored, thick candle was lit on the coffee table in the living area.

Abigail stopped halfway and couldn't stop herself from recalling their firstShe's Not a Maid night as husband and wife. It didn't help that the candlelight danced at the exact same angle.

5/7 That time, she thought that they would treat each other politely on their first night together, but somehow, they found themselves tangled in each other's arms later. After that night, Sean suspected that she had drugged him and ignored her for a very long time afterward.

Her memories of this room didn't bring her any fond memories, and she could clearly remember how agonizing her first time was. To make matters worse, Sean was half-mad at the time and refused to let her rest.

So, she closed her eyes and swallowed any bitterness that was welling up within her as she recollected herself for a moment and turned around to head out. "I—I'll ask for another room from Dahlia." Sean frowned. "Do you want Grandpa and Grandma to know that we're sleeping separately?" A surge of hot steam rushed into her head, and she took a few deep breaths 24 Sept 61%

She's Not a Maid before saying dispassionately, "Okay, we'll sleep on separate beds, then.

You'll take the couch." 6/7 The frown on his face deepened. "Why should I be the one to take the couch when I'm not the one who came up with the idea to sleep separately?" he pointed out in disgruntlement.

A speechless Abigail thought, Fine, I'll take the couch. It's only one night.

There's no reason for me to give a sh*t when he's not even worried that Joan will be jealous.

Outside the room, Lina took a look at the bowl on the tray Dahlia was holding and asked in a whisper, "Did you add it in already?" "Yes, I added it according to the dosage. It won't cause them any damage," Dahlia replied in a hushed voice. "But, are you sure it's okay to do this?" "I don't see any problem with it. She has everything to gain if she's pregnant. If she's still not pregnant after this, I'm afraid that she wouldn't be able to bear a child. I have to make early preparations if that happens. Now, go on and She's Not a Maid make her eat this," Lina instructed with a stone-cold face.

I Want a Divorce chapter 13-After Abigail finished washing up, she placed the blankets on the couch and snuggled in when a knock came at the door. She jerked upright with a bounce as she whispered urgently to Sean, who was in bed, "Did you lock the door?" Sean narrowed his eyes at her and asked loudly, "What's the matter?" "Mr. Sean, it's me," Dahlia said. "Old Mrs. Graham prepared some pudding earlier and would like you to try some. I'll be coming in now if you're still

awake." The knob turned and opened with a click.

Abigail literally jumped up from the couch and stuffed the blankets under the bed while Dahlia was passing through the corridor into the bedroom area.

After that, she flipped open Sean's blankets and slipped in like a fish. The moment she slipped in, she accidentally hit his chest and they both grunted.

Like to Eat in Bed This noise sounded amorous at night, and Dahlia stopped abruptly while walking in. Then, she asked tentatively, "Mr. Sean and Ms. Abigail... May I come in?" Sean gritted his teeth as he glanced at the head with the top sexposed hidden beneath the blanket. An unreadable, dark look washed over his eyes.

“Come in,” Abigail played along and climbed out of the blankets. After she straightened her messy hair, she greeted Dahlia with a smile, “Hi, Dahlia,” She was about to get out of bed when Dahlia hurriedly stopped her. “You don’t have to get out. I’ll bring it to you and take it away once you’re finished.” As Abigail stole a look at the blankets which were not completely hidden, she was certain that Dahlia would realize what was happening if she was here and came to a quick decision—pinching Sean hard under the blankets.

She had no idea which part she had pinched, but it was hard and even hurt her fingers a little. Sean’s expressionless face winced for a second as he was 12:18 Sun,

200tle to Eat in Sed the unfortunate recipient of her actions, and blood rushed to his face. So, he hastily got up on the bed and extended his hands to Dahlia. “Pass it to me.” 3/6 Dahlia passed it to him as instructed. “Okay, you can feed her, then.” Sean’s hands turned rigid for a second, and his thin lips smirked. Then, he deftly placed the tray on the bedside table next to him, picked up the bowl, scooped some pudding with the spoon, and delivered it to Abigail’s lips.

At this point, Abigail was speechless and confused. Frankly, she didn’t know what Sean was expecting her to do and looked him in the eyes steadily. He raised his brows, shifting his gaze from her face to the spoon and hinting at her that he wasn’t going to put it away.

Even though she wasn’t a pretentious person and had sincerely loved him for three whole years, she still found it a little awkward to be so lovey–dovey with him in front of others, especially since it was the first time. She knew it was just a pretense, but her heart still fluttered against her chest. On the other hand, her rationale was reminding her that Sean now belonged to Joan.

Don’t Like to Eat in Bed Since she didn’t expect that Sean would help her, she thought about it for a second before saying, “I don’t like to eat in bed.” 4/6 Dahlia watched in dismay as the pudding that had already reached Abigail’s lips didn’t end up in her mouth and hurriedly tried to smooth over the situation. “Oh, it’s only this one time. Don’t fuss over it. Mr. Sean has never fed anyone food in his life!” Abigail breathed deeply and ate the pudding Sean was feeding her when she realized that Dahlia wasn’t going to leave until she had the pudding. As they were sitting and facing the same direction, Sean would occasionally touch her face while holding the spoon.

Her skin was smooth and soft, just like satin, and her cherry–red lips were stained with the sugary liquid from the dessert, giving off a glossy shine and looking like a ripe peach under the light.

He gulped discretely as he held the spoon still in the air for a while. “Is it delicious?” 12:18 Sun, 24 Sept 0 Don’t Like to Eat In Bed Dahlia hastily chirped in, “Would you like to try, too?” 607 5/6 The last thing Abigail wanted was to share a spoon with him because it gave her the idea that they were sharing an indirect kiss.

Therefore, she snatched the bowl from him and finished the pudding in a gulp as she raised her brows at Sean provocatively. "It's yummy." But you can't have any of it.

Amused by her reaction, he chuckled loudly, and Dahlia looked at them once more before hastily keeping away the tray and leaving quietly.

In the meantime, Lina was still waiting at the door, and it was all she could do to stop herself from sticking her ear to the door to eavesdrop. When Dahlia came out with an empty bowl, her eyes practically sparkled. "They finished it?" "Yes, but it's a shame that Ms. Abigail is the only one who ate it," Dahlia answered softly.

Septe.o Bar in Bed 6/6 "It's not a problem. As long as he's a man, he won't be able to turn her down," Lina said. This time, I'm sure I'll get a grandchild! "Clean the bowl and don't leave any traces behind," she added, sounding satisfied.

I Want a Divorce chapter 14-Meanwhile, in the room, Abigail immediately rolled out of bed as soon as Dahlia left. Unfortunately, Sean pressed her down on the bed before she could successfully escape from his clutches.

She instinctively used her hand to shove him away. As a result, she did manage to create some distance between them. "She's already gone.

There's no need for us to act now." Alas, he simply gazed deeply at her, his voice hoarse when he asked, "Didn't

you want this when you grabbed me earlier?" A confused and speechless Abigail shrieked in dismay, "I was just reminding you not to let Dahlia come to my side of the bed! Are you a sex addict or something? How do you always relate everything to that?!" Nonetheless, he merely ignored her while he suppressed his desire and guided her hand downwards until it landed on a certain place.

There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind At this rate, she had a strong urge to just remove her hand from her body 2/9 forever. Sure, it would be difficult to live without a hand, but she would make it work somehow. Still, she desperately tried to withdraw her hand from his grip, her face was flushed crimson. "What are you doing?!" He responded by enunciating each word slowly yet firmly, "Remind me again, did you have to grab me here earlier?" When she made a mad grasp at him a moment ago, her aim was rather unfortunate. Coupled with her panicked grip, it hurt so terribly that he suspected that she wanted his line to end with him today.

Abigail finally realized what he was insinuating. Her face turned into a rather violent shade of red, but she stubbornly retorted, "Fine. Let me go. I need to wash my hands." Sean's eyes darkened. "You're disgusted by something you use?" She earnestly replied, "You should know that what I'm avoiding might not be an object..." There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind But the person? Does she really despise me that badly? Sean's previously good mood disappeared in a puff of smoke when he thought of that.

60%

3/9 The hazy mist in his eyes gradually dissipated as he calmly regarded her for a few seconds. Then, he turned around and got off the bed. "You can have the bed." With that said, he walked straight out of the room.

Abigail didn't care where he was going; since he had already given her permission to use the bed, she would obediently make use of it.

It was probably due to the sudden change of location as she failed to fall asleep even though she was utterly exhausted. In the end, she kept tossing and turning in bed, trying desperately to get some shut-eye. To make matters worse, she felt increasingly warm, which did nothing for her already discomfited state.

Why does it feel so hot and humid when it's only March?

There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind Abigail agitatedly undid two buttons on her sleeping gown, only to find the temperature still too high for her. Moreover, for some reason, she kept thinking about Sean's hand holding the spoon when he was feeding her the pudding earlier.

4/9 She could tell at a glance that his fair and long arms were quite strong.

Wait, why am I thinking about him at a time like this?! She couldn't help but feel annoyed at herself for being so easily charmed by his looks. Eventually, her emotions got the better of her as she kicked the blanket off her person in a fit of ire.

Just as sleep had finally descended upon her, someone pushed open the door and entered the room.

Sean couldn't help but slightly raise an eyebrow at the sight of the person on the bed.

In the dimly lit bedroom, the moonlight was filtered by the thick and luxurious curtains, leaving only a faint glow that fell on her slim waist.

There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind That was the place he loved to touch the most when they were intimate; both his hands could easily encircle it.

60 A sly glint flashed in Sean's eyes. He had told her to sleep on the bed, but he didn't say anything about him sleeping on the couch.

5/9 Therefore, he naturally slid under the covers on the other side of the bed. Just as he was about to close his eyes, a pair of warm, soft, slender, and fair hands caressed his chest.

Her fingers then slipped in through the gap between his buttons and slid downwards.

She acted without restraint by entwining her slender and straight legs.

around his body in the cover of the darkness. When her softness unintentionally brushed against him, the man's breathing gradually grew heavy. Yet, his voice remained as cold as ever when he demanded, "You didn't want it earlier, so why play this game of cat and mouse now?" Unfortunately, Abigail was tormented by the heat invading her senses and Sun,

6/9 couldn't care less about the man's sarcasm. She even let out a little moan to tempt him.

Emboldened by the little noises she was making; he couldn't be considered a man if he continued restraining his desires.

Thus, he swiftly pressed her back onto the bed with one hand.

Her babbles were drowned by provocative kisses as his slightly cool tongue forced its way past her teeth, greedily taking every breath that belonged to her.

There was only one thought in her mind.

Well, the audacity of the man! I'm clearly unwell, yet he dared to insinuate that I'm the wanton one in this tattered relationship! He was the one who would do anything to sleep with me!

Hence, Abigail didn't feel like she was going against her conscience now that she had that particular thought fueling her sanity.

60%

There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind Alas, at the critical moment, Sean's phone, which had been placed aside, started ringing now, of all times.

