

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 61-100

61-70

I Want a Divorce Chapter 61-Stop Shipping Random Couples At 3.00PM, the production team announced that there would be three hours of recreation time- which would be live-streamed. Abigail had been racking her brains for a way to get closer to Sean, and her eyes lit up the moment she heard the announcement. Under Luna's eager anticipation, she changed into a loose white T- shirt and a run-of-the-mill pair of bleached skinny jeans that framed her long and slender legs. Still, such an outfit was very unattractive in the eyes of a fashion designer. "Is that it? I thought you were going to pull out all the stops to sweep Kevin off his feet." Luna's eyes popped out in incredulity at her aesthetic sense today. Who cares about Kevin? I'm here to court Sean! thought Abigail inwardly. Upon arriving at the banquet hall, she immediately spotted Sean sitting next to Kevin, his eyes impassive. He seemed uninterested in the tea party. On the other hand, Kevin's eyes lit up at the sight of Abigail. He whispered to Sean, "You were gone for an hour after lunch. Did you go looking for her after finally realizing that you've got something to say to her?" "Shut up." Sean pushed his face away in disgust, his eyes quietly scanning Abigail's attire. Kevin let out a stifled laugh. Then, he stood up, beckoning to Abigail and Luna in a friendly manner like a big boss. He said, "Miss Smith, come over and have a seat here." Luna dragged Abigail along, fearing that Joan would get the jump on them and take up the seat before they could. Kevin gave up his seat to Luna, showing none of the steadiness befitting the head of the production team. He said animatedly, "You two sit on the right; I'll sit to the left of Mr. Graham. Don't be shy, both of you. Today's afternoon tea party is all about relaxation and fun, so please make yourselves at home." Even though not everyone had arrived in the banquet hall, all eyes of those present were fixed on Luna. They envied her for the preferential treatment she received from Kevin. Luna and Abigail exchanged a brief look before they made a dramatic show of pushing and nudging to offer the seat to each other. Then, seeing that it was enough, Luna forcefully seated Abigail—who pretended to be shy and reserved— next to Sean, saying, "Don't be afraid. Mr. Abigail nodded, appearing extremely meek and obedient. Kevin struggled to contain his laughter, feeling like he might burst out laughing at any moment. He raised his hand and pinched his chin with all his might, trying to keep himself from breaking into laughter. His shoulders trembled slightly, as if he were having an epileptic seizure. Sean kicked him in the leg, upon which he immediately drew a quiet breath before sitting up with a straight face. "This is Mr. Graham, whom I'm sure all of you have long heard of. He look stern, but he's an amiable person, actually. Miss Smith, who has worked with him, understands this best." Luna

eagerly chimed in, "Yeah, that's right." All the designers present called out in unison, "Good afternoon, Mr. Graham." may Abigail felt that Kevin's words were an indirect way of justifying the seating arrangements. Naturally, a major investor like Sean wouldn't want to be seated with people he didn't know well. Since Luna had worked with him before, her sitting next to him would be the most appropriate. She surmised that Kevin's seat was probably intended for Joan, who had yet to arrive. Sean nodded, acknowledging everyone. Luna cleared her throat and said to Abigail, "Mr. Graham is attending such an event for the first time. Abigail, you're quick-witted and good with your hands. Make sure not to slight him." Abigail replied dutifully at once, "I got it, Miss Smith." Given Sean's prominent status, Luna instructing her to focus on serving him was indeed a wise move. She poured a glass of soda for Sean while everyone watched. Joan arrived late to find Abigail sitting next to Sean, separating Luna from him. Enraged, she quickly walked over to the large round table in the banquet hall. She stood in front of Kevin and- suppressing the boiling anger within her-asked with a sweet and gentle smile, "Mr. Stewart, why didn't you save a seat for me? You know about my relationship with Sean, don't you?" Kevin replied with a look of astonishment, "Oh, dear! Miss Palmer, it's already 3.30PM. I thought you weren't going to attend the party." Joan's cheeks reddened with suppressed anger. "How could I not attend the party..." she said, looking expectantly at Sean. Much to her dismay, Sean paid no attention to her, being completely absorbed in eating the orange Abigail had peeled for him. Joan knew full well that the man wouldn't give her special treatment at this moment, especially since he was an investor. Since she failed to arrive on time, she had no reason to make a fuss just because her seat had been taken. Moreover, she had to maintain her public image in front of the camera. Abigail paid no attention to her. She was now making every effort to please Sean, hoping he would give her another chance to explain herself. This time, she was determined to talk nicely and not make him angry-all in the hope that he would help her retrieve the design draft. Kevin persuaded Joan earnestly, "Miss Palmer, it's recreation time now. Come on, don't be so serious. The seat over there is pretty nice, too; just look up, and you'll be able to see Mr. Graham. That's not bad, isn't it?" Joan was inwardly seething with anger, but outwardly, she gave in, saying, "Okay." Reluctantly, she took the seat furthest from Sean at the round table, her heart filled with an even stronger loathing for Luna and Abigail. On the other hand, Abigail was delighted to see that Sean had eaten the fruit she had offered, which he usually liked. She suggested in a more relaxed tone, "Mr. Graham, would you like another bottle of soda?" Sean raised his eyelids and glanced at her before nodding slightly. This ambiguous look in his eyes was captured on the live broadcast. The netizens who had initially found the tea party boring were now captivated by the way he looked at Abigail. One of them commented, 'Is it just my imagination, or is Sean Graham really looking at Alana's assistant in a way that suggests some sort of romance?' Another replied, 'I agree with you.... I'm twisting like a pretzel in my bed now. What a look in the eyes of an ultimate charmer!'

I Want a Divorce Chapter 62-Two-Faced B*tch Abigail fetched a bottle of soda for Sean and uncapped it, placing it next to her own drink.

Sitting on her other side, Luna gently tickled her hand.

Abigail didn't look at her, but she opened her palm, allowing Luna to write on it.

Luna wrote, 'Don't just get him sodas when there are so many drinks available!

This brand of soda is the cheapest on the show; they're only here as a sort of filler.

Only then did Abigail realize that the products that appeared on the live stream were all a subtle form of product placement. The rumors surrounding Sean and Joan were already generating a great deal of attention in the first place, so the production team would certainly give more camera time to these two to create more topics for the show. Therefore, her holding a drink of make-do soda was simply wasting a great advertising opportunity.

That being said, she remembered Sean's preferences. He liked soda water and nothing else.

