

# I Want a Divorce

## chapter 33

I Want a Divorce chapter 33-“Grandma came?” When Luna understood what was going on, she was surprised at first, but then she quickly pouted. “Are you thinking of faking it forever? Grandma is quite smart, you know.” Of course, Abigail knew that. She said in exasperation, “We’ll keep that up for now. She’s been in ill health lately, and she lost quite a lot of weight. She came over just to see if Sean and I are getting along, so if I told her that Sean and I filed a divorce, she wouldn’t be able to take it. I want to spend a few more years with her, after all.” Luna rubbed her chin, then pointed out, “Hm, then you have to remind Sean to stay away from Homewrecker Palmer. If not, if he was found cheating on you, everyone will be hospitalized.”

Ana lise might seem gentle, but if anyone dared to bully Abigail, she would fight tooth and nail for her granddaughter.

When Abigail was around five years old, she was almost kidnapped. Ana lise was the one who held a scythe in her hand and ran after the kidnappers relentlessly.

The kidnappers ran out of energy in the chase, so they had no choice but to abandon Abigail.

In the end, they were beaten up by Ana lise. If the police hadn’t held the older woman back, those people might already be dead.

Ever since then, everyone in the area knew that Ana lise wasn’t one to be messed with, so Abigail was also affected by the reputation. Not many would dare to pick on Abigail in all those years.

Abigail chuckled. “The house I’m living in is on a higher floor. Can you keep a lookout for a small house with nice surroundings that is on a lower floor in the community? Now that she’s here, I don’t intend on letting her go home, so I want to let her live in a more comfortable place. I’ll transfer the money to you later.” Luna agreed decisively. “Your grandma is as good as mine. Don’t worry about the house. I promise I’ll get it done.” Abigail felt her heart warming up. “If Grandma meets you, she’ll be so happy.” Luna said in glee, “Of course! Who would hate a capable and cool granddaughter? I haven’t met Grandma in a while, so I miss her too.” Abigail smiled. “You’re so arrogant.” It was time to clock out. Sean’s phone call came right on the dot. Abigail frowned as she rubbed her sore neck, then answered it hesitantly. “What’s the matter?” “I’m waiting for you at the entrance of your studio.” Sean’s voice was calm.

Abigail was stunned for a moment before she remembered Sean promising Ana lise in the morning that they would go home together at night.

Sean was cooperating with her, but she forgot all about it. She didn't even gather her stuff before she grabbed her laptop and ran outside. "Coming." Sean was sitting in the car when he saw Abigail walking out on her high heels, her laptop in hand. Her long hair was tied up in a low bun, and a strand of hair near her temple hung messily over her ear. She looked completely different from the always-exquisite Mrs. Graham she used to be.

Seeing that Abigail was getting into the car, Sean subconsciously picked up the folder he had placed at the side.

"Thank you," Abigail said politely, "Have you been here for long?" An awkward look flashed across Sean's eyes as he quickly looked away. "I just arrived." It was only then that Abigail felt less anxious. She rarely spent time alone with Sean like this, so she felt somewhat awkward. She decisively placed her laptop on her lap and continued working on her drafts.

Sean glanced at it to find that it was a clothing design. A clothing design, huh? "Why the sudden interest in fashion design?" Abigail's heart skipped a beat. She almost forgot she had asked Luna to hide her identity under the alias Alana.

She didn't know if Sean could understand the drafts, either.

She closed her laptop quietly. "I studied fashion design in the past, and now that I'm in the field, I picked it up again." Sean looked at her intently. "Are you close to Alana?" Abigail feared that she would slip up if she said too much, so she replied with one word, "Yes." She didn't have the intention to continue the conversation, and Sean didn't know what to say for a moment. He wasn't very familiar with fashion design.

In the past, they would either meet on the bed or on the way to bed. When Abigail didn't continue the conversation, the vibe turned a little awkward.

Fortunately, Cameron, who was in the front seat, turned around in time to ease the awkwardness. "Mr. Graham, we have the weekly company assembly at 8.00AM tomorrow. Then, you'll patrol the company from 9.30AM to 12.00PM, and at noon... At noon..." "Speak." When Sean saw Cameron suddenly hesitating, he frowned and urged the latter to continue.

"M-Miss Palmer invited you to lunch." With that, Cameron couldn't help but observe Abigail's reaction through the rearview mirror.

Cameron shouldn't have said anything.

"Decline all the meal appointments for the next few days," Sean answered nonchalantly, but his gaze drifted over to Abigail. He also wanted to see her reaction.