7/9 Neither of them paid any attention to it at first, but the person on the other end wasn't clearly inclined to give up. The calls kept coming one after another.

Sean eventually reached for his phone and answered the call.

A woman's crying voice faintly came through the phone.

He didn't even hesitate for a second before he swiftly pulled away from Abigail, hastily sputtering, "Wait for me. I'll be there right away." In fact, he didn't even spare a glance at Abigail after hanging up the call.

Instead, he hurriedly put on his clothes before leaving. He didn't even bother to look at her once from the beginning to the end.

Abigail lay alone in the darkness as she stared at the ceiling while her body burned with passion, but her heart felt as cold as ice.

There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind She felt tortured as she was forced to endure such extreme differences as her mind and body warred against one another. After a while, the tip of her nose started to sting as she lowered her head and glanced at her near-naked body.

She had heard people say that once an arrow was on the string, it had to be shot; no man could stop at the critical moment.

What kind of true and sincere feelings did Sean have for Joan to be able to stop at a time like this?

Abigail stared blankly at the ceiling as she lay utterly motionless for a time.

Fortunately for her, she had all the time in the world to finally regain her composure even though her body still burned.

8/9 This time, it was nothing like the night of their wedding, where she had found release. Even though the process left a great deal to be desired, she was still somewhat happy.

She knew she was a fool. Regardless, she wasn't that stupid to not notice that There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind there was something wrong with the pudding Dahlia brought earlier, And the night of their wedding... Was that also her doing?

Abigail couldn't tell if she was disappointed or broken-hearted.

D0%

Although her legs refused to cooperate with her at times, she still forced herself to go to the bathroom and filled the bathtub with cold water. Then, she even brought out all the chilled drinks and alcohol from the bedroom's mini fridge. Once she tossed everything into the bathtub, she stepped into the tub with her gritted teeth.

I Want a Divorce chapter 15-Cold.

It was a chill that went bone deep.

Abigail leaned against the edge of the bathtub. Although the cold water sluicing against her skin helped somewhat, it was still a terrible ordeal to endure after she was drugged with an aphrodisiac. Fortunately, she somehow managed to drift off to sleep.

She soaked in the cold water all night, and the next day, she felt somewhat

dazed.

Before she left, she also made it a point of informing Dahlia. “Sean went out early last night and didn’t come back all night. I don’t know what he’s doing, but I’m not waiting for him; I’m going to work.” She didn’t care about what Sean was up to. She just wanted Dahlia to inform Lina that the two of them hadn’t consummated their marriage last night.

One Final Blow Also, she wasn’t the one who ran away.

60- 2/9 She didn’t even know how she left Graham Residence. When she stood at the doorstep of her studio, Luna was taken aback by her pale face. “Where did you go last night? How did you end up like this?” Then, she hastily went over to support the dangerously swaying Abigail. Yet, the moment her skin touched Abigail, she could tell that Abigail was definitely running a high fever. “Why did you come here when you have a fever?! I’m taking you to the hospital right now.” Abigail weakly waved her hand in dismissal. “No, I want to go home and sleep. Just give me a ride.” Then, she instinctively touched her belly as those words fell from her lips.

That was the spot where she had received numerous injections to stimulate ovulation. After she left that dreadful place the last time, she was traumatized enough that just hearing the word ‘hospital’ could make her nauseous.

One Final Blow As Luna had been her best friend for many years, she immediately understood what Abigail meant. “Okay, we don’t have to go there if you don’t want to. I’ll take you home.” Then, she caressed Abigail’s forehead out of concern as she immediately put aside her pressing work and drove Abigail back to the apartment.

As Luna pattered about, pouring her water and frantically searching for fever-reducing medicine, she started questioning, “Did Sean bully you? You were fine when you left. How did you end up in such a state?” Abigail didn’t want to worry Luna, so she didn’t tell Luna the truth. “It’s nothing.

I probably didn’t sleep fitfully last night. You know how I am with my blankets. I probably just caught a cold. So, you can go back now. I don’t want to infect you with whatever I’m coming down with. Besides, I’ll make sure to take the medicine. I’m sure I’ll be as fit as a fiddle soon enough” As she said this, she forced herself to open her eyes. “I finally managed to get our business back on track. I won’t feel at ease if you’re not there to ensure 12.19 Sun, One Final Blow that everything goes smoothly. Please just return to the studio as soon as you can.” 4/0 The 2.8 million she got by soaking in cold water all night came at a high cost.

She couldn’t afford to lose it again.

The heartbroken Luna parted her lips to say something, but she couldn’t even.

find the words to comfort Abigail. She truly couldn't imagine how badly cornered Abigail was feeling that she started viewing money as more valuable than her life. She remembered that Abigail had always been rather minimalistic, just what had happened to her?

Finally, she gritted her teeth and took out her phone. "I'll head to the studio right now, so don't worry.

"Just have a good rest. I already told my brother that you're sick, and he's on his way."
12:19 Sun, 24 Sept 0 One Final Blow Abigail was awakened by the knocking on the door.

She remembered that Luna had said her brother, Zachariah, would come to take care of her before she fell asleep. So, that was probably him. Although she didn't want to move, she struggled to sit up and open the door.

5/9 As she opened the door, she was met with a pair of familiar almond-shaped eyes.

The person in front of her was also startled. As he looked at her in disbelief, the light in his eyes shifted from anticipation to complete bewilderment. "Ms.

Abigail? Why are you here? No, wait... Why is it you?" The stunned Kevin only managed to close his jaw with a click, which had dropped out in surprise. Then, he retracted the foot he had confidently placed into the house.

"Why can't I be at my own home? So? Why are you here?" A chill swept in from outside the door, and Abigail instinctively moved to the side, making way for Kevin. She didn't want to stand in the cold, nor did she want to leave One Final Blow Kevin standing outside.

"I didn't expect Sean to hide you even after being married for so long," Kevin commented lightly. When he noticed her frail state, he didn't hesitate to awkwardly squeeze in. Nonetheless, the excitement and anticipation in his eyes unconsciously diminished as it was replaced by respect.

"By the way... What's your relationship with Zachariah?" Kevin asked tentatively.

6/9 "He's my best-my boss Luna's elder brother." Abigail almost slipped up. "Ah... Is your car fixed now?" She quickly changed the topic. Unfortunately, she was feeling a bit dizzy as she forced herself to get up from bed. So, she leaned against the wall, forcing herself to focus on the person in front of her.

"That's just a minor issue. Where's Sean? Why isn't he taking care of you?" Now that he understood her relationship with Zachariah, Kevin felt relieved and probed further.

One Final Blow It would have been fine and dandy if Kevin hadn't just brought that despicable name into her humble abode. Now that she was forced to think about the person with that name, she couldn't help but recall her getting intimate with Sean last night.

719 Then, she thought about how he urgently rushed out after receiving a phone call. Sht, *what a scmbag*.

Abigail coldly snapped, "How would I know?"

"I'll pour you a glass of water. Just sit for a while and run along. I'm fine.

However, I'm sorry for inconveniencing you and making you come all this way for nothing." Abigail was truly too exhausted to deal with anything. Frankly, all she wanted to do was have a lovely snooze fest in her bed. Apparently, that was not in the cards for her today.

As she picked up a glass from the table and turned to go to the kitchen... Crash!

One Final Blow A crisp sound of glass shattering came from the kitchen.

Kevin quickly threw his phone aside and rushed to the kitchen. That was when he saw Abigail unconscious on the floor. Her slender arm was cut by the broken glass, and drops of blood fell on the floor, leaving splatters of red flowers staining the floor.

"F*ck... Ms. Abigail!" Kevin didn't have time to worry about keeping his distance from his friend's wife as he shook Abigail's shoulder. Still, he quickly withdrew his hand due to the scorching temperature.

This is bad!

So, he quickly carried the unconscious Abigail and rushed out of the house.

8/9 He gingerly placed her in the passenger seat and stepped on the gas, driving away in his car without noticing a familiar dark figure not far away.

One Final Blow The person in the shadows finally moved after staring at the departing red Ferrari.

9/9 "Mr. Graham... I think that was Mr. Stewart." Xavien, who was standing behind Sean, looked at Sean's cold face in bewilderment. "S—Should we still go up?" Sean lifted his eyes, emotionlessly gazing at Kevin's car as it left, his eyes exuding a chill that seemed to lower the surrounding temperature significantly.

"Let's go back." After a long pause, he finally issued a command. The assistant obediently started the car and left the residential area without looking back.

I Want a Divorce chapter 16-Abigail woke up in the hospital.

When she opened her eyes, a handsome face loomed way too close... She was so startled that she quickly shut her eyes and slowly opened them again. It was still the same face, but this time it was clearly smiling. He looked somewhat rakish, with thick eyebrows, almond-shaped eyes, and fair skin that seemed blindingly white. Due to his porcelain fair skin, the two large dark circles under his eyes were particularly conspicuous.

"You're finally awake." Kevin let out a sigh of relief after watching Abigail's amber pupils transition from haziness to clarity. Then, he tilted his head back, looking half-dead as he propped himself up on the hospital bed.

She struggled to sit up halfway on the bed and looked around, only to find Kevin alone in the ward. She couldn't pretend like she wasn't moved by his help when she asked, "You didn't keep vigil the entire time, did you?" 12:19 S Wife 2/6 Then, she seemed to suddenly remember something. Who knows how long I have been unconscious! Someone like Kevin counts money by the second, right? Oh God, how much do I owe him?

So, she blurted, "I don't have the money to pay for your nursing fees!" Kevin stared at her dumbfoundedly, unable to find the words to say anything to that strange remark. However, he did notice that this beautiful woman would constantly bring up money every time they met.

"Wait a second, is Sean really going bankrupt? Why are you so stingy?" He smirked, and a shrewd light flickered in the depths of his tea-colored, narrow almond-shaped eyes.

Abigail had no intention of spilling her sob story to gain sympathy from him.

Besides, she was afraid that he would turn his back on her if she said she was divorcing Sean.

Still, she owed him a favor that had to be repaid. "I'm sorry you had to go through all that trouble because of me. What would you like to eat? It's my Bros Wife treat." She was about to reach out to find her phone and search for a high-end restaurant nearby.

60%

"Forget about the food." Kevin crossed his legs and sat back on the nearby couch. "Why don't you do me a favor instead?" 376 "Tell me and I'll see what I can do," Abigail replied with a wary look in her eyes.

He raised an eyebrow slightly at her defensive posture. "It's not a big deal. I just wanted to ask if you could help me talk to Alana. My subordinates almost wore a hole through

my floor when you guys left just like that last time. They kept insisting I should do something about it and seek Alana out.” Naturally, Abigail was more than thrilled!

Luna was devastated after they lost the East Joy Talent contract. Who could have thought that the same order would come knocking on their door?

Bro’s Wife Nonetheless, Abigail pretended to hesitate as she didn’t want to blow her cover.