After pondering for a moment, she moved her own bottle of mineral water, which she had taken a sip from, further away. Then, she grabbed a bottle of energy drink and uncapped it, taking a sip from it before placing it next to the bottle of soda.

Seeing her actions, Sean tapped his fingers on the table.

The lazy Susan was turning slowly.

Seeing the cheese-stuffed biscuits, which Sean disliked, end up in front of him, Abigail hurriedly reached out and moved them further away. She had no idea why he disliked cheese-stuffed biscuits. Just the smell of them would make him frown, but he had no issues with the cheese itself.

Sean took another look at her. She remembers all of my preferences. Casually, he picked up the energy drink nearby and took a few drinks of it.

Many people were silently watching him, and now, seeing his behavior, those watching him couldn't help but gasp in surprise. If their memory served them well, he was drinking the same drink Abigail had just sipped from!

Joan was already eyeing Abigail with hostility because the latter knew everything about Sean's preferences. And now, seeing him drinking the same drink Abigail had sipped from almost caused Joan to explode then and there.

Abigail also never expected the man to drink from her bottle suddenly. She watched his Akats apple bob up and down, which reminded her of how her lips had touched the mouth of the bonde In an instant, her heart fluttered with unease. How dare he do this in front of the cament in the eyes of others, it'd look like we're kissing indirectly!

At this point, viewers of the livestream had already gone wild with excitement.

One of them commented, 'Look, didn't I just say that Sean Graham was looking at this aintain a way that suggested some sort of romance? And now he's drinking from the same bottle the jun drank from. If this isn't a kiss, what else could it be?! I bet that he must've taken a fancy to this pretty assistant! F*ck!

Damn it, I can't help shipping them!

A viewer retorted, 'Stop with the crazy theories, will you?! It's obvious that the assistant doesn't know any better. This energy drink is clearly a product placement. Who does she think the is, daring to advertise to an investor? It's clear that Sean had no choice but to drink it for the sake of the show. This assistant is really disgusting!

A viewer replied, 'Who is disgusting here? Don't you even know who Sean Graham is? is an inwestor even worth sacrificing himself for that little amount of investment? Joan Palmer has been staging everything on her own. Has Sean ever come forward to respond to the rumors?

Another viewer replied, 'I just did some research on Sean Graham and found that he had always drunk soda on the few occasions he had shown up. His profile also mentioned that he loathes cheese-stuffed biscuits. Obviously, this assistant has always known his preferences. They love each other!' A viewer chimed in, 'His eyes being glued to the assistant is one thing, but now he's even drinking from the bottle she just drank! Isn't that obvious enough? The assistant is simply dressed, but she looks much more graceful than Joan Palmer. She is such a perfect match for Sean Both sides entered into a fierce argument.

Sean put down the energy drink and casually asked Abigail, "What are you looking at?" Abigail withdrew her gaze. "Nothing" She wondered if he had noticed her taking a sip from the energy drink... The way he conducted himself was so natural.

Watching the pair's interactions, Joan struggled to suppress her anger. She said to those around her with a sweet smile, "Let's play a game, shall we? Designers and models are mysterious professions. Why don't we take advantage of this leisurely recreation time to let the audience get to know us?" As soon as she said that, the live stream's live chat was flooded with comments.

Kevin was wearing a Bluetooth earpiece, through which his subordinates in the control room reported the situation about the live chat to him. Immediately, he stood up and agreed with Joan, saying, "That's a good idea. As it happens, the production team has prepared a game of Truth or Dare, so why don't we start now?" The production team quickly brought in the props for the game of Truth or Dare— a booklet and a big wheel.

Joan raised her hand eagerly, shouting. "I'll go first! I'll go first!" At once, the fun atmosphere was livened up.

Truth or Dare was a great way to pass the time and make the show more entertaining. The game started with Joan, but Abigail's turn also came a few times. When faced with difficult questions, she drank red wine right away. After drinking nearly a whole glass of red wine, she started to feel a little dizzy.

Joan soon got a second chance to spin the wheel.

Abigail and others watched as Joan spun the wheel. The pointer spun a few rounds rapidly, and unfortunately, it eventually pointed at Abigail.

Luna looked at Joan.

"Truth or dare?" Joan's face was glowing with delight, and her eyes, which were adorned with colored contact lenses, sparkled with the glint of a predator catching its prey.

"Truth," answered Abigail after a moment of consideration.

Joan blushed slightly, biting her lip. After looking serious and thoughtful for a moment, she asked in a loud voice, "Are you still a virgin? How many boyfriends have you had?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 63-Staying Together in the Same Room Kevin couldn't help but let out a chuckle. "You certainly know how to ask questions." Enjoying the spectacle, he even darted a look at Sean after finishing his sentence, his eyes apparently filled with amusement.

Sean leaned back in his chair and turned his head slightly, fixing his gaze upon Abigail's face. His expression seemed casual, but his jaw was tense, making it hard to tell whether he was curious or indifferent about it.

Abigail's ears and neck turned pink; she hadn't expected Joan to actually ask such questions in front of the camera during a live stream. After hesitating for a moment, she whispered, "Can you ask a different question?" Everyone had been nervously watching her at first. Hearing her say so, they breathed a sigh of relief while exchanging glances with one another, as if intentionally conveying a different message to the camera.

The look in Joan's eyes was meaningful, but she sounded affectionate. "If you don't want to answer my question, you can always choose to drink instead. It's not like it's mandatory to answer." As soon as she finished her sentence, a male designer who considered himself suave and handsome quipped, "This question is really nothing; it's just an appetizer for Truth or Dare, actually. In this day and age, it's no big deal if a girl is no longer a virgin, right? Who hasn't dated several people?" 1 #

Luna gently placed the walnut in her hand on the table and flashed a pointed smile. "We're not playing Truth or Dare with close friends here. Shouldn't the questions raised show a sense of decorum, especially when there are at least tens of thousands of viewers on the livestream? What's the point of asking if a girl is still a virgin?" "Come on, it's just a game." Joan instantly pretended to be innocent and hurt.

Seeing Joan deliberately play the victim to make her fans attack Luna, Abigail immediately stepped forward and replied, "It's true that it's just a game. I'll answer it, then. I've only had one boyfriend.

He's got good looks and is gorgeous, so I never let him go." Kevin's eyes widened with feigned curiosity. "What level of handsomeness are we talking about here?" Abigail looked at him and managed to produce a smile. "Among the men present, one is quite close to that standard." Kevin burst out laughing uncontrollably. "Then you must be talking about Mr.