Abigail was expressionless, as if Sean had an appointment with a random stranger.

Sean's relatively gentle expression instantly turned cold.

Cameron knew that Sean was upset, and for a moment, he wanted to cry. I seem to have said something wrong.

However, the two were too awkward around each other. One of them stayed mum about going to the studio entrance early on, whereas the other said nothing when she heard that Sean had a meal appointment with another woman. He felt like an unnecessary mouthpiece.

Ah! I'm so done!

I Want a Divorce chapter 34-When the two arrived home, Ana lise was already bustling about in the kitchen.

Abigail washed her hands and entered the kitchen. "Let me do it, Grandma." Ana lise wanted to decline, but when she saw Sean taking off his coat and entering as well, she instantly smiled. "Sure, of course! You two probably like more seasoned food, so go ahead." Abigail had just taken a seat next to Ana lise when a piece of fish appeared on her plate. She looked up and saw that it was from none other than Sean.

She returned the favor with a sweet smile, but she was complaining in her heart.

I don't like fish!

Is this man getting revenge on me for getting in the way between his lunch appointment with Joan?

Furious, Abigail grabbed a large spi cy chicken wing and placed them on Sean's plate. Then, she said innocently and caringly, "Darling, you like chicken wings, don't you? Eat as much as you like!" Abigail was a proper Chilgalesian, so she was adept at eating spi cy food.

The spi cy chicken wings weren't just spi cy, but they were also filled with numbing spices.

It didn't matter if one could pick all the spices out; they were hidden under the skin, so they were impossible to detect.

Sean couldn't handle spi cy food.

He took a bite, then his expression instantly froze. He looked up at Abigail.

Abigail blinked. "Is it not delicious?" Sean didn't make a sound. He silently finished the food she placed on his plate, then put more fish on hers. He gave her a slightly challenging look as he said, "Eat as much as you like." Abigail fell silent.

“Don’t you like it?” Sean mimicked her tone. “Darling?” Abigail gritted her teeth so strongly that her teeth almost smashed into pieces. She put on a fake smile and said, “Hah, no, I do like it.” She lowered her head and ate the fish. For a moment, she didn’t know if the fish was worse, or the fact that he called her ‘darling’.

She felt something heavy in her throat.

After dinner, Abigail hastily ran off. The meal was giving her goosebumps.

There weren’t any video conferences scheduled for that day, but after dinner, tell him funny stories about Abigail’s childhood.

When it was over, it was almost 11.00PM.

Abigail coaxed Ana lise to go to bed. When she emerged from Ana lise’s room, she noticed that Sean hadn’t left. He was standing in the small living room, holding the toy drum with red linings that Ana lise had brought from the countryside. With a slight movement of his fingers, dull sounds came from the toy drum. Thump! Thump!

Perhaps fearing it would wake Ana lise, he put it down after the two thumps.

Then, he picked up the small shoes next to it.

To be honest, they were about to be divorced, so Abigail was more or less a single woman right now. However, now that there were so many children’s things in the house, it would create certain misunderstandings.

Would Sean think that Abigail was getting a divorce while pregnant?

One was too busy while the other was too sleepy yesterday, so none of them had time for that. On that night, the two were extremely sober, so Abigail feared that Sean might get the wrong idea. She cleared her throat and stepped forward. “Um... Don’t get the wrong idea. Grandma brought these from the countryside. I’m not pregnant.” Sean looked up at her, then put down the shoes in his hands. “Okay.” He didn’t respond much, so she didn’t want to force the conversation along. It might look too suspicious. Hence, she stiffly changed the subject. “Are you going home tonight?” With that, she felt a little guilty; she felt as if she were a horrible ingrate.

It was as if she were chasing him out after taking advantage of him. So, she hastily added, “I’m not chasing you away; I just worry that you’d think that this place is too small, so it’s not-” Nice enough... Before she could continue her sentence, she heard Sean say calmly, “I don’t mind.” “Huh?” She whipped her head up, looking at Sean in a daze.

Sean gave her a meaningful glance, then walked toward the bedroom. “I don’t mind it at all. You should rest early. You still have work tomorrow.” Abigail was speechless.

So, he's staying for the night?

Abigail didn't know how she got back to her bedroom. Either way, when she got back, Sean had already washed up and put on the new loungewear she placed in the wardrobe. He lay comfortably on the bed, leaning against the headboard as he handled documents on his iPad.

The bedroom was dimly lit, and only the bedside lamp illuminated his profile.

It also shone some light on the half-open collar of his clothes, teasing a length of cold, pale skin.