4/6 Thankfully, Kevin was rather naive as he thought that the strange expression on Abigail’s face meant that she was genuinely hesitant. “I know that she has recently become a widow and is indeed in a bad mood. So, there’s no need to force it. I’ll try again when there’s another opportunity.” However, there was no way she was going to let the opportunity which had been served to her on a silver platter slip through her fingers just like that.

So, she immediately replied, “It’s alright. It’s past the mourning period for Ms.

Alana’s husband. There is no problem.” Then, she quickly turned around to find her phone and called Luna to inquire about the contract.

Luna truly was the world’s best friend as she immediately understood the situation. Then, she wasted no time rushing to the hospital half an hour later with the contract and some design samples.

Bro’s Wife 5/6 Since they had already discussed this prior to this and Kevin was in a hurry to sign the contract, there was naturally no room for negotiation. Therefore, both parties reached an agreement at the table in the ward in less than ten minutes.

Alas, Kevin had a strange quirk. He had always been very fond of pretty handwriting ever since he was a child.

So, every time he was done with signing a contract, he would habitually flip to the end to look at everyone’s signature and compare them.

This time, by coincidence, not only did he take a glance at the signature, but he also skimmed through the design samples. Thus, his keen eyes noticed that the signature below the design was completely different from Luna’s handwriting.

So, who exactly is Alana?

Kevin’s eyes lit up, and there was a hint of playfulness and curiosity in his gaze as he scrutinized the two women for a while before smiling. “I’ll take my Bro’s Wife leave now then, Ms. Alana.” Abigail nodded, but Luna didn’t even budge.

bu Kevin cheerfully turned around and left the hospital room as he took note of their reaction or lack thereof.

After Kevin left, Luna practically deflated, causing any feigned composure she had earlier to disappear in the blink of an eye. Her eyes were wide when she asked Abigail, "When did you get involved with Kevin? Did Sean threaten you again?" Abigail looked puzzled. "Isn't he your brother's friend?"

I Want a Divorce chapter 17-What?" Luna didn't keep in touch with her family after moving out. If it weren't for the urgent situation and the difficulty in getting someone reliable, she wouldn't have turned to Zachariah for help.

17 What she didn't expect was him standing her up after she had, for once in her life, reached out to him.

So, the very annoyed Luna sent a scathing voice message to Zachariah, chewing him out without using even a hint of vulgar language, and promptly blocked him.

Abigail could only stare wide-eyed as Luna yelled at her phone.

Once Luna was done, she shook her short blue hair nonchalantly. "Don't feel bad for me. I was adopted anyway, and our relationship isn't exactly fantastic. If it weren't so urgent and I truly needed the help, I wouldn't have 12:20 Sun, 24 Sept 0.

Mourning Period bothered to contact him." Abigail looked at Luna as the latter complained. Still, she only felt relieved when she saw nothing but frustration in Luna's eyes.

Luna suddenly changed the topic. "By the way, I picked out a few gowns for you this morning. Try them on later." 27 "I didn't really see a point in making a big fuss about attending the East Joy Talent's gala since I only got the invitation due to a whim. However, that has changed now that we will be collaborating in the future. A lot is at stake, so we have to make sure we don't embarrass ourselves. There will be many celebrities and socialites attending. It will be a good opportunity for publicity," Luna analyzed the situation seriously.

Abigail thought it over for a moment and nodded in agreement. "Alright, but there aren't many samples left at home. The styles you picked might be from last year's autumn collection. Should I make new ones? It wouldn't be appropriate for us to wear old designs, especially since we're in the fashion 12:20 Sun, 24 Septe.

3/7 Luna's eyes lit up in glee. "Oh, my God! Really?! I haven't worn the clothes you designed in... well, ages!" Abigail's designs were in high demand. So, Luna could never bring herself to wear the clothes Abigail had designed when she would always end up selling them for a pretty penny.

The moment they started discussing matters regarding fashion design, a confident gleam appeared in Abigail's eyes. It was as though she was a changed person as she reassured Luna, "Don't worry. I will definitely make you shine above all else!" Luna let out an evil giggle at that.

Oh, no! It will be Abigail who will shine above all else!

Kevin wore oversized black sunglasses as he strode into Sean's office inside Graham International's office building before he carelessly threw himself into Sept

4/7 the chair in front of Sean's desk. Then, he knocked on the desk. "Sean, do you have your wife's handwriting?" Sean knew Kevin well; he was the kind of person who didn't believe in looks when it came to picking up girls but loved to judge them based on their handwriting.

When he recalled the intimate scene he witnessed between them under the apartment, Sean felt even more uncomfortable.

They have only met once. Since when were they so close?

As he felt increasingly annoyed, he frowned. "Are you blind? Can't you see I'm busy?" Kevin raised his hands in surrender. "Geez, alright. You do your thing." He stood up and unabashedly started rummaging through Sean's desk.

Even though Sean didn't say anything, his eyes turned as cold as a thousand-year-old iceberg with a fleeting glint of fire.

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Mourning Period Kevin shuddered as though he could sense the hostility emanating from Sean and immediately ceased his actions. "Just her signature? Can I take a look at just that?" 5/7 Sean reached under the desk and pulled out a stack of papers, tossing them on the table in front of Kevin. "Is this what you're looking for?" Kevin leaned in to take a look and saw the words 'Divorce Agreement' written in big letters. "Uh... I have no intention to meddle in your affairs; I just want to confirm something," he uttered absentmindedly, flipping through the papers quickly until he found Abigail's signature. His eyes instantly turned serious when they landed on the signature.

It was just as he suspected.

Kevin excitedly took out his phone and took a photo of the signature, completely ignoring the fact that Sean's face had turned completely dark.

How interesting.

Kevin inhaled deeply and gave Sean a meaningful look the instant he had confirmed his speculation. I wonder if Sean knows.

6/7 “Sean, do you know what Ms. Abigail is doing in L.Moon?” Kevin asked, stroking his chin.

A cold and sharp voice replied waspishly, “Shouldn’t you know better than me?” Ha! He doesn’t know. This is getting really interesting.

As Kevin gazed at the ‘widowed’ Sean who was oozing a cold aura in front of him, he smiled, showing off his pearly whites. “Ms. Abigail told me today that the mourning period for Alana’s husband has already passed.” Sean felt perplexed. “What does that have to do with me?” Mourning Period Kevin fell silent for a while before humming, “I believe now that you were forced to marry Abigail in the first place.” Such a big surprise had been right beside Sean for so many years. Yet, he hadn’t noticed a thing. Now, Kevin was eagerly anticipating seeing Sean’s expression when he found out that Abigail was the elusive Alana he had been searching for.

717 Alas, Sean was completely focused on something else. “What’s it to you? Are you interested in her?” Kevin thought that he was just joking, so he casually replied, “Why do you care about these things? You’re already divorced.”

I Want a Divorce chapter 18-Once Kevin finished his speech, he caught a hint of flash inside Sean’s eyes and quickly stopped talking. Then, he threw an invitation on the table and ran away as though his life depended on it. Before running out the door, he added, “By the way, Alana has signed an agreement with us. Didn’t you mention you wanted to book her latest design? Remember to come over.” He was eager to see how Sean would react once he found out Abigail was Alana.

“Get out,” Sean ordered coldly.

“Okay!” With that, Kevin left, leaving Sean to skim through the contract.

However, his gaze would inadvertently land on the divorce settlement. We had a passionate night last night, and she’s already anxious to make Kevin her second man today. Heh, how bold of her.

Frustrated, he tugged on his tie and heard a faint ring from his phone. When he glanced at it, he discovered Joan had sent him an invitation to East Joy Divorce Settlement Talent’s fashion gala, along with the text, ‘East Joy Talent has sent over their invitation! Thank you so much, Sean. I wouldn’t have gotten such an opportunity if it hadn’t been for you. Would you like to come with me?’ Looking at the invitation on his desk, he pondered momentarily and replied, ‘Sure.’ Just after sending that text, he received a call from his grandmother, so he hurriedly answered it. “Grandma.” 2/0 “Did you give Abigail the things I asked you to deliver?” Lina’s kind voice had a trace of authority in it.

It would have been better if she had not mentioned that because it reminded Sean of the morning. He thought that since their relationship had reached its end, he would end it right there. Therefore, he used the excuse of helping Lina to ask around for Abigail's new address. However, he never expected to bump into the scene of her and Kevin together.

He replied in a deep tone, "I'm busy and don't have the time." WebSouls.

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Divorce Settlement 3/6 "How could there be no time for you to do such a simple task? You can give it to her after work!" The voice from the phone seemed somewhat angry, but she suddenly thought of something and added, "She had been taking medicine for three years, but nothing happened still. Is she infertile? Have you gone for a checkup?" Feeling vaguely uncomfortable after hearing that, Sean took a deep breath and explained, "Us not having a child has nothing to do with her." As Abigail was not around, Lina did not have to pretend anymore and scoffed. "Your grandfather is such a stubborn mule, insisting on letting her marry you. It's been many years since then, so you can give her the money and end this relationship if you have no feelings for her. Also, is Joan pregnant yet?" He frowned. "Grandma, there's nothing between Joan and me. I'm just taking care of her out of a promise." Lina retorted silently, "You even left Abigail last night. How can you say there's nothing between you two?" However, she said, "Fine. I know my grandson is the most reliable, I'm saying that we can't let a descendant of the Graham Family stay outside." 46 In other words, if Joan was pregnant with Sean's son, he could bring the child back. After all, they were not wary that Abigail would not accept the child. Her sole purpose in marrying Sean was to bear his children, and since she had not been able to deliver, they would let another woman do it instead.

Suddenly, Sean recalled that though Abigail accompanied him to the Graham Estate every month, she seemed to dislike returning there. Besides giving birth to his child, she was willing to do anything. So, was it because she was forced to listen to such seemingly pleasant but truthfully hurtful words whenever she returned there?

Even he felt like he could not stand it anymore. "Did you say you weren't feeling well? Stop worrying about such matters and focus on your rest." After hanging up the phone, he sat inside his office but could not help but grab his keys and call Kevin. "Where did you bring Abigail?" Divorce Settlement Then, Kevin began laughing hysterically. "How did you know I brought her away? Did you send someone to spy on me?" 5/6 Sean threatened, "Kevin, I heard from your brother that your family company has projects in a rural town that no one is willing to go..." "Ahem!" Kevin choked on a cough and almost fainted from suffocation. He yelled in frustration, "Sean, you're horrible! Am I a friend or foe?" "Address." Sean immediately hung up and soon received a location on his phone, along with an angry emoji. 'You will regret threatening me!' Initially, Kevin was ready to tell him about Abigail's real identity, but now, he had decided not to. Since they were friends, they could just trick each other!

Sean replied to the text, 'I don't care.' On the other hand, Abigail was discharged from the hospital after feeling

Divorce Settlement better. She packed her things and was about to leave when she coincidentally bumped into Sean alighting from his car.

65 At that moment, she still donned the same casual outfit when hospitalized, with Luna's coat draped around her shoulders. No mirror was needed for her to know how pale and dispirited she looked.

