

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 301-400

301-310

I Want a Divorce Chapter 301-I Want to Invite You to Dinner Sean raised an eyebrow, and his eyes briefly held an appreciative glint for her quick wit.

“I have considered that possibility as well. However, I’m leaning toward your first assumption,” he said as he set down his coffee.

Abigail walked over to another single-seater couch and looked at him calmly.

“This matter involves the life of your friend. What are you going to do about it? I don’t have the right to intervene. Besides, I also want to know just which Pearson is targeting me.”

Kelly might be involved. However, this was clearly a long con. So, someone had to be behind her.

“I won’t show any mercy when it comes to Alfie’s situation. I want to make this very clear beforehand. Eric spoke in your favor on Instagram, and I know you’re grateful to him. However, if he’s truly aligned with the Pearsons, I’ll deal with him along with them,” Sean said as he looked into her eyes, his tone frosty, I understand,” Abigail replied seriously.

She was undoubtedly grateful for Eric’s support on Instagram. Nonetheless, she didn’t know the full extent of his connection with the Pearsons. Plus, Sean’s friend’s life was almost lost due to their actions. How could she even propose anything of the sort?

“Abigail, I don’t mean to put you in a difficult position. It’s just that if I don’t teach the Pearsons a lesson, they might think we are easy prey. Once such a thought takes root in their minds, they might come to Pendorf to cause trouble,” Sean said in a much gentler tone.

Abigail nodded. “I understand your point. You don’t need to explain it to me.” He couldn’t be sure if she genuinely understood his point or if she simply didn’t want to hear his explanation, thinking it was just an excuse. Still, it didn’t matter what she truly thought as he wouldn’t stay his hand when dealing with the Pearsons.

“I’ve said what I wanted to say. I’ll be on my way now.” He stood up with a somewhat disappointed look that was hard to hide.

He sincerely hoped that she would stand by his side. Alas, the orchestrated media narrative once again had Eric coming to her defense.

Sean believed that Abigail, who had a strong sense of loyalty and gratitude, wouldn't overlook the kindness shown to her.

He lowered his gaze and left while appearing somewhat dejected.

The assistant entered from outside and asked Abigail in a hushed tone, "What did you say? Mr. Graham looks quite dispirited." 1/3 Abigail glanced at her assistant, her face marked by complete puzzlement. "I didn't say much... You're such a gossip. Did you finish organizing the materials I asked you to?" The assistant quickly left to complete the task. Yet, Abigail couldn't help but wonder what had made Sean feel so disappointed.

She couldn't fathom what he was thinking and didn't bother dwelling on it for too long.

Analise had been resting at home for three consecutive days to recover her spirits. The traumatic experience of Alfie's stabbing had left her deeply shaken.

Abigail naturally took note of her grandmother's mood as she hadn't seen Analise in high spirits upon returning from Capitalis.

In the late afternoon, she was surprised to see a faint smile on Analise's face after work.

When Analise noticed Abigail's arrival, she spoke immediately. "I'll cook your favorite dish tonight. By the way, is Sean in Pendorf?" Abigail was taken aback for a moment and then shook her head. "I'm not sure. I haven't been in touch with him." "Give him a call. After all, his friend saved our lives. We can't help in other ways, but inviting him for a meal is the least we can do to express our gratitude," Analise said while selecting ingredients. for the meal.

Abigail naturally understood her intentions. She didn't want to be indebted to someone.

Still, saving a life was a significant favor, and a single meal wouldn't be enough to repay it. Alas, Abigail couldn't think of a better way to express her gratitude.

"All right. I'll ask him." After all, Analise's intentions were clear, and it would be impolite to reject her suggestion.

Analise nodded, then asked Abigail, "Do you know that Sean has been monitoring me?" "I had no idea. He only brought it up with me when you went missing." Abigail explained quickly, as she was worried that Analise might be angry with her for getting involved with Sean.

"Abigail, I know that a meal isn't enough to repay for the life-saving favor, and I should be grateful to him for saving me. However, he is not someone we can afford to mess with," Analise said with lowered eyes, and her tone was calm yet exceptionally gentle.

Abigail nodded and answered softly, "I'll figure out a way to repay this favor without getting deeply involved with him." "You've suffered at his hands before. So, you should know where to draw the line," Analise ²/₃ concluded and then carried the dishes into the kitchen.

Abigail believed that her attitude toward Sean had been quite distant. Yet, the fact remained that she had become entangled with him.

She decided to call Sean.

She made the call, and Sean answered fairly quickly. His voice carried a hint of unconcealed joy as he inquired, "What's up?" "My grandmother wants to invite you to dinner. Are you available?" Abigail's tone was icy. She was adopting a business-like attitude.

"I'll have to pass for now. I'm currently in Capitalis, and I won't be returning for some time," Sean replied. The joy in his voice had faded away as he immediately guessed Analise's intention.

Abigail knew that he was busy dealing with the Pearsons in Capitalis. So, she didn't press further. "All right." "Grandma, he's busy right now. We'll invite him some other time!" she shouted toward the kitchen.

"Okay," Analise responded and said nothing more to Abigail.

Abigail wondered if Analise was starting to get angry with her after having time to reflect on the situation.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 302-Stop the Fight Sean hung up the phone, and his emotions flickered with a momentary sense of disappointment.

Alfie noticed it and smirked. "What's the matter? You rejected her, and now you're feeling down? If you really miss her, you can go back to Pendorf, I can manage things here in

Capitalis.” “Can you manage things now that you’re stuck on bed rest?” Sean shot him an exasperated look.

“Well, it is the most effective way to live. You don’t need to be called upon to do anything. Still, if you need my help with an investigation, I can handle it,” Alfie

replied with a relaxed smile.

Sean reached out and patted his shoulder. “You’ve done enough. I’ll take it from here.” Alfie’s face was pale due to blood loss. Yet, when he heard Sean’s words, he couldn’t help but mutter forlornly, “Do you think I’m useless? If I had been more vigilant, these things wouldn’t have happened. If none of these things happened, you wouldn’t have to handle these messes in Capitalis Sean had always treated Alfie like a younger brother. So, he simply patted Alfie’s head and said, “What you’ve done is already commendable. Are you willing to lose your life for this?” Of course, Alfie wasn’t willing. He had come a long way with Sean’s support and hadn’t enjoyed life to the fullest yet.

“Your life is important. Take care of yourself, Sean advised sternly.

“All right.” Alfie was surprisingly obedient.

Right after their conversation, Cameron entered the room. Then, he spoke respectfully. “I’ve found some crucial evidence.” Sean gestured for him to continue.

Cameron approached before handing over a USB drive to Sean. Sean inserted it into his computer, and Alfie leaned over to watch.

The contents of the drive included security footage from a mental hospital. The footage was brief but revealing.

Sean recognized the elderly woman in the video. That woman was none other than Vincent Pearson’s housekeeper. She was someone who had been with the family for nearly her entire life and held a crucial position in the family.

Then, Sean examined the remaining images after watching the video.

Alfie praised Cameron with a thumbs-up.

1/3 Sean removed the USB drive and instructed Cameron, “Well done, but this isn’t enough. I want you to investigate the entire Pearsons’ financial situation. Don’t let a single issue slip

through.” “Yes,” Cameron replied, then turned and left without further ado, “Remember, your safety is important.” Sean suddenly reminded him from behind.

Cameron paused, glanced back at Sean, and appeared genuinely moved. “I understand.” After Cameron left, Sean felt somewhat uneasy.

Had he been so inattentive to the well-being of his subordinates prior to this?

Just one sentence made Cameron so appreciative.

Meanwhile, Abigail was fully immersed in her design work at home when her phone received a notification for an Instagram post.

She paused her work and quickly opened the app upon seeing the Pearson Group’s name.

The post was about the Pearson Group being embroiled in a tax scandal.

Several high-ranking executives were taken away for investigation, and it seemed to be a significant issue, given that Instagram had pushed the notification.

Abigail perused the post but couldn’t find any mention of Josh.

Three middle-aged men were arrested in the accompanying images. Frankly, they seemed rather confident during the arrest.

She understood that this was likely orchestrated by Sean.

After a brief look, she realized the post had very few comments. News of corporate tax problems didn’t attract as much attention from netizens as entertainment-related topics did.

She exited Instagram and was about to resume her design work when her phone rang.

When she saw that it was a call from Analise, she felt a bit surprised.

While Analise would usually call her, she sensed that there was something unusual about this phone call today.

Abigail answered and asked in a soft tone, “Grandma, what’s the matter?” “I don’t know how to tell you.” Analise hesitated.

“Did someone from the Pearsons in Capitalis contact you?” Abigail immediately guessed.

2/3 “Mhm... They said Sean used improper means to tarnish the Pearsons’ reputation, which led to the investigation. If he continues, it won’t end well for him. Please try to persuade him,” Analise spoke in a low voice.

Abigail licked her lips; she couldn’t meddle in Sean’s affairs. Moreover, she believed Sean wouldn’t act recklessly.

“I’ll call him to discuss it, but don’t trust the Pearsons,” Abigail consoled Analise.

She planned to appease Analise before calling Sean to discuss this matter.

“Abigail, you have to make Sean come back and stop him from fighting with the Pearsons. This is ultimately my fault, and Sean’s people have been implicated due to my actions. I don’t care what compensation he wants; I’m willing to provide anything he names. I just don’t want him to keep battling with the Pearsons,” Analise said as her voice was laden with guilt.

“I’ll talk to him,” Abigail repeated.

She was keen to find out what the Pearsons had said to Analise to make her so fearful.

Given Sean’s capabilities, she doubted he would be at a disadvantage in this situation. He was never one to engage in any battles without a solid plan.

So, she dialed his number after ending the call with her grandmother.

He picked up quickly.

“Do you have confidence in handling the Pearsons matters?” Abigail went straight to the point.

“I never undertake anything without confidence. You should know that,” Sean replied calmly.

She pursed her lip and hesitated for a moment. She wasn’t sure how to word Analise’s pleadings.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 303-Old News Sean noticed that Abigail was hesitant to speak, so he couldn’t help but say, “Just say whatever you want to say. I’ll listen.

His words made her heart skip a beat. Still, she steadied herself and replied, “Grandma received a call from the Pearsons in Capitalis. They want you to stop.” She briefly relayed her grandmother’s words to him, only to hear him coldly sneer. “Ha, they can’t deal with me, so

they're resorting to threatening an elderly now? Tell Grandma there's nothing to worry about. Since I've decided to execute my plans, I won't stop."

She knew it would be hard to persuade him, especially after hearing the tone he had adopted. Although he claimed that he would listen to her, she wasn't sure how much of it was true. However, she wouldn't be presumptuous and actually take his words to heart.

"Sean, Grandma isn't one to back down from a fight. When she was in Quinn Village, she never backed down unless she was truly at a disadvantage! She couldn't help but remind him.

"I got it, Abigail. It's enough as long as you and Grandma still care about me," Sean said, then hung up the phone.

Abigail knew right then that he wouldn't stop. She couldn't help but sigh as she listened to the monotonous dial tone.

After she packed her things, she immediately returned home.

Meanwhile, Analise was sitting in the living room absent-mindedly. When she saw Abigail return, she immediately stood up and asked anxiously, "What did Sean say?" "He doesn't want to stop, Abigail replied with a frown.

"It's all my fault." Analise sat down and lowered her head, feeling guilty.

Abigail walked over to her and held her hand, asking, "Grandma, what did the Pearsons say to you to make you so afraid?" Analise raised her eyes. Even though her gaze was cloudy, there was no hiding the deep concern within them. "Do you know what happened between Sean and the Palmers?" "Is it the matter between him and Kingston? I only know some of it." Sean mentioned that Kingston did him a favor. Yet, the exact nature of that favor was something she still didn't know, "The Pearsons said that Sean was involved in a murder case, and they have evidence. If he continues to go after them, they will bring this matter to the media and the police," Analise said, tightly gripping Abigail's hand.

1/3 "Besides, his quarrel with the Pearsons is all because of us. Let's not fight anymore, Abigail. The Pearsons said that as long as Sean stops, the previous matters will be forgiven. We can live peacefully in Pendorf while they remain in Capitalis. We won't interfere with each other from now on," Analise continued as she looked at Abigail with great earnestness in her. Nonetheless, Abigail didn't believe what the Pearsons had said.

eyes.

First, the Pearsons' methods were so ruthless that if they really had concrete evidence, they would definitely go to great lengths to push Sean into a corner.

They certainly wouldn't contact Analise. The possibility that she could think of was that the Pearsons were trying to deceive her grandmother.

The connection between Sean and the Palmers was true. Regardless, the claim that Sean was involved in a murder might not be true.

"Grandma, why didn't you call Sean and talk to him?" Abigail asked.

Her words made Analise's face flash with a hint of awkwardness. "I was so harsh to him before. How could I even dream about saying anything now that our relationship is so strained?" Abigail sighed. "I will talk to him. Still, have you considered his persistence in going against the Pearsons?" Even she could figure out that the Pearsons' story had flaws. So, there was no way Sean couldn't think of the same thing. Those claims wouldn't frighten him at all.

"You need to make Sean stop, Abigail," Analise said.

Abigail replied with a hint of resignation in her tone. "I've already divorced him. I can't control him." Analise furrowed her brows upon hearing her response and didn't say anything more.

"Oh, well. I'll try to talk to him, okay? You need to stop worrying about these things, Grandma. The Pearsons are a crafty lot. As long as you don't answer their calls, you won't have to suffer troubles." Abigail patted her hand.

Yet, Analise pushed her hand away and headed off to the kitchen. "If I don't answer their calls, will these things not happen? I just don't want to owe Sean too much." Alas, their ledger was so long that there was really no point. So, it was meaningless for them to discuss these matters now.

Abigail didn't dwell on it and simply relayed Analise's words to Sean.

Unfortunately, he didn't respond to her messages.

That night, when she was getting ready for bed, Luna sent her an Instagram post along with a message. 'Oh, no! Sean is being slandered. You need to see this!'

Abigail couldn't help but frown as she clicked on the Instagram post.

2/3 A marketing account had posted a report, claiming to have received an anonymous Instagram tip-off that Sean had committed a crime several years ago. Then, they claimed that he had found someone to take the blame and serve time in prison on his behalf.

The Instagram post not only mentioned Pendorf's official police account but also included a video.

Abigail clicked on the video and was surprised to see a tired-looking man with a shaved head talking about events from many years ago.

"Four years ago, I was also one of Sean's henchmen, working under his buddy, Kingston. We used to deal with various business adversaries on Sean's behalf.

After all, his personality easily attracted enemies. At that time, he drove one of his rivals into bankruptcy. The president of that company couldn't take it anymore and privately hired someone to confront him. It escalated into a violent.

confrontation. Everything happened so quickly, and Sean accidentally killed the opponent in a moment of anger. In the end, Kingston took the blame and entrusted his only sister to his care to keep him from going to prison." He spoke in great detail, making it sound quite convincing.

Abigail listened, and while doing so, she searched for the president he mentioned online. Sure enough, she found traces of the president's story.

As she looked at the old news, she fell into deep thought.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 304-The Missing Sean Four years ago, the internet wasn't as vibrant as it was nowadays. Therefore, when someone died, not many people paid attention, even if there were accusations thrown around on Instagram. So, it was natural that something this massive would eventually fade into the past unless it was brought to light once more. Just as Abigail had expected, this video was quickly gaining notoriety.

'Do you think this is true?' Luna messaged Abigail again.

Abigail bit her lip as she replied. It needs further verification. Kingston isn't a good guy. Besides, if this is true, why didn't he just confess when he was

arrested back then? It's quite a coincidence that his buddy is now telling his tale, especially when the Pearsons and Sean are locked in conflict.

She sent the message and tried calling Sean. Unfortunately, there was no answer on the other end.

Since their divorce, she had been able to reach him almost instantly whenever she called. Today wasn't one of those days. Now that she thought about it, he hadn't responded to her messages either. So, she couldn't help but feel worried when her calls went unanswered.

Have I been too confident about Sean? When Grandma first told me to stop him, I should have believed her. Yet, all I did was give him a heads-up. Could the current situation have been averted if I had plucked up the courage to persuade him to even a temporary cease-fire?

Then, she made dozens of calls, but none went through. At this point, she was starting to get anxious.

After she hung up the phone, she sat in a chair, quietly thinking about how to resolve this.

Sean had helped her so much. Now that he was in trouble, she had to do something about it.

Soon, she received a call from the police.

She was somewhat nervous but answered the call and said softly. "Hello." "Has Sean Graham contacted you? Do you know where he is? Ms. Quinn, according to our investigation, you were the last person to contact him. Please tell us the truth, and don't try to hide anything." The voice on the other end of the line was stern and authoritative.

Abigail took a deep breath before replying. "He is in Capitalis, but I tried to contact him just now and couldn't reach him. I sent him a message on WhatsApp four hours ago, and he didn't reply either. I'm afraid something has happened to him. Please, officer, could you quickly check in Capitalis? I was just about to report him missing." The police officer was at a loss for words for a second. After a while, he said in a deep voice, "Understood, we will contact the police in Capitalis right away." He then hung up the phone.

1/3 Regardless of what Sean might be facing now, the fact that it had alarmed the authorities meant that he was safe.

In the meantime, Abigail immediately called Ronaldo.

Soon, Ronaldo answered the call, his voice filled with excitement, "What's going on with Sean? Well, I guess there's nothing surprising about such things. Who among those who've risen to the top doesn't have a few lives on their hands?" "Sean would never do something like this. If one wants a business to thrive in the long run, it has to be clean. You know that," she reprimanded him coldly.

When he sensed her anger, he instantly kicked his enthusiasm to the curb and asked seriously, "Did you call me for help?" "Yes, help me investigate the recent exposure online. Can you find the details of the corporate dispute from back then?" Then, she added, "If you can do it, I promise your Marimora pearl business will thrive." Well, I can't possibly refuse now, can I?" Once he said that, he hung up and got to work.

Tonight was bound to be a sleepless night..

On the other hand, Sean's eyes were covered with a black cloth, and his hands were tied under the chair he was sitting on. It was pitch black in front of him, but he remained calm without a hint of panic.

"You're really something else, Mr. Graham. You've been abducted to your enemy's turf, and yet you're still so calm. It's no wonder you have managed to successfully secure your position as the head of Graham International," the man in front of him said in a deliberately altered voice.

Sean tilted his head in the direction of the voice, lifting his head as if he were looking at the man. "Did you abduct me because you have a surprise waiting for me outside?" he asked calmly.

The man stared at Sean with a mocking expression on his face. "Mr. Graham, you came on so strong, acted recklessly, and showed no regard for anyone. I thought you were much more capable, but is this all you've got?" Naturally, Sean knew what the man was referring to-the fact that he had been abducted just like that. "As they say, accidents happen. I let my guard down this time, and now I'm paying the price. Still, I don't believe you can keep me tied up forever," he answered dispassionately.

"Do you know where you are now? You're at Cloudgrove's border. Just cross a river, and it doesn't matter if you're the president of any company or how powerful you are. Disobey, and you'll lose your arms, legs, and even your kidneys. Even worse, you might lose your life in a foreign land, and no one would even know." This time, there was a touch of regret as the man continued, "Mr.

2/3 Graham, you're a great talent. You should have stayed peacefully in Pendorf, but you just had to come to Capitalis and throw your weight around. Did you think Capitalis is a place where you could act as you please?" Sean listened silently and didn't respond.

When the man noticed that, he assumed Sean was afraid as his chuckles took on a more gleeful tenor. "I heard that your ex-wife also went through something like this, but she was lucky. I wonder if you're as fortunate." "My men will find me, Sean finally spoke. Alas, his tone was tinged with tension.

Of course, the man noticed his sudden change. Nonetheless, he merely narrowed his eyes and didn't expose Sean. "Is that so? Perhaps your men are sitting in jail, thanks to Kingston. I hear he has given you quite a surprise.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 305-Need to Help Him Abigail had been working tirelessly and hadn't slept until 2.00AM. She was frantically trying to find people related to the murder case tied to Sean.

Just when she was about to collapse from exhaustion, she received a call from Ronaldo. I can't believe he's also pulling an all-nighter. After a moment of surprise, she answered the call.

"According to inside information, Sean has escaped. What on Earth is going on with him? Did he really let Kingston take the blame?" His tone was filled with shock.

"What do you mean by 'escaped?'" Abigail immediately demanded.

"I've found records of Sean crossing the border illegally. This information was provided by the police. I'm not making any false accusations here, he hastily replied.

"Mr. Fernandez, I want to go to Cloudgrove to find out what's going on. Can you help me?" she asked. She was apprehensive about traveling to the border of Cloudgrove, for it was a dangerous place.

"Of course, I can help you with that. I can even accompany you. He readily agreed. There was even a hint of excitement in his voice.

Abigail noticed his enthusiasm, but she didn't think much of it. "The border of Cloudgrove is quite dangerous. I've heard stories of people falling asleep in their cars and waking up on the wrong side of town," she warned him gravely.

“Don’t worry about that. You will be traveling on my private jet and car. Who would dare sneak us across? Also, if Sean is really in that area, you should consider going there. There’s no point hemming and hawing about it even if it’s dangerous.” Ronaldo didn’t seem concerned about the risks.

Since they were in an agreement, she packed her things overnight. Then, she told Analise about Sean’s situation around noon. I’m going to Cloudgrove to see if I can help him.” She sat at the dining table while looking at Analise, who had a displeased expression on her face.

Analise was so upset with Abigail that she didn’t even want to talk to her because the latter hadn’t advised Sean, which had led to his current disappearance. “What can you do to help him?” she asked, sounding upset.

After that, she lowered her head and continued eating in absolute silence.

“I’ve contacted a friend who has some influence. He’ll assist me when I need help. While you’re at home, please don’t answer the Pearsons’ phone calls and buy groceries from the supermarket just outside the neighborhood. There are security cameras nearby, so it’ll be safer. I’ve also informed Luna about our situation. She’ll come to check on you after work,” Abigail explained.

“I told you to stop him. Why didn’t you? It had to come to this- Analise’s words were cut short, for she couldn’t bring herself to scold Abigail further. “Do you think Sean really did those things?” 1/3 Sean’s case was now being reported on local television. After all, he was the representative of Pendorf’s business community, known for his significant tax contributions and impeccable reputation. For many years, he had had no scandals of any kind, making him an ambassador for the city.

“Justice has long arms. If he’s truly guilty, he can’t escape from its grasp.

However, if he’s innocent, nothing will happen to him. Let’s wait for the police investigation results,” Abigail reassured Analise. She naturally didn’t believe that Sean had committed those crimes, but she didn’t want to make any promises until it was certain. There was always a chance for misunderstandings.

Analise sighed and said no more on the matter.

After lunch, Abigail and Ronaldo took a plane to Cloudgrove and went straight to the local police station.

"We received concrete information around midnight last night that he attempted to cross the border illegally and had already entered the territory. We've contacted the local embassy, but there have been no results so far. The situation doesn't look optimistic," the police officer informed Abigail.

When she heard that, she furrowed her brows, looking at Ronaldo while biting her lip.

"Even if someone like Sean goes there, it won't end well, will it?" Ronaldo asked the officer.

The officer nodded. "We invest a lot of effort every year in public awareness campaigns, but many people still attempt to cross the border illegally. Ultimately, they disappear without a trace. Once they're on the other side, it doesn't matter who they are; they will face severe consequences." Abigail and Ronaldo left the police station after receiving nothing of worth.

A puzzled Ronaldo frowned. "Even if he made someone take the blame, it doesn't make sense for him to attempt an illegal border crossing." "Do you think Sean is that kind of person? There's something strange about this.

Cameron can't be contacted as well. Nobody knows where he is. Abigail's face was filled with undeniable concern.

"Sigh, we've got nothing." He ran his hand through his hair, utterly frustrated.

She couldn't help but feel completely at a loss. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her determination. "Even if Sean did commit a crime, he wouldn't try to escape and evade charges by illegally crossing the border. Perhaps he didn't cross the border at all. This whole situation might have been orchestrated by the Pearsons. Otherwise, he wouldn't have cut off contact with everyone. His grandparents are still in Pendorf." She was confident that Sean wouldn't abandon his grandparents and Graham International. Who would run the company if he left?

2/3 That's true. He doesn't seem like a coward. Ronaldo agreed.

Even though he said those things, he continued to look at Abigail with helpless eyes and asked, "What should we do next?" "The police failed to find any useful information. So, we should try to gather information from local sources. Don't forget, money talks. We'll surely get some information in no time," she said, looking at him with determination in her eyes

I Want a Divorce Chapter 306-Progressing Smoothly Ronaldo immediately understood what Abigail wanted to do. "That is indeed a good idea." After they returned to their hotel, Ronaldo sent his men to inquire. In less than two hours, they obtained useful information.

"I asked some of the locals, and they said that around 12.30AM last night, a middle-aged man with a group of people blindfolded and bound a young man and sent him onto a boat for illegal border crossing," his subordinate reported.

When Ronaldo heard the news, he looked surprised. In fact, even Abigail was astonished. Sean was abducted? That's why he couldn't be reached!

"Are you sure? Are there any eyewitnesses or physical evidence?" Ronaldo inquired further.

"We're still investigating," his subordinate replied.

Tell them that money is not a problem; they will be generously rewarded as long as they provide valid evidence." Ronaldo patted his subordinate's shoulder with a meaningful smile on his face.

His men immediately rushed out to take care of it.

Ronaldo sat on a couch as he picked up his favorite fan and waved it languidly.

"Now that my people are involved, as long as there's evidence lying around, you can be 100% sure that it will be found." Abigail nodded, but she still had many doubts. "Do you think it might be the Pearsons who abducted him?" As he leaned back on the couch, he glanced at her and said with a nonchalant smile, "Can the Pearsons easily abduct him? The situation may not be as simple as it seems. Still, it was the right decision for you to come here." She could guess that he probably knew something from the way he was acting.

"Don't worry too much. Just know that Mr. Graham is not an ordinary guy," he reassured her, assuming she was still concerned since she wasn't speaking "I know," she replied. I don't know Sean's motives, but since Ronaldo says I've made the right decision to come here... Does that mean Sean was also taking a gamble?

She couldn't figure it out. So, she decided to patiently wait for Ronaldo's men to report back.

After three days in Cloudgrove, news about Sean's illegal border crossing had been widely publicized. Combined with the online report and the video accusing him of letting Kingston take the blame, it had affected both Colby and Lina.

Meanwhile, the Graham Family's stock had been 1/3 plummeting.

“Old Mrs. Graham received information from somewhere saying that Sean offended the Pearsons for you and Grandma, leading to the exposure of his scandal. She even went to your house to cause a scene. Luckily, I managed to stop her. Otherwise, Grandma might have ended up in the hospital again.” Luna’s voice was filled with concern.

“I can’t return just yet. Please look after Grandma for me. Make sure Old Mrs.

Graham never steps a single foot into my house ever again,” Abigail said, her tone serious. It had been four days, and there was still no news about Sean.

She couldn’t help but feel increasingly worried.

“Don’t worry. I can handle things here. It’s just that Old Mr. Graham and Old Mrs.

Graham have some trouble leaving their house now. The public is targeting the two elderly people mainly because of the blame-shifting incident. How did things escalate to this point?” Sure, Luna didn’t like Sean, but she had never wished for such a situation where everyone would be condemning him.

“That’s why I have to gather evidence in Cloudgrove to clear his name. He’s in this situation because of Grandma and me,” Abigail said.

“You should focus on what you need to do. Stay safe.” Luna ended the call with concern.

In the evening, one of Ronaldo’s subordinates returned to the hotel excitedly.

“We found it!” Abigail and Ronaldo immediately got up from the couch.

The delighted subordinate handed an SD card to Ronaldo. “We bought this from an influencer. He had heard about the serious issue of illegal border crossing here and wanted to create a video to raise awareness. He had been undercover for nearly a year and managed to capture the incident when Sean was sent away with his camera. Since it was an unusual occurrence, he was too scared to release the video and went into hiding” “How did you find it, then?” Abigail instinctively questioned. Since the influencer went into hiding, they shouldn’t have found it so quickly.

“He contacted us voluntarily. He probably heard we were looking into it,” the subordinate explained.

They inserted the SD card into a phone to watch the video after purchasing an SD card reader.

The video had a clear perspective, showing a group of people forcibly sending Sean onto a boat, blindfolded and bound. Even their faces were visible in the video.

Abigail's heart raced as she watched a disheveled-looking Sean being shoved onto the boat. This confirmed that he had indeed been sent out of the country.

"He truly was abducted. Could Cameron have gone with him?" Ronaldo said, but his expression didn't show any hint of surprise.

2/3 "We can hand this video over to the police, right?" She looked at him.

"Yes. I recognize the middle-aged man in this video. He's one of Josh's second uncle's butlers, and there's an old lady who serves as a nanny. Both of them have specific roles in this abduction. This butler is highly regarded by Josh's second uncle and serves as his right-hand man. It seems like we're in for an interesting show." His lips curled into a smile, and his eyes were filled with anticipation.

I Want A Divorce Chapter 307-Sean Has Returned The process of gathering evidence went far more smoothly than Abigail had anticipated. After she handed over the video footage to the local police in Cloudgrove, they arrested several individuals who assisted in the illegal border crossing. Following this, they issued a public notice.

"You're quite something. Abigail couldn't help but praise Ronaldo after hearing that the informant had been apprehended.

Ronaldo had a somewhat sheepish expression on his face as he chuckled. "My uncle told me that in situations like this, you should never hide anything. Every one of those who assist in illegal border crossings should be apprehended. This

way, it can reduce the number of people being deceived into illegal border crossings." "You've done the right thing" She agreed with his decision.

Meanwhile, the public notice issued by the Cloudgrove police department quickly gained notoriety.

The president of the prestigious Graham International was abducted to the border and sent out of the country. The announcement also revealed that it was connected to the Pearsons; it was indeed a shocking revelation.

The netizen's attention toward this matter showed no signs of diminishing even though it was already very late at night.

'I'm a resident of Capitalis, and I've seen this man before. Isn't he affiliated with the Pearsons? He's frequently seen accompanying the Pearsons to various high-end events. I've had the privilege of seeing him several times.

"It's terrifying that the Pearsons dare to abduct even the president of Graham International and send him out of the country. They even fabricated evidence to frame him for illegal border crossing. Is this what they call high-level corporate warfare? I'm genuinely concerned for Sean. I hope he hasn't been sent to a reeducation camp and gets beaten up!

I've heard that anyone, no matter how wealthy, who goes over there is subjected to physical abuse... Let's mourn for Sean for a moment, but we can't forgive him for harming others and shifting blame onto his subordinates!" This Instagram post continued to generate discussions until 4.00AM, at which point its popularity finally began to wane.

Meanwhile, Vincent had just hung up after receiving a call from the family patriarch when his phone rang again. It was an unfamiliar number from overseas.

There was a dark expression on his face as he pressed on the answer button and growled, "Is all of this your doing, Sean?" 1/3 Sean's voice came through the phone in a calm tone. "What do you think of my performance, Mr. Pearson? How's my acting?" think I Vincent's anger was barely contained as he bellowed. "Abigail is still in Cloudgrove. Do you wouldn't dare to go after her? Everything you're doing is for her. If you push me to the brink, I'll make sure we'll all go down together!" "Why are you still trying to challenge me at this point? It seems the lessons you've learned from this incident weren't enough." Sean's voice remained impassive, though it carried a hint of disdain.

On the contrary, Vincent was grinding his teeth, and his breath was heavy. After a moment, he said, "It's not over between us, Sean." "Indeed, you tried to smear my name and fabricate false accusations against me. Soon, there will be consequences for your actions. Since you dare to threaten me, you might want to think about how to make amends and earn my forgiveness, Sean said as he intended to end the call.

Nonetheless, Vincent was not afraid of what Sean might do next. Instead, he clenched his teeth and threatened with a hiss, "What's the use of you doing so much for Abigail? I won't let her have an easy time if she ever steps into our door because of your actions against us." "Oh, really? If I ever decide to have her return to the Pearson Family, your entire family will probably be begging on the streets with that fake Kelly. I'd like to see if your family's patriarch has the guts to accept your family in his fold, then.

Sean's voice carried a smug undertone.

After the call ended, the tension on Sean's face gradually dissipated.

Cameron watched him cautiously and asked, "Are we going back?" "Yes, my wife is waiting for me," Sean replied with a smile playing on his lips.

He was delighted that Abigail had come to Cloudgrove to help him find the evidence to clear his name. Of course, if she didn't come, the influencer would still aid him.

Abigail received a call from the Cloudgrove police department early in the morning.

"Ms. Quinn, Mr. Graham has returned and just finished giving his statement at the police station. Would you like to come and pick him up? He seems to have been through quite a lot." She wasted no time crawling out from under the covers and quickly got ready.

"I'll be there in half an hour" Ronaldo, who was yawning and tired, was promptly dragged to the police station by Abigail. The first thing he did upon seeing Sean was smirk and say, "That's quite a grand performance you've put on, Mr. Graham. You've involved everyone while you hid in the shadows." Abigail shot a stern look at Sean when she heard Ronaldo's words.

2/3 Sean, who was looking like an absolute mess in his wrinkled suit, felt his heart racing under her gaze.

Meanwhile, Cameron's hair was standing on end. So, he pitifully looked at her and tried to defend Sean. "Mr. Graham is the victim here." "We'll discuss back in the hotel. This was the first time she had ever seen Sean looking akin to a beggar. Although it was rather terrible of her, she was trying her best not to laugh at such a comical sight.

Concurrently, Ronaldo looked at Sean and pursed his lips. He's quite the actor, pretending to be so disheveled and worn out, even though he could have made his entrance looking fresh. It seems like he's trying to make Abigail feel sorry for him.

In the car, Abigail completely ignored Sean and stared out the window in silence..

Meanwhile, Sean didn't know what to say. So, he kept his feelings to himself throughout the journey.

When they arrived at the hotel, he grabbed her wrist and said, "I can explain the whole situation to you." "Do you have enough reasons to make me forgive your actions?" She withdrew her hand, her eyes. icy.

When Cameron saw that, he hastily pulled Ronaldo, who wanted to watch the drama unfold, away.

"Let go of me. Why are you touching me when you're so dirty? Do you know how much I paid for. this outfit? Damn-I said don't touch me!" Ronaldo shouted in frustration but was still unceremoniously dragged into the elevator by Cameron.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 308-All in Vain Once they had left, Sean broke the silence, saying tentatively, "I don't expect you to forgive me; I had this plan from the beginning. I just didn't think you'd be worried about me." Abigail understood the implication behind his words. Since it didn't seem like she was worried, he hadn't considered informing her about the plan.

"If this matter didn't involve Grandma and me, I wouldn't have cared about it." Her tone remained indifferent.

Although he was disappointed, he didn't show it. "Actually, I targeted the Pearsons because of Alfie. He's different from others in Capitalis' social elite

circle. If I didn't teach the Pearsons a lesson, they could threaten his standing within the Willis Family. He didn't want her to constantly mention his help to her and Analise, for it made him uncomfortable and might make her feel morally obligated to care for him.

After all, he hadn't done all this to bind her in any way.

"I got it," she responded calmly in her usual tone.

As the two of them entered the elevator, she stood with her arms crossed and suddenly found herself at a loss for words. Since everything had gone according to his plan and she knew that he was safe, there wasn't much she could say.

"I only found out later that the Pearsons wanted to kidnap me. It was a lastminute decision, and I had Cameron make preparations in advance, which successfully led to the Pearsons falling into the trap. Now, they are in a completely unfavorable position, and I believe it will be a long time before they dare to act behind our backs again," Sean suddenly elaborated.

As he spoke, he watched her reflection on the elevator's metal doors, keenly observing her reaction.

She nodded after hearing his response. The Pearsons have been in Capitalis for too long, and they've started to believe they're its rulers." A smile played on his lips at her response.

While Sean and Cameron went to clean themselves up. Abigail and Ronaldo decided to go their separate ways.

"Remember what you promised me. I'm waiting for you to help me get rich," Ronaldo reminded her before leaving.

Of course, she knew he was reminding her that his help was far from free.

As she was about to call for an Uber, she spotted Sean and Cameron.

1/3 "Should we head back to Pendorf now, Ms. Quinn?" Cameron asked politely.

"You can go back to where you need to be. Don't need to worry about me." She had no intention. of returning with them. Since the matter was resolved, she absolutely didn't want to travel with Sean.

"Is there something else you need to take care of? Sean asked.

"Mr. Graham, there's another case in Pendorf that you need to attend to. You should return as soon as possible so the authorities don't think you're avoiding them." She didn't plan to answer his question.

"Xavien is handling that case," he responded. When he decided to show up, Xavien had already submitted valid evidence to the police.

She looked at him without a word.

"I'm leaving Cameron with you. This place isn't safe. Besides, if something happens to you, Grandma will hold me accountable," he said, deciding to leave before she could chase him away.

Abigail thanked him, and she and Cameron waited for their ride.

Once they were in the car, Cameron couldn't help but ask, "Ms. Quinn, are you upset that Mr. Graham didn't tell you about the plan? It really was a last-minute decision. Before he could inform you, he went into a signal-blocking area.

That's why he couldn't receive any calls or texts." "I'm not upset. I feel relieved that this matter is resolved," Abigail replied.

In fact, she was feeling a little displeased as her assistance seemed somewhat unnecessary. She owed Ronaldo a favor because of Sean and came running here without second thoughts. Yet, it turned out that they had arranged before this entire farce, making her feel like a fool. She hadn't returned the favor she owed Sean and now found herself owing one to Ronaldo.

Even though Cameron nodded at her response, he couldn't help but doubt her true feelings.

By the time they returned to Pendorf, it was already past noon. Abigail declined Cameron's offer to take her to lunch and went straight home.

Once she was home, she noticed that Analise had long prepared lunch. As soon as Abigail returned, she asked the latter at the door. "How is Sean? Did anything go wrong?" "He's fine. Don't worry," she replied as she changed into her slippers.

"Did you ask him about the blame-shifting case?" Analise couldn't resist asking further.

"That's his personal issue, and there's not much we can do. He will handle it." When Abigail met Analise's eyes, she smiled. I'm famished. Let's eat.

2/3 Analise nodded in response, finally letting go of the anxiety that had weighed on her for the few days.

past "Grandma, I'm sorry for making you go through all this," Abigail said to Analise, who appeared somewhat fatigued, at the dining table.

"It's nothing. You had it rougher than I did, running around and owing favors to people. Analise heard from Luna that the one who had accompanied Abigail to Cloudgrove this time was their

company's partner. Since he was their company's partner, Abigail would undoubtedly have to offer him some benefits for his assistance.

"Sean has resolved everything, and the Pearsons won't cause us any trouble for the time being. You can stay at home without worries, and I'll focus on my work too. I'll take you on an overseas trip once I've earned enough money." Abigail's eyes were filled with tenderness when she gazed into Analise's eyes.

She was now using the prospect of a trip as an excuse to slowly make Analise accept the decision. to go abroad.

I Want A Divorce Chapter 309-The Cat Is Out of the Bag Less than a week passed when Josh called Abigail. He had wanted to meet her in person, but she had declined.

"I'll transfer the money to your account. It was done by the housemaid, who was bought off by my Uncle Vincent. She deliberately sent you those figures to disgust you. But Kelly genuinely wanted to order a dress from you. She called you after she heard from the maid that I've paid for her. She might not be good with words and may have unintentionally offended you, but she was not doing it on purpose." After he explained everything, she didn't respond.

When he was met with her silence, he continued, "Kelly just returned, and my Uncle Vincent is still unwilling to accept her due to the marriage between the Pearsons and the Davidsons. He always believed that if Kelly didn't return, his daughter could marry into the Davidson Family. That's why he did so much behind the scenes. It's indeed the Pearsons' fault and also my fault. I shouldn't have solely relied on my instincts by coming to you and creating so much trouble for you." Frankly, she didn't know what to say. She always held a skeptical attitude toward Kelly and believed that Vincent paying such a price to deal with her might not be worth it.

"Don't worry. Once the marriage between Eric and the Pearsons is settled, no one will bother anymore," Josh continued.

"Okay," she replied briefly, then hung up the phone.

you Even though she had doubts regarding what the Pearsons and Kelly had been doing during this period, she didn't feel it was appropriate to interject as an outsider.

In the blink of an eye, half of August had already passed.

Early in the morning. Abigail's phone was ringing off the hook. It was a call from a clothing brand.

partner.

As soon as she answered the call, the director from Lyshe began shouting, "Alana, if you can't deliver what you promised, just let us know in advance! Our company has been cooperating with L.Moon for over a year. What's with the plagiarism? Do you know how important it was for us yesterday? If you can't design, you shouldn't be in this field! Why are you out here causing harm?" Last night, Lyshe held a winter product launch event, and she even attended the livestream. Little did she know that something like this would happen overnight.

The first thing that came to her mind was the incident of Micah stealing her designs. Okay, it's time to fight.

1/3 Abigail inhaled deeply before saying apologetically, "I'm sorry, our studio's design was stolen. It was an oversight on L.Moon's part. Give me three days, and I'll provide you with a new set of designs. Just three days. I promise, not only will I give you new designs, but I'll also bring some extra publicity to your studio." "At this point, everyone is holding product launches. The faster you are, the more benefits you reap. Do you realize how much harm you've caused?"

Collaborating with you is nothing but bad. luck!" The director of Lyshe continued to vent his anger.

"I didn't notify you in advance because the incident had already occurred. I also thought it would be better to create some buzz together and turn it into a win-win situation," Abigail patiently explained.

"Your explanation won't persuade my bosses. You didn't inform us of this incident in advance and are only telling me now that this is all part of your grand plan. Is this how you work with your partners?" Lyshe's director's fury slowly subsided, but he still had some criticisms to make.

After all, he had already reprimanded their partner, putting himself in a vulnerable position. If he didn't put the blame entirely on L.Moon, and if Abigail managed to turn things around, Lyshe might face a disadvantage in their contract renewal with L.Moon.

"I'm truly sorry," Abigail apologized yet again.

The director of Lyshe was clearly still displeased as he muttered a few more words before hanging up the phone.

Once Abigail arrived at the company, she started calling each of their partners one by one. By the time she was done, it had already been two hours since the situation erupted like a volcano.

Alas, she still couldn't stop some partners from posting on Instagram, accusing her of plagiarism. After all, Alana was the hottest topic. Regardless of any misunderstandings behind the scenes, accusing her of plagiarism would generate more traffic.

The moment she hung up the phone, Sean called.

At this point, she was so done that she was currently slumped in her chair as she pressed the answer button. "What is it?" Sean noticed that her voice was a bit hoarse and asked, "Did you catch a cold?"

"What happened to your voice?" "Your call can't be just about that, right?" She just wanted to end the conversation as her throat was already starting to burn.

"CoolVogue has posted an article on Instagram accusing you of plagiarism and even provided evidence. The buzz is gradually building up. Do you want to address this?" he asked. Truthfully, he had been waiting for her to respond ever since he saw CoolVogue's Instagram post.

2/3 Two hours had passed, but L.Moon had yet to make a move. Public relations were best handled within two hours, and he believed that she should be aware of this. Yet, L.Moon hadn't done anything. So, he was worried that something might have happened to Abigail.

"I can't handle that for now. I called the company and explained the situation, but they still insisted on accusing me of plagiarism. There's nothing I can do about it," she replied calmly.

She didn't have the time to deal with this online issue right now. She had dozens upon dozens of brand design drafts that needed revisions. Honestly, she simply didn't have the energy to pay attention to what was being said online.

"Let me talk to CoolVogue," he suddenly proposed.-

I Want a Divorce Chapter 310-Not Qualified Abigail poured a glass of whiskey for Sean and exchanged some courteous words at the dining table. Finally, she raised her glass and said, "Our divorce is already in the past, and I hope you won't dwell on it, Mr. Graham. We should look forward and move ahead. Of course, I'm very grateful for all the help you've provided." Sean nodded as he picked up a glass nearby and lightly clinked it against Abigail's glass before downing it.

Analise had prepared whiskey as she didn't know much about red wine. She felt that whiskey was just right for this occasion.

Unfortunately, the fiery whiskey made Sean's nerves tingle. He was severely tempted to ask Abigail head-on what he could do just to earn a chance for redemption. Still, he managed to restrain himself.

It was entirely up to her whether she wanted to give him another chance, and he had no right to ask such a foolish question. Even if he felt aggrieved and wanted to be a fool for once, he could. only be one in his mind.

"Since I've accepted your dinner invitation, you don't need to feel indebted anymore. Grandma took care of me for three years. Doing what I can to repay that kindness is only right," he spoke calmly after regaining his composure.

"Alright," Abigail replied before Analise could.

"Is your friend okay? How's he doing? Getting stabbed is no small matter. He looked as though he was at death's door the last I saw him. Is his body recovering well?" Analise interjected at this moment.

"Don't worry, Grandma. He exercises regularly, so his body is very fit. Plus, he hasn't stopped taking supplements," Sean replied politely.

After dinner, Abigail called Cameron and had Sean, who was slightly tipsy, picked up.

Once they left, Analise couldn't help but glare at Abigail. "Even if you don't like him anymore, you shouldn't speak like that. Regardless of your feelings, his friend risked his life for you." Analise and Sean shared a common secret. Plus, Sean's name was dragged into the mud because of the events in Capitalis, which only occurred mainly due to Abigail's identity. So, she held deep gratitude toward him. Her previous discontent with him had also dissipated to a considerable extent.

“You’re just too soft-hearted. Aren’t you afraid that his grandmother might come looking for trouble again?” Abigail said with a touch of helplessness.

1/3 “I’ll keep the door locked. Let’s see how she’ll get in then.” Analise was not afraid at this point.

When Abigail heard her response, she smiled before saying seriously, “I really don’t want to have a close relationship with him. So, you shouldn’t get too close to him because of this incident. Dealing with his grandmother is not easy, and I don’t want you to end up in the hospital because of her.” “I know.” Abigail returned to her room and continued to send out new design drafts to clients after telling Analise her plans.

She had already anticipated this situation when Micah stole her designs and had prepared many designs in advance. Some were ideas that hadn’t been used before, and she didn’t expect them to be a lifesaver for her studio this time.

When the emails were all sent, she logged into her Instagram account and noticed that the plagiarism incident had gained significant attention. Still, CoolVogue was just a small brand, so their post hadn’t made it to the trending topics. Instead, her Instagram post had garnered numerous comments.

In truth, not making it to the trending topics left her feeling quite disappointed.

She clicked on the comments and started reading them carefully.

‘Please come out and clarify the situation, Ally. I saw accusations of plagiarism at Lyshe’s event yesterday, but they didn’t release a statement. I firmly believe that this is just a misunderstanding. Where are you? We’re worried about you!’

‘Don’t disappoint us, Ally. I became your fan because of the dress you designed for Lexie. You brought honor to our design industry. Please don’t mess up.’

Otherwise, I may actually quit all my socials altogether!” “You don’t have the guts to speak up because you plagiarized, didn’t you? Fans should really stop manipulating the comments. Even a small company like CoolVogue dared to step forward. So, why should a big company like Lyshe cover up for her? Lyshe has already explained the problem at their event last night. This isn’t the first time she’s been accused of plagiarism, is it?” Abigail read through the comments and then began composing a post. ‘An employee from my company used illegal means to steal all my design files from my computer. I’ve been trying to find a solution, and I

expected these results, but not this soon. The company has reported the theft to the police, but I'm still personally responsible for the losses. These leaked designs have been distributed to various people and teams, so LMoon has invested a lot of resources and time in the investigation. However, I will never plagiarize. If I do lose my touch one day, I will choose to leave this industry: Regardless, I will never engage in plagiarism, which would bring shame to the industry.

She attached the police report and Micah's verdict as evidence. Anyone could verify the truth.

2/3 from these documents by searching online.

Following her post, her fans rallied to her defense, expressing their sympathy and support.

"How many designs were stolen? Can you share more details? How can an employee do such a thing? It seemed that they even had such a sophisticated virus on hand just for this. If someone is determined to cause harm, it seems any precautions couldn't have stopped it.

When Abigail saw this comment, she replied, 'Hundreds of unreleased design drafts were stolen.

This comment quickly made its way to the top comments section.

Abigail appreciated her fans' concern and knew that L.Moon's current popularity owed much to the support of these dedicated followers. They might not fully grasp the intricacies of design, but their heartfelt appreciation for beautiful things was unwavering and staggering in its authenticity.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

311-320

I Want a Divorce Chapter 311-Giddy Fans After seeing Abigail's fans showering her with concern following her tweet, CoolVogue retweeted Abigail's tweet with a sarcastic response of their own.

“Wow. What horrible employees you have there. All of us at CoolVogue must have jumped the gun in the heat of the moment. So sorry for the misunderstanding. You have our utmost sympathy, Ms. Alana.

Following their tweet, Sean also shared a retweet of his own.

‘Alana called every single company she has dealings with to explain the situation. CoolVogue was the only one who made a scene about it on social media immediately after receiving the call and accused Alana of plagiarism. Is it

because they think she doesn’t have evidence to prove her innocence, so they decided to boost their popularity by making the first move to paint themselves as the victim?” Once Sean’s tweet went out, Abigail’s fans began to rebuke CoolVogue.

‘She already reached out in person to explain the situation. So many brands have partnered with her. Even though Lyshe was accused of plagiarism during the livestream yesterday, they didn’t post anything on Twitter today to condemn Ally. You guys are the only ones blowing things out of proportion. Now that Ally has provided evidence to back herself up, here you are, pretending to be all magnanimous. Look at you addressing her as Ms. Alana as if you actually respect her!’ ‘Over a hundred unpublished designs were stolen. While you don’t need to sympathize with Ally, as a business partner, you shouldn’t be coming forward to say she plagiarized either! What a shameless attempt at getting your ten minutes of fame. No other brand is as despicable as you.

‘No wonder you’re still a small brand despite being around for so many years now. You’re not worth supporting at all. Even Ally can’t give you the boost you need to make a name for yourself. None of the bigger brands said anything about plagiarism. You’re the only one who backstabbed your business partner.

Who would dare to collaborate with brands like you that throw their own partners under the bus?” Abigail saw the commotion online and sent Sean a text.

Do you have so much time on your hands that you’re browsing Twitter every day now? You didn’t need to come forward and talk about this. Why do you keep using your personal account anyway? Are you planning to become an influencer now?” Sean knew Abigail wouldn’t be happy to see him getting involved in her matters.

After mulling things over, he replied, Just wanted to ride on the coattails of your popularity. If Graham International goes bankrupt, I can still become an influencer. Maybe I’ll be known as

the nation's husband? I'd get a ton of gifts from just one livestream. I see a lot of the other scions. doing this.

1/3 Abigail didn't know how to respond to his message.

It was true that the wealthy young men attracted more viewers with their live streams. Compared to ordinary people, they earned a lot more money.

'Fine. Soak up as much of my popularity as you want.

She didn't care about him tagging along to get his five minutes of fame on Twitter.

It was getting late. Abigail turned off her computer and went to bed. She had such a busy day that she fell asleep the moment her head hit the pillow.

Alas, never would she have thought that the tides online would slowly change thanks to Sean's involvement.

In the morning, when Abigail rushed into the office, she saw her assistant stealing peeks at her and giggling now and then.

"If you have nothing else to do this morning, you might as well come up with a few more designs. We have to give our clients over a hundred designs in three days," Abigail said without even lifting her head.

Her assistant's gaze had been too intense. Even though she was focused on her design work, she could still sense a pair of eyes on her.

"Abigail, haven't you checked Twitter? You have no idea what they're saying about you and Mr. Graham," her assistant chattered in 'excitement.

Abigail tensed and hurriedly asked, "Are there rumors about him and me again?" "Nope. Everyone's shipping you guys. They say that each time you post a tweet, Mr. Graham instantly backs you up and mocks your enemies for you. What else could that be, if not true love?" Abigail's assistant relayed animatedly.

Abigail stiffened. "Hold it... Don't pay any attention to what the netizens are thinking. Sean is just trying to ride the wave of our popularity. Don't take it seriously." Her assistant was taken aback. "Why does he want to ride the wave of our popularity? He's rich." "Get back to work. Say another word, and I'll give you more work to do." Abigail glared at her assistant.

Nevertheless, she checked Twitter.

The trending tags left her feeling thunderstruck as soon as she opened it up.

2/3 The hashtag #SealanaAreSoSweetTogether made the top ten list.

Are netizens so obsessed with shipping people these days?

When she clicked on the hashtag, she found so many comments about her and Sean!

‘#SealanaAreSoSweetTogether! Guys, do you know what I found? I spent the entire night gathering information and realized that Sean truly loves Alana.

Whenever she posts a tweet, he’d definitely retweet it. If someone criticizes her, he’s nearly always the first to come and fight her battles for her. Apart from that one time when Eric Davidson beat him to it, he has always stepped forward to defend Alana. This is true love!” I noticed that too! He doesn’t seem afraid about suffering any kind of repercussions. He gives it his all to protect Alana every time. Could this really be true love? Alana and Sean are both so attractive. They’re even better looking than many of the celebrities who’ve been voted the most attractive! I’m so happy to ship them together!” Does Sean really have feelings for Alana? During the show a while back, he played the role of a company president while she played the assistant. He looked so serious, but he kept dropping subtle hints. I was so giddy shipping them that I nearly fainted!” Once Abigail finished reading the tweets, she clutched her chest and thought, You nearly fainted from shipping us, whereas I’m about to faint from fright after reading your tweets.

Abigail never expected the netizens to be such avid shippers. How were they able to come up so many theories and scenarios when there were barely any meaningful interactions?

I Want a Divorce Chapter 312-Are You Baiting Me What Abigail found even more ludicrous was the fanfiction the netizens posted featuring her and Sean... Some of the stories were pretty R-rated. Abigail blushed while reading them.

“Is it too warm in here, Abigail? Why are your cheeks so red?” Abigail’s assistant asked while bringing some documents over.

“It’s pretty warm,” Abigail answered with fake composure. However, she hastily tapped her mouse a couple of times and minimized her Twitter tab.

Her assistant came over and placed the documents beside her. "Shall I lower the temperature?" "It's fine. Just get me a bottle of cold water, please." The steamy scenes in the fanfiction Abigail saw made her throat a little dry.

It didn't seem appropriate to be reading such things in broad daylight..

While her assistant left to get some water for her, she quickly closed the tab and forgot about what she had read-focusing on her design work instead.

Just as Abigail started feeling dizzy from focusing on one thing for too long, her phone began buzzing.

She checked her phone and saw the notifications from Luna. Since they were only Twitter notifications, she didn't respond to them.

Less than a minute later, Luna called.

Abigail sighed exasperatedly. Isn't she away on a business trip? Why does she have so much time on her hands now?

She took the call, but before she could say anything, Luna shrieked, "You were reading smut on Twitter during your working hours?" "Huh? How did you know?" Abigail felt sheepish-as if her secret had been exposed.

"The entire internet knows. You liked the fanfiction someone wrote. The screenshots your fans took have gone viral too," Luna informed.

Abigail felt like she had been struck by lightning. After blanking out for some time, she said, "I didn't click the like button..." "Did you actually read it? Luna sounded flabbergasted.

1/3 "I only glanced at it while scrolling past... I didn't read it... I didn't like the tweet!" Abigail felt awkward. It was as if the entire internet was gawking at her.

She couldn't stay on Earth anymore. She had to pack her bags and move to a different planet.

"Well, you did like the tweet! Do you want to smooth things over? I don't know how to help you. with that though. Of all the things you could've liked, why was it a smutty fanfiction with Sean?!" Luna sounded helpless.

Abigail was even more despairing. She uncapped the bottle and took several gulps of water to calm herself down. "Do you think it's too late for me to leave Earth?" Luna snorted. "Too late, my dear. Everyone knows that Alana liked the smutty fanfiction her fan wrote about her and Sean." Abigail scratched her head. "I'm getting off work now. I won't be heading into the office the next few days." "Alright..." Luna couldn't say anything else about the situation.

She sensed how awkward Abigail was feeling. The awkwardness could fill an entire house.

After ending the call, Abigail gathered her things and got ready to leave.

"I have some matters to attend to, so I won't be coming into the office the next few days," Abigail said while passing by her assistant's desk. Then, she walked off without hesitation.

Would it make a difference if I unlike the tweet now....

It was Abigail's first time experiencing a crisis like this. Her mind was a mess.

Abigail's assistant looked up from her computer and hid her giggling.

As one of the most eager shippers, she had seen that tweet already.

Abigail's just being stubborn.

At last, Abigail managed to flee her office. Once she got inside her car, she patted her chest and exhaled.

She felt mortified.

Just as she was about to drive home, Sean called.

Abigail was initially reluctant to take the call, but if she didn't, she would seem even more like a coward. She didn't want to seem like she was too embarrassed to face him.

So, she took a deep breath and accepted the call.

2/3 "What is it?" she asked coolly.

"Do you want to release a clarification?" Sean asked.

Abigail immediately knew what he meant.

“What should I clarify? Should I say that I didn’t read it and that I liked the tweet by accident?” Abigail asked. Though her tone was fairly normal, her face was scarlet. She was only pretending to be calm.

“So, you did read it, and you didn’t click like by accident,” Sean abruptly remarked.

“Are you baiting me?” Abigail’s voice sharpened.

“No. I thought you misclicked. I never suspected you,” Sean said with sincerity.

Abigail scoffed. “It was a misclick. Don’t read too much into it. When I was working. I saw the hashtag, so I clicked on it. I didn’t notice what I had clicked or liked. I wouldn’t have found out about it if Luna hadn’t called me to tell me about it.

Sean hummed in acknowledgment. “Got it. Do you need me to help you clear things up?” “Oh, shut up.” Abigail snapped before dropping the call.

She sat in her car and huffed.

None of this would’ve happened if Sean never made those high-profile tweets that led to the fans fantasizing about them as a couple.

It’s all Sean’s fault!

Sitting in his own office, Sean was smiling as he liked the fanfiction tweet as well.

He had to admit that there were talented writers online these days.

The plot was simple but well-written and fairly evocative.

Even at the end of the work day, Cameron noticed that Sean was still smiling.

“Keep an eye on the trending hashtag involving Abigail and me. Let it stay up for a few days. Oh, right. Make sure you do it secretly. Don’t let Abigail find out we paid to keep it up,” Sean instructed Cameron before walking off with his car keys in hand.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 313-3 Unexplained Hostility To Abigail’s surprise, the fanfiction remained a trending topic on social media for several days.

Most importantly, Sean liked the tweet as well, seemingly as a response to the fans.