Graham. He's the only one here who fits the bill." Sean wrapped his arms around his chest, not realizing his grip had tightened somewhat.

"Alright, let's start the second round. Miss Quinn, it's your turn." Joan immediately spoke after Kevin without giving Abigail a chance to respond.

Although she didn't let it show, Abigail's reply ignited her anger.

This time, Abigail spun the wheel herself.

The pointer made a full spin and then slowly stopped in front of Sean.

The viewers burst into laughter. One of them commented, 'What kind of attraction this is! This is, just magnetic, isn't it? Aww, their chemistry is making me crazy with excitement! I declare them a match made in heaven!' Another viewer commented, 'I've taken a screenshot of it! Sean was so nervous when the assistant answered the question that he pinched his arms! When he goes back to his room to undress, he'll notice the bruises on his arms.' A viewer chimed in, 'I'll be the first to protest if they don't end up getting married!' Abigail looked at Sean and asked with deliberation, "Truth or dare?" Sean looked up and stared deeply at her. Then, he finally replied, "Dare." Kevin eagerly stood up and called out to Joan, "Give me the Dare booklet." The booklet was thick and filled with various Dare challenges to choose from.

This was the first time someone had chosen Dare.

Joan muttered something in protest, but in the end, she handed the booklet to him for the sake of him being the head of the production team.

Kevin took the booklet and flipped through it. He urged Abigail, saying, "Let him continue. The booklet has 1,000 pages, and each page contains 50 Dare challenges to choose from." Abigail felt helpless deep down. She never expected Sean to end up being chosen. Perhaps what Luna had said was true—that she was unlucky whenever she was with him. "Make your choice," she said to Sean.

Looking as calm as usual, Sean replied, "I'll choose the 32nd challenge on Page 590." Kevin flipped through the pages with a loud rustling sound, saying, "It's the most appropriate for me to be the main person who handles the booklet." The moment he turned to the designated page, the smile on his face froze for a moment. Then, as everyone watched nervously, he announced, "Stay alone with a person of the opposite gender next to you for five minutes. If the person next to you isn't of the opposite gender, then skip to the next one, and so on." Sean's gaze fell upon Abigail, whose cheeks had turned scarlet. She had been drinking, and instead of being as cool as she usually was, she now had an air of loveliness about her.

Joan changed color at once, but a smile quickly appeared on her face. Speaking as Sean's girlfriend, she protested, "This isn't suitable for Mr. Graham. Why not give him two more chances to make a choice? After all, he's no ordinary person." Luna was turning the walnut in her hand with a diplomatic smile. "Since he's taken part in the game, he has to follow the game's rules. Isn't it bad to give him privileges in public? We've got so many viewers

watching, and besides, it's only spending five minutes with a person of the opposite. gender. Five minutes isn't a long time. It'll be quick." Joan turned to look at Sean. Judging by his temper, he wouldn't agree at all.

The next moment, however, he stood up and said to Abigail, "Let's go."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 64-A Scene Too Dramatic "Okay," replied Abigail.

One of the live-stream cameras followed Sean and Abigail as they walked away. After the pair entered the separate guest room, the camera stopped at the door instead of following them inside.

These five minutes were considered private time for the two of them.

Sean closed the door and gently locked it before turning his head to look at Abigail.

Abigail's cheeks were flushed; thanks to the red wine's strong aftereffects, she was now heavily drunk. As Sean looked at her, she suddenly stepped forward and tugged at his hand, saying, "How could you be so cruel?" Fearing that they might be overheard by those outside the room, Sean dragged her to the couch by the window in the room and sat her down. "What do you mean by that?" His voice lacked warmth as always, but it softened a lot without him realizing it.

Emboldened by drink, Abigail stared at the face of the man before her with bright, watery eyes. She said aggrievedly, "Can't you tell that I really need your help? I know this is a show, and you're being fair, but I really lost the draft because I was startled by Joan's sudden arrival." She argued with good reason, "Had it not been for your connection with her, that kind of thing wouldn't have happened, and I wouldn't have lost the draft. How could I make a mistake if the draft wasn't lost?" Sean leaned back on the couch, watching her red lips move as she rattled on and on. Then, his slowly fell on her clothes. "Did you change your clothes just because I asked you to?" "That's because I wanted to please you to make you help me," replied Abigail, sounding rather frustrated. "You're so hard-hearted. It's like no matter what I do, you'll never be satisfied, and won't be happy. It's so easy to make you angry." Aren't you the one who is angry... and asking for a divorce? thought Sean inwardly. "Is there anything else you want to say?" he asked.

gaze you Abigail complained in a mumble, "Why did you drink from my bottle all of a sudden? Joan is the person you care about. Don't you fear that she'll get jealous and that the netizens will call you a sc*mbag? You never clarified the rumors between you and her... You drank

from my bottle regardless of how it might affect me. I'll certainly get criticized for this." Instead of explaining himself, Sean merely listened to her muttering to herself.

Sean had no choice but to give up. He stood up and straightened his clothes, saying to Abigail, "Get up. You're drunk, so you should go back and rest." It had previously been agreed that if someone got drunk, they could quit the game early. After all, they were being streamed live. If someone got drunk and threw tantrums or did something outrageous, it might affect the show's reputation.

Abigail lay down on the couch right away. She felt very sleepy.

"Tsk." Sean clicked his tongue before grabbing her wrist to pull her up.

Abigail slumped into his arms as though she were boneless. "I'm so sleepy..." Sean held her firmly, wrapping his arms around her while she was in a drunken state.

He pushed the door open while holding the drunken Abigail, who had passed out and was leaning on his shoulder.

The crew member backed away with the camera.

Sean said in an impassive voice, "She's drunk. Get her boss here to take her to rest." The crew member following the cameraman rushed to inform Luna of what was happening.

Before Luna hurried over, viewers of the livestream were in an uproar.

A viewer commented, 'If this isn't love, then what is?! She's just an assistant, you know? Look at Sean's hand—it's placed on her waist the whole time to prevent her from falling.' Another viewer chimed in, 'Sean is shifting his body weight backward.'

Obviously, he's letting her press herself on top of him! Oh, my God! It's so sweet for her to lean on his shoulder! I'm dying!

Are they really not a couple?!' Another viewer commented, 'Even couples don't seem this compatible, right?'