However, she was stubborn and did not want to embarrass herself before the man. As she turned around to leave, Sean strode toward her and said, "Grandma has something for you." Of course, there was also something he wanted to give her. After sweeping his gaze across her figure, he saw her pale lips, unamused. "What happened to you?"

I Want a Divorce chapter 19-Not wanting to mention last night, Abigail cut in. "This has nothing to do with you." Sean had yet to speak but was already angered by her words. His face instantly turned cold as ice as he retorted, "Then, who does? Kevin?" She was shocked. What does this have to do with Kevin?

Seeing that she was not speaking, he spoke even more sarcastically, "Abigail, I never pictured you like this. On the one hand, you say you want a divorce

when you're seducing me. On the other hand, you're eagerly trying to get things on with Kevin. Why didn't I know you were so smooth and slick before?" With a puzzled expression, she questioned, "Who's seducing you?" And who's trying to get things on with Kevin?

He scoffed. "Then, who was begging me to go faster last night?" ., 60%u 12:20 Sun, 24 Sept ce. You Can't Marry Him Feeling suffocated, she stared at him in disbelief. "Why don't you ask your grandma what she did last night?" I swear that pudding was spiked!

With eyes filled with ridicule, Sean retorted, "So what? Did you learn all those tricks you tried the past three years from Grandma?" 2/8 Hearing that, Abigail felt rage surging inside her, traveling from the bottom of her feet to her head. Though wearing a thick layer of clothes, she felt naked before him. She could not describe her feelings; it felt like removing her pride and letting the man stomp on it relentlessly.

For the past three years, she did not merely please him because she wanted a child. It was because she liked him and was willing to do anything to make him happy. However, she did not expect him to use that against her. It seemed like she was merely a 'toy' to him.

Her voice trembled slightly. "Sean, if you're free now, why don't we get our divorce done? I don't want anything from you." Truly, she wanted nothing to do with that man.

You Can't Marry Him Sean's eyes darkened. "Such hurry? Let me tell you that the Stewarts would never acknowledge someone like you into their family." Three generations of the Stewart Family were involved in politics, and Kevin was their only successor. Therefore, his wife had to be someone with a matching background or one who could benefit them.

3/8 Sean did not intend to belittle her, but he knew that her life would not be any easier if she married Kevin.

Meanwhile, Abigail awoke from her daze. When she realized what he was on about, she was so angry that she trembled and shoved him away. An inexplicable sense of grievance surged inside her as she felt tears in her eyes.

How cheap did he think she was for him to assume she would seduce his best friend before their divorce? More importantly, he even came to remind her that the Stewarts would not accept a divorced woman like her. F*ck him.

He clearly looks down on me and hopes I won't do well.

You Can't Marry Him 4/8 With a cold expression, she gritted her teeth and rebuked, "Thank you for your consideration, but even if I want to become Kevin's kept woman, it has nothing to do with you!" If it were not because she had just recovered from her fever and was feeling lethargic, she wanted to head over and kick that b*stard away. She could not figure out why she was so blind to have fallen for that man. It was he who cheated on her, yet he had the guts to frame her.

The man's black eyes turned cold, which perfectly concealed his emotion. He stared at Abigail briefly before saying, "You don't know what's good for you." How can you still think of becoming Kevin's mistress? That's stooping too low!

At that moment, his assistant, Cameron Hopkins, descended the car. "Mr.

Graham, Mr. Cromwell got into an accident. The client couldn't find him and went to the company to cause a scene." Sean's eyebrows furrowed as he threw the things in his hand to the ground before getting inside the car. The loud noise from the door slamming revealed his bad mood.

You Can't Marry Him 5/3 In the meantime, Abigail stood in place for a few minutes and decided to pick up the things on the ground before getting into the cab.

Half an hour later, she returned to the studio with packages of all sizes. After heading straight for the second floor, she tossed the things she had grabbed aside, but the pile fell and scattered its contents on the ground, revealing a bunch of supplements.

The things Lina previously sent her were all supplements for childbirth, and it was the same this time.

Initially, Abigail wanted to throw them in the trash can. How could she produce a grandchild for Lina if her grandson refused to want one? It was not like she could impregnate herself. After thinking about it, she took this as a token of kindness since she and Sean were about to get a divorce. Moreover, things that came from a wealthy family like the Grahams would take her several years or even her whole life to repay.

She took a deep breath and placed the things to the side as she planned to return them once she had the chance. When she reached to grab what her Sarhad University.

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Can't Marry Him assistant brought over the second time, her hand suddenly stopped midair.

That doesn't look like a supplement.

6/8 Frowning, Abigail opened the wrapping and saw a whole set of emerald jewelry. It was the jewelry set she spotted last month and took a picture of when trying it on before sending it to Sean, trying to initiate a conversation or maybe... get him to praise her. However, she did not expect he would buy it for her.

Although he would only return to visit her once every month during these three years, he had never arrived empty-handed. The most he gifted her were jewelry and all sorts of necklaces. As such, she had no choice but to customize an entire room for the jewelry she received. At times, she would walk around that room in the middle of the night, imagining him by her side.

In the past, she believed this was Sean's unique way of expressing his sentiment and that he had feelings for her. Or, it could be because he thought she was obsessed with such materialistic things that he could fool her by simply buying any piece of jewelry. Suddenly, his efforts seemed You Can't Marry Him cheap to her.

Remembering what Sean had said to her today, Abigail withdrew her excessive emotions and returned the necklace to its box.

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"Abigail! Abigail!" Before she could pack everything up, she heard Luna's angry voice coming from outside her design room. She quickly opened the door, afraid the other would kick the door down. "Why are you being so rough? Do I have to change this door into one made of gold?" She opened the door wider so that Luna could enter.

7/8 "I asked you to stay in the hospital, but you won't listen!" Luna raised her hand, wanting to hit Abigail but withdrew it before she could touch her. Then, her keen eyes landed on the gift boxes on the side. "What the heck? Is Old Mrs.

Graham still trying to get you pregnant?" "I'm used to it." Abigail sniffled and grabbed a tissue, perhaps still suffering the aftermath of a cold.

You Cant Marry Him "I don't think that's necessarily true. If she sincerely wants the best for you, everything she gives you shouldn't be all related to childbirth. I think you've boon overly kind and are unaware that someone is trying to guilt trip you," Luna complained frankly, However, Abigail smiled. "I owe them.

I Want a Divorce chapter 20-Alright. Let's put these useless things behind us. There are still a few days before the banquet, so hurry up and get to work. We'll worry about the rest later. What's important is that we earn money." Abigail wrapped her coat around her and sat before the table.

In the meantime, Luna sighed when she saw Abigail working so hard. "You're right. It's been busy lately, and the dresses have yet to be dispatched for our clients. Even so, there are still several of them waiting to be modified. We do

have no time to waste." Just like what Luna expected, L.Moon was bustling the whole time before the banquet. Sean never came to look for Abigail, who was glad about it since she had no time to attend to him.

They finally felt relieved when they were well-dressed and stood before the courtyard where East Joy Talent held the banquet.

It was extremely hard to earn that 2.8 million, and she somewhat regretted 20 Private Banquet her stubborn decision to take nothing away after divorcing Sean. She should have asked that b*stard to compensate her.

"What are you thinking about? The flashing lights are blinding me." Luna tugged on Abigail's arm, excitedly pulling her forward and handing her two invitations. "Kevin has sent us new invitations with both our names. We're now guests and don't have to worry about anyone." Abigail added, "Keep these. We're now people who have attended private events." Luna joked, "Credits to him for being a good person. He's way more reliable than Sean, who always chooses others over us." East Joy Talent stood up to its name for being the best entertainment company. Although this was a private event, the courtyard was decorated similarly to huge events like the Emmy Awards. All the tycoons from various industries were gathered here.

Just as Abigail took a step forward, she heard a ruckus coming from behind Sarhad University.

Private Banquet 3/6 her. When she turned around, she saw Joan in a black high-split dress exiting the car with Sean in a black suit.

Tonight, Joan had switched her usual sweet look for a more stunning one, with one side

of her hair tucked behind her ear. Also, she wore an eye-catching red ruby necklace around her neck.

Looking at the reporters madly squeezing toward the entrance, Abigail could not help but feel ridiculed. She and Sean had been married for three years, but he had never brought her to any occasion like this. Previously, she thought it might be because he disliked public events. Now that she thought of it, it was simply because he disliked her.

Luna could not hold back her criticism. "That b*stard couple. How dare they show up here!" "Let's go." Abigail swept her gaze across them and looked away. Then, she held the hem of her dress and entered the venue with her head high. As she moved quickly, she did not notice the deep gaze of the man behind her.

Private Banquet 4/6 Joan sensed something strange going on with Sean, so she followed his gaze and noticed two slender figures in front of them. The one in a feathered halter dress was especially stunning as her waist looked so slim that it might break if held too tightly. In addition, there was a lilac butterfly tattooed on the exposed skin of her back, and it seemed to be fluttering with every step the woman made.

Even a woman like her was attracted to her, let alone Sean. A trace of possessiveness flashed in her eyes as she linked arms with him. "Sean, what are you looking at?" "It's nothing." He buttoned his coat and composed himself before urging gently, "Let's head inside." Seeing that he did not mention anything, Joan sensibly stopped asking and held his arm as they entered the venue.

Although it was April, the night was still rather chilly. Luna came here with a task to promote their brand, and Abigail was still feeling unwell after recovering from her fever, so she found a quiet corner to have some time Sarhad University Enroll for Fall Private Banquet alone while Luna went around, socializing with the other guests.

Right after Abigail seated herself, she heard a familiar voice not far away.

"What's wrong with you?" Turning her head toward the voice, she saw Joan standing before a young woman in a decorative velvet dress, holding her wet and dripping hem with obvious wine stain.

"I'm sorry, Miss Palmer. It wasn't intentional." The young woman hurriedly put down the wine glass and grabbed some tissues to wipe down Joan's dress.

5/6 However, Joan stepped back and complained, "Don't move. It's already dirty." The young woman's hand was left awkwardly in midair. "I'm so sorry. I have a clean dress in my caravan. Would you like to change?" "Who wants to change into your clothes?" Joan was furious.

The young woman was at a loss after being reprimanded, and the Private Banquet commotion they were causing had attracted quite a lot of attention.

Therefore, the young woman straightened her back and asked carefully, “Then, what would you like me to do?” “Compensate for it.” Joan was growing impatient. “Sean had L.Moon custom-made this dress for me. You know Alana has stopped receiving custom-made orders because her husband passed away, right? It was difficult for Sean to get her to make me this dress.” The young woman’s eyes widened. “H–How much is this dress?” “120 thousand.”

I Want a Divorce chapter 21-The young woman was dumbfounded. Though Alana’s designs were expensive, she did not expect them to be so costly. Her face instantly flushed.