The casually gelled hair during the day now hung in fluffy and tame locks. His forehead was concealed, but his deep and cold eyes were in full view.

Abigail felt like she was just critically hit with amazing beauty. She subconsciously gulped.

She had to admit that Sean truly was good-looking, and he had a decent build too. Even though she made fun of him sometimes, she had experienced it herself. Regarding a certain matter, he wasn't just capable, but he was also extremely good at it.

Even though it was just once a month, it was enough for her to reminisce.

Sean was a handsome man who had both riches and a splendid figure, so it was no wonder that Joan would want to snag him no matter the cost.

Abigail tried to keep her calm as she took out a change of clothes from the wardrobe and went to shower. She left too quickly, so she didn't notice that the moment she left, the man in the room glanced discreetly at his own chest, frowning a little before he reached up and undid another button.

Critically Beautiful When Abigail came back from her shower, she had already calmed down, so she went to grab the extra blanket from the wardrobe.

However... "Huh?" She looked at the empty slot. "Where's my blanket? I just put it back this morning

I Want a Divorce chapter 35-Sean looked in the direction of Abigail's voice, pursing his thin lips for a few seconds before saying, "I saw two blankets on the bed in Grandma's room just now. She probably feels cold. Why don't you go get it?" Abigail thought for a moment. "Never mind." If Ana lise truly felt cold, Abigail absolutely wouldn't take it.

If Ana lise realized something, then Abigail would be making it too obvious.

She was wondering how she should sleep at night when Sean moved to the side, clearing a space on Abigail's side. He seemed to have understood the situation. "Come sleep." ↻ Abigail was speechless.

She only struggled for a second before walking expressionlessly to the bed.

She pulled back a corner of the blanket, then lay down stiffly. She even turned off the bedside lamp.

She comforted herself, telling herself that they wouldn't be doing anything.

After all, they had shared a bed before.

If he wasn't afraid, what should she be afraid of?

But as she closed her eyes, she couldn't fall asleep no matter what.

She got cold easily, so as soon as summer was over, her hands and feet would feel cold. She could never feel warm under the blanket, and she didn't like turning on the air-conditioner, so as soon as she lay down, she felt unaccustomed to the warmth around her.

The man's familiar smell of hormones filled her nostrils as it mingled with the smell of the body wash and shampoo she always used. Toasted by the man's warmth, she felt quite hot, so even if they didn't do anything, the atmosphere felt suggestive as long as the two shared a bed.

Abigail turned around and almost flopped on the bed. She had her back to Sean, and her features bunched up in a frown.

When she realized that the man behind her remained quiet and motionless, she slowly relaxed. In the end, she couldn't win against fatigue, so she fell asleep.

That night, her slumber wasn't peaceful at all. Her dreams were cold and numerous.

The relationship between the Quinn Family and the Graham Family started when Colby brought young Sean to the holiday villa near the village where the Quinns lived. According to Theodore, Sean was ill.

Every child in the village knew that the young master from a rich family was staying in the yard of the holiday villa. The boy had a weird personality and some screws loose in his head, for he regarded everyone as if they were his enemy.

The adults in the village feared that their mischievous children would offend some prominent figure, so they scared the kids by telling them that Sean had contracted an illness that could spread to them, so they shouldn't play with him.

But, of course, Sean didn't fancy playing with them either.

Only Abigail, because of her grandmother's fierce personality, was brave enough to go anywhere in the world. She brought her classmates to play at the beach in front of the holiday villa, and someone started getting into the sea.

In the end, when they were swimming back, they encountered a rip current.

In her attempt to push her friends back to shore, Abigail was plunged into the bottom of the ocean.

Later on, she didn't know where she floated off to. She only knew that her lungs were about to burst, and she couldn't swim no matter how much she struggled. She would get a mouthful of seawater every time she shouted for help. Her eyes and throat hurt like hell.

Just when she felt like she was about to die, an arm reached out and dragged her forward. In her dreams, she could still see the blurry surface of the ocean, the surging white waves, and the deep eyes of the boy when he turned around and looked at her.

Back then, Sean was only around 14 years old.

The scene changed to when they were getting married. He still gazed at her, with the same deep look, but his eyes were colored with impatience.

He didn't even remember her. On the night of the wedding, he feverishly desired her, but at the same time, he was extremely cold. "Isn't this what you want? Are you satisfied now?" Abigail was struggling in her sleep. "No..." This wasn't what she wanted. It wasn't her that night, either... As she phased between consciousness and slumber, she suddenly felt someone grabbing her waist.