Sean's expression is obviously much softer than when he went in, and his gaze has been focused on her the whole time. It's clear that he's head over heels in love with her! This has to be a dating reality show! Why isn't it labeled as such? I want to see them getting all lovey—

dovey!' When Luna arrived to see Abigail slumped in Sean's arms, she was utterly shocked. This scene... was incredibly dramatic in the context of the entire show.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 65-Bold and Audacious Sean handed over Abigail to Luna with instinctive gentleness. It was unintentional. Luna only realized Abigail was truly drunk when Abigail pressed on her.

She prayed in her heart that Abigail didn't offend Sean because of her drunkenness, but she still politely said, "Thank you, Mr. Graham, for taking care of my assistant." Sean nodded, and his gaze lingered on Luna's face for a moment before suddenly asking, "Can you manage?"

"Yes," Luna replied with a smile, but there was a hint of surprise in her heart.

Without thinking much, she quickly helped Abigail up and left.

The live stream chat was still buzzing with excitement.

'Sean clearly doesn't want to let go. Five minutes is too short for a man! It should be at least fifty minutes!' 'I'm going crazy! Why didn't the production team install cameras in the room? I wanna see what's happening!' 'Will Alana stop at nothing for publicity? She can't get Sean, so she lets her assistant go instead. Doesn't she know he has a girlfriend? Poor Joan. She's really unlucky for appearing on the show with such a jinx.' 'How much did she drink to get this drunk? I guess she's pretending to be drunk.

What a scheming woman. Can't they just kick them out of the show already?' Luna brought Abigail back to their room. After helping her lie down, Luna gently pushed her, asking, "Are you really drunk?" The person on the bed was unconscious.

Luna sighed and remained silent.

Abigail slept until the following day. She was startled when she woke up and saw Luna sitting next to her. "Why are you here?" "It's almost lunchtime, and I was waiting for you to wake up so we could have lunch," Luna replied with a smile.

Abigail sat up, massaged her throbbing temples, and felt regretful. "I shouldn't have drunk..." Luna stood up and walked to the side. "It's not your fault. Now, get up quickly; the production team has something important to inform us about after lunch." In the dining hall, Abigail noticed that many people were looking at her with envy.

Her usual cool demeanor remained unchanged. After Luna had taken her seat and passed Abigail the utensils, Abigail did the same.

Joan sat across from them. She was surprisingly quiet compared to her usual lively self.

Soon, everyone began to eat.

Luna whispered to Abigail, "Joan is unusually quiet today." She had expected that Joan would cause trouble today after seeing the intimacy between Abigail and Sean yesterday.

However, Joan remained surprisingly composed.

Abigail whispered back, "Let's eat." After the meal, everyone gathered in the hotel's lobby.

The host stood on the stage with a microphone while looking delighted as he said, "Now that everyone is here, here's today's important announcement." Abigail noticed the words "Sweet Whispers" flashing on the screen behind the host and immediately turned nervous. She reached out and grabbed Luna's hand.

Luna was even more nervous than she was. The preliminary online voting results are out already?

Joan glanced at the two of them with a clearly evident sense of satisfaction in her eyes.

Abigail silently took a deep breath.

"That's right. Today is the day for designers to face the audience with their drafts! This is a test of popularity, and it has no connection to the final professional judging results. The rewards are separate." This had been mentioned at the beginning of the show.

As soon as the host finished speaking, all the designers' draft sketches appeared on the screen.

Abigail's heart tightened to the extreme as she held Luna's hand. She immediately searched for her own initial design draft.

"Hmm?" Luna immediately spotted Abigail's draft.

Seeing Luna's astonishment, Abigail also saw her own clean and untouched draft.

She felt like a fish that had just been given water, and her back was drenched in sweat. At this moment, she was taking deep breaths and couldn't even speak.

Luna let out a sigh of relief. Goodness knew her heart was about to explode.

Joan couldn't believe her eyes. She almost stood up but managed to restrain herself.

Abigail quickly composed herself, and Luna remained calm as well.

Joan's chest rose and fell as she tightly squeezed her own palm before turning her head to look at Abigail and Luna with a subtle chill in her eyes.

The other designers who wanted to tarnish Alana's reputation were disappointed when they realized that there were no traces of wrongdoing on her draft.

Everyone listened to the host explaining the rules of the online competition, but they soon forgot about it as they weren't paying attention at all.

After Abigail felt relieved, she suddenly remembered her interaction with Sean while she was drunk last night. Thoughts of that kiss made her cheeks flush.

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I Want a Divorce Chapter 67-Comments Go Crazy Abigail had found a quiet spot in the garden to focus on her design sketches. As the sun began to set, she slipped back to her room.

During this time, she had many suspicions. Still, she wasn't sure if Sean had helped her replace the design sketches.

Her next step was to turn those designs into finished drafts before moving on to making the clothes.

The bi-weekly tea gathering had resumed, but today's theme had unexpectedly changed from the previous one.

A group of people gathered in the sunroom on the hotel's rooftop for a meal featuring tea art and desserts.

Abigail and Luna had arrived early. After sitting down, Abigail whispered to Luna, "Sean doesn't like desserts, so he probably won't come today." As soon as she said that, Sean and Kevin walked in together.

Kevin entered with a smile and greeted everyone. "Let's keep it casual today.

There's no need to be too formal." On the other hand, Sean strolled over to Abigail's side and took a seat. As he settled in, he stretched his long legs, slightly opening them. She couldn't help but feel his legs brushing against hers, especially today when she was wearing a short dress. Through the suit fabric, she could clearly sense his body temperature.

She couldn't help but notice his well-defined leg muscles and her cheeks reddened. She contemplated adjusting her position but worried he might misinterpret her intentions.

Noticing that few people were around, Sean leaned closer to Abigail and asked, "Is it so hard to find you for something?" She was puzzled and turned to look at him. "What do you mean?" He got to the point, asking, "Are you burning bridges? I helped you out of a tight spot, and you can't even say thank you?" Abigail was now confident that Sean had helped her replace the design sketches. However, he didn't mention the incident in their last encounter, which put her at ease. "Of course, I'm grateful, but it's inconvenient to say it in the production team." As she spoke, she bent down to brew tea for him.

He reclined on the couch, and his eyes narrowed as he looked at her slender neck.