Meanwhile, Abigail had no intention of minding other people’s business, but when the name ‘Alana’ was involved, she could not stand it anymore and got up from the couch to approach the woman. “Miss Palmer, there are many guests at this banquet, so why don’t you change into something new before continuing this?” She did not remember designing Joan’s dress, but the gown on the young woman was her design. The butterflies on the hem of the dress were a laborious task, but she had only sold it for 45 thousand. Joan asked for 120 thousand for her dress—simply wishful thinking!

“It’s you?” Joan looked at Abigail and immediately recognized her as the assistant who helped her try on the wedding dress at L.Moon Studio. Also, she was one of the two women Sean was looking at when they were at the venue’s entrance. Feeling guilty and frustrated, she frowned. “Do you know where we are? How can they let just anyone enter this place?” East Joy Talent’s banquets were private and usually held to pave the way for major entertainment programs. There were known directors, sponsors, producers, and several fashion design teams attending this banquet. All celebrities and influencers would try their best to show up to this event because getting support from any of those resources meant they had found the road to fame.

Joan could only rely on Sean to enter this banquet, so she dismissed the idea that a mere store employee could attend such an event fully dressed and still receive so many gazes. With that thought in mind, her expression became serious as she beckoned a waiter making his rounds over and ordered, “This woman came in uninvited. Aren’t you going to deal with her?” When the waiter saw the situation, he immediately stopped in his tracks and approached Abigail. “Miss, please show me your invitation.” “Since I managed to come in, it means I’m invited.” Abigail gave him a cold stare and furrowed her eyebrows. “It’s just that the invitation is not with me.”

The waiter showed a short moment of hesitation while Joan had a sneer on her face. “Is the invitation not with you, or did you barge in uninvited? Just several simple pictures of tonight’s event are enough for an assistant like you to make a fortune.” Her words were not only intended to ridicule Abigail but also to imply to the waiter. As if suddenly enlightened, the waiter pressured Abigail even more.

“Miss, please show me your invitation, or we’ll have to escort you out.” Abigail did not intend to cause any commotion at Kevin’s event, so she took out her phone to call Luna. However, she appeared busy as she did not pick up her phone after several calls.

The young woman in the blue dress seemed to notice Abigail’s awkwardness and spoke up apologetically, “It’s my fault. It has nothing to do with anyone else. Miss, thank you for your help.” At that moment, Joan scoffed. “You’re not only ignorant but also hungry for attention. You embarrassed me and said everything’s fine? Who do you think you are? Do you think anyone can just step on me?” The waiter also seemed frustrated. “Miss, if you keep this up, I’ll have no choice but to call for security.” Despite saying so, he did not give Abigail any time to react before waving his hand at the security guard, ordering, “Take this woman away and search her. Do not let her bring any information related to this event outside, and make sure to check her phone, just in case she has taken any pictures she shouldn’t have!” The security guards strode over to Abigail, and the one in the lead snatched away her phone, cutting off her contact with the outside world. He even unlocked her phone and tried to look at her photo gallery. They were still trying to get an explanation before, but now, they were trying to invade her privacy.

“How can you do that? You’re invading her privacy. It’s illegal!” Before Abigail could say anything, the young woman spoke up for her and went over to grab the phone. Sadly, she was pushed away.

Consequently, she lost her balance and almost fell as she was wearing high heels. Abigail reached out to catch the young woman, whose face turned gloomy. She looked at the men before her and ordered, “Bring me to see Kevin. He will tell you the answer.” Since he was the one who gave her and Luna their invitation, meeting him would be easier than looking for Luna. However, the waiter smiled. “Miss, everyone who tries to sneak in here is after Mr. Stewart. What do you think a man like him does if he were to meet everyone?” It was clear that they had experienced many cases of such tricks. As such, the waiter waved his hand and urged the security guards, “Take her away, quick.”

I Want a Divorce chapter 23-The young woman’s voice was gentle and calming, and Abigail secretly applauded the young woman’s beauty. “It’s fine. You look gorgeous today.” Once she finished, the young woman quickly ran forward to lead the way.

Although she was running in her dress, she still looked irresistibly elegant.

Inside the caravan, she placed the new dress on the bed. When Abigail glanced at it, she discovered it was also one of her designs.

“It seems like you’re a fan of Alana,” she commented with a smile.

“My manager lent it to me,” the young woman explained embarrassedly.

“Everyone is a fan of Alana.” Joan glanced at Luna, her tone somewhat flattering.

“Thank you for the compliment, Miss Palmer. Your makeup seems unfitting for

this dress, and I can help you modify the one you’re wearing. I hope you don’t mind that.” Luna did not let the woman flatter her and put on a professional attitude.

Since it was a borrowed dress, the young woman might have to pay for it now that it was in Joan’s possession. Of course, Joan would not mind that and nodded her head.

Several people started helping Joan out of her dress, and she sat outside, wrapped in a blanket. Then, Luna closed the door and threw the dress on the bed before spreading her hands, whispering, “F*ck this! I don’t want to modify anything for her. Look how smug she looks. I’m already showing my best manners by not splashing wine on her face.” However, Abigail swiftly took out her needles and thread from her bag. She put on her thimble and sat on the bed to start working. “Breathe. Think of it as charity.” “Tsk! Isn’t this all because of your bravery after seeing a pretty young woman getting bullied? I’m on your side! What’s more, you’re dressed up so beautifully today, yet you didn’t get a chance to show it off on the red carpet.

Have you forgotten today’s task?” Luna helped Abigail adjust the dress, nagging softly.

“I know, I know. We’re here to show off our dresses to get more customers.” Abigail began her bold modification by cutting off the part with wine stains.

Bowing her head to pluck the feathers from her dress, she sewed them to Joan’s dress while removing the strap. Then, she used the scraps to create two pointy ears at the chest. Soon, the original high split maxi dress was now a cat-inspired feathered short dress.

Once done, she put her things aside and asked Luna to call Joan in.

When Joan changed into the dress, her originally bold look instantly became more mysterious, and she looked more alluring than before. She seemed to like the dress a lot because she repeatedly looked at herself in the mirror.

Then, she ran out of the caravan.

She was about to look for Sean but did not expect him to be at the caravan’s entrance. At first, she thought he had heard the commotion and came here to look for her, so she excitedly approached him with glistening eyes. “Sean, how do I look? Alana designed this for me.” The man merely nodded and responded with a hum. When he saw the bright color of her dress, his eyes became even darker. He raised his head to look toward the caravan and saw a thin figure with a delicate purple butterfly tattoo on her back. With clenched fists, he looked away and ordered Joan

I Want a Divorce chapter 24-When the two returned to the venue, they were just in time for the ball.

Not letting Abigail have any time to slack off, Luna brought her into the crowd.

When Abigail was modifying Joan's dress, she had almost plucked all of the feathers on her dress, revealing the dark patterns underneath and her look even more mysterious.

She was born with a pretty face, and her figure was heavenly, especially her thin waist that no one could surpass. When she appeared in the hall, she attracted many gazes.

"Miss, can I invite you to a dance?" A man enthusiastically approached her and politely invited her.

"No-" Just as she was about to reject the man, she noticed the furious gaze

Luna was shooting at her and quickly smiled. "Of course." The man then led her onto the dance floor. Since she wore a halter dress, the man placed the back of his hand against her exposed back, which was already a well-mannered gesture. However, Abigail still felt uncomfortable because, during the three years of her marriage, she did not have much contact with other men besides Sean, let alone dance with any of them.

Therefore, she was at a loss to ease the awkwardness between them. Still, the man started a light conversation. "Your dress looks beautiful." "Thank you. It's a design by Alana from L.Moon." She did not forget her mission and smiled. "If your girlfriend is interested, I can make an appointment for you." "Then, are you willing to become my girlfriend?" The man's eyes were filled with awe and desire, and his hand suddenly moved from her shoulder onto her waist. This time, he was touching her skin with his palm.

Instantly, Abigail could feel the stickiness on the man's palm and push him away. "What are you doing?" Her scream successfully attracted the attention of the crowd beside them, and many turned to watch them. The man seemed surprised she would have such a huge reaction, and his expression instantly became gloomy. "We were just dancing. Why are you shouting? Didn't your company train you for social dancing?" At that moment, Abigail knew that the man had mistaken her for an artist from some entertainment company and was trying to take advantage of her.

Scoffing, she retorted, "My company has trained me in social dances, but that only applied to humans, not animals." The man cursed under his breath and reached for Abigail. Before he could touch her, someone grabbed his wrist and chuckled. "Mr. Scott, many are watching. It's inappropriate for you to make things difficult for a woman in public. Don't you think so?" When Troy Scott saw it was Kevin, his anger instantly diminished as he looked at Abigail inquisitively. "Your woman?" Hearing that, Kevin could not help but reprimand Troy for being stupid and almost dragging him down with him. If Sean heard what he had said, he would throw a tantrum. However, Kevin flashed him a courteous smile.

“Nonsense. She’s a friend.” Troy immediately beamed. “So, you’re Mr. Stewart’s friend. My apologies. Let’s meet again next time.” Then, Kevin made a toasting gesture at Troy before leading Abigail out of the dance floor. “How did you get entangled with him?” While rubbing her waist with a disdainful expression, she explained, “He invited me to dance and was being handsy. Who is he?” Glancing at Troy’s figure, he replied with a displeased look, “The second son of the Scott Family. He’s... Anyway, just stay away from him if you see him.” Then, he swept his gaze across Joan’s getup. His eyes had no ill intentions but were filled with admiration. “Is this dress your...” He almost made a slip of the tongue. “Your boss’ new design?” Without hesitation, Abigail was not shy with her praise as she replied, “Of course! Don’t you think you’ve won a great deal by signing that contract?” She and Luna were basically L.Moon’s walking advertisements at tonight’s banquet.

Kevin clicked his tongue. Initially, his impression of ‘Alana’ was only based on his assistant’s compliments, but now that he saw Abigail, the descriptions in his mind began to make sense. Her dress did not fall short of any well-known brands, regardless of workmanship or aesthetics.

The only flaw L.Moon had was that it was too small of a company and had never been to major events. Also, their marketing approach was too private, or else... He had a feeling that Abigail would become popular someday, a sensation.

What if he were the one who helped uncover this gem? With that thought in mind, he beamed. “Abigail, are you interested in making L.Moon an international exclusive couture?” That was not only Luna’s wish but hers as well. However, they established their business from scratch and rolled on their premium quality and excellent reputation to reach the scale they had at this stage. Also, it was all thanks to Luna’s endless efforts in promoting their brand. If they could get resources.

from Kevin, they would be able to reach a new height with less effort.

However, getting resources and partnering were different. A partnership was based on exchanging benefits, while a resource was about exchanging values.

With a raised eyebrow, Abigail’s eyes glistened, but she suppressed her emotions and took a sip of water. “I’m just an assistant.” Kevin licked his lips and beamed even brighter. “Then, are you interested in becoming an assistant to an internationally-known exclusive fashion designer?” While rubbing her hands against her glass, she asked, “What’s the matter?”