“What do you think he means by that? Is he trying to stir up rumors about us on purpose?” While sitting in the bar, Abigail vented to Luna in dissatisfaction.

Luna swirled her glass and said, “Well, there’s no way you can clarify the matter now.” Abigail was too embarrassed to unlike the tweet.

It had been four days, and she was still too afraid to go on Twitter. She used Luna’s account to browse instead.

“What a coincidence.” Just then, a familiar voice rang out.

Abigail and Luna turned around to find Anthony standing behind them. He was dressed in a sapphire blue suit. Judging from his carefully styled hair, he had put in much effort to dress up.

“Are you here to have some drinks with your friends, Mr. Booker?” Luna spoke up first.

“That’s right. I’m meeting someone, Anthony replied, but his eyes were still on Abigail.

Abigail knew what he was thinking. She felt the urge to hide.

“A client?” she asked with an awkward chuckle.

“Nope. A client’s daughter. She just came to Pendorf, so I’m showing her around,” Anthony said.

The moment he finished speaking, an elegantly dressed woman came over.

“Anthony?” Anthony turned around and smiled at her. “That’s me.” Luna cocked an eyebrow at Abigail. They both thought the same thing.

“Why don’t we share a table?” The woman abruptly suggested to Anthony.

Anthony looked at Abigail and Luna with a conflicted smile. “Can we?” “Sure. Abigail nodded with ease.

After all, they had to show some courtesy to the daughter of Anthony’s client.

1/3 A round of introductions later, Abigail learned that the elegantly dressed woman was named Lacey Fernandez.

Is she related to Ronaldo Fernandez? Abigail wondered.

Lacey didn't seem to be a talker. Anthony and Luna did most of the talking, but it was mostly about work.

All of a sudden, Luna asked Lacey, who was scrolling on her phone, "Where are you from, Miss Fernandez?" "Eastbay. Ronaldo Fernandez is my cousin. Abby should be acquainted with him," Lacey responded to Luna after pocketing her phone.

I knew it. Abigail thought.

"Speaking of which, don't you plan on clarifying that incident where you liked that fanfiction?" Lacey's eyes fell on Abigail.

Thanks to her, the easygoing atmosphere became a little awkward.

Anthony cleared his throat and said. "Even if she doesn't, it's not a big deal. It brought publicity to their studio. It's just fans shipping them together. It's not serious enough to require a formal clarification." "Is that so?" Lacey asked innocently.

up "I'm not trying to stir up any rumors about us as a couple. The fans started it themselves. I clicked on the tweet by accident. A formal clarification is a little unnecessary," Abigail said stiffly before sipping her drink.

"Why did you pay to have it stay on the trending list if you're not trying to stir up rumors about you two being a couple? It doesn't seem right to do this just for the sake of publicity. Is Mr. Graham going to play along with such a meaningless thing?" Lacey asked. Though she had an expression of genuine confusion, her words were biting.

Luna's smile went from joyous to meaningful. She set her glass down and asked Lacey, "What makes you say that we paid to have it remain on the trending list?"

Are you related to the owner of Twitter?" "No, but Anthony said you care about publicity, so that's why you encouraged the shippers. If that's not the case, then I must have misunderstood. Sorry." Lacey shrugged after giving an insincere apology.

Abigail would be a fool if she didn't sense the veiled hostility behind Lacey's seemingly innocent remarks.

She sipped from her glass as she wondered when she had ever offended Lacey.

Is it because of 2/3 Ronaldo or Anthony?

Anthony's smile was a little stiff as well. He glanced apologetically at Abigail before saying, "Abigail isn't someone who would stir up rumors like that. She's not familiar with social media either. Who knows who paid to make the tweet go viral? There's no point in us discussing this any further." "I'm done for the night. Grandma's still waiting for me. Why don't you guys continue without me?" Abigail set her glass down and suggested to Anthony.

Anthony nodded and said softly, "Okay." Luna was frustrated. Anthony and that woman had crashed their table, and now they had to leave early?

Abigail saw Luna's mouth opening, so she placed her hand on the latter.

Luna glanced at Abigail. Then, she set her glass down on the table with a heavy thud and flashed a sarcastic smile. "We won't disturb you two lovebirds then." Once the women were outside, Luna crossed her arms and scoffed, "What's her problem? Did she sit with us on purpose just so she could mock you?" "Perhaps, Abigail responded indifferently.

Anthony was very protective of Lacey today. She must be important to him. It looks like they're dating.

Since they were friends, Abigail didn't want to see Anthony lose his dignity in front of Lacey.

"Are you just going to leave it at that?" Luna was still angry.

Abigail glanced at her and said, "It wouldn't have been easy for Anthony to establish a relationship with the Fernandez Family. We shouldn't make things difficult for him. That way, it'll be easier for us to ask him for help if we ever need it." After all, in the business world, one never knew when it was one's turn to do someone a favor or ask for one in turn.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 314-Cameron Listens to You Luna had been furious, but after hearing that, she deflated like a balloon.

"Why do you think that Lacey woman was so hostile toward you?" Luna held Abigail's hand and asked with a frown.

Abigail's brows creased as she thought about it. Moments later, she commented, "It probably has something to do with Anthony. He was all dressed up. Doesn't that signify they're on a date?" Luna rolled her eyes. "I'm speechless."

She finally understood the situation. If Anthony had been on a date with Lacey, the latter would have been hostile toward Abigail because of how well Anthony treated her.

While they were studying, Anthony took very good care of Abigail. All their classmates said he liked her. Lacey wouldn't have had to dig very deep to find out about that.

Meanwhile, Abigail paid no mind to this.

The next day, soon after Abigail came into the office, her assistant came to say there was a visitor.

As soon as Abigail's assistant finished speaking, the door to the office flew open.

"Miss, you can't enter- "It's fine, Abigail cut her assistant off Abigail's assistant glanced at Lacey. She quelled her dissatisfaction and exited the office in silence.

"Are you here for a visit, or do you wish to place an order, Miss Fernandez?" Abigail stood up with a polite smile on her face.

Lacey sat on the couch and studied the office before looking at Abigail. "You should know that I don't like you." "Yeah. I picked up on that last night," Abigail calmly responded. She was startled by Lacey's bluntness.

"I figured you weren't stupid. Do you know why I hate you?" Lacey crossed her legs and tilted her head upward as if she owned the place.

I'm guessing it's because of Anthony," Abigail deduced.

Lacey cocked her eyebrows and declared domineeringly, "I know you two have had a good relationship ever since your schooling days. Even though you're both working now, he's still very protective of you and keeps helping you. I don't like that. But, when it comes to work, you can't be 1/3 of any help to him. He needs my family more, so that's why he chose me. I'm sure you know when to give up. Since you're busy creating rumors about you and Sean, just focus on that. Stop contacting Anthony." Abigail realized Lacey had come to mark her territory.

"Anthony and I have always been nothing more than business partners. Don't overthink it, Miss Fernandez. If something could have happened between us, it would have happened by now, don't you think?" Abigail responded with a nonchalant smile.

“You’re not in a relationship with him because you like being surrounded by men. Be it my cousin, or him, or even others like Sean Graham and Eric Davidson, aren’t they all your knights in shining armor? Truth be told, I despise women like you. I’ve seen more than my fair share of two- faced b*tches like you in college.” Lacey had a look of scorn and derision on her face.

Abigail was about to speak when the door to the office opened again.

Sean stood in the doorway. An icy aura emanated from him.

Abigail’s assistant stood by the door. She was a little worried that Abigail would chide her for not stopping Sean.

When Lacey looked at Sean, she sensed the terrifying look in his eyes and swiftly got to her feet. She was a lot less domineering now. “I said what I came to say. I’m leaving now.” “Who said you could leave?” Sean asked as he fixed his ice-cold gaze on Lacey.

“Let her leave,” Abigail said.

Sean pursed his lips and eyed Lacey.

Lacey’s knees turned to jelly. She held the couch for support as she stepped back.

“If you leave without apologizing, I’m not sure whether your tongue will remain in your possession for much longer,” Sean remarked before entering the office.

Cameron, who was behind Sean, started walking toward Lacey with a threatening air.

Abigail frowned. “Cameron!” Cameron reined in his intimidating air. He looked at Abigail and said, “Since you’re so kind, Ms. Quinn, I won’t be too hard on her.” “Leave Abigail said to Lacey.

Lacey had waltzed into the office with her nose in the air, but she was leaving with her tail between her legs now.

2/3 ” Cameron wisely left the office and closed the door behind him. Abigail looked at Sean. “Why did you come here?” “I was in the area, so I came to see you,” Sean said. He stared at her and asked, “Are you really not going to clarify what happened on Twitter? You’re not going to say you misclicked?” “Why did you like the tweet anyway?” Abigail was pissed about that. She did it by accident. Did he?

"I can do whatever I want with my Twitter account," Sean said breezily as he sat down.

He was like an old geezer who barely knew what social media was back then, but now, he's even picking on internet slang.

"Who's the guy who's the reason why that woman's picking on you?" Sean asked.

"She's unimportant. If you have nothing else, you should get back to work. I'm busy." Abigail didn't want to talk to Sean.

She wasn't going to take Lacey's words to heart anyway.

"How do I know whether or not I should let her off the hook if you don't clarify the situation?" Sean leaned into the couch and said while toying with his tablet.

Abigail instinctively glanced at him. "Has Cameron gone off to deal with her?" "Cameron still listens to you. At least, before I give him the order, he won't go against your wishes." Sean was smiling faintly.

Abigail didn't know what to say.

When did Cameron switch his loyalties from Sean to her?

"Don't keep getting Cameron to do these things. He's your assistant. He's not a bodyguard hired to get physical with people. Why do you keep making him do your dirty work?" Abigail questioned with a look of displeasure.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 315-Incompatible Personalities.

Sean looked at Abigail with a faint smile on his lips.

She felt uneasy under his scrutiny and furrowed her brow. "Do you need anything else?" "Even if you don't say anything. I'll still go after her. His eyes remained calm, but an unmistakable air of determination surrounded him.

"Ronaldo is her cousin. If you go after her, I might as well stop the deal with him.

I'll have to bring his pearls to him and plead for clemency," she huffed.

After a brief moment of contemplation, he asked, "Is Anthony in a relationship with her?" Abigail had to admit that Sean had a shrewd mind. "I don't know if they're in a relationship. What does it have to do with me?" she replied nonchalantly.

"While you think it doesn't concern you, she views you as a threat. How does Anthony feel about you?" he asked calmly. It was an unexpected turn of events for him to find himself discussing another man's feelings for her in such a calm manner.

"I don't think we're close enough for us to discuss this," she declared, placing her pen down and casting an unpleasant glance in his direction.

"Your 'like' on that fanfiction about us on Twitter, without any clarification, left me pondering for four days." Sean sounded rather aggrieved. "After all, it was quite... steamy, and we were once married. I couldn't help but think about it." "Don't keep bringing up the past! You didn't need to come here to tell me about your thoughts. Do you think I have that much free time? Besides, there's no need to clarify such matters. Even when celebrities mistakenly like something, they don't make official statements. Let the fans think what they want; it's their enjoyment," Abigail explained, restraining her frustration.

In fact, not clarifying was the best course of action. Clarifications often implied guilt.

"That means we'd be shipped as a couple. You don't mind that?" His mood lifted slightly. He enjoyed seeing fanfiction about them trending on Twitter daily.

"You know well that in such situations, it's best to leave the fans to their imagination. Making official clarifications might seem like making mountains out of molehills." She longed to scream from the mountaintops that she had nothing to do with him. Unfortunately, even the most renowned celebrities turned a blind eye to their fans' fantasies about their romantic relationships with other people.

He nodded, acknowledging her point. "You're right."

1/3 Taking a deep breath, she composed herself. "Mr. Graham, could you please return to your work now? I'm really quite busy." "Of course," he replied, standing up.

Just as Sean took a couple of steps, Abigail stopped him. "Please, don't go after Lacey. Both Mr. Booker and I are part of the same industry, and we often cross paths. Besides, she's Ronaldo's cousin." He turned back to look at her. "You're quite protective of Anthony, but he

might not appreciate your efforts.” “We’re both businesspeople. When it comes to business, emotions don’t have a place,” she stated coolly.

With her putting it that way, he had nothing more to worry about. He was only concerned that she would feel uncomfortable. After all, she had a good relationship with Anthony. Still, for the sake of her business, she had to endure such grievances.

“Don’t come to my office for no reason in the future. I don’t care about fans pairing us up, and it’ll be even more annoying if someone takes pictures of you deliberately coming here,” Abigail reminded as Sean was about to leave.

His jovial mood soured again, and he left without saying a word.

She was about to resume her work when a call came from Anthony. She stared at her phone for a while before finally answering. “Is there something you need, Mr. Booker?” Her voice was as crisp as ever, devoid of any personal emotions.

“Lacey went over to your office, right? You don’t have to care about what she said. She’s straightforward and often speaks without thinking. I apologize on her behalf,” he expressed remorse.

She pursed her lips before chuckling and said, “I understand how a young woman can feel insecure at the beginning of a relationship, Mr. Booker. You just need to clarify things with her. There’s no need for you to call and explain. I wouldn’t want her to jump to conclusions again, wouldn’t you agree?” Anthony remained silent.

Just as Abigail was about to end the call, Anthony said gloomily, “I chose her because the company isn’t doing well. There are many things I can’t openly share with you, but you’ve always been an important junior of mine.” “Mr. Booker, that’s in the past. I understand the challenges of running a business. You have your difficulties and your decisions. In any case, I hope your company continues to thrive. I have a lot of designs to work on, so I won’t linger for idle chat Her voice sounded light and pleasant, but her face remained expressionless.

2/3 In reality, Anthony’s company was doing quite well, with impressive annual profits. His claim about the company’s performance was just an excuse to climb the social ladder. Nevertheless, Abigail respected his choice. His pursuit of fame and success was his decision, just as it was her choice to transition from being friends to acquaintances with him.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 316-Harassment After exchanging pleasantries, Anthony and Abigail hung up the phone, each holding their thoughts.

She placed her phone on the table and stared at her computer screen, lost in her thoughts for a while before finally regaining her focus. However, her peace was short-lived as her phone buzzed. with a new message.

'Don't contact Anthony again, you two-faced b*tch!' She read the message and scoffed, promptly deleting it. However, within moments, another text arrived, this time from Lacey.

'Do you think I'm scared of you just because you have Sean backing you up? If you piss me off and cause problems with Anthony's business, he'll cut off all ties with you.' Abigail read the message, pondering her response for a while.

'Do you lack self-confidence to the point that you need to target me?' The tone in Lacey's messages seemed completely incongruent with her appearance and demeanor. Still, Abigail found the contrast quite striking.

'Are you trying to belittle me just to make yourself look good? Don't be so cocky, b*tch! For whom are you pretending to be gracious? No matter how graceful you are, Anthony won't choose to be with you.

'I have no interest in Anthony. To me, the man you're protecting is just an ordinary person. Besides, you're rather useless. All you do is hurl insults at me instead of discussing your insecurities with him. Is it because you're too much of a coward?' After typing her reply, Abigail felt resigned to wasting her time dealing with Lacey.

'I don't talk to him because I know what kind of person he is. I'm talking to you because there's always a chance you'd keep being the b*tch you are.

'If you feel so insecure, Lacey, just tell Anthony to block me on every platform.

Don't come up and throw a fit at me. Is that clear?' She finished her message and blocked Lacey's number. To her surprise, Lacey switched to a different number to continue harassing her. Abigail continued to block each new number, and it took four blocked numbers before Lacey finally stopped.

By this point, it was already noon, and the harassment had completely soured Abigail's mood. She hadn't been able to complete a single design all morning.

Anyone subjected to such baseless accusations would feel equally upset. Just when things had settled down with the Pearsons, Lacey 1/3 had emerged as a new source of trouble.

During lunch, Abigail contemplated the idea of having a heart-to-heart conversation with Lacey to resolve their misunderstandings. However, Abigail quickly dismissed the notion, thinking, First, I have to find out why Lacey hates me so much. After considering the way Lacey looked and behaved at the bar, Abigail couldn't believe she was the one who sent those messages.

After lunch, Abigail went back to her office and called Luna to help her investigate Lacey.

"What did she do to you now?" Luna inquired immediately.

"I believe there's a misunderstanding between us, and I want to get to the bottom of it," Abigail replied.

"Sure, but I need to know the nature of the misunderstanding." Luna understood Abigail's character. She wouldn't have taken such a step without good reason.

After a brief pause, Abigail admitted, "I'll forward you the messages, but promise me you won't get angry." "Fine," Luna agreed.

Abigail sent Lacey's messages to Luna.

Abigail sent the messages to Luna, who, after reading them, was fuming with anger. "Just who is this woman?! She doesn't seem like the type to say such things. Who would've thought she'd do this?! You really can't judge a book by its cover, huh? Well, I learned that lesson today!" "I find her appearance and these messages completely contradictory," Abigail remarked.

"Maybe we should skip the investigation and have an open conversation. If that doesn't work, we'll just block Lacey. Investigating her would be a waste of time," Luna concluded, now eager to call Anthony and get to the bottom of things.

Abigail fell silent for a moment and then asked, "Will that work?" She was eager to understand why Lacey had developed such a strong aversion to her.

"Do you trust me?" Luna asked abruptly.

"Of course, why wouldn't I?" Abigail replied.

I'll arrange a meeting between the two of them," Luna said, ending the call.

It was almost time to get off work when Abigail received a call from Luna.

"I couldn't arrange it. Anthony claimed he's out of town, and Lacey mentioned she has a busy work with classes, so she can't meet up, Luna said through gritted teeth.

2/3 "Let's set it aside for now. September is approaching, and we need to prepare for the collaboration with Freshie TV," Abigail said.

"Okay." Luna replied.

After ending the call, Abigail let out a sigh, wondering, What's with modern couples these days? Why are they causing trouble for others when they're the ones in a relationship?

When Abigail returned home, she pitched in with Analise to prepare dinner. Her grandmother had set up a workspace in the living room to handle the ingredients.

While they were at it, Abigail's phone continued to ring incessantly. Observing her granddaughter's distraction, Analise temporarily set aside the dough she was working on and fetched Abigail's phone from her bag. As she was about to bring the phone into the kitchen, she couldn't help but notice the barrage of text messages coming in.

Are you too afraid to answer my calls, you two-faced b*tch?" Are you getting your friend to set me up so you can beat me up?" With the phone in hand, Analise retreated to the bathroom to answer the call that had been persistently ringing.

"Why did you take so long to answer? Are you scared? Blocking numbers won't stop me. I have plenty of friends. Even if you block me, I'll find ways to reach you!" "Who are you to say such things? Didn't your parents teach you how to respect other people? You're an adult. Stop playing these games. Aren't you just being an embarrassment to your family?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 317-Deal With It Once and for All Lacey hesitated for a moment, then said, "You're Abigail's grandmother, right?"

Are you aware that she's going behind your back-" "Young lady, before you say anything, you need to have evidence to back you up. How can you say such baseless things to slander others? Did your parents not teach you right?" Analise cut Lacey off.

"It's still better than raising a granddaughter who enjoys being a fake b*tch," Lacey retorted before abruptly ending the call.

Analise was furious and about to call back when she heard Abigail's voice from behind.

"Give me the phone, Grandma. Don't worry, it's just a misunderstanding." "Is one of your competitors sending people to harass you?" Analise turned around and passed the phone to Abigail.

Abigail shook her head. "I'm not sure either." Dinner didn't sit well with her. After returning to her room, she decided to call Lacey.

Soon, Lacey picked up.

"What's this? Are you teaching me a lesson in place of your grandmother?" Lacey's tone carried a sense of smugness.

"I'll bring all the messages you sent to your house to clarify exactly where I've offended you," Abigail calmly stated.

Lacey paused for a moment and then continued, "Can't handle it already, old lady?" Abigail, feeling a sense of frustration, terminated the call and promptly blocked it. She couldn't help but think, I extended some courtesy for Anthony's sake, but now she's taking advantage of it.

Wanting to clarify her suspicions, she decided to send a text to Ronaldo. 'Is Lacey Fernandez your cousin? The one who's dating Anthony Booker.

The man responded with a shocked emoji. 'How did you know? Has the news spread that fast?' 'Yeah, Anthony brought her to Pendorf, and I ran into them. Since he's helped me out, I should pay a visit to your cousin to offer my congratulations. I'm catching a flight soon, and I'd appreciate it if you could pick me up at the airport Even though a pesky fly wouldn't stir up much trouble, it was still an annoyance.

She decided it was time to address the issue at its root.

1/3 "Oh. Sure!" he replied with a cutesy emoji after that.

Two hours later, Abigail arrived at the Eastbay airport. Ronaldo was there with a few of his friends to welcome her. She was dressed professionally, and her confident appearance made him and his friends momentarily captivated.

“Where does your cousin live?” she asked, seemingly unaware of the man’s reaction.

He immediately snapped out of his reverie and replied, “It’s not that far from here, but it wouldn’t be right to drop in at this hour, don’t you think?” Who would pay someone a visit at 10.30PM?

“There’s nothing wrong with that. Just lead the way,” Abigail said coolly.

Ronaldo was about to say something when one of his friends interjected, “Go ahead and take her there. In Eastbay, we don’t sleep this early anyway. Lacey’s parents might still be up for a nightcap.

Alright then, Ronaldo said, realizing what was happening.

Abigail wasn’t here to congratulate anyone. She was here to address a problem, and she was dressed to make her presence authoritative.

Once they got in the car, Ronaldo asked her, “Tell me, Ms. Quinn, what’s going on? Why did you come at this hour dressed like a lawyer about to enter a courtroom? It’s a bit intimidating.” She glanced at him. “You’ll find out soon enough. Don’t worry about it.” “It’s not something serious, is it, Ms. Quinn? I’m a little scared.” He placed his hand on his chest, appearing quite innocent.

“You haven’t done anything, so what’s there for you to be afraid of?” Abigail eyed him.

“I just want everything to go well,” he said.

She chuckled and said nothing.

Lacey’s family lived in the city in a standalone villa. They appeared quite well-off “You know that my cousin’s parents aren’t ordinary people, right? You need to be more courteous when you speak to them. They have their eyes on my station, too. That means they’re keeping an eye on our collaboration,” Ronaldo reminded Abigail before they entered the house.

“Alright,” she replied more amicably.

Lacey’s parents had been informed in advance, and they were waiting in the living room. When Abigail saw them, she nodded politely and said, “I apologize for coming over at this hour of the 2/3 night. I’m Alana, L.Moon Studio’s designer. My real name is Abigail Quinn. Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Fernandez.” “We know who you are. Anthony mentioned you

before. He spoke highly of your talent as a designer. Now that I see you in person, it's clear that you're a spirited young woman," Tony Fernandez said with a smile. However, these words were merely polite pleasantries. His smile did not reach his eyes, and there was a hint of superiority in his tone.

His wife, Carla Rock, smiled faintly and asked, "What brings you here?" "I need your help with something." Abigail retrieved a tablet from her bag and opened the image gallery, passing it to them.

Tony accepted the tablet, and after browsing through the screenshots, his expression hardened.

"Did Lacey send these to you?" His voice was filled with anger as he set the tablet down on the coffee table.

Carla took the tablet next, examined the contents, and then regarded Abigail with a hostile gaze. She murmured, "Lacey is a good girl. Everyone knows she's polite and mature. How could she possibly have said such things? Is this some kind of misunderstanding?" Abigail maintained a calm expression and added, "There's also an audio recording of a phone conversation. You can check if it's your daughter's voice." Ronaldo cautiously moved closer behind Carla and reached out to tap on the tablet.

3/

I Want a Divorce Chapter 318-Don't Let Her Suffer Any Grievances "Did you come to see us hoping we would talk to Lacey, Ms. Quinn?" Tony looked at Abigail with a stern expression.

"Unfortunately, my grandma answered my phone today. She's in poor health and was quite upset, which is why I came here. I don't know how to communicate with Miss Fernandez, and I'm unclear on why she's behaving this way. So, I had no choice but to seek advice from wife, Mr. Fernandez," Abigail responded calmly, maintaining eye contact with him.

you and

Just as he was about to respond, his phone rang. The caller ID displayed Pendorf's area code, causing his brows to furrow.

"Please excuse me for a moment, Ms. Quinn. This is an urgent call." Tony left with his phone.

your While he was away, Ronaldo exclaimed, "Why did Lacey do such a thing? If there's a misunderstanding, shouldn't she try to talk it out instead of using these messages to humiliate Ms. Quinn? She's gone too far!" Carla shot a cold glare at him. "This hasn't even been confirmed yet. How can you accuse her? Why would she have so many numbers?"

Abigail politely addressed Carla, "I came here to find a solution. We all have our responsibilities. and little time for these inconsequential matters, don't you think?" "It hasn't been confirmed that it was my daughter's doing yet, so I can't give you an answer," Carla declared with a haughty air, deliberately avoiding eye contact with Abigail.

Abigail realized that her visit might have been presumptuous and potentially caused some resentment. However, she believed it was the right thing to do. If she continued to avoid the issue, what would happen if Lacey's harassment extended beyond her? What if Lacey targeted Analise or others? Remaining composed, Abigail suggested, "You could find out by informing her to return home and discussing the matter with her." Inside the study, Tony took the call and immediately greeted, "Hello." "Mr. Fernandez? I'm Sean Graham." Though the man's voice carried a pleasant tone, it still made Tony feel uneasy.

"I've heard much about you, Mr. Graham. May I know the reason for your call at this late hour? Is it an urgent matter?" Tony inquired respectfully.

"I've heard that Abigail is visiting Eastbay, so I have to ask you to take care of her for me, Mr. Fernandez. Please don't let her suffer any kind of grievance while in a foreign city," Sean said with a subtle smile.

1/3 Tony couldn't miss the subtext in Sean's words. Sean wasn't merely asking for hospitality; it was a clear warning not to allow any harm to come to Abigail while she was under his roof. Everyone in their social circle had heard about what Sean did to the Pearsons, and even Tony, being in Eastbay, had heard plenty of rumors.

It was common knowledge that nobody would want to get on Sean's bad side, as those who did would pay a hefty price.

With these thoughts racing through his mind, Tony reassured Sean with a smile, "Of course. You have my word, Mr. Graham. I'll ensure that Ms. Quinn has a pleasant stay here in Eastbay." After concluding the call with Sean, Tony returned to the room and looked at Abigail with a much friendlier expression. "I called Lacey, but she's currently studying in another city and can't return." "That's right. Lacey is pursuing a career as a violinist, Carla said proudly.

He glared at his wife. "Why are you butting in? No one asked for your input.

You're not needed here. Go upstairs." Abigail was taken aback by the sudden change in his attitude. She couldn't help but wonder, Did that call have something to do with me?

Carla sensed that something was up with her husband, too, so she left without protest.

Tony sat across from Abigail, and he had the household staff serve some fruits and desserts. Then, he prepared tea himself as he said, "Lacey's behavior is the result of us spoiling her. She cares deeply for Anthony, and she takes her relationships very seriously. She often becomes. preoccupied with unwarranted concerns.

"It's evident that Lacey becomes obsessive in her relationships. If she's so fond of Anthony, she should just hold onto him. Why is she secretly insulting Ms.

Quinn?" Ronaldo expressed his frustration.

Tony felt exasperated by Ronaldo's lack of cooperation. He wondered why Ronaldo was siding with an outsider rather than supporting his family. After glancing at Ronaldo, he nodded awkwardly. "She's insecure when it comes to relationships. I heard that Anthony and you got along very well in school, Ms.

Quinn. Even now, Anthony helps you no matter what kind of difficulty you face at work. My daughter... I'm sure she's jealous because she heard about that." Abigail resisted the urge to roll her eyes as she asked with a smile, "How do you think we should. resolve this? Mr. Booker and I are simply business partners. If your daughter is so concerned, Mr. Fernandez, why don't we invite them over for a proper discussion? I don't mind extending my stay by a day." Ronaldo immediately expressed his support, saying, "Inviting them for a clear discussion is the best approach." She glanced at him, and he grinned, saying, "I'm on the side of reason, not family. It's clear that 2/3 Lacey is at fault here." "Anthony is currently on a business trip, so he can't return. I'll call Lacey again and try to arrange a meeting. Feel free to extend your stay, Ms. Quinn. We'll cover your accommodation expenses," Tony assured, serving Abigail a cup of tea.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 319-His Idol Abigail wasn't insistent on reaching a resolution today. She understood the importance of flexibility and not burning bridges unnecessarily.

As she brought the teacup to her lips, she appreciated the delicate fragrance. In Eastbay, it was customary to use smaller cups for tea, but they were always well-crafted. "This is the

Silver Needle. It's a delightful tea, perfect for a summer day," she commented after taking a sip.

Tony was pleasantly surprised by her ability to identify the tea based on its taste.

Silver Needle might not be widely recognized, but it had earned local fame in Eastbay, remaining a hidden gem to those beyond the region.

With a smile. Tony asked, "Are you a tea connoisseur, Ms. Quinn?" In truth, she wasn't, but her knowledge of tea came from Josh's tea house. He was quite the enthusiast, and their conversations often revolved around tea culture.

"I have a friend who is quite passionate about tea and has shared some knowledge with me," she replied politely.

He nodded, assuring her, "Regarding Lacey, Ms. Quinn, I promise to provide you with an explanation." "Mr. Booker and I were once classmates who got along fairly well, Mr.

Fernandez, but that was all in the past. If something were to happen between us, it would've happened a long time ago, wouldn't it?" Abigail asked, her tone serene as she set her cup down.

"You're absolutely right, Ms. Quinn. Lacey's not thinking straight," Tony agreed right away.

Ronaldo was taken aback by the abrupt change in Tony's demeanor. He couldn't help but wonder if it was related to the phone call his uncle had received earlier.

As they left the house, he couldn't resist voicing his frustration, saying, "You lied to me!" She gave him a teasing glance and remarked, "Even after discovering my little fib, you still defended me. You're quite the handsome and honorable gentleman, Mr. Fernandez." Her compliment instantly melted his mock anger. "Ms. Quinn, why not just tell me the truth next time? Why bother lying? Were you afraid I wouldn't take your side?" "You're Lacey's cousin," Abigail said.

"Still, I'm a man of principles!" Ronaldo declared proudly, hand on his chest.

She chuckled. "That's true. How about you choose a place for supper? I'll treat you and your friends." 1/3 "No, no... Why should you treat us? That's not necessary!" He livened up at the mention of supper.

She had initially believed this trip would be a one-woman battle, but to her surprise, she found unexpected support both from an unidentified ally and from Ronaldo.

During supper, Ronaldo and his friends engaged in lively, humorous conversation, which helped Abigail relax and improve her mood. It was her first time being surrounded by such enthusiastic young individuals, and it felt rather enjoyable.

As they arrived back at the hotel that Ronaldo had arranged for her, her cheeks were slightly flushed from the alcohol. She said, "Thank you for your hospitality, and I assure you, I won't disappoint you in our collaboration." He waved his hand, saying, "Why talk about these things? You're our guest."

Rest well tonight, and tomorrow, we'll teach that errant cousin of mine a lesson!" "Get a good night's sleep, Ms. Quinn. We'll take you to other places in the city tomorrow. You'll have a great time!" Ronaldo's friends chimed in with enthusiasm.

Abigail nodded. "Alright." She closed the door, and Ronaldo and his friends left.

As they rode the elevator, one of Ronaldo's friends couldn't resist asking, "She's so beautiful, Ronaldo. Do you think you can win her over? It seems like a long shot." Ronaldo was startled. Then, he stomped on his friend's foot and exclaimed, "What are you thinking?! She's a genius designer who graduated from Pendorf Design Academy. How can I even think about dating her? Besides that, her exDo you know who her ex is?" "Who is it?" Ronaldo's friends crowded around, curious.

"It's Sean Graham from Pendorf! With an ex like that, do you think I even stand a chance?" Ronaldo rolled his eyes and pushed his friends away.

His friends fell silent.

A while later, one of them muttered, "I thought you were trying to pursue her." Ronaldo shot him a glance and scolded, "Shallow! Being nice to someone doesn't mean I'm trying to date them. I respect her. She's an artist. Do you understand what art is? I doubt you understand.

it at all!" His friends were mostly involved in various business ventures, and their focus was solely on making money. Art appreciation wasn't in their wheelhouse.

"An artist is... well... it's hard to put into words. You'll understand how amazing she is when you see the clothes she designs," Ronaldo confessed. He might not have been a connoisseur, but he 2/3 genuinely admired Abigail's work.

“I’ll check it out when I get home to see how remarkable her designs are.” The crowd jostled among themselves as they got out of the elevator.

After taking a shower, Abigail climbed into the bed. She hesitated for a while but ultimately decided not to send a message to Sean. She couldn’t be certain if he had made the call to Tony. If it weren’t Sean, she would seem presumptuous if she called him to inquire about it.

She could not help but think, Oh well... Let’s just pretend I don’t know anything.

Then, she tossed her phone aside and tried to sleep, but her mind remained restless. In the end, she picked up her phone again.

Just then, Sean texted her.

‘Did you go to Eastbay?’ ‘How did you find out so quickly? Did you get someone to spy on me?’ By now, Abigail was certain Sean had been the one who called Tony.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 320-Firm Denial No one else would have done it.

‘Nope. Cameron told me about it. He still treats you like you’re one of his bosses. Sean shifted all the blame onto the innocent Cameron.

Abigail bit her lip and responded to his text. Cameron takes such good care of me. I’ll get him a gift. Thank him for me.” The reply left Sean with a heavy heart.

Without receiving a response, she set her phone down. Her mind was now free of any lingering

concerns.

The next day, Abigail stayed in the hotel waiting for Tony’s call. She took the chance to discuss the promotional schedule for the designs for Freshie TV with Ronaldo.

“Do you think it’s enough only to release a promotional video in September?

Must we wait until December?” He expressed his desire for an earlier program release.

She reassured him, “Not to worry. I have a unique design to unveil, and I’ll handle the program’s promotion as well. Publicity won’t be an issue..

He looked at her silently for a moment before saying, "I haven't even seen the design yet. How will I know if it's good enough?" She responded, "You won't be able to see it. This design is part of a collaboration with a special industry, and I've signed a non-disclosure agreement." "Fine. It's only a few days till September. Even if I disagree, I can't do anything about it," Ronaldo said, although he had faith in Abigail's designs. There were always risks involved in creating a program, as many directors and production crews thought a show would be a massive success, only for it to turn into a failure, "Trust me. I won't let you down," she promised.

He was about to speak when there was a knock on the door. "I'll get it," Then, he leaped to his feet.

As soon as the door opened, Lacey huffed, "Do you think just because you came in person-Ronaldo? What are you doing here?" Ronaldo pulled her into the room while questioning, "Are you here to apologize or to start a fight?" He easily dragged her in before closing the door behind her.

"Apologize to Ms. Quinn!" He stood in front of the door and instructed with a rare display of sternness.

1/3 "Why should I apologize? I wasn't the one who sent those messages! Her haters did it!" Lacey crossed her arms and retorted haughtily. She had no intention of admitting her wrongdoings.

"Why are you lying when there's even an audio recording?" Ronaldo sounded noticeably angry.

Abigail sat on the couch and eyed Lacey indifferently. She suddenly realized there was more to Lacey than she let on.

"Aren't there a ton of platforms where you can use AI to change a person's voice? Some people. even got conned out of their money with AI-created videos of their friends and family! Why would I stoop so pick a fight with her?" Lacey staunchly defended herself with a slew of reasonable-sounding excuses.

"You're certain it wasn't you, correct?" Abigail asked.

Lacey rolled her eyes at Abigail. "Anthony is my fiance. Why would I pick a fight with you? Do you think I have nothing better to do? And you, what a joke you are to come and complain to

my parents when all you have is some texts and a fake audio recording. Are you even an adult?

Abigail nodded. "Since it's not you, that makes things easy. I'll file a police report. They can trace the numbers to see who did it. Since it's not you, I won't have to show any mercy. If they're students, I'll just have to make sure it becomes a part of their juvenile record. If they're already working, I'll make sure this leaves a mark on their careers. I won't let anyone get away with this." Once she finished speaking, she clearly spotted Lacey tremble..

"You're so petty, Ms. Quinn. You have so many haters. Are you going to catch them all?" Lacey stubbornly retorted.

"If they had limited their actions to posting scathing comments on Twitter or sending me private. messages, I might not have taken any action. However, my phone number has never been. disclosed. The fact th these online harassers could employ multiple phone numbers to insult me suggests that someone has breached my privacy. Such an intrusion demands a serious response." Abigail maintained her composure, wondering if Lacey truly believed she could outwit her. She held a strong conviction that Lacey, like many others on the internet, had a limited. understanding of the law. Lacey might have thought she could craft a flawless lie to evade consequences, but in reality, she was only digging a deeper hole for herself and her friends.

Ronaldo intervened, "Lacey, are you still going to lie about this? Ms. Quinn approached your parents to give you a chance. Don't let your parents suffer because of your actions." Lacey vehemently denied, "What do you mean I lied? I didn't lie!" He smiled at Abigail and proposed, "Why don't you allow me to delve into this further and explore the possibility of resolving it privately before considering a police report?" "Fine. Abigail agreed. She was willing to do this for his sake. It was evident to anyone with a 2/3 discerning eye that Lacey was being dishonest. If a police report were filed, those responsible for her actions would face consequences. Moreover, Lacey's parents were not ordinary individuals. If news of their daughter's actions spread online, it could tarnish their reputation and draw them. into the controversy.

Ronaldo dragged Lacey out of Abigail's room.

As they left the hotel, she wrestled free from his grip and seethed, "Has that two-faced bitch cast a spell on you? I knew she was a sly one! She keeps saying she and Anthony are nothing more than friends. These fake btches like to use the same excuse. In the end, they're just attention-seeking whores who rely on their looks!"

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

321-330

I Want a Divorce Chapter 321-A Medical Miracle!

Ronaldo listened as Lacey repeatedly called Abigail a b*tch, and he did not doubt that she posted that information anymore.

“Sean had got involved in this, and you can’t give her a hard time anymore. If you keep stirring things up, even your parents will be in trouble!” he retorted.

“Is she invincible? I’m speaking the truth. What do I have to fear? You don’t know that when she and Anthony attended the gathering, he was mocked as a two-faced person by his classmates. Why should I let it go?” Lacey glared at him, her face filled with resentment.

“But that’s Anthony’s problem. Why are you picking a fight with her?” Ronaldo immediately countered.

“Yes. It’s all my dear Anthony’s fault. Abigail is pure and innocent. Is that enough for you?” she said and then turned away.

“Apologize for this matter, claim it was your doing, and promise not to do it again. Then, it will be over.” He did not want to argue with her longer, as continuing the dispute was pointless.

“I didn’t do anything wrong, so why should I apologize? When they attended the gathering, Anthony and I had already developed mutual feelings. It was just that we didn’t reveal it! She acted like a b*tch at the gathering by making him defend her, and people called him two-faced. Why should I let her off?” Her expression was unusually fierce.

Ronaldo seemed to be seeing this side of her for the first time. After a moment, he said coldly, “Go home and talk to your parents. I don’t think Ms. Quinn is at fault in this matter. Besides, we weren’t present at the gathering, so why do you have the right to say she acted like a b*tch at the event? She has issues, but Anthony is faultless? Did you think he introduced me to her without a reason?” With that, he walked away without looking back.

Abigail received a call from Ronaldo and learned the real reason why Lacey resented her. It was all about the gathering. Anthony and Lacey had already developed an ambiguous relationship at that time.

“Do I need to go to your uncle’s house?” she asked Ronaldo.

“She’s unstable right now. Don’t come here for now. We’ll resolve this matter slowly. There’s no rush,” he said in his usual relaxed tone.

She could not help but ask, “Can you help me find out how she learned about the gathering and the ‘details’ of it?” Few were not up to something during that gathering, especially after Sean had scolded Jake.

1/3 “Okay.” After hanging up the phone, Abigail sighed softly. At that moment, Sean also called. “Hello?” Her tone was cold and indifferent.

“Are you still in Eastbay? What’s so difficult to resolve?” he inquired deliberately, wanting to know if she was having a hard time with this matter. If the Fernandez Family intentionally delayed her, he would come over in person.

“I’m just here for a vacation. What could happen?” she replied calmly.

After pondering, he spoke directly, “I know you’re there for Lacey’s matter. She went to your office to humiliate you, and now, she’s using covert means to make you go to Eastbay to resolve it with her family.” If you already know, why bother asking me? Abigail thought to herself that he could not hide his concerns.

“Listen, Abigail. I’ve realized that as long as I don’t spell things out, you can come up with all of excuses, so what’s going on? If you don’t tell me, I’ll come over myself.” Sean had lost all patience waiting in Pendorf. He could not bear having her in the same place as Ronaldo.

sorts “By what authority are you coming over?” she asked casually. She had noticed that Sean could not be easily swayed no matter what she said, as he would always get involved in her affairs and feel uncomfortable if he looked the other way.” “As your ex-husband,” he answered openly.

“Huh.” She sneered. “When we were married, I was no different than a widow.

Now that we're divorced, my deceased husband is putting on a medical miracle show and coming back to life!" "Abigail, don't be so sarcastic. It's already in the past," he said in a deep voice.

"Forget it. If you're saying it's in the past, then continue to be my 'deceased' husband and don't come back into my life," she retorted with cold words.

He hung up the phone directly. One more word from her, and he feared that she would give him. a heart attack. I was being kind. Fine! I'll stay out of it!

Meanwhile, Abigail put her phone down and let out a soft sigh. These men were all a bunch of troublemakers! As for Lacey's situation, she had not expected it to be so tricky to resolve. She had thought that finding Lacey's parents and reconciling with her would be simple, but it seemed she had underestimated her.

She spent the day designing at the hotel and waiting for Ronaldo's call. In the evening, she received a call from Anthony.

"I've learned about what Lacey did. I'm out of town right now, but I'll talk to her and ensure she 2/3 stops all this. I'm sorry, little junior. I didn't expect her to investigate our past and cause you so much trouble." He still carried an apologetic tone.

Upon listening to his words, Abigail felt a bit weary.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 322-Don't Disturb Her "Mr. Booker, I've never quite understood why things like this happened. I hate unnecessary troubles, and dealing with such issues is just a waste of my time.

Abigail's tone was no longer as polite as before. She was smiling, but there was deep helplessness and distress on her face.

Anthony suddenly felt guilty because of her words. "Little junior..." "Mr. Booker, I shouldn't be complaining to you, but your fiancée has indeed affected me. How do you think I should resolve this matter?" she continued.

"It's my responsibility to resolve it. Do you believe in me, little junior?" His voice held a hopeful tone.

“Mr. Booker, you and your fiancée have involved me in your relationship and caused me to be unjustly insulted. You must finish this, whether you have my trust or not. If I don’t believe in you, will that prevent you from resolving it?” she asked with a smile.

I’m very sorry-” s saying sorry enough? If I’d talked to you gently today, my troubles would’ve been endless. If possible, please block all my contact information. Her tone was mild, but her words left no room for negotiation.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Quinn.” Anthony apologized once again.

“Mr. Booker, I’ll always remember your help in the past, and I hope you remember that our relationship was mutually beneficial. I sincerely hope you can talk to your fiancée and stop bothering me. We shouldn’t contact each other in the future. I’m busy and don’t have time to deal with unnecessary troubles. She had no intention of making her words so resolute, but she knew that when it came to matters of the heart, she had to be firm to put an end to the issue.

After hanging up the phone, she sighed helplessly. Her feelings for Anthony were not that deep. especially after he introduced her to Ronaldo to help him achieve his cooperation with the Fernandez Family. Ever since then, their friendship was no longer pure.

Their already strained friendship had turned into the current situation after Lacey’s humiliation. They could not even face each other anymore.

Abigail blocked all of Anthony’s contact information and purchased a ticket to return to Pendorf. Tve already returned. Thank you for taking care of me these past few days. When you have the time, come to Pendorf as my guest, and I’ll be your tour guide. After sending this message, she put on her eye mask and leaned back to sleep on the plane.

When she turned on her phone upon returning to Pendorf, she received many messages from Ronaldo.

1/3 You’re not going to resolve my cousin’s matter anymore?’ ‘You’re leaving! You didn’t even let me see you off. You’re ungrateful!’ ‘Well, then. Have a safe journey.” She read the messages, put her phone away, and exited the airport.

If Anthony cherished their past relationship, he should resolve the trouble caused by Lacey himself.

In a distant place, Anthony considered blocking Abigail's contact information several times, but in the end, he gave up. He was well aware that even if he did not block her, she would do the same to him.

After a long contemplation, he called Lacey. Once the call connected, he heard her crying and saying, "Why? Are you gonna scold me like that b*tch did?" He clenched the phone so hard that his veins bulged. After a moment of silence, he clarified, "I wanted to cooperate with the Fer Family, but I don't necessarily have to do it with your family. Lacey, we Bookers are also a family of scholars, and it's difficult for me to marry someone with your level of manners. Do you understand what I mean?" "What do you mean?!" Her voice rose a few octaves.

"What I mean is that I need to reconsider our marriage. His tone was filled with helplessness.

"Anthony, are you doing this because of Abigail- "If I were, I would've been with her long ago. Do you think you'll have the chance to use these underhanded tactics behind my back?" His words carried the indulgence he had for Lacey, She choked and did not say anything.

"Lacey, a good relationship between a man and a woman doesn't necessarily lead to romance. In the world of business, interests take precedence over emotions. The fact that you and I met is also because I'm someone who pursues interests. Do you understand?" Anthony's tone was candid and unconcerned, as if he were discussing a very ordinary matter.

He used to pretend in front of Abigail due to his fondness for her during their university days, but with Lacey, he could not be bothered to do so. It was pointless.

Til talk to your parents about reconsidering our marriage," he said and was about to hang up the phone.

"Anthony... I was wrong. I'll apologize to her. I apologize. Please don't do this..." Lacey almost 2/3 immediately capitulated.

He remained silent.

"I know I was wrong..." she said, crying without care.

"If only you had maintained the way you were when I first met you, that would've been so much better. Why did you have to do those things?" Anthony's voice was filled with disappointment.

Lacey had successfully destroyed the superficial friendship between him and Abigail. Still, he did not want to lose her, no matter what.

“I know I was wrong. I’ll apologize to her-” “No need. She’s extremely hostile to us now. Please don’t bother her anymore.” He interrupted her. Though his tone was gentle, his face was expressionless.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 323-New Collaboration The next day, Abigail received a message from Ronaldo.

‘Anthony said he no longer has the face to apologize to you, so he entrusted me to tell Lacey won’t bother you anymore.’ ‘All right. I understand.

you that She felt that Anthony’s solution was indeed the most suitable for their current situation.

‘I also asked around and found out that my cousin misunderstood you because of someone named Jake, who contacted her and spoke ill of you.” Truthfully, Abigail was not surprised by this revelation. When Lacey and Anthony were in Pendorf, they frequented high-end establishments, which were limited in the city. Hence, people like Jake were commonly found in these places, making their chance encounters highly likely.

All right. I understand.

For her, Jake was like a rat in the gutter, and she did not want to waste her time dealing with such a person.

In early September, a game company with an excellent reputation released a preview video of their new game. They also announced an upcoming livestream in the evening, showcasing the company’s new game engine and its technical capabilities. What left gamers puzzled was that the game company had mentioned Abigail and L.Moon in a post.

As Abigail arrived at the event venue in the evening, she was escorted to the official backstage area for a brief rest.

The venue outside was bustling with excitement, not only attracting industry leaders and high-end professionals in the computer field but also longtime fans who supported the game company. Of course, some individuals knew nothing about the event but were drawn to the buzz.

She was not entirely sure about the details but had read explanations from experts on Instagram, learning that the new engine from Leap Gaming Technology was highly advanced. If it could deliver as promised, it would earn significant recognition in the field of network technology.

After sitting for a while, it was her turn to take the stage.

The technical director of Leap Gaming Technology, chubby and balding from years of research, introduced her with a smile. He looked cute when he smiled.

“This is our professional consultant, Miss Alana. She’s the costume consultant for Leap Gaming Technology’s new game. Our new game engine not only makes the system buttery smooth, but the costumes-which Miss Alana 1/3 will talk about later-are also the highlight! Please, take it away!” Abigail gave a slight bow to the camera and then took her seat before saying, “Good evening. everyone. I’m Alana, the costume consultant for Leap Gaming Technology’s new game. This is my first time in the gaming industry, so please forgive me if I don’t explain things perfectly.” Just as she finished her introduction, she noticed Sean sitting in the VIP area in the front and center. He was slightly leaning to the side in a relaxed and elegant posture. When has he developed an interest in the gaming industry? Her thoughts drifted momentarily, but she quickly refocused. She plugged her USB drive into the computer and began to present the design sketches on the large screen behind her.

“This is a dress inspired by a peacock overtone, with the main theme inspired by the sea and mermaids. It’s made from a thousand pearls and fine gauze, giving it an excellent sense of draping. This type of material is prone to clipping issues in the game. However, we’ll use this dress today to demonstrate that it won’t be a problem,” she explained while zooming in on the design details.

Excitement and discussions erupted in the live broadcast studio and among gamers.

‘Can Leap Gaming Technology’s new engine solve clipping issues? I find it hard to believe. Is this kind of technological capability even possible?’ ‘If they can eliminate clipping issues, Leap Gaming Technology will be legendary, right?’ ‘More than legendary... Keep in mind that this time: Leap Gaming Technology’s new game is multiplayer, and with this clothing technology, it’ll be highly competitive in the field of network. technology. It could even make history, right?’ Initially, netizens were skeptical. Even high-end experts in the field of network technology were somewhat hesitant. It was not until the technical director logged into the game and displayed Abigail’s design sketches on a character, converting them into an actual

dress without any clipping, that the entire venue erupted in astonishment. Furthermore, those who were knowledgeable in this field stood up directly.

The dress called 'Shark' was shown in close-up detail. One could see each layer of the light chiffon crystal clear, making it look incredibly realistic.

And there was even a display underwater!

This release event was the result of a joint effort between Leap Gaming Technology and Abigail. One party provided the strongest technical capabilities, and the other brought solid professional knowledge to the table.

"Unbelievable! I thought the dazzling clothing in games could never exist in real life. I never expected it would one day break through the dimensional wall and enter reality Leap Gaming Technology's technology is like a dream come true, but Alana's dress' design is 2/3 incredibly creative. I can't imagine another designer who could bring game material into the real world and even surpass its in-game representation. This is a genuinely bold design.

I'm more worried about the fact that Alana's designs are usually for celebrities or wealthy individuals. If we want to own her creations in the game, the game company must purchase the authorization for the dresses. Do you think Leap Gaming Technology's boss, known for being stingy, would be willing to do that?" The people watching the live stream were concerned that these showcased designs were just samples meant to demonstrate the technology. After all, many of Alana's designs were limited editions, making it unrealistic for every gamer to own one.

Sean watched Abigail chat about network technology on stage with the technical director and felt deeply moved

I Want a Divorce Chapter 324-4 Inexplicable Who could have imagined that Abigail would collaborate with network technology? Once Leap Gaming Technology's technology could run smoothly, it could be applied to various industries, and Abigail's reputation would also rise with this technology's success.

Her vision in her career was indeed impressive.

After the event ended, a group of people surrounded Leap Gaming Technology's technical director.

Abigail was about to leave when Sean stopped her. "How did you come up with the idea of collaborating with the gaming industry?"

To be honest, he felt quite surprised. In his opinion, clothing design was full of artistic elements and focused more on craftsmanship. Collaborating with the gaming industry was quite a leap, daring even. Then, he wondered if she was concerned about potential technical issues that could damage her reputation.

"Supporting the technology development in various industries in our country is a meaningful thing. Although it's for gaming right now, it can be applied in many other areas in the future. Who knows, when this technology matures, it might achieve true virtual dressing," she replied.

He nodded lightly. "Your aspirations are quite ambitious." "What about you? Why did you come today?" she asked curiously. She was in a good mood, finding him much more likable today.

"I heard that you have a collaboration, so I came to see what incredible technology it is," he replied in a low voice..

"I don't understand it, but based on the comments from internet users, it seems like it's Nobel Prize-worthy, Abigail said somewhat exaggeratingly.

"The technology is indeed impressive. In the 3D gaming industry, addressing clipping issues between game characters and their clothing is quite challenging.

Some game companies adjust the physical trajectories of characters and clothing to avoid excessive overlap in their movements His words were cut off as he noticed Abigail looking intently at him.

"What?" he asked instinctively.

"You seem to know much more about this than I do," she said and started walking out.

"I looked at some information before coming. He followed her.

1/3 She had initially wanted him to share more knowledge in this regard. However, as soon as they stepped out, they were immediately surrounded by a swarm of reporters. She retreated a couple of steps and inadvertently bumped into Sean, who immediately reached out to hold her waist. before positioning himself in front of her.

“Miss Alana, can we ask you a few questions?” The leading journalist in front shouted excitedly, Miss Alana, please answer some questions!” “Miss Alana...” The reporters were all shouting. Sean’s ears buzzed due to the cacophony of voices.

Cameron, who had managed to squeeze into the crowd, pushed back the microphones held close to Sean, then declared loudly, “Please step back to avoid any stampedes!” The journalists obediently took several steps back upon seeing Cameron’s stern expression.

It was only then that Abigail peeked out from behind Sean and asked, “What do you want to ask?” “How did you come up with the idea of collaborating with the gaming industry?

The Shark dress design is perfect. Isn’t it a waste to use it as an experiment for gaming technology?” one of the journalists asked.

“Supporting the technology development in various industries is a meaningful endeavor. So, I don’t consider it a waste to design this dress for the game. I am honored to be part of the creative process for Leap Gaming Technology’s new game. If players like the dresses I design, I’d be even more honored,” Abigail answered the journalist’s questions candidly.

Sean stood by her side, always in a protective posture..

“Will Leap Gaming Technology buy the copyright for this dress? Once it’s in the game, it will no longer be precious because of its abundant quantity. Don’t you find it regrettable?” another journalist inquired.

She smiled at the journalist and said, “No. Leap Gaming Technology has already purchased the copyright. So, when the time comes, players can own it if they want. Besides, I don’t think that limited quantity necessarily equals preciousness. What makes something precious is the love it receives from everyone.” “Is this dress made of Tahitian pearls? It looks a little different in color, so I’m curious about the type of pearls used.” She found this question somewhat perplexing and wondered if this journalist was hired by Ronaldo.

“These aren’t Tahitian pearls; they’re cultivated from Eastbay-domestically grown peacock overtone. If you’re interested, you can visit the game’s official website for a detailed description of 2/3 this dress, the source of the pearls, and the craftsmanship of the fine gauze,” Abigail said.

Sean observed her and realized that her unique way of promoting the pearls was indeed special. Instead of using high-profile celebrities and renowned figures, she chose to

collaborate with a game... After the interviews were over, Abigail got into the car with him amidst the attention of everyone. Once the car door closed, she let out a sigh of relief unconsciously.

"Your relationship rumors will probably trend on social media again." Cameron remarked suddenly.

Sean had just sat down when he heard Cameron's words and immediately looked at Abigail, who glanced at him and asked, "Why are you looking at me?" He quickly averted his gaze. "Let the shippers ship. Isn't that what you said?" "It's different this time. Shippers keep to themselves. Today's situation is different," she said while furrowing her brows.

The video of Sean blocking journalists for her would certainly circulate online. In this situation, words alone would not be enough to explain everything.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 325-Rising Step by Step Not to mention, with the current buzz surrounding Leap Gaming Technology, the popularity of their pairing would only continue to rise. As a result, Abigail was worried that if Lina were to see it, she might come over to scold her again.

After a moment of silence, Sean spoke, "If you think this will get troubling, I can inform the media in advance to minimize the impact." He had only intended to suggest it casually, but surprisingly, she agreed. "All right." She felt that his plan was quite reasonable.

At that, he did not say anything more. He knew he should remain silent as he regretted letting those words slip out. However, that feeling only lasted briefly because it was worth it to him to have done something that made her happy.

Sean dropped Abigail off at her home. After she got out of the car, he instructed Cameron reluctantly, "Tell the media to downplay the fact that my wife and I were at the venue together tonight. Also, ask the prominent bloggers and marketing accounts to refrain from exploiting the situation." "Yes," Cameron responded immediately, even though he could sense his boss' reluctance. His car lingered downstairs for a moment before finally driving away.

Abigail watched him leave from the French windows and then prepared to head back to her room. Just then, her phone rang. She saw that it was Ronaldo calling and answered the call.

"You are a real genius! You're actually collaborating with Leap Gaming Technology! What a surprise!" His voice was full of excitement.

“Do you think this collaboration suits your tastes, Mr. Fernandez?” she asked with a smile.

His voice remained enthusiastic as he responded, “Of course, I’m satisfied!

People have already inquired whether our pearl workshop has any pearls for sale since the announcement. The publicity has been excellent.” “That’s good. Leap’s promotion of your pearls may not be as effective as hiring a top celebrity for endorsement, but breakthroughs in industry promotion can lead to unexpected gains,” she explained.

“I wholeheartedly support your decision because I’m a long-time fan of Leap as well. Though, even if they hadn’t promoted our pearls, I’d still be supportive. You know, technological breakthroughs in the gaming industry are incredibly challenging. You’re doing a great service to the gaming community,” he said as he was filled with joy.

Many of Leap Gaming Technology’s fans were in their thirties and forties, and their games held at 1/3 special place in their hearts and carried their youthful memories.

Abigail’s decision to collaborate with Leap’s boss was motivated by the fact that he had told her the best gift they could offer to the players was to continuously push the boundaries of technology in the name of sentiment, allowing this generation of players who regarded their games as a source of spiritual nourishment to experience the ultimate enjoyment and happiness. in the game.

The most sincerity a service provider could present was to complete their tasks effectively and ensure that customers were as satisfied as possible.

“I haven’t done much; I just contributed a design sketch for a dress,” Abigail said modestly.

“Your design sketch is invaluable. Not every famous designer is willing to lower themselves by offering their creations to the gaming industry,” he remarked sincerely.

She smiled and replied, “It’s getting late, and I need to rest.” “All right!” His voice filled with delight, and she could tell he was genuinely fond of the news.

The next day, the collaboration between Leap and L.Moon became a hot topic on various platforms. But what stood out the most were the gaming fans, who were incredibly excited.

Abigail arrived at the company in the morning and had barely taken her seat when her assistant approached her. “There’s a new client this morning who wants to talk to you

personally. I haven't shared your phone number with him yet." "I'll make the call myself," Abigail said.