Abigail had casually pinned her long hair with a wooden hairpin, letting it hang loosely, with a round wooden bead that swayed as she moved. This was the first time she wore a dress, and Sean's gaze shifted to her waistline, which was relatively slender. His open appraisal of her without restraint made the livestream audience frenzy.

'Wow! What kind of look is that? It's like he wants to devour the assistant alive!

Someone needs to start writing fanfiction about this. I want to read it now. It must be thrilling!' 'He claims he has no feelings for her, but the moment he walked in, he zeroed in on the assistant without any pretense!' 'And those discreet glances! Oh, my goodness! I can't stop laughing. Am I watching a fashion design competition or a romance show? I don't care. I want to see more! Please, don't stop this, or I'll get angry!

Kevin turned his head and noticed Sean's intense stare at Abigail. It was as if Sean wanted to devour her. Kevin couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Abigail prepared some tea and handed it to Sean with both hands. "Thank you." Although Sean preferred carbonated water over tea, he couldn't resist seeing her holding a green-glazed tea cup and looking at him expectantly. After taking a sip, he frowned at the bitterness.

After setting the teacup down, he looked at the bewildered Abigail. "It's quite bitter, and I don't like it." She quickly apologized. "I'll make you another one." "Abigail, I don't like tea. If you genuinely want to thank me, put in more effort," Sean said, furrowing his brow.

His words made her pause, and he added, "Remember, you have something I can use against you." She thought about the draft design and stood up to tell Luna, "I'll be right back." smiled.

Abigail had no intention of returning so soon. She headed downstairs to the hotel's refrigerator to fetch several bottles of carbonated water for Sean. The camera followed her the whole way, and the audience went wild.

'So... Sean only drinks carbonated water in real life! But he drank the energy drink that the assistant had yesterday. Is he promoting it for her? What kind of secret affection is this?' 'Is this a secret admirer plot? Does Sean, with his status, need to secretly admire an assistant?

'Anyway, I'm satisfied. I can't believe they're so sweet!' Abigail returned to her seat with the water bottles, unscrewed one, and handed it to Sean. Only then did he take a sip.

Seeing that the camera was far away and not everyone had arrived, she leaned closer to Sean. She whispered, “Can you destroy the draft design?” She knew Joan occasionally visited him. She wondered what if Joan found the draft design someday and that everything she had worked hard on would be ruined.

However, Sean reclined further into the couch. He sipped his water and looked at Abigail with an indifferent expression.

She felt uneasy under his gaze and quickly kept a distance between them before returning to her tea preparation.

Meanwhile, Joan arrived late, having spent extra time doing her makeup. She was fuming when she realized she had missed a crucial step. She sat on the lone couch nearest to Sean, tightly clutching her bag, her frustration evident as she left finger marks on it.

At that moment, it was clear that her anger was boiling over. She vowed to herself that she wouldn’t bother with such an elaborate makeup routine next time.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 68-Exceptionally Seductive Kevin introduced tea culture and casually mentioned the name of the investor.

He was effectively giving them some advertising.

When it was time to make desserts, he stood beside Abigail and spoke to the live camera. “In ancient times, these pastries were known as ‘puff. Doesn’t that sound interesting?” His presence was captivating, especially when he flashed a seductive smile with his fox-like and the comments section immediately filled with praise.

eyes,

Then, he shifted his gaze away from the camera and turned to her, saying, “Miss Quinn, make these puffs well and show them to everyone.” Abigail guessed that this was a task set by the investor, so she nodded and agreed, “Okay.” Kevin had initially intended to help her, but to his surprise, Sean had silently approached them at some point.

Sean stared at Kevin for a brief moment, and Kevin nodded before stepping aside, saying, “Alright, you can help her.” Meanwhile, Luna, on the other side, couldn’t help but wonder what had gotten into Sean. She suspected he couldn’t stand being away from Abigail, as if he felt uncomfortable.

Joan, with flour on her hands, saw him helping Abigail. Then, she immediately raised her voice in frustration. "Sean, can you help me too?" Sean was watching Abigail kneading the dough. When he heard Joan's calling for him, he turned to her and asked, "Help you with what?" He hadn't intervened in Abigail's affairs at all, and he didn't plan to. He was just standing beside her and observing how she did things.

Joan was left speechless by his response. She shook her head and turned around to continue making desserts.

Upon seeing this situation, the audience couldn't help but speculate.

'Sean doesn't seem too keen on getting his hands dirty, and yet Joan is trying to get him to help her?' 'Seems like Sean doesn't like Joan. Could it be that her rumors were self-staged?' 'Didn't Joan suspect that Alana got the design theme information from Sean in advance? Joan's lie was exposed the moment the preliminary draft was revealed. Shouldn't she apologize?' This question sparked a heated debate between the two fan groups.

Joan's fans firmly believed that she had no reason to apologize. They saw her actions as a courageous stand for fairness on the show. In their eyes, if Joan's behavior was considered wrong, who would dare to participate in similar programs later? This disagreement led to a fierce argument between the opposing sides.

Meanwhile, Abigail skillfully prepared a plate of rabbit-shaped puffs with a soft outer layer and a delectable flowing egg yolk inside. She arranged them beautifully on a plate, making them look incredibly enticing.

Kevin had just intended to try one when she handed a puff to Sean. "I'm not sure how they taste, but I made them with less sugar, so they should suit your taste buds." Everyone heard her words and couldn't help but turn their attention to Sean. Her casual tone hinted at a close familiarity with him.

Sean took the puff and looked at her. His expression became complex as he asked, "You made this for me?" With a nonchalant expression, she raised an eyebrow in confusion. "If you don't want to eat, what are you doing standing here watching?" Kevin couldn't help but cough and chuckle at Abigail's words.

Sean glanced at her with mixed emotions, then turned and walked away with the puff.

The audience, who had initially been arguing, quickly shifted their focus to something sweeter.

‘So, does Miss Quinn treat Sean like an adorable little pet begging for treats?

Just thinking about it makes my heart melt. What kind of soul connection is this!’ These two clearly aren’t strangers. Their interaction is so natural! And the fact that Miss Quinn knows Sean’s preference for low–sugar treats? If they’re not secretly involved, I’ll livestream myself eating a shoe!’ ‘Eating a shoe won’t do you any favors!’ On the other hand, Joan wasn’t pleased, but her expertise lay in making pastries. Unfortunately, Sean strongly disliked all the pastries she baked.

When Sean sat back on the couch and fixated on Abigail’s rabbit–shaped puff, Luna leaned in close to Abigail. She whispered, “Aren’t you being too obvious?