“Are you trying to poach me?” He hurriedly denied, “I dare not. Our company is recently preparing for an entertainment show, Top Designer, to educate the audience about the fashion design and modeling industries. I’d like you to help us as we’d love to invite Alana to participate in the show.” Everyone knew East Joy Talent’s entertainment shows were the best and most popular. Therefore, if L.Moon could participate, Luna

could say goodbye to working her bum off finding resources and snatching orders. Moreover, their studio could make a massive leap through this event!

Just thinking about that made Abigail's heart flutter.

I Want a Divorce chapter 25-However, Abigail was naturally wary of Kevin.

Perhaps because she thought he was Sean's friend, she always felt that these two were birds of a feather.

1/7 She turned her head and looked at Kevin meaningfully. "I'm getting a divorce from Sean. You know that, right?" Kevin visibly paused for a moment, then shrugged nonchalantly. "Yeah. I just found out a few days ago, but rest assured, I always keep my personal and professional life separate. Inviting Alana wasn't just my idea; it was the whole design team's decision. We heard about her recent loss, and I didn't want the team to intrude on her inconsiderately. I thought I would explore the situation

since we are acquaintances." Only then did she ask, "May I ask if the show provides assistants, or is it up to the individual?" He wore a meaningful smile. "Of course, you can bring your own assistants.

After all, the audience only wants to see work efficiency and results." Having assistants provided by the show could indeed create conflicts and topics, but it might be biased, which was why Kevin's show never indulged in such things.

Abigail thought the same way, and her doubts vanished. She extended her hand gracefully. "I need to discuss this with Luna first. I hope we can work together." Kevin's eyes lit up, and he shook Abigail's hand. "I'll be waiting for good news, then." The next moment, he felt a chill around his neck as he quickly let go of her hand and stood up. He handed her a business card and said, "You should go ahead and enjoy yourself. I need to attend to the other guests." After bidding farewell to Abigail, Kevin rushed upstairs, and sure enough, in the hotel's open room area on the second floor, he saw a man smoking leisurely while leaning against the handrail.

From Sean's angle, he had a clear view of Kevin and Abigail chatting and laughing amiably.

Kevin touched his neck while recalling the chilling gaze just now, then smirked. "Are you jealous, Sean?" The man casually extinguished the cigarette in the ashtray and sneered.

Jealous? What a joke.

Kevin hurriedly explained, "We only have a professional relationship, and I won't touch anyone related to you. Let me tell you something. You might not know this, but my sister-in-law is-" Before he finished speaking, he was interrupted by Sean's cold voice.

“You’ve said it already. We’re divorced, so don’t address her as your sister-in-law anymore. Whether you like her or not has nothing to do with me.” Sean’s mind was still stuck on the image of Abigail and Kevin being all smiles and close just moments ago. Both of them looked handsome and beautiful together. Anyone who saw it would say they looked like a great pair.

The more he thought about it, the more agitated he felt. He flicked the lighter with his slender fingers, picked up his coat without looking back, and walked away. Huh! They’ve only known each other for a short while, yet they dare to discuss private matters already.

Kevin was taken aback by Sean’s icy attitude, but he didn’t chase after the man. Instead, he slumped into a chair and teasingly continued the second half of his sentence, “Alana.” Your wife is none other than the famous Alana.

Meanwhile, Abigail felt the hall was too stuffy and went to the back garden to catch her breath.

As soon as she walked out of the revolving door, someone grabbed her arm tightly.

The familiar presence surrounded her, and she knew who it was without even looking back.

However, she had no patience at all when she saw Sean right now, so she pushed him away in frustration. “Stop being touchy-feely in public!” She was afraid that Joan would see them and start another fit of madness as she didn’t want to be hounded again to compensate for 120 thousand!

Sean’s expression froze.

Earlier on, she had been all lovey-dovey on the red carpet with Kevin. Why did it become touchy-feely when he was the lawful husband?

“We aren’t divorced yet,” he said coldly. “You’d better be more cautious.

People from the Graham Estate are watching.” Abigail sneered and retorted, “When you and Joan were on the red carpet Your Wife is Alana just now, did you ever think about the people from the Graham Estate 6/7 watching? There were so many reporters earlier. Did you lose your memory?” What a hypocritical man with double standards!

Sean lowered his gaze and let out a soft hum as he felt somewhat pleased.

He raised an eyebrow and asked, “Are you jealous?” The way he asked the question seemed to strike a nerve with Abigail as it left her looking utterly unreasonable and speechless. She replied, “You’ve got it all wrong. Jealousy comes from liking someone, and I don’t have any reason to be jealous of you.” Sean’s face, which had just softened,

turned cold again. He reached out and pinched her chin, gritting his teeth as he uttered, "Do I need to remind you why you entered the Graham Family?" She winced from the pain of his grip on her chin. Then, she forcefully slapped his hand away. "Mr. Graham, does that mean Joan can't bear children?" Why was he bringing this up now?

Wasn't the whole purpose of her entering the Graham Family to give him children?

Did he plan to tie her down for a lifetime even if he didn't want kids?

For a moment, she felt stupid. Why did she even fall for a man like him?

He fooled around with multiple women while trying to gaslight her from a moral high ground!

"Why are you mentioning her for no reason?" Sean furrowed his brows as he did not understand what this had to do with Joan.

Abigail was equally puzzled. "Oh? Could it be that she isn't infertile, but you are?"

I Want a Divorce chapter 26-They had been married for three years, and she had tried everything she could think of.

She had previously undergone several medical examinations at the hospital, and they only mentioned a problem with her follicle development. She even took ovulation induction injections, so why hadn't she been getting pregnant?

All of a sudden, Abigail came to a realization.

"Don't you know if I'm capable?" Sean's expression couldn't be described as anything other than grim.

Abigail raised an eyebrow. "If I knew, would I have struggled for three years without getting pregnant?" "Is that the only thing on your mind?" He gritted his teeth, and it was rare to

see him this angry.

In his eyes, she was only concerned about having a child.

They were getting divorced now because she couldn't conceive, and it seemed like he was nothing more than a tool for her to get pregnant.

Upon hearing those words, Abigail froze for a moment. By the time she reacted, Sean had already picked her up. She instinctively struggled as she yelled, "Sean! You jerk! Let go of me!" He completely ignored her actions and took out his car keys. With a click, the lights of a black Land Rover nearby flashed.

Before she could struggle even further, he had already pushed her into the car. His tall figure followed suit, forcing himself into the cramped space and trapping her against the door. Then, he kissed her lips.

She wanted to avoid him, but the limited space in the car left her with no room to move. She took a step back, and her back pressed against the car door while leaving her with no escape route. She lifted her hand, wanting to slap Sean in the face.

Pacans Online ClasRES However, Sean was well-prepared. He caught both her hands and raised them above her head as he pressed them against the car door. His other hand reached around Abigail's back to unzip her dress.

When he touched her soft and supple skin, his scorching hands accurately held her waist.

It had been a long time since he last touched her, and his desire surged like wildfire. Even his breathing became erratic.

Abigail felt a chill in her chest, which was soon overtaken by the scorching heat of his touch. Yet, her heart felt even colder as tears started to trickle down her cheeks.

Upon sensing that something was wrong, Sean slightly raised his body, and his voice turned hoarse as he asked, "Isn't this what you want?" She felt as if she had been delivered a hard slap. It seemed like she had been stripped naked and forced to walk in public, which made her feel utterly embarrassed. She murmured, "Yes. This is what I wanted." She used to yearn for his passionate embrace like this, and she used to dream of conceiving his child.

However, it all felt like a joke now.

In his eyes, she was just a sl*t who only pursued such things.

She sneered and closed her eyes. "You can continue if you want. Consider this my last gift to you before the divorce." Sean noticed her disgusted expression and turned around before pushing open the car door and leaving.

Abigail remained motionless as she stared at him. "When are we going to file for divorce?" Her voice was icy, and it was as cold as her hand.

He felt annoyed and flung her hand away. "Tomorrow morning. Are you satisfied now?" Preserving Life Is the Top Priority "I couldn't be more satisfied." Upon seeing the disgusted look in her eyes, Sean turned around and left with big strides.

After a while, Abigail got out of the car. Compared to the lively venue, there were very few people on the lawn.

She took a few deep breaths and wiped her eyes with her hand.

Da mn it!

What a jerk!

there She walked slowly along the path she had come from and finally squatted down before picking up the purse she had dropped while struggling in Sean's arms earlier.

Meanwhile, Kevin had been paying attention to their every move since Sean came out.

Sean seemed at ease as he left, but Kevin had to deal with the crowd on the lawn. Kevin saw Abigail squatting on the ground as if she had been crying, and after struggling with himself for a moment, he walked onto the lawn and draped his coat over Abigail's back.

"Uh... Sean asked me to give you his coat." When she heard that it was Sean's coat, she immediately pulled it off, stood up, and threw it back at Kevin. "There's no need. It's dirty." Kevin could only say, "Come on. I'll be honest with you! Miss Smith said you caught a cold. If it gets worse because you were here, our collaboration might be ruined. This is my coat. Just bear with it and put it on." He gave her the coat again.

This time, Abigail didn't refuse and put it on. She forced a smile at Kevin.

"That's better. Thank you. I'll go and look for Miss Smith now." Kevin nodded, but when he turned around, he couldn't help but curse under his breath.

That smile Abigail just gave made him feel heartbroken.

He repeatedly told himself in his mind not to mess with his friend's wife to steady himself.

As soon as Sean declared his affection for someone, Kevin immediately came looking for Abigail.

If Kevin ended up offending a certain someone with such blatant moves, he might end up picking coal in a rural country tomorrow!

I Want a Divorce chapter 27-Abigail called Luna and asked if she wanted to leave together.

Yet, it seemed that Luna was busy with something as her voice was slightly muffled. "Okay, you go ahead first. I'll head back in a while... Hey, stop it!

You're making me shy!" When Abigail heard that, she was speechless for a moment. She knew that Luna must have laid her eyes on some hot guy and could not step away.

Luna was perfect in every way, save for being perpetually infatuated with anyone good-looking. It was a habit she couldn't change.

Abigail said helplessly, "In that case, I'll be heading back first. I'll leave the

driver with you." "Okay." Luna hung up the phone eagerly.

Only then did Abigail leave with ease.

Divorce The next morning, she dressed up nicely and went to Graham International, 20 Sean must've arranged things beforehand; she only needed to mention her name before someone led her to the top floor.

"Mr. Graham is waiting for you in his office. You may go in." The person knocked on the door for her and left.

When Abigail pushed the door open, she saw Sean still dressed in the clothes from last night's banquet, and he was sitting at the computer while reading a document. The moment he looked up and saw her, his eyebrows lifted slightly to express his surprise.

After being married for three years, it was her first time visiting Graham International to see him.

She only glanced at him briefly and averted her gaze, placing the divorce agreement she had prepared in her bag on the table. "Sign this first." Sean's face instantly turned cold. "Did you come here just for this?" Divorce Hearing that, Abigail looked puzzled. "What else? I was afraid you'd be too busy to take care of this, so I came in person. I have to go to work later, so please hurry." He had already arranged everything with his people outside, which can only mean that he was prepared for this, right?