The assistant quickly provided Abigail with the client's phone number. It was indeed a new one.

Abigail called the number using the company's phone and waited until the person on the other end answered. "Hello, may I speak to Miss Alana from L.Moon?" a courteous male voice asked.

"Yes, speaking," she replied in a gentle tone.

"Hi, you can call me Mr. Copper. I'd like to inquire about the dress you designed.

Is the design sketch available? Has anyone ordered the dress yet?

Abigail responded, "Not yet. It was exhibited for the first time last night. Mr.

Copper, do you have an interest in it?" "Yes. I'd like to purchase it for my girlfriend. The price is not a concern. We're planning to get engaged by the end of the year, and I hope she'll wear this dress you designed on that special. occasion." Damon Copper's voice filled with anticipation.

"The price of this dress will be on the higher side mainly because the one thousand peacock overtone used are quite valuable. It is similar in price to imported Tahitian pearls," she explained.

2/3 The design sketch of this dress had been licensed to Leap, but she intended to produce it in her studio and display it as a showcase piece. Even if they suggested selling the dress, she knew it would not be cost-effective for her to sell it at a low price. On the other hand, selling it at a high price might make buyers feel uncomfortable.

"The price is not an issue," Damon responded warmly. "I met my fiancée through a game created by Leap ten years ago. At that time, it was a 2D pixel game without the features of today's games, such as a love destiny system. Yet, we managed to maintain our relationship for three years in that game. Later, Leap released an online game with another love destiny system, and we continued. participating in love destiny events for seven years without interruption."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 326-A Good Deed When Abigail heard his story, she felt a tinge of envy secretly. She admired the girl whom Damon held in his heart. After all, it was quite rare for a couple to endure a ten-year-long relationship and finally come together..“What happened next, then?” she asked gently.He hesitated briefly and then spoke somewhat bashfully, “We continue to love each other in the new game, but we are also considering getting married. I like this dress, and I know she likes it too. She told me last night that she wants to buy the dress you designed when the game goes online, but I want to surprise her.” After hearing his story, she smiled faintly and asked, “All right. The price of this dress is 132 thousand. Is that okay for you?” She had licensed the dress to the game and only received 30 thousand. If she had sold it to a celebrity, it would have had an extra zero on the price Damon was offered, but she was willing to do a good deed. In other words, she would not make any profit from this sale.“Yes, perfect.” Damon sounded pleasantly surprised.“Alright. When you have time, please come over for contract signing. The deposit is 42 thousand, and there will be no refunds if you change your mind,” she said sternly.“All right.” He agreed without hesitation.After hanging up the phone, she noticed her assistant looking at her with a shocked expression. She asked, “What’s wrong?” “Only 132 thousand? Isn’t that a huge loss? It’s like giving away the dress for free,” the assistant uttered in disbelief.“Just consider it a charitable act with the dress,” Abigail replied.It was not that she blindly believed Damon but because Leap Gaming Technology’s boss had mentioned the story. During the discussion on cooperation, he brought up everything that could impress her. At that time, she had not paid much attention to it but remembered the couple that had completed the love destiny quest in the game for seven years. Leap’s boss had used that to prove the depth of their game.story Unexpectedly, this person came to talk to her today, “Ah... This collaboration with Leap is a big loss,” the assistant said, clutching her chest in agony.Abigail smiled and did not say more. By noon, she surprisingly received a call from Capitalis. She had some reservations about taking calls from that city, but given the context of potential 1/3 collaborations, she decided to answer.“Hello, Ms. Quinn. I am Josh’s mother. You can call me Madam Harper.” The person on the phone. got straight to the point.“Hello, Madam Harper,” Abigail replied calmly.Scarlett Harper hesitated briefly, then suddenly asked, “I’m calling to ask about the gown you showcased last night. Has it been reserved already?” “Yes, it has. Are you also interested in it, Madam Harper?” Abigail was certain it was Kelly who wanted it.“Yes. This gown would be perfect for my daughter to wear at the banquet. Can you tell me how much the other party reserved it for? I’m willing to offer double the price to see if you’d consider selling it to me,” Scarlett said, her tone gentle as she negotiated with Abigail.“Integrity matters in business. If I wanted a higher price, I wouldn’t sell it so quickly. Madam Harper, you should consider having another designer make a custom gown for your daughter. Abigail apologized sincerely.She did not have any negative feelings toward Josh’s mother, but that did not stop her from disliking Kelly because she had no intention of selling the dress to her.“Ms. Quinn,

I'm willing to offer 2.25 million, Please think it over, Scarlett said, then hung up the phone. Truthfully, Abigail did not care how much she was willing to pay. As she was selecting fabrics in the afternoon, her office door sounded with knocks. "Come in." She put away the fabric samples in her hand and looked toward the door. Then, a young man emerged in a well-fitted suit. He was about 6 feet tall, and though not very handsome, he was still quite eye-catching among ordinary people. "Mr. Copper?" Abigail stood up, her tone certain. "You're on point, Ms. Quinn." Damon walked over to her and politely said, "Actually, I was quite surprised by the price you offered. I know your highest priced garment is Lexie's gown, which costs millions." "This gown is licensed to the game, so it wouldn't be fair to sell it at a higher price. We also need to consider the issue of identical designs within the game," she replied. The two sat down on the couch, where she handed him a bottle of water. The assistant placed the contract on the coffee table, after which Abigail slid it over to Damon. "Take a look at the contract. If there are no issues, please sign it. I'll be heading out in a bit." 2/3 She needed to buy fabric and start working on the gown. "Sure." He nodded. He picked up the contract, carefully read through it, and then took out a pen he had with him to sign his name. His handwriting was elegant. "If you wish to surprise her, I won't be able to take her measurements. I hope you can provide that later. Here, I'll give you a form to fill out," she said with a smile. He nodded, then handed her a business card. Reaching out to take it, she was momentarily stunned when she looked at the content. Citizen of Capitalis, president of Copper Corporation...

I Want a Divorce Chapter 327-Turns Out He's a Big Shot Copper Corporation had quite a reputation in Capitalis. Besides owning several five-star hotels, he also had a stake in various movie theaters in the area.

Abigail had intentionally lowered the gown's price because she was worried he could not afford it. Now, this was awkward. L..Moon turned out to be the poor one!

"Ms. Quinn, if you ever need help with your business in the future, be sure to reach out to me." Damon offered, finding her expression quite interesting. When he said this, he could not help but curl the corners of his lips.

She nodded. "I'll be grateful if you could look out for my business, Mr. Copper."

"Ms. Quinn, you're too polite. You have a kind heart; it's not a trait commonly found in businesspeople. It surprised me, he commented with a smile.

How could he not tell that she valued his love for his fiancée?

“Well, it’s only because the licensing rights would go to the game after I sold the garment. It wouldn’t be right to ask for a higher price now.” She continued to hold her ground.

“Didn’t a thousand pearls with peacock overtone cost a fair amount?” he asked.

He asked the boss at Leap Gaming Technology and knew that Abigail had only sold the licensing rights for 30 thousand, which was a real bargain.

“It’s not a lot. I made a little profit from these clothes. Consider it my hardearned money. Abigail explained, “Moreover, it’ll continue to bring in income in the future, so it’s not a big loss.” Damon nodded, and when he got up, he bowed deeply to her. “Thank you, Miss Alana.” She was a bit surprised. “You don’t have to do this..

After he left, Abigail held his business card and could not help but smile. She had thought he was just an ordinary gamer, but he turned out to be a big shot.

This was not coincidental, of course, for only people with money would have the courage to have clothes customized by her.

Come to think of it, if he did not have money, how would he dare to call her and order a gown from her?

As she was about to finish work, she received a call from Scarlett. “Did you sell the gown to the young master of the Copper Family?” she asked.

Abigail could not help but think that Scarlett was well-informed, but then again, Damon had quite a reputation in Capitalis, so it was normal for the Pearsons to know about the engagement.

1/3 “Is something the matter?” She neither confirmed nor denied it.

“You sold it to the wrong person. Mr. Copper is indeed getting married, but his family doesn’t approve of his relationship with his girlfriend, and he didn’t pay you much. Scarlett spoke gently. “Your design is amazing, and pearls with peacock overtone aren’t cheap.

You wouldn’t want to sell it for a low price, would you?” “Madam Harper, other’s private matters are out of my control. I’m just doing business with him. He’s already paid a deposit, and the deal is done. It wouldn’t be polite for you to interfere.” Abigail did not want to engage with her.

"I'm considering your best interests. Eric was attracted to you, which means you're an exceptional person. Moreover, Josh still cares about you, which further proves your good character. I quite like you, so I don't want to see you lose out," Scarlett softly explained.

"You're wrong. Whether I'm an exceptional person or not has nothing to do with who is attracted to me or who cares about me. I am exceptional on my merit," Abigail retorted.

She disliked Scarlett's statement. Was she only exceptional because someone liked her? Was she merely an appendage to someone else?

"I'm sorry." Scarlett realized that she had misspoken and immediately apologized.

"I've already sold the gown. Please don't call me again." Abigail then hung up.

As she left L.Moon, she saw Sean's car parked not far away. Unknowingly, she put on a frown.

The man was leaning against the car. When he saw her coming out, he straightened up.

"Are you looking for me?" Abigail approached him, her tone calm.

"Yes. Are you planning to sell the gown to Damon Copper's girlfriend?" She looked calmly at him without answering the question.

"His father called me. He probably knows I have a good relationship with you, so he asked me to persuade you not to go through with the deal," Sean explained.

"Is ordering a gown a crime now? Why are so many people getting involved?" Abigail stated indifferently before she walked to her car.

He followed her and continued in a serious tone, "Damon and his girlfriend met online, and she's probably not favored by his parents. They strongly oppose their relationship. It's not good for you to get involved." Sean tried to persuade her because he knew Copper Corporation was not a force to mess with. Getting on their bad side could lead to trouble.

2/3 Abigail turned to look at him, her gaze cold. "He's already paid the deposit and signed the contract. I can't back out now. Damon's parents should understand that I'm a businesswoman, right?" He sighed helplessly. "If you insist on selling it, they'll have to understand." Cameron understood what Sean meant. Even if they did not understand, Sean would make sure they did.

"If I go back on my word, how can I do business with people in the future?" She knew Sean did not want her to get involved, but the contract had already been signed. If they're so against it, why didn't they call me earlier?

"It's okay. I'll talk to his parents." He approached and patted her shoulder to reassure her.

She turned away, her expression indifferent. "Let his parents talk to me in person. As for you, don't touch me. We're not that close."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 328-No Backing Out!

Sean withdrew his hand. He looked at Abigail and said, "I'll inform his parents and have them contact you personally." She nodded and looked at the man. "If it's something related to me, you can just call me directly. You don't need to come here just to inform me." "If I didn't come in person, they might think they can bully you. I won't allow anyone to do that to you," he replied calmly as if it was something quite ordinary.

She chuckled. "You won't allow it?"

Her words had a hidden meaning, and he could sense what she had not said. In Abigail's view, he had no right to say whether he allowed it. He was not someone special to her, so why should he have a say?

Sean sighed helplessly. "I'm doing this of my own accord." He did not want to dwell on the matter with Abigail any longer. After explaining, he planned to leave. Initially, he had intended to invite her to have dinner, but it surely would not happen.

As he sat in the car and smoked, Cameron frequently watched him through the rearview mirror. "What are you looking at?" Sean questioned with a cigarette in hand, his tone not very pleasant. Cameron looked away. "I was looking at the car behind us, sir." Sean's lips curled into a somewhat chilly smile, "You're not being honest, Cameron." "I am..." Cameron muttered.

"You're lying to my face." Sean pressed on, pondering whether he had been too lenient lately that. Cameron dared to lie to him.

"Mr. Graham, I think you should just tell Mrs. Graham directly that you want to pursue her. You not expecting anything in return and saying you're doing this on your own accord won't earn her gratitude," Cameron murmured.

Sean squinted at those words. The smoke made his expression somewhat unclear. "You don't know her," he stated calmly.

Once Abigail stopped loving someone, her heart would turn into solid concrete.

To get her to open up and take her heart out from behind the sturdy concrete layer, he had to do it slowly without pressuring her.

Cameron fell silent then. He could feel Sean's perplexed emotions. Even he had to admit that 1/3 1 Abigail was like a porcupine now, making it impossible for Sean to approach her in any way.

Abigail was in front of her computer when she received a call from Damon. She answered without speaking, and he was the first to pipe up. "Miss Alana, I'm sorry... Did my father contact you?" "Not yet," she replied curtly.

He hesitated briefly before speaking softly, "I initially wanted to keep it a secret, but it got discovered so quickly. Don't worry, I won't shortchange you on the money. I know many people want this gown, but please, you have to save it for me." "I'm a legitimate businesswoman. Once a contract is signed, I won't renege on it," she replied. calmly.

Damon hesitated before asking quietly, "Can I still get this gown? I want to surprise her, even if it means spending all my savings. I used my business card to deceive you, but all I want is to secure. this dress." "Once a contract is signed, everything is set in stone. I'd have to pay a substantial penalty if I breach the contract, so I won't engage in a losing deal. As long as you insist on it, this deal will be completed, Abigail replied with a confident tone, showing no signs of worry.

His tone was filled with gratitude as he uttered, "Thank you. I'll come to collect the dress at the end of the year." After Abigail hung up the phone, she let out a sigh of relief. Since Ronaldo had referred to her as an artist, it was reasonable for an artist to have a somewhat eccentric personality. As long as Damon wanted the dress, she would not go back on her word.

Not long after, she received a text message. Miss Alana, I'm Damon Copper's mother. I'd like to know if it's convenient for us to talk. This is my number:

Abigail saw the unfamiliar string of numbers and decided to engage with her.

'I apologize for the intrusion. You probably know the reason I'm messaging you.

What Damon did was unscrupulous, and he has put you in a difficult position. As his mother, I'm truly sorry. However, no matter what, I hope you can refuse to sell the dress to him. I'm willing to compensate you three times the amount, no matter how much.

Integrity is more important to me than money. Perhaps to you, not selling a dress is a mere inconvenience that would result in significant compensation. But from a long-term perspective, can you persuade yourself to act inconsistently in your work, Mrs. Copper?" "So, are you determined to sell the dress to Damon?

2/3 'Once a contract is signed and a deal is reached, there will be no reneging.

The other party did not reply to Abigail after that, and she thought that the matter had come to an end. However, the next morning, she realized the atmosphere was tense when she arrived at her studio.

When her assistant saw her, she immediately approached her and whispered, "You didn't read the message I sent you. Miss Smith wanted you to stay out of the office today." "What's going on?" Abigail asked in a hushed voice.

"Someone anonymously made a tip-off about us having tax issues, and there's an ongoing investigation," the assistant whispered.

Abigail did not say anything but went directly into her office. Inside, Luna sighed helplessly when she saw her.

Neither of them spoke, and the tax investigation continued. Fortunately, after their encounter with Chad's threats, they had conducted a self-audit.

previous Abigail did not even have to think about it to know who was behind this..

I Want a Divorce Chapter 329-9 You're Quite the Troublemaker In fact, even if they found issues with the taxes, they could simply make the payments to rectify the situation, and it would not have a significant impact.

However, it was clear that someone was using this as a warning.

After a day of tax inspection, the company's accounts, from its establishment to the present, were reviewed once again. Once the tax authorities left, Abigail and Luna decided to have a barbecue. Abigail mentioned the possibility of someone orchestrating the tax inspection, but Luna did not pay much attention to it.

“You seem like a quirky artist now. I thought this pearl gown would sell for millions, but it only fetched a total of 132 thousand,” Luna teased with a smile.

“If Damon’s situation is genuine, I must sell it to him,” Abigail said.

Luna raised an eyebrow and looked at her. “Why? I’m curious about the reason.” Abigail remained silent for a while before uttering. A priceless treasure is easily sought, but a true lover is hard to find.” “Let me investigate the authenticity of this matter. It’ll be fun to follow their story and see if they’ll end up together.” Luna cheered, unable to resist her curiosity.

She took out her phone and began searching for information about Damon.” In reality, she understood that this kind of love story would make anyone envious. Especially someone like Abigail, who had experienced romantic setbacks. Even though she had moved on, who would not want to be loved unconditionally by the person they liked?

As Abigail added ingredients to the grill, Luna suddenly exclaimed, “I found it!” Sitting next to her, Abigail quickly leaned over to look at her phone.

Damon and his fiancée were the only couple to receive the 7th-anniversary gift in a game developed by Leap. He and his fiancée’s in-game characters had statues in front of the game’s Matchmaking Shrine.

But what players found fascinating was that Damon was a wealthy heir, and the clothing and equipment on his in-game character were worth millions. His fiancée, on the other hand, was an ordinary person with an in-game character who had worn an outfit worth less than 300 for more than seven years.

“Isn’t this like the game version of Cinderella meeting her prince?” Luna smilingly asked Abigail.

“I guess this lady must be an interesting person. Why else would Damon give up everything to marry her?” Abigail laughed.

1/3 The two of them began discussing their love story.

Meanwhile, Sean and Kevin were at the bar discussing the business involving Abigail.

“These thousand pearls with peacock overtones have certainly had a turbulent fate... First, they were openly stolen, and now, they’re caught up in a dispute as they’re about to be turned

into clothing. I can't understand why Ms. Quinn would sell this excellent outfit so cheaply to Damon," Kevin expressed his doubts.

He had privately inquired and found out that Abigail had sold this outfit for only 132 thousand, which seemed like a big loss.

Sean set down his drink and looked at Kevin. Is there anything special about the relationship between Damon and his fiancée?" Of course, two grown men would not understand; women had a different perspective when it came to relationships.

Kevin pondered before suggesting, "Maybe online relationships feel more special?" "Abigail isn't that naive; aren't online relationships and real-life love essentially the same? Maybe it's because they've been in love for ten years, which makes it seem particularly precious." Sean.

propped up his chin and zed it seriously.

"But many people stay married for a lifetime. Isn't that more precious?" Kevin asked in return and took a sip of his drink.

Sean had been thinking about this question ever since he learned that L.Moon had been reported for tax issues by Copper Corporation today.

Why would Abigail sell to Damon despite all the pressure? And at such a low price! She made almost no profit after deducting the costs. Also, she put a lot of effort into making the dress.

"Ms. Quinn is becoming more and more like an artist; her eccentric behavior makes us ordinary folks unable to figure her out. She sold a thousand pearls at a bargain." Kevin sighed and shook his head, looking puzzled.

After all, this outfit had brought her a lot of popularity in the gaming world. If she were to announce that she sold it for only 132 thousand, the industry would probably be shocked.

It made more sense to sell at the highest price while the demand was high, plus this deal brought her more risk than anything.

Lost in thought, Sean ran his fingers along the edge of his glass. Indeed, he was finding it increasingly difficult to understand Abigail. She kept talking about integrity, but what was more worrying was the 132 thousand exchange seemed more likely to put L.Moon at risk.

2/3 He did not believe she failed to understand this, but she seemed to persist in doing things her way.

Kevin drank for a while before suddenly asking, "Maybe... She, too, wants this kind of love?" Sean immediately lifted his head and looked at him.

"You're quite the troublemaker." Kevin suddenly pointed at him.

"Make it clear, or you won't leave here sober," Sean warned, his face stern.

When it came to the idea that Abigail might yearn for love, his demeanor changed.

Look at how anxious you are, Kevin thought before he smiled mischievously and continued, "In this world, genuine emotions are priceless. What do you think?" Sean pursed his lips and did not speak. He seemed to understand now.

"Ms. Quinn values sentiment a lot, Kevin added with a teasing smile, his expression becoming more meaningful.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 330-Meeting in Person Sean took a sip of his drink. "Are you suggesting that Abigail wants to protect the love between him and his fiancée?" His voice was tinged with melancholy.

Kevin nodded. "She's been hurt too much because of you, and she may no longer believe in love. You shattered her illusions of a beautiful romance. But in this world, there's a couple who are willing to overcome all obstacles to be together. It has touched her." Sean tightened his grip on the glass.

"Any kind-hearted woman would want to protect a beautiful love, right?" Kevin remarked emotionally.

"Then, I should stand by her side," Sean said.

"You can, but she believes in someone else's love, not yours. You need to face reality," Kevin advised, his words unusually heartfelt.

Sean did not say anything. He had faced reality, but he was unwilling to accept it.

Since Abigail still had aspirations for love, he would not be content to let his relationship with her end like this. After finishing his drink, he got up and left.

“Hey... You can’t leave...” Kevin, who had not had enough to drink, raised his glass behind Sean and expressed his dissatisfaction.

Sean had walked a few steps before he returned, grabbed Kevin’s collar, and pulled him out of the bar. “You can’t stay here either. I don’t want to clean up your “ss if you do something foolish.” “That won’t do. I’m not gay; you can’t- “Kevin, be careful with what you say, or you might end up dead and ignored in this bar tonight,” Sean warned him.

Kevin quickly covered his mouth. However, there was a mischievous, flirtatious look in his narrowed almond eyes.

“You should just give up on this dress, Kelly. I’ll find a better designer to create a new one for you.” After dinner, Kelly was watching TV with Scarlett when she heard her mother gently suggest this. She looked disappointed and could not help but ask, “Is it because she doesn’t like me? Is that why?” “No, it’s not that. She has a contract with someone else. Besides, putting pressure on her won’t 1/3 work. The Copper Family has spoken, and it seems that Sean is getting involved behind the scenes. They’re determined to make this deal happen,” Scarlett explained as she stroked Kelly’s hair, her eyes filled with maternal affection.

“I’m afraid she might dislike me. It’s okay; you can ask her to design something new for me. I love her designs. If she’s still concerned because of what Uncle Vincent did, I can go to Pendorf to explain to her,” Kelly suggested, looking at Scarlett with a sweet expression.

Scarlett appeared somewhat conflicted; she did not want Kelly to have contact with Abigail.

It was true that there had been some animosity between her and Kelly because of Vincent’s actions, but it was not her fault. On the other hand, Abigail had mocked her on social media without any apology. And now, Kelly had to go to Pendorf to apologize in person if she wanted a dress. That’s way too demanding of Abigail!

“Do you like her designs that much?” Scarlett asked.

Kelly nodded, grasping her mother’s hand and moving closer. She looked excited as she blurted out. “Her designs are amazing; each one is unique. If I go to Pendorf to talk to her face to face, it will surely prevent any misunderstandings. Mom, please let me go.” Scarlett smiled indulgently and resignedly. “Alright, I’ll have your brother go with you. He has some connections with her, and he’s done a favor for her grandmother. He should be able to make it happen. After all, her daughter had just returned, and she wanted to fulfill this small wish of hers.

Once Scarlett left Kelly's room, the latter's obedient expression turned into one of disdain. "Oh, Abigail, we'll meet soon," she hissed in a sly, low voice.

In the meantime, Scarlett informed Josh of Kelly's decision. He furrowed his brow upon hearing it. "With so many designers out there, why must she pick Abigail? Pick someone else." "She likes her designs. This dress was taken from her, which already upset her.

Letting Abigail design another one won't be an issue, will it?" Scarlett thought Josh was being too protective of Abigail.

After all, Abigail had only had her identity mistaken for a while, and it had led Josh to be overly fond of her. Still, his feelings for her had to be gone by now.

"Don't forget what Uncle Vincent did to her. If we still feel guilty, we shouldn't have any contact with her. Besides, Sean said the Pearsons should avoid her.

Uncle Vincent is still under investigation, and if we provoke her and anger Sean, he might turn the whole family upside down, he replied before getting back to his work.

"Josh, it's just a dress. Is it necessary to make it so serious? Plus, it was Vincent's mistake. What does it have to do with Kelly?" She felt that he was overreacting.

That also indirectly showed that Abigail was petty! As the victim, Kelly had to apologize to Abigail, 2/3 while Abigail clung to the mistakes made by others and treated Kelly as an enemy! "We all share the same surname, so yes, it has everything to do with Kelly," he replied.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

331-340

I Want a Divorce Chapter 331-Don't Force Her Why provoke Abigail when they could maintain their current peaceful coexistence?

"Josh, you saved her grandmother's life. I'm asking you now-can you help fulfill Kelly's wish?" Scarlett's expression carried a hint of annoyance.

He also looked at her with a slightly disgruntled expression. "I can't do that. Who Abigail decides to design for is her choice. We can't morally pressure her into doing something." "I know that Abigail still holds a grudge against our family because of Vincent's actions, but if you take Kelly to Pendorf and explain things to Abigail properly, it

should be enough. You don't know how much Kelly loves her designs.

Moreover, this was just a misunderstanding, and if they could clear it up, they could become great friends," she continued to persuade Josh.

His eyebrows tightly furrowed, and he did not immediately refute her. In reality, he would be happy if Abigail could get along with Kelly.

"Why don't you call and ask her first? If she doesn't want to, you can say so." Her tone softened.

"Alright, I'll call." He finally gave in and decided to try asking her first. He thought that if his mother made an offer, it would likely be an attractive one that Abigail might accept.

With that in mind, Josh, feeling the pressure of his mother's gaze, placed a call to Abigail. When the call was answered, he spoke gently, "Is it too late to call?"

"Did I disturb you?" "It's okay," she replied in her usual reserved tone.

"My mom has talked to you before, and it's about Kelly wanting a dress for an event. She likes your designs-" Before he could finish, she coldly interrupted him, Mr. Pearson, I don't have the time. I'll be busy working on the gowns and have no time to design. There are so many renowned designers in the country and abroad; I'm sure the Pearson Family can hire someone else. Why do you have to bother me?" Josh had expected this would be the result, so he awkwardly touched his nose.

However, before he could say anything, his phone was taken away by his mother.

"It's Josh and Kelly's mother speaking. Ms. Quinn, the misunderstanding between Kelly and you is due to Josh's uncle; Kelly is also a victim. If you mind, she's willing to apologize to you. Our family is also willing to double your previous offer." Scarlett genuinely wanted to fulfill Kelly's wish.

Seeing Kelly look so disappointed tugged at her heart. She believed that the Pearson Family could get anything they wanted. Since they were just talking about a dress, she was sure that Abigail would agree, as long as they showed enough sincerity.

1/2 After a brief pause, Abigail replied, "I don't have the time. I can't split myself in half, can I?" "Ms. Quinn, you and your grandmother do owe Josh. Are you going to embarrass us like this?" Scarlett's voice turned colder, clearly applying pressure.

"If you put it that way, how have the Pearson Family treated me behind my back?" Abigail questioned indifferently.

"Regarding Vincent's actions, we're also deeply upset. However, Kelly and us are innocent victims. as well. He implicated us and didn't protect him from the way Sean is treating him now, did we? Shouldn't granting your request be enough to show our respect?" Scarlett argued.

Josh took his phone back, frowned at her, and said to Abigail, "I'm sorry, my mother is a bit worked up. Please don't be upset." Abigail took a deep breath. "Mr. Pearson, I have a lot of orders to complete, and I hope your family won't add to my workload. If you want me to repay a favor, ask for something else. I promise I will do it if it's within my ability. But please don't insist on the dress design. I've always hated it when people force me." "I'll talk to them about it," Josh replied and promptly ended the call. He knew that hanging up abruptly might seem impolite to her, but he was more concerned about Scarlett taking the phone and possibly offending Abigail.

"Josh, she's just had a few moments of internet fame. Why are you siding with her?" Scarlett was getting a little angry. She thought her approach had been polite.

Kelly was willing to apologize, so what was Abigail's problem?

"She's busy. Let's not force her, okay?" His voice carried a hint of helplessness.

He wanted to get angry but also understood that doing so would not help.

Hearing that, she stormed off in frustration.

After ending the call, Abigail slammed her phone onto the table. Josh's phone call had angered her, and Scarlett's attempt to blackmail her with the favor he once did for her grandmother only made it worse.

What about the things the Pearsons had done to her and her grandmother? Did they owe her a life as well?

After fuming for a while, she decided to block Josh's number along with Scarlett's. She would design for whoever she wanted, so why were these people acting as if they were gods?!

Even if they were, they should still act reasonably! The Pearson Family had some nerve after all the trouble caused by Vincent, demanding her to design a dress for Kelly.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 332-Who the Hell Do You Think You Are?

Early the next morning, Abigail arranged her work for the day after she arrived at her. She intended to start designing clothes in her workspace.

"Someone wants to see you," her assistant suddenly said, pushing open the office door.

company.

At that moment, Abigail looked up to see Kelly standing in her office doorway.

She was dressed in an expensive luxury dress, her silky hair cascading down her shoulders, and she exuded an air of innocence.

Even if she had not seen her before, Abigail instantly knew she was Kelly. That was because she had a sinister smile.

"Miss Alana, I'm Kelly Hagl, Josh's sister," she introduced herself as she walked into the room, her voice soft and friendly.

Abigail stood up straight, her expression cold. "Hi, are you here to place a custom order?" Kelly walked further into the office, glancing around before addressing Abigail.

"I'm here to apologize. Although I wasn't responsible for the situation, I still feel genuinely sorry." Abigail was well aware of the underlying message in Kelly's words. She was being openly provocative, which Abigail found repulsive.

While Kelly had not orchestrated the situation, she took part in it, though evidence was still not found by Sean. As such, she had taken pleasure in the fact that they could not touch her.

"I don't need your apology. I have work to do, and my office isn't open for anyone to walk into," Abigail replied coldly, picking up her documents and walking around her desk.

"Abigail, my mother promised me that you'd design a dress for me no matter what. I genuinely want to wear a dress you make. Can you fulfill my wish?" Kelly maintained her slow, confident tone.

"If I don't, how will the Pearsons deal with me?" Abigail asked, her gaze icy, showing no fear of Kelly or her family.

Kelly suddenly burst into laughter. "We're not bandits. We just hope you'll act rationally. Damon Copper's parents aren't people to be trifled with. Your offering the pearl gown to him has already upset his parents. If you make me a dress, the Pearsons can be your support, too." "Your family is nothing to me," Abigail responded with a cold look.

Kelly was momentarily stunned by the unexpected audacity.

"Kelly Hagl, though Sean had yet to find evidence against you, you've cleverly cleaned up your 1/3 tracks. But do you honestly think you can be lucky forever?" Abigail sneered. "I thought the Pearson Family had found a remarkable heiress, but it turns out you're just a filthy rat." "Abigail, how can you say that about me?" Kelly's eyes welled up with tears.

As Abigail's words ended, Josh appeared at the office door. He looked at her with an astonished expression as if he could not believe she had hurt Kelly with her words.

However, she was not flustered at being misunderstood; instead, she stared at him with a stern look. "I blocked all of your family's contact information last night.

Have I not made myself clear enough?!" "Abigail, how could you say that about Kelly?" Upset that Abigail had called Kelly a filthy rat, Josh could not help expressing his anger.

She had come to Pendorf this morning due to Scarlett's encouragement, and he had followed suit once he learned about it. Since she was already in Pendorf, he thought it was a good opportunity for them to meet and clear up any misunderstandings.

However, he was taken aback by Abigail's harsh words.

"No matter what I said, I'm already showing my respect. Don't force me to get rough with my words, Josh. I made my stance clear from the beginning. Can't you understand human speech? Do you have to come looking for trouble?" Abigail was filled with anger.

The phone call from Josh and Scarlett last night had already infuriated her, and today, they even came to see her in person and annoyed her!

"Uncle Vincent did something outrageous. I know that nothing I say can make up for the pain he caused you." She bit back impatiently. "Outrageous? If Sean's friends hadn't covered me, who do you think would be in the hospital right now? Would it be me or my grandmother? If anything happens to her because of this, I'd consider it bad luck even if the Pearsons gave me their lives! This is a matter of life and death, Josh.

After Sean's doing, your family still dares to provoke me? Tell me, do you have any self-awareness?" "Abigail, it was our uncle who did it. I know you're angry, and I can apologize to you, but Josli truly cares about you...." Tears welled up in Kelly's eyes, and she looked deeply wronged.

Abigail only gazed coldly at her and spoke after Kelly was done putting on a show. "You don't need to apologize. I'm not that angry; I just hope you have some self-awareness. I'm busy, and my schedule is booked until the end of the year. So, for the last time, I don't have time to make a dress for you." She then called her assistant and instructed, "Please escort the guests out." Kelly looked at Josh with red eyes. "Josh, it's my fault... I thought she'd accept my apology if I came to apologize in person-" 2/3 Before she could finish her sentence, Sean's voice sounded at the office door.

"Who the hell do you think you are? Do you think she has to be grateful just because you came to apologize?" Hearing that, Abigail looked at Sean, who was walking in. The man was dressed in a suit, like always, but the aura surrounding him was cold, as if he could turn people into ice.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 333-No Mercy Kelly looked at Sean, and as she bit her lip, she suppressed the excitement in her eyes while putting on a bewildered expression.

Josh stood in front of her, and he looked at Sean, saying. "The family decided to let her come. Kelly came here with genuine intentions to resolve the misunderstanding with Abigail." "Cameron Sean called out, for he didn't want to waste time with Josh.

The moment Cameron entered, he clenched his fist and cracked his joints while walking toward Josh and Kelly.

Sean, how much harm will you cause Abigail if you lay a hand on us?" Josh remained indifferent as he stared at Sean.

Unfazed. Sean glanced at him. "I will protect her, of course. I warned you when I was in Capitalis that if you do anything to her again, you'll bear the consequences." "Sean. I genuinely came here to apologize. I know she doesn't like me, but I still admire her designs," Kelly said with an anxious look, though she appeared overly pitiful.

Upon seeing that, Abigail couldn't help but furrow her brows. For some reason, she felt that Kelly's expression was a bit too exaggerated. It was like acting in a TV series.

"To be admired by you is similar to being liked by a rat from the gutter. It's disgusting," he remarked coldly.

Instantly, Kelly's expression froze, and her hand that was clutching Josh's sleeve turned white.

from the force.

"Kelly, you're simply using the excuse of apologizing and ordering a dress to disgust Abigail. You can deceive the fools in the Pearson Family with your crafty thoughts, but don't think you can do the same with me and Abigail," he said before glancing at Cameron.

With that, Cameron stepped forward and was ready to grab Kelly's collar, but Josh immediately stopped him.

Frowning. Abigail said, "Mr. Pearson, either take her away now and never set foot in L.Moon again, or I'll call security to assist Mr. Hopkins in throwing you out." Josh looked at Abigail in surprise. "Abigail..." Josh. I can tell who genuinely cares about me. Superficial apologies won't cut it," she said coldly.

Just as Kelly wanted to say something, Josh grabbed her wrist and led her out of the office.

He knew that he shouldn't have expected reconciliation between the Pearsons and Abigail. Last night, he should have stood his ground. The reason the situation escalated to this point today was due to his indulgence toward Kelly.

With an icy look, Cameron followed them all the way and stood guard at the door after they were. out of L.Moon.

When they reached the parking lot, Josh let go of Kelly's hand. Anger was evident on his face. "I told you so much last night. Was it all in vain?" "I really wanted to clear up the misunderstanding. Kelly appeared aggrieved.

Why is Josh still taking Abigail's side at this point? Is it because she almost got stabbed? But Vincent is under investigation because of Sean, while Abigail is keeping a close account of everything. Why is Josh still siding with her?

"Did you notice her attitude today? She doesn't need us to be presumptuous.

Besides, she has a lot of orders now. Why do you have to make things difficult for her?" he said, then opened the car door and got in.

He didn't want to fall out with Abigail like this.

Though she appeared gentle, in reality, she had a strong temper, and her boundaries were very clear. Whoever crossed those boundaries would face consequences.

Her words today had truly hurt him like never before, making him feel unusually irritated.

Josh Kelly called out with a distressed look in the car.

Reining in his fury, he looked at her and said. "Kelly, I didn't want it to come to this with Abigail. You are my sister. It's undeniable that you're important to me, but Abigail is my friend, and I care about her, too. I don't want you and Mom to pressure her like this. She and her friend are orking hard to run Moon, which is not easy. Moreover, our family has done her wrong. No matter which uncle was responsible, as long as it's someone from the Pearson Family, we have no right to ask her for anything." At his words, she lowered her head and muttered, "I'm sorry, but I just wanted to apologize. It would be best if she forgave me and made a dress for me.

"But you clearly used our family's name to pressure her, didn't you? Did you speak to her like that the first time you called her?" His stare was intense.

Abigael wouldn't dislike Kelly without reason. It seems that Kelly was inadvertently pressuring her during their conversation. And for Abigail to use such harsh words to insult Kelly only confirmed that she has been prewed by Kelly As for Aingeth belief that Kelly was involved in

harming her and Analise, Josh thought it might be something Sean said which led her to misunderstand Kelly.

It seems that I need to go back and continue the investigation. I have to find out which part of the story has 2/3 going boding Shen and Abigail to misunderstand that Kelly was in cahoots with Uncle Vincent.

even go! with expensing myself. I'll talk less from now on so that I won't make anyone. I admitted her mistake. When she sterge like this Whenever something went wrong and was somehow related to her, she piled up all the blame. She seems to be really doesn't have time to make you a dress. We can't use that as leverage to force her to do something impossible. It's only natural for her she gets angry. I think Josh gently comforted her.

For them, he was upset with her for her behavior today, she was still his sister.

So, after comforting baby, but still needed to provide her some comfort.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 334-You Like Cameron, but Not Me?

Since Kelly had come here, she was not willing to leave. Moreover, she was just using the excuse of asking Abigail to make her a dress as her reason to get close to Sean.

"I won't ask her to make a dress for me, but can I be friends with her?" She looked at Josh timidly.

After a pause, he asked, "Why?"

"Don't you care about her a lot? Since I worsened her relationship with you this time, I can slowly clear up her misunderstanding of me. I won't say things to make her angry again." She looked extremely innocent.

Indeed Josh cared a lot about Abigail, and he didn't know the reason, but he knew that what she said today had left a heavy feeling in his chest.

"Let's drop it. I don't know much about her personality, but I know that when she dislikes someone, she won't change her views no matter what." He was still afraid that Kelly might provoke Abigail even more, making their relationship even worse. Sean was the best example of that.

“Josh. I really want to be friends with her. She must be a very nice person if she’s so important to you. I don’t want her to dislike me. Kelly’s voice was filled with grievances as she spoke.

When he saw her forlorn expression, he reached out to pat her head. “Do you really like her that much?” “Yes” she immediately answered.

“Then let’s go back to the hotel first. I’ll think about how to clear up the misunderstanding and plan the next steps. Okay?” He didn’t want to leave with any regrets as well; he wanted to resolve the misunderstanding they had with Abigail.

At once, Kelly nodded, her face filled with joy.

On the other side, Abigail had her assistant take care of Sean while she was planning to leave.

“Aren’t you going to say anything?” Sean raised an eyebrow and asked her.

“What do you expect me to say? Am I supposed to ask you why you are here?” There was nothing. she wanted to say to him, as he had intruded more than once.

No matter how she refused, he still did as he pleased, so she didn’t want to deal with him.

Anymore I really just paused by this time. Josh’s car was too conspicuous, so I came in,” he explained as he followed her 1/3 At once. Abigail turned to look at him. “Thank you for your help this time. I’ve come to like Cameron more and more. Maybe you should let him stay by my side.” ” Shocked, Sean looked at her in a daze for a long time before he instinctively asked, “Why do you like him? Don’t you like me?” I have a bit of a peculiar taste. I think Cameron is like what people often call a ‘loyal puppy type’ on the internet. He looks very well-behaved, but he also has a fierce side. He’s very adorable and more likable than you,” she explained.

At her words, he was crying inside. He contemplated for a moment and then, with a heavy heart, said. “If you really want him. I’ll let him stay with you.” “I’m just joking with you. Thank you for today, but I need to get going. I’m really busy these days. Don’t come here anymore, she said calmly.

He nodded, but he also understood that when she didn’t want to see him, she liked to use various excuses to evade him.

Before leaving. I want to remind you that Kelly won't give up so easily. Given Josh's affection for her she'll probably be able to persuade him with her sweet talk," he said as he followed Abigail out of her office.

At the mention of this, her face showed annoyance. "I plan to stay locked in." The studio was large, and there were many workspaces. She could just close the door to the studio and not meet anyone.

After a moment of contemplation, Sean spoke up. "I think you shouldn't be so hostile to Josh. I know you don't like him because of the Pearsons, but his second uncle was the culprit. Even if Kelly was involved, he was also unaware of it.

You were so fierce just now that I thought you had an irreconcilable feud with him, but now you're speaking up for him. What's going on?" Abigail turned to look at him, her expression still cool. "Actually I don't dislike Josh. Who I dislike is the person with him, Kelly," he said in a deep voice.

Aber all Josh was Abigail's brother, even if she didn't know it. However, since he knew that fact, he was obligated to maintain her and Josh's relationship as much as possible.

He knew that Kelly could sustain this lie for long. Perhaps one day, Abigail would have to Potvin. Finally, then, he didn't want her relationship with Josh to become too strained to yecto as hardchipe when they lived together in the future.

Tarry that a mind) really need to get back to work now. Abigail waved her hand with an She simply didn't care if her relationship with Josh was good or bad. The incident with Anthony made her realize that people who valued loyalty and righteousness often became laughingstocks in the end. Josh had always been on Kelly's side, and with Kelly's trouble-making personality, it was only a matter of time before they ended up on opposite sides.

Alight Sean watched her until her figure had completely disappeared behind the door, and he could help but sigh inwardly. The progress in his relationship with Abigail was at a standstill again today.

As he came out of the studio, he looked at Cameron, who was following him.

When Cameron noticed that his boss was assessing him, he immediately presented himself in a tentative manner.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 335-Trouble Resurfaces Ever since Abigail started working in the studio, she had been avoiding meeting guests.

Many times, Josh tried to visit but was met with closed doors.

However, after a week of avoiding him, Abigail eventually ran into him as she was leaving work.

“Abigail, can I invite you to dinner?” he asked, “My grandmother has already prepared dinner at home and is waiting for me,” she replied coldly.

“Abigail, can’t we at least be friends?” His voice held a hint of disappointment.

“Given your personality, you should have left when I said those things that day.

The only reason you’re still here in Pendorf is because your sister doesn’t want to leave. Am I right? You want to befriend me because of her, but if we have a disagreement in the future, it is probably due to her too,” she stated coldly.

This left him speechless.

“Don’t waste your time. Your sister and I can only be strangers. Whatever wish she has doesn’t have anything to do with me. I’m not God who grants people’s wishes just because they have one.” After saying that, she walked past him.

Josh once again tried to approach her but was blocked by Cameron, who had appeared out of nowhere.

“Mr. Pearson, Ms. Quinn doesn’t want to speak with you. Please leave,” he said, his eyes cold and his demeanor unwavering, like a loyal and resolute wolf.

Suddenly, Abigail took a couple of steps and said to him, “Let’s go. Come home with me to have dinner.” Cameron was a bit surprised, but he happily followed her. After all, it was indeed more relaxed, working with her compared to Sean. Even when Sean didn’t speak, his presence exuded a commanding air.

Meanwhile, Josh, who had experienced repeated failures, stood in place and sighed.

Theoretically speaking, they didn’t have much of a grudge against each other, but even so, he had faced refusals from her repeatedly. At the thought of the fact that Sean could still have

a decent conversation with her, he believed Sean must have put in much more effort than he had.

In the evening, while Abigail continued her work, she suddenly received a call from Kelly.

Initially, she didn't want to answer, but Kelly called persistently, distracting her. In the end, she 1/3 answered the call with a displeased expression. "What is it?" "Actually, my target is not you this time. Can you guess who it is?" Kelly's voice carried a hint of amusement.

Her two-faced behavior made Abigail frown, and she felt a sense of aversion.

"What does that have anything to do with me?" she asked in a calm tone, continuing to sew pearls onto the tulle fabric with her eyes lowered.

After a chuckle, Kelly said with some jealousy in her voice, "Sean treats you so well, but you're trampling on his kindness. You truly don't deserve to be treated well by anyone." It was at this moment that Abigail finally understood that Kelly had set her sights on Sean. Does this mean that she doesn't want to marry Eric?

"You like Sean? Don't you want to marry into the Davidson Family?" she asked directly.

Arrogantly, Kelly responded, "That's right. Originally, I thought Eric was fine, but after seeing Sean, I found him even better." Hearing that, Abigail thought, Does she think she's a queen who can choose men at will?

"Go after him, then. Why are you calling me? Do you want me to be a matchmaker?" She sneered, her tone filled with mockery.

"Abigail, I'm just telling you that what you don't cherish will always be cherished by someone else," Kelly said before hanging up.

She now hoped that Abigail would push away everyone who was being good to the latter so that when everyone disliked her, she would realize her misery and failure.

Abigail thought that Kelly would make some earth-shattering revelation, but it turned out she was just telling her that she was here to steal a man.

Since her divorce from Sean, Abigail had made a decision not to be entangled in matters of love. There were many things in this world that could be done, and love was not the only thing that defined her.

She went from liking Sean to marrying him, giving all her love to this man. She believed that she had given her all in the relationship and didn't owe him anything, so she didn't feel guilty now, even when she was treating him badly.

Soon, it was mid-September.

This day, as soon as Abigail arrived at the company, she received a message from her lawyer telling her that the first trial for Kingston's case was confirmed.

2/3 'How's the evidence coming along? Do you think you have a good chance of winning in the first trial?' 'We've collected a fair amount of evidence, but we can't be certain. Kingston also has a lawyer. If he doesn't accept the verdict, he might appeal, and a second trial is possible.' Abigail knew that legal proceedings like this were not easy.

If he disagreed with the verdict in the second trial, he could still file an appeal. If the Supreme Court deemed that the trial result was not flawed, they would reject his appeal and uphold the verdict from the first trial.

'Alright, I get it..

After sending the message, she received another message from the court, expressing their hope that she could mediate with Kingston.

Of course, this was something the court had to offer before the first trial.

However, after her refusal, they didn't bother her further.

Meanwhile, as Joan accompanied Lina for her morning run, she received a reminder from Kingston's buddy.

Kingston's first trial is coming up.

"You know that Kingston has no chance of winning at all, right? It's been so long since you accompanied that old lady for morning runs and shopping every day.

Haven't you made any progress at all?" Joan looked at Lina in front of her and remained silent for a moment before whispering, "I've already mapped out all the routes in the Graham Estate. If your side is ready, we can put our plan. into action."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 336-Confessions.

"My side is ready, of course. The trial is in three days. Before that, we must get Abigail to agree to mediation." Determined, Joan said, "Of course. When you're done setting up, let me know, and I'll be your inside contact." After hanging up the phone, she sneered and immediately ran toward Lina.

"Why have you been receiving so many phone calls these past few days?" Lina asked.

"Grandma, didn't you ask me to gather information about Sean? I found that he might remarry Abigail." Joan said softly, holding Lina's hand.

Hearing that, Lina blew a fuse. "What did you say? What happened?" Joan quickly patted Lina's chest and said, "He's been spending a lot of time with Abigail lately. even leaving his most trusted aide with her. They seem to get along well. Last time, Abigail's grandmother even invited him over for a meal.

Who knows what schemes those two are plotting behind our backs?" "Sean has truly disappointed me. No wonder he doesn't let me come to his place. It's to be with her!" Lina exclaimed and turned to head back to the house, wanting to find Sean immediately.

He didn't want to get married, so I didn't push him, but now he's together with Abigail again. What's the point of marrying a woman who can't bear children?

Also, I can't stand being in the same frame as Abigail Either she stays or I stay.

At once, Joan held her back, saying. "If you go now, you might find nothing. Let me investigate first and call you later so you don't end up making a wasted trip, okay?" "You're right, Lina said, coming to a halt.

On her way out of the Graham Estate, Joan made a phone call to Kingston's buddy and notified him to start setting up.

Kingston's trial was approaching, and Abigail was feeling nervous. The closer it got the more anxious she became.

After all, Joan had been quiet for a while, and she had been busy with work recently, so she hadn't paid much attention to Joan's actions. She didn't know if there were any schemes brewing behind the scenes.

Unable to sleep, she was about to get up to watch TV show when Sean's call came in.

Her heart raced as she answered the call. She didn't say anything but feared that he would once 1/3 again try to convince her to accept mediation for the sake of Kingston and Joan.

"You probably don't know much about the history between Kingston and me," he suddenly said.

Abigail hummed in acknowledgment, but she didn't understand why he was telling her this now.

"Back then, Kingston was indeed under my command. Only after he got into trouble did Cameron come to work for me. Kingston and I knew each other from our school days. He was always a bit of a rogue but a very loyal person." He started to speak with a hint of nostalgia in his tone.

After graduating from high school, Kingston didn't get into a good university, so he went to work instead.

During that time, Sean's relationship with Kingston and Joan was quite simple, like childhood friends who had grown up together.

On the contrary, Sean inherited Graham International following his college graduation. Being young, he faced a lot of challenges from the higher-ups who coveted his position. They even conspired with other owners to undermine him, all to make the shareholders believe that he wasn't fit for the job.

"Kingston approached me during that time. I did need someone to handle some dirty business for me, and he volunteered. I later found out that after he graduated, he had been doing various odd jobs, risking his life for others because they paid well. I thought that if he worked for me, at the very least, I wouldn't ask for his life," Sean explained.

"In those days, we became closer, and my relationship with Joan evolved from a casual one into a close partnership. Until that day..." It was the day Kingston got into trouble.

On that day, as usual, Sean finished a meeting at a hotel and was on his way back. The car was en route to Graham Estate when it was blocked at a relatively secluded spot and was even vandalized. They had a fierce altercation, but they eventually subdued the attackers.

However, as they were about to leave, one of the attackers managed to break free, wielding a knife and charging toward Sean.

“I could have defended myself, and I was prepared to, but Kingston had a knife too. He slashed the attacker’s throat, and many of my people were scared.

Since someone’s throat was cut, they accused me of doing it. Kingston’s knife was covered in blood, so fingerprints couldn’t be detected. In the end, he insisted that he had done it, and he ended up in jail. That’s how the matter concluded.” Sean ended his explanation with a deep sigh.

Meanwhile, Abigail finally understood that he was probably not feeling too great about Kingston 2/3 going to jail again.

“He indeed helped me a lot and even risked his life for me. For a while, we lived worry-free together. It was actually a very happy time, he confessed his feelings for the first time.

About that, Abigail could empathize. Sometimes, when beautiful memories were shattered by harsh reality, even someone like Sean could feel sorrow. After all, humans were bound by their emotions and desires.

“Abigail, everything will be resolved in two days,” he said, ending the call. He didn’t want to see her suffer anymore.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 337-A Deep Misunderstanding Abigail held her phone, feeling a little depressed for some reason. She had no idea why she felt depressed. Was it because she got uncomfortable after she knew Sean and Joan had a beautiful past? She ruffled her hair. Abigail thought Sean shouldn’t have called her. Now, she had two things to agonize over. One wasn’t something she should agonize over, but she couldn’t control herself.

Time passed. Abigail’s eyes were still wide, and she couldn’t sleep. She picked up her phone and texted Cameron. ‘Get over here.

Cameron was stunned when he saw the text. ‘W-What?’ He checked the time. It was three thirty in the morning. Where does she want me to go late at night?

‘Come to my place. I need to talk to you, Abigail texted.

Cameron quickly forwarded the text to Sean and got changed, still flummoxed.

He had no idea why Abigail wanted to talk to him at this hour.

Abigail was in a rut, so she didn't care that the time was inappropriate. Since Cameron wasn't far away from her home, he arrived a while later. Abigail was in casual attire, watching TV on the couch, feeling bored.

"It's late, Ms. Quinn. Why did you ask me to come over?" Abigail looked at him. "You didn't tell Sean you came, did you?" The look on Cameron's face changed. Stammering, he said, "I did. W-What is it, Ms. Quinn? You know Mr. Graham has a bad temper. If he knows I came over late at night, he'll skin me alive." "You're working for me. You think I can't protect you?" asked Abigail. She raised her chin, indicating him to sit on the couch beside her.

Cameron didn't dare to rebuke her and just nodded. "Ask away, Ms. Quinn." "Do you know about the Palmer siblings' story when you were working with Sean?" asked Abigail.

"I know, but if it's specifics you want, then no," answered Cameron.

He did text Sean, but he didn't get any replies. Sean was probably asleep. Yeah, it's three thirty in the morning. Only artists like Abigail don't sleep.

"It's almost Kingston's first trial." Abigail looked at Cameron. "Do you think Sean cares about the results?" "Ms. Quinn, you think Mr. Graham is still taking the Palmer siblings' side?" Cameron looked at Abigail. He wanted to tell her that Sean had secretly done a lot for her, but he couldn't.

1/2 "No. I just think he's bothered that Kingston is going to jail," said Abigail calmly.

Cameron pursed his lips. "He won't say anything no matter what you do. He supports all your decisions." "He cares about the Palmer siblings. That you can't deny, can you?" asked Abigail. She felt that Sean called her just now partly because he wanted to grumble. If it weren't for her, he wouldn't have a falling out with the Palmer siblings.

"Mr. Graham was only repaying their favor all this time, but his debt was already repaid the moment they ruined his marriage." Cameron looked at Abigail solemnly. To Cameron, the Palmer siblings deserved what they got, but Sean gained nothing from this fight either.

He got a divorce from Abigail. That wasn't great. His grandmother's relationship with him was strained, and Abigail and her grandmother avoided him like the plague. His life was crumbling. He was all alone, and Abigail's neglect haunted him.

Abigail mused for a moment. "He never cared about our marriage. He had a lot of chances to save it, but he took Joan's side every single time. You think he cares about our marriage, but

I think he just regrets he never balanced things well. No one can have their cake and eat it too, especially when it comes to love.” “Ms. Quinn, do you really have no feelings for him anymore?” Cameron asked.

He had to.

Abigail smiled. “He called me right before Kingston’s first trial. He told me about their past. I tried to guess why he did it, and in the end, I concluded that he couldn’t let the Palmer siblings go.” “On the contrary. He only called you because he had already let them go,” said Cameron.

That surprised Abigail.

Cameron looked down. In a gentler tone, he said, “It’s late, Ms. Quinn. Get some rest. Burning the midnight oil will hurt your body. Mr. Graham will worry when he finds out.” Cameron smiled.

Abigail thought he would get mad at her on Sean’s behalf, so the smile came as a surprise. There was a reason he was Sean’s trusted aide.

When Cameron left Abigail’s house, he sighed. Abigail’s prejudice against Sean was never erased, but he couldn’t say anything to change that. If he did, it would sound like he was trying to make Sean look good in Abigail’s eyes.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 338-I’m Kelly, Colby Two days were left until Kingston’s trial. Colby suddenly received a video of Lina getting abducted. She looked worse for wear, and she was crying in the video.

“Colby, show this video to Abigail and make her settle things with Kingston out of court, and wife goes free, or she dies. And don’t tell Sean about it, or I’ll kill her right away.” The voice sounded robotic and eerie.

your Colby wasn’t scared even after seeing the video. He had seen a lot of stuff in his younger years. Though he spent most of his time playing cards, he was still a sharp man. Lina’s fear didn’t seem fake. He analyzed the whole thing and then

remembered how Joan had been buttering up Lina lately. She must be involved in this. They’re just trying to make sure that Kingston goes free. One, they want to strain the relationship between us and the Quinns. That way, Joan will have no more threats, and using Kingston’s friendship with Sean, they can marry her into our family. That’s why the Palmer siblings ruined Sean’s marriage.

Tye forwarded the video, but I am not interested in this matter. I have some games to play. If you don't have anything better to say, don't text me. Then, Colby went to his friend's house. That woman wouldn't listen to me. Now look at what she got herself into. Colby came out into the courtyard and was texting his friend, but then a girl spoke, breaking his train of thought.

"Colby." It was an unfamiliar voice. Colby raised his head and saw a girl in expensive clothes standing nearby, looking at him. The girl had long, lustrous hair and looked nice and quiet.

"Who are you?" Colby didn't know this girl.

"Call me Kelly, Colby. I'm Abigail's friend. My brother is friends with her. We got a video, and it's about Sean's grandmother. My brother asked me to come here and talk to you." Kelly approached Colby, looking polite.

Colby frowned. Did everyone get that video besides Sean?

Kelly took her phone out and showed him the video. It was similar to the one he got.

"I was going to get someone to settle this. You don't have to talk to me. I have my own way to settle this." Colby didn't trust the woman right away. All she had was a video, and she claimed that she was Abigail's friend. If he had trusted her just like that, he wouldn't have been able to survive for this long.

"Colby, I'm here to tell you that my brother and I can settle this without straining your and the Quinns relationship," said Kelly gently.

Colby looked at her, turning solemn. "Even if Abigail's involved in this, the one who was kidnapped is our family member. I don't know you or your brother. Why should I accept your 1/2 help? Don't do things that's out of your league, girl." "We came from Capitalis. We've been following the Palmer siblings' case for a long time now. When Kingston abducted Analise, my brother helped out too.

We'd love nothing more than for Kingston to be put behind bars and stop harming people. You'd like to see that happen too, don't you?" said Kelly politely but adamantly.

Colby warmed up a little the moment Kelly said her brother saved Abigail's grandmother. "Let's go, then. I've asked to meet up with someone for this. Let's see what kind of clues you two can give us." Colby went to his friend's house..

Kelly smiled and went with him.

“Are you still not doing anything, sir?” Xavien showed the video they intercepted to Sean, but Sean didn’t say anything.

Sean asked, “Aside from my grandpa and Analise, no one got this video?” “Not exactly. Someone else hijacked the network and intercepted the video like I did. I’m looking into it,” Xavien replied.

“Find out who it is as soon as possible. Joan hasn’t made any move for now. We wait,” said Sean before looking away. Even though he hated his grandmother for turning his marriage upside down, he couldn’t bear to see her suffer. Kingston’s friend is smart. They went after the grandparents. If they bypass me and have gramps and Analise talk to Abigail, they can get her to settle out of court with Kingston.

No matter how tough Abigail was or how much she hated Kingston for abducting Analise, she would relent the moment Colby and Analise talked to her. Colby had always been nice to her and always took her side. Analise already felt guilty because Colby agreed to marry Abigail and Sean together, so she would ask Abigail to settle out of court. That way, they can get what they want by bypassing me, but they underestimated Grandpa. He made a successful business in the eighties. He has seen a lot of horrors in his life.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 339-The Dust Settles That evening, Joan called Sean. “Sean, my brother’s friend has kidnapped your grandma. I’ll give you the address right now. You have to save her,” she reported in a hurry, her voice mildly cracking.

Man, if she actually puts that effort into acting, she’d have made a name for herself by now, but some people are trash, no matter how you cut it. Even when I’ve set her up to be a big star, she’s still confined to her narrow point of view.