Viewers might start to suspect your relationship with Sean.” Abigail’s expression remained unchanged. She turned to Luna, gently pushed a strand of hair away from her face, and responded, “It’s not like I invited him over.

Besides, Joan owes us an apology.” She wasn’t entirely sure if she was trying to get back at Joan. Joan’s baseless accusation of Abigail relying on backstage deals for her designs had truly irked her. It was Joan’s unfounded allegation that had forced Abigail to apologize to Sean. Abigail believed she wasn’t one to be easily pushed around, either.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 69-You’re Trying to Please Me Abigail thought, Joan’s just a homewrecker, yet so shamelessly arrogant. Does she think she can just bully me?

Luna couldn’t help but smile faintly. There was a mocking tone in her voice as she replied, “Don’t worry, I have my own plans.” Before this, they were losing their edge, so she didn’t find it appropriate to say anything to the media. This time, if Joan refused to apologize publicly, Luna wouldn’t let her off the hook either!

After the three hours of tea–brewing and snack–making had passed, Abigail gathered her belongings and returned to her room. As she settled down, a

knock on her door disrupted her moment of rest. She assumed it was Luna who wanted to discuss the draft. So, she quickly got up and opened the door.

Before Abigail could say anything, Sean barged into her room.

Startled, she glanced outside. She ensured no cameras were following him and closed the door.

“Why are you acting like we’re having an affair?” Sean’s voice sounded from behind Abigail. Before she could react, he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind.

She tried to break free, saying, “It’s not the right time...” Sean wrapped his arm around Abigail as he closed the door with his free hand.

After securely locking it, he took her hand and pressed her against the door, their bodies intimately close.

She could feel his warmth radiating through his thin shirt. It sent shivers across her skin and raised goosebumps.

“You’re trying to please me today, right?” He rested his chin on her shoulder, his voice deep and suggestive.

Her voice trembled as she replied, “You did say I should pay you back.” Sean’s embrace always made Abigail feel vulnerable. Perhaps that was the unique attraction between a married couple. Even if he didn’t express affection openly, they were remarkably compatible in bed. His lips brushed against her fair neck. After a while, he whispered, “I noticed many male models checking you out today.” It was her first time wearing a dress like that, so she couldn’t be bothered about other things. She bit her lip, remembering the last time they’d been intimate.

Just as Sean was about to take the next step, a dull knocking echoed outside.

Someone was knocking on his room door. Abigail suspected it was Joan coming to speak with him. Abigail held his eager hands and said softly, “She’s looking for you. Aren’t you going out?” “Now?” His voice sounded a little higher than usual.

Abigail angled her head to look at him. Pursing her lips, she whispered, “I didn’t mean it that way.” She knew Sean was reminding her of their hidden marriage. If he left now, it might suggest their relationship was deeper than it seemed.

He gazed into her eyes. Just as he was about to kiss her, his phone suddenly vibrated. She watched as he retrieved his phone and silenced it. She knew Sean was still concerned that Joan would discover their relationship.

Suddenly, his strong, passionate grip on her waist relaxed. He took his phone and walked over to the window. He answered the call. “Hello, what’s the matter?” Looking at Sean’s back,

Abigail felt the warmth at her waist fade. A moment later, the bitterness and disappointment in her heart was replaced by calmness.

She walked over to a nearby couch and sat down, feeling bored. She grabbed her notebook and started doodling absentmindedly.

"I'm not in my room right now. If you need something, we can talk about it tomorrow," he answered Joan's question calmly.

Joan said something, and Sean turned around to look at Abigail. Moments later, he hung up and frowned.

"Did you know Luna posted online, demanding Joan apologize publicly?" He leaned against the window and calmly shared the news with Abigail.

She regarded him with curiosity. "No, what happened?" Sean put his phone away and approached her. Standing before Abigail, he gently pinched her chin and spoke softly, "Tell Luna to tone it down a bit. If she keeps causing a scene, it won't benefit the production team or herself." She met his gaze and asked, "Are you suggesting that Miss Smith should just accept the loss? Even if Joan slandered-" He interrupted her, saying, "Abigail, you know very well whether or not it was slander. The draft was indeed lost. You can't deny that, can you?" Abigail maintained a calm demeanor as she locked eyes with Sean. Feeling slightly uneasy under her gaze, Sean furrowed his brow and said, "I helped you resolve the issue. This incident is in the past now." Gripping the couch tightly, she felt injustice in her heart. "Got it

I Want a Divorce Chapter 70-Force Her to Apologize Publicly Sean let go of Abigail's chin and stepped aside. Lowering his gaze, he looked at her and said, "We'll meet again at night. Send me a message, and I'll bring your drafts." With that, he walked up to the door. He opened it and left the room, leaving behind a lingering coldness that Joan's call had brought.

Abigail sat alone for a while before deciding to take a shower. Afterward, she confided in Luna about his request.

Luna was so pissed that she threw her phone on the couch. "He treated you well in the production.

team, so I thought your relationship with him had improved. Alas... He's getting greedy, isn't he?" "Joan still holds a special place in his eyes," Abigail said in a low voice.

Luna approached the coffee table and crouched to pour a glass of water. She downed it and said, "I thought I could teach Joan a lesson this time, but who knew... It must be nice to have Sean protecting her, huh? My blood pressure is ramping up." Abigail asked, "What were you planning to do?" "I was going to make Joan publicly apologize to us. If she refused, I was considering suing her for defamation. But it looks like I'll have to endure it again. I thought our studio could ride the waves if she apologized to us this time." Luna sounded disheartened.

Abigail hummed thoughtfully for a moment before turning to Luna. "Sean wants me to send him a message later, and he'll return the drafts to me. I don't want to have any more contact with him, so I'm considering just letting it go..." When he mentioned those words earlier, the small glimmer of hope in her heart faded away.

"Why not? You two were getting along well in the production team, right? Just keep it up. I'm telling you, you seriously have to try a little." Patting Abigail on the shoulder, Luna persuaded her.

Abigail grumbled in dissatisfaction, "I even thought about burning his drafts." Luna quickly responded, "Please don't do that. It's a great opportunity, so just meet up with him. Also, since he's taking the initiative to ask you out, he must have something else to talk about. What if he decides to give the drafts to Joan if you don't show up?" Abigail looked at her with concern. "But do you think he's being sincere in the show?" "It doesn't matter. The netizens are buying it anyway. I don't know about anything else. It's only a good pairing if it feels real, right? Moreover, why would you offend him for no reason? You can benefit from being around him in the production team. It's a win-win situation!" Luna was quite good at strategizing.