As if getting an electric shock, she struggled to get away. Her movements were too broad, and then, a slap sounded in the air. She didn't know which part of Sean she hit.

Sean grabbed her wrist and flipped around, pinning her under him as he demanded through gritted teeth, "What are you doing?"

I Want a Divorce chapter 36-"I should be the one asking you that!" Abigail instantly came to her senses.

She felt both embarrassment and disdain as she tried to wrestle the man's hand away. "Why are you touching me in your sleep?" She was more concerned about whether Sean had developed the habit of holding another person in his sleep.

And that person was, of course, not her.



Sean was silent as he looked down at her. "Isn't this what you wanted?" Abigail was stunned for a moment, thinking that she hadn't woken up from her dream. She asked with a confused expression, "What do you mean, what I wanted?" Enunciating clearly, Sean said, "There are so many children's things in the

house, and you even hung a picture in the bedroom. There are also clothes for me in the wardrobe and men's slippers at the entrance. Don't tell me that they're prepared for Kevin." She didn't want the divorce at all.

She was just trying to be with him in another way.

Sean hated her little tricks in the past, but now, he felt as if he could tolerate them.

If she wanted it, he would just satisfy her.

Abigail was stunned for a whole minute. She stared right into Sean's eyes with the darkness weaved between them, looking like he had heard the most shocking news of the century. To Sean, however, her silence meant consent.

Hence, he lowered himself to complete the task he set out to do.

Bam!

When Sean registered what was going on, he was already lying on the floor.

He hit his back against the floor, and the pain seared through his body as he seethed through gritted teeth, "Abigail!" Abigail scooted back into the bed, wrapping herself up tightly with the blanket."Grandma was the one who laid those things out. She wants me to have a child, not you! We're getting divorced soon, so how can I possibly have a child with you? Just give up." She pursed her lips and added, "You either go home yourself or be good and sleep. If we wake Grandma up, I'll get Grandpa here to be the judge." Colby favored Abigail and respected her grandmother, so if Sean provoked An alise, he would have it coming for him.

What was the worst that could happen? They could die together if need be.

With that, she didn't care where Sean went as she wrapped herself in the blanket and went to sleep.

In the end, early the next morning, Abigail opened her eyes drearily and raised her head to see Sean's tense jawline. She had just witnessed for herself what it meant to eat her words. When had she rolled into Sean's arms?!

"I didn't invite you into my arms." Sean's slightly mocking voice sounded above her head.



Abigail hastily rolled to the side. When she saw the man's expression that said, 'Didn't you say that you don't want children?', she wanted to just die.

"Who told you to sleep on the bed?!" Even she herself knew that the reasoning was a bit of a stretch.

I kicked him off the bed last night, right?

Sean turned around and got off the bed. He didn't care that he was right in front of Abigail as he took off his clothes, revealing the clearly defined muscles on his back. He opened the wardrobe and found a shirt to change into, then took off his pants.

Abigail covered her eyes and retorted, "Are you out of your mind?!" Sean glanced at her, then said in a calm voice, "Buy a better-quality shirt next time. I've never worn such an ugly one in my life." FAL Abigail was furious.

She removed her hands from her eyes to see that he had changed into the clothes she hung in the wardrobe. He instantly looked like an elite. She blurted out, "That wasn't bought for you." Sean scoffed. "Do you want to go out and tell Grandma what you just said to me?" Abigail instantly fell silent.

Fine, she had asked a favor of someone she should never mess with.

She would endure it for An alise's sake.

In the morning, as soon as Abigail arrived at the studio, Luna scooted over with a gossipy look on her face. "Looks like quite the battle." Abigail looked in the direction Luna was staring when she noticed a red mark on the spot by her collar. A fingernail must have scratched that spot when COVEAL she pushed Sean off the bed last night.

Abigail didn't cover it up as she graciously allowed Luna to look at it. "Don't tug at it or you'll ruin my clothes. Nothing happened between us last night, so stop making up scenarios in your brain!" Luna's jaw dropped. "So, you're seriously living together and sharing the same bed? Abigail, don't tell me you're falling for him again! Even though Sean looked nice and all, he had an affair! You absolutely mustn't tolerate that!" "We're just putting on a show for Grandma. I'm not that desperate." Abigail adjusted her collar.

"Go and start drawing. I will bring you out for some salad later and even pray for you." Seeing that Abigail still had her wits about her, Luna was reassured.

Abigail put down the documents. "By the way..." She told Luna about the Top Designer program Kevin mentioned.

Luna's eyes lit up. "Why didn't you agree on the spot when you have such a wonderful opportunity on your doorstep? It's the same as declining free food!"