She’d never have the courage to step onto the path.

“What? Grandpa didn’t tell me about it.” Sean played along, but he motioned at Xavien to start working.

Xavien quickly connected the line to Kingston’s friend.

Having no idea about that, Joan said, “They knew they couldn’t get through you easily, so they snapped a video and sent it to Colby. They told him not to tell you, so only Colby and Analise got the video. They want the two of them to tell Abigail to settle out of court. That way, Kingston won’t have to go to court.” A moment of silence later, Sean said, “How can I know if

that's true? Grandpa told me nothing, and I'm busy with work. Unless this is verified, I won't do anything." "I have the video here. I can send it to you. You're smart, so you'll know if it's true. And I know where they're keeping Old Mrs. Graham. I'll give you the address." He grunted. A moment later, he got the video and address. After seeing the video, he told Xavien, "Get someone to rescue my grandma." He then told her, "Grandma isn't looking good. Can you talk to them a little? She's not young anymore. This kind of torture can kill her. Protect her until I get there." "Yes!" said Joan, her excitement unmistakable.

The call ended, and then Sean took the phone Xavien gave him. "So, do you want my men to catch all of you, or will you hand my grandmother back?" asked Sean coolly.

"You knew what she was going after all this time? You got a spy to reveal all this to me, didn't you?" answered the man, humiliated. He and Joan thought they were playing the Grahams like a fiddle, but unbeknownst to him, Sean had been watching all this time, and he played them like a puppet master pulling the strings.

"There's always a bigger hunter out there. Fighting me was the wrong choice.

You still have a chance, though. Go to the address Joan gave me and beat her up. She's the real traitor," said Sean calmly.

The man hung up in fury.

1/2 It was night when the cries of Joan came from the steel room. The man standing before her was burly, snarling like a man-eating demon. "Snakey, please, have mercy on me! I did it for your goo Then, Snakey whipped her face before she could finish. Her flesh cracked, and the pain made her scream. "My face! Kingston will kill you when he comes out!" "You dare bring him up? We're trying to save him here, and what did you do?

You should die, b*tch! Kingston's so unlucky he has a sister like you!" He went ahead and slapped her.

Joan saw stars, and everything around her spun.

"You b*tch! You'd leave your brother for dead just for your profit. Our plan wouldn't have failed if you hadn't betrayed us!" He kept cursing.

She was injured all over and kept crying, wondering how things turned out this way.

“You’re wondering why I’m here instead of Sean? He sent his men and told me you set up a big trap. You were going to use Lina and spring a trap on everyone.

I never took her here. This was all a trap for you to step into.” He sneered, looking at her like she was a pitiful dog.

Joan’s hair was drenched in sweat and blood as she looked at Snakey in disbelief.

“He knew I’d kill you if you came, but he still told you to come. Pathetic. Now you see the true colors of the man you love? He’s a heartless b’sard who plays you like a little b*tch.” He gazed at Joan with pity.

At that point, her eyes were glistening with tears. She could not say anything and could only cry in sadness.

Following that, he went ahead and grabbed her by her hair. “Do you regret this, Joan?” “Why? Why?” she muttered, the light in her eyes snuffed out. Why did Sean do this to me?

“Sean hates you. You and your brother. He hates you two for ruining his peaceful life. You should be damned. Both of you. And here I was, trying to save you guys. You did this to yourself because of your greed, you b*tch!” He shoved her away.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 340-I Hope You Never Get What You Want Tears covered Joan’s face, and it fused with her blood, giving her a horrifying look. She sobbed quietly, muttering. “How could you do this to me, Sean? How could you?” Snakey could not believe she was still thinking about Sean at this point. She’s hopeless. This woman is the most selfish I’ve ever seen. She’d betray her brother just to live a good life. “You can stay here and think about Sean all you want. When your corpse is found a few weeks later, you’d be so decomposed that no one will recognize you. Not even him. Even if he does, he won’t care about you.” With that, he and his men left. When everyone was gone, she eventually snapped out of her sadness. She was injured all over, and her cheeks were bleeding. She tried to struggle, but the pain almost made her faint. “Kingston...” She finally knew regret. When Kingston was around, she would never suffer like this. Now, she regretted not saving her brother. “Kingston!” Joan shouted, shedding more tears. She missed the days he protected her. Those were happy days when no one would raise their voice at her. “I’m sorry, Kingston. Save me... It hurts...” She cried in the empty steel room, but those who once protected her did not show up. Sean stood outside the room. Eventually, Joan’s cries slowed down, and silence finally came. Xavien and his men went inside to check, and he came out, reporting, “She fainted from excessive blood loss. If we don’t take her to the hospital, she’ll die.” “Tell

Kingston about Joan's situation. If he gives me a good answer, I'll spare her. Make sure you tell him to think about his answer long and hard. If I'm displeased, she will not come out of this place alive." The look on Sean's face was dark and icy. Xavien told his man to carry out the order. The sky started to brighten up when Joan woke from her coma and saw the white ceiling overhead. She froze for a moment, and just when she was about to jump in ecstasy, she saw the cops beside her bed. Then, she turned the color of the ceiling. "Miss Palmer, Sean of Graham International has lodged a report saying that you kidnapped his grandmother. We'll need your cooperation for the investigation." The cop looked solemn, and the air around felt bitingly chilly. "I didn't..." she denied. Someone opened the door, and in came Sean and Xavien. The cop stated, "Old Mrs. Graham has told us you were involved in the abduction. You lured her out of the mountain and told her about the abduction plan, all to turn the Quinns and Grahams against each other. That'll make it easy for you to marry Mr. Graham. And the other reason for this plan is that your brother is about to go to court. You were trying to use Old Mrs. Graham to threaten Ms. Quinn into settling the case 1/2 outside of court so your brother could get away scot-free." "I-I didn't do it!" shouted Joan. She looked at Sean, her eyes filled with pain and disappointment. "Why? My brother risked his life for you, and this is how you repay me?" He looked at her coldly. "For old times' sake, I saved you and your brother from danger, but instead of thanking me for that, you repaid me with evil." Tears spilled out of her eyes. She raised her head, looking at him as she sobbed. "You pushed us into this personal hell for Abigail. You want to get back together with her? I'll pray for you; I pray you never get the love of your life back! You're a heartless b*stard! You don't deserve love!" She cackled. Xavien could see the storm on Sean's face and darted ahead to grab Joan's chin. "Shut it!" "Don't attack her!" said the cop sternly. Sean pursed her lips and looked at her coldly. "He committed murder so many years ago and has confessed to it. So, you were already ruining his life back then. How old were you? Highschool age. I see some people are born evil." And because of what he said, Joan calmed down. She could not remember about that past. All she remembered was that because of her brother's imprisonment, Sean sent her abroad and paid for her studies in the best school out there. She had unlimited pocket money, all the brand-name fashion goods she wanted, and a ton of jewelry. She resembled a princess, and her classmates envied her. She then came back and was known as Sean's true love, enjoying all the care he had for her. One call from her, and he would drop everything just to see her, even if he was cuddling with Abigail. Wherever they were, as long as Joan was around, Abigail would take all the humiliation dished out at her due to his backing. Abigail would never go against him. Those were the good old days. It was like a dream, and it passed by Joan quickly. She had forgotten how she convinced her brother to commit that crime before he was jailed. Sean knew that very well. "You cried to him, saying you wanted a better life. Because he dropped out of school too early, he couldn't get any good jobs, so he hoped you'd have a bright future instead. That's why he betrayed me

and murdered someone. He strapped all the guilt on ne just to create the best environment for you, but you failed him, just like the failure you are

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

341-350

I Want a Divorce Chapter 341-The Siblings Both Fall Joan clenched her teeth. "Stop talking!" Sean looked at her coldly and said nothing more.

9 She looked at the cop beside her vacantly. "Can I talk to him for a bit, officer?" "Yes, but you have to confess to your crimes. Denial won't do your sentence any good." The left.

Xavien got a chair for Sean, who sat down and looked at Joan coldly, saying nothing.

cop "When you came to my place that day and used Snakey's photo to force an answer out of me, you knew how you were going to take me down, didn't you?" She looked at the man with hate. That day, he showed her a photo of Snakey on his phone and asked if she knew that guy.

A few days before he showed her that photo, she was in contact with Snakey, coming up with a plan to use Lina to gain his trust. Joan did not admit it, but she told him she could find a way if he wanted to get in touch with Snakey.

"I wasn't trying to take you down. You were blinded by your greed. If you'd taken Jimmy's side, I'd never have found him easily." He looked at her coldly.

"So, you showed me that photo because you wanted me to walk into the trap." Joan smiled. Sean tossed a smokescreen into the battlefield, and she let her guard down. The moment she told him. she could hook him up with Snakey, she had fallen into his trap. Similarly, Snakey had been dragged into it since then as well.

"After your imprisonment, try to remember everything Kingston has done for you. Get better. You and your brother are at least 100 years too early to fight me." Sean stood up.

Joan cried and screeched, her scream hysterical.

He stood at the doorway and looked at her for a while. Once she calmed down, he added, "Back in high school, I took you and your brother as close friends.

When he tripped over in the working world, I wanted to help you guys get on your feet. But kindness often begets betrayal in return. My kindness gave birth to their evil.

Sean did reflect on how things turned out this way, but the Palmer siblings made him realize what kindness begets betrayal' meant. His unlimited giving to Joan eventually backfired on him.

When she looked at him, she only saw his back as he was gone a moment later.

She fell from the bed and crawled toward the door, crying. "Sean, please, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Don't leave me! I promise I won't ruin your relationship anymore! I'll tell Abigail everything! Please, don't leave!" She did not get too far, for the pain made her black out for a moment, and she almost fainted.

1/3 When the cops came in, she was bawling her eyes out.

On the day of the hearing, Kingston confessed to his crimes before his lawyer could say a thing. He even told them about what he did in the past.

Abigail was in the plaintiff's seat, staring at him in surprise. Her lawyer was shocked as well. He had a stack of documents prepared, but there was no use for them anymore.

In the end, Kingston was sentenced to ten years of jail time. When Abigail came out of the court, she was a little dazed. Her lawyer smiled awkwardly. "Didn't think it'd go that smoothly." They were prepared for the battle, but Kingston confessed immediately.

"Yeah. Thanks for all the work you did for me over these months. I'll give you the payment as promised. She turned around and smiled at her lawyer.

The lawyer smiled, nodding. "Pleasure doing business with you, Ms. Quinn." "Pleasure." She shook his hand.

A few days after Kingston's trial was over, Pendorf's authority announced Joan's verdict. She was sentenced to three years in prison for a case of kidnapping.

Since she was a has-been, her verdict went viral.

Abigail was immersed in her work, so she did not notice it. Her neck was sore when she was done. With work for the day, so she asked Luna, who had just returned from a business trip, to get a massage at the massage parlor together.

While enjoying the massage, Luna said, "Hey, do you know that Joan and her brother are both jailed?" Abigail was almost falling asleep from how great the massage felt when she widened her eyes. "What?" It had been a while since she heard any news about Joan.

"She's sentenced to jail. Sean chucked her in himself. I couldn't get the details, though." Luna looked at Abigail, shocked.

Abigail was stunned as well. First, Kingston confessed to his crimes. Then, Joan was sentenced to jail. Both her biggest enemies had fallen, and Abigail thought she should finally rest.

Luna turned around and looked at her, eyes sparkling. "Honestly, how'd he find it in him to chuck her into prison? I thought she was his beloved." "Maybe she did something that angered him too much," said Abigail. No matter the reason, it was good for her that the Palmer siblings were jailed. Half of her grandmother's safety problems were solved now.

2/3 Luna turned back again and sighed. "Never make an enemy out of Sean.

Everyone who does did not end well." Abigail grunted in agreement, then remembered the call he made back then.

Does that mean he had an actual falling out with the Palmer siblings?

I Want a Divorce Chapter 342-For Whom The ladies came out of the massage parlor eventually. Then, Luna saw Cameron hiding behind a tree in front of the parlor, watching them. She asked, "Did Sean follow us here again?" "Hm?" Abigail thought Sean had come, so she looked in the direction Luna was looking. When she saw Cameron, she explained, "He didn't. Cameron's been following me lately. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Kelly and Josh came to Pendorf." "Why?" Luna frowned. She had no idea about the grudge between Abigail and the Pearsons, but Kelly left a bad impression after that transaction case.

"Kelly said she came to get a gown, but that's not her main goal. Josh only came with her," answered Abigail.

Luna looked miffed. "What goal does she have?" Abigail looked at Luna and whispered, "The gown is just an excuse. She's coming for Sean." Luna looked surprised. "She's set her sights on him?" "Yes." Abigail nodded.

Luna chortled. "She has a good eye. Goes for the most handsome guy." Abigail agreed. Sean did have a look that could attract a lot of ladies, and not to mention he came from a great family.

The ladies went to the car park, and Luna looked at Cameron, who was still following them. She asked, "He follows you around like a stalker every day?" "He does that without even bothering to hide. It's not stalking." Abigail was amused.

"And he's riding a scooter." Luna muttered, "Not like Sean doesn't have cars." "It's just Cameron's personal preference." Abigail held her forehead. Ever since Cameron started following her, he let his inner self loose. First, he rode a shared bicycle. Then, he got used to it, perhaps, and got a scooter. He said it made his job easier because he could follow her car better.

At last, Abigail came back to her neighborhood and waited for him under her apartment.

Cameron approached her, still riding his scooter, with a smile. "Are you waiting for me, Ms. Quinn?" "What's the reason for Joan's verdict?" she asked.

He was still on his scooter. A moment of hesitation later, he said, "You don't have to get hung up 1/3 on the truth, Ms. Quinn. Just know who Mr. Graham did this for." "I have no idea at all," said Abigail honestly. She had no clue what happened between Joan and Sean, so how should she know who he did this for?

"I see. But the results are what you wanted anyway," said Cameron.

"I want to know the truth. Can you tell me?" she asked, a little gentler.

He smiled bitterly. "You should ask Mr. Graham. It's not like I don't want to tell you, but this case has come to a close. If I say too much, he'll be mad at me." She nodded. "Fine. I won't ask." With that, she went into her apartment, after which Cameron let out a sigh and rode away. After dinner, she did not work like she always did. Instead, she sat on the windowsill and stared out at the night. Did he do it for Lina? She stayed quiet for a long time, then called Sean eventually. Quickly enough, the call was picked up.

“Kingston confessed. Did you do anything?” She wanted to start slow and ask about Kingston first. before bringing up Joan’s case.

“Nothing. Don’t worry. He confessed because the evidence was clear. No amount of pleas would work in his favor,” answered Sean calmly. If Abigail knew what he did behind the scenes, she would think she owed him. However, the mess started because of him, and it should end because of him, too. That would be the best way to do it so that she would not bear any guilt.

“So, you told him to confess?” she asked.

“More or less,” he said. Threats were a form of negotiation too, so it was technically not a lie.

She grunted. So, he must’ve called me before the trial, knowing the results wouldn’t change. Was he really in a bad mood then?

“Any other questions?” asked Sean languidly.

“The news said you’re involved in Joan’s verdict. What did she do to cross you?

The verdict came fast.” Abigail thought the progress of Joan’s case went too fast.

“She committed a crime, and they found the evidence. That’s why the verdict came fast.” He did not answer the main question, for he had planned Joan’s capture for a long time, so he could not explain things in just a few words.

Abigail was about to say something when a familiar voice on the other end spoke, “Lina, I got the best chef to cook for you.” “Talk later,” said Sean.

2/3 Even so, Abigail could tell it was Kelly’s voice, and she cocked an eyebrow.

“Sure.” She’s fast. Linking up with Lina right away, but then, with her looks and background, Lina would be more than happy to have her marry Sean.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 343-The Ship Sank Abigail hung up, and her mind started to wander. She had no idea how Kelly managed to link up with Lina, but Sean did not seem reluctant. And did she go to his house or the residence? Her mind was a mess. She then snapped out of it and knocked her head. “Oh, why am I thinking so much? Not like this has anything to do with me.” Despite saying that, Abigail lost sleep, tossing and turning all night. The next morning, she came. to work looking exhausted with dark circles under her eyes.

Luna was concerned. "You burned the midnight oil to make clothes again?"

"No," Abigail denied. She made no progress on the clothes, so she could not use it as an excuse.

"What did you do, then?" Luna huddled closer to check the dark circles. "I see you worked late into the night. You should go home and get some rest if you can't take it. We can do with one day of your absence." "I'm alright." Abigail waved her down. She could not sleep anyway.

Luna sat on the couch and told the assistant to make coffee to wake Abigail up.

"Lost sleep because of stress?" she asked.

"I don't have any idea why I feel stressed." Abigail massaged her temples. She never thought she would lose sleep, but her mind went on overdrive after the call ended. She kept wondering what kind of relationship Sean and Kelly shared. Of course, she did not think she was jealous but just failed to understand why.

Luna looked at her curiously. "If something bothers you, you can talk to me." "I called Sean last night to ask him some questions, and I heard Kelly's voice.

She was getting along well with Lina." Abigail did not hide. She could not understand why she lost sleep because of that either. Maybe she would get out of this rut if she talked to Luna and combed things out.

"Oh, they're hooking up already? Sean and Kelly?" Luna was surprised, and she raised her voice.

The assistant came in and heard that. She made a mental note of that, and as she placed the cup- of coffee on Abigail's table, she saw how pale Abigail looked, noticing the dark circles under her eyes. Ah, I see. Mr. Graham had a change of heart. Abigail lost her love. Rich guys are se mbags. All of them.

Knew it.

She got along with Cameron lately, so she would tell him a bit about Abigail. She thought it would be great if Abigail and Sean could be a couple. After all, he was handsome, rich, and came from a good family-a good match for Abigail.

But right after I shipped them, Sean hooked up with another woman. The assistant came to the workshop's doorway and harrumphed at Cameron. He was standing sentry and was **

1/2 dumbfounded about that. Still, he smiled bitterly at the assistant. "I didn't get on your nerves, did I?" "What? I just feel annoyed seeing you. You have a problem with that?" The assistant harrumphed and went back into the workshop.

Cameron was confused. "No wonder they say women are complicated. I get it now." He did not even do anything, yet Abigail's assistant hated him out of nowhere.

Meanwhile, Abigail did not realize that the assistant took the conversation the wrong way. She was talking about her confusion with Luna.

"I know you aren't jealous even without you telling me. He did help us deal with Kelly, and now he got back with her? That's confusing. Is Kelly that good that she could make him fall for her that easily?" Luna got a little angry at that point.

"Um, what are the chances he fell for her?" Abigail thought it was weird. Is Sean that kind of man?

"Honestly, if they think they make a great couple, then time means nothing to their love. We can't judge this based on what we know about Sean. Love doesn't follow logic." Luna was angry on Abigail's behalf. Is my friend not good enough? Why'd he accept Kelly's love that easily?

"You're right. We never knew Sean. Even if he's getting along with Kelly, there's nothing to be surprised about." Abigail's mind cleared up because Luna had dragged her out of the rut. She was confused because she thought Sean was the person she knew. Just because he dealt with the Pearsons did not mean he hated Kelly. Even if he did hate her, that was only because of the Pearsons' actions..

Now that Kelly had come to Pendorf and explained everything, did he still have reasons to hate her? It was not right to judge their relationship just because of her stereotype.

Luna looked at Abigail with consolation. "It's alright. You two are divorced anyway. What does it matter who he falls in love with?" Abigail spent three years, but his heart did not even fall for her. Perhaps she was not his cup of tea; perhaps... Sean liked women with Kelly's looks and personality. It was normal. Love followed no logic, after all.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 344-Never Learn a Lesson Early in the morning, Sean came to the hospital. He saw Kelly in the ward, looking after Lina, and annoyance flared in his eyes. He stood at the entryway, refusing to go into the room. "If you like my grandmother that much, Miss Hagl, why don't you take her to your place and care for her there?" "Oh, what's with you getting mad first thing in the morning? She's just being nice. You're busy as a bee, and I'm bored living in the hospital alone. It's nice I get someone to talk with," Lina chided.

He remained icy and silent.

"Kelly's the most meticulous woman I've ever seen. She even got a chef to make breakfast, especially for me. Not everyone can do that," she commented, looking at Kelly with affection.

Sean knew she was mocking Abigail on purpose again. "If you like her that much, treat her like your granddaughter. I'm going on a business trip for two weeks. I'll tell the doctors about it. You rest up. Call Grandpa if you need anything," he stated calmly and left. He seldom got in touch with Lina anyway, and even if Kelly liked to stay with her, he would not do anything about it. She didn't learn anything at all. Even after Joan played her like a fiddle, she still doesn't know how to be cautious Kelly's a more cunning woman than Joan; she's a viper. There's nothing good about staying in touch with her.

Sean knew Lina would never listen to him until she got in trouble. Even if they were to argue, she would just use her heart condition to bully him into silence.

As such, all he could do was stay away and talk as little as possible to her.

The moment he turned around, a disgruntled Lina complained, "I got kidnapped and fell sick, yet you're going on a business trip? How heartless can you be?" Kelly held Lina's hand. Nicely, she said, "Old Mrs. Graham, it's hard to hold up a company alone. He has to do this. You get to live in the best ward and have the best bodyguards because he worked hard for it." "I just want him to stay and get along with you," said Lina.

Kelly smiled. "I'm not close to him. We shouldn't force him to stay, or things will get awkward.

By then, Sean had already left. Xavien followed him and said quietly, "I've told Josh about Kelly's case. She's the one who hijacked the network. Probably wanted to use this case to get close to your family." Sean nodded. "Let her get close to Grandma. I'd like to see what she's up to." He did not mind doing to Kelly what he did to Joan.

Once he was gone, Lina held Kelly's hand. "If you didn't do it for him, why did you come to care for me? Do you like him?" 1/2 Kelly smiled but said nothing.

Lina quickly grinned as well. "I knew it. You don't have to feel embarrassed. He's always cold and distant, but you're a good lady. Take it slowly, and he'll see the good in you." "I don't mean anything. This is all because of Abigail. There's a misunderstanding between us, so I want to know Mr. Graham and see if he can clear things up between me and her," said Kelly softly.

The mention of Abigail made Lina's face fall. "What misunderstanding do you have? She's a bad person anyway. Don't get anywhere near her." Kelly put on a look of surprise but quickly defended Abigail. "It's not like that.

You misunderstood her, too. She's a good person. Made a lot of designs people loved. I adore her." Lina wanted to tell her that she had stayed in touch with Abigail for three years, so she knew what she was talking about. However, Kelly came from a great family, so she did not want her to know Sean was divorced for fear of scaring this lady before the relationship even began. Not to mention, she was doing this for Abigail.

"So what if she makes great designs? If she's a bad person inside, she's nothing," Lina said with scorn, chortling.

Kelly looked at her for a while and asked, "Why do you hate her that much, Old Mrs. Graham? I think she gets along with Mr. Graham quite well, and he takes care of her. I thought you didn't hate her." "This is a long story. Just know that she owes all her success to Sean. She dumped him like trash after using him. But it's alright. I don't want a barren woman like her to have eyes for him. I'm not going to tolerate her." The mention of Abigail angered her.

Kelly listened quietly and smiled awkwardly. "I don't know much, so I'll refrain from commenting." That made Lina sheepish as she thought about something. She's a gentle, reasonable woman who came from the capital. And from a great family, too. I have to seize this chance. Joan is nothing compared to her.

She quickly held Kelly's hand and defended herself. "Oh, it's just a grudge between families. I'm not lying to you. I experienced it first-hand. My family is the best one in this city. There's no reason for me to get angry at an orphan who has nothing unless she went too far, that is." Kelly nodded. "Lina, you and Abigail both are quirky. You're straightforward, while Abigail's stubborn. She won't change her mind once it is set, no matter what you tell her. I wouldn't have tried to clear the misunderstanding through Mr.

Graham anyway.” Lina still looked disapproving. “No need for that. She’s not worth your time.”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 345-The Misunderstanding of Chaos Kelly shrugged, her tone laced with indifference. “Anyway, it was my fault to begin with. I’m not very good with words, which caused her to be upset. She’s been holding a grudge ever since, and when I personally went to Pendorf to apologize to her this time, it ended up involving my brother instead. I feel even more guilty now.” As she spoke, her eyes welled up with tears, making her look wronged.

At that, Lina disliked Abigail even more. This is so her. She holds grudges over a few words, and it’s led to a divorce and the current frosty relationship between me and Sean.

Lina held Kelly’s hand, her face filled with anger. “You see, Sean doesn’t treat me well, and it’s all because of her instigating our discord. She really doesn’t deserve you to be concerned about her.” “You have no idea. My brother really fancies her,” Kelly said in a low voice.

It was because Lina had said a lot of negative things about Abigail that she felt a lot more comfortable as her fondness for Kelly grew.

After all, she was also in this situation.

During lunch, Cameron brought Abigail’s assistant a glass of coffee.

Carrying the glass of coffee back to the studio, he blocked the assistant holding the takeout at the door. “Miss, even though I’m not sure what I did wrong, I bought coffee as an apology. Can you please tell me what I did wrong? I’ll make sure to change!” The assistant rolled her eyes at him and said, “Why are you still here? Your boss has fled with another woman, so you should guard the woman he likes instead. Who do you think you are by staying here to annoy people?” She felt that it was probably Abigail being too polite to chase Cameron away, which was why the man was still there. However, she herself had no intention of being polite.

As long as he stood there, Abigail would be reminded of Sean every time she saw Cameron, which would make her sad after that.

“Hmm?” Cameron finally grasped the important part of the matter.

He pulled the assistant to a spot beside a tree outside the studio and whispered, “I really didn’t know about this. You have seen how devoted I am to Ms. Quinn.

Can you please explain in detail? I'd like to help you learn the truth so that we can avoid any misunderstandings." Cameron knew that this young assistant shipped the relationship that Sean and Abigail had.

1/3 Sometimes, he would catch her on her phone, happily reading fanfiction that was written by netizens on her phone. He found her quite cute.

Even though Sean and Abigail had long been divorced, and their three-year marriage was a disaster, Cameron was like the young assistant. He hoped that these two could reconcile.

The assistant stood with her hands on her hips, looking angry and refusing to speak. The more she thought about it, the angrier she was. She had been diligently reading the fanfiction online on a daily basis, but she never expected that Sean would have a change of heart so quickly? That left her on the verge of exploding.

"Miss, please. I really want them to be together, too. Just tell me, and I'll dig more into it, okay? Cameron handed the coffee to her solemnly.

She accepted it and looked at him, saying, "Abigail couldn't sleep last night. It was because she discovered that your boss was with Kelly that kept her awake.

I'm really pissed, you know?" "Is that so, Miss? Have your meal first, and don't forget your coffee too. I'll inquire about this, and once I have something, I'll report to you immediately," Cameron replied, even though it caught him by surprise internally.

He found it difficult to believe that Abigail, who had a heart of steel, would lose her sleep over Sean and Kelly being together.

With some doubt, Cameron called Sean.

Sean had just arrived at the airport when he received Cameron's call. "Is something wrong on your end?" he asked, preparing to turn back.

"Mr. Graham, did you happen to attend any other events last night and run into Kelly?" Cameron asked respectfully.

"She was at the hospital taking care of her grandmother," Sean replied calmly.

He stood still, carefully recalling the events of the previous night. Soon, he realized, could it be that Abigail heard Kelly's voice and cared about it?

“Ms. Quinn’s assistant said that Ms. Quinn couldn’t sleep last night. She misunderstood that you were with Kelly. Because of this, her assistant is pissed.” Cameron relayed what he knew to Sean, not being aware of the full story.

“Okay.” Sean’s gaze slightly darkened. He hung up the phone and turned to Xavien beside him. “Tell the client that I’ll be two hours late.” Kelly’s involvement with the Pearson Family and the harm caused to Analise were the actual reasons behind Abigail’s insomnia, not the mere misunderstanding about his relationship with Kelly. Abigail was worried that Sean would side with the Pearson Family, so he needed to explain things to her.

2/3 Outside the airport, he called Abigail, who answered the call quickly.

“We need to talk. Send me your current location. You can come in person or let Xavien pick you up.” Sean’s tone sounded urgent.

She fell silent momentarily before replying, “Can’t it be said over the phone? I’m quite busy now and don’t have time to come.” “Whether our phones are being monitored or not, I can’t be sure. After all, Kelly’s visit to Pendorf can’t be as simple as it seems. I need to exercise every precaution possible.” Sean patiently explained the situation to Abigail.

“Then, send me the address, and I’ll take a cab there.” Abigail replied.

He hung up the phone with a faint smile on his lips. Sometimes, she was still relatively innocent, which was why he had genuinely managed to lie to her with that tone.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 346-His Explanation, Her Confusion As Abigail arrived at the cafe Sean had suggested, she pondered many things on her way. Ultimately, she concluded that Kelly wasn’t interested in him but was using him as a pretext to further the interests of the Pearson Family. As she took her seat at the designated location, her expression turned serious. “What could be so important that it had to be discussed at a cafe?” The man signaled the waiter to bring her a cup of warm milk before asking, “What’s with your face? Did you have a rough night yesterday?” She was still contemplating what he intended to say. So, when she heard his question, she simply hummed in acknowledgment before grasping his inquiry. “Hurry up and say what you want. I don’t have all day.” “Even if you’re busy, you still need to find some time and relax,” Sean remarked. Honestly, it was because he wasn’t prepared to explain it to Abigail. Her expression turned cold, and she demanded, “What are you trying to say?” He sipped his coffee and began, “Cameron mentioned that you didn’t seem well today, and I thought it might be because of our phone call last night. You seemed to be overthinking things when you knew Kelly was with me.” “I didn’t overthink about this,”

she retorted immediately, aware that it was her gossipy assistant who had informed Cameron about her condition. At that moment, Sean raised his gaze and looked serious. "I understand that you're not concerned about the relationship. Instead, you are worried that I might side with the Pearson Family. However, I assure you that I will not have any connection with them, and I certainly don't like Kelly." His unexpected statement left Abigail momentarily stunned. She lowered her head and took a few sips of her milk. In that brief moment, she discovered that it tasted unexpectedly delightful. "This milk is quite tasty. I didn't expect it to be this good." "Abigail," he called out, his tone tinged with a hint of helplessness. After hearing her name, Abigail looked at him and replied calmly, "I know." "That's good. Initially, Kelly came to my house because Grandma had a minor accident. She voluntarily went to the hospital to take care of her. You know how Grandma is-she treats Kelly dearly, even based on a little white lie," Sean said softly. "Alright, I understand. I'll head back to work after finishing this glass of milk." She was eager to change the topic, not expecting that he had invited her out primarily for this explanation. She felt uneasy, pondering what her assistant and Cameron might have gossiped about. Consequently, she decided to instruct her assistant to knock before entering her office in the future.

1/3 Sean nodded and glanced at his watch, realizing that two hours had passed quietly from the moment he arrived at the cafe to Abigail's arrival, with another thirty minutes until he departed for the airport. Lost in his thoughts, he was jolted when she spoke. "If you're busy, you can leave first. It's fine." In response to her considerate words, he lowered his hand and smiled. "I didn't expect you to remember my habits." He acknowledged the fact that every time he checked his watch, it signaled an impending matter requiring his attention. Therefore, she consistently urged him to tend to his affairs whenever she observed him looking at his watch. On the other hand, she set aside her milk upon hearing his words, and a smile graced her lips as she replied, "We did share three years of our lives, you know. It hasn't even been a year since we parted ways." Sean's emotions swirled within him as Abigail calmly reminisced about their shared past. "Yeah..." he murmured with a hint of bittersweetness. After she left the cafe, Xavier approached Sean and gently reminded him, "It's time to head to the airport." "Okay," Sean said, suppressing his lingering sadness, and walked toward his car. Observing Sean's despondent expression, Xavier couldn't help but sigh, knowing that Sean hadn't yet let go of his feelings for Abigail. After Abigail returned to her studio, feeling tired and in need of rest, her assistant informed her that Josh had arrived. Annoyed, she remarked, "I don't want to see him." She wasn't one to entertain visitors when she was exhausted. The assistant, bearing a troubled expression, explained, "He refuses to leave and insists on seeing you." "Where's Cameron?" Abigail inquired as she covered her legs with a small blanket. The assistant continued, "Even if Josh barges in forcefully, Mr. Hopkins can't do anything about it." Reluctantly, Abigail set aside the blanket and stood up, accompanying her assistant to the entrance of her studio. She frowned at Josh and asked, "What do you want?" "Has Kelly been here for the past few days?" Josh asked. She replied

coldly, "I'm not on good terms with her, Mr. Pearson. Why would she come to my place? Don't you have her number?" "She's not answering my calls." he replied, his anxiety driving him to seek out Abigail.^{2/3} She stood on the stairway, scrutinizing him for a moment before saying, "Maybe you should ask Kelly about her purpose in Pendorf. I don't like the idea of me being used as an excuse." After hearing Abigail's words, Josh grew increasingly certain that Kelly hadn't been to see Abigail in recent days. He also couldn't help but notice the seriousness in Abigail's expression and the impatience in her tone, making him wonder if she was dealing with her issues. Just as Josh was about to leave, Cameron called out to him, "May I have a word with Pearson?" you, Mr.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 347-Pleasing Others Abigail paid no attention to what Cameron would say to Josh as she went straight into her office. After informing her assistant, she lay down on the couch to rest. Soon, she fell into a deep slumber.

Outside, Cameron and Josh found a quiet spot to have a conversation.

Cameron regarded Josh with a wry smile and delivered his words in a mocking tone. "Mr. Pearson, Miss Hagl may have claimed to be here to apologize to Ms.

Quinn, but she hasn't taken any tangible steps to demonstrate her sincerity." Josh's expression softened as he responded, "Do you believe that offering a token of apology is the sole indicator of genuine intent?"

"No, my point is, if she truly desires to apologize, she should be making every possible effort rather than coming here and ignoring your calls. One has to wonder, what was she doing when she wasn't answering your phone calls?" With arms crossed, Cameron wore a cold, smirking expression.

Puzzled by Cameron's insinuations, Josh approached him and inquired, "What are you getting at?" "I'm merely conveying a message on behalf of Mr. Graham. It would be in Kelly's best interest to come here for a genuine apology rather than exploiting it as a pretext to harm Ms. Quinn. Otherwise, her fate could be akin to Joan's." As Cameron spoke, his demeanor grew stern.

Josh pursed his lips, contemplating his next words. Kelly has nothing to do with Vincent. This whole thing is a misunderstanding. She didn't have any motives for coming here." "If that's the case, please head to Metro Hospital and take her, who seems to keep pleasing others, away. I recall that your family has announced a marriage alliance with the Davidsons. Didn't

she come to Pendorf to find her in-laws because it's a marriage between her and Eric?" Cameron's words carried a hint of sarcasm as he turned and left.

Watching Cameron's departure, Josh clenched his fists tightly. While Cameron's words stung, Josh was more preoccupied with why Kelly was at Metro Hospital.

Moreover, he pondered whom she was trying to please. Deep in thought, he turned around and left. After making several attempts to reach his sister, she finally picked up the phone.

"What's the matter, Josh?" she asked casually.

Josh, who had been anxious throughout the day, breathed a sigh of relief.

"Where have you been? Why didn't you answer your phone? You're in an unfamiliar place. What if you got lost?" His concern was evident as he questioned her. After all, she had gone missing during their childhood, and he had experienced the torment of being unable to reach her, which had driven him to seek Abigail's assistance.

1/3 When she heard that, she quickly reassured him. "I'm at the library. I fell asleep while reading and didn't hear the phone ringing. I'll go home now." Josh stopped in his tracks as her response left him wondering, Is she at the library or the hospital? However, he soon shook his head and reaffirmed his thoughts, deciding to trust Kelly and not take anyone else's word for it.

"Do you want me to pick you up?" he asked softly. He thought, When she comes home, I'll have a chat with her. Either she apologizes to Abigail and asks for forgiveness, or I'll send her back to Capitalis. After all, Pendorf was Sean's territory. Thus, something terrible would happen to Kelly if he allowed her to run off and still didn't resolve the misunderstanding. Even their family couldn't find any dirt. against Sean. Plus, Sean had given them a clear warning by having Vincent undergo an investigation.

"It's fine. I've already called a cab. It won't happen again, Josh. I'm sorry for making you worry. It's my fault." Kelly apologized again.

"I've told you before. You don't need to keep apologizing. Just come back quickly. I need to talk to you about something important." After hanging up the call, Josh was still in denial. He wasn't sure whether Kelly was at the library or the hospital and wondered if he should find someone to look into this.

When Luna returned to the studio after running errands, she was greeted by the sight of Abigail reclining on the couch. She couldn't help but wonder, Is Sean some kind of human-sized sleeping pill? Why else would Abigail fall asleep so quickly after meeting with him?

Abigail slept through her entire workday and still felt a bit groggy when she woke up.

Luna was sitting on the couch while watching videos with headphones on.

Seeing that Abigail awoke, she promptly removed her headphones and smiled.

"You're awake? It seems that Sean has quite an effect on you. You met him, and you've been sleeping for nearly three hours. I'm quite impressed." "He probably put sleeping pills in the milk he gave me," Abigail said with a deadpan expression. She doubted that the man had anything to do with this and was certain he might have spiked her drink.

Luna raised an eyebrow and stood up with her bag in hand. Then, she told Abigail, "Let's go and have some food." Abigail nodded in agreement. Luna had already tidied up her things during her nap. As they left the studio, Luna wrapped her arm around Abigail's shoulder.

She inquired, "By the way, did Sean explain his relationship with Kelly to you?

What did he say?" Abigail responded, "It's more or less the same as before-nothing particularly remarkable." Recalling her conversation with him, she could feel her heart racing with every thought of it.

2/3 "What exactly did he say? Does it have anything to do with Kelly?" Luna was eager to know. After all, she couldn't accept that Kelly was more attractive than Abigail.

Abigail assured her, "It's not about Kelly. Sean made it abundantly clear that he doesn't like her." "That's what I thought. There's no way he would be blinded by her looks," Luna replied as she finally calmed down. After all, Sean had not fallen in love with Abigail for the past three years. If he were to have feelings for Kelly now, she would feel sorry for Abigail.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 348-He Looks Like Abigail's Brother The next day, when Kelly arrived at Metro Hospital, Josh got out of another car.

She hadn't. mentioned her visit to the library that morning. Instead, she told her brother she was meeting at friend and asked him not to worry. Initially, he had no intentions of following her, but he couldn't help himself.

His suspicions grew as he followed his sister. She had only been in Pendorf for a few days, making it unlikely that she had formed a deep connection with someone so quickly. Furthermore, her early morning visit to the hotel for breakfast indicated that this friend held significant importance in her life.

Josh followed Kelly into the hospital and eventually saw her entering Room 602.

He approached the payment counter and asked the doctor sincerely, "Excuse me, has the fee for Room 602 not been paid? My sister said her friend staying in this room hadn't settled the bill yet and asked me to help pay it. However, I'm not sure if this is the right room or not. Could you please check it for me?" The doctor searched on the computer for a moment and then replied, "Are you sure you are not mistaken? An elderly lady occupies room 602. There's no way your sister's friend would be that old." Josh expressed his confusion, stating, "But I just saw her entering Room 602.

She even told me to make the payment." After a brief silence, the doctor said, "Sir, the patient in Room 602 is a special case and doesn't need to pay. Your sister must have made a mistake. I suggest you ask her about it." "Thank you. I'll ask her about it." Then, Josh turned around and left. He wandered through the hospital corridors, devoting about half an hour to exploring the facility. During his investigation, he uncovered the exclusive nature of the wards in Building 1. These rooms were exclusively reserved for affluent individuals who had either invested in or made significant contributions to the hospital. Remarkably, patients on the sixth floor or higher were exempt from any admission fees.

In Pendorf, only three people could stay on the sixth floor. Among these, two were unknown to him, while the third was Sean. After laying eyes on Sean's name on the directory, Josh fell into contemplative silence. He carefully pocketed his phone and, with determination, headed toward Room 602.

Inside the ward, Kelly engaged in a conversation with Lina. Suddenly, Josh appeared at the door and asked, "What are you doing here, Kelly?" Having previously investigated Abigail, he was well-acquainted with the Grahams, thus recognizing Lina.

Kelly turned around and was surprised to see him, "Josh, did you follow me here?" He nodded, and his gaze wandered briefly over Lina before fixing it back on Kelly. "I was worried 1/3 about you. After all, you're not familiar with Pendorf." Kelly stood up and smiled. "I'm not a child anymore. I used to handle things on my own when you weren't around. I've grown up. By the way, this is Sean's grandmother, Old Mrs. Graham." "Are you Kelly's brother? You both are so good-looking." Lina smiled as she looked at Josh. However, a hint of contempt

flickered within her. After all, he bore an uncanny resemblance to Abigail. In that fleeting moment, Lina wondered if he was indeed Kelly's brother rather than Abigail's.

He had no particular fondness for Lina, and he politely nodded in response to her comment. "Thank you." "Old Mrs. Graham had been kidnapped a few days ago, leading to her hospitalization due to severe shock. Since she is still recovering, I decided to come and take care of her," Kelly explained to Josh softly. There was no sign of guilt in her expression. Despite her awareness of his lack of knowledge regarding the situation, she remained unfazed.

"This hospital offers great medical care. The medical staff can take care of Old Mrs. Graham better than you," Josh expressed his discomfort with his sister taking care of Lina in the hospital. He wondered whether Kelly was oblivious to Sean's apparent disapproval of their family.

"Kelly is more considerate than the nurses, and her company means a lot to me," Lina said with a smile despite her reservations about his resemblance to Abigail. Inwardly, she reminded herself that he was, in fact, Kelly's brother, and their similar appearances were merely a coincidence.

Josh smiled and said nothing.

Only when Lina fell asleep after receiving her IV did he discreetly motion for Kelly to step outside the room. As they stood at the entrance of the emergency exit, he regarded her with a puzzled expression. "I don't quite grasp why you came to Pendorf," he admitted.

She replied, "Well, it's all about clearing up the misunderstanding, isn't it? Did you think I visited Old Mrs. Graham because of Sean?" She appeared hurt by his lack of understanding.

Josh's expression softened, and he continued, "Nevertheless, you should have informed me about your plans. Do you know who Sean is? Aren't you afraid you'll provoke him by suddenly getting close to his grandmother?" "I haven't done anything wrong. Besides, Sean's not an unreasonable person, is he? He already knows that Uncle Vincent is responsible for everything. He wouldn't harm me," Kelly explained while lowering her gaze. It was the first time she had stood her ground and refused to take the blame.

He considered her words for a moment and then asked, "Kelly, could you please keep me informed about your future plans? And how does winning over Old Mrs. Graham relate to

resolving the misunderstanding between us and Abigail?" He genuinely couldn't grasp the significance of her approach.

2/3 Kelly confidently responded, "Sean was the one who investigated this matter and knows the truth. By building a good relationship with him, he can advocate for us in front of Abigail. If she trusts someone he trusts, it might help bridge the gap between us. Since she doesn't believe in six, we need someone she can trust to support our case."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 349-Change of Mind Josh found Kelly's idea appealing, but convincing Sean was no easy task. To some extent, Abigail and Sean shared similar personalities. Once they had formed an opinion about something, they were not quick to change their minds.

"You're oversimplifying things. Sean won't easily dispel his misunderstanding toward you with what Uncle Vincent has done to him. Instead of reaching out to Sean, you might be better off talking to Abigail directly," Josh suggested as he tenderly stroked Kelly's hair. Observing the great effort she had put into resolving the misunderstandings between her and Abigail, he couldn't help but feel a sense of guilt. Kelly's inherent self-consciousness drove her to seek the approval of others, and she would go to great lengths to change someone's

negative opinion of her. He had often considered advising her against such behavior but hesitated, fearing it would damage her self-esteem.

"But Abigail doesn't like me. The more I try to approach her, the angrier she'll get. Josh, you and her are still friends. Can you talk to her about it? I'll stay by Old Mrs. Graham's side. What if it works?" She looked at him with hopeful eyes.

He furrowed his brows. "Do you genuinely want to be friends with Abigail, Kelly?" "I know you care a lot about your relationship with Abigail, Josh. It's because of me that things have become strained between you two," she admitted, her voice filled with guilt.

At that moment, Josh found himself at a loss for words, witnessing how Kelly consistently prioritized the feelings of others.

"Just trust me for once." She gently shook her brother's hand.

Looking at her, Josh sighed and said, "Alright, but be cautious. Before you earn Sean's favor, think carefully about what you say." Even though he knew that Sean wasn't easy to talk to

and was ruthless, Josh also knew his personality; as long as one didn't step on his boundaries, he wouldn't hurt anyone.

"Okay!" Kelly nodded. As soon as she lowered her gaze, a glint of triumph flashed across her eyes.

When Abigail and Luna came out of the studio, they saw Josh standing not far away.

"He has been waiting all afternoon, and he doesn't even say what he wants. He just stands there," Cameron whispered to Abigail.

Abigail thought, How smart of him. After all, by not disclosing the reason for his visit, Josh left Cameron with no grounds to kick him out.

"He's definitely here because of Kelly again," Luna said in a hushed voice.

1/3 As Abigail descended the steps, Josh approached her and uttered, "I'd like to have a serious conversation with you." Abigail responded, "If it's about Kelly, you can just forget it." She maintained her belief that maintaining distance from them would lead to a peaceful life, even though events rarely unfolded as planned.

When Josh stopped her, Cameron immediately stepped in, positioning himself protectively in front of her. With a stern expression, he warned, "Mr. Pearson, please don't get me started." Josh looked at Abigail and said, "I promise this will be the last time. After today, I won't bother you.

anymore." Luna grew annoyed, expressing, "Mr. Pearson, do you realize you're causing trouble for others? Business should be based on mutual agreement. How dare your family force Abigail to design a set of clothes for Kelly when she had already refused?" He responded, "It's not about the clothes." Luna retorted, "Who cares what it's about? Can't you see that you're causing problems for Abigail right now?" She then attempted to pull Abigail away, intending to leave.

However, Abigail grasped Luna's hand and turned her attention to him. "Can you guarantee that after talking to me this time, your family won't bother me again?" she inquired.

After hearing that, he felt somewhat uncomfortable. He nodded gently and offered an apology in a low voice, saying, "I'm sorry." "Let's talk then. Do you want it to be a one-on-one conversation, or can Luna join too?" In the end, Abigail was still a soft-hearted person. Although she certainly disliked Kelly, her first impression of Josh was nice. Thus, she didn't

want things to get ugly between them. Moreover, perhaps she was also influenced by Sean's reminder.

Half an hour later, Abigail and Josh sat in a restaurant. She didn't order anything and asked him coldly, "So, what do you want to talk about?" To be honest, she had a hunch that it would be about Kelly.

He explained, "Kelly went to visit Old Mrs. Graham to clear up the misunderstanding. She did everything to please her, hoping that Sean would put in good words in front of you. After all, he was the one who uncovered the truth.

She believes that if he vouches for her innocence, you won't harbor ill feelings towards her." She couldn't help but chuckle upon hearing this. After a moment, she nodded and inquired, "Anything else?" Abigail admitted that Kelly was skilled at lying and undeniably clever. In Josh's presence, Kelly had the knack of using her misunderstanding as a convenient excuse. As long as there was no concrete evidence linking her to Vincent's actions, she could continue playing the innocent card.

2/3 Abigail found it the first time she had encountered such a shameless woman.

"I don't want Kelly to come into contact with the Graham Family. I can assure you there's indeed. no connection between what happened to Uncle Vincent and her. I've checked it many times. When we found her, she was living with her adopted family, and she was leading a cautious and sensitive life. She's genuinely hurt that you harbor negative feelings toward her," Josh spoke sincerely, locking eyes with Abigail.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 350-I'm Not a Ruthless Person Abigail nodded but remained silent. She couldn't help but feel a sense of regret for not recording Kelly's reaction the last time she called her. However, she knew that even if she had recorded it, it might not have made a difference, as Kelly could always claim that someone else had impersonated her. After all, Abigail didn't even know whose phone number Kelly had used.

"Of course, it's your prerogative to like or dislike someone. Still, I was hoping you could put on an act to put Kelly at ease, even just for once." Josh looked at her hopefully. "As long as she knows you don't hate her, she'll leave."

After hearing that, Abigail's mind was filled with doubts about whether he truly comprehended. Kelly's nature. She knew that acquiescing to his request would inevitably plunge her into a web of complications. She questioned the wisdom of playing the saint in this situation. It was

evident to her that Josh was placing her in a very uncomfortable predicament, all for the sake of Kelly. He was ready to make a rather impolite request of her. She inquired with a cold smile, "Kelly is important to you, isn't she? That's why you want me, an outsider, to endure discomfort for her happiness, isn't it?" He knew how selfish and disgusting he was and made a conscious decision to approach her and talk about this. However, he couldn't bear the thought of Kelly having to humiliate herself before Sean's relatives just to gain Abigail's forgiveness. With a pained expression, he confessed, "I know I'm being selfish, Abigail. But I hope you can do me this favor." Abigail stared at him for a long moment, her silent contemplation reflecting the transformation she had observed in Josh. A person who had been consistently considerate had now seemingly transformed into someone she despised due to Kelly's web of deceit.

She couldn't help but sigh as she considered the apparent lack of principles in some men. Men often treated women they perceived as vulnerable like fragile porcelain dolls, going to great lengths to ensure their happiness rather than standing firm in their principles to help these women grow stronger. As these thoughts swirled in her mind, she couldn't suppress a rueful chuckle.

"I find it disheartening to witness how you've changed. I have no insight into Kelly's past, and I don't see a reason to extend sympathy to her. Furthermore, she currently enjoys a privileged situation where she doesn't need to cater to anyone. If you were a good brother, you would have reprimanded her instead of indulging her, which only encourages her self-degradation." Abigail rose from her seat, her disappointment palpable as she gazed at Josh. "You're all the same, and I find it mundane. Individuals who lack boundaries are truly repulsive." After hearing that, he raised his head and locked eyes with her, his heart pierced by her cutting words.

"I hope you won't come looking for me again," she stated firmly. "Even if Sean came to speak on her behalf, it would be useless. Besides, he would never do something so foolish. Instead of feeling sorry for her past, why don't you feel sorry for yourself?" She saw Josh as a clown being 1/2 manipulated by Kelly. After delivering her final words, she turned and walked looking back.

away without Josh remained seated at the restaurant table, his mind filled with self-doubt. Did I make a mistake? Should I not have allowed Kelly to act this way?

Meanwhile, Abigail, still caught up in her troubled thoughts, didn't immediately head for her car when she left the restaurant. She walked aimlessly along the road, with Cameron silently following her, sensing her distress.

Indeed, her mood was at its lowest point. She wasn't a block of wood that had no feelings; in fact, she was disappointed in Josh and Eric because of how they had been good to her in the past. It felt as though they were following in Anthony's footsteps, treating her like a disposable tool as soon as someone more significant entered their lives. It was as though they hadn't anticipated that their actions would hurt her, much like the way Sean used to treat her..

As Cameron trailed Abigail for some time, he couldn't help but notice that Josh had caught up to them.

With a sense of urgency, Josh swiftly approached her and gently but firmly grasped her wrist from behind. "I'm sorry, Abigail," he began, his eyes locking onto hers. A heavy shroud of shame draped over his face, concealing his features.

"I'm sorry," he repeated, his voice laced with remorse. "I went against my original intention. I shouldn't have treated you like this. You shouldn't be treated this way by us. I'm truly ashamed of what I did," he confessed, his gaze falling as the weight of his actions bore down on him.

Abigail gently withdrew her hand from Josh's grasp and spoke with calm composure. "You know, even though I haven't had much contact with Anthony, I considered him a good friend from our time in university until the day we broke ties." Josh didn't know about this, so he was shocked when he heard about it. After all, if it weren't for Anthony, he and Eric wouldn't have met Abigail.

"I thought you were my friend," she continued, her smile bittersweet. "But you've disappointed me over and over again. I'm not someone who severs ties lightly, and I sometimes feel sad when my friends force me to do things I despise.

Please, don't ever contact me again. I don't want to feel disgusted when I'm around you." The thought of losing Anthony as a friend couldn't have escaped Abigail's regret.

She reflected on their nearly eight-year-long friendship and recognized the pain associated with losing a dear friend. She acknowledged that the feeling of suffocation isn't exclusive to romantic relationships but can affect friendships as well.

"I'm sorry." Josh apologized again. "I will handle this properly. Please don't hate me, okay?" He looked into Abigail's eyes genuinely.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

351-360

I Want a Divorce Chapter 351-You Can Bribe Me At that moment, Cameron tensed up when he heard Josh's words. He wondered if Josh failed to recognize his sister and even developed feelings for her. Then, Cameron approached them on his electric scooter. He stepped on the brakes and propped his foot on the ground as he looked at them. "Ms.

Quinn, I can give you a ride home if you can't get a cab. My scooter isn't a bad option." Determined not to let Josh have any more chances to engage Abigail in conversation, Cameron knew he had to intervene. Every time Josh spoke to her, it left him feeling uncomfortable, and he couldn't help but fear the consequences if their sibling relationship started to blur into something

more than that.

Abigail nodded at Cameron and said, "Sure. A breath of fresh air sounds good." Josh watched in silence as Abigail mounted Cameron's scooter. With a simple wave, he bid her goodbye as she rode away with Cameron.

Cameron couldn't help but shudder when he observed Josh's actions in the rearview mirror. He fervently hoped that Josh did not harbor romantic feelings for her. After all, it would be an incredibly delicate situation if Sean ever found out.

"Ms. Quinn, it's advisable to minimize your interactions with Josh," he advised as they continued on the scooter. "Kelly didn't have good intentions when she came to Pendorf. Although Josh is amiable, he still stands with her." Abigail smiled and replied, "I know. With that, Cameron felt a sense of relief but hesitated to bring up a pressing issue. "Josh seems to treat you differently... How do you feel about it?" She responded nonchalantly, "Perhaps it's because he mistook me for his sister before, and he hasn't fully let go of that." After all, she didn't sense any romantic feelings from Josh.

He mumbled, "Is that so..." Given his lack of experience in romantic matters, he wasn't sure about the nature of Josh's feelings toward Abigail.

Suddenly, Abigail placed her hand on Cameron's shoulder and inquired, "Are you trying to gather information about me by talking to my assistant?" His body stiffened, and he let out an awkward chuckle. "No way... You can ask me anything about Sean, and I'll tell you

everything.” She swiftly retracted her hand, firmly stating, “I’m not interested.” He couldn’t help but laugh and commented, “At least give him some dignity.” She paid him no attention as she was fully engrossed in planning her upcoming trip abroad.

1/3 deliberately avoiding entanglement in trivial matters for now. She contemplated, Perhaps it’s time for me to make my plans.

After returning home, Abigail assisted Analise in the kitchen as they prepared a meal. Suddenly, she proposed, “Grandma, let’s get ready to go abroad for your treatment.” Analise voiced her concerns firmly, “My health is fine. Why should we go abroad? I’m taking insulin regularly, and I’ve been doing well with it. You can see it from my recent medical reports.” She wasn’t enthusiastic about the idea, as she had a strong aversion to traveling abroad. Even going out of town was a hassle for her, and the thought of navigating a foreign country with a language barrier only made it more unappealing. After all, she still preferred to stay at home.

Abigail, however, remained resolute. “The doctor said your eye condition is still a concern, and that’s what worries me the most. Come on, let’s go together. It’s not like we are struggling financially right now.” To alleviate any financial concerns, she contemplated, I could borrow some money from Luna and pay her back once I take on more design work.

Concerned, Analise asked, “Is something bothering you, Abby? Is that why you want to go abroad in such a hurry?” “No,” Abigail replied casually.

After hearing this, Analise resumed her work and said, “Well, I don’t want to go abroad for treatment. I’m fine with taking the insulin, just like you said.” Abigail had already foreseen this outcome. Generational differences in mindset were at play. Older generations tended to value staying close to their roots, and given Analise’s age, she had a deep attachment to her hometown. Moreover, Theodore still resided in Quinn Village. If they were to go abroad, it would mean no one visiting him anymore. As she contemplated this, she temporarily set aside the immediate plan of going abroad.

After providing a report of the past two days’ events to Sean, Cameron fell into silence, hesitant to speak further.

“For the sake of Kelly, Josh will eventually let Abigail down... Just as Anthony did!” Sean uttered through gritted teeth.

Cameron quickly added, "But Josh's quick reaction prevented any lasting harm to Ms. Quinn. He apologized promptly." Sean replied coldly, "Kelly will certainly think of something else once her plan has failed. As you stay by Abigail's side, not only do you need to keep her safe, but also Analise's safety. Do you understand? Old people are vulnerable, and Kelly will likely take advantage of this." Cameron immediately accepted his orders.

2/3 "Speaking of which, how is Vincent's case progressing?" Sean had been swamped with work. recently and hadn't had the chance to attend to these trivial matters.

Cameron's reply was earnest. "It appears highly unlikely that Vincent will face any charges." This outcome was anticipated because many individuals were already taking responsibility for Vincent's actions, shielding him from personal consequences.

"I see. Tell Alfie to be careful. His involvement in this matter might not sit well with Vincent, and there's a chance Vincent has already covertly reached out to those within the Willis Family who hold grudges against Alfie." Sean had surmised the outcome of Vincent's case. After an extensive investigation, the likelihood of a favorable outcome was slim. In a large family like Vincent's, it was not easy to catch them with concrete evidence.

Following the phone call, Sean experienced a sudden longing for Abigail.

However, he was aware that she would only reach out to him if he initiated contact. As he toyed with his phone, he contemplated how to start a conversation with her naturally.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 352-Comply With One's Liking As Abigail prepared for a good night's sleep, she was startled by a sudden knock on her door, followed by the ringing of her phone. When she picked up her phone, she noticed it was a call from a delivery man. She furrowed her brow, puzzled since she hadn't placed any food orders. So, she answered the call and said, "Hello." "Are you Ms. Quinn? I have a delivery for you," the delivery man said enthusiastically.

"I didn't order any food," she replied politely.

"Your friend ordered it. I've left it at your doorstep since I still have another delivery to make," the delivery man explained before ending the call.

Abigail wondered which friend might be behind this late-night food delivery. After all, Luna knew she didn't have a habit of eating midnight snacks. The possibilities whirled in her mind. Could it be Kelly, and what is she up to again?

Just as she put her phone down and was going to check the delivery, she received a message from Sean.

“Did you get the delivery?” Abigail looked at the message and felt speechless.

‘What did you send me?’ ‘Why don’t you find out yourself? It’s already at your doorstep.

Thus, she had no choice but to go outside and retrieve the delivery that Sean had sent. Opening the door, she found a large gift box placed outside. She couldn’t help but wonder what was inside.

As she hoisted the box, Abigail quickly noticed its weight, and upon bringing it indoors, she eagerly unboxed the package. Within, she discovered a book, several rolls of fabric, and an assortment of gold and silver threads. She couldn’t help but admire how well he had nailed this gift choice.

The book she found was particularly valuable, a professional guide to various embroidery techniques, including the unique art of using gold and silver threads.

Engrossed in her newfound treasure, she was interrupted by the ring of her phone. She picked it up and saw that it was Sean. She answered the call and asked, “Where did you find these?” While speaking, she walked toward the living room.

On the other end of the line, he responded nonchalantly, “I stumbled upon them randomly. I thought you’d find them valuable, so I arranged for the delivery.” Abigail ran her fingers over the fabrics Sean had chosen; they exuded quality and, to her surprise, 1/3 seemed rather expensive. Her skepticism crept into her voice as she commented, “It’s not easy for me to find these fabrics, yet you found them randomly?”

He cleared his throat and said, “Do you like them?” She hesitated for a moment before replying, “They’re quite nice. How much did it cost you? I’ll return the money to you.” After hearing that, Sean regretted making the call. “Can’t you say something nice for once?” His voice was filled with dissatisfaction.

“If you think returning the money isn’t a pleasant gesture, it seems there’s nothing nice left to say,” Abigail responded bluntly.

Surprisingly, he had nothing to say. After a moment of silence, he said, “It appears you were indeed holding back when we were together.” “Do you have anything else to say? If not, I’m

going to hang up. Send me the receipt later, and I'll transfer the money to you." She did not like how he had brought up their past.

He sighed and said, "You don't have to pay me back. Just make me a set of winter clothes, and that will be enough." "I'll consider it," she replied, wanting to keep her distance from him.

When Sean heard Abigail's words, his voice turned colder. "Cameron told me that you were unhappy. That's why I went out of my way to find these things.

Yet, it seems you're deliberately trying to upset me." "It's late. I'm going to bed," she stated, wanting to avoid further discussion.

He could not help but think how heartless she was. So, he sighed and said, "Fine. Get some rest." After Abigail hung up the call, she threw her phone aside and started reading the embroidery book.

The gold and silver threads Sean gifted her were fine. If she wanted to embroider them, she must be extremely careful. After all, these threads were hard to come by due to their thinness, and it was also difficult to purchase them.

In comparison, the threads she had bought were relatively thicker, offering better durability but not as beautiful when embroidering flowers.

In a fleeting moment, she was so engrossed in the book that she lost track of time. It was only when her incessant yawns began that she realized how late it had become-almost 2.30A.M.

The gifts he had given her truly brought her joy. After all, anyone who receives something they adore can't help but feel incredibly happy and content.

Abigail gathered everything and returned to her room. She carefully placed the gold and silver 2/3 threads into a box to keep them for future use. Then, she lay on the bed with her eyes closed with contentment. As she slowly drifted off to sleep, her mind couldn't help but recall Sean's words.

She thought about the extravagant gifts he had given to Joan, such as designer bags and watches. Yet, the gifts he gave her were tailored to her preferences.

In Abigail's memory, Sean had always struck her as the stereotypical type. Thus, she was surprised by the fact that he now aimed to make her happy by giving her such thoughtful gifts.

How happy would I have been if it were in the past... These thoughts swirled in her mind as she drifted off to sleep.

As Abigail peacefully slumbered, Josh spent a restless night plagued by his unsuccessful attempts. to persuade Kelly to return. His efforts had only further fueled her anger. Following their conversation at the hospital, his sister had secluded herself within the confines of her room, refusing to emerge even for dinner. Even his persistent calls to her went unanswered. Consequently, by the time morning broke, he remained wide awake.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 353-A Fight Between the Pearson Siblings When Kelly came out of her room, she was startled to find Josh sitting in the living room.

“Are you going to visit Old Mrs. Graham again?” he asked with a hoarse voice.

She replied with determination, “If you don’t support me, I’ll manage on my own.

Besides, I spoke to Mom last night, and she’s in favor of my decision.” “I still think what Abigail said was right, Kelly. This is just a misunderstanding.

You don’t have to do this because of a misunderstanding. Old Mrs. Graham isn’t worth it for you to be doing these. Abigail had suffered a lot because of her; she isn’t a kind person,” Josh said, a weariness evident in his expression.

“The more you care about Abigail, the guiltier I feel. Do you understand, Josh?” Kelly said with a tone of sadness. She turned and walked away.

Suddenly, Josh raised his voice. “Kelly!” Nevertheless, Kelly didn’t halt her pace but instead quickened it, wearing a grim expression.

“I don’t understand why you feel guilty. Ever since the day you returned, I’ve treated you as my little sister wholeheartedly. I don’t want you constantly seeking approval from others. You’re the heiress of the Pearson Family. Even if you were a bit spoiled or self-centered, I wouldn’t consider it wrong,” Josh said as he followed Kelly.

“Do you think I’m trying to please Abigail?” She turned around, her eyes red with tears.

He felt disheartened, yet he persisted, “You keep placing blame on yourself, and that’s not right. My relationship with Abigail is my own concern, not yours. Don’t meddle any further. Let’s go back home and not disrupt Abigail anymore.” “I’m doing this for your sake, yet you think I’m causing trouble for her?” she said, tears welling up in her eyes.

Josh was momentarily rendered speechless. However, he remained resolute, "Let's go home." "I won't go back. If I return like this, imagine how Mom will complicate things for Abigail. It will only deteriorate your relationship with her," Kelly said, holding back her tears as she left.

Josh had no choice but to call Scarlett. As soon as the call was answered, he said emotionally, "I want to take Kelly back to Capitalis. Please help me persuade her not to be so fixated on this matter." Scarlett, however, had a sharp retort. "Do you truly believe this is a trivial issue?

Abigail is being irrational. Kelly has already done a lot, so what more does Abigail want? She has been nursing a grudge over a misunderstanding for far too long, causing Kelly considerable distress. Rather than 1/2 comforting your sister, you seem to be siding with an outsider." "Kelly brought this upon herself. Even if she hadn't come here to explain or do these things, Abigail would have reacted the same way. Why should we expect her to like Kelly or design clothes for her?" Josh asked, his voice tinged with anger.

"If you put it that way, I have to make Abigail design clothes for Kelly. With or without her consent, these clothes have to be designed. Abigail owes you a favor since you saved her grandmother," Scarlett responded firmly.

"It wasn't me who saved her grandmother. I simply took credit for someone else's effort. Your shouldn't pressure her with this. Furthermore, even if I did save her grandmother, why should I force her to design clothes for Kelly? That would be the opposite of the purpose behind helping someone. There would be no point in helping others anymore." Josh was infuriated.

"Josh, you initially approached her with a purpose, not to promote your virtue.

Suppose that in the beginning, we didn't mistakenly believe she was our family; you would've been a stranger to her. The truth is, she benefited from your actions. Scarlett began to be annoyed.

'Mom! What are you talking about?' Josh shivered in anger.

"You don't have to raise your voice with me. I don't have to care about her feelings since she is not my daughter. Plus, Kelly had gone missing for so many years. I would give her anything she wants, let alone just a piece of clothing that Abigail designed!" After she was done with her words, she hung up the call.

Abigail was surprised to receive a call from Scarlett early in the morning, even on her day off.

“Miss Quinn, I apologize for disturbing you at this early hour. However, there’s an important matter I need to discuss with you. Please forgive my lack of formality. I hope you understand.” Scarlett’s tone didn’t match her words; she sounded condescending.

“Is the important matter you’re referring to asking me to design clothes for your daughter?” Abigail reclined on the bed, her tone extremely cold.

“Yes, my daughter has just returned, and my love for her surpasses everything.

Do you understand how I’m feeling right now?” Scarlett asked.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 354-Sealana Fans Never Back Down “I don’t understand, but I respect your mindset,” Abigail replied candidly. After all, she had never experienced the loss of a daughter, making it challenging for her to empathize completely. Furthermore, her sentiments toward Kelly were far from favorable.

Scarlett spoke authoritatively, “It’s okay if you don’t understand. All you have to do is to remember my words from now on. You must design the clothes, and for your own good, you should think carefully about it. If you insist on doing things your way, don’t blame me for making things hard.”

Abigail chuckled and responded, “I’ll be waiting then, Madam Harper.” Then, she promptly hung up the phone.

Abigail’s behavior left Scarlett seething with frustration. Scarlett had assumed her tone carried authority, but it turned out that Abigail had no fear whatsoever.

Abigail’s face involuntarily grew colder after ending the call. As she reached the studio, she spotted Josh positioned at the entrance while Cameron stood there with a frosty countenance, engaging in a silent standoff.

“Abigail,” Josh called out as soon as he saw her.

She nodded and asked, “So early?” Josh hesitated, unsure of what to say.

“Come in,” Abigail said before heading into the studio.

In the meantime, Cameron was bewildered and huffed in response to Josh’s entrance.

Once inside the office, Josh sat down, and she asked, "Are you here because you knew your mother called me this morning?" "Last night, I told Kelly about going back, and she got really angry. We had a big fight this morning, and you know the rest of the story," he explained.

Abigail leaned back on the couch without saying anything, considering that she shouldn't be discussing this matter with Josh. However, given his quick apology yesterday, she didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

I'm here to tell you that you can call me anytime if my family causes any trouble for you. I will also do my best to prevent such things from happening," he said. Initially, he wanted to call her about this, but he thought it might be better to come in person.

After hearing this, Abigail nodded and said, "Okay. Since you put it that way, I won't have to worry about it." With him supporting her, she felt it wouldn't be much of a problem. She continued, "I'm 1/3 really busy lately. The studio has stopped taking orders, and we're fully booked." She softened her stance, providing Josh with a legitimate reason for her actions.

After all, he needed a suitable reason to help her deal with his family.

He acknowledged her explanation with a simple, "Alright, I understand." Then, he promptly left after their conversation.

Today, Abigail brought some threads and fabrics to her studio. After Josh left, she asked her assistant to help her carry them.

The assistant, who resented Josh due to Kelly, couldn't help but mutter, "Why does he keep coming to our studio every few days? There are so many designers here, yet he specifically wants to see you. I bet he has ill intentions!" She grumbled as she helped Abigail with the stuff.

Abigail replied with a question, trying to make her assistant reflect. "Instead of criticizing people, what about yourself? You were always gossiping with Cameron." She handed the assistant a piece of fabric.

Startled by Abigail's response, the assistant quickly explained, "I'm not gossiping, but I heard from Mr. Hopkins that Mr. Graham cares about you. What do you think?" Abigail was taken aback and nearly choked on her saliva due to the assistant's unexpected comment. She reacted by saying. "You were talking about this with him all the time? Are there not many things for you to do?" She intentionally put on a stern face.

"I only talk to him during meals. I'm very serious about my work." The assistant was afraid that Abigail would scold her. "However, it's true that you mind that Mr.

Graham is with Kelly. Just tell him about it. Cameron said Mr. Graham will give you a satisfactory answer if you ask him about it." She was a huge fan of "Sealana". Thus, she hoped that Abigail and Sean could be together.

"Who told you I mind about it? Also, don't tell Cameron about the things you heard between me and Miss Smith in the office. He is Graham's man. How can you not be aware of this?" Abigail knew her assistant had misunderstood this matter. After all, she was a young girl with a vivid imagination and wild fantasies about love, especially since she hadn't been in a romantic relationship before.

Thus, her assistant had high hopes for love. Hence, she could easily misinterpret the things they said.

"I didn't talk to him about work stuff. We were just gossiping." The assistant felt kind of embarrassed.

Abigail sighed and looked at her. "You're here to learn and earn money. Look at how long you've been here, yet you're still doing miscellaneous tasks. When you have free time, come to the workroom with me and learn embroidery." "Ah..." The assistant let out a lament. At that moment, she felt she shouldn't have asked Cameron about the gossip since she had now put herself in a difficult position.

Abigail sighed and shook her head as she watched the assistant's reaction.

"You're still young. You 2/3 should be focusing on learning these things. Slacking off won't do you any good." "Alright," the assistant replied, disheartened.

When Abigail went to the workroom, the assistant ran outside and punched Cameron before heading back to the workroom to learn.

On the other hand, Cameron looked at her bewildered and muttered to himself, "Did Mr. Graham do anything to make Ms. Quinn angry again?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 355-For the Sake of a Person At noon, Abigail instructed the finance department to transfer a significant sum of money to Sean. This amount far exceeded the expenses he had incurred while purchasing gifts. Moreover, the transaction was processed through the accounts of both companies.

The man couldn't help but chuckle at the way she had handled things. What was initially meant to be a thoughtful gift had somehow transformed into a business transaction. He couldn't help but wonder if she was trying to distance herself from him. He contemplated calling her to inquire about her intentions but quickly realized that making that call would be inviting trouble. He anticipated a

lack of a satisfactory explanation and a barrage of hurtful words that would only add to his distress.

Sean put his phone down with a melancholy sigh. At that moment, Xavien entered the room and discreetly mentioned, "Damon is here." "Let him in," Sean said calmly.

After Xavien left, Damon entered the room while holding a gift box. Sean stood up and gestured for him to sit down. "Is there something you need, Mr. Copper?" Damon placed the gift box on the table and appeared somewhat embarrassed.

"I came to express my gratitude." "I've heard about your recent financial difficulties," Sean said, sitting on the couch. "You don't need to bring a gift to express your gratitude." "It doesn't cost much. Plus, I wanted to thank you for always helping me. If you ever need my assistance in the future, I will do my best to help," Damon said as he lowered his gaze. Before he had announced his engagement with his girlfriend, he never had to act lowly as he did now.

Looking at his uneasy expression, Sean asked, "Do you regret it?" Immediately, Damon raised his head and looked at him with determination. "I don't regret it! I know things will get better!" "If you don't regret it, then hold your head up high. It's not shameful for a man to take such a step for the person he loves. Moreover, with your determination, only Alana's dress will be valuable." Sean's voice was deep and steady.

Hearing his words, Damon felt a hint of warmth. At the same time, he thought that he was weak since he had been comforted by a stranger. "Thank you, Mr.

Graham." He could only manage to say this. His family had disappointed him, but strangers had offered him warmth and encouragement. Alana's dress was worth millions, yet she allowed him to purchase it for eighty thousand. Moreover, Sean had always supported him.

"Mr. Copper, the only thing stopping you was never the outside world but yourself. The steps 1/3 you've taken in love might be the bravest ones you've taken in the twenty years you have lived." Sean poured a cup of tea for him.

“You’re right, Mr. Graham.” Damon didn’t deny his own weakness. After all, he had summoned all his strength to chase his dream this time.

“It must be an extraordinary girl for you to muster the courage, given your personality,” Sean remarked, his gaze fixed on Damon, devoid of much emotion.

“Mr. Copper, if you’re willing, I can offer assistance, but I do have one condition.” Damon held his cup of tea and gazed at Sean. He knew Sean was a powerful and capable person who had huge authority. “Please, Mr. Graham,” he said.

At this moment, he felt fortunate to have embarked on this journey. He knew Sean’s reputation was not great. Many people from the high society held a low opinion of him, and even Damon’s family scolded him when they received a call from one of Sean’s subordinates, chastising him for associating with such a ruthless person. However, none of this mattered to Damon. He had been confined for far too long, weighed down by worries about the money he owed for the dress and fearing that his financial situation might drive his fiancée to leave him. It was all too much for him.

Sean recognized the tension in Damon’s expression and stated, “Mr. Copper, I can help you. escape your current predicament. In return, I only ask for a 20%

share in your family’s primary business. This way, I’ll have a say in your entire family’s business operations from this point forward. Can you agree to this?” Twenty percent of the shares was a significant stake, and Sean was putting him in a difficult. position. At that moment, Damon was deep in thought.

Sean was in no hurry. If it weren’t for his plan, he wouldn’t intervene in their family’s business.

“I can agree to your request, but can you guarantee you won’t use this 20%

share to take over my family’s business?” No matter how love-struck Damon was, he still had to consider the hard work and dedication his family had put into their business..

“I have no interest in taking over your family business, Mr. Copper. Every industry needs healthy competition, and if one entity dominates, that industry won’t thrive. I want your family’s shares. not for the money but for one person,” Sean said as he sipped his tea.

“For Alana?” Damon had noticed Sean’s interactions with Alana online. Based on his intuition, he felt that Sean had feelings for Alana. Given his status and position, if he were to repeatedly defend her on social media, it could only mean he was trying to get her attention.

“Just tell me whether you agree to this or not?” Sean asked.

“I need some time to think about it. It’s not easy to deal with the shareholders who hold our family’s shares. To work around them, it won’t be that simple.” Damon was anxious. If he agreed to Sean’s request, he would be seen as a traitor in his family. However, he didn’t have any better.

2/3 options.

“I’ll be waiting for your good news, Mr. Copper.” Sean smiled.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 356-An Invitation That’s Hard to Decline The unexpected news of Alfie and Damon becoming sworn brothers quickly spread within Capitalis’ social circles. When Kelly received the phone call, she was equally surprised. “What are you doing in Pendorf, anyway? I haven’t seen you visit Abigail’s grandmother even once. Are you waiting for the truth to be revealed before meeting her?” The woman on the other end of the phone asked, her anger barely contained. “Aren’t you being too impatient right now? Being in Pendorf is not the same as being in Capitalis. I need to find a shield first to make a move, or else how am I supposed to escape if things get messy?” Kelly replied nonchalantly, showing no signs of urgency. “Are you planning to marry Sean and win over his grandmother?” The woman couldn’t resist at taunt. Kelly smiled, but her gaze was cold. “Am I not allowed to marry him?” The woman on the phone fell silent all of a sudden. Kelly looked at the night view outside the window and continued, “I give Eric up to your daughter while I choose Sean. Fair enough, right? If you don’t find me worthy, then your daughter should forget about marrying into the Davidson Family as well.” The woman on the phone took a deep breath and responded, “You managed to connect with these people because of me. Don’t forget that!” Kelly chuckled, “If you hadn’t asked for my help, I could have continued living my life just fine, but since you’ve come to me for assistance, you’d better be nice to me, or I might exposé everyone, and no one will be able to escape. It was you who gave me the opportunity to climb the ladder, and now you mock me for overestimating my abilities?” “Actually, you’re right. It is natural for one to climb the ladder to success, so what can I do for you?” the woman’s tone instantly softened. “Abigail has managed to convince Josh, and now he wants me back. If I go back, my plan will be ruined. You must tell ‘Runway Capitalis’ to invite Abigail as a judge. Once she’s out of Pendorf, I’ll have more room to work my plan around,” Kelly ordered. Without a choice, the woman agreed, albeit begrudgingly. “I have to warn you, though. Trying to win over Sean’s grandmother is pointless. He isn’t close to his grandmother. If you want to gain his favor, you’d better focus on his grandfather,” the woman reminded before ending the call. 1/3 Kelly was well aware of this as she replied with a smile, “Don’t worry. I’ve got it under control.” After the call, the woman muttered to herself in a low voice, “I underestimated her.

She has a hidden agenda that I can't even fathom." When Abigail received an unexpected invitation from the "Runway Capitalis" channel, she was surprised. "Runway Capitalis" was an old television channel primarily focused on fashion-related knowledge. Whenever a TV series gained popularity, this channel would invite the actors to participate in its programs. They would showcase the costumes and delve into the cultural aspects of clothing. Unfortunately, Abigail didn't have the time and wasn't planning to accept the invitation to this program. "Sorry. I'm not free toward the end of the year," she rejected politely. "Oh, no worries, then. The person in charge didn't force her. Just a couple of hours after the phone call ended, Lewis, whom she hadn't talked to in a long time, called her. "It's been a while, Miss Quinn. How have you been? Lewis sounded extremely polite. Abigail replied with a smile, "I'm doing fine. Is there a reason for your call?" In reality, she had a faint inkling of what it might be about. "It's about the invitation from Runway Capitalist. Why didn't you accept it? We've all agreed to invite you, and now the entire cast is only waiting for your answer. This is a great opportunity to share about your designs, isn't it?" He sounded somewhat embarrassed. "I declined because I've been really busy. How about asking Professor Gibson? He's much more knowledgeable about the clothing of the Western Roman Empire's invasion era than I am," Abigail said with a hint of reluctance. "Professor Gibson doesn't want to appear on the show. I asked him before reaching out to you. We really need someone with expertise for this show. Besides, you're skilled enough to join the show. There are a few young talents interested in costume design, so you can even select some of them. and take them to your studio. They can carry on your legacy in the future." Lewis earnestly tried to persuade her. She was considering hiring a few assistants, as she was already overwhelmed with work. If her career continued to grow, she might end up working round the clock. "I'll think about it," she responded, not wanting to refuse him outright. 2/3 "Alright, let me just tell you the truth. The cast of our TV series needs to go on popular segments for promotions, especially since the history of the Western Roman Empire's invasion era is relatively unknown. The show's production team is keen to have you on board, and if you them, they won't consider inviting us to the show." Lewis voice carried a hint of disappointment. Abigail understood that in the current era where popularity was king, without a buzz, no one would pay much attention to someone or something. Promoting culture was something that only a few people were doing, and this path was also very challenging. When a TV series gained popularity, it could indeed have a significant impact on the audience. However, if it flopped, there wouldn't be any investment in such themes in the future, let alone the promotion of so-called 'culture.' "I will talk to Runway Capitalist again and come up with something. Don't worry, Abigail reluctantly agreed. Now that Lewis had personally contacted her, how could she bear to reject him? 3/3 "Alright, let me just tell you the truth. The cast of our TV series needs to go on popular segments. for promotions, especially since the history of the Western Roman Empire's invasion era is relatively unknown. The show's production team is keen to have you on board,

and if you decline them, they won't consider inviting us to the show." Lewis' voice carried a hint of disappointment. Abigail understood that in the current era where popularity was king, without a buzz, no one would pay much attention to someone or something. Promoting culture was something that only a few people were doing, and this path was also very challenging. When a TV series gained popularity, it could indeed have a significant impact on the audience. However, if it flopped, there wouldn't be any investment in such themes in the future, let alone the promotion of so-called "culture." "I will talk to Runway Capitalist again and come up with something. Don't worry," Abigail reluctantly agreed. Now that Lewis had personally contacted her, how could she bear to reject him?

I Want a Divorce Chapter 357-Is Grandpa Poisoned?

Since Runway Capitalis had officially invited her, Abigail would be offending quite a handful of people if she were to reject them." It was undeniable that the channel was quite skillful. They weren't afraid of her refusal, as they could pull any means to make her agree to it.

After hanging up the phone, she couldn't help but let out a sigh. She dialed the number of the person in charge at Runway Capitalis again, finalized the contract signing date, and achieved preliminary cooperation with them.

"Rest assured that this show won't air so soon, Ms. Quinn. It will definitely air after the TV series, and it won't affect the series' popularity," the person in

charge at Runway Capitalis reassured her.

Abigail hummed in response, but she was well aware that it was just a polite statement.

If they truly didn't care about the series' popularity, why not air it earlier? They probably wanted to distance themselves in case something went wrong with the series.

After hanging up the phone, she pulled a long face.

Runway Capitalis had good online reviews, but their actions behind the scenes made her genuinely uncomfortable.

On the day she planned to sign the contract, she received a call from Sean as soon as she boarded the plane.

"Where are you now?" Sean's tone was filled with urgency.

“What’s wrong?” Abigail leaned back in her seat, her tone indifferent.

“Something’s happened to my grandpa, and I’m currently abroad. Could you check on him first? I won’t be able to return until tomorrow morning,” he said.

“Alright, but-” Before she could finish her sentence, there was noise on his end.

“Please make sure you go and see him. My signal is bad here-GrandpapoisonedBeep, beep, beep.

The call was abruptly disconnected before Sean could complete his sentence.

Even after multiple tries, Abigail couldn’t reach him.

By this time, the plane had already started to take off.

1/3 Sensing the urgency of the situation, Abigail grabbed her luggage and was prepared to disembark, but a flight attendant stopped her.

“Ma’am, the plane is about to take off. Please return to your seat immediately.” “I have an urgent matter. I need to get off the plane!” Abigail told the flight attendant.

“I’m sorry, ma’am. It’s not possible now. The plane is already taxiing. Please return to your seat,” the flight attendant uttered respectfully.

“I really have an emergency...” Abigail clutched her phone. She had never seen Sean so desperate, and Colby had always been kind to her. If something serious had happened, it was essential for someone to be there with him.

“I will discuss this with the cabin manager. Please wait here,” the flight attendant suggested as she noticed the look of anxiety on Abigail’s face.

Soon, the cabin manager arrived while the other flight attendants worked to calm the other passengers.

“My family member is in poor health, and there is no one with him. I need to go back to take him to the hospital,” she explained to the cabin manager.

The cabin manager nodded. While making a phone call, he explained to Abigail, "We need to communicate with the air traffic facility on this matter. Without instructions from them, we can't halt the plane's journey." She nodded, biting her lip.

However, half an hour had passed since they made the call, and the cabin manager had not received any instructions from the air traffic facility.

Holding her phone in hand, she could already feel that her forehead was covered in sweat.

"Ma'am, we can only continue to taxi on the runway for now. I'm going to explain the situation to the control tower once again. Are you sure you want to get off the plane?" the cabin manager asked as there was still no response from the authorities.

Abigail felt a sense of despair, but she still nodded and answered firmly, "Yes." The cabin manager had no choice but to continue making calls to the control tower. After nearly an hour, she finally signed the voluntary agreement to terminate her journey and disembarked.

After exiting the airport's security area, she received a call from the person in charge at Runway Capitalis.

"May I ask how long it will take for you to arrive? We've already made the arrangements here and are waiting for you." 2/3 Carrying her luggage, Abigail tried to get a cab. Apologetically, she said, "I'm afraid I can't make it today. There's an emergency with my family, and I've already disembarked. I'm sorry." After hearing that she hadn't boarded the plane, the person on the phone had a change in tone. "That's just not right, Miss Quinn. We have so many people waiting for you here, and you only mention this now. I've already made all the arrangements, and you tell us that you can't make it. Can you please arrange to come back within three hours?" "Is the contract more important than a human life? There's no way I can make it today, no matter how much time you give me. I'm truly sorry, but I can't come immediately," Abigail apologized, suppressing her anger.

"Miss Quinn-".

"Sorry, I have to get in the car now. I'll talk to you later," Abigail uttered before hanging up the call.

When she made it all the way to Graham Estate, the gate was locked, and no matter how hard she rang the doorbell, it seemed futile.

For the first time, Abigail decided to call Lina, but the phone continued to ring with no answer. Due to that, Abigail had no choice but to go to the hospital. She had no idea how Colby had been poisoned. After making a dozen calls in a row, she finally got through.

“Hello, Old Mrs. Graham-” “Why are you calling Grandma?” Kelly’s voice came through the phone.

Abigail frowned but still asked, “Is Old Mr. Graham poisoned? What’s going on?” “That’s none of your business, isn’t it? You couldn’t be reached when we called you, so what use is it for you to come when he’s already admitted to the hospital?!” Kelly scolded angrily.

Simmering with anger, Abigail rebuked, “I’m asking you what happened?! Were you the one who did it?!” “What kind of nonsense are you spilling?” Kelly pretended to be puzzled

I Want a Divorce Chapter 358-Disappointment Reached Its Peak Abigail suppressed her anger and questioned, “Kelly, what happened to Old Mr.

Graham?” “How would I know? Even if you’re upset, you can’t just accuse me, can you?” Kelly’s tone shifted. from anger to aggrieved in just a moment. “I admit my tone was bad earlier, but it was because I couldn’t find you when I needed you. Do you know how many times Grandpa tried to call you?” Abigail hadn’t received any calls. She checked her phone repeatedly but found no missed calls from Colby.

“How is he?” Abigail’s tone softened slightly.

“He’s still getting his stomach pumped, and we don’t know if he’ll make it. If it had been a few minutes late, he might not have survived.” Kelly’s tone sounded way gentler this time.

“I’ll arrive at the hospital in a moment,” Abigail uttered calmly, but she still didn’t believe she was wrong to suspect Kelly.

Kelly’s intentions in coming to Pendorf were clear, so no matter what she said, Abigail wouldn’t trust her.

She was about to hang up the phone when Lina’s voice came from the other end. “Give me the phone. Why are you helping her?” “Grandma, Abigail had a valid reason for not answering Grandpa’s calls...” “Give it to me!” The conversation between the two sounded on the phone.

Abigail immediately heard Lina’s voice as she uttered, “You don’t have to come anymore. Sean said he called you an hour ago, and you agreed to come over.

An hour later, you're still on the road. If you didn't want to come, you should've just said so! Even if that old man passes away, it will be none of your business!" "When he called me, I was on the plane, about to take off-" "You don't need to explain to me. I know you hate me, Sean, and our entire family. The old man. called you over a dozen times for help, yet you didn't pick up a single call. You hold grudges against me. I can understand that. But wasn't he good enough for you? Wasn't Sean good enough for you? If you want to take revenge, just take it out on me. Why are you so heartless toward him?" Lina's voice quivered as she scolded.

Abigail replied while emphasizing each word, "I did not receive any calls!" "Stop making up excuses! Don't bother coming to the hospital, either. You'll bring bad luck!" After 1/3 hanging up the phone, Lina blocked Abigail.

Sitting in the car, Abigail felt speechless. She thought for a moment and decided to call Sean. After the call connected, she suppressed her pent-up frustration and asked him, "Is your signal okay now?" "Yeah." His tone held restrained emotions.

Abigail sensed that something was amiss, and she questioned in a self-mocking tone, "What are you trying to say?" However, Sean thought she had something to say to him. He remained silent without an immediate response, which made her instantly understand his perspective on the matter.

"Your grandpa is already in the hospital, with Kelly taking care of him. Your grandma is also extremely emotional right now, so I'm not going to see your grandpa anymore," she informed him calmly, holding her grievances back.

In the brief moment after Abigail finished her sentence, disappointment reached its peak for Sean. His voice turned cold as he uttered, "I couldn't make it clear due to my bad signal, and it's no one's fault. Besides, the Quinns and our family have no connection. My call to you must have been a bother." She hung up the phone abruptly. There was nothing more to say, and she no longer cared how he perceived it.

After finally arriving at the airport, where the signal stabilized, he felt her phone call had ruined his mood.

"Is it possible that the information we found is incorrect?" Xavien asked, noticing his bad mood.

“Do you even have confidence in the information you found? Why would you be asking me?!” Sean suddenly slammed his phone onto the table.

Xavien immediately lowered his head.

Lina had informed Sean that Colby had called Abigail multiple times, and she hadn't answered.

Sean didn't believe it and had Cameron check the facts. However, they found out that Colby had indeed called Abigail several times, to which she did not answer. She had even sent a cold message, saying she was going to Capitalis for a business meeting and wouldn't answer calls after boarding the plane.

Colby had deleted that message. He probably didn't want it to cause misunderstandings at such a critical moment and had erased it to protect her.

But what about her? She hadn't offered any explanation. She clearly knew the severity of the situation today, yet she didn't even want to explain herself!

2/3 “Mr. Graham, even if the evidence we find shows that Mrs. Graham wasn't involved with Old Mr. Graham, we both know her character.” Xavien, though fearful, ventured to say.

Sean looked at him and replied, “You're wrong. I've never truly understood her.” When Lina told him that she hadn't answered the phone, he didn't believe it. He wanted to investigate it himself, but the reality was even worse than what he had heard.

When Abigail's call came in, he had been thinking. What if it's just a misunderstanding? Even if she said a single word firmly to explain that she had been misunderstood, he would immediately stand by her side.

Despite that, she chose to hang up the phone.

Moreover, her attitude made Sean realize that she wasn't very concerned about Colby's condition.

Sean also understood that Colby's call to her was a nuisance, and she would just let him be if she was occupied with something more important.

Nevertheless, the fact that she wasn't even willing to take a glance at Colby made Sean's heart grow cold.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 359-Did Analyse Poison Colby?After hanging up the phone, Abigail took a deep breath and looked out the window, slowly processing the frustration in her heart.When she arrived at the hospital, she inquired about Colby's condition."He's still undergoing stomach lavage surgery. We'll have to wait for the operation to end to find out. You can go to the surgery room on the third floor and wait for them," answered the doctor sitting on the other side of the window."Okay, thank you," Abigail replied and headed for the stairs.However, as she reached the second floor, she bumped into Kelly, who was standing at the stairwell.Kelly looked down at Abigail with a hint of weariness in her features and gazed at her with disdain. "Abigail, Old Mrs. Graham doesn't want to see you. If you are self-aware, you should just leave. Sean won't spare you if you continue to cause trouble and give her a heart attack." "What does me coming to the hospital have to do with the Grahams? Is anyone else besides the Grahams not allowed to visit this hospital?" Abigail's tone was cold and indifferent.Kelly chuckled and descended the steps. When she got close to Abigail, she whispered, "Do you know how Old Mr. Graham was poisoned? Instead of wasting your time here, you might as well go home to cover your tracks." Abigail immediately realized that Colby's poisoning was related to Kelly.Furthermore, she detected from Kelly's words that it might be related to her own grandmother."What have you done?" Abigail grabbed her hand, her gaze as cold as an icecold blade..The smirk on Kelly's face grew more blatant as she whispered, "You'll find out soon." Abigail slapped her hard.Kelly staggered back, leaned against the stair railing, and held her face while glaring at Abigail "What are you doing?!" "Kelly!" Two voices sounded simultaneously.Before Abigail could react, she was forcefully pushed by Lina, who had rushed down from upstairs.1/3 Josh's voice also sounded as he rushed up the stairs to help Kelly.Tears rolled down Kelly's cheeks one by one as she leaned into Josh's arms and said, "I'm fine... Abigail just misunderstood me." Lina's face turned red as she glared at Abigail with anger. "What are you doing here? Get out!" Her voice was so loud it nearly echoed through the entire stairwell."Calm down, Grandma. You're still pretty weak." Kelly hurriedly comforted Lina.Meanwhile, Josh looked at Abigail with a confused expression.Ignoring Josh and Lina, Abigail stared at Kelly, saying, "You better watch out because you'll surely get what's coming to you!" Hearing this, Lina clenched her fist and punched Abigail in the face. "Before you talk about her, think about yourself! I won't let you off easily. Now get out of here!" After saying that, she was about to hit Abigail again.However, Abigail grabbed her hand and looked at her with a cold gaze. "I haven't done any of the things you're talking about. I don't care how you see me or what you think. From now on, our families are no longer related, so I don't care about your opinions." With that, she released Lina's hand and turned to leave.Seeing that Lina was about to chase after her and punch her again, Josh stepped in to stop her."Kelly, keep an eye on her," Josh uttered and then followed Abigail.Abigail walked quickly. She reached the hospital entrance, picked up her luggage, and immediately left the hospital."Abigail, there's no way the Grahams and the Quinns have

no relation. Analise gave Old Mr. Graham poisoned food, and that's how he got poisoned. Sean still doesn't know about this." Josh's voice sounded from behind her. Turning around abruptly, Abigail retorted in a tone of disbelief, "There's no way Grandma would do that!" "Then go home and ask her why the both of them ate the same food, but Old Mr. Graham was poisoned. If you don't find out the truth and explain it to Sean, he won't let you off easily," Josh added. No matter how much Abigail believed in her grandmother, the fact was that her grandmother was responsible for this.^{2/3} "Also, did your phone ever receive any calls or messages from Old Mr. Graham?" Josh asked again. "No," Abigail answered firmly. Josh's eyes held a hint of complexity as he muttered, "I was worried about misunderstanding you, so I had several professionals run a check. Your phone had incoming calls, and there was a message sent to Old Mr. Graham. I've checked this with the telecommunications multiple times, and the results are consistent." company "So, you think I'm lying?" Abigail questioned, to which Josh explained, "I'm just trying to understand you." Abigail countered with a cold expression, "If you can't figure it out, then don't bother. I'll ask Grandma about the poisoning." With that, she walked away without looking back. When Abigail returned home, she found her grandmother sitting in the living room, watching TV and seemingly unaware of everything. Then, she placed her luggage down. "Aren't you supposed to be on a business trip? Why are you back?" Analise inquired, looking surprised to see Abigail. "Grandma, did you deliver something to Old Mr. Graham?" Abigail got straight to the point. Tomorrow, Sean would be back; hence, she needed to quickly figure out what was happening. "Yes, I did. The doctor who examined me in the communal area said her daughter bought some delicious mushrooms in Cloudgrove. She sent me a lot, and I made them into a flavorful soup. After that, I asked the doctor for more to send to Colby," Analise answered honestly.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 360-Groggy As soon as Abigail found out that the mushrooms were from Cloudgrove, she knew there was a problem.

Moreover, it was mushroom season.

"Take me to that doctor!" Abigail's tone suddenly became stern.

Analise was startled and asked, "What's going on?" "Old Mr. Graham has been poisoned, and his condition is very serious. He's still in the hospital. undergoing stomach lavage surgery, and his life is hanging by a

thread. If we don't investigate this now, we'll be doomed when Sean returns from abroad." Abigail grabbed Analise's hand and dragged her along.

“But I ate the mushrooms, and I’m perfectly fine. Could it have been a misunderstanding? Analise’s eyes widened with fear.

“You ate the first batch she gave to you while you gave Old Mr. Graham the second batch. I’m sure there is a difference,” Abigail explained hurriedly.

“No, I split it into two portions for the second batch. I ate some and sent some to Colby. There’s really nothing wrong with it. If it were poisoned, I’d be in the hospital by now, right? Besides, the mushrooms they gave me aren’t poisonous,” Analise explained in a panic.

“There’s no time for all this discussion, Grandma. I need to talk to the doctor to get more details, alright?” Abigail insisted.

Analise fell silent at that.

When they arrived at the communal area, Abigail managed to find Dr. Zena.

Dr. Zena had provided Análise with edible mushrooms known as Chicken Polypore, which were non-toxic. To prove her innocence, Dr. Zena gave Abigail the remaining Chicken Polypore she had not consumed for further testing.

Analise had already finished eating all the Chicken Polypore she received, leaving only the ones from Dr. Zena.

If the poisoning was indeed related to consuming mushrooms, it was likely that the tampering occurred during the delivery process.

In that case, even Sean might find it difficult to find out what happened.

Tracking down a tampering incident in the vast sea of daily deliveries across a state would be an extremely challenging task.

1/3 Back at home, Abigail placed the Chicken Polypore on the coffee table and asked her grandmother, “Which courier company did you use to deliver the Chicken Polypores? I will try to contact them.” “I haven’t done anything wrong, and Sean knows my character.” Analise gripped Abigail’s hand and tried to explain herself.

With a bitter smile, Abigail muttered, “Who can say for sure when his grandfather’s life is at stake?” Back then, she divorced Sean because of her grandmother. Now that something happened to Sean’s grandfather, she couldn’t expect him to understand their situation.

"I'll go to the hospital while you check with the courier station outside the communal area." Analise grew increasingly despondent.

"Don't go to the hospital and just stay at home. The situation is not as simple as we initially thought. Staying home for the time being is the best option, got it?" Abigail advised her grandmother.

Analise immediately understood the implied message in her words.

After running around for an entire afternoon, Abigail still couldn't find anything helpful.

When the sky turned dark, she took the lab results for the Chicken Polypore and encountered Cameron, who had been waiting for her at the entrance of their neighborhood.

"Mr. Graham will arrive in Pendorf at 4.00AM tomorrow," Cameron informed Abigail. His relaxed demeanor from before had given way to a more serious one.

Abigail nodded in response but remained silent.

"Old Mr. Graham's condition is not looking good. This incident has caused damage to multiple organs, and he is still under emergency treatment," Cameron continued, his eyes lowered.

Abigail's eyes widened slightly. "I'm truly sorry for this. My grandmother did send Chicken Polypore to Old Mr. Graham, but the package was definitely switched during the delivery." "I can't say for sure without evidence, but I will try to persuade Mr. Graham to run an investigation. I'd still advise you to be prepared, though. Xavien told me that your lack of explanation has disappointed him. He might not be as forgiving as before," Cameron lamented, scratching his head.

He hadn't expected the situation to develop this far without any warning.

"I understand that it involves his grandfather's life, but I will also find a way to clear my grandmother's name," Abigail replied and prepared to leave.

2/3 She knew that her grandmother must be worried after she left for the entire afternoon." Cameron silently watched Abigail's retreating figure and sighed involuntarily.

Miss Quinn is still unaware of how thoroughly disappointed Mr. Graham is.

At 5.00AM, Sean arrived at the hospital.

Colby had already come out of the operating room, but the surgical outcome was not promising.

Due to his old age, his urinary system had been affected. Moreover, the delay in seeking medical attention after being poisoned developed concerns about his eyesight. Whether or not his sight. was damaged would only be revealed when he woke up.

Entering the ward, Sean noticed Kelly sitting in front of the bed, nodding off from exhaustion.

Lina was lying in the adjacent hospital bed, receiving an IV drip, and the only one taking care of the two elderly patients was Kelly.

Hearing the sound, she immediately woke up and turned her head to look at Sean. She promptly stood up and explained, “My brother asked me to stay back and take care of them.” “Xavien, please escort Miss Hagl back to the hotel, Sean instructed without much elaboration.

There was no way he didn’t harbor any suspicions about Kelly, no matter how caring she seemed to be for his grandparents. He remained unfazed even after witnessing everything around him.

Xavien approached Kelly and politely said, “This way, please, Miss Hagl.” Without uttering another word, she simply stood up and walked toward Xavien with a groggy expression.

When Sean approached his grandfather, he felt a sense of unfathomable sadness.

Just then, a loud thud came from the door.

Sean furrowed his brows and looked over to see that Kelly had bumped into the door. She was holding her forehead but didn’t utter a single complaint. Smiling awkwardly, she quickly caught up with Xavien.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

361-370

I Want a Divorce Chapter 361-Is Sean Compromising?

Sean withdrew his gaze and thought, Abigail must be sleeping soundly right now, yes?

At that moment, Cameron walked into the ward. As soon as he was inside, he lowered his head and reported truthfully, "Miss Quinn was at the hospital yesterday afternoon, but she had a conflict with Miss Hagl. Old Mrs. Graham saw them and chased her away. She hasn't been back to the hospital since. Old Mrs. Quinn sent some mushrooms for Old Mr. Graham, but it was delivered by courier. It seems that the courier package got switched."

"Cameron, you don't need to tell me all this. The facts are not important to me," Sean said as he looked at his assistant with a cold and indifferent gaze.

Cameron didn't immediately understand what he meant, and a look of confusion crossed his eyes.

When handling any situation, they were accustomed to finding evidence for Abigail to defend her, thinking that their efforts would touch her. However, he had always overlooked the most basic rule.

What mattered even if the truth was uncovered?

Abigail didn't care about who discovered the truth. She merely cared about the truth itself.

"Since she says Old Mrs. Quinn is also a victim, then she is," Sean uttered coldly and turned his gaze back to his grandfather.

Whether it was him or his grandfather, their feelings for Abigail were not enough to stop her from completely severing ties with them.

The fact that he didn't care about the truth would undoubtedly be the best outcome for her.

Cameron finally understood what Sean meant.

When there was too much disappointment, one would stop having any expectations.

However, Sean wasn't aware that before Cameron came to the hospital, the latter knew that Abigail also had a sleepless night.

The light in her room was never dimmed throughout the night.

But now, Sean was clearly not listening to anything they had to say. He had already vented his anger at Xavien while abroad, so Cameron figured that if he pushed it further, he might also face the consequences.

As the day gradually brightened, Sean fell asleep by his grandfather's bedside, and it was his grandmother who woke him up.

1/3 Upon seeing Sean, his grandmother cried uncontrollably until she was struggling to catch her breath.

"You're finally back! Did you know that your grandfather is being targeted by the Quinns? Do we really need their mushrooms? Do we need their kindness? They clearly have ill intentions! I won't live if your grandfather dies!" Lina hugged Sean and bawled.

"There, there. Grandpa needs to rest. Don't be so loud." Sean patted his grandmother's back to soothe her.

Lina released him and sat on the edge of the hospital bed. Suddenly, she growled, "I won't overlook the actions of the Quinns this time if you spare them for the sake of Abigail!" "I'll make my own decision on this matter," Sean replied coldly.

Lina stopped pushing him after that, especially since Kelly advised her not to be too dominant in this matter if she wanted to reconcile with Sean.

"If it weren't for the Pearson siblings yesterday, your grandfather might have lost his life. You need to thank them properly. Perhaps invite them for a meal to express your gratitude, got it?" Without mentioning Abigail, Lina started talking about Kelly again..

Sean remained silent for a moment and surprisingly agreed to it. "Okay, I will arrange it." Lina was quite surprised by how compliant he was today.

"Why are you so obedient this time?" she muttered.

"I neglected you both recently; that's why Grandpa was poisoned. I will move back home, Sean announced.

Lina widened her eyes at him. "Really? You don't blame me?" "Blame you for what?" Sean asked.

Upon hearing this, she immediately grabbed his hand. "I'm so glad you're willing to come back. Kelly is a nice girl. Get along with her and stop thinking about Abigail. She's not worth it." "Okay." Sean nodded.

He realized that he shouldn't move out when his grandfather's life hung in the balance.

His grandparents were already in their twilight years, so why would he sulk with them instead of spending more time with them?

It was all because of one woman who wasn't even concerned about them.

Clutching his hands tightly, Lina felt her tears were about to fall again. "This is great!" 2/3
When Abigail received a call from Cameron, she was somewhat surprised.

"Does that mean they won't pursue this matter involving my grandmother?" she asked.

"Yeah. He said they won't investigate it anymore. You can rest assured, Miss Quinn, Cameron replied politely..

Abigail suddenly realized the meaning behind Cameron's words. Due to the delicate situation. between the two families, Sean chose not to look into her grandmother. He also had no intention of verifying whether or not the accusations against her grandmother were true.

"Alright. Please thank Mr. Graham on my behalf, she muttered before hanging up the call.

Despite the good news, she didn't feel any relief.

She sat quietly with her phone in hand, then took a moment to compose herself.

If Sean had made his stance clear, she would do the same.

However, not dwelling on the past issues with Sean didn't mean Abigail would forgive Kelly easily.

Even though she hadn't gone to the hospital to see Colby, she still believed that she should seek justice for him. Moreover, the issue of the messages and phone calls remained unresolved.

Soon, her phone rang again.

Seeing that it was Eric calling, Abigail furrowed her brows involuntarily.

“What’s the matter?” she answered with a cold tone.

She assumed that Eric’s call was likely because she bailed on Runway Capitalis and that he was calling on behalf of Lewis.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 362-Did Nothing Wrong to Them “Josh informed me about what you’ve been through, so I’ve brought a few people over with me.” Eric’s voice was filled with reassurance when he spoke.

“It’s not necessary. Sean didn’t pursue it, and I can handle the rest on my own.” Abigail politely declined the offer.

Eric’s voice sounded bitter as he insisted, “You don’t always have to refuse help.

If you believe someone did this, I trust you, and I’ll help you investigate.” “Aren’t you engaged to the Pearsons? Our previous rumors”

“That’s false news. I won’t be marrying into the Pearsons, and there won’t be any more rumors.” Eric’s tone was resolute.

Abigail remained silent for a moment before she said, “Kelly did it, but I can’t find any evidence.” It seems that Kelly came to Pendorf with the intention of damaging the relationship between the Grahams and the Quinns, but why is she going to such great lengths to pick on you?” Instead of dismissing Abigail’s words, Eric continued along with her train of thought.

Kelly claimed to like Sean, giving her a motive to target Abigail.

However, Abigail wasn’t sure if Kelly’s professed affection for Sean was genuine or a part of her ulterior motives.

Perhaps, Kelly intentionally told her about her feelings for Sean as part of a broader plan.

“I don’t know, but for now, our family and the Grahams have severed all ties,” Abigail stated.

Regardless of Kelly’s plans, with her cunning nature, every move and statement she made compelled Abigail to exercise caution.

“Is it the result of Kelly’s efforts?” Eric’s voice turned colder.

“More or less. Your presence won’t be of much use, though. I’ve tried everything I can think of. and it didn’t work.” Abigail’s voice carried a sense of resignation.

“Josh told me about your phone. I suspect a hacker planted a virus on it. After all, smartphones nowadays are really getting smarter. It’s connected to your laptop, electrical appliances, and even your camera. When one area is compromised, it will infect everything else, including your phone, Eric explained softly.

Abigail felt as if he had reminded her of something important and came to a realization.

Her phone, computer, and tablet shared the same system, and even the frontdoor camera was 1/3 also connected to these three devices.

She had been pondering which device might be compromised but hadn’t considered the camera at her front door.

“But I had someone check my phone, and there was no issue.” Abigail sighed.

“Some viruses self-destruct after completing their mission. Only highly skilled hackers can trace their tracks.” Eric tried to comfort Abigail.

Hearing his words, Abigail felt that catching Kelly red-handed was a nearly impossible task.

“Regardless, it’s enough that you’ve proven your innocence to them. You don’t need to worry about the rest. Time will gradually validate your efforts.” Eric’s voice sounded even gentler now.

Abigail’s eyes reddened when she heard his comforting words.

“Thank you,” she murmured softly.

“It’s nothing. Friends should help each other,” Eric replied tenderly.

After hanging up the phone, Abigail couldn’t help but let out a sigh.

Since the incident with Colby, no one cared about what she had gone through.

They were merely concerned that Colby had an accident, that she didn’t rush to save him, and that she hadn’t gone to the hospital. While Sean didn’t voice it out, his actions indicated that he held her responsible.

No one knew how hard she had tried, but she still received blame from everyone.

Eric was the only one who told her that she had done nothing wrong to the Grahams.

The next day, Eric's friend examined all the devices Abigail had used and finally came up with a result-her phone was indeed infected with a virus.

"The virus entered when Old Mrs. Quinn went to deliver a package and scanned the courier station's QR code for payment." Abigail was quite surprised by how the virus had entered.

"Then, when you connected to your home Wi-Fi, the virus was planted on your phone through the Wi-Fi connection. This is why your phone was controlled by hackers during your idle time," Eric continued, conveying his friend's explanation.

Abigail drove with narrowed eyes and focused on the road ahead without saying a word.

"But the virus has been destroyed on your phone, so there's no way to prove its existence," Eric 2/3 explained while holding the phone. "My friend said he would check the courier station near your house." "Okay," Abigail replied.

When they arrived at the hotel, Abigail parked the car in the parking lot. As they got out of the car, they were surprised to see Sean and Kelly getting out of another car.

Kelly noticed Abigail and Eric together and waved her hand at them. "Eric, what brings you here?" Eric's expression was cold and distant as he nodded. "You said you came here to apologize to Abigail, but you've been sticking to Mr. Graham every day. That's surprising." Kelly hadn't expected him to confront her all of a sudden and was momentarily at a loss for words.

"Let's go," Abigail quietly urged.

Eric smiled at Abigail and then turned around to walk toward the exit with her.

Sean's gaze somehow swept across Abigail, but to his surprise, she didn't even spare him a glance.

The frustration within him brewed in an instant.

He clenched his hands into fists and then let go, while his gaze turned colder as he watched them. leave.

Cameron quietly observed Sean, and by the look on his boss' face, he knew that he still couldn't let go of Abigail. Back then, even Xavien had smoothed things over for him, fearing that he might get too worked up and cause an irreparable rift with Abigail.

But now, Sean was jealous after watching Abigail together with Eric.

Meanwhile, Sean noticed Cameron staring at him and turned to him. "What are you thinking?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 363-Hate That You're So Unresponsive Cameron was startled and shuddered abruptly, quickly withdrawing his "I have nothing on my mind." With a cold expression, Sean averted his gaze and walked away.

gaze.

Kelly tagged behind, her anger boiling inside her upon hearing Eric's words.

She was convinced that Abigail had spoken negatively about her to Eric, which was why he was treating her poorly.

I can't believe that even after pulling Sean out of her life, she has Eric to protect her!

The two groups entered the hotel one after the other.

"We'll make do here tonight, and we'll all go to Capitalis together tomorrow." When Abigail heard that Eric was coming to Pendorf, she took the initiative to book rooms for him and his friends as a gracious host. Both of them had been invited to a show on Runway Capitalis, and traveling together the next day made sense.

"Okay!" Eric agreed.

Kelly and Sean quickly joined them.

With that, the four of them waited for the elevator together.

"Why don't we have a meal first? It's about lunchtime anyway," Eric suddenly suggested to Abigail.

Originally, she was supposed to take him to the guest rooms she had booked, but he wanted to bother Sean.

“Sure, the restaurant on the second floor is quite good,” Abigail agreed readily.

When Sean heard that, his hands instinctively went into his pocket, and he gripped his phone involuntarily.

What are Abigail and Eric planning to do together in Capitalis?

When they arrived at the restaurant, both groups of people had tables by the window, with only one table in between them.

When Cameron made an excuse to take a phone call, he reached out to a waiter and reserved the middle table that separated the two groups.

After Abigail took her seat, she informed Eric about the invitation from Runway Capitalis.

1/3 “I don’t know why, but I have a bad feeling about Runway Capitalis,” Abigail uttered in a low voice.

The way the person in charge spoke on the phone that day reminded Abigail of the uneasiness she felt whenever she thought about it.

Eric, who was busy ordering food with his head down, looked up at her when he heard that comment. “What do you mean?” Abigail frowned. “I can’t quite put it into words, but after interacting with their person in charge, who I think is the show’s director, I feel like he’s not quite up to the task.” Eric reassured her. “When the time comes, you’ll have me and Lewis watching over you. What are you worried about?” Abigail looked at him. “I’ve heard that you’ve never been on these variety shows before. Perhaps if you reject them now, the show won’t go on anymore.” “It’s a local show, though. I’ll just check it out.” Of course, he wouldn’t admit that he was doing it for her.

Sean was aware that Abigail had a lengthy conversation with Eric, and during that time, the two seemed to be discussing something secretly, leaning in close and whispering to each other until their heads nearly touched.

Losing his appetite, Sean placed his cutlery down and got up to leave.

“Mr. Graham...” Kelly called out to him softly.

“I’m going to the restroom,” Sean uttered while suppressing the boiling anger in his chest.

Throughout the meal, Abigail did not pay any attention to Sean's table, and since she was almost finished with her food, she also planned to use the restroom before leaving.

As she reached the restroom, she saw Sean standing in the communal sink area, smoking a cigarette. There was a hint of surprise in her eyes.

When did Sean start smoking?

Within their three years of marriage, she had never once seen him smoking a cigarette or anything equivalent.

Caught off guard, he tried to throw the cigarette in the trash can but realized that it could start a fire, so he quickly extinguished the cigarette under the running tap.

Abigail passed by him as if she hadn't noticed him.

Looking at the extinguished cigarette and the dirty ashes smudging his fingers, Sean let out a self-deprecating chuckle.

2/3 What am I doing? She's not even concerned about me.

Abigail hardly paid any attention to his subsequent actions.

When she exited the restroom and saw him smoking another cigarette, she didn't think much of it.

Sean leaned against the sink and watched her.

When Abigail raised her eyes, he suddenly mentioned, "You should be glad that I didn't demand your family take responsibility, right?" Abigail looked at him and replied, "If you had, we would have taken responsibility. Don't speak as if we enjoy avoiding it." Sean choked up at her words, and his mood became even more sullen. "What I was trying to say is that although I didn't pursue the matter, you didn't even say a word of thanks? Have I been so nice to your family that you can disregard the basic courtesy of gratitude?" Abigail felt quite embarrassed by his words.

Sean seemed to imply that she was taking his leniency for granted.

Over the past few days, she had been so focused on finding the truth that she hadn't properly thanked him for not pursuing the matter.

"I'm sorry. I will personally bring you gifts to express my gratitude along with Grandma," she uttered, lowering her head with a tinge of guilt in her voice.

Sean had hoped this would make him feel better, but seeing Abigail apologize in such a manner only worsened his mood considerably.

"Where does your usual cleverness go whenever you try to go against me, Abigail? Are you acting like this because I started talking to you?!" He genuinely resented the way she could remain so dense and unresponsive when he tried to initiate a friendly conversation with her.

Abigail glared at him with a cold and distant look as she questioned, "What more do you want?" Sean detested the way she looked at him with that gaze.

It was a look filled with indifference toward him, one that he couldn't stand.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 364-Reflex Before Sean could even speak, Kelly cut in, "What's going on here?" Her gentle voice dissolved the tension between him and Abigail." Abigail looked at the man, her eyes cold as she stated, "I'll visit your family with my grandmother. to express our thanks and to apologize. My grandmother has no ill intentions toward your family; she just wanted to share something good she received with her best friend. She's more upset than anyone else about this situation. You never got it right-the one at fault in this case is the person who conspired to kill your grandfather!"

She was about to leave after saying this, but Kelly spoke up. "Are you saying that you and your grandmother bear no responsibility for this? Mr. Graham's grandfather almost lost his life, but you've neither visited him nor offered a word of sympathy. Even now, you're still arguing over who is to blame and who isn't." Abigail turned to fix the woman with a stern look. "Who are you to butt in here?"

What does the matter between the Grahams and the Quinns have to do with you?" Kelly's face turned red one moment and pale the next at the remark.

Nevertheless, she put on a helpless demeanor, arguing, "You knew you're the reason for Mr. Graham's intense rivalry with Uncle Vincent, and yet you neglected to take precautions. How can you just send food to someone by mail?"

Since it's from the same city, why didn't you deliver it yourself? Or perhaps you never cared about them, which is why Old Mr. Graham suffered. Isn't that right?" Her words struck right at the heart of the issue that had been bothering Sean all along. He clenched his cigarette,

appearing indifferent as if this had nothing to do with him, but his breathing became noticeably careful.

Kelly continued to criticize Abigail by saying, "Let's face it-you guys just wanted to save yourselves from trouble. Sending a package won't take much of your or your grandmother's time. Old Mr. Graham is still lying in the hospital, but you never visited him with your grandmother. You say she's upset, but is it too much to ask for her to pay him even a single visit?" "Do I really need to explain so much to you?" Abigail looked at Kelly with contempt.

At that, Kelly darted a glance at Sean. "I'm asking on behalf of Mr. Graham. He's the one who needs your explanation the most," she replied, a note of sadness in her voice.

"Do you not have a voice, Sean?" Abigail shifted her focus onto the man.

Sean immediately replied, "She took it upon herself to ask on my behalf. Why are you angry me?" with Abigail let out a sneer. "So, it's just Kelly being presumptuous and arguing with me speciously here, is it?" 1/3 Just when Kelly was about to speak once again, Abigail suddenly raised her hand against her, and the palm of her hand came menacingly close to Kelly's face.

In an instant, Kelly ducked into Sean's arms.

Abigail's expression had ridicule written all over it.

Sean reflexively pushed Kelly away, so panicked that his cigarette dropped from his hand. He explained almost without thinking, "I didn't touch her." Abigail withdrew her hand and ignored him. Instead, she looked at Kelly, who looked embarrassed at being pushed away. "Your eloquence won't lead me into your trap. I won't follow your twisted logic. Stop trying to show off your cleverness in front of me!" As soon as she finished speaking, Eric rushed inside and shielded Abigail behind him. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"I'm fine. Let's go," Abigail muttered, unwilling to engage in any more arguments with Kelly, Any moment spent in her presence made Abigail feel nauseous.

Eric shot a look at Sean and Kelly before turning to leave with her.

Kelly's hands balled into fists behind her back as she watched Eric leave.

Sean's gaze followed Abigail as she left.

behind her back, which was reflected on the mirror-like surface of the obsidian wall. He then withdrew his gaze and stepped out of the room.

I stepped out Ver, his eyes caught sight of Kelly's tightly bailed hats Cameron came in from outside and took care of the cigarette butt on the floor.

Coming back to herself, Kelly hurriedly caught up with Sean, but she soon noticed her own reflection on the wall too.

Just then, her thoughts were interrupted by what he said. "Now that I've treated you to dinner, please don't come to the hospital anymore. There's no shortage of people to look after my grandfather." Kelly shifted her gaze toward him. At once, she asked anxiously, "Did I speak too much just now? I won't interfere anymore." Sean turned to look at her, his gaze inscrutable as he commented, "No, you spoke quite well. Feel free to speak up more when you have the chance.

Kelly met his gaze. "I know you don't like me meddling in your affairs, but whenever I come to you, it's because I hope you can help me clarify things with Abigail," she mumbled. "My third uncle and I never spoke to each other, so I want her to stop misunderstanding me." Sean raised an eyebrow upon hearing this. "What makes you think she will believe what I say?" 2/3 "You're the one who looked into it. If she accepts your findings, doesn't that mean she trusts you? My brother has been hoping to reconcile with her, so I don't want this misunderstanding to strain their relationship further," Kelly explained, her eyes lowering.

"Ha!" Sean let out a sneer.

She didn't say anything else, knowing that speaking further would only irritate the man. Instead, what she needed to do now was stay obediently by his side.

Sean had Xavien escort Kelly back to the hotel. As he sat in the car, Cameron suddenly said, "Ms. Quinn is going to Capitalis to participate in a variety show.

She's going to sign the contract tomorrow, but the TV station-" "Did I ask you to find out all of this?" Sean cut him off, his expression cold.

Cameron shut up and focused on driving.

There was silence in the car for a moment before Sean spoke again. "I'll be going mountain, climbing with Kevin tomorrow. You keep an eye on Kelly here in Pendorf."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 365-Something Amiss.

Cameron immediately nodded in response, and he couldn't help but ask, "Are we really not going. to find out how Old Mr. Graham got poisoned? I always thought it odd that Old Mrs. Quinn sent mushrooms to Old Mr. Graham. She never gave store-bought items as gifts. It's unlike her." Sean stared at him coldly without saying a word.

"I-I just had a passing thought about it..." Cameron stammered before he immediately straightened his posture and looked ahead.

"I have my own plans for the poisoning. As for Old Mrs. Quinn, I'll ask her myself when I come back. Sean replied. He had previously assumed that Analise's

actions might have something to do with their shared knowledge about Abigail's mysterious past and was a way of burying the hatchet. However, recalling her attempt to deny any involvement in Colby's poisoning by inviting him to dinner, he suddenly felt that Cameron had a point there.

Just then, Cameron added, "I took the time to ask Eric just now. He said Ms.

Quinn's phone had been hacked with a self-destructive, virus." Sean pressed his lips together and remained silent for a while. Finally, he said impassively, "Got it." However, these findings didn't matter much to him anymore at the moment. Someone was orchestrating a grand deception to mislead him. If he didn't go along with it, it would be a waste of the person's efforts.

Cameron's doubts were also conveyed to Eric, who followed Abigail back to his hotel room. Just as she was about to leave the room, he asked her in a whisper, "Your grandmother might be hiding something from you. Would you like to come in and talk about it?" Abigail followed him into the hotel room without saying much.

your Eric got straight to the point without beating around the bush. "It was Cameron who told me that Of course, it wasn't on Sean's orders but based on his own doubts. He said he's well aware of grandmother's attitude toward Sean, so there's no way she'd give something like mushrooms to Old Mr. Graham. Her habit is to give her friends only what isn't available on the market." Abigail had been so preoccupied with work these past few days, she hadn't noticed this at all. She looked at Eric, asking, "He does have a point there. Our families aren't on good enough terms yet for her to send mushrooms to Old Mr.

Graham. After all, there's nothing the Grahams can't buy." "If you want, I can leave my friend here to look into this. Your grandmother must have her reasons for keeping this from you, so it might not be a good idea to ask her directly." Eric suggested as he walked over to the couch and sat down.

Abigail didn't respond immediately. Kelly's words had affected her to some extent. Had her 1/3 obsession with work caused her to neglect what she should have taken precautions against, thus leading to the incident?

Eric didn't urge her for a response either.

A moment later, she said, "I'll ask her myself." This was a matter within her family, so she couldn't let outsiders seek answers on her behalf.

After returning home from the hotel, Abigail saw Analise sitting on the couch in a trance. She cleared her throat, upon which Analise snapped back to reality and turned to look at her, asking, "How is Colby?" "I didn't check on him. I was afraid Old Mrs. Graham might get too agitated and have a heart attack," Abigail replied as she walked toward Analise.

Analise let out a sigh, her face showing guilt. "It's all my fault for being a busybody.

Abigail sat down beside her and held her hand, asking, "Grandma, why did you send the mushrooms? That's unlike you. You've always been well aware of our relationship with the Grahams. Considering your strong-willed and discerning personality, you wouldn't do something like this, right?" "Colby and I are on good terms, so it's normal for me to send him some mushrooms. What happens in your generation is your own- "Grandma, what is it that you can't tell me?" Abigail asked with a puzzled expression.

"You won't believe me anyway!" Analise suddenly became angry.

At that point, Abigail grew anxious too. "Old Mr. Graham's life is involved in this, and the culprit. behind this is still out there. If you don't tell me, how am I supposed to find out who poisoned him?" Analise looked at her, stating firmly, "I haven't lied to you. I don't know who's been talking nonsense in front of you, but I haven't lied to you!

Abigail felt helpless that her grandmother refused to admit it. After letting out a sigh, she let go of Analise's hand, saying, "I'm going to Capitalis tomorrow. You stay home and don't go anywhere. I'll be back in the evening "Alright. I'll make you dinner," Analise said as she stood up.

Abigail's brows furrowed involuntarily as she watched Analise enter the kitchen.

Once back in her room, she stared at her laptop screen. She couldn't help but wonder if Colby's phone had also been tampered with. Everything seemed to be shrouded in a fog; she felt like she was being excluded by everyone, unaware of any situation.

Early the next morning, Abigail and Eric flew to Capitalis. After they signed the contract, Lionel 2/3 s charge of und a de evening Capitalia a Abigail's inner displeasure, prachurst its peak as she returned to the hotel with Eri: Thury saway mentioned de party before we signed the contrac but now they're saying washed us the enetract. The show » prochutist team is really sort thing elwe?" she said to Ersc as they acant the elevator lobby waiting for the elevator to arrive This TV station has a bad reputation Eric muted as he handed his phone to her Abigail looked at his phone and noticed a private message sent to him by one of his fans. This fas had participated in a chose at this TV station and had uncovered a lot of dark secrets, eventually quitting. And now, this fan was burdened with debt-all because of the TV station.

3/3 Glenn, the person in charge of Runway Capitalis, insisted that Abigail stay, saying there was a party to attend in the evening.

Abigail's inner displeasure reached its peak as she returned to the hotel with Eric. "They never mentioned the party before we signed the contract, but now, they're saying it was included in the contract. The show's production team is really something else!" she said to Eric as they stood in the elevator lobby waiting for the elevator to arrive.

"This TV station has a bad reputation," Eric muttered as he handed his phone to her.

Abigail looked at his phone and noticed a private message sent to him by one of his fans. This fan had participated in a show at this TV station and had uncovered a lot of dark secrets, eventually quitting. And now, this fan was burdened with debts-all because of this TV station.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 366-We're Here to Go Mountain Climbing After reading the fan's story, Abigail involuntarily shifted her gaze toward Eric.

Their eyes met.

Just then, two more people approached them.

Abigail noticed that they were standing very close to her. She raised her eyes and looked over, only to unexpectedly meet Sean's mocking gaze.

Kevin poked his head out from beside the man, his almond-shaped eyes crinkled in a smile. "Ms. Quinn, what were you talking about with Mr. Davidson?"

You seemed so engrossed in your

conversation." "Nothing. What are you doing here?" Abigail couldn't help feeling that this was too much of a coincidence.

"Can't we come to Capitalis?" Sean asked her in an unfriendly tone.

Abigail moved a couple of steps aside, ignoring him.

Eric put his phone away and looked at Sean, asking, "It's Mr. Stewart whom Ms.

Quinn was asking. Why are you so angry, Mr. Graham?" "It's Ms. Quinn whom I was asking. Why are you in such a hurry to defend her, Mr. Davidson? Seems like you haven't learned your lesson from the trouble you caused last time," Sean replied. before turning his gaze toward the elevator. He raised his chin slightly, displaying an attitude of complete disdain.

Scoffing, Abigail mocked, "It's Mr. Stewart whom I was asking. Mr. Graham, before you blame someone for being nosy, you should take a look at who started it in the first place." Kevin laughed so hard that his shoulders were trembling. "So, whose fault is it in the end?" he asked her with a playful smile.

Abigail smiled back at him. "What do you think?" Sean shot a glance at her. "Judging from what you say, it seems that my friend shouldn't have spoken, is it?" Abigail sensed his hostility toward her. "I haven't said anything. If you insist on thinking that way, I can do nothing about it," she muttered, her expression cold as she turned to look at the elevator as well.

Just then, the elevator stopped on the first floor, and the people inside came out of it.

1/3 Seeing some of them walk out in a hurry, Eric immediately pulled Abigail aside.

Sure enough, a man talking on the phone hurriedly walked out and bumped into his shoulder. The impact caused Eric to stagger a few steps back, and Abigail quickly supported him.

Sean's face became sullen when he saw her hand clasp visibly.

arm, and his expression darkened "Sorry!" The man talking on the phone quickly apologized to Eric before rushing off.

“Are you okay?” Abigail asked with concern when she saw Eric massage his shoulder. Had he not shielded her from the man, she might have been knocked to the ground as she was in high heels, giving Sean a chance to mock her.

“I’m fine, Eric replied as he gave her a gentle smile.

Kevin entered the elevator. Seeing that Sean had yet to enter, he urged, “Come on in.” Sean looked at him with indifference. “What’s the hurry?” He entered the elevator only after Abigail and Eric had gone in.

The elevator wasn’t spacious, but there was a clear divide between them.

Abigail and Eric stood. on the left side, whereas Sean and Kevin stood on the right.

“Ms. Quinn, are you here in Capitalis for a potential collaboration?” Kevin asked Abigail with a big smile as he was feeling rather bored at the moment, “Yeah,” she replied. At first, she wanted to ask Kevin what he and Sean were doing here, but considering Sean’s present behavior, she decided not to bother.

“Mr. Graham and I are here to go mountain climbing-ouch!” Kevin’s reply was cut short when Sean stepped on his foot. He moved away from the man and gave Abigail an embarrassed smile.

“Aren’t there mountains to climb in Pendorf?” Eric asked.

“Why do we need your permission to go mountain climbing wherever we want?” Sean asked him back nonchalantly.

Abigail couldn’t help but roll her eyes. “Just say whatever you want. Why drag me into this?” “Ha!” Sean let out another sneer.

The standoff between both sides only ended when they got out of the elevator.

As Eric and Abigail went to their hotel rooms together, Eric muttered quietly, “Mr.

Graham really seems to be in a foul mood today.” “Let’s not mind him,” Abigail muttered, seething with exasperation. “Our immediate concern now is with the production team. If there really are so many dark secrets, can we quit the show now 2/3 before it’s too late?” Eric looked at her solemnly as he commented, “We’ll have to pay a hefty penalty for breach of

contract, and besides, we don't even know if what that fan said is true or not." Abigail let out a sigh without saying a word.

Eric continued, "The production team has already announced our collaboration, so it'd be difficult to back out now. This show has a huge fan following; if we quit it prematurely, we'll be accused of throwing our weight around." "Let's wait and see what happens next, then," Abigail said in resignation.

Eric took out his phone and did some online searching.

Abigail also searched the video platforms she frequented for anything related, but she didn't spot anything negative. "There are no related videos on any video platform either," she said to Eric.

"I've already had my talent agent look into it for me, but it's okay. If there really is an issue, I'll stand by you, Eric announced while looking at her sincerely.

"Thank you, but if there are any issues, I'll handle them myself. I hope you can trust me; I'm not someone incapable of doing anything. It's getting late, so I'm heading back to my room now." And with that, Abigail walked toward the door.

Eric walked her to the door with a satisfied smile that he couldn't suppress. In any case, I'm already very happy to be traveling with her again. No matter what happens on the show, I'll shield her from it. I'll never let her get hurt in the slightest

I Want a Divorce Chapter 367-7 Conflict Meanwhile, the first thing Kevin did after returning to his hotel room was to kick off his shoes to inspect his foot. "You're really cruel. You've flattened my toes!" Sean looked at him with a cold expression without saying a word.

"Say, you get jealous again and want to make things difficult for her. Why are you so conflicted?" Kevin asked, holding his legs with puzzlement written all over his good-looking face.

Sean sat on the couch, gazing out the window in silence like a melancholic and beautiful young man.

After watching him for a while, Kevin suddenly chuckled.

"Are you insane?" Sean looked at him with a frown.

Kevin couldn't help but laugh in amusement. "You're the one who's insane; you're suffering from lovesickness. I just don't understand. Why her? Only you could come up with the idea of coming all the way to Capitalis to go mountain climbing." Sean let out a snort. "Do you think I'm really here to go mountain climbing?" "Of course not. You're here to see if your wife has been stolen from you," Kevin drawled.

Sean grabbed the pillow beside him and threw it at his face. "Just shut up if you can't speak properly!" Kevin caught the pillow. "Pray tell, what did you come here for?" "To look into some stuff." Sean muttered.

Kevin moved closer to him. "Is this still about Vincent?" "Don't ask so many questions; it won't do you any good. Just consider this a leisure trip," said the man.

Kevin curled his lips. "Fine. In that case, can I talk to Ms. Quinn when I'm free?" Sean nodded in silent agreement. He had nothing to worry about when Kevin was with Abigail, but it was a different story when Abigail was with Eric.

Meanwhile, Abigail took Eric's advice and dressed up a little for the party in the evening. Coming out of her hotel room, she happened to run into Kevin, who had come to ask her to join him for dinner.

1/3 "Are you heading out?" Kevin was surprised to see her carefully styled appearance.

Abigail nodded. "Yeah." Just then, the door to Eric's hotel room opened; he was staying in the room opposite Abigail's. "Are you ready?" he asked her. Then, seeing Kevin, he questioned, "Mr. Stewart, do you need something from her?" Kevin wore a charming smile. "Are you two going out together?" Eric was dressed formally in a suit, looking as if he were going on a date.

"Yeah, we have something to do." Eric didn't explain where they were going.

Kevin rubbed his nose, asking, "Can I come along?" "No, you don't have an invitation," Abigail stated, to which Kevin nodded.

"Alright, then." After the pair left, Kevin immediately called Sean. The moment Sean answered the phone, Kevin said urgently, "What are you still investigating? Ms. Quinn and Eric are going to attend an exclusive party, and I can't tag along because I don't have an invitation." Before Sean could anything, he continued, "You know what happens at such events, don't you?" "Shut up! You talk too much. Have you figured out what party it is?" Sean asked impassively.

say Why is he pretending to be so calm at a time like this? Kevin grumbled to himself. “I haven’t figured it out, but I can stalk them,” he commented.

Sean fell silent for a moment before asking. “There are many ways to figure it out. Why do you have to stalk them?” “Just who do you think I’m doing this for?!” Kevin became angry at once. If it weren’t for him, I wouldn’t have done something like stalking someone else!

“Suit yourself,” Sean said before hanging up the phone, claiming he had something to deal with.

Kevin immediately went after Abigail and Eric.

The production team had arranged for a car to take them to the party. As soon as Kevin rushed out of the hotel, he saw Abigail and Eric get into a car; he noted down the car’s license plate number and immediately went to the side of the road to hail a cab.

Once inside the party venue, Abigail decided to separate from Eric. There were many celebrities. present at the party. After all, they were both in the industry, and if someone gossipy spotted them together, it would easily lead to misunderstandings. “I’m going to check out the food over there. Just text me if you need anything,” she whispered to Eric at the entrance.

“What’s the matter?” Eric asked her, puzzled.

2/3 “I’d like to hang out on my own,” Abigail said bluntly.

Eric simply grunted in response.

After they went their separate ways, Abigail found a place to sit, planning to sit through the party.

and then leave.

Just then, a slender man in a royal blue suit stood in front of her, smiling as he said, “Good evening. Ms. Quinn. I’m an investor from the TV station.” Abigail stood up and greeted him politely. “Good evening.” “Why are you sitting here alone? You should join everyone. I heard you haven’t been getting along well with the show’s director. Why not go talk to him?” the man said as he offered his drink to Abigail while putting an arm around her waist.

Abigail felt somewhat disgusted by the man's advances. Just when she was about to move away, a hand reached out and pushed the man away.

The drink that the man was holding spilled everywhere.

Eric looked at the man with a frown. "Mr. Larson, are you asking Ms. Alana to suck up to Mr. Stuart?" "Eric, my clothes are all stained with liquor!" Mr. Larson yelled angrily.

In an instant, everyone in the room shifted their attention toward them.

When Sean and Kevin, entered, they saw Eric shielding Abigail behind him and engaging in a heated argument with someone, Sean's gaze grew cold instantly." "I'll go check out what's going on," Kevin mentioned immediately.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 368-Facing the Darkness.

Sean stopped him by saying, "They brought this upon themselves. What are you going to do?" Kevin looked at him and asked with a smile, "Are you sure about this?" Sean darted an impassive glance at him before letting go of his sleeve.

"Alright, then. I'll check it out first," Kevin commented as he followed Sean.

Meanwhile, Eric was surrounded by several investors. Even Tristan Stuart, the show's director, was annoyed. "The show hasn't even started, and the two of you are already causing trouble," he grumbled. "Alana, your being a no-show

has already upset everyone, but instead of drinking with everyone to apologize, you actually spilled Mr. Larson's drink, huh?" "It was my doing. Why are you blaming it on her? Eric asked with a cold expression.

The amusement on Tristan's shrewd face grew. "Eric, your family doesn't allow you to offend so many people like this to stick up for someone." Just as Eric was about to make a retort, Abigail suddenly asked, "Mr. Stuart, are you suggesting that I need to apologize to everyone with a drink for each person?" "Apologizing with a drink would have sufficed earlier, but not now," Tristan replied slowly.

Abigail's expression was cold as she asked with a sardonic smile, "Well then, what should I do now?" "We booked the hotel and the meals in advance last time, but the production team's budget was wasted because you failed to turn up. The appearance fees for these celebrities are all paid by these big shots. I know your studio is Small and can't afford the money, so

how about this? You stay behind after dinner, and I'll take time talking to you about it," Tristan offered, laughing while holding his drink.

At this point, everyone understood these people's intentions.

It was often said that the entertainment industry was filled with immoral behavior, but this was the first time Abigail had ever been confronted with something so disgusting.

Unable to stand it any longer, Eric snatched Tristan's drink from him and splashed it onto his face. "Do you still have respect for the law?" he growled.

Tristan's expression was gloomy as he produced a handkerchief from his suit pocket and wiped the liquor off his face. Then, he gritted out through clenched teeth, "If you insist on sticking up for Alana, then I can do nothing about it. What are you guys waiting for? Call for security!" Suddenly, Abigail said, "Mr. Stuart, I've recorded everything you said." 1/3 Everyone fell silent at her words.

She looked at Tristan with contempt and continued. "Are you all considering this evening's party your personal playground? Pray tell, which of you here wants to sleep with me?" No one uttered a word.

However, Tristan ordered, "What are you guys waiting here for? Find the recording she made!" Almost immediately, the hotel's staff surrounded Abigail and Eric. As one of the staff members grabbed Abigail's hands and held them behind her back, she looked up at Tristan coldly, saying. "Do you really think the recorded material wasn't uploaded in real time? Even if you destroy the recording I have on hand, there are still copies of it in the cloud. As long as I don't disclose which cloud service I used, you'll never find them!" "Then, Alana will disappear from the design industry!" Tristan's eyes were full of malice when he spoke.

Eric was restrained by several staff members, but they were relatively polite toward him. After all, the Davidsons were in Capitalis.

Amid the pushing and shoving, the staff member holding onto Abigail was suddenly grabbed by the throat and forcefully thrown aside, Kevin stepped into the crowd and looked at everyone with a sarcastic smile. "I thought it was some exclusive party, but it turns out that this is a sex party organized by all of you, eh?" Abigail shifted her gaze toward Sean, who was standing beside her. Truth be told, his presence surprised her.

Sean, who was standing next to her, instantly changed the dynamics of the situation. "How many of you here want to sleep with her?" he asked indifferently while wiping his hands with a handkerchief after throwing the staff member aside. His eyes seemed impassive, but one look from them was enough to fill people with apprehension.

Eric looked at the crowd, his lips pressed together. In reality, he had already called the police.

It was evident that this was specifically aimed at Abigail.

Upon seeing that nobody responded, Sean kicked Tristan directly in the stomach with a murderous look in his eyes. "Is it you?" "That's enough..." Abigail immediately pulled him back.

Tristan knocked into someone else, causing him to glare at Sean fiercely. "Alana has signed an agreement with our TV station. Mr. Graham, if you don't want this to get to the point where she gets the worst of it, let's meet each other halfway today." 2/3 "That right. We were past yoking in the first place! Larson chimed in. After all, it was him who had started it. If he didn't clarify the situation at this moment, he figured Sean might come after him. If he didn't clarify the nations this moment, he figured Sean might come after him at Joking! We'll see if it's a joke when the police arrive" Eric growled, his anger still evident in his eyes as he looked at the crowd. He turned his head and said to Abigail, "Don't worry. Just hand recording over to the police later. I don't believe they can act lawlessly, even in front of the police!" Tristan's expression darkened. "Eric, it's not nice of you to call the police." "Nice? Why did it not occur to you whether it was nice when you guys bullied her?!" Eric retorted furiously. Sean pulled a chair over and sat down. Leaning back in the chair, he looked at the crowd with contempt in his eyes. "Let's wait for the police, then. These people were clearly repeat offenders, rotten individuals associating with other rotten individuals would only keep getting worse and become increasingly arrogant and unscrupulous. Needless to say, this was the case with most of the circles of the wealthy." 3/3 "That's right. We were just joking in the first place! Mr. Larson chimed in. After all, it was him who had started it. If he didn't clarify the situation at this moment, he figured Sean might come after him.

"Joking? We'll see if it's a joke when the police arrive," Eric growled, his anger still evident in his eyes as he looked at the crowd. He turned his head and said to Abigail, "Don't worry. Just hand the recording over to the police later. I don't believe they can act lawlessly, even in front of the police!" Tristan's expression darkened. "Eric, it's not nice of you to call the police." "Nice? Why did it not occur to you whether it was nice when you guys bullied her?!" Eric retorted furiously.

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I Want a Divorce Chapter 369-Unconditionally Supportive Kevin gazed at Eric with a thoughtful look in his eyes. Meanwhile, Tristan still didn't show the slightest hint of fear on his face as he commented, "We're bound by a contract, Ms. Alana. I hope you know how to act in front of the police." Sean narrowed his eyes and stared at Tristan for a while before he shifted his gaze to look at Kevin. Kevin noticed the look in Sean's eyes, and he gave a slight nod.

"Alana is just here to participate in the show. She's just doing her job. Do you have to make such a mess out of things?" another potbellied man uttered with a grin on his face. The man shot the waiter a look, and the waiter immediately

turned to walk away. The rest of the staff members pulled their chairs over to where Abigail and Eric were.

Then, the potbellied man smiled and glanced in Abigail's direction. The contract has been signed, Ms. Alana. It won't do you and Eric any good if things get too tense around here. You should consider Eric's position, even if you don't care about how things turn out for yourself. He's working in the entertainment industry, and he's staying in Capitalis. We're dealing with a large family in Capitalis here. Mr. Stuart isn't the sort of person you'd like to disrespect. Even the Davidsons are respectful toward him." Abigail had a feeling that Tristan was only allowed to act all high and mighty because he had some big guns supporting him. Furthermore, considering how Tristan and his people had approached them in such a direct manner without playing any games, it was evident that Tristan had the power and ability to destroy her people if they wanted to. Abigail shot a glance in Eric's direction.

"You don't have to think about me. You shouldn't sacrifice your dignity for anyone!" Eric announced.

"Do not exist to you guys?" Sean interrupted in an icy tone. Meanwhile, Kevin held onto his phone and texted a bunch of other people to inform them of the situation while also asking them about their side of things.

"I know what to say when the police get here," Abigail stated in a calm tone. She didn't seem angry at all. Eric wasn't sure what Abigail was about to say, and he felt rather anxious for her. "You don't have to be afraid," he reminded her.

"I'm not, Eric," Abigail replied.

Eric was the first to explain things once the police arrived. Sean sat by the side, and he only replied to a few questions before he looked in Abigail's direction.

"These bosses have a great sense of humor, but I was just a little too sensitive earlier. My friend only made a police report because he was worried that I was getting taken advantage of. It's my fault that things turned out like that. I'm so sorry," Abigail said to the police in a polite tone.

The police couldn't help but lecture her. "You shouldn't fool around with the police like that! We'll have to charge you a penalty of 500 this time, but if this happens again, you'll have to be detained.

1/3 for up to a whole week!" The police were naturally furious since it seemed like Abigail was messing around with them.

"I'm sorry." Abigail apologized once more. Eric was fuming at this point, but he sat in his chair. and bit his lower lip without saying much. Meanwhile, Tristan and the few other higher-ups. exchanged glances with looks of victory on their faces. After the police left, Tristan walked up to Abigail with a grin on his face.

"You're a smart woman, Alana. This explains how you managed to build your business up to this point. Well, you can enjoy the food and drinks for the rest of the night. We'll send you guys back to the hotel later. The fine of 500 meant nothing to the higher- ups there.

"A wise person is one who acts according to the situation, right? After all, I only joined this. program to get some money. Since this was all a misunderstanding, everything's fine as long as we've cleared things up," Abigail replied with a smile. Everything laughed along with her.

After the rest of them left, Sean came up to Abigail with a scornful look on his face. "What was that? Did you give in because you were worried that Eric would try to get revenge otherwise?" Sean was annoyed. I could've easily handled that bunch of people for her, but she chose to give in to them. Who does she think I am?

“Yeah. Eric only offended them because of me. I can’t just think about my own feelings. I have to consider the consequences he would have to face as well,” Abigail explained in a flat tone. Sean felt a heavy sensation weighing on his chest. He had shown up to offer her help, yet it seemed like he only ended up making a fool out of himself. She never even entertained the idea of me helping her... “Fine.” Sean stood up after letting out a cold scoff. Let’s go,” he said to Kevin.

Kevin tagged along behind Sean while letting out an exasperated sigh. After they got out of the hotel, Sean tugged on his tie to loosen it up. “She wants to cut all ties with me.” “I don’t understand your relationship with her, Sean, but I think Eric did a pretty good job today.” Kevin uttered in a slow and careful tone. Sean turned to stare at the other man. “Eric stood on her side without any hesitation. A man who can protect his woman unconditionally... Isn’t that what every woman wants?” Kevin was a playboy himself. He had the ability to keep women around. even after breaking up with them simply because he was extremely sensitive to the needs of women.

Sean felt his hands trembling, but he paused for a moment before letting out another scoff. “She can do whatever she wants.” “This isn’t about her, Sean. It’s about you-” “I’m not Eric!” Sean interrupted Kevin’s words.

“Fine, fine. I’ve asked around, and I found out that Mr. Stuart’s full name is Tristan Stuart. He knows a good number of other investors in Capitalis, and he is affiliated with a lot of reputable and experienced celebrities. He is definitely a strong opponent, even against people like Eric and the Davidsons.” Kevin had no choice but to change the topic.

2/3 Abigail probably chose to do what she did because she knew that Eric was no match for Tristan. It was evident that Abigail was a wise and smart individual she still managed to remain calm and rational in a situation where she was likely ashamed and embarrassed for herself. “These powerful individuals in Capitalis have very deep entanglements with one another. Logically speaking, someone at Abigail’s level of fame wouldn’t have been invited to attend a show like this.” Sean felt himself calming down as he spoke.

Kevin widened his eyes. “Did you come here to investigate this matter?” he asked.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 370-Improving Stubbornness Sean didn’t respond to Kevin’s question. “My grandfather used to be a reputable and influential man in Pendorf, you know. No one in Pendorf would have the guts to harm him,” Sean said. instead.

Kevin's expression darkened. "Do you think you might've indirectly offended some of the people from Capitalis after upsetting Vincent?" "I'm not sure, but Vincent did try to sell me overseas, so he might have a supply chain backing. him up. I've probably wrecked the whole supply chain by causing trouble to him." Sean walked out to the balcony after finishing his words.

Kevin couldn't help but shudder at that idea. "Would it be safe for us to keep Ms.

Quinn around here, then?" "Eric's here, so what's there to worry about?" There was a hint of sarcasm in Sean's tone, and Kevin. figured that Sean was still resentful about what happened. Sean's probably mad because Ms. Quinn didn't consider him as part of the plan at all tonight.

Meanwhile, Eric had been furious for the past 30 minutes. "Are you sure you don't want to cat some of this? Wouldn't it be a shame if you came here just to get angry and lose your appetite?" Abigail brought some dessert over to Eric once more.

Eric turned his body away from her. "I'm an actor, and I need to maintain a certain percentage of body fat. I can't eat sweet stuff." "I don't see you eating any veggies, either," Abigail commented.

"I told you earlier-I don't want you to worry about whether you're troubling me.

Why don't you trust me? Do you think I can't protect you? Are you afraid of burdening me? I don't care about. that at all. Those people are sc*mbags, and they deserve to be put behind bars!" Eric glared at Abigail.

"Have you ever considered why they're able to act all cocky around us, Eric?" Abigail asked calmly "I don't care how cocky they act! I'm sure my parents will do something about it even if I get into trouble. On top of that, I have my fans that I can use as support!" Eric got emotional as he spoke. Deep down, he was angry at how cowardly Abigail seemed, and he was angry at how she couldn't seem to rely on him. She had no choice but to set them free even after they shamed her. Eric felt extremely bad.

"Sean's around, too! Even if you don't like him, you can still take advantage of his influence and power. What's wrong with that?!" Eric didn't even mind if Abigail sought Sean for help. He only had one goal in mind that night, and that was to put those sc*mbags behind bars!

1/3 "He doesn't seem to care about what happened tonight, though," Abigail uttered, convinced that Sean wasn't interested in being a part of the incident. He had dropped by to

exchange a few sentences for old times' sake. Perhaps Kevin was the one who told him to come over. Nowadays, it looks like he has really let go of that final bit of male ego that would've made him take action in the past.

Abigail was glad to have done what she did. If Sean turned out to be an unreliable source, and if I ended up getting Eric into trouble, I would feel really guilty. "You should've been firmer about things. If you really- Eric started.

"Eric, even if we made a fuss out of today's incident, they would've just been detained for a few days. That's not the outcome I want." Abigail interrupted the man's words.

"I can't bear to watch them bully you..." Eric lowered his gaze, looking dejected.

His entire being seemed deflated. "Are you bothered by the words that they used to shame me? Gangsters like them use words to hurt a woman's pride all the time. They would've succeeded if I had actually felt ashamed. But.... I didn't do anything, so why should I feel ashamed? What's there for me to feel bad for?" Abigail explained gently.

Eric was dumbfounded as he looked at the woman. "I'm not that fragile, you know. I'm not going to start criticizing myself just because they said those things about me. In fact, I intend to plan things out so that I can give them the punishment they deserve. If we simply made a scene tonight, their punishment would be too light," Abigail added with a smile.

Eric cautiously reached out to hold onto her hand. "You should trust me next time," he said. Upon seeing the earnest look on his face, Abigail nodded with a smile. "Sure." Initially, Abigail felt rather conflicted toward Eric because of the trouble he had caused her. However, she felt like she got to see a different side of Eric that night. He was like a ball of warmth around people, constantly thinking about others even when he was struggling on his own.

Even though they only came in contact for a short while, someone managed to snap a picture of them. The picture began spreading from Capitalis' marketing account, and by the time the event ended, the topic was already trending on Twitter.

When Sean saw the picture, he threw his phone away. His phone fell and rolled across the ground a few times. "The phone is innocent..." Kevin tried his best to contain his laughter.

Sean didn't say anything for a while, and he simply stared at the contract on his computer screen. His mind was all over the place. Is Abigail going to accept Eric's love?

“Oh, it looks like the Davidsons did something. The picture of them holding hands is gone...” Kevin kept Sean updated. “Don’t you have anything better to do?” Sean shot Kevin a fiery glare. “I don’t care about her. I’m busy with work now, and I’m going to kick you out of here if you disrupt my thoughts again.” “Did your phone disrupt your thoughts as well?” Kevin replied with a cheeky grin. “The admiral, MacArthur, once said... When Sean starts an argument, I know that the toughest metal on earth would be no match for his hardheadedness. Even diamonds-” 2/3 “If you want to walk out of my room alive, you should keep your mouth shut.

Sean cut the other man off.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

371-380

I Want a Divorce Chapter 371-Shady Business Eventually, Sean sent Kevin out of his room. Kevin bumped into Abigail and Eric just moments after he turned around to walk off, and he held his hand up to give them a rather awkward wave. “Hey. Did you guys just get back?” “Yeah.” Abigail nodded with the usual calm and collected expression on her face. Kevin didn’t have much to do, so he walked toward Abigail in an attempt to strike up a conversation. “Would you like to have a chat?” “I have other matters to handle, and I don’t have the time to chat. Abigail had already booked herself a flight on the way back, and she only had three hours to get ready.

“It’ll just be a short chat. Do you want to stay around, Mr. Davidson?” Kevin turned and beamed at Eric.

Eric shook his head. “You guys can go on. I’ll head back to my room.” After Eric left, Kevin whispered into Abigail’s ear, saying. “This is about Mr. Stuart. Do you want to hear what I have to say?” Abigail shot him a look. “I know that Mr. Stuart has some powerful forces supporting him, but tonight’s incident is over.” “Do you really think it’s over?” Kevin’s gaze lit up, and it seemed as if he had read Abigail’s mind. “I’m just here to complete my mission. After all, not all partnerships turn out to be as amicable as others,” Abigail stated flatly. However, Kevin still suspected that Abigail wasn’t going to let things go that easily. After all, her previous attempts to target Sean were impressionable to Kevin.

“Did you really record it?” Kevin asked.

“I was lying. I don’t think it’s helpful to be honest all the time. I don’t mind telling a few lies if it helps me to save myself.” Abigail stepped past Kevin to leave after finishing her sentence. Kevin turned and gazed at her back while chuckling to himself. “She sure has a strong character. No wonder she can get someone like Eric to sacrifice everything for her.” ” It was nearly midnight by the time Abigail got back to Pendorf. Once she got home, she instantly edited the post for her partnership with Runway Capitalis before tagging Eric and Runway. Capitalis’ official account. Eric was quick to repost it as well.

After that, Abigail got a good night’s sleep. The next morning, she woke up and scrolled through her private messages on Twitter. As she filtered through the tons of messages, she found the one that she wanted to see. ‘Did you really partner up with Runway Capitalis, Alana? Are you able to terminate the contract? Runway Capitalis is up to some shady business, and there have been rumors about them that were taken down just a day after it got posted. Several accounts were banned, and people were threatened in the process. Some of them even got sued and were forced 1/3 to pay the penalties. Partnering with them is just a road to self-destruction! You should really consider your decision if you see my message.

Abigail replied to the person’s message. ‘Have you been on their program?’” About 30 minutes later, the netizen responded to Abigail. ‘Gosh, I hadn’t expected you to reply! I have a good friend who participated in this program, but... During their filming, one of the investors got her really drunk. When she woke up the next morning, she found out that she had. slept with three different investors. My friend tried to sue them, but it didn’t work out at all. She’s struggling with depression now, and she still has more than 100,000 worth of bills to pay off. She’s currently a person subject to enforcement. This happened two years ago. Back then, she forced herself to complete the filming for the show, and she revealed everything on Twitter after she got home. However, the filming team ended up suing her in return, and they dug up tons of her history before twisting and turning some facts to make her seem like a bad person. In the end, she lost her case, and she ended up with a debt of about 160,000 to the three people who sued her. She didn’t have the money to pay off her debts, so her cards got blacklisted. She went. into a deep depression about two months after that, and things have just been getting worse and worse for her.

Abigail read through the netizen’s text before responding to it. ‘I got it. Don’t worry about me. I’ll make sure to protect myself. Abigail didn’t know if the netizen’s words were true, but she intended to do some research of her own.

She wasn’t about to trust anyone so easily.

‘Alright. Please take care of yourself, Alana!

That was the only message of its sort that Abigail received that day. However, Eric also received some advice from a well-known influencer. The influencer told him not to take part in the program as it was funded by a lot of suspicious individuals. On top of that, Eric was told that pretty girls were like toys to the investors, and there were a few celebrities who had even signed long-term contracts with the program to trick more people into joining them.

‘You should do some research on these things. You should hurry, though. You won’t have time once you start recording the program.’ ‘I got it. The pieces of information were too broad, and Abigail simply couldn’t dig up all of the past events even if she went over to Capitalis. However, these pieces of information were crucial to her, and her post on Twitter would’ve been for nothing if she disregarded the information that she gathered. After making some arrangements, Abigail went up to Analise. “We’re going to meet the Grahams today. We’ll apologize for what we’ve done, and we’ll thank them for the generosity they’ve shown to us.” “Okay...” Analise lowered her gaze. She seemed to be bothered by something.

“It’s fine. I’ll apologize.” Abigail tried to comfort her grandmother. She knew that it wouldn’t feel good for someone of Analise’s age to go up to others just to apologize to them. “I don’t mind apologizing to them. I’m just worried that Sean’s grandmother might kick up a fuss again.” Analise gazed at Abigail worriedly.

2/3 “Since I made a mistake, I’ll just have to take the beating and stand back up.

She can scold me if she wants to,” Abigail uttered with a smile. Analise no longer said anything after that, and Abigail figured that Analise didn’t feel too good about the idea. However, it was a fact that they had made a mistake this time around. Since Sean had requested for them to offer an apology, Abigail felt like it wouldn’t be right to ignore his request, especially since the Grahams had agreed to let things go.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 372-Rubbing Salt in the Wound That night, Abigail showed up at the hospital with some expensive gifts. However, she didn’t head directly to Colby’s ward. Instead, she told the nurses to inform Lina about her presence first. Soon enough, both Lina and Kelly showed up together. “What are you guys doing here?” Lina questioned harshly the moment she saw Abigail. “I think they’re here to apologize,” Kelly muttered softly. Lina took one glance at the gifts and hampers in Abigail and Analise’s hands before she let out a scoff. “I’m sure you guys drugged some of the food inside. You guys are trying to poison all of us, aren’t you? Us Grahams aren’t taking any gifts from you guys. We don’t want to die in your hands!” Lina hissed. Abigail remained silent, and Analise held onto Abigail’s hand while

keeping her lips sealed as well. Their silence seemed to trigger Lina even more. "I'm warning you guys now-you guys should stop putting on an act! You're trying to use these gifts to please us, just so that you can continue. latching onto Sean and sucking all his money out of him. There's no way I'm letting you do that!" Lina raised her voice. "What are you talking about?" Sean's voice sounded from a distance. When Kelly saw Sean, her face instantly lit up with joy. "You're back!" Her warm and intimate tone made her sound as if she was speaking to her husband. However, Sean simply ignored Kelly and stared at Lina instead. "I was the one who told them to visit Grandpa," he said. Lina seemed rather embarrassed by her actions at that moment. Meanwhile, Abigail simply held onto her grandmother's hand without saying anything. "Why should they visit?! They're the ones who brought upon all this trouble!" Lina mumbled under her breath. Sean knew that Abigail felt bad after what happened with Colby, so he turned around to speak to her. "You guys should go take a look at him. He's in a decent condition today, and he's able to speak now." "Alright," Analise replied before she led Abigail toward Colby's ward. Lina, on the other hand, let out a scoff before she followed behind them with a resentful expression on her face. "I told them to visit Grandpa. Why are you tagging along?" Sean stopped her. "Aren't you worried that-" "They didn't do it intentionally, Grandma, so you shouldn't put all the blame on them. The Graham Family is a wealthy household-we're not demanding and irrational thugs." There was a hint of impatience in Sean's tone. Even though he was disappointed in Abigail, he still didn't like it when his grandmother acted that way. Lina looked like she had more to say, but Kelly stopped her in time. "Mr. Quinn is right. You shouldn't injure their pride like that, Grandma. There's no conclusion for this incident yet." For some reason, Kelly's words managed to keep Lina silent. Sean shot them another icy glare before he strode along the hospital corridor to find a couch where he could rest. 1/3 When Analise showed up in Colby's ward with tears in her eyes, Colby beamed at her. "It's fine." Abigail placed the gifts down. She had a lot of questions in her mind, but Colby didn't give her a chance to voice them. "I think I'm out of water, Abigail. Could you help me grab two bottles of the more expensive brand of water?" "Sure." Abigail replied without hesitation. She figured that he wanted to be careful with the water he consumed since his stomach was probably weak after he got it pumped. Once Abigail left the room, Colby turned to look at Analise. "I'm sorry that you had to suffer." "It was nothing. Sean's friend in Capitalis once risked their life to save us, so we're even now that I've helped you out in return," Analise replied in a gentle tone. Colby gazed at the ceiling for a long while before he spoke again. "One day, they'll understand all of our efforts." "I just want Abigail to be safe and well. I don't need much else," Analise replied. Colby nodded and kept quiet after that. Sean came along with Abigail to get water for Colby. Cameron cleared off the hospital grounds. for them. "Why didn't you tell me before you came?" There was a hint of annoyance in Sean's voice as he spoke to Abigail while walking beside her. "Well, if I told you about it, wouldn't you end up saying that I'm not being sincere?" Abigail asked in return. "You wanted us to

apologize, and we came here with pure and sincere intentions. Isn't that good enough for you?" Sean pressed his lips together. I was speaking out of anger back then. Does Abigail think that I told her to come here just so that she and her grandmother could get a scolding?" "Did you decide not to inform me just so that you could get my grandmother to scold you? Does her scolding make you feel better?" Sean snapped. Abigail immediately shoved a bottle of water into his arms. "Do I seem like such a manipulative person to you, Sean? That's how you perceive me, huh!" "You could've called me to make sure that both you and your grandmother wouldn't receive a scolding. But instead, you allowed my family to shame you and your grandmother. Does that make you feel good? Does that make you feel like you don't owe us anything anymore?" Sean clutched onto the water bottle as he spoke with anger in his voice. He had never intended for Abigail and Analise to be shamed and criticized in that manner. Even he felt angry to see the meek and sorrowful look on Analise's face. He knew that Analise and Abigail weren't responsible for the way things had developed. In the first place, Sean had only gotten petty over the apology because he had been angry at how Abigail kept ignoring his kind 2/3 intentions. Abigail was speechless for a while. She had to calm down before she spoke again. "Will your grandfather be able to drink this water?" It was then that Sean noticed how he might have been rather harsh with his words. "I'm sorry. I only got mad because I didn't want you and your grandmother to suffer like that. I only told you guys to come and visit because-" Abigail interrupted the man. "You don't need to explain yourself. This is how our family's relationships are with one another now. The Quinns will apologize and bow down when needed. -we're not about to shun our responsibilities. Furthermore, I don't think your grandmother's words can harm me in any way. I don't care about you guys, and I'm sure my grandmother will eventually accept that as well."

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"Did you decide not to inform me just so that you could get my grandmother to scold you? Does her scolding make you feel better?" Sean snapped.

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Furthermore, I don't think your grandmother's words can harm me in any way. I don't care about you guys, and I'm sure my grandmother will eventually accept that as well."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 374-Let's All Give Up In the evening, the program's shady dealings that Abigail provided to Eric were posted by a marketing account and quickly gained traction, becoming a trending topic.

The very next morning, she received a call from Tristan.

"What's with the post online?" Tristan asked impatiently, seemingly convinced that she was the one behind it.

"I just woke up. What happened?" Her voice carried a hint of innocence.

Tristan sounded like he was talking with a smile, yet it was laced with a strong sense of threat. "Don't play innocent with me. If you don't provide an explanation regarding the post on Instagram, our collaboration might be in jeopardy." "Mr. Stuart, you should speak with evidence. Don't pester me without substantial proof. If you don't want to collaborate, make it known on Instagram and compensate me. Just say so. Don't casually throw accusations at me," she responded, her tone carrying a touch of exasperation.

"Have a look yourself," he said, then hung up the phone.

As soon as Abigail logged onto Instagram, she found that the post about the shady dealings had escalated to a boiling point. This also indicated how well Runway Capitalis' ratings were doing.

Seeing the heated discussion, she was quite satisfied, and she immediately messaged Tristan.

'I don't know about the post, but I will look into it. After all, the pictures were leaked from my phone. However, my stand is pretty clear from the screenshots.

I'm not taking sides.

'You didn't take sides, but you'd better explain how it got leaked today.

Otherwise, my production team will definitely sue you.'" She wasn't in a hurry to respond. Instead, she reached out to the netizens who messaged her.

Two of them had already deactivated their accounts, and one did not respond after Abigail sent the message.

After taking a few screenshots, she posted a clarification on Instagram.

"There is no concrete evidence regarding these shady dealings. I hope everyone can be rational about it. I just started working with Runway Capitalis, and many netizens sent me such messages. I replied to a few, but I never expected the conversations to be leaked. This whole thing is quite bewildering to me, and I've already started an investigation to find out what happened." Her clarification was visibly perfunctory.

1/3 After she finished her morning routine, Eric came over.

"Tristan wants to see us. What's the plan?" He was still a bit worried. After all, once they were on set, it would be easy for them to deal with Abigail.

"Ask your friend if they can replicate the virus from the previous QR code and create a copy for my phone," she said.

Instantly, his eyes lit up. "That's a good idea. We can use them to track down the created the virus. The forces behind them are much stronger than us." person who Abigail nodded. "Since we can't investigate it ourselves, we might as well stir up the waters." "I'll ask my friend to make the virus even more aggressive. Who knows, it might be useful!" With that, Eric proceeded to send a message.

Before long, the two of them arrived at the workshop where the filming of the variety show took place. As soon as Tristan saw Abigail, he didn't care how many staff members were present and immediately started scolding her. "What's wrong with you? Can you do this or not? If you can't, just quit. Stop being a nuisance every day." "We are already investigating this matter. Why are you so anxious?" Eric retorted.

The staff members had never seen such a situation and were all nervous.

Immediately, Abigail pulled Eric aside, concerned that there might be hidden cameras. If that were the case, the production team could use the footage against him, affecting his entertainment career.

After all, Tristan was very unhappy with both of them.

“Mr. Stuart, I’ve already clarified on Instagram, and we’re currently investigating the matter. You asked for an explanation today, and it hasn’t been long since then.” Her attitude was icy.

“You can skip today’s recording. Let Eric go ahead with us, and you handle your affairs.” Tristan felt irritated whenever he saw her.

If there hadn’t been behind-the-scenes pressure for him to collaborate with Abigail, she wouldn’t have even qualified to appear on his show, especially considering that “Troubled Times’ hadn’t been released yet.

“Someone will handle my affairs. Not recording today would be a waste of my time. Do you think it’s your time that’s being wasted?” she responded indifferently.

Irritated, Tristan kicked a prop on the floor and sneered. “You really think highly of yourself. Be thankful that you get to be here.” Hearing that, Eric concealed his anger behind a restrained expression.

” 2/3 The workshop was the production site for the show and was divided into various areas, including areas for weaving, embroidery, handicraft, and sewing.

According to the schedule, Abigail was supposed to discuss topics related to weaving and other crafts in front of the camera, but she had to make it special.

After all, Runway Capitalis wasn’t doing this type of program for the first time, and they had discussed fashion-related knowledge extensively.

After Tristan instructed the camera crew to set up, he asked Abigail to get ready.

As the recording began, Abigail walked past the hanging fabrics, preparing to speak. However, Tristan shouted impatiently, “Cut! Where are you looking? The camera is right here! If you don’t know what to do, let Eric teach you how to face the camera today. Whose time do you think you’re wasting?” This outburst instantly created a tense atmosphere on set.

On the side, Eric contained his anger, making his breathing heavier.

Just then, Abigail turned to Tristan and said, "I'm an amateur. Of course, I'm not camera-savvy. Even if you get Eric to teach me all day, I don't think I'd be able to learn it all. What's your other solution, then?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 375-Hand Over Your Phone!

Abigail's disinterested look infuriated Tristan. Meanwhile, Eric couldn't help but smirk.

"Take two," Tristan said with frustration, then walked to the side.

Abigail resumed speaking, and Tristan remained silent this time.

During the break, he took his notebook and whispered to the staff.

Eric and Abigail sat on chairs during the break. "This variety show is really frustrating. As he said. that, he opened a bottle of water for her.

"We've just started. She rejected the water he offered. After all, they had to be cautious on the set.

With a smile, he took a sip of water himself before whispering, "Lewis was asked to leave in the middle of filming. Who knows what their intentions are?" She leaned back in her chair and replied in a hushed tone, "Regardless, we'll meet the enemies head-on." Since there were not many scenes that Abigail needed to record, filming ended in two hours. Tristan then impatiently asked, "How's the investigation going?" "Let me check my phone," she replied.

When she took out her phone, she saw messages from Ronaldo and Eric's friends. She then said, "The person who messaged me has been caught. I'll post another Instagram update to clear things. up. However, it was the secretly planted virus on my phone that caused this incident." "Hand me your phone. I'll have it checked, Tristan immediately demanded.

"My phone has a lot of private data. If something serious happens, how will you take responsibility?" She didn't trust him, and she was surprised by his audacious request.

"Alana, private data can be transferred, but if the phone is the problem, it's a problem for the entire crew. Do you understand?" His tone was anxious.

"Alright." She nodded.

After deleting several important apps and clearing all her important data, she handed her phone to Tristan, who left right after that.

Eric was concerned. "Aren't you worried they might plant a new virus?" "We have your friend, don't we?" Abigail smiled.

1/3 At her words, he instantly felt reassured. Right. My friend has our backs. There's nothing to worry about.

In the following days, Abigail continued filming as usual, and Tristan mellowed down as well.

After she posted the Instagram update, Runway Capitalis not only gained a surge in popularity, but its stock also rose.

Once the evening shoot ended, Tristan received a phone call, and his expression darkened instantly. He quickly left the set and muttered while suppressing his anger, "She planted a virus. on Abigail's phone?" The person on the other end answered in the affirmative before hanging up.

Immediately, Tristan dialed another number and yelled furiously. "What's wrong with you? If you want my production team to deal with Abigail, don't do anything behind the scenes. You nearly jeopardized the entire TV station!" "What's the matter, Mr. Stuart? Why are you so angry?" The woman's voice on the phone was soothing.

"Don't act innocent with me. Did your people plant the virus on Abigail's phone?" He was fuming. Being his arrogant self, he didn't show any respect, even when he was talking to Vincent's wife.

The woman was well aware of the situation. "What's wrong? Why did the virus trouble you?" Her voice was soft. Since Tristan had influential connections, everyone in the high society of Capitalis had to show him some respect.

"The virus went everywhere in her phone, and her conversations with people have been leaked! Let me tell you this-I'm already annoyed that she's on the set. If you keep playing these stupid. tricks, don't blame me for breaking the contract halfway through. When that happens, figure out how to pay the cost of breaching the contract on your own," he angrily declared.

The woman remained good-natured, smiling as she comforted him. "I'm afraid you don't know. Abigail well, Mr. Stuart. The virus has been on her phone for a long time. Something

happened before this, and she should have deleted it then. Now that you've found it hasn't been deleted, it might be a trap she set up to make us fight with each other." Instantly, Tristan calmed down. After all, he had clashed with Abigail plenty of times. How could he not know that she wasn't as simple as she appeared on the surface?

Seeing how he remained silent, she continued, "You should be careful. She's not an easy opponent. She had the virus on her phone, and she chose to release negative news about your TV station out of so many things. Don't you find that suspicious?" He hummed in agreement and promptly hung up.

2/3 Under the cover of night, his face became extremely sinister. He had enjoyed a smooth sailing career at the TV station for so many years, and this was the first time he had encountered someone as tricky as Abigail. How dare she fool me?!

When he returned to the set, he calmly instructed Abigail, "Come with me to get your phone later." "I'll go with her, Eric spoke up.

Tristan sneered. "What are you trying to indicate, Eric? Do you think I would do something to her?" "It's not like you've never considered it." Eric was blunt.

"Fine, then come along." Though Tristan hadn't figured out how to deal with Abigail at the moment, he wouldn't let her off easily for challenging him.

He took them to the hotel where he was staying and handed Abigail her phone.

"We couldn't find out who did it, but I've removed the virus, so you don't need to worry anymore."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 376-Facing the Past Upon coming out of the hotel, Abigail frowned and said, "Tristan's attitude was too good; it doesn't match his character." "I'll have my friend check your phone." Eric reassured her.

At this moment, she couldn't help but ask, "Do you really believe he didn't find anything? If he didn't, he would be furious, not accepting it so calmly as he did today." He nodded in agreement but didn't know the reason.

Nonetheless, she decided not to dwell on this matter and returned to the hotel with Eric.

After taking a shower back at the hotel, she slowly contemplated the situation with the TV station and Tristan.

Theoretically speaking, L.Moon hadn't reached a point where such a renowned TV station had to personally request a collaboration. Moreover, Tristan had initially shown a clear disdain for her, showing he didn't have any special affection for her.

People like him had seen many attractive women. He just thought that since she came to him so willingly, he shouldn't let the opportunity go to waste, so he went through with the whole evening banquet charade.

He was furious when Runway Capitalis was hit with negative news, but he remained calm after not finding any evidence. Did he find the person who planted the virus but couldn't deal with it, deciding to let it slide?

While she was still pondering this, her phone vibrated several times.

She picked up her phone and saw that an unknown number had sent her a video message.

She was initially hesitant to click on it, but Abigail recalled that her phone didn't contain much data at the moment, so it wouldn't make much difference even if it carried a virus.

When she opened the first video, she saw Tristan venting angrily, but as it progressed, he suddenly calmed down.

She noticed the time of the recording, which coincided with the moment when Tristan left to answer a phone call during the shoot that day.

After that, she clicked the second video, which only had audio and no visuals.

"She planted the virus in Abigail's phone?" The audio then switched to another conversation.

Abigail's heart was pounding after she finished listening to it. She replied to the sender, 'How did you get this? Why are you sending it to me?' 1/3 Yet, the sender didn't respond.

On the other hand, Sean had Xavien destroy the phone after sending the messages.

"You're doing good deeds without leaving a trace now, ch?" Kevin teased, smiling.

Sean's eyes were cold. "Just don't let Tristan find out. Don't bother me with what I do." Kevin nodded and narrowed his charming eyes slightly. "Abigail has some skills.

She actually tried. to use Tristan to help her find the person who planted the virus. It's a shame that they're all part of the same flock. Otherwise, her plan would have been a perfect checkmate." Abigail first intentionally released negative news about the show and had Ronaldo investigate the person who had sent her the messages, only to discover that the senders were lying. She then had him take the two people to the police station, where they gave statements and filmed a video to clarify things. By doing this, she completely cleared her name..

In the meantime, she also told Tristan that she did not know the screenshots, suggesting that it might be due to a virus. With that, she shifted the blame onto the person who had planted the virus and could use Tristan's extensive resources to investigate. It was a meticulous plan, assuming that Tristan and the person trying to harm her didn't know each other.

Sean pressed his lips together and spoke after a brief silence. "If Tristan realizes this, he will undoubtedly make it difficult for her during the recording." "Don't worry about that. With Eric there, even if something significant happens, he'll protect her." Kevin said with a smirk.

Hearing that, Sean kicked Kevin's chair, sending him knocking into a nearby wall. Kevin was frustrated. "I'm just telling the truth. What are you? An autocrat?

Can't I even tell the truth?" "Your truth is something I don't want to hear. Shut your mouth." Sean's face was cold.

"I'm your ride-or-die when you need my help, redundant when you don't. Why do I have such a cruel friend?" Kevin clutched his chest, looking mournful.

Sean glared at him. "Look into this program and see if they do have any shady dealings." Though Kevin snorted, he didn't refuse.

"You know, two people working on the same show can easily develop feelings for each other!" Kevin couldn't help but add after a moment of silence.

Sean looked at him. "Abigail told me that she would choose any man except me." "Have you given up, then?" Kevin slid his chair closer to Sean.

2/3 I'm not sure." As Sean spoke, he looked at the computer, which reflected his slightly lost expression.

Kevin was surprised that he gave such an answer, considering he was usually confident and strategic.

Three years might be a short time for me, but for Abigail, every moment was tormenting.” Scan slowly explained.

The three years he had neglected were torture for Abigail. When confronted with the pain she had endured in their marriage, he suddenly became at a loss. He knew very well that everything he did was in vain, and it was already too late.

When Joan came to him, he still had a chance, but unfortunately, he didn’t cherish it.

Kevin patted his shoulder. “Congratulations, you’ve finally learned to understand the hardship at woman faces in marriage. So, are you going to invest the three years that Abigail spent educating you in love and understanding into another woman, becoming the perfect husband for the latter?”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 377-Teaching Her a Lesson Sean immediately said, “Do you think that’s possible?” Now, he only had Abigail in his heart, and he hadn’t thought about transferring his feelings for Abigail to another woman.

Seeing him express himself so openly, Kevin genuinely smiled. “With your personality, it takes courage for you to own up to your mistakes. It’s a good start that you’re beginning to understand the difficulties she went through. Just do your best to make amends for what you can without expecting results or rewards” Sean looked at him. “What about my personality?”

“You’ve been in a position of unquestioned authority for so long. I thought you’d never admit you were wrong,” Kevin said, laughing.

Without a word, Sean pressed his lips together. He had never realized that he was that kind of person in front of his friends.

On the other hand, Eric said after the discussion with Abigail, “Since the video is useful for you. just keep it. Besides, the fact that the sender destroyed the number after sending it means they used an online number. If they had other intentions, they wouldn’t have used an online number because if they wanted to hold you accountable, they wouldn’t be able to do so.” “I’m afraid the video and audio are fake,” she said.

Though he had already guessed who sent her the video, he didn’t want to reveal it since the person intentionally hid his identity. Moreover, Abigail had no idea who it was at all.

"Maybe this video and audio are just a warning," he said, resting his chin on his palm. "Regardless of whether you'll use them in the future, at least these things will make you more cautious about Tristan." At her words, she nodded. That makes sense.

The next day, Tristan told everyone that they would temporarily suspend recording for three days, as the production team had decided to change the recording plan, so they all had to wait.

Abigail felt that Tristan was doing this on purpose.

For three days, she had nothing to do on set, but Tristan didn't allow her to stay in the hotel during the day. She had to practice her acting skills at the location rented by the production team.

Three days of high-intensity practice left her feeling exhausted. Indeed, when the pay was high, the job would be both physically and mentally tormenting.

When she left the set, she was about to hail a cab when a car blocked her way.

The window rolled down, and she saw the person inside. "Mr. Copper?" Her tightly knitted brow immediately.

1/3 relaxed.

"Get in. I'll take you back to the hotel," Damon said with a gentle expression.

After looking around, Abigail replied, "I think I'd better not. If someone sees us together and takes pictures, it will be a hassle to explain." He didn't insist and just nodded. "I was the one who sent you the stuff. Don't worry. The situation here is complicated, so I can't tell you directly." At his words, her face showed a hint of surprise, and after a moment, she said, "Thank you." "See you, then." He smiled at her and drove away.

She was quite surprised that Damon turned out to be the one helping her secretly.

Back at the hotel, she told Eric about this encounter.

"Now you can rest easy," Eric said with a smile.

Following a hum of agreement, Abigail yawned. "I'm going to take a shower and get some rest. I'm really tired. As she hung up the phone, a slight smile played on her lips.

After the three-day suspension, the recording content had been changed to a gaming competition, making fashion commentary less important.

Abigail listened with a furrowed brow but didn't say anything.

Tristan, holding a new script, said with a smug look, "As mentioned before, several excellent students who are about to graduate will participate in this program. The objective is for you, Alana, to guide them and perhaps give them a chance. It's just that the game segments that were previously part of the show have now become the main focus of filming. I'm sure you must be delighted." "I'll do as you wish, Mr. Stuart." She shook her head.

Since their program's content was never fixed, she couldn't argue that he was doing something wrong.

Just then, Eric expressed his dissatisfaction. "You've added more game segments, and many of them are physically demanding. Isn't it too difficult for someone like Alana, who hasn't had any training?" There's even a segment involving stunt wire.

"Eric, if you want to suck up to Alana, just say so. Or should I have the production team help you write some stories? Maybe you'll gain fans who ship you two, Tristan said sarcastically, mocking Eric.

"Mr. Stuart, I only agreed to your plan to save time. If something happens to me, the production.

2/3 team will be responsible." Abigail suddenly spoke up, her voice icy..

Immediately, Tristan's face stiffened, and he said, "What can happen to you?

Our production team has never let such things happen. Stop talking if you don't have anything constructive to say!" With that, the unpleasant conversation ended, and the recording began.

At this point, Abigail had become the leader of three students who were about to graduate. She had to lead them to find the mysterious costumes hidden in the rented location.

The hotel had six floors, but they were not allowed to use elevators. Yet, they only had one hour to search.

During this time, Eric and others would appear in various places to chase them and steal their treasure chest keys. If the keys were stolen, they would be eliminated..

Once the game started, Abigail and the students split up and began their search.

Meanwhile, Tristan sat in the surveillance room, watching Abigail rush to find the hidden treasure chests with a cold smile on his lips. "You dare to fool me? I'll teach you a lesson!"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 378-Unreasonable Rules Abigail climbed to the second floor and entered a room. Just as she wanted to start searching, a person suddenly leaped out of the cabinet beside the door.

Before she could react, she was forcefully pushed aside.

The bulky man grabbed her hand and tried to snatch the key tied to her wrist.

Swiftly, she pushed the person away, but he quickly closed the distance again.

She didn't remember who this actor was, but he was strong and seemed to lack any sense of personal boundaries.

When she turned around, he actually embraced her from behind.

Disgusted, Abigail shouted, "Stop!" Sorry, Alana. This is how the game is played." The man paid no attention to her protest, reaching for the key tied to her wrist.

Since her struggle was to no avail, she suddenly stopped and turned to face the man. "If you don't want your reputation to be tarnished in the edited video, don't get so close. Even in a game, there's no need to play like this." The man smiled and forcefully grabbed the key from her hand.

As he retreated, he swung the key in his hand and said, "Miss Alana, didn't you read the game rules? The rules say that in this game, any means are allowed to provide excitement for the audience. Besides, if you've seen the variety shows produced by the production team before, you'd know it's Mr. Stuart's style With that, he was going to leave, but when he turned around, the door swung open. He collided with the door, causing his nose to start bleeding. He dropped the key, crouched down, and covered his nose in pain.

Abigail seized the opportunity to grab the key. When she saw a student at the door, she immediately grabbed her and started running.

After they had run some distance, the student asked in a hushed voice, "Are you okay?" "I'm fine. Let's go to the sixth floor." Abigail guessed that the treasure chest might be on the sixth floor.

She figured that if Tristan wanted to play tricks on her, he would put the chest in the highest place. to make it harder for her.

1/3 "Leo George and Gabe Grant have already gone ahead. I'll go with you," the student, Miranda Cooke, told her.

Yet, Abigail shook her head. "We should split up." Miranda hesitated and said, "But most of them are guys" "Don't worry. Just be careful. The key is to participate." Abigail reassured her.

In fact, the result didn't matter much. Anyhow, Tristan wouldn't let her win easily.

After they parted ways, Abigail continued her cautious exploration.

The hotel was quite large, and by the time she reached the third floor, she was already exhausted. She was chased by several people along the way, and she nearly stumbled a few times. Unfortunately, there were cameras everywhere on the set, so she had to do her best.

Otherwise, Tristan could easily edit the footage to show that she couldn't handle the challenge but still demanded a high salary, which would make it difficult to shake off the labels of little fairy or princess.

When Abigail reached the fourth floor, she realized that there were only 15 minutes left.

"Leo, Gabe, what floor are you on?" she inquired, using her walkie-talkie.

Even after some time, no response came.

Instead, it was Miranda who responded over the walkie-talkie, saying, I'm on the fourth floor." Without hesitation, Abigail continued upward.

Just then, the announcement came over the loudspeakers. "Leo has defected, losing one key, and Gabe has mysteriously disappeared. As the teacher, Alana, will you choose to find the missing. Gabe or continue moving forward?" Abigail muttered a curse under her breath and said to Miranda, "You continue forward. I'll go look for Gabe." These game rules were clearly unreasonable.

She was seething with anger, but there was nothing she could do.

An hour passed quickly.

Except for the defected Leo, the other two students and Abigail needed to face punishment.

Their punishment was being dropped into the water from a great height. That meant they would be suspended in the air and then released.

2/3 After the punishment, there was a temporary break from the first round of the game.

Drying her face with a towel, Abigail said to Gabe and Miranda beside her, "In the next round, the other team will search for the treasure chest. Since Leo has joined Group C, we won't go easy on them if we encounter them." "Do you know how Leo defected?" Miranda asked Gabe, who looked innocent and introverted.

"I went into a room with him, but I was controlled. Leo left immediately, and I thought he was going to find the treasure chest, but he defected. My walkie-talkie was turned off, so I couldn't hear what you guys were saying," Gabe explained honestly.

Miranda looked displeased as she dried her hair. She had a somewhat androgynous appearance and appeared quite cool.

"Leo is such a jack ss. We should work together with Miss Alana," she said bitterly.

The program had a rule that, once the recording was over, if the three students performed well, they could be selected by Abigail to become her students, which would provide them with a direct path to employment at L.Moon.

Initially, the three of them had been chosen as representatives of the school and had studied hard just to join L.Moon, but as soon as the show started. Leo abandoned their team.

"It's okay," Abigail reassured Miranda.

After a half-hour break, the recording resumed.

This time, they were the captors, and the group with the most members, Group C, became their target.

When Abigail went alone to find the members of Group C, she unexpectedly encountered Eric.

“The program is quite strange. I didn’t even run into your students in the previous round, Eric commented as soon as he saw Abigail.

“Even if you had, it wouldn’t have changed anything.” She shrugged.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 379-Accident If Eric went easy on Abigail’s team, it would lead to criticism from the audience once the show was aired.

The two of them then walked together.

Coincidentally, they ran into Leo on the second floor.

Leo had a very refined appearance, fair skin, and a seemingly gentle demeanor.

When he encountered Eric and Abigail, he ran as fast as he could. However, he was eventually overpowered by the two of them, and they took his key.

After this round, when Abigail was resting, she couldn’t help but talk to Tristan.

“Don’t you think. the rules are unreasonable? How can anyone win under these circumstances?” “The game is for the audience’s entertainment. The more thrilling and intense it is, the more viewers it attracts. What do you know?” He waved his hand dismissively, showing little interest speaking to her.

Undeniably, she thought there was some truth in his words.

in “This game can be cumulative. If you can’t win today, you have a chance tomorrow and the day after that until you find the treasure chest. We’re not just recording for one day,” he added to avoid her causing and accusing the production team of unfair practices later.

Everyone seemed to accept the explanation.

With two hours of gameplay plus the punishment segment, the recording came to an end.

Coming out of the hotel, Abigail felt sore all over, especially in her legs. She had never climbed so many flights of stairs in her life.

“Where do you think the treasure chest is?” Eric asked her.

After a moment of silence, she said, “I think we can cooperate. I’ll go easy on your people, and you go easy on mine. With that, there may be a chance that one of our teams might get the treasure from the chest.” “I think they’ve probably been doing that already,” he told her.

They quickly reached an agreement.

On the third day of recording, neither Abigail nor Eric could cope any longer.

Unfortunately, Tristan didn’t allow anyone to rest.

1/3 “If we keep resting like this, we won’t finish recording in half a week!” Tristan yelled in anger.

“But you need to consider everyone’s physical condition. High-intensity games like this can lead to problems. And with a punishment like walking the plank, how can we do that when we’re physically exhausted? Are we going to keep walking the plank until it gets dark?” Eric argued with him, appealing to reason.

“That’s right! I don’t believe anyone will dare to delay walking the plank until it’s dark! Eric, if you don’t want to record, you can say it in front of the camera, and you’ll bear the responsibility. The production team won’t waste time on you!” Tristan was shouting at Eric.

Suddenly, Eric grabbed Tristan’s collar. “You changed the rules at the last minute, and you expect us to bear the responsibility? There’s no such good deal in this world. I’ll say it in front of the camera that I quit. I’ll release the original recording script and compare it to your new one. You think you’re in the right, going back on your words like this?” Tristan was intimidated by Eric’s furious state. He glared at Eric for a moment, then chuckled and said, “You’re just concerned about Alana, aren’t you? Why don’t you say it? If you say it, I’ll let you take a break.” Tristan was undoubtedly the most arrogant director Eric had ever encountered, but of course, he wouldn’t say that out loud.

After all, the news of his marriage alliance with the Pearsons was still fresh, and if he went along with Tristan’s demands now, he wouldn’t know how Abigail would be criticized.

Noticing Eric’s silence, Tristan pushed him aside and adjusted his collar. “Once you’re on the set, you have to follow my instructions. Or else, I’ll still make you leave even if you’re the king. Do you understand?” Eric gritted his teeth.

“Whatever. Let’s just keep filming,” one of the actors said. She was exhausted, too, but being a minor actress, she couldn’t argue with Tristan as Eric did.

As the filming started. Abigail’s group’s progress significantly slowed.

They searched the sixth floor, but the mysterious treasure chest remained elusive.

While she was searching rooms on the fourth floor, her walkie-talkie suddenly relayed Miranda’s voice. “Something happened to Gabe!” “What?” Abigail immediately turned and headed outside.

“Gabe found the treasure chest on top of a shelf by the second-floor staircase.

She climbed up to get it, but her legs gave out, and she fell down, rolling to the first floor,” Miranda said, rushing downstairs.

2/3 Many people had already gathered by the time they reached the first floor.

Gabe, covered in blood, was lying on the floor.

Abigail quickly rushed to pick her up and told the people nearby, “Quickly call 911.” “We don’t have our phones. Mr. Stuart hasn’t arrived yet.

“I’ve already shouted into the camera to call Mr. Stuart over.” Eric’s prediction had come true.

By the time Tristan arrived, ten minutes had passed.

“Call an ambulance!” Eric yelled at him.

With an annoyed expression, Tristan stepped aside and let the medical team on the set check Gabe.

After the examination, they said, “There’s nothing serious, just some external injuries. She probably collapsed from exhaustion.” “Then you all can continue. Gabe is eliminated. Bandage her up, and when she wakes up, ask her to leave the set,” Tristan announced without showing much concern for the participants’ well- being.

Suddenly, Abigail stood up. “Do you have no conscience at all? In this situation, you’re not sending her to the hospital, and you’re just accepting your medical team’s word that she’s

fine?” “Tristan, if you don’t call 911 today, I won’t continue recording! Edit the footage as you please. Don’t push it too far!” Eric threatened with bloodshot eyes.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 380-To the Production Team The most disheartening part about it all was the way Tristan punished Gabe; he wasted no time. kicking her out of the cast.

“You can leave if you don’t want to continue the shoot, but you’ll also be taking your students with you. Everyone will have to pay the penalty as dictated in the contract,” he haughtily declared.

Abigail had not planned on continuing with the shoot. Yet, Tristan’s declaration meant they were.

all stuck.

Eric was so furious that the vein on his forehead was visibly throbbing.

She hastily stopped him from doing anything.

Miranda and Gabe did not have rich or powerful families. They solely relied on their talents to make it where they were today. How could they afford to pay the production team a few hundred thousand when they did not even get anything out of filming with them?

“In here, what I say goes Just how popular do you think this variety show will be? Putting aside how much money those who stay to the end will earn, they could, at the very least, shoot to fame overnight to become the next viral sensation. Then, a simple livestream with the fans would earn them thousands. It all depends on whether or not you can push through this!” Tristan sneered as he held his head high.

Everyone fell silent.

Actors would prefer to be paid, but the trainees who did not have any fame of their own would. naturally long for the popularity he promised.

“You’re not wrong, but Gabe cannot leave. She is my student. As she is now hurt, it’s not too much to ask for her to be sent to the hospital to make sure she’s fine, right? A human’s brain is very fragile. Once the optimal treatment time has passed, the consequences would be life-changing. Can the production team bear the risk of that happening?” Abigail calmly said to him.

He scoffed, "As the contract stated, those who leave for personal reasons will be kicked out. If her body was so weak, why didn't she take a break before continuing? I never said you had to find the treasure today. She's only hurt because she overexerted herself. You only have one student now. If you don't work harder, you'll be disqualified as well.

His hypocrisy infuriated both Abigail and Eric.

They had never met anyone this shameless before.

He had used all the tricks possible to push the blame on them instead.

Eric took a deep breath. For his students' sake, he could not leave.

1/3 Tristan turned to Abigail. "Gabe will have to go. If she leaves in the manner I dictated, she can still get paid." "We'll wait for her to decide when she wakes up, but she has to be sent to the hospital," she insistently replied.

He then had the crew send Gabe away.

Once they were all back in the communal resting area on the first floor, Miranda sat beside Abigail as her eyes turned red-rimmed.

One look and Abigail knew Miranda was upset over what happened.

She patted Miranda on the shoulder and softly said, "It's fine. We can rest once the filming is done." To the students who had yet to formally graduate to be working adults, Tristan himself had turned into a great life lesson.

The more powerful a person was, the more they liked to step on innocent and average individuals.

Miranda hummed in acknowledgment.

When Sean saw the video, he nearly charged over to the set.

"Just send the video to Damon," Kevin said to Cameron.

Then, he discreetly shot a glance at the frosty look on Sean's face.

Abigail was being badly tormented by the production team. Tristan wasn't even bothering to put on an act.

It was rare to see someone that arrogant, even for Kevin and Sean.

After Cameron left the room, Kevin said, "We know why Tristan is constantly targeting Abigail. Mrs. Pearson, Vincent's wife, is behind the whole thing. What do you plan to do about her?" "Vincent's wife is Scarlett Harper's younger sister," Sean said.

He had seen a photo of Vincent's wife before. As she was Scarlett's twin, she looked identical to Scarlett.

When Kevin heard that, he narrowed his eyes. "That woman's a snake and completely unlike her older sister." 2/3 In Kevin's eyes, Scarlett was an innocent moron who was constantly played for a fool by her younger twin and Kelly.

Sean got to his feet. "I need to viciously punish Tristan." It didn't matter what he was to Abigail. He could not forgive Tristan's behavior toward her.

"I don't think Abigail's as useless as you think. You've done enough," Kevin retorted as he rose to his feet as well.

Sean furrowed his brows at him. "Think about it. Is Abigail someone who is that easily pushed around? If you go, you might end up ruining her plans," Kevin continued, staring back at Sean.

That made Sean heave a long sigh.

He knew he needed to have faith in Abigail's abilities, but he just could not help himself when he knew she was being bullied.

"Whatever happens, what you've done behind the scenes is enough to allow her to act as she likes. She definitely trusts Damon, so she'll make good use of the videos and audio recordings you sent her," Kevin reassuringly said.

Sean fell silent after hearing Kevin's advice.

In his opinion, Kevin's words were not a reassurance. Instead, it was a blow to his pride..

Damon could stand by her side and help her, but he could not.

Kevin seemed to know what he was thinking as he swiftly continued, “Didn’t you say you won’t ask for anything in return?” Sean constantly wanted Abigail to return his feelings, but the more he acted with that desire in mind, the more unlikely it was for him to get what he wanted.

“I know,” Sean glumly responded.

“I don’t want to nag you, but the more you want her to respond to you, the more disappointed you’ll be, Kevin said with a sigh as he patted Sean on the shoulder.

Sean pushed his hand away. “You really are a chatterbox sometimes, However, since you have been dealing a lot as my strategist, I’ll let you have this.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

381-390

I Want a Divorce Chapter 381-Important News When Gabe woke up, she chose to leave the program.

Now, there were only two people left on Abigail’s team.

Tristan refused to assign them any new members, even if Team C had 5 people in total.

As Gabe had left, the treasure changed spots again.

Everyone was fully energized in the afternoon after resting for a whole morning.

That was partially because of what Tristan said. Nowadays, follower counts matter more than anything. If the participants could gain a few hundred

thousand fans just by appearing in one show, it meant they could continue to earn an income through their fans.

If they could earn a living by chatting with people over the internet, why would they slave away at work?

Team C found the treasure within an hour.

As the team with the least number of contestants, Abigail and Miranda would have to suffer the greatest punishment available.

However, the punishment would only be announced the next day when they started filming in the morning. No one knew what Tristan had in mind for Abigail and Miranda.

Once filming wrapped up for the day, Abigail walked out of the set with Miranda following close behind, who then called out, "Miss Alana." Abigail paused and turned to look at Miranda. "What is it?" "Can I hitch a ride with you? My phone plan expired, so I can't call for a cab," Miranda awkwardly requested.

The crew, who were walking nearby, looked at her with strange looks on their faces.

When filming was ongoing, everyone's phones would be stored together. It was very normal for Miranda to forget to buy a mobile recharge in time.

"Sure. Where do you live?" Abigail asked with a gentle smile.

I live in the university dorms. It's not that far away. Have you heard of Capitalis Fashion Academy before?" Miranda casually responded.

"Of course. It's a highly respected university. Everyone knows about it," Abigail replied, grabbing Miranda by the hand.

No 1/3 After they got into the cab, Miranda softly said, "Actually, it's Gabe who wants to talk to you." Abigail was surprised. "What for?" "I don't know either. I'm too scared to check my phone too often when we're on set. I feel like there's something wrong with the Wi-Fi they provide us," Miranda replied.

"You're right to be cautious," Abigail replied.

They headed to the campus cafe. When they walked in, they instantly spotted Gabe sitting inside with her head covered in bandages.

"How are you? What did the doctors say?" Abigail asked, her voice muffled due to the face mask. she was wearing.

"I'm actually fine. It's just a mild concussion, so it's nothing major." Gabe's nose turned red. "I really didn't want to leave. Mr. Stuart threatened me. While he didn't say what the consequences would be if I didn't leave, I'm still terrified." Don't be upset over that. Tristan is a powerful man, and you're just a university student. You have to do what he says. Otherwise, there's a high chance he might do something bad to you," Abigail reassured.

Distress and guilt had been warring within Gabe. So, Abigail's words managed to calm her down.

After a beat of silence, she hurriedly pulled out a document folder from her bag and handed it to Abigail. "I joined the show so that I can meet you. My teacher said that if I performed well, you would hire us for L.Moon. P-Please look at my portfolio. I don't want to leave just like that. In order to join the show, I spent 30..." "Gabe!" Miranda interrupted.

Abigail accepted the folder and calmly asked, "Did you pay the production team 30 thousand just so you could join the show?" Miranda uneasily explained, "Miss Alana, Mr. Stuart insisted that we had to. Our teacher also said we would only have one chance like this in our lifetimes. If we spend some cash to seize the chance, we will have a bright future ahead of us if we get hired." Abigail did not open the folder and looked up at Gabe. "Does everyone else have to pay?" "I don't know. The three of us had to pay 30 thousand each," Gabe honestly replied.

You paid 30 thousand, yet you left just like that. You didn't even protest, did you?" Abigail asked with scorn in her voice.

Gabe's face turned red as she looked down in shame. "I don't have the courage to go against Mr. Stuart. He's a very famous man here. Miranda knows about it as well, but he said 30 thousand was 2/3 only the entrance fee. Once we're in the show, everything else is up to us." "Your designs are nice. I also have the responsibility to tell you that L.Moon hires university graduates every year. You didn't need to splurge just for a chance to work with me." Abigail found Gabe rather foolish.

Runway Capitalis was a very famous show. Tristan had garnered a lot of fame through the show.

Still, what Gabe said struck a chord in Abigail's mind.

The jaws of Gabe and Miranda dropped as they stared at her in disbelief.

"Alright. I should be going," Abigail said, standing up.

Gabe and Miranda sat in the cafe for a long while. Eventually, Miranda burst out shouting, "What he did was repulsive! We should have looked L.Moon up beforehand. All that money went down. the drain." "I really want to expose Runway Capitalis for cheating us out of our money." Gabe might be thmid, but she was also capable of getting angry.

"I heard Leo spent 60 thousand," Miranda abruptly said.

Realization soon struck them. Gabe could not resist voicing her thoughts, exclaiming, "Could it be that the more you pay, the longer you can stay in the show?!" "Either way, he spent all that money for nothing. Miss Alana would never choose him," Miranda happily said.

Gabe solemnly looked at her and replied, "Miss Alana signed a contract. What if Mr. Stuart forces her to pick Leo?" Miranda fell silent and started sulking upon hearing that.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 382 -Displeased the Wrong Person When Abigail returned to her hotel room, she briefly flipped through Gabe's portfolio.

Gabe had a good eye for colors, but she was not that innovative.

Then, she messaged Damon after placing the folder aside.

'Can you help me look into two people?' As a local, it should not be hard for him to look into Gabe and Miranda.

'Sure. Who is it? What am I looking for?' he replied.

"The two students on my team, Gabe Grant and Miranda Cooke. They want to join Moon after graduation. Please help me do a background check.

While she wanted two students, her students needed to have absolutely clean backgrounds and families. It would only give her extra trouble if they had ever plagiarized anyone else's designs.

This was a chance for them and one part of her plan against Tristan.

'No problem.

Still, Abigail could not resist messaging back after receiving a reply.

‘Since you could dig up that many videos for me, can you help me look into the woman Tristan talked to over the phone? I want to know who she is.

‘Okay. I’ll look into her for you.’ The next morning, when she arrived at the set, Tristan had the production team’s bus transport them to somewhere in the wilds.

It never occurred to Abigail that the punishment would be bungee jumping.

She had never tried it out before, but it looked very scary when she watched people pull such a stunt through videos.

“I refuse this punishment,” Abigail said to Tristan.

Impatience was painted all over his face. “As I said before, what I say goes in this show. If you don’t want to go through the punishment, fine. Your punishment will be waived if your student offers to leave.” Miranda looked around and realized that Eric’s team was not around at all.

1/3 She had a bad feeling about this.

They had to have changed the filming locations at the last minute, which meant Eric and the others weren’t informed of this matter.

That also meant there was no one who would help Abigail now.

“You were right, Mr. Stuart. It’s best not to go overboard so that things would not get awkward. You’re a producer and director, not a killer,” Abigail blandly stated.

They were on a very tall cliff. One look over the edge had her legs wobbling in fear. How was she meant to jump?

“How am I killing you by asking you to go bungee jumping? This is for the show.

I’ve given you a choice. You have three minutes to make your decision. If you still refuse to go with it, Miranda will be disqualified,” Tristan proudly stated.

Miranda looked at Abigail.

Frankly speaking, she could afford to give Miranda 30 thousand in return, but Miranda did not care about the money. Instead, she also cared about the popularity the show could give her.

Nonetheless, it was Abigail who did not want to go through with the punishment.

Even if Miranda was willing to suffer through it, she would not dare say a word if Abigail wasn't going to go through with it.

For the first time in Abigail's life, she realized just how low certain people could go.

"W-Why don't I leave?" Miranda stammered. Her face was quite pale.

Tristan ignored Miranda and kept sneering at Abigail as a sinister glint shone in his eyes.

Just as Abigail planned to cave in, Tristan's phone rang.

He pulled it out. When he saw that it was a call from his superior, his annoyance melted away. There was a solemn look on his face as he stepped aside and respectfully answered the phone, saying, "What is it, Mr. Blanc?" "What are you doing?" the man over the phone said in a cold and emotionless yet raspy voice.

"We're filming the show..." Tristan blubbered.

For years, his boss had never questioned him during filming. Why was Mr. Blanc suddenly asking after his work?

"Someone was hurt on the show yesterday, and you kicked them out. Is that right?" Mr. Blanc coldly demanded.

2/3 Tristan's eyes darted around the area as something malicious flashed in his eyes while he said in a fawning manner, "That's because we're on a tight schedule, Mr. Blanc. If she stays, our schedule will be delayed. I still paid her for her participation. So, it's not against the rules." "I'm warning you, Tristan. While the show has always been popular and wellreceived, a lot of scandals have cropped up during your tenure. Even if it's because there were no mishaps that happened at the very start of filming during the past few seasons, the show has now been exposed for corrupt practices and a scandal where you kicked someone off the show just because they were hurt during filming. Just how much of your dirty laundry do you want aired to the masses?" Mr. Blanc's voice turned threatening.

"I cleaned everything up, didn't I?" Despite how respectful Tristan sounded, there was a slight argumentative tone in his voice.

"I never called you prior to this, but here I am now. Surely, you have to know it means you've displeased someone you shouldn't have. Do I need to explicitly warn you before you get it?" Mr. Blanc suddenly roared.

A frightened Tristan shivered and slumped over. "I understand." The call was abruptly ended by Mr. Blanc.

Tristan stood there and stared at Abigail for a long moment before walking over to her.

"Since you're scared, we'll change to another punishment. Filming will resume tomorrow," he coldly snapped. Then, he promptly turned around and left the area.

Abigail was bewildered.

Meanwhile, Miranda heaved a huge sigh of relief.

On the way back, Tristan's face was twisted into an ugly look.

He slowly rubbed his fingers over his phone before finally sending out a message.

'Investigate the person who let it slip that there was someone hurt during filming.

If Abigail was involved in this leak, he would have a great, big present waiting for her.

Back in the hotel room, Abigail was immediately greeted by a panicking Eric.

"What happened to you? Did Tristan do anything to you? I didn't even know you guys went somewhere else. We were all fooled. He told us to arrive at 9.00AM, but you were already gone by then." She softly shook her head. "I'm fine. Were you behind the leaks?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 383-He Likes Abigail Eric shook his head.

"I honestly didn't dig too deep. I only heard that some of the students had to pay to join the show," he said.

Abigail thought he was the one who called Tristan, resulting in a sudden change of heart. However, it was not him.

Still, she could make an educated guess.

"That's right. Gabe and Miranda had to pay 30 thousand," she said, nodding.

“Leo went to Team C, so he had to have paid more for the show, Eric said, analyzing the matter.

“Perhaps.” She cared more about what punishment Tristan had in mind for her team.

It was clear he wanted to teach her a lesson. Even if he failed today, there was still tomorrow.

“Abigail,” Eric awkwardly said upon realizing she was not interested in discussing the leaks.

She had been thinking about returning to her room to rest when she noticed the strange tone in his voice. So, she turned to look at him and asked, “What is it?” “My grandmother wants to talk to you about the birthday outfit. She has been feeling very guilty about it. When she heard you’ll be in Capitalis for a show, she demanded I bring you to her,” he hesitantly answered with embarrassment on his face.

Of course, he would never tell her that Maisy wanted to meet her because she wanted to know more about the woman he liked.

“That’s inappropriate,” Abigail swiftly said, denying the request.

“She knows that the engagement is fake,” he hurriedly explained.

“Unfortunately, your announcement was public. I don’t want any trouble,” she honestly stated.

When he heard her response, he slumped over in disappointment. “Okay, but what if she comes. to you instead? We can share a meal in this hotel’s restaurant.” She stared at him in shock. “Why is she so insistent on meeting me? She’s not that young. How can you let her go around like that?” “You worry too much. She’s very healthy and strong. She might even be fitter than you,” he replied with a smile.

1/3 “I’ll let you organize the meal then.” Since Maisy was even willing to come to the hotel just to meet Abigail, it would be rude for Abigail to continue rejecting the invitation.

Moreover, Eric had helped her quite a lot. She could not be too blunt in her rejections.

“Okay.” He immediately grinned with joy.

Back in her room. Abigail received a message from Damon.

'Gabe Grant and Miranda Cooke were born and raised in Capitalis. Their families are quite well- to-do, but they're just ordinary students with clean backgrounds. They're safe.

So, Abigail sent Gabe a reply to her request after thanking him.

You have a good eye for colors, but your designs aren't very innovative. It's fine, though. Apply to L.Moon when the time comes. The innovation and creativity can come later.

After all, she knew she needed to spend a little extra time teaching from the moment she was ready to take in a few students.

Gabe's reply was prompt, and it was clear how thrilled she was.

That afternoon, Eric called for Maisy to arrive at the restaurant.

They would be dining in the only restaurant in the hotel. Nevertheless, everyone who stayed in the hotel was quite high in society.

Thus, when Eric led Maisy into the hotel, they attracted quite a lot of attention.

The duo soon vanished from view as they headed into one of the private rooms that could be booked for a rather hefty sum.

Abigail had been waiting inside for a while.

When Maisy walked into the room to find Abigail standing by the table, she froze for a moment.

"What is it?" Eric softly asked her.

Maisy spent a few long moments examining Abigail before snapping out of her thoughts to exclaim with excited eyes, "She looks just like your Aunt Scarlett." He glanced at Abigail, who was calmly watching them, and softly replied, "She only looks like Aunt Scarlett. Don't think too hard about it." "Hello, Madam Walsh," Abigail politely greeted when Maisy eventually sat down.

2/3 Maisy had not looked away from Abigail from the moment she walked in. There was warmth in her gaze as she nodded and said to Abigail, "I'm very sorry for what happened with the gown. I've always wanted a dress designed by you, but I never said anything because I

didn't want to trouble you." After what happened, she was aware that her request would sound like an oppressive demand.

"It's fine," Abigail replied. She had already redesigned the dress and sold it off.

Meanwhile, Eric had been focused on the menu. After he ordered a few dishes, he handed the menu to Abigail with an embarrassed smile. "Order anything you want. Don't hold back." When Maisy saw the clumsy way Eric was acting, she realized that he had truly fallen in love with Abigail.

After all, she had never seen Eric be so cautious and aware of another person before.

"Okay." Abigail accepted the menu and lowered her head to flip through it..

Deep inside, Maisy sighed. It was a shame that Abigail did not like him. It looked like Eric had a long way to go.

When he looked up to find Maisy watching him and Abigail with a grin on her face, he instantly blushed. "What dishes would you like to order, Grandmother?" "Order for me. You know what I like," she responded as her face glowed with love.

Eric nodded and focused on the menu while a faint smile lingered on the edges of his lips.

Sean soon heard from Damon about the meal Abigail, Eric, and Maisy enjoyed together.

"Book a flight to Capitalis." Sean could no longer sit still.

Eric was already introducing Abigail to his family.

Did Abigail not understand propriety? Eric's engagement with the Pearsons' daughter had not. been finalized yet. So, why was she meeting up with his family?

Sean knew he had no right to criticize Abigail, but the fury building within him just could not be stopped.

Cameron booked a flight for Sean and muttered, "Should I tell Mr. Stewart?" After all, Kevin had been the one behind the ideas lately.

Sean was rightfully worried Kevin would stop him, so he blankly replied, "No."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 384-Crippled Drawing Hand During the meal, Abigail realized that Maisy had never once looked away from her.

Honestly speaking, it was making her feel embarrassed.

“Did you design the dress you’re wearing?” Maisy gently asked just as the meal was coming to a close.

“Yes.” Abigail nodded.

Her dress was made of a very comfortable fabric in a neutral color and was covered in highly detailed and realistic embroidery. It was a variation of the classic princess line.

A flash of sorrow appeared on Maisy’s face. “I should have asked you to sell me the dress no matter what back then. Your designs are beautiful Abigail did not know if that was just flattery, but she still smiled in response.

“Thank you.” “Let me escort you to the car, Grandmother,” Eric chimed in.

“Okay,” Maisy dotingly said.

It was clear he was afraid Maisy would upset Abigail. It seemed he would be a man who did everything his wife asked in the future.

The moment the two of them left, Abigail let out a loud sigh of relief.

As Eric escorted Maisy out of the hotel, she suddenly asked, “If you like her that much, why did you tell Josh you would be getting engaged to the Pearsons’ daughter?” “The Pearsons have been targeting her because I like her. I don’t want to drag her down.” Eric could not tell Maisy about what happened with Kelly. After all, Kelly was the daughter the Pearsons searched high and low for. He was certain that Maisy would stand on the Pearsons’ side.

“Abigail looks a lot like Scarlett. Do you think the Pearsons have the wrong girl?” Maisy wondered with a frown.

The moment she saw Abigail, she knew Abigail was Scarlett’s daughter. There was no need for a paternity test to be done.

“There are a lot of celebrities who look alike, but none of them are related. Eric thought it was a pity as well. It would be nice if Abigail was Scarlett’s daughter.

That way, there was no need for all this trouble.

“She’s a calm and composed young girl who’s also quite brilliant. In terms of personality, she’s certainly not like Scarlett, Maisy said with a sigh.

1/3 She found it a shame. Why couldn’t it be Abigail?

The next morning, Eric’s mood soured when he saw Tristan.

When Tristan saw Abigail, he smiled. Today’s competition will not be hard.

You’ve gone on parkour shows, right? The parkour track we have for you is rather challenging. So, please be careful.” She nodded with a blank face.

When Miranda heard the punishment was parkour, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Yet, when they arrived at the location, she realized she had celebrated too early.

The parkour equipment was fully inflated obstacles in the past. Unfortunately, all of that had been replaced with equipment covered in silicone rubber.

The material was very soft and hard to balance.

“Don’t worry. For your safety, we’ll even have you suspended on cables. We won’t make it that hard for you to lose your balance,” Tristan calmly stated.

Abigail and Miranda were forced to race each other. The loser would have a bucket of icy water poured over them.

As Abigail stepped on the cylindrical bridge, she suddenly felt her feet slip.

There was oil on the bridge.

Just as she rolled off the bridge, she triggered a switch that caused a wave of icy water to come crashing down on her.

The cables holding her up were also spinning as she fell. When everything stopped, her right arm was stretched out and tightly held up in the air by the cables.

Waves of agony shot up her arm, causing her to shriek in pain.

Eric immediately sensed that something was wrong as he swiftly shouted, "Don't move the cables!" Miranda was sprawled out on the cylindrical bridge, too scared to move, as she stared at Abigail in horror.

Abigail was suspended in mid-air while her right hand was being wrapped with taut cables.

"Where's the crew? Her arm's about to be torn off!" Eric shouted as he rushed in to save Abigail.

2/3 Tristan's eyes flashed with sinister glee as he stood there and watched for a few long minutes. before eventually calling for someone to get Abigail out of the tangled cables.

30 minutes passed before Abigail was finally rescued. As Eric waded out of the water with her figure in his arms, everyone stared as a long ribbon-like red stripe trailed behind them in the water.

Miranda rushed over with tears in her eyes as she screeched, "Miss Alana!" The cables had sunk deep into Abigail's entire right arm, causing injuries that exposed her bloody flesh to the air. Her entire body trembled in pain. Her face was stark white and drenched. No one knew if it was from sweat or the water.

"What on Earth are you people doing? Don't you know how to properly strap her in?" Tristan intentionally shouted just then.

Eric turned to glare at Tristan with bloodshot eyes as he slowly declared, "Just you wait! I know you did it on purpose!" Miranda turned to glare at Tristan as well. "Miss Alana has always done her best. I just don't know why you're so against her! You definitely did it on purpose. You want to end her career!" Miranda knew full well just how important a designer's hands were.

Tristan's heart had to be made of coal. How could he target Abigail's right hand?

"Watch your words, girl!" Tristan threatened.

While she was trembling in fear, she still snapped back, "You're the one who should watch your words! All of us have eyes and know how you like to go after Miss Alana every single day! What right do you have to be so mean? You didn't have to invite her to the show if you didn't like her. Why do this to her?" Eric's eyes were red with fury as he continuously reassured Abigail, who could barely speak from the pain, saying, "It's okay. Everything will be fine. Your arm will be fine." By the time the paramedics arrived, Abigail had already fainted.

Eric and Miranda followed them to the hospital.

After they left, Tristan let out a gleeful bark of laughter.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 385-Your Hands Are Precious Such was the result of fighting against Tristan. Abigail deserved what was coming to her.

Compared to those he had punished in the past, he had been very kind in only injuring the arm. Abigail used to design her outfits.

If Mr. Blanc had not warned him off, it was highly likely he would have killed her.

Evil thoughts continued to brew in his mind.

When Abigail woke up, her arm no longer hurt.

She looked at Eric and his bloodshot eyes. After a moment of silence, she asked, "Is my arm gone?" Your arm is fine. Thank goodness we got you to the hospital in time. The cables didn't cut into your nerves. Oh, it's a miracle. You're so kind that even the gods are protecting you," Miranda chimed in.

"The stitches have turned your arm-into a rather unpleasant-looking mess," Eric said. His voice was rather nasal, as though he was speaking through tears.

As Abigail's arm was injured by cables twisting around her arm, the stitches made it look like a giant centipede was crawling up her arm.

"Once it's stitched up, it'll heal. Did you check the equipment? The spot I stepped on had grease," Abigail immediately demanded. After all, that was very important evidence.

"There's no use. While I could smell that something was wrong with the water around you, all of that was washed away. The water might have looked like it was aimed at you, but it was all so they could wash away the grease. When Eric spoke to Tristan, he knew Tristan had another card up his sleeves.

"Tristan is an evil man! How can he be so cruel?" Miranda's body quivered in anger.

Just as she said that, the door was slammed open.

Sean was panting hard as he stood in the doorway Cameron soon arrived. When he spotted Eric and Miranda in the room, he politely said, "Please leave us for a moment. Mr. Graham would like to speak with Ms. Quinn in private." Eric glanced at Abigail.

1/3 She nodded and gently said, "Go on. I'll be fine." The fact that she intentionally reassured Eric caused joy to return to his glum face.

When Sean saw that, displeasure was painted all over his face.

When Eric and Miranda left, Sean slammed the door shut.

Abigail unwittingly frowned. "Why are you acting like a madman?" "I think you're the mad one. Don't you know that Eric is getting married to someone from the Pearsons? How could you meet with his grandmother? Do you want to be bashed even harder on the internet?" His voice was trembling with fury as he clenched his fists.

"Is that all you want to say?" she coldly asked.

He walked over and looked down at her. "While I have no right to say anything, what you did just risked your grandmother's life. What do you think the Pearsons would do to you and your grandmother when they find out you're getting together with Eric once more?" "If you're only here to talk about nonsense, please leave." She then loudly hissed.

She had accidentally pulled on her stitches in her anger.

When he saw her pale she went, he immediately sat down and nervously asked, "What happened?" When she did not answer him, he pulled the blanket away to reveal her bandaged right arm. The blood on her sleeves caused his eyes to grow cold.

"This happened on set?" She deliberately turned away to look at the door. "You had someone call Tristan Stuart yesterday, didn't you? Since you're constantly monitoring the place, how do you not know about this?" Sean had been in such a rush that he did not have time to look at his phone.

When he pulled out his phone, he spotted the videos Damon sent him. Once he was done watching them, his face turned pale.

"Does he have a death wish?" He shot to his feet, intent on taking care of Tristan.

"Thank you for your help yesterday, but I want to take care of Tristan myself," she stated.

"You? Take care of him? Don't you realize just how precious your hands are?"

Since you know there's something wrong with him, why do you insist on working with him? Is money that important to you?" He truly did not understand her mind.

2/3 "It's my money! Of course, I can't bear to part with it. If you're only here to argue with me, you can leave," she coldly retorted.

She then frowned in discomfort.

His face fell. "It's because Eric is in the show. That's why you're forcing yourself to go through the humiliation." "That's none of your business," she shot back.

He froze as a bitter feeling swelled in him.

True. It was none of his business. What right did he have to demand answers from her?

"You're taking advantage of the fact that I owe you one because you helped me to boldly restrict my movements and who I associate with. Let me make it clear.

Every time you help me, I only feel annoyed and irritated because I do not want to have anything to do with you at all!" She glared at him with frosty eyes.

"Is that the kind of man I am in your eyes?" His hands were clenched into fists by his side.

She could not even bother to look at him now. "Why did you run all the way here then? Didn't we say to part on good terms? Why do you keep ruining everything for me?" He felt like everything he had done was an absolute joke after hearing her words.

Moments later, he said, "I'm here because I don't want you to humiliate your grandmother any further." She flew into a fit of rage. "Humiliate? Is there something wrong with you?" After that roar, she screwed her eyes shut in agony.

He certainly had great timing by agitating her just as her arm was injured.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 386-One Step Too Late One look at the pain on Abigail's face, and Sean loudly shouted out the door, "Has the doctor not given her any painkillers yet?" Cameron promptly opened the door and respectfully said, "I'll get a doctor to see her now." "Get out! Right now!" Abigail screamed at Sean before saying to Cameron, "Don't call for the doctor. Just drag him away! If he's here, the only drug that will work on me is a tranquilizer." Cameron

did not understand what was going on. It had only been a few minutes, so how had Sean angered her again?

Was Sean not here to coax her back to his side?

Sean Kept staring as Eric headed back into the room after he was chased out by Abigail. He only turned his scowl away from the door when the door closed behind Eric.

Cameron silently looked at him.

“What?” Sean asked.

“I think you really shouldn’t have argued with Ms. Quinn. At such a time, your love will only grow if you choose to show your care for her, Cameron replied before instinctively looking away.

While Sean knew Cameron was right, he had been too panicked back then.

He felt like if he did not say what he wanted to say, Abigail might actually get together with Eric.

“Leave Tristan be for now. Let’s see what she wants to do before we make a move,” he declared before walking away.

Cameron followed him and asked, “Aren’t we staying here?” “We’re going to buy her lunch,” Sean replied with an angry huff.

Even if he was angry at Abigail, he would still do anything and everything for her.

Cameron let out a gasp of realization, making him sound rather slow-witted.

With food in hand, Sean and Cameron appeared in Abigail’s ward once more.

Alas, they opened the door to find she had already started lunch.

The table was covered in a wide variety of dishes that included soup. The feast looked much more appetizing than the food he had carefully picked out.

Eric was sitting by the bed as he held a plate up that Miranda would feed Abigail from.

1/3 While it was a woman feeding Abigail, in Sean's eyes, it was the same as Eric feeding her himself.

His face turned pale with anger once more as the food in his hands felt like they were going to burn a hole in his flesh.

Abigail pretended not to see him, but she still said to Eric, "Just leave the plate on the table. There's no need to bother with holding it up." "It's fine," Eric warmly replied with a smile in his eyes.

Deep down, Cameron sighed. They were one step too late.

"When do you plan on taking care of Tristan Stuart?" Sean asked, walking over to place the bag of food on the table.

Miranda had heard of Sean before. When she realized he was much more handsome and terrifying in person. To make matters worse for her, he was blocking the doorway; her heart skipped in fear.

Anyone who followed Alana had shipped her with Sean before.

Sean was here in Capitalis and even bought food for Abigail. If the media caught wind of this, there would be a frenzy.

Yet, Abigail did not seem like she cared about Sean.

It appeared to be a one-sided love.

"Mr. Graham, I'll discuss this with the production team first. Please don't worry about it," Abigail calmly said.

As her student was here, she could not embarrass him.

Even if the two of them had just argued before lunch.

Sean looked at her and said, "Okay." Eric whispered to Abigail, "The soup has cooled. Try some. My grandmother made it herself. You'll love it." Sean's heart sank as he clenched his hands.

"Okay." Abigail was nearly full.

At that moment, Sean suddenly realized just how out of place he was.

He did not fit into Abigail's social circle.

2/3 "I bought you food. If you're too full for it, just throw it out," he stated, doing his best to restrain his anger as he walked over to sit on a nearby chair.

Abigail had assumed he would leave the room. So, she was surprised to see him sit down.

"Have you eaten lunch yet, Miranda?" Abigail asked.

Miranda immediately tensed up and replied, "I did." She dared not eat the food Sean had bought.

When Abigail looked at Eric, he smiled. "I've eaten lunch. Why not keep it for dinner? It'll be fine after you heat it up." It would not do to throw away something Sean bought out of kindness, so Abigail agreed with that plan.

After Eric cleared the table with Miranda, he glanced at Abigail and then at Sean before saying, "I can see there's more for you two to discuss. I'll be going now." "There's nothing for us to discuss. I'm going to take a nap, Abigail refuted. She was not lying either. She was feeling really exhausted after the painkillers and lunch.

Sean looked at her. "Just rest. I'll be quietly sitting here." She did not think she could fall asleep while he was in the room.

"I'll be going then?" Eric asked, pointing to the door.

"Okay. Thank your grandmother for me. Her soup was delicious," she said with a smile.

Sean watched them interact with cold eyes and pursed lips as he tensed further.

After Eric and Miranda were gone, he said to Abigail, "Rest. I have work to take care of." She frowned at him. "Why are you staying here?" "I will never let you get together with Eric," he frankly declared. He did not want to keep it a secret any longer.

Even if he had to resort to the most dastardly of measures to make her stay by his side, he would never allow her to be anyone else's

I Want a Divorce Chapter 387-A Cruel Lesson Abigail scowled. "I don't need your permission." "I'm not joking, Abigail. If you don't want to be the Pearsons' target again, stay away from Eric," Sean barked out.

"I'm thankful that you took care of the Pearsons for me, but that does not mean you can stop me from getting close to anyone I like, she coldly retorted with a rebellious light in her eyes.

He looked at her and slowly uttered, "If you're truly thankful, then remember what I just said."

She closed her eyes. "I'm going to take a nap." He felt like he had been punching a pillow this entire time. When he saw that she had closed her eyes, refusing to talk to him, he had no choice but to return to his work.

She woke up just two hours later.

When she opened her eyes, she was greeted by the sight of Sean standing by the window as his laptop was placed on the wide window sill.

His hands looked particularly beautiful under the sunlight. They looked like works of art.

They danced across the keyboard as though he was playing the piano.

She observed him for a few minutes before looking away.

"What would you like to drink? I have coffee, juice, and smoothies for you. Take your pick. Sean stopped working and turned to coldly look at her.

"Smoothie," she replied.

He grabbed a cup of smoothie from the fridge and handed it to her. "I was serious. Eric Davidson is not an option. He'll only bring you trouble." At that moment, everything Kevin had said to Sean had been thrown to the back of his mind.

She took a bite of the ice-blended drink and did not say a word.

Sean knew there was no point forcing an answer out of her.

Is Kelly still living in your home in Pendorf?" she abruptly asked after long moments of silence.

He nodded. "Grandmother likes her." She scoffed in disdain, "Are you bragging about how another woman has gone to fawn and grovel 1/3 to your grandmother just to get with you?" "That was a fact. I was not bragging," he calmly answered.

She could not resist rolling her eyes in response.

Soon after she was done with her smoothie, she got up to head to the restroom.

He had been busy working when he noticed she was pulling her blankets back.

Still, he promptly stood up and helped her.

"My legs are fine. Go back to your work. If you're really busy, just return to Pendorf. I've made myself clear last time. I don't want to be disturbed. She pushed his hands away, "I can go back, but I have one condition. You cannot interact with Eric again," he declared.

She snorted. "Why should I listen to you?" He gritted his teeth. "Think of Analise!" Silence fell. Nonetheless, she slammed the door as she headed into the restroom.

While she knew he was right, she was working with Eric to get rid of Tristan.

How could she stay away from him at this time?

Moreover, Sean was also being rather friendly with Kelly. Still, he was hypocritical enough to restrict her from doing something he was doing as well.

As the sun set, Tristan and the crew member in charge of the suspension system arrived at her room.

Although Tristan spotted Sean as soon as he walked in, he did not put his ego away. There was a very superficial tone in his voice as he greeted Sean, "You're here as well, Mr. Graham? Here to take care of Alana?" The faint smile on his lips spoke of clear derision.

After all, Abigail had Eric defending her, and now, Sean was taking care of her.

To a man who thought of women as playthings, their love triangle was something he looked down upon.

Abigail wondered if Tristan really had a death wish. How could he mock Sean the moment he walked into the room?

“Your pretense of being human is quite good for a beast,” Sean blandly stated with even more obvious contempt.

2/3 Tristan’s face twisted into an exceedingly ugly look. “Mr. Graham, it’s inappropriate to say that just for a woman.” Sean glanced at him with eyes so cold that it sent chills running down his spine.

Regardless, Sean did not stare at him for long. Instead, he turned to the man Tristan brought along. “What’s your name?” “Garrett Olsen,” replied the man who walked in with Tristan.

Sean promptly messaged Cameron, telling him to come to the room.

As Tristan and Garrett watched, Sean tilted his chin toward Garrett and said to Cameron, “Investigate him. How much was he paid to pull this stunt?” Garrett’s face turned stark white.

Tristan had not imagined Sean to be that arrogant and bold.

Finally, he had met someone just like him. He was used to walking around Capitalis like the city was his. After all, even the rich and powerful needed to be respectful when talking to him. Who did Sean think he was to blatantly disrespect him?

“What’s the meaning of this. Mr. Graham?” Tristan coldly demanded.

“Stop spacing out, Cameron. Can’t you see that a dog is barking at me?” Sean abruptly snapped at Cameron, who had been examining Abigail.

That snapped Cameron back to his senses and he promptly strode over to Tristan.

The icy, murderous look on his face and the bloodthirsty aura he radiated from years of working beside Sean caused Tristan’s legs to wobble.

“W-What are you doing?” Tristan barked out, stumbling backward. He then looked at Abigail. “What are you doing, Alana? We are partners. If you make an enemy out of me, you will also be dragged down!” Abigail put a helpless look on her face. “Mr. Stuart, Mr. Graham and I are not that close. He’s known for his bad temper. Why did you anger him?” Tristan was about to shout back when Cameron slapped him across the face.

The slap echoed through the room as Tristan collapsed to the ground, spitting out blood and loose teeth.

That blow successfully caused any color remaining on Garrett's face to disappear.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 388- For Your Sake Abigail just calmly sat there and observed the men during the entire confrontation. Tristan's head was spinning. The slap had caused his entire head to feel numb. Sean walked over to Tristan, who was still on the ground, and used the sharp point of his leather shoes to step on Tristan's finger. Just as Tristan was about to scream in pain, Sean said, "Did you know that people who are deemed too noisy would have their tongues cut off?" Tristan hastily swallowed his screams and started struggling to free himself. Cameron casually rotated the wrist of the hand he used to slap Tristan as he glared at Tristan like he was a starving wolf itching to pounce on his prey. "Tell me. What happened with the cable suspension system?" Sean looked at Garrett. Garrett's legs had turned to jelly as he parted his mouth to speak but found himself unable to do so for a few long moments. "I can handle this myself, Sean," Abigail interjected. "I'm disciplining Tristan because what he did angered me. The suspension system is a secondary issue. Do not think I'm doing this for your sake," Sean retorted, giving her a side-eye. Meanwhile, Cameron was silently grumbling about how Sean was being stubborn again. Sean's response made Abigail awkwardly look away. As Sean looked at Garrett, his dark eyes seemed to be deep wells that would suck the other in before tearing them to pieces. person Garrett's face was beaded with sweat. When he saw Tristan's stormy glare, he hurriedly looked away. Nonetheless, he did not even dare to look at Sean. "I'm not a patient man. What just happened to Tristan is just an appetizer. If I get my hands on the evidence, I'll have no issues getting you imprisoned for a decade. Well, I'm a rather vengeful person. Whether or not your family will drown in a harbor somewhere will depend on my mood," Sean slowly declared. That was the final straw for Garrett. He frantically fell to his knees with a thud as he blurted, "Tristan told me to do it! He planned on destroying the hand Alana used to draw and write. I didn't mean to do it. He smeared grease on the equipment and even made sure to include a degreaser in the water we used to splash Miss www 1/3 Alana! I was only following orders. I really didn't mean to do it!" "You're going to die, Garrett... Aargh!" However, just as Tristan said that, Sean stomped harder on his hand. The pain was so bad that he nearly fainted. Eventually, Sean lifted his foot and casually said, "I'm sorry. I just realized I was stepping on your hand." How Tristan regretted visiting Abigail on this day. He ended up clashing with someone as unpredictable as Sean. He just did not understand how this had happened. Sean should have known he was not someone he should offend after doing a simple background check on who his backer was. When Abigail saw that the terrifying scene ended just like that, she knew that Tristan had met his match. Still, Sean had always been this violent toward those he disliked. Certain people could not be reasoned with. The only way to get them to stop causing trouble was by beating them up. Abigail watched Tristan climb to his feet with shivering hands and coldly questioned, "Mr. Stuart, is what Garrett said true?" Tristan had planned on apologizing to Abigail so that this

entire matter could be dismissed without a fuss. Now, he had to be extremely careful. He was the one who made the first move to anger Scan. Unfortunately, Sean had forced Garrett into telling the truth. So, there was no easy way to resolve this issue. "We have a contract. If the rest of the show cannot be filmed because of a scandal, you will not benefit from it, right?" he said with a trembling voice as he did his best to forget about his aching hand. Disdain was painted all over Abigail's face. "To a designer, a pair of perfectly healthy hands are more important than their life. Do you understand you have stepped over the line here?" she blandly asked. "Garrett slandered me just to protect himself. I don't think today is a good day to settle this. I'll get my hand treated before I talk to you another time," he said, deflecting. Abigail coldly glared at him. "Mr. Stuart, either you explain everything today, or you'll be facing the consequences of your actions." 2/3 Sean calmly watched the entire time. Meanwhile, Cameron had dug into Garrett's accounts and contacted the police. "Alana, let me give you a piece of advice. You should properly consider what I just said. Garrett, apologize to her!" There was no way Tristan would confess. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Garrett hurriedly said. She did not say a word. She would never accept the apology. "The apology's done. Now, we'll talk about this another day." Tristan turned to leave while his hand continued to shake. "Mr. Stuart, I have never thought of actually working with you from the moment you allowed the investors to insult and humiliate me that evening, she abruptly stated. Tristan whirled around to look at her from the doorway. "What do you mean by that?" The way she looked at him was the exact same way Sean had looked at Garrett; her eyes were dark yet strangely bright, causing chills to run down the other person's spine. Sean looked at Abigail only to see her chuckle. "Good luck, Mr. Stuart." Tristan's face twisted into an unusually ghastly look as his breath came out in heavy pants. While he wanted to curse her out, he could not say a single word because of their audience. She turned her gaze to Garrett and slowly declared, "I'm a particularly vengeful person. I remember every single person who insulted me on that evening. Now that my arm has been injured, I will be nursing this grudge for a very long time." Garrett gulped as terror shone in his eyes. Cameron knew that his guess was right on the money. He already told Sean that Abigail would not let these men go unscathed. So, it was nice to see his point proven almost immediately. While she looked like a meek lamb, she was as cruel and vicious as Sean

I Want a Divorce Chapter 389-Drawing Boundaries Garrett did not follow Tristan out of the room because Cameron blocked his path.

"The police will be here soon. I think you'll be safer in prison than with Tristan," Cameron stated. coldly.

Garrett was filled with regret over agreeing to help Tristan target Abigail.

Not long after Tristan walked away, he received a call from his boss.

As soon as the call was connected, Mr. Blanc furiously demanded, "Just what happened with Abigail Quinn's arm? What did I tell you? Do not go overboard on

set. If you want to target someone, see what kind of person they are first." "I'll take care of it," Tristan promised immediately.

Mr. Blanc simply hung up.

Tristan opened up Instagram to find that the video of Abigail's fall was among the top three trending videos.

He swiftly closed the app and called the company's public relations department.

"Do you even know how to do your job? Delete that video from Instagram already! When will you even get to it?" The public relations team was furious as well. "Do you think we've been doing nothing? The moment we take it down, someone uploads another copy of it. The people are now complaining about us. The boss said to leave it for now. You'll be the one to resolve it. Either come up with a public apology or a better solution to pacify the outrage." Tristan angrily hung up the call.

When he turned around to find that Garrett had not followed him out of the room, he scowled.

He really should not have visited Abigail today.

Soon, he called the investors he knew, pulling every string he had to get everyone who could potentially affect L.Moon and their business involved.

In the end, he had to teach Abigail a lesson. Otherwise, she might genuinely think she was a miracle worker.

Once the calls were done, he returned to the office.

Meanwhile, Garrett was arrested and taken away for further questioning.

1/3 Sean downloaded the videos from his laptop and forwarded them to Abigail, who stared at him in shock.

She looked at Sean's laptop, which had been turned to have its screen facing her bed sometime during the day.

"I know you and Eric plan on taking Tristan down. Is this enough? If so, don't be with him." Sean said to her.

"I don't particularly need that evidence, she replied He instinctively frowned.

"If you give it to me, I'll give you something else in return. What do you need? I'll give you anything as long as it's within reason. Do you want money or designs..." "I don't care if you use the evidence. I don't need money, so anything you can compensate me with is useless, he interrupted coldly.

Cameron was panicking on his behalf. Sean could have asked for her hand or heart in return, but why did he not ask for that?

Abigail knew Sean was telling the truth.

He did not need to hesitate or plan when he wanted to take down Tristan. That was because he had the capability and power to do so.

"Leave it be for now," she said in an aloof voice.

She was literally declaring that she would never take anything from him.

Sean gritted his teeth in anger. "Is it because you'll owe me a favor? Are you that afraid of owing me a favor?" "Are you looking for a fight again?" she asked, turning to look at him.

"Do you think I want to? Why won't you use perfectly good evidence? Just use your brain for a bit!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Mr. Graham, you know full well why I'm doing this. I'm drawing boundaries," she calmly replied.

Of course, he knew that. Otherwise, she would not have met Maisy.

"Do you think you can draw a line between us just because you want to?" he abruptly asked.

Cameron silently slipped out of the room.

2/3 She huffed and did not speak.

“You’re the one who said you love me. You insisted on marrying me. Now, you’re the one who’s giving up. Is your love that cheaply bought?” Sean asked as his chest puffed up in anger.

Her brows twitched in an obvious tell that she was seething.

“You said our marriage was a failure. I keep thinking about what you said. I know I was in the wrong. Can we please have a chance to start over?” he asked, staring at her.

Abigail’s fingers trembled from where they were hiding beneath the blanket.

Moments later, she said, “I thought you finally understood that I don’t love you anymore. I didn’t think you still didn’t get it. Fine. It’s just like you say: my love is cheap. I don’t care what you think.” Sean felt a heavy weight on his chest. His lips twitched as if to speak, but in the end, he said nothing and just marched out of the room.

She let out a massive sigh of relief when he left.

She dazedly looked up at the ceiling. Frankly, she might have been willing to hold onto him for a few more years if he had told her all of this before their divorce.

Regardless, now that she was free of the Grahams, she understood just how disgraceful and masochistic it was for a woman to allow her husband’s family to humiliate her just for love.

That was why she refused to return no matter what he said. She refused to live and deferred to the old crone who had hurt her and her grandmother just because of Sean.

Sean did not care for anything she could give him in return. So, she would ensure he would think otherwise in the future.

Now that she thought about it, she had been competing with Sean since the moment she met him.

At first, she wanted him to love her. Now, she wanted to make sure he could never look down on her and underestimate her again.

As her mind slowly wandered back to her body, she let out a self-deprecating chuckle.

She still cared about Sean. Even though she couldn't accept him into her heart, she was still inadvertently affected by him.

Not long after Sean left, Cameron also walked into the room to retrieve the laptop." "Cameron, what do you think of me?" she asked suddenly when she spotted him packing up the laptop and documents.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 390-Let Me Go Cameron turned to smile at Abigail. "You're a good woman, Ms. Quinn. What happened?" "Since you think I'm good, tell your boss to let me go," she casually replied.

That made his heart sink.

Did she detest Sean that much?

"He truly cares about you. While he wasn't considerate of your feelings at first..."

"You saw what happened before. How can you try to persuade me without an ounce of guilt?" she interrupted.

He fell silent. After a moment, he softly said, "I see." After he walked out of the room, he headed downstairs to where Sean was waiting.

Sean was leaning against the car. After a few long moments of staring at Cameron, he asked, "Why did you take so long?" Cameron did not dare look him in the eye as he mumbled, "I helped Ms. Quinn grab something." "Do you want to resign?" Sean could instantly tell he was lying. "What did she say?" "Please don't ask, Mr. Graham." He was afraid of making Sean lose all hope when it came to Abigail.

"Are you not going to say it?" Sean's eyes went cold.

Cameron ducked his head and remained silent.

"I've heard the worst she could ever throw at me," Sean continued.

"She asked me if she was a good person. When I said yes, she told me to ask you to let her go." Cameron finally caved in..

Sean silently opened the car door and got in.

The scandal of Runway Capitalis forced Tristan to post an official statement to all of the show's social media accounts.

"The rumors spreading among the fans regarding Miss Alana's injury have greatly affected the 1/3 show. Please do not spread misinformation and seek actual evidence. Legal action will be taken against those who do otherwise." The announcement infuriated Alana's fans.

Not long after the announcement was posted, Abigail promptly uploaded a photo of her stitch-covered arm on Instagram.

The silent rebuttal through that one picture had caused an explosion among the fanbase.

Her entire arm was covered in stitches. It looked horrifying as it seemed like a giant centipede was crawling up her arm.

Abigail's fans were on the warpath now.

"This is Alana's dominant hand. Look at those injuries! Tristan Stuart of Runway Capitalis, explain this to us, or we'll report the showrunners for causing harm!" Rumors among fans? I welcome the production team to sue me. Look at how badly injured. Alana's arm is. The production team did that and still has the nerve to say they'll sue us?" The production team feels no remorse at all. They only care about their reputation. They're shameless! In the video, Miss Alana was suspended in midair! How are we spreading misinformation? Just how evil are you?" I've loved Runway Capitalis for years. I've watched every season despite all the bad rumors. There was never proof, so I believed in the team. Now, it is a fact that the suspension system injured Alana's arm. It's also a fact that the production team only cares about their reputation. Why should I like this show any longer?" The fans' comments did not stress Tristan out at all.

After a few minutes of scrolling on his phone, he scoffed the phone to the table.

Abigail would soon come begging like the b*tch she was.

That was the fantasy he indulged in.

He did not care about the comments online. After all, this was not the first incident. He had plenty of experience with scandals.

The comments turned increasingly hateful.

Abigail was surprised by how composed Tristan was.

As the sky darkened, Luna hurried over from Pendorf.

When she barged into the room, her eyes turned red upon seeing Abigail. “Are you okay? How 2/3 did this happen to your hand?” Abigail smiled in response. “I’m fine. It’s not that bad. I’ll recover.” Luna sniffled. “Can you tell me the next time you’re invited to a show? What kind of trash is this program?” “I had no choice,” Abigail said with a sigh.

Just as Luna was about to speak, her phone rang.

It was from her L.Moon assistant.

“What is it?” she asked right after answering the call.

“A few of the top executives of our clients have called to demand Abigail properly talk this out with Tristan Stuart so that this may be resolved with both sides coming out smelling like roses. Otherwise, they’ll cancel our contracts, the assistant said, absolutely seething.

Luna hummed in acknowledgment. “Got it. Tally up the calls and forward their numbers to me. I’ll personally deal with them.” Abigail glanced at Luna and waited for her to end the call before asking. “Did I drag the studio down with me?” Luna whirled around with a smile on her face. “No way. You’re our greatest artist. Who could you even drag down?” “Tristan has quite a lot of influence on his side,” Abigail solemnly stated, looking Luna in the eye.

Luna sat by the bed and ran her fingers through Abigail’s hair as she warmly said, “We’re not afraid. We’re the best of friends. Sisters, even. Since you’ve decided he’s your enemy, then he has to be someone horrible.” Warmth filled Abigail’s heart.

Luna ordered a few snacks for her and chatted with her for around 30 minutes before Luna’s assistant sent her a message.

“I have to make a few phone calls.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

I Want a Divorce Chapter 391-The Best Sisterly Bond Luna stood at the staircase, dialing the number of the CEO of the brand she had been working with for almost two years. Then, she leaned against the handrail and gazed down at the descending steps.

As the call connected, Luna instinctively curled her lips into a smile as she spoke, "Mr. Watt, I got the call you made to our assistant. I just wanted to clarify some things. Is it true that you've decided to side with Tristan?" Erik chuckled. "Miss Smith, we've been collaborating for two years. I've supported you through your ups and downs. I understand how hard it is for you

and your friend to start this business. I'm willing to promote you and provide more opportunities. However, Mr. Stuart's father-in-law and I have been good friends for many years. I have to do him this favor." Disdain flashed across Luna's face, her tone turning colder. "Alana has contributed countless designs and generated substantial profits for your company. Now, you want her and her best friend to forgive the culprit after her hand is injured? Is this really how the world works?" "I'm sure we can come to an agreement about what to say on Instagram, and it will blow over soon enough. If Alana feels wronged, I'll talk to Mr. Stuart and ask him to apologize. Would that work?" Erik maintained his friendly tone..

Luna suddenly raised her voice as she retorted, "Apologize? Her hand is injured, and you think an apology will make up for it? Tristan deliberately hurt her! Even if she's willing to apologize, I will never allow her to even breathe a word. What kind of person is Tristan? Does he even deserve an apology from Alana? He's not just been bullying Alana on set once; it's every day! Erik, if you want to terminate the partnership, then do it. But be sure to have the breach of contract fee ready because L.Moon will never work with your company again!

L.Moon only collaborates with conscientious enterprises. The heartless ones can go as far away as possible!" Erik was taken aback by her barrage of scolding. He was so angry his breath shuddered as he rebuked, "You don't know what's good for you!" After that, he abruptly ended the call.

The termination contract was sent to the company's inbox in mere minutes.

Luna immediately informed L.Moon's PR department about this matter.

"Write a PR article; the more sensational, the better. SG Brand is terminating the contract? Fine, let the netizens roast this brand!" L.Moon was no longer the struggling studio it used to be. Today, they were going to highlight case to teach these brands that abandon their commitments a lesson. This would serve as an example to others considering terminating

contracts. That way, these ruthless businessmen. would think twice before crossing paths with L.Moon.

a 1/3 Nonetheless, she did her best to restrain her anger as she headed to Abigail's ward.

Josh stood on the staircase landing, watching her leave before slowly trailing behind her.

He didn't know Luna very well, but her words today left a deep impression on him.

Once Luna had been in Abigail's room for a short while, Josh finally knocked on the door.

After a couple of knocks, he pushed open the door and entered the room. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything." When Luna noticed that the visitor was Josh, she didn't bother putting up a friendly pretense as she said. "You sure are well-informed, Mr. Pearson." Josh looked at her, her cool, short blue hair with silver streaks making her look quite edgy. The bold style suited her features very well, and her wild eyebrows made her eyes appear deep and captivating.

"Just checking in," Josh replied.

Luna didn't bother changing any pleasantries with him.

Abigail turned to Josh and said, "Mr. Pearson, there's really no need for you to come personally." "If there's anything wrong with your hand, please seek specialized treatment.

Your right hand is too important," Josh advised..

"It's fine," Abigail replied nonchalantly.

"I'm also keeping tabs on Tristan's case. If you face any difficulties, feel free to let me know," Josh. said, his tone still gentle.

"I don't have any difficulties. The show I've recently taken on is new, and I'd rather take on a lousy program like this than do designs for your sister. So, you needn't worry about me," Abigail retorted, showing no warmth.

Josh didn't take offense at being misunderstood. Instead, he just smiled.

“Sometimes, you can be quite childish. Since you don’t have a good opinion of me, I won’t overstay my welcome. Let me know if you need anything” He stood up to leave. Yet, before he stepped foot outside the ward, his gaze couldn’t help but shift toward Luna.

Luna immediately noticed and demanded, “What’s up?” “Nothing,” Josh replied, retracting his gaze before finally leaving.

Luna furrowed her brows. “How strange.” 2/3 Abigail couldn’t help but chuckle. “Eric will be here later. Let’s have dinner together.” “No problem!” Luna’s mood immediately brightened as she beamed at Abigail.

That evening, L.Moon Studio posted a blog about terminating the partnership with SG. Then, they didn’t hesitate to stir the pot by hinting to their fans that it was SG who initiated the termination. Regardless, they also ended on a good note, saying that they anticipate future collaborations with other companies.

Alana’s fans couldn’t sit still after hearing such news. So, they rushed to SG’s Instagram, unleashing a torrent of scathing comments.

‘What’s going on? Alana’s hand got hurt, and SG immediately terminated the collaboration out of fear that she couldn’t create more designs? Seriously, SG, a brand with barely any recognition, shot to fame all thanks to Alana’s dazzling designs. Now, they’re turning their back on her just like that?’ ‘SG, listen up. I bought clothes from your brand because of Alana. No one would ever buy anything you make if it weren’t for the fact that she has designed some good work for you. How dare you charge thousands for a piece of clothing with your so-so designs and workmanship?! I won’t stop spamming until you apologize!’ A brand without gratitude deserves to go bankrupt. Besides, who would pay thousands for your brand with designs and craftsmanship like yours? We’re all here for Alana, not your so-called ‘fashion. Seriously, talk about overestimating your worth!’

I Want a Divorce Chapter 392-The Puppet Master In just one hour, SG’s official Instagram post had accumulated nearly twenty thousand scathing comments, and their own fans were unable to control the situation. This war of words escalated even further due to SG’s misguided defense, with comments surpassing one hundred thousand by midnight. The top comments were all about how to request invoices for every single item. even down to a pair of socks.

Other brands considering contract terminations were now too afraid to broach the subject, having witnessed SG’s fate.

Tristan, instead of receiving an apology from Abigail, ended up dragging SC down. He was becoming increasingly restless, his mind troubled by Abigail's words earlier in the day.

In the end, he would frequently whisk out his phone to check Instagram, afraid that more negative news would surface.

Suddenly, Gabe silently posted on Instagram around 1.00AM.

'Since things have come to this point... You can say what you like, but I'm only stating facts. I believe, as someone who was personally kicked out of the show by Tristan himself, it's necessary for me to speak up about the unfair backstage dealings I witnessed on set. Tristan targeted Miss Alana from the very beginning. On the first day, he verbally abused her, telling her to leave just because Alana wasn't comfortable being in front of the camera. Later, when ordinary reprimands weren't enough to discipline her, he began making lastminute script changes. During high- intensity actions, I fell from the second floor to the first. When Alana insisted on taking me to the hospital, Tristan used my injury as an excuse to kick me off the production crew. I also know for a fact that he even refused to take me to the hospital, much less foot the medical bills... I left the production crew with nothing but immense regret. I even paid 30 thousand just to join the crew. because he claimed I wouldn't get a chance to join them without forking over any money." She explained in great detail, even providing hospitalization records and transparently displaying the transactions with the show.

Miranda also shared her experience following Gabe's post.

"Tristan deliberately applied oil on the props Alana used, causing her to fall. He even intentionally poured cleaning water on the prop she fell on to remove the oil, hoping it would flow into the pool and go unnoticed. However, when Alana was taken to the hospital, the doctor examined her eyes and said they were injured by a chemical substance. Thankfully, she had her eyes rinsed in time. It was all intentional on Tristan's part. He despised Alana for not listening to him, resorting to various means to torment her. I even suspect he has a personal grudge against her. He seemed hell-bent on incapacitating Alana's hand. The final punishment segment was clearly designed for Alana. Tristan truly isn't fit to be a director!" Eric seized the opportunity and did everything in his power to make sure that these two posts. were known to the masses. Soon, the two students' Instagram posts quickly trended 1/3 The next morning at 10.00AM, more people who had previously been on the show came forward. to condemn Tristan.

Simultaneously, the investors who supported Tristan from behind were exposed for engaging in organized gambling and solicitation.

like Abigail received a call from Gabe, her voice filled with satisfaction. "You're brave, speaking up this. You did a lot by taking the first step in the resistance against the unfair treatment others have faced in the past. They'll be very grateful to you." Gabe's voice quivered with emotion. "Miss Alana, I spoke up for you. I never expected to trend so quickly. It seems that justice prevails after all." Abigail thought to herself that this girl was truly pure-hearted. She was well aware that Gabe's post trended so quickly because of Eric's influence.

cup.

Nevertheless, she was sincerely praising Gabe, knowing that Gabe, being the first amateur to come forward, was the reason why so many people started rallying against Tristan. Only with her taking the lead would those victims who were still silently enduring find the courage to speak. As long as more people joined, Tristan's ugly deeds would no longer be concealed.

At 1.00PM, Tristan arrived at the hospital.

He wasn't as arrogant as before, and he entered with a subdued tone, asking Abigail, "What do you want in order to stop leaking information?" Abigail looked at him coldly, devoid of expression. Tristan, there's an audio clip I'd like you to listen to." Then, she took out her phone and played Damon's audio for him.

It was a conversation between Tristan and a woman!

you After it finished playing, Abigail spoke slowly. "After careful consideration, it seems to me that we didn't really know each other before this collaboration. Yet, you've been targeting me so persistently. It appears someone is pulling your strings behind the scenes, am I right?" Tristan clenched his teeth tightly, not uttering a word. Does Abigail have a new agenda waiting for me?

"If I tell you, will you let me go?" After a long silence, he stared right into Abigail's eyes.

Abigail replied, "Even if you don't tell me, I can find out on my own. I can't control those online incidents myself. You brought this on yourself. Still, if you had just respected your collaborator even a smidge, things wouldn't have ended up this way for you. You're in violation of the law. So many girls have posted videos online, saying your organization drugged them at the party, subjecting them to indecent acts all night. Even if I spare you, they won't." 2/3 1 Tristan's face turned ashen.

“Originally, you could have kept all of this hidden. Alas, the person egging you on to target me from behind is the reason you’re facing this calamity today. Are you still going to cover for her? If you’re not satisfied, just tell me who it is. I’ll go head-to-head with her. If I lose, maybe I’ll end up in prison alongside you.” Abigail smiled, her tone relaxed.

Tristan was now filled with regret.

He shouldn’t have agreed to that wretched woman in the first place!

He didn’t even know how the videos of his backers engaging in solicitation and gambling were uncovered.

As he had offended Abigail, his investors were now afraid of him. Even his father-in-law had kicked him aside and wanted nothing to do with him like rats fleeing a sinking ship... After he pondered over his options for a long while, he looked at Abigail and confessed, “It’s Martha, the second Mrs. Pearson.”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 393-Unraveling the Threads.

Abigail didn’t expect the Pearson Family to be involved yet again.

So, it seemed that Vincent’s wife was filling in his shoes after his name was dragged into the mud?

After Tristan said this, he sneered. “I won’t lose out no matter which of you, Martha or you, gets arrested!” Since he was already a condemned man, someone like him would never accept not dragging someone alongside him.

Abigail watched Tristan leave, unable to help but wonder if the Pearson Family was going after her because of Kelly. After all, she had very little contact with Eric before accepting Tristan’s invitation. Since Eric had agreed to the marriage with the Pearson Family, she didn’t pose a threat to Vincent’s family in this situation.

Thus, the issue had to lie with Kelly. However, what made it strange was that Kelly wasn’t a part of Vincent’s family. It seemed a bit excessive for them to go to such lengths for her.

In retrospect, Kelly was a long-lost heiress who returned to the Pearson Family after so many years. She relentlessly attacked Abigail. Yet, so far, it seemed that the Pearson Family was unaware of Kelly’s underhanded actions. Meanwhile, Vincent’s family had been secretly backing Kelly.

As Abigail thought back to Ronaldo and Luna's speculations... Could it be that there's something fishy going on with Kelly's identity? Since Abigail was once the most likely candidate to be the Pearson Family heiress, she would be a threat to Kelly if Kelly truly wasn't the real heiress. If that were the case, it would make sense why she would pull all the stops just to deal with Abigail.

Once Abigail figured this out, she decided to start with unearthing Kelly's true identity.

All the trouble Kelly had caused behind the scenes was entirely due to the support of Vincent's family. If her false identity were exposed to the public, she wouldn't be able to have time to deal with Abigail anymore.

So, Abigail messaged Ronaldo after finally thinking things through.

'How are the pearls selling?' Ronaldo replied in mere minutes, 'Ms. Quinn, just get straight to the point.'

Beating around the bush isn't your style.

Abigail had planned to exchange a few pleasantries before getting to the point.

Nonetheless, she couldn't help but feel a little caught off guard after being unceremoniously called out by Ronaldo.

1/3 1 You once mentioned that Kelly's identity might be suspicious. Can you find out the truth? You know what happened to me in Capitalis. It was orchestrated by Josh's uncle's family. As far as I know, they've been nothing but supportive toward Kelly. I suspect that there's a high chance that Vincent's family and Kelly are somehow biologically related." Their goals would align only if they were in cahoots.

'Alright, I'll do my best to investigate this matter.'

Once that was done, Abigail asked about the sales of his pearls yet again.

'It's fine, I suppose. After all, the gaming industry and the fashion industry are somewhat separate. Still, it doesn't matter because I know the pearls will sell like hotcakes once the show airs.'

This answer left Abigail a bit disappointed. Ronaldo was clearly running a lossmaking business.

She had planned to stay here until the afternoon before returning to Pendorf.

However, she unexpectedly received another visitor.

There was a knock on the hospital room door, and before she could speak, it was pushed open.

A woman in a pure white dress walked in.

Abigail looked up at her, and she was momentarily stunned the instant she saw the woman's face.

The same went for the woman; her reaction was even more pronounced. She froze right at the doorway.

Abigail didn't need to think twice to know who she was.

It was Scarlett. Josh had shown Abigail a photo of her.

When Abigail had looked at the photo, she hadn't felt much about the other part.

Yet, it was quite a different story when the person was standing right in front of her.

Scarlett had taken good care of herself throughout the years. So, her skin was fair and delicate. When she raised her chin and said nothing, she looked naturally aloof and elegant.

Abigail felt like she was looking in a mirror as she scrutinized the older woman's face.

Of course, she didn't think she possessed Scarlett's elegance.

That woman exuded a natural aura of nobility, the kind that immediately revealed she was at pampered heiress.

Scarlett slowly snapped out of it. She had originally come with some harsh words, but she found it hard to say them upon seeing Abigail's face.

2/3 Even though they weren't blood-related, Abigail's face was endearing.

"Ms. Quinn, you said you don't have time to design a dress for my daughter, but you accepted Tristan's invitation to Capitalis and even injured your hand in the process. If you had agreed

to help my daughter with the design, you wouldn't have come here. I'm fairly certain your hand. wouldn't be injured. Do you regret it now?" Scarlett was still angry at Abigail's actions.

Abigail looked at her calmly. "I don't regret it. After all, I blew up a group that specifically bullied girls in exchange for injuring one hand. Frankly, it's a good deal." Scarlett did admire her but still huffed coldly as she retorted, "Ms. Quinn, do you know how many people's interests you've disrupted? There are investors behind this show, and this program has brought them a lot of profit. Do you think you'll have a good outcome after you've severely damaged their interests?" "I refuse to believe there's no justice in this world, Abigail said indifferently.

Scarlett thought Abigail was truly naive.

In her social stratum, she couldn't see the dark side and thought the world was all sunshine and rainbows.

"I hope you can keep thinking that way." Scarlett's voice carried a trace of undisguised disdain.

After she said her piece, she put on a serious expression and said to Abigail, "I suggest you reconsider your decision to design a dress for my daughter. This is your last chance

I Want a Divorce Chapter 394-Preparations for A Showdown Abigail calmly looked at her. "What if I don't value this chance?" "Then, be prepared. You're an enemy of Capitalis' upper circle now. It doesn't matter how deep your relationships are with Josh and Eric. I'm sure our families will never let them offend these people, for your sake," Scarlett stated firmly.

"I understand," Abigail replied calmly.

Scarlett grew a bit angry when she saw that Abigail was utterly unfazed. "Aren't you afraid of what I said?"

"I'll say it again. I refuse to believe there's no justice in this world." Abigail's eyebrows didn't even. twitch.

"Ms. Quinn, I want to know why you won't design for Kelly. Is it just because of the previous misunderstanding? Don't you think you're being petty? It was all a misunderstanding, and you holding onto it like this by not accepting Kelly's apology... I really don't know what to do with you." Scarlett couldn't keep up the act any longer. In the end, she resorted to firing questions at Abigail like rapid artillery, appearing a bit frustrated.

At this moment, her aloofness was completely gone and was replaced by nothing but a childish tantrum.

“Mrs. Pearson, who I choose to design for, is my choice. To put it bluntly, I simply don’t like Kelly as a person. I don’t like her, so I don’t want to design anything for her. I don’t want her to wear something I designed. If I agree to your request, I’ll feel uncomfortable about it,” Abigail stated plainly.

Scarlett wanted to say more. Just then, Luna, who had come to pick Abigail up at the airport, opened the door and widened her eyes when she saw Scarlett.

“I’m returning to Pendorf. If there’s nothing else you want to say, please go home, Mrs. Pearson.” Abigail spoke up, snapping Luna back to reality.

“I hope you don’t regret it!” Scarlett said with annoyance before stomping off in a huff.

Luna couldn’t help but comment, “Is that Kelly’s mother? Why is she acting like a little girl?” Abigail looked at her, utterly exasperated. You haven’t seen her when she’s calm. Her demeanor was flawless. Alas, it all falls apart when she gets angry.

The two of them arrived at the airport. Luna took a seat and turned to Abigail beside her, saying, “She really does bear a striking resemblance to you. The impact of seeing her for the first time was... Well, quite something. Do you ever wonder if Kelly might be posing as someone else and you’re actually the real deal?” 1/3 “Kelly might be posing, but I’m not the genuine one,” Abigail responded with conviction.

Abigail couldn’t shake off the bad impression that the Pearson Family had left her with. She was determined to avoid any connection with them.

“So, what did you find out?” Luna inquired with curiosity.

“Tristan let me in on it. It turns out that it’s Vincent’s wife, Martha, who’s pulling the strings from behind the scenes. The way Kelly and the Pearson Family are gunning for me all boils down to Kelly’s identity. They see me as a threat no matter if I’m the real deal or not, simply because of how much I resemble Mrs.

Pearson,” Abigail explained.

“Yeah, it’s uncanny. I didn’t really think much about it from the pictures, but seeing you two side by side is... Honestly, it’s quite shocking, you know? Luna couldn’t contain her excitement.

Abigail looked back on the situation and found it equally astonishing.

“Now I understand why Josh and Eric were so convinced you were the missing child of the Pearson Family. If I were them. I’d probably believe it too,” Luna mused.

“At the moment, my main concern is the progress of my work,” Abigail redirected the conversation.

As her stitches were set to be removed in a week, she wouldn’t be able to do much work during that time. Considering the demanding schedule of participating in a show and variety program, she’d already planned for long hours. Now, she was in a pickle.

“I’ll help you negotiate with the clients when the time comes.” Luna smiled.

“Then, I’ll be counting on you,” Abigail raised an eyebrow.

Back in Pendorf, Abigail was still worried about Scarlett’s words. She briefed Luna and went home.

As soon as she arrived home, Analise came up to ask about her hand.

It seemed that even Analise, who didn’t use the internet much, had come to learn about her injured hand.

“How did you know about my injury?” Abigail asked Analise with a smile.

“It’s all over the news; how could I not know? I might not be very good with the internet, but I still paid attention,” Analise scolded her playfully.

Abigail placed her suitcase by the door and said gently, “It’s nothing serious, Grandma. I’ve been craving your food.” “Alright, I’ll make them for you right away.” 2/3 It happened to be dinner time.

Abigail hadn’t been in her room for long when she received an email.

It was from one of her clients.

'Miss Alana, I heard about your hand, and I'm deeply sorry. However, the reason I'm sending you this email is to ask, is my dress ready? I hope you can complete the orders in hand as soon as possible. This is crucial for you. Also, I hope you won't take any more orders until this crisis is resolved.

Abigail looked at the email, her brows furrowing.

This client was a notable star in Capitalis with a significant status.

It seemed Scarlett's words weren't empty, and some of the people whose interests were affected by her actions in Capitalis had already started to take action.

Abigail replied to the client..

Thank you for your reminder, Miss Zipp. Your dress is almost finished; it will take another half month. You can come to pick it up in mid-October.

It looked like she needed to prepare for a showdown.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 395-Investment Plan Abigail called Luna.

When Luna picked up, Abigail immediately asked, "Are you asleep?" "Don't you know my schedule?" Luna laughed, and the sound of the TV came through on her end.

"Have you ever considered finding someone to invest in us and establish a shareholders' meeting?" Abigail asked Luna.

They currently only possessed operational rights, but they were not an official company with shareholders. Abigail and Luna were the sole bosses.

To confront those hidden forces in Capitalis, the way forward for L.Moon could only be by seeking investment, establishing a shareholders' meeting, and then going public.

Luna's voice turned serious. "You mean, L.Moon is going to become an official company and go public?" "That's the idea, but more so because we might face severe setbacks. Before that happens, we need to find investors and gather enough funds to keep things running smoothly." Abigail couldn't help but worry that they might be targeted, which might potentially lead to a financial crisis.

After all, if the financial chain of the company broke, everything would fall apart.

"I'll handle the investment. Do you have any suggestions?" Luna asked.

"The best candidates are those unafraid of trouble. You can say that we have a chance of facing retaliation from Runway Capitalis. As long as the other party isn't afraid of stirring up trouble and can withstand the pressure, they can become one of our shareholders. Now that they had made it to this point, L.Moon had to start growing early. Furthermore, L.Moon couldn't remain just a studio forever.

Abigail made this decision not solely because of the threat to L.Moon. She was also fueled by Sean's words, which ignited her competitive spirit.

"Alright, no problem," Luna replied.

Abigail fell silent for a moment before saying, "Luna, this decision is partly due to the fact that L.Moon might face prolonged suppression. Personally, I also believe L..Moon needs to finally grow into itself. It can't rely solely on the two of us. We need more people supporting and transforming it into a recognized, legitimate enterprise throughout the continent." Luna's voice was filled with determination as she said, "Alright, we're in this together!" 1/3 Abigail was overjoyed. Luna had always stood firmly by her side, supporting all her decisions.

After the call ended, Abigail messaged Ronaldo, 'Are you available? I'd like to discuss something with you. Please reply when you're free.

Soon after, Ronaldo called her.

"Good evening, Mr. Fernandez. Have you had dinner?" Abigail greeted him immediately.

"Of course, I have. What do you want to talk about? Ronaldo's cheerful voice came through.

"L.Moon is planning to establish itself as a company, and we'd like to invite you to invest. Abigail got straight to the point.

"How sudden. Is it related to Runway Capitalis?" Ronaldo immediately sensed the reason behind Abigail's decision.

"That's part of it. Another reason is that I think L.Moon should transition into a more corporate structure for better management," Abigail explained seriously to Ronaldo. "But given the greater Mikelihood of suppression in the near future, we hope to have shareholders to stabilize our funding and share the pressure with us." Ronaldo couldn't help but sigh as he

responded, “Are you really going to secure investment this way? Hearing you speak might scare potential investors away.” “Yes, what about you?” Abigail asked with a smile.

Ronaldo remained silent for a moment before inquiring, “How much of the shares are you offering me?” “Luna and I will each have a 10% stake. After all, since the inception of L.Moon, we’ve put a lot of hard work into our brand. Is that too much?” Abigail maintained her cheerful tone.

“Nope. Could you conduct a thorough evaluation of L.Moon’s assets? That way, I can consider how much to invest. Just so you know, I don’t have more than 2.8 million,” Ronaldo said without any pretense.

Of course, investing in L.Moon was sure to yield returns. Nonetheless, this was contingent on L.Moon not being suppressed by other businesses. Nevertheless, Abigail reaching out to him was a form of seeking assistance.

For Ronaldo, the 2.8 million was the equivalent of several years of savings from his private funds.

2.8 million is more than sufficient,” Abigail remarked candidly.

Truthfully, she was thinking of investments in the range of a few hundred thousand.

“Alright, as long as you’re fine with it,” Ronaldo said, his tone becoming more relaxed. Then, he 2/3 quickly turned serious again. “If those from Capitalis start suppressing L.Moon, they could potentially cut off your sources from various aspects, such as the fabric suppliers you’ve had long-term collaborations with, and the accessory suppliers. You might have the greatest skill in the world, but it would still be difficult to weather that storm.” “That’s why, once your funds are in, I’m planning to acquire fabric and accessory processing factories, Abigail stated directly.

Ronaldo was rendered speechless. She’s truly quite direct.

“If we can’t produce low-end bulk goods, we’ll focus on high-end designs. Who knows? We might even establish a brand,” Abigail continued, sharing her vision with Ronaldo.

“I might not know much about clothing, but I do understand that producing a garment involves more than just sourcing fabric and accessories,” Ronaldo continued to press. Since he hailed from a business background, he was wellversed in various industries, even if he wasn’t familiar with the fashion industry.

“Yes, like embroidery. L.Moon has its own studio for that. As for the other things... We can use imported materials,” Abigail explained.

Ronaldo felt reassured now that he had the knowledge that she had a clear plan in mind.

He also felt that his worries were perhaps a bit excessive. After all, Tristan, who held significant power, had also been outsmarted by her and was currently in prison.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 396-Borrowed Money After Abigail managed to rope in Ronaldo, she remembered there was another ally whom she regretted she would not be able to cajole. Damon’s backing was substantial. Unfortunately, his marriage might cost him his inheritance in the family business.

Within a week, Abigail and Luna managed to secure the support of nearly eight investors. The lowest investment was six hundred thousand, and collectively, they had garnered close to twenty million.

Abigail and Luna believed this was sufficient funding and decided to hold a meeting.

Everyone took their seats, and Abigail had her assistant distribute the prepared contracts.

As Ronaldo received the contract, he didn’t scrutinize it too closely. He already had a good understanding of the basic terms. So, the meeting was mainly about signing and sealing the deal.

Luna took the lead, announcing, “Take a look at the contracts, and if you have any objections, feel free to raise them now.” Other than Ronaldo, who was familiar with how the two women ran their ship, the other seven were long-term collaborators. Some provided outsourcing services for L.Moon, while others supplied fabrics and materials. They covered nearly every sector in the fashion industry.

“I don’t have any objections,” The first young shareholder spoke up.

The others quickly voiced their agreement after sensing the lack of concern in his tone.

As everyone was surprisingly cooperative, both Abigail and Luna breathed a sigh of relief.

Luna was about to speak again when she was interrupted by a knock on the door.

The assistant went to open it and was a bit surprised upon seeing the person standing by the door.

"It's Mr. Copper," the assistant turned and reported to Abigail and Luna.

"Have him wait in the conference room for a moment," Abigail instructed.

Just as the assistant was about to convey the message, Damon spoke up. "You can tell them I'm here to invest." His words were heard by everyone in the meeting room.

Abigail turned to her assistant and nodded.

Damon was escorted in, and he took a seat in one of the chairs arranged by the assistant. He was the first to say, "Why didn't you tell me about the investment?" 1/3 "Mr. Copper, is your business now settled?" Abigail asked, smiling.

Damon, still seated, nodded. "It's more or less taken care of. I've received some help recently. So, it's not as difficult as before." "Mr. Copper, how much are you planning to invest?" Luna asked, her face carrying a trace of a smile.

"I'm investing seven million. Miss Smith and Ms. Quinn, you both know about my situation. It's not a huge sum, but it's a token of my goodwill," Damon explained as the highest investor.

The others looked a bit embarrassed after hearing the amount he was offering.

"That's not a small amount. It seems we'll have to revise the contract. But... Do you all think that Mr. Copper should be a part of this?" Luna asked, glancing around for opinions.

Ronaldo waved his hand. "I have no objections." Of course, the more investors, the better. This would give L.Moon more confidence to counteract any moves from others.

One by one, the shareholders welcomed Damon's participation.

Then, Luna arranged for dinner after going through the contract formalities.

Once the dinner concluded, the other shareholders left, leaving only Ronaldo and Damon with Luna and Abigail at L.Moon.

"I didn't expect you to invest so much. Among all the investors, you've certainly contributed the most, Mr. Copper," Abigail expressed her genuine gratitude.

Damon actually wasn't aware of L.Moon's efforts to secure investments. This whole initiative was kept quite secretive. If it weren't for Sean informing him to get his butt over here, he wouldn't have known about L.Moon's discreet endeavors. Regardless, he had a good idea of the reason behind their sudden decision.

Even though he was pretty much excluded from his family business, he was still a prominent figure in Capitalis. During his conversations with friends, there had been several discussions as to how L.Moon might face some challenges from the industry.

"I'm satisfied as long as I can be of help to you." Damon's voice was gentle.

Ronaldo's eyes flickered with a touch of shrewdness. "I heard you don't have executive power now, Mr. Copper. How can you invest so much in L.Moon?" Of course, the money Damon invested was borrowed from Sean. He understood that Sean wanted to help Abigail, but it wasn't easy to intervene due to the nature of their relationship. Plus, Abigail bringing in shareholders was also an opportunity for him.

2/3 Sean's actions could be seen as a way of conveying his feelings. Of course, they also benefited him.

"Naturally, I borrowed them. It would be a shame to miss such a good opportunity, right? After all, L.Moon's designs are excellent. It doesn't really matter how much you invest in them; it's still going to rake in a profit," Damon replied with a smile, addressing Ronaldo.

Ronaldo withdrew his gaze, feeling somewhat regretful. He thought he should have told his family earlier and invested more.

He fanned himself and said, "Mr. Copper, you're right, but the impact caused by others will definitely be brutal. You have to have strong psychological resilience, especially since you're investing borrowed money." Luna couldn't help but say, "Mr. Fernandez, you're scaring me. First and foremost, it's us who are in need of strong mental fortitude. Otherwise, we'd be letting down Mr. Copper, who's investing in us with borrowed money." Abigail chimed in with a smile, "That's right. Your words are making us feel the pressure." Ronaldo teased, "What's there to be afraid of? You have the board of directors backing you up." "We truly have you to thank for that," Abigail replied with a cheerful disposition.

Damon couldn't help but wonder if Sean would be jealous when he saw their interaction.

Luna, noticing Damon's continuous focus on Abigail and Ronaldo, couldn't help but pipe up, "Mr. Copper, did you come here today specifically to invest in us?"

We didn't invite you.... So, how did you know about this?" Damon snapped back to reality, looking at Luna. "Miss Smith, the industry grapevine can be quite efficient. I assume your push for investments is a response to potential challenges from others, right?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 397-Establishment of LMoon Luna nodded. She hadn't expected the news to spread so quickly in Capitalis, especially when they deliberately kept everything so hush-hush. Fortunately, their finances were already in place, and everyone had stocked up. Plus, they could always buy from overseas if they couldn't purchase their goods locally.

"So, everyone in Capitalis knows?" Abigail turned to Damon and asked.

"Well, I can't say everyone. You know I'm a bit of a special case because you've helped me. So, my friends tend to pay more attention to what you're doing.

That's probably why I might be a bit more well-informed than others," Damon explained to Abigail.

Both Abigail and Luna breathed a sigh of relief.

At the company, Abigail brought Ronaldo and Damon into her office. Luna was too busy with the newly established company and went back to the office after taking some documents.

Abigail prepared coffee for both of them before speaking. "Currently, we shouldn't have to worry about the supply. Plus, there's an international fashion week coming up, and I'd like to participate. There's an international award to be won." "You're free to decide on which direction you want to take. I won't interfere with any of your decisions. Just continue working as you did before. Ronaldo leaned back in his chair, looking composed. As an outsider in the industry, he didn't dare to give orders to Abigail.

Damon nodded repeatedly. "Yes, that's right. Other shareholders might care, but I don't. You can continue as before." "Thank you both for your support," Abigail sincerely thanked them.

Ronaldo waved his hand. "Oh, don't mention it. I'll be staying here tonight.

Would you join me for dinner?" Abigail immediately agreed. "Of course. You came all this way, and we never got to go out for fun in Eastbay before. Now that you're here, I have to show you around." "Mr. Copper, care to join us?" Ronaldo smiled at Damon.

Damon shook his head regretfully. "I'm afraid not. I need to spend the evening celebrating my girlfriend's birthday." Ronaldo felt a tinge of envy.

After Damon left, Abigail took Ronaldo to visit some famous spots in Pendorf.

"It's too hot. Shall we call it a day?" 1/3 Ronaldo fanned himself as they exited the zoo.

He had beads of sweat on his forehead, and his skin was flushed.

Abigail held a small electric fan to her face. "Shall we go our separate ways?" "Yeah, just let me know when you're ready for dinner later. Right now, I just want to get back to the hotel and enjoy the air conditioning," Ronaldo said weakly.

Even though it was already October, Pendorf and Eastbay were southern cities.

Hence, the temperature was still high.

Abigail dropped him off at the hotel and promptly returned to the company.

L..Moon Limited was now officially established, and there was a lot for Abigail and Luna to do.

Even though Abigail's hand hadn't completely healed yet, she could start sketching for the competition.

The international fashion week she mentioned was hosted by the renowned brand "Lulls." The design competition held during this fashion week was considered one of the most prestigious awards in the international fashion industry.

The winner of the Lulls Fashion Design Competition would receive 300 thousand and the highest honor in the fashion industry-the Yggdrasill Golden Award, along with the title of Outstanding Designer.

This Lulls Design Competition was held once every three years.

Abigail had missed it when she was playing housewife. So, there was no way she was going to let this opportunity slip her fingers again.

Among various international fashion design competitions, Abigail only ever participated in those hosted by Lulls.

In other competitions, Oryashian designers rarely received awards due to significant differences in aesthetic preferences between Oryashia and the rest of the world.

However, that wasn't the same for Lulls. Ever since its establishment, Lulls had seen several Oryashian designers win the Yggdrasill Golden Award.

Time passed quickly, and soon, it was already time to clock off. Abigail booked for dinner at Giovanni Restaurant.

Ronaldo had nearly dined here once before but left abruptly due to an unexpected situation. Abigail felt a bit regretful about it.

When Ronaldo arrived at the restaurant's entrance, he raised an eyebrow in surprise. "I 2/3 remember this place... I had an unpleasant experience here last time. I hope I get to enjoy the food this time." "Don't jinx it," Abigail immediately said. "Are you staying with me here to wait for Miss Smith, or would you like to go up first?" "Let's go together." Ronaldo fanned himself and shrugged indifferently. After a while, Luna made an appearance.

"I've brought clients here several times. The food is really good," she said with a smile as she approached Ronaldo.

"I'm looking forward to it," Ronaldo replied with a smile.

Just as the words left his mouth, a car pulled up at the restaurant's entrance, and out came a person whom Abigail found irritating at first sight.

Kelly greeted them when she saw them. "You're having dinner here too?" Abigail turned to Luna and said, "Let's 1.

The two of them turned around and completely ignored Kelly.

Kelly didn't seem embarrassed. Instead, her gaze landed on Ronaldo.

She looked even better in person than in the media photos and appeared gentle as she smiled at Ronaldo.

Ronaldo was a bit confused, not understanding why she was smiling at him.

Nonetheless, he quickly turned and followed Abigail while fanning himself.

A layer of frost appeared on Kelly's face for a brief moment, but her expression quickly turned indifferent.

Just then, Josh also got out of the car. He immediately caught sight of Luna's strikingly blue-highlighted hair.

"Josh, what are you looking at?" Kelly immediately noticed his strange expression.

Josh redirected his gaze. "Looking at Abigail and the others. Who else would I be looking at?" Kelly made an acknowledging hum and saw Sean's car approaching. So, she immediately put on a smile again.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 398-Provoking Sean Kelly hurried over to Sean after getting out of the car.

"Let's go," she said, beaming with enthusiasm.

Sean gave a nod, keeping his composure.

Josh observed Kelly's overly friendly attitude toward Sean and couldn't help but feel she was straying from her original intentions. Nonetheless, he refrained from saying anything. After all, Sean hadn't objected to Kelly becoming closer to him either." The three of them entered the restaurant.

Sean immediately spotted Abigail. At the moment, Ronaldo seemed unusually cheerful. He was laughing so much while talking to Abigail that he was practically grinning from ear to ear.

The hands that had been resting at Sean's side clenched slightly, but he quickly withdrew his gaze in indifference.

He took a seat at the table across from Abigail, who saw him and felt that it was quite a coincidence.

Ronaldo waved his hand to get Sean's attention. "Mr. Graham, long time no see." Sean nodded slightly in response.

Ronaldo noticed that Sean didn't look at Abigail. Moreover, he seemed particularly aloof. Could it be that the two of them have truly ended things?

Even Ronaldo, with his gossip-loving heart, could sense it. Naturally, others also picked up on it.

Kelly was inwardly delighted. Still, she had a facade to maintain.

“Ms. Quinn is here too. Mr. Graham, aren’t you going to say hello?” Sean looked at her calmly and replied, “Why should I say hello?” Josh cleared his throat, saying, “Let’s order.” The conversation was interrupted, and Kelly didn’t say much. She was just glad to see Sean’s change in attitude as she had successfully achieved her goal.

She guessed that after Sean’s recent visit to Capitalis, things between him and Abigail had completely fallen apart.

Considering the challenges L.Moon and Abigail would soon face, coupled with Sean’s apparent detachment, she was positively gleeful.

1/3 The two sides behaved as if they were complete strangers.

Abigail looked at the menu for a while and asked Ronaldo, “How about trying the abalone?” “I’m not sure if it’s good, but you can go ahead and order it,” Ronaldo said, now quite curious. about what was going on between Abigail and Sean. His gossip-loving heart was becoming harder to contain.

“The lobster is also good,” Luna chimed in. “There’s also the signature duck...” Luna ordered a series of dishes.

Abigail handed the menu to the waiter.

After the waiter left, Ronaldo lowered his voice and leaned in to ask Abigail, “What’s going on between you and Sean?” Abigail remained calm and asked, “Why do you ask?” Ronaldo looked at her with a puzzled expression. “He’s having dinner with another woman, yet he’s so indifferent to you...” “I have no relationship with him. Who he has dinner with is none of my concern.

Don’t jump to conclusions,” Abigail replied calmly.

Ronaldo was utterly bewildered. After a moment, he said. “You’re not jealous?

You had to have married him because you liked him...” “Stop!” Luna interrupted him.

To her, Sean was pursuing Abigail. Yet, it was clear that he seemed to have given up. Still, she had to admit that if he ended up with Kelly, she would genuinely lose respect for him.

As the meal concluded, Luna went to settle the bill. At Sean's table, Josh also got up to pay.

Abigail browsed her phone while seated, and Ronaldo suddenly spoke up, "Ms.

Quinn, can I pursue you? Mr. Copper seems so affectionate with his girlfriend, which makes me quite envious." "What's gotten into you?" Abigail turned to him, unimpressed. His words lacked any hint of romance.

Ronaldo was deeply wounded. "Why are you so harsh? You've broken my heart." "Let's go" Abigail sensed Sean and Kelly's gaze from the neighboring table. So, she stood up immediately.

Ronaldo was deliberately causing trouble.

2/3 "Ms. Quinn, are you really not going to consider my offer? I have a lot to offer.

I'm young, healthy, and wealthy. I own a seafood farm and a variety of pearls. If we're together, all of this will be yours!" Ronaldo continued.

Abigail's lips curled up in amusement. "That does sound quite appealing. I'll give it some thought." Abigail knew exactly what Ronaldo's intentions were. She playfully bantered with him.

Sean didn't know whether their banter was genuine, but he still found the conversation grating.

Regardless of whether Abigail was only saying those things in jest, he realized that he refused to allow her to establish friendly relations with any man except him.

The two of them stepped into the elevator.

Abigail stopped smiling. "Who are you trying to provoke?" "Well... I really dislike Kelly. If Sean were to choose Kelly just because he couldn't have you... It's actually rather revolting." Ronaldo said. "She's too calculating. She even smiled at me at the entrance, probably thinking she's so beautiful. She acts like everyone around her is her lapdog." Abigail couldn't help but chuckle. "But she is actually quite pretty.

"I've seen many beautiful women; she's just passable and overly fake," Ronaldo said dismissively, fanning himself.

"Congratulations on not being swayed by beauty, Abigail said with a smile.

She couldn't help but wonder about Sean. Did he really think Kelly was attractive? Or perhaps his grandmother approved of Kelly, and he was simply following his grandmother's wishes to be with her?

Although she was inadvertently influenced by his presence, she quickly shoved these complex thoughts aside.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 399-Problems Arise "How's the investigation going?" Abigail inquired as they stood outside the restaurant.

As soon as they got down to business, Ronaldo's expression turned serious.

"It's proving to be quite difficult. The simplest approach, in my opinion, would be to conduct a DNA test. Hair from one of the Pearsons is easy to obtain, but not so for Kelly," Ronaldo said in a low voice.

Abigail understood. He hadn't found any leads.

That was more than understandable. If it were that easy to find a lead, the Pearson Family wouldn't be as formidable as they were.

"We can't conduct the DNA test ourselves, considering we're outsiders," Abigail said in a solemn tone.

www If they couldn't find information about Kelly's identity, it also meant she couldn't afford to confront Scarlett.

Scarlett and Kelly were practically working in tandem, forming an impenetrable fortress.

"I'll continue to look into it. Don't worry," Ronaldo added, fearing she'd be too disappointed.

"Alright, just make sure to stay safe." Vincent's family was ruthless. If they found out Ronaldo was investigating Kelly's identity behind their backs, they would surely target him.

Ronaldo smiled nonchalantly. "Don't worry. I'm not one to be trifled with.

Besides, I'm counting on you to help me strike gold." "Got it. Work hard!" Abigail encouraged.

L.Moon's current returns for Ronaldo were too meager. So, she understood his impatience.

Abigail returned home to prepare for her designs after seeing Ronaldo off at the airport.

At that moment, Luna called with some terrible news.

"Bad news. The batch of fabric that the client sent has been involved in a car accident, and all the fabric was burned." Luna's voice sounded urgent.

"Which batch?" Abigail asked.

"The one from the Dolandian brand LUS, which was shipped at the end of December," Luna said, 1/3 a hint of frustration creeping into her tone. "No wonder they gave us time to seek investment. Turns out, they were also investigating our background. LUS is known for being strict and tight-fisted. The fabric took a month to arrive by sea, and now..." With the fabric being destroyed, the project timeline would be delayed.

Furthermore, since they purchased the burned fabric with the client's money, this meant they had no way to explain this to the client.

"LUS definitely won't take responsibility. It's up to us to resolve this issue. The problem now is that this batch of fabric is very expensive. If we take responsibility, it'll cost us over 15 thousand just for the fabric," Luna continued, sharing the details with Abigail.

"Contact the client and tell them we'll buy fabric through air freight. Otherwise, if the delivery date is delayed, we won't make a penny by the end of the year." Abigail made a quick decision.

Luna nodded. They would have to tough it out, even if they couldn't make a profit.

Accidents like car crashes were inevitable for them.

The only good thing here was that the other party wouldn't take such risks repeatedly. Once they were discovered, they'd face a wrongful death lawsuit.

Could they really escape?

That night, Abigail pondered over numerous solutions. They couldn't just sit there and take the hits.

Yet, could they really prove if the car accident was deliberate? Who was targeting L.Moon? Abigail didn't know. She was finding it impossible to fight back against an invisible enemy.

Early the following morning, Abigail and Luna entered the office.

"How did it go with contacting the client last night? Abigail asked right away.

*LUS representatives have always had a bad temper. Of course, they were angry. Still, they backed down after hearing that we would be buying the fabric ourselves. The problem we're facing is that this is a quantity-controlled product.

So, it'll take another month for them to produce more. Waiting a month will definitely cause delays." Luna fretted, her lips even starting to blister from anxiety.

Abigail looked at her. "Move all the orders for this brand to the front. It shouldn't affect the timeline as long as we work overtime to make up for it." "I've considered that, but the problem is we're working on fabrics from several other brands, too. Originally, once the fabric arrived yesterday, we could have started on the samples right away. It would have taken less than a week to get back on track. But now, the workers will have nothing to do for at least a week before the fabric's ready," Luna explained before taking a sip of her coffee.

"Talk to the workers. Let them know that after a week's rest, they might have to start working overtime. The more they work, the more they earn. There will be additional overtime pay." 2/3 Abigail suggested.

"Alright," Luna immediately agreed.

This was their only option for now.

The two of them took a short break once they resolved their current problem.

"If accidents like this keep cropping up, won't all the funding we've raised be spent plugging holes?" Luna asked Abigail.

Abigail looked at her. "It's not that simple. This was just an appetizer. The main dish hasn't arrived yet." Luna, upon hearing this, was filled with remorse. "I shouldn't have complained

so soon.” “I didn’t mean to blame you. I just wanted to give you a heads-up.” Abigail said with a playful smile.

Even though Abigail had warned Luna, she still didn’t fully grasp the severity until a week later.

The production line came to a halt, and there was gossip among the workers.

Suddenly, a new set of challenges emerged.

The plastic logo on the clothing hang tags couldn’t be produced anymore.

It was an easily overlooked detail. Yet, it had become a major obstacle to the delivery of all clothing.

No factory collaborating with L.Moon dared to supply the plastic for such a minor detail.

Luna made call after call, either facing rejection or being strung along without a definitive answer.

“This is bad. I didn’t know that such a small piece of plastic would turn into our biggest headache,” Luna paced back and forth in the office, her hands on her hips.

Abigail hadn’t anticipated this oversight either.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 400-Change of Strategy Before, Abigail had suggested using overseas suppliers. However, overseas import seemed impractical, especially for an item this small. Those companies probably wouldn’t even take them seriously if they were to request it, thinking that it was a prank call.

“Let’s try contacting foreign processing factories,” Abigail said to Luna.

They were at their wit’s end; they had to try every possible avenue to come up with a workable. solution.

“I’ll give it a shot.”

If only they could change the material... Alas, the hangtag was also a brand’s logo. Many consumers had a preconceived notion about the brand, and buying with that trust felt secure. Changing it would make them uneasy.

“There’s a clothing exhibition in Sicuaro next week. Let’s attend it together,” Luna said after contacting the foreign clients.

“To find suppliers?” Abigail inquired.

“Yes. I didn’t plan on going, but that was before all this. We didn’t lack subcontractors prior to this. Now, this is looking like our one last resort,” Luna said, a touch of resignation in her voice.

As soon as the call ended, an assistant rushed in from outside, saying, “The fabric scheduled for today is deemed substandard and has been detained by foreign customs!” The workers were all waiting to start making clothes with this batch of fabric.

Now, something like this happened?

“Did they say what the problem is?” Abigail asked the assistant.

“They didn’t say anything. They just wouldn’t let it through. I doubt we’ll ever get this batch back,” the assistant reported.

Luna knew she was likely right. Once foreign customs confiscated something, it was incredibly difficult to resolve, even with a hefty fine. If people were obstructing their business behind the scenes, this batch was almost as good as lost.

Originally, this fabric was supposed to arrive today, and the workers would have a month’s worth of work. Now... Abigail didn’t want to give up like this. So, she called Ronaldo.

Soon, Ronaldo answered her call.

1/3 “I need your help with something. Foreign customs have detained our goods. Do you have any way to retrieve them? This is urgent!” Abigail asked Ronaldo.

“Clearly, even if I had the authority, I can’t do it...” Ronaldo also felt helpless.

After a brief acknowledgment, Abigail hung up the phone.

This was something Ronaldo couldn’t handle. Even if he had the power, it would be too easy to find leverage against him and implicate his family.

Luna also felt dejected after seeing Abigail falling into grave silence.

Abigail dazedly held her phone for a moment before asking Luna, “Do you know how to negotiate with the other party?” “I do. Do you want to give it a try?” Luna asked gently.

“We have to try, no matter what. We’re running out of time,” Abigail said urgently.

If they didn’t inform the workers today that they had fabric, they would start resigning one after another. This chain reaction would lead to the company’s collapse.

Luna quickly gave Abigail a quick run down.

Despite their efforts, the other party refused to release the goods and insisted on a penalty.

Abigail’s frown deepened after she ended the call. “This won’t work.” “Dang it!” Luna cursed in frustration.

After a moment of contemplation, Abigail said, “I’ll give you a design, take it to the sample room, and have them make a sample for me as soon as possible.” She picked up her tablet, printed out a design, and handed it to Luna.

“Do we use the standard children’s size chart?” Luna asked.

“Yes. You’re smart.” Abigail beamed.

After Luna left, Abigail called out to her assistant outside, “Notify the workers to come in for the afternoon shift.” “Alright!” The assistant, not understanding how Abigail planned to solve this, went off excitedly to make the calls.

Abigail took out the inventory of fabric and selected several rolls of fabric that had been stored for many years. She had the warehouse start shipping them.

2/3 After she completed these tasks, Abigail opened TikTok and messaged a teacher from a rural village.

‘Hello, I’ve been following you for a long time. I’m a designer from L.Moon Studio. Winter is coming, and I’d like to send the children a batch of winter clothes. If you’re interested, you can contact me.’ She was about to exit the app when the teacher responded.

‘Miss Alana, I really like the clothes you design. I’m so happy that you’re willing to help the children. What do you need me to do?’ I hope you can visit a few villages and tally up the number of children. It would be best if we can reach a quantity of 2000’ For such impoverished

villages, having over a hundred students in one school was already impressive. Achieving over two thousand was extremely challenging.

‘2000? That many? I’ll let the village secretary know right away. Thank you, Miss Alana!’ After the arrangements were made, Abigail couldn’t help but exhale a sigh of relief.

This plan was originally intended for next year, but now, she had no choice but to implement it early.

She had started following this teacher because she found the rural teaching videos interesting. The longer she watched those videos, the more she felt that now that she had the means, she should make some free clothes for the children.

Now, her wish was granted ahead of time.

After all, the workers on the assembly line couldn’t afford to be idle. These were the workers trained by L.Moon, and Abigail didn’t want a single one of them to quit.

When the children’s clothing production started, the teacher Abigail was following sent over the student count.

‘Miss Alana, there are a total of 2243 students, of which 800 are children who can’t afford to go to school. I hope you can make over 200 more pieces because they also desperately need winter clothes.

‘Don’t worry. I’ll make as many as needed.

Hence, the company’s situation temporarily stabilized now that the workers had something to focus on.