Abigail sighed in resignation. "All right." "I'm telling you, you just have to interact with him. You can gain popularity and maybe even annoy Joan. You're getting a lot of benefits from it!" Luna continued analyzing the situation.

Abigail pushed Luna's hand away. "All right, I get it. I'll send him the message." She was also worried that Sean might actually give the drafts to Joan.

It was 9.00PM, and the night air had a refreshing coolness. Hidden in a nook within the garden's rockery, Abigail sent a message to Sean: 'Why aren't you here yet? There are too many mosquitoes here. My legs are covered in bites.'

When he received the message, he picked up his pace.

She cautiously peered out from her hiding spot, only to find her head enveloped in Sean's embrace as he joined her in the rockery.

Sean looked down at Abigail in the darkness and remarked, "What kind of place have you found?"

Couldn't we have met somewhere else? Did it have to be such a secretive location?" His lips curled into a faint smile unseen in the dark.

She scratched her arm nervously. "I don't want anyone to discover us." He lifted her chin with his hand. "What secret mission are we on that requires such secrecy?" The man had even dressed up for the occasion, but now they were meeting in this dimly lit place. He hadn't anticipated her choice of location.

Abigail didn't want to argue with Sean. So, she said in a low voice, "Where are the drafts? Did you bring them?" He tightened his grip. "I have a few questions to ask you about those drafts."

Answer me honestly, and I'll give them to you." Abigail looked away, saying in an indifferent tone, "What is it?" "Who wrote these drafts?" His eyes bore into her in the darkness, making it seem as if he could see right through her.

Her heart skipped a beat, but she quickly responded. "I'm not sure what you mean. I don't understand." "Stop pretending, Abigail. I recognize your handwriting." Sean leaned in closer.

Their breaths mingled, and Abigail's heart raced even faster.

Abigail struggled, but then she accidentally stepped on a stone. With a few steps back, she stumbled into the rockery wall. She was about to collide with it when Sean swiftly stepped forward, reaching out to hold her back and pulling her into his arms. "What's got you so worked up?" he asked, concerned in his voice.

She took a deep breath and said softly, "My foot hurts... I think I might have sprained it." Frowning with concern, he let go of her.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

I Want a Divorce Chapter 71-Wait for the Day You Succeed Abigail leaned against the wall, lifting her injured leg as she breathed lightly. It was dark inside, so Sean could not see it. He took out his phone and turned on the torchlight. Then, he crouched down before her. "How's your leg?" She almost lost her balance and subconsciously reached out to hold onto his shoulder. Gently, she moved her left ankle. "It hurts a little, but I'm unsure if it's sprained." Feeling her strength, Sean reached out and held her left ankle. Abigail shivered a little, reflexively tightening her grip on his shoulder, and said in a trembling voice, "I'm fine... Don't..."

He looked up at her, a smirk on his face. "Are you getting weak just because I held your ankle?" Her face flushed as she bit her lip, her eyes moist. "I'm scared of the pain." With that, she looked away. Under the glow of the torchlight, her ears were translucent, and the red tint on them was more visible than ever.

It was only then that Sean realized that Abigail might be embarrassed. He gazed at the woman's slightly raised leg, her foot pale and pretty as the silver high heels wrapped around it. Faint veins were visible on the arch of her foot, and the bump on her ankle was slightly protruding. Beyond that was her slender leg. It was alluring... and seductive.

His hand lightly pressed against it as he applied light force on her ankle.

Abigail grunted, feeling the sensation of his warm palm on her ankle. She was about to lose her balance, so she could only lean against the wall. With no choice, she tried to divert her attention by chatting, "Sean, I'm learning design from Miss Smith. She was the one who asked me to write the annotations. I wasn't the one who drew the designs." Meanwhile, Sean's mind was not focused on that. He had only made a reasonable guess, but he decided not to probe further since it had been debunked. His gaze turned dark as he gazed at the pale leg that kept retracting.

He asked in a low voice, "Does it hurt?" Though she did not feel much pain, she felt uneasy when he held her like that.

However, she was about to answer when his phone rang. Lowering her head, she saw that it was a call from Joan. Within a second, the unease she felt instantly disappeared.

Sean pressed the answer button. Then, he gripped her hand and stood up.

Wrapping his arm around her waist, he gazed at her before asking Joan over the phone, "What's the matter?" "Sean..." Joan's sobbing voice sounded from the phone, trembling in fear.

Abigail pursed her lips and lowered her gaze, tentatively putting her foot on the ground.

"What's the matter?" His voice was instantly filled with concern and worry.

"I'm scared... There's something in the room... I don't know what it is... Sean, come over and take a look for me." With that, Joan screamed again.

He mumbled a reply. Ending the call, he turned to look at Abigail, who placed a hand against the wall as she spoke in a distant and polite tone, "Give me the drafts, and you can go. I just tried to land my foot, and it doesn't seem injured. I was probably in a rush, and I somehow dislocated a bone. It hurt for a moment, but it's okay now." "The doctor gets to decide if it's okay. Let's go." With his arm around her waist, Sean tried to get her to leave with him.

In that instant, she shoved him away. Looking coldly at him, she stated in an even colder tone, "I only came for the drafts. I'm already happy enough that you came here in person and gave them to me. I don't want to cause you any more trouble." "So, you're only here for the drafts?" His voice turned cold. "You came to meet me tonight just because of work?" Abigail bit her lip. Then, she nodded and expressed, "Yes. I know you're very busy. I'm so sorry for causing you trouble. Give me the drafts, and we won't have to do this again." Reaching up, Sean tugged at his collar and said coldly, "Sure, but you have to perform well for Luna. I'll wait for the day you succeed in life." He even changed his shirt and tie specifically for their meeting. His efforts had gone to waste!

He retrieved the drafts from his pocket and tossed them to her. She lowered her gaze, looking at the documents, and said emotionlessly, "Thank you." When she looked up, the man had left without even looking back. Leaning against the wall of the rockery, she breathed lightly.

Then, she crouched and sat on a rock, slowly pinching her ankle.

He never understood that she had said it out of anger. She was mad simply because he was still getting involved with Joan.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 72-What Are You Two Doing Late at Night?

