

I Want a Divorce

I Want a Divorce chapter 31-It turned out to be a call from Ana lise. Instinctively, Abigail looked carefully at Sean. When their gazes met, her troubled yet expectant look was visible to the man.

Abigail wanted to urge him, but after parting her lips, she didn't say anything in the end.

"Grandma..." Turning around and leaving, Abigail answered the call and closed the door to the office.

"Abby, have you picked Sean up?" Ana lise inquired.

The sky was getting dark. When the lights in the house turned on, Ana lise's eyesight would get even worse. She didn't want Abigail to know about her eyes in case Abigail got worried as well.

Now, her only wish was to see Abigail getting along well with Sean, but she didn't know if she could have a chance to meet Abigail's and Sean's child in person.

Her thoughts were wandering, and Ana lise finally came to her senses after Abigail called her a few times.

"Huh? What did you say?" "I said, Sean is in a meeting, so I'll have to wait a little. Grandma, if you're hungry, go ahead and eat first. You don't have to wait for us." Abigail glanced at the time.

She didn't know when Sean would be done with work, or to be exact when he would be done with giving her trouble.

No matter what, even if she had to knock Sean unconscious, she would drag him home to meet Ana lise.

"It's okay. I'm not hungry. I'll wait for you two so that we can eat together. Take care on your way back," Ana lise reminded Abigail.

"Got it, Grandma." Abigail nodded. She thought of something, then hastily said, "Grandma, if the food gets cold, don't heat it up in the kitchen by yourself. I'll do it when I come back, okay?" She feared that Ana lise wouldn't know how to use the gas stove.

"All right, got it. Don't worry. I won't touch those things." It was only then that Abigail sighed in relief. After ending the call, she stood in front of the entrance and waited patiently.

Cameron came over to report some work. He dared not say too much as he greeted Abigail with a quick, 'Hello, Mrs. Graham,' and then walked into the office. He let Sean

sign the documents he brought, then said, "Mr. Graham, about the meeting in 10 minutes-" "Cancel it and change it to an online video conference at night." Sean signed the documents with firm strokes.

In all his years working with Sean, Sean had always finished work on the day itself since he was, after all, a very strict person.

This meeting was important because it was their first official meeting with the partners, and they even scheduled a drinking session after the meeting where Sean would be serving the guests personally. Its importance was as clear as day.

However, Cameron didn't dare inquire too much into it. He simply asked, "When will you be free tonight?" Sean's pen paused slightly. "I'm not sure." ∴

Troubled, Cameron could only reply, "I see." After signing the documents, Sean grabbed his coat and strode away. He had just opened the door when Abigail, who was eavesdropping at the door, fell forward.

Sean didn't dodge, so Abigail fell right into his arms.

It looked like she was doing it on purpose.

Sean lowered his head. A panicked yet pretty face was reflected in his dark pupils.

"Um... You're done with work already?" Abigail recovered her balance and looked numbly at the man.

"Yes," he responded, but he didn't seem like he was up for conversation.

"Let us go home, then!" She was overjoyed, and she smiled brilliantly.

Sean felt something odd rising within his heart. Us? Home... She seemed like a little child in kindergarten who waited for hours and finally saw her parents, who were here to take her home.

Worried that Ana lise was getting impatient, Abigail stopped caring about physical touch as she dragged Sean with her and hastily led the way.

Cameron looked at his boss rushing to leave, then suddenly realized why Sean would cancel even the important meeting tonight.

They were a lovey-dovey couple, so Cameron knew that he shouldn't get in the way.

He sniffled and steeled himself to endure the insults and reprimands that would ensue when he talked to the partners later.

Abigail sped all the way home.

Sean sat on the passenger seat, dealing with work documents in his inbox on his iPad as he asked nonchalantly, "What happened to Grandma?" She whipped her head around to glance at him with a shocked expression.

She didn't expect him to be concerned about this. "Her diabetes got so serious that she might lose her sight. She already has difficulty seeing things." Sean didn't respond.

Abigail took a glance and saw that he was focused on his iPad screen. She didn't know if he was listening or not.

He was probably just asking.

"Grandma hid it from me because she didn't want me to worry, so don't spill the beans," Abigail reminded Sean, worried.

This time, Sean responded. "Okay." After that, the two never said another word. The car was awkwardly silent.

Standing in front of the entrance to her home, Abigail took a deep breath to calm her nervous heart as she feared that Sean wasn't good enough at acting.

making mental preparations for five minutes, yet never having the intention to enter.

He frowned a little. Without waiting for Abigail any longer, he took her hand and placed her thumb on the fingerprint lock, unlocking the door.

"Wait, I-" Before Abigail could shout in surprise, she heard the man's low voice ringing in her ears. "Grandma, we're home." Sean's voice was warm and gentle, unlike in the past.