With pursed lips, Sean looked at the document on the table. Then, he picked up a pen and quickly flipped to the page where his signature was required, signing his name without even looking through the document.

Abigail watched as he signed the papers, but before he could complete his signature, his phone rang.

"Don't answer it. Just sign the documents first." Seeing him about to put down the pen and answer the call, she held his hand. "It'll only take a few seconds." After taking a glance at her, he hung up the phone and proceeded to sign his name.

She then handed him the other copy. As she looked at his signature on the divorce agreement, it was as if she were cradling something precious. She at it several times, ensuring everything was correct before finally putting it in her bag.

As for Sean's copy, he simply put it in the drawer.

“Let’s go.” Abigail checked the time. “The rush hour is over. We can make it to the City Hall in half an hour to get the certificate.” He wanted to say something, but when he saw the hint of expectation in her eyes, he suddenly felt that saying anything was meaningless at this point.

This was the day she had been looking forward to, and any extra words would make it seem like he couldn’t let her go. He would never allow such doubts to appear in his life. In the end, he got up with a cold face, picked up his coat and car keys, then walked straight out.

Divorce was a matter of significance, so he didn’t get the driver and drove himself.

Abigail headed to the backseat right away, but Sean wouldn’t allow that to happen. He immediately grabbed the back of her collar and pushed her into COREAL he passenger seat.

“What’s wrong with you?!” She struggled while slapping his hand away.

Hearing her say that it hurt, he let go of his hand. “Do you think I’m your driver?” He tugged at his tie, feeling irritated. When she turned around, she saw a rare touch of annoyance on his face, and she pursed her lips at that.

He doesn’t even want to pretend anymore. Without speaking, she obediently got into the passenger seat and fastened her seatbelt before looking out of the window.

The City Hall was in the same direction as their home, so the scenery along the way was very familiar. Yet, thinking that this would be their last ride together, Abigail felt a trace of sadness seep through. She thought she was mentally prepared, but it felt like something was slowly being stripped away.

She remained still, letting that feeling spread. In her mind, she thought, Right, LORAL even raising a dog for three years would form an emotional attachment.

Over these three years, I’ve invested my youth and effort, but it all seems to be meaningless. Now, the moment of liberation has finally arrived, but strangely, I don’t feel all that happy about it.

The two of them remained silent throughout the journey. Once they arrived at the City Hall, Sean got out of the car first and lit a cigarette.

Abigail took a deep breath and was about to open the car door to get out when her phone in her pocket started vibrating. Her hand, which was holding onto the door handle, hesitated for a moment. Upon seeing the caller ID, she closed the car door once again and quickly answered the phone.

“Grandma?” From the other end came Ana lise’s cautious voice. “Abigail, where is your house again?” Suddenly, someone could be heard scolding Ana lise impatiently in the background. “Lady, do you want to go or not? My car is still vacant. If you’re Divorce not going anywhere, then get out!” Ana lise’s voice was muffled. “Okay, okay. Let me ask where my granddaughter’s house is.” “If you’re dem ented, then don’t come out wandering around! Do you even have money to pay the fare? Get out!” When Abigail heard that, her heart ached, and she hurriedly pushed open the car door and jumped out. “Grandma, where are you?”

I Want a Divorce chapter 28, Ana lise had been staying in the village, taking care of Theodore. She had never been to the city before, so she was naturally clueless about navigating the roads here.

Abigail’s heart clenched upon hearing her grandmother being scolded. She was concerned about leaving Ana lise alone at the bus station, for it wouldn’t be safe for her. Feeling anxious, she said, “Grandma, could you pass the phone to the driver? I’ll talk to him.” “Hey!” Ana lise hurriedly handed the phone to the driver.

The driver scolded impatiently, “What’s wrong with you? How could you let an old lady go out alone? She can’t even tell me where she wants to go. She’s

delaying my business!” Abigail apologized in a low voice, “I’m sorry for the trouble, sir. Please take my grandma to the north gate of Aqua Serenity Manor. I’ll wait for her there, and I’ll pay you triple the fare. Is that okay?” Aqua Serenity Manor was an upscale neighborhood, Naturally, the driver agreed since she was polite and offered to triple the fare. “Alright, but if you don’t show up, I’ll just leave her by the roadside.” After hanging up the phone, Abigail glanced toward the City Hall anxiously.

There are many people inside now. If I go in and collect our divorce certificate now, I might miss Grandma’s cab.

She got out of the car, intending to talk to Sean. “Can we collect the certificate another day? Something just came up.” At her words, he took a deep drag of his cigarette and stubbed it out, giving her a cold look. “Are you joking with me?” You were the one who urgently wanted to get the divorce certificate in the morning, and now that we’re here, you’re telling me that something came up. Are you playing games with me?

Abigail knew she was at fault. The last time she wanted to get the certificate, she was late and ended up not collecting it. Now, she had to stand him up because of her own affairs. If he didn’t know the reason, he might think she was playing hard to get.

Seeing his displeased expression, she couldn’t get angry either, she could only be honest. “I’m in a hurry. My grandma is coming, so I have to pick her up. I didn’t mean to stand you up. It’s my fault this time. Next time, why don’t you set the date? I promise I’ll be there even if it’s raining knives.” His eyes darkened when he heard her say she would be there even if it was raining knives.

However, she couldn't care less at the moment, for her mind was full of her grandmother. After speaking, she turned around and hurriedly ran to the roadside, waving her hand to hail a cab. Her panicked actions resembled those of someone escaping.

Left alone at the entrance of the City Hall, Sean wore an extremely dark and gloomy expression.

After a while, he got back into his car and drove to East Joy Talent.

In the room, Kevin held a teapot with a picture of a beautiful woman on it while taking a sip of tea. "Why do you look so dissatisfied?" After Sean gave him a cold glare, he pulled out a chair and sat down, lighting a cigarette. "Do you think everyone is as promiscuous as you?" Naturally, Kevin didn't think Sean had come to him during work hours just to find a place to smoke. Suddenly, something came to his mind. He moved closer to Sean and sniffed the man. "What's with the fiery temper? Did Abigail leave you, making you angry the entire night?" Hearing this, Sean's fingers tightened around his cigarette. He then gave Kevin a cold glance. "Why are you so enthusiastic about her affairs?" "Ahem!" Kevin immediately controlled his expression. "I'm just concerned about you. I mean, if you have feelings for her, just take the initiative. This stoic face of yours is only for people like us. No woman falls for that. She's been looking at your cold expression for three years, so it's no wonder her heart sank. It would be strange if she doesn't want a divorce." He then leaned closer, bringing his chair nearer to Sean. "So, have you two gotten the divorce certificate yet?" Sean sneered. "Don't mention it. Every time we're about to, she finds an excuse to avoid it." At his words, Kevin playfully rubbed his chin. "Well, it seems like someone is giving her advice from the shadows." "What do you mean?" Sean raised an eyebrow.

"Think about it. In the past three years, you could count the number of times you two have met on one hand. Now that you're getting divorced, you see each other more often, but when it comes to official business, it's impossible to get it done. Based on my many years of experience, she's... playing hard to get. She's trying to attract your attention in a different way. Women can be stubborn, so just pamper her a bit. Didn't you say that your grandparents love her? Naturally, she's definitely the better choice as a wife." Someone is Playing Hard As Sean came out of Kevin's place, he was still a bit puzzled. However, considering Abigail's recent behavior, it indeed seemed like she was trying to catch his attention. The most obvious sign was how they used to meet only once a month, but now, they would meet each other every few days. Other than trying to catch his attention, he couldn't explain why the woman, whose world used to revolve around him, had suddenly turned into a different person.

In the past, he might have found her scheming, but this time, he didn't feel as uncomfortable. In fact, he was even looking forward to it. Now that she's playing hard to get, I wonder when she'll finally make her move!

On the other hand, as soon as Abigail got out of the cab, she suddenly sneezed twice in a row. An old saying from her hometown immediately came to mind as she thought, One sneeze, someone misses you; two sneezes, someone curses you; three sneezes, cold's debut. Two sneezes? Which wicked person is cursing me behind my back?

I Want a Divorce chapter 29-Abigail had just gotten out of the car when Ana lise arrived.

Seeing Ana lise getting safely out of the cab, Abigail finally calmed her worried heart.

“Grandma, you could’ve just given me a call if you wanted to visit, and I would’ve gone to pick you up. If not, I’ll be very worried to see you traveling so far all alone.” She went forward and paid the fare, then turned around and supported Ana lise. With one hand, she took the old woman’s bag and said, “Take your time. Let’s go home first.” Ana lise, however, stood there and refused to budge. She shook her head and said, “It’s okay, I won’t be intruding. I’m filthy right now. I’m here to give Sean the locust flowers.”

With that, Ana lise shakily opened her bag and showed its contents to Abigail.

Packs of dried locust flowers were wrapped neatly in plastic bags.

Just Peachy “When you brought Sean home a few years ago, he said that he liked the locust flower tea I made for him. The locust flowers were in bloom sometime ago, so I asked Tom from next door to gather them. I then laid them out to dry before delivering them here.” At the mention of her grandson-in-law, Ana lise looked very content, and she had a warm smile on her face.

“Don’t worry, it’s all clean. I rinsed them multiple times, and I covered them with gauze when I dried them in the sun.” Abigail never thought Ana lise would travel such a long distance and tire herself out just to send dried locust flowers to Sean. The sour feeling in her heart almost manifested itself.

Back then, she didn’t want to bring Sean home. Instead, Colby felt that since Ana lise was getting old, she probably couldn’t travel that far to the city to attend the couple’s wedding. However, the couple couldn’t skip out on visiting Ana lise, so that was why Sean visited Abigail’s old home.

Back in the day, Abigail felt nervous when she saw him standing in the farmyard, looking out of place. He frowned at everything he saw.

He accepted the tea Ana lise had brought over to him, saying that he liked it because it was simply the way he was brought up in the Graham Family. It had nothing to do with his actual preferences.

However, Ana lise took it to heart and remembered it all this while.

Unbeknownst to her, Abigail would be getting divorced from Sean soon.

Abigail turned around and tried blinking away the tears in her eyes. Then, she held Ana lise's arms and said playfully, "Look how biased you are! Outsiders would think that he's your biological grandson. You came here to give him this, but what about me?" Ana lise smiled as she patted Abigail. "Silly child, what are you saying? I care about him because I care about you." She was nice to Sean only because she wished that Sean would be nicer to Abigail on her account.

Abigail pouted. "If that's the case, why won't you agree to stay here for a few days? Who are you trying to fool? You won't even know if Sean's been bullying me." Ana lise was so mad that she moved to hit Abigail, then reprimanded, "Don't jinx it! Sean is a good boy, so why would he bully you?!" She said that, but she still followed Abigail into the community. She asked in uncertainty, "Sean hasn't been bullying you, has he?" Abigail bit her lip. In the end, she didn't tell Ana lise about her eventual divorce from Sean. She just smiled and said, "Don't worry. With you around, he wouldn't dare to." On more than one occasion, Abigail wanted Ana lise to live with her, but her relationship with Sean wasn't exactly great. Fearing that Ana lise might catch on, she couldn't bring herself to mention it.