He actually left her, who was potentially injured, here. Abigail found it laughable that she could not help but hold on to a faint hope when she saw Joan's name flashing on his phone earlier.

She wondered if, just this once, Sean might stay by her side and look after her because she was hurt.

Just as usual, he disappointed her.

She unfolded the design sketch and looked at it briefly before folding it back up.

She leaned against the wall, slowly making her way toward the artificial hill. She had considered asking Luna to pick her up, but it was so late that she did not want to bother her friend.

Walking into the rose garden, she came to a halt when the man who had just finished his call noticed her presence. Standing in the dim garden, he had long, slender legs and a lean figure. His shoulder-length hair was tied into a small braid at the back of his head.

“Miss Quinn?” The man immediately recognized her.

Seeing that it was Victor Mendez, one of the models for this shoot, Abigail nodded and said, “Yes.

Are you out for a walk?” “Yeah... I was making a call to my family. Did you hurt your leg?” He noticed she had been favoring her right foot and immediately approached her.

Her usually calm face showed a hint of embarrassment as she replied, “I was taking a walk and accidentally tripped over a stone. It’s a sprain, but it doesn’t seem too serious. I’m just worried about delaying work tomorrow, so I’m being cautious.” With his angular and handsome face, Victor looked solemn. “You can’t just rely on assumption. You have no experience, and making random guesses won’t do you any good.” Abigail could not argue with that. As such, he helped her and guided her to a garden bench, where he squatted before her and reached out for her ankle. Immediately, she flinched, puzzling the man. Slightly uncomfortable, she quickly explained, “I’m not used to people touching me.” “I’m a model. I’ve gained some experience judging minor injuries and sprains from walking on the runway. Will you trust me this once?” He gazed into her eyes, showing sincerity. She hesitated. “Maybe I should just ask a doctor tomorrow- “If it’s injured, it might be too late by tomorrow. Don’t forget; tomorrow is the day for fitting. You’ll be running around distributing fabrics. If your boss finds out your injury hinders his work progress, he won’t be pleased,” he earnestly advised her.

Abigail had no choice but to concede. “Alright, please help me take a look.” Victor held her ankle and applied some pressure, to which she could not help but inhale sharply.

“It’s a minor strain in the muscle tissues. It’ll hurt tomorrow, but it won’t stop you from walking around. If you can, remember to apply ice when you get back. And keep yourself warm, too. It’s best to limit movement.” He provided his diagnosis.

She nodded appreciatively. “You seem very professional.” “As a model, there are times when the runway isn’t in great condition. That’s how I learned the hard way. Shall I send you to your room? Your left leg shouldn’t be overexerted.” He rose and extended his hand to Abigail, who did not refuse his kindness and got up.

Finally, they arrived at the hotel elevator. She stood on one leg, leaning on Victor. Just as the elevator was about to reach her floor, it suddenly stopped.

Sean entered the elevator, his face impassive. When he saw Abigail leaning against Victor, he did not frown. His gaze swept over their contact, and when he turned away, a shadow crossed his eyes.

As the elevator slowly ascended, Sean suddenly turned to Abigail and Victor.

“What are you two doing so late at night?” She felt that he was doing it on purpose. Why would he ask such a question when he knows I injured my leg? Just after comforting Joan, can’t this jerk of a man have a little self-awareness and just mind his own business?

Victor, oblivious to Sean’s displeasure, immediately replied, “Her leg is injured.

I’m helping her back to her room to rest.” As the elevator was about to arrive, he added, “Remember to apply ice when you get back. If you have some massage oil, use it for a gentle massage. Tap lightly. Remember to keep warm at night and avoid putting too much pressure.” Abigail affirmed, “Got it. Thank you.” Sean’s eyes grew frosty, his mind filled with images of Victor and Abigail entangled together. He radiated displeasure, and the entire elevator seemed to drop several degrees in temperature.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 73-Independence and Self-Reliance Ding. The elevator stopped on the floor where Abigail and Sean were staying.

Victor was about to help her out of the elevator when Sean piped up, “I live in the room next to hers. I can help her, and you can take the elevator down.” She glanced at Sean.

Seeing his cold expression, Victor quickly realized what was going on after recalling his previous interactions with Abigail that had caused a stir online. He promptly released her wrist. "Well, then, I'll be going," he politely said to Sean.

Sean stepped forward, helping Abigail, and gave a nonchalant grunt before leading her out of the

elevator with an icy expression. As soon as they exited the elevator, she planned to push him away but was then grabbed by the wrist. His eyes were chilling as he questioned, "What's wrong? Upset that I interrupted your little rendezvous with the young man? You seem pretty angry, huh?" Abigail's face remained cold, and she did not argue. "Whatever." Sean's molar shifted slightly. He held her waist with one hand, his gaze icy. "So, once you've got the draft, you're ready to turn your back on me. Without any leverage, you couldn't care less. Is that it?" Hearing that, she felt wronged. She looked at Sean, took a silent deep breath, and suddenly smiled.

"Mr. Graham, what are you saying? I'm just afraid Joan might think we're getting too close and get jealous, giving her a reason to slander you and Alana again." Without giving him a chance to speak, she continued, "I'm aware of my limitations. I don't expect anything from you, especially not after you left me, injured, to check on Joan. I only believe in independence and selfreliance." Sean finally caught the drift. She's bothered about my departure.

"I won't argue with you. Let's go back and check on your injury first," he said, reaching an arm toward her.

Abigail pushed his hand away. "No need. I can walk by myself." As she took a step with one foot, Sean suddenly wrapped his arm around her waist, lifting her effortlessly onto his shoulder. Her head spun, a feeling of nausea rising from her stomach. She grabbed onto his clothes, kicking her legs in a struggle. "Put me down..." Somehow, Sean's hand landed on her hip. His voice was calm, neither cold nor warm. "You can shout louder, wake everyone on this floor, and let them witness us. It would help solidify the fact that Alana and I have a close relationship." Abigail immediately covered her mouth, clutching his clothes and attempting to free herself. "Don't move!" His hand tapped her butt, and her face turned red.

She was already flushed from being tossed onto his shoulder, and that action made her even dizzier.

"Abigail, if others think I'm giving Alana special treatment, then I won't help you, nor will I explain myself," Sean continued, threatening her.

With her head feeling heavy, Abigail grabbed his shirt, struggling to make the blood pooled in her head flow back. His new suit, which he had just changed into, was all crumpled. She