Are you stupid?" Abigail thought for a moment. "I keep feeling like there's something off about this. Why would he tell me about it when he intends to invite you to the show?" Did he realize that she was Alana?

Luna arranged the documents as she said, "The show started getting promoted three months ago, and there's only one spot left. The netizens even created a poll online, and you have the greatest number of supporters. It's only natural that Kevin asks us for a partnership. As for why he talked to you, hm, maybe it's because he's more familiar with you. We caused a ruckus in his office last time, after all, proving that if you wanted to talk to Alana, you'd have to go through her assistant first. Moreover, we're fighting with East Joy Talent, so there's no point in lying!" Luna had a point.

Abigail perked up a little. "Then I'll organize the materials tonight, and when I'm done, I'll send them straight to Kevin." In the afternoon, she dialed Kevin's number.

It was extremely noisy on Kevin's end, so after finally getting to a quiet place, he asked, "Have you made up your mind?" Abigail answered, "I've discussed it with Alana. We're joining."

I Want a Divorce chapter 37-"Alright. That's settled, then. I'll get someone to sort out the contract with you." Kevin was pleased. "Welcome! I won't let you... guys down." "I do have a small request to make, though." Having recalled something, Abigail quickly spoke up before Kevin ended the call.

"Go ahead." With all the noise around him, Kevin had to max out the volume to make sure he could hear what Abigail's request was.

"For this matter..." Abigail paused. "I don't want Sean to find out about this." It wasn't worth it if her situation with Sean affected the studio and the production.

Kevin was quiet for a short while before he replied, "Sure... I guess." If I don't tell Sean anything, it won't count as him finding out, right?

After hanging up, he walked over to Sean who had just come in. "Oh, Sean.

What brings you here?" "What's the matter? Are you involved in something shady?" Sean leaned against the couch and crossed his long legs. His bony fingers tapped against the glass table with loud clacks.

He had entered at an unfortunate moment. Even though he couldn't catch their conversation, he wasn't so much of a fool that he didn't recognize the familiar voice.

"I wish I was. Everyone knows that shady deals bring in the most profits." Kevin walked over to Sean and winked. "It's just a few of the company's latest projects." Seeing as Kevin didn't intend to carry on with this line of conversation, Sean's eyes darkened.

Sean didn't press any further, but he didn't notice the flash of displeasure that flickered within him.

He knew that Kevin was a man of his word and wouldn't get involved with Developing Muscle Memory in Two Days 3/7 Abigail, but for some reason, the thought that the two of them got along well enough to share a secret made him uncomfortable.

"Come. I just closed a major deal. I'll buy you a meal. You can choose the place today. We can talk at the table." Kevin gave Sean a pat on the shoulder.

He was clearly in a good mood.

"No, thanks. I've got work to do back at the office." Sean flicked Kevin's hand away. He came over because he had something to discuss with Kevin, but all of a sudden, he lost all patience and left without hesitation.

Kevin sighed. How frustrating. I gave my word so I can't say anything. Sean doesn't even take the initiative to ask. I didn't even get to enjoy a good show.

On the way back to the office, Cameron noticed that Sean wasn't in a good mood. His boss had a long face the whole time.

"Mr. Graham, we'll be passing by L.Moon Studio on the way to the office. Why don't we drop the desserts off..." After hesitating for quite some time, Cameron couldn't resist making the suggestion.

Early this morning, Sean instructed Cameron to head over to a luxury bakery in the city's west district to buy its famous red velvet cake as well as a few other desserts with the intention of bringing them over to Abigail during lunchtime.

The sudden change of plans caught Cameron off-guard. He didn't know what to do.

"Toss everything." Sean leaned against his seat and closed his eyes. The icy tone of his voice stopped Cameron from asking any questions as he drove back to the office.

Later that afternoon, once Sean was done with all of his work, he instinctively checked the time.

It was almost time to get off work. He wondered if he should give Abigail a call.

However, as soon as that thought crossed his mind, his brows furrowed tightly.

In all honesty, the two of them had only been getting along peacefully the last two days. Had it already become muscle memory for him? She's the one who doesn't want a divorce.

All of a sudden, Sean's phone buzzed, cutting off his train of thought.

He picked up the phone. Once he saw the screen, his eyes flashed with annoyance, but he answered the call anyway.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Graham. I'm Sabrina Murphy." A crisp and professional voice rang out.

Sean had to take a moment before he recalled who that person was.

Sabrina knew that Sean didn't like wasting time, so she cut straight to the chase