Moreover, Ana lise always said that she wasn't used to living in the city.

Now that Abigail was about to get divorced from Sean, Ana lise had come to visit instead.

If Ana lise knew about Abigail's life with the Graham Family, her heart would probably ache.

Fortunately, when Luna bought a house for Abigail, she feared for the latter's safety, so she also bought some men's clothes, slippers, and the like.

Every time she came over, she would wear the men's slippers, so the slippers looked worn in their position at the entrance of the house.

When Ana lise saw the slippers, she assumed they belonged to Sean, so she didn't suspect anything. She said happily, "You should get to work. I'll be fine here all by myself. You shouldn't stay behind just to accompany me." Abigail would have none of it, and she explained that she had asked Luna for some time off before Ana lise relaxed. Then, the latter started tidying up the things in the room. "Look at how lonely this place looks! How are you going to get a child if there isn't anything here that makes children happy?" Just Peachy As she spoke, she took out a charm and fumbled for Abigail's hand before placing it in her palm. "Put this up." Abigail felt that Ana lise's actions were hinting that the latter couldn't see clearly. "What happened to your eyes?" Ana lise looked at Abigail. "Don't change the topic! What can happen to my eyes, anyway? I don't have my glasses with me, that's all. Are you not going to hang this up?" Abigail hastily shrugged, feeling that this charm won't make her pregnant anyway, but it would be worth the effort if it could make Ana lise happy.

She quickly found some tape and got ready to hang the charm in the living room.

Ana lise patted Abigail's hand. "Don't you know anything? What use is this thing in the living room? You have to put it in the bedroom!" "Oh!" Abigail held the charm and put it up in the bedroom.

When she came back, she saw Ana lise taking out various things from her bag. There were children's shoes, toy drums, and much more. An alise proceeded to place them on the TV cabinet and the shoe rack at the entrance. She also placed another lucky charm for fertility on a table.

Abigail pursed her lips. She had the urge to tell Ana lise that she would be getting a divorce from Sean soon, so they would never have any children.

☞ However, her phone rang before she could speak.

It was from Tom.

7/8 She had tasked Tom to take care of Ana lise in the village, so he had probably called to ask about Ana lise's health. Abigail went to the bathroom and answered the call. "Hi, Tom." The young man's voice, however, sounded panicky as it rang over the phone.

"Abigail! Your grandma ran out of the hospital!" Abigail froze. "The hospital?" Just Peachy Ana lise looked quite sprightly today, though!

Tom let out a sigh. "She didn't want me to tell you, but I took her to the hospital for a check-up yesterday. T-The doctor said that she has a serious case of d-diabetes, and she m-might lose her vision." Abigail froze on the spot.

She felt like something had hit her head, and her mind went blank.

I Want a Divorce chapter 30-When the time came for most people to get off work, Ana lise had already made dinner and a pot of locust flower tea. However, she ate nothing as she began to peer at the entrance. "Why isn't Sean back yet?" Abigail glanced at Ana lise and remembered what Tom had said. She felt as if a bunch of cotton was stuffed into her throat.

Abigail couldn't imagine the difficulties Ana lise had to go through to come to a completely unfamiliar city with her failing vision, as well as her inexperience in leaving the town she lived in.

She even brought so many things with her.

Did she feel like she couldn't make it, and that was why she wanted to see if Abigail was fine?

She feared that Abigail would be all alone in the city.

A Deal She feared that when she passed away, Abigail still didn't have a child, so the latter would be left alone with no family in this world.

How could she bear to let Abigail go through that?

Abigail tried to suppress the heat creeping into her eyes as she smiled and got up. "He's still busy. Don't worry, I'll give him a call right now." She got up and walked into the bedroom. She rubbed her eyes and hesitated for a long while, then dialed Sean's number.

She made up her mind that even if she had to beg and plead, she would get Sean to come over.

It would be enough if he could just eat a meal and drink some tea.

Unexpectedly, it didn't take long for the call to go through. Sean said in a cold voice, "What is it?" Abigail was stunned for a moment, then said hesitantly, "Um, are you busy right now? Can you come over for a meal?" On the other end of the line, Sean frowned.

He didn't expect her to act so quickly.

"I still have some matters to attend to." 3/6 Seeing that Sean didn't decline, Abigail was over the moon. She didn't care about why; she just feared he would escape again. "I-It's okay. Are you in the office? I'll go pick you up." Sean was speechless.

Kevin was right. Abigail was just playing hard to get.

After hanging up, Abigail changed her clothes, then told Ana lise not to go anywhere while she went to get Sean.

Sean was in his office, and Abigail had no problems getting there.

When she opened the door and went in, Sean was working on the computer.

There was a slight change in the look in his eyes when he saw her coming in, but those emotions were quickly hidden from sight.

"Have a seat." Abigail sat down and tried to explain the situation. When she saw that Sean wasn't occupied anymore, she rubbed the fabric of her clothes between her fingers.

To be honest, she was the one who suggested the divorce, so it was a little embarrassing for her to say the following words. Her face turned bright red, and she closed her eyes and steeled herself before saying, "Can we not get a divorce for the

time being?" Before Sean could say anything, she hastily explained, "Wait, don't protest yet.

I know you don't like me, but don't worry. I don't like you that much either.

However, there's a bit of an emergency on my side. My grandma is here, and she's under the impression that we've been on good terms all this while. Also, she's ill, so I don't want to affect her with news of the divorce." "Sean, our relationship is between us, I don't want to involve other people." She paused momentarily, then continued, "Please just compromise for the time being. At the very least, let's pretend to be good to each other in front of Grandma. When this is over, I'll send her home, then you can do whatever you want. Is that okay?" Sean didn't expect Lina to be waiting for him, and he couldn't help but frown.

"Is Grandma truly here?" Abigail nodded. "Yes, she came this morning. I know that this-" "Are you sure? That I can do whatever I want?" Sean raised an eyebrow as he posed the question.

Abigail didn't expect him to agree. She wished she could worship Sean right now as she hastily nodded.

Sean pointed at the door. "I want you to get out right now." Abigail fell silent.

She was annoyed, but she could only turn around and leave. After all, she was asking him for a favor.

However, before she arrived at the door, she heard his cold voice sounding behind her. "To be clear, if either of us angers the other, the person must be responsible for appeasing the other." Abigail's eyes lit up. This was her first time feeling that Sean was human.

However, before she could praise him, her phone rang.

I Want a Divorce chapter 22-The security guards were no longer polite and started tugging Abigail and the young woman in the blue dress out of the venue. The latter became anxious and began screaming at Joan in a choked voice, "Miss Palmer, I'll pay you the money! I'll compensate for the cost of the dress, so don't implicate others in this matter." While pulling on Abigail, she whispered, "I can't let you get kicked out with me. Also, it was difficult for me to get this chance, and if I got kicked out, it would cost me more than 120 thousand." Initially, Abigail felt nothing for Joan. Since Sean had no feelings for her, she did not care if he got involved with Joan. However, that woman had undoubtedly overstepped her boundaries, and she felt rage surging inside her as she threw away the security guard's hand. "What is there to

compensate? This dress doesn't even cost that much. She's trying to scam you with your money." Hearing that, Joan suddenly turned grim and chastised, "Whom are you

calling a scammer? I can afford a wedding dress that costs over a million at Chapter 22 Stay Away om He your store. This is a dress Alana custom-made for me. 120 thousand is already a low price." A sneer appeared on Abigail's face. "Alana custom-made it for you? Why don't I know about it?" "Of course, you wouldn't know. That's because Alana and Sean are close." Since everyone knew Sean's name, they could not help but believe her even more.

At the mention of the wedding dress, Abigail felt a pang in her heart, and her eyes were filled with sarcasm. She wondered if Joan knew she and Sean shared an even more 'intimate' relationship. Not only were they legally married, but they also slept together. However, she was curious about why he would make up such a lie to please Joan. Did he not think that they might clash with her?

There was one moment when Abigail wanted to expose the truth and prove Joan wrong, but her reasoning told her she could not do so. That was because Luna had taken up the identity of Alana when signing the cooperation with East Joy Talent.

If she exposed the truth, they would be the only ones in trouble. Just as Abigail was feeling aggrieved, she heard an angry voice from behind. "Why don't I know I'm close with someone named Sean?" Turning around, Abigail saw Luna arrogantly approaching them while holding the hem of her dress. She felt relieved as her savior had finally arrived.

Subsequently, Luna came over and pulled Abigail behind her. "How could all of you gang up on a woman?" Since the waiter could not figure out Luna's identity, he quickly blamed Joan.

"This lady says your friend doesn't have an invitation, which is why this happened." Sending a cold glance toward Joan, the troublemaker, Luna took two invitations from her bag. "See for yourself!" When the waiter saw the invitation, his complexion suddenly turned ghastly.

LOREAL OX Meanwhile, Joan suddenly had a bad feeling and wanted to peek at the name on the invitation, but the waiter closed the invitation before she could do so and respectfully returned it. "I'm sorry, Miss Smith. It was our negligence." Alana was Kevin's special guest, whom he had announced to them beforehand. It was also because Alana was so mysterious that no one had seen her before that they neglected this matter.

At the same time, Joan felt like she had been struck by lightning as she looked at the person before her in disbelief. They're... Alana and her assistant?

Did I just... Luna was usually easygoing, but having experienced all sorts of situations, she had grown to hide her feelings. After retrieving the invitations, she shot Joan a cold look with her made-up eyes. "The next time you frame someone, please look carefully

and do not just pick any victim. Are you that desperate for money?" LOREAL Feeling like she had just gotten slapped, Joan flushed bright red.

Meanwhile, the frantic young woman was afraid both sides would start arguing. In the end, the one getting implicated would be a nobody like her.

Therefore, she piped up to mediate the situation. "It's all a misunderstanding.

Everything's fine now that we're in the clear." She then gave Abigail a pleading look, indicating that she should not offend Joan.

To be more precise, they could not afford to offend the person behind Joan.

Although Abigail knew Luna was trying to stand up for her, the situation had now involved innocent people. The young woman might suffer if they could not settle this matter peacefully and leave just like that. "Forget it," she said.

"The dress is indeed dirty. Miss Smith, how about we take care of this?" While gritting her teeth, Luna rebuked, "That depends on this lady here. Does she want to deal with her dress, or does she insist on getting that 120 thousand?" Joan knew in her heart that Alana did not design the dress she was wearing.

Stay Away From Her Since the other was standing before her, she would humiliate herself sooner or later if she did not take advantage of this favor. "I'll get changed." The young woman quickly replied, "I'll bring you to my caravan. My new dress is inside there." Following that, the group left together.

"Thank you." The young woman untraceably held Abigail's arm and thanked her. She could tell that Abigail and Luna were close, and Luna was willing to agree because of Abigail.