"Sean! Hurry, you must be so hungry! Come and eat!" Ana lise was waiting for them. When she saw the two coming home, she hastily got up and welcomed them.

Perhaps because the couch was a little too low, Ana lise couldn't get up right away.

Sean hastened his steps and held onto Ana lise's arm to offer support. "If you want to visit us next time, just give us a call. Abby and I will pick you up. We'll get worried if you come here alone." Every single word from him was filled with concern.

When Abigail saw that, she felt the corners of her eyes tearing up.

That was the extent of Sean's capabilities. With a face like that, no one could escape his coaxing.

She had been with him for so long, but she had never heard such a long utterance from him.

I Want a Divorce chapter 32-“You’re both busy, so I don’t want to trouble you. I know my way even when I’m alone.” Ana lise patted Sean’s hand, looking content.

“It’s no trouble at all. If you say that, Grandma, are you treating your grandson-in-law as an outsider?” Sean’s voice turned a little sterner as he said seriously.

Ana lise hastily waved her hands. “No, no, of course not! I’m just scared that you’re busy, so—” Sean interrupted her and said word-by-word, “No matter how busy we may be, you take priority. You’ll never be in our way.” Ana lise nodded, her smile so wide that she couldn’t close her mouth.

During dinner, Sean took great care of Ana lise, so much so that Abigail didn’t have the chance to help out.

When Abigail looked at Sean, there was gratefulness in her eyes and also admiration.

I He was too good at acting.

If she hadn’t reminded him about it before, she wouldn’t know that this was all an act.

After dinner, Abigail cleaned up the table, then got up and went to the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Sean, who never did house chores in his life, broke the record when he asked her for a tablecloth to wipe the table with.

“No, it’s okay, I’ll deal with that. Go and chat with Grandma.” Abigail gripped the tablecloth in her hands tightly, a look of terror on her face.

“If I’m just chilling while her granddaughter busies around, she’ll feel uncomfortable about it,” Sean explained, then reached out his hand.

When Abigail thought about it, she felt that it made sense. After some hesitation, she passed the tablecloth to him.

Then, she asked carefully, “Do... Do you know how to wipe the table?” Sean was speechless.

Her words were more or less insulting. Sean ignored her and went out with the tablecloth.

As Ana lise watched Sean wipe the table, then sweep and mop the floor in an orderly manner, the smile on her face grew in satisfaction.

By the looks of it, her darling granddaughter was pampered by her grandson-in-law.

If not, why would a noble young master from a rich family do household chores like this?

After mopping the floor, Sean finally chatted with Ana lise.

Just a few words from him were enough to make Ana lise smile happily.

From the kitchen, Abigail glanced at them from time to time. When she made sure that Ana lise was truly happy, she secretly let out a sigh of relief.

When she had cleaned up and walked out with a plate of fruit, Sean had already coaxed Ana lise to go to bed.

Right at that moment, Sean's phone rang. He hastily set it to silent mode, then pointed outside.

Abigail's house was small and not soundproofed, so she nodded when she understood what he meant: he wanted to go outside to answer the call.

Sean carefully got up and walked toward the balcony.

Seeing the tall man walking gingerly, Abigail pursed her lips and completely suppressed the emotions raging in her eyes.

It's all an act.

appy If she thought it was real, she would be the fool here.

Abigail sat on the couch, waiting quietly for Sean to come back from his call.

As soon as the balcony door opened, she shot up instinctively. "Um, are you going to hold a video conference now? Shall I send you back?" Sean lowered his gaze and glanced intently at her, then turned and looked at the clock on the wall. "It's starting in 10 minutes, so I won't make it if I head back now. Do you have a computer?" Abigail hastily said, "Yes." However, the study was close to the room Ana lise was staying in; therefore, fearing that the noise would disturb Ana lise, Abigail suggested after a moment of hesitation, "Do you mind holding the meeting in my bedroom?" Sean walked toward her bedroom. "No problem." Abigail then hastily went to her bedroom and cleaned out a space on the desk for him.

Sean noticed Abigail yawning a few times in a row. "If you're tired, just go to sleep. The meeting may take a long time." This meant that he would be staying over for the night.

Abigail didn't protest that. Instead, it was even good news to her. If not, she would have to tell Ana lise more lies tomorrow.

After Sean's meeting started, Abigail quietly hid herself. She washed up, then grabbed her blankets and set up a mattress on the floor.

The next morning, Abigail felt her body hurting all over as she returned to the studio in Sean's car. Then, she slumped onto the chair. "Why do you look like you're dying? Weren't you going to get divorced? Why don't you look happy?" Luna asked.

Abigail sighed. "Sean and I were about to sign the divorce agreement in the morning, but now, we didn't get to sign it, and I have to beg Sean not to leave." I fear Grandma wouldn't be able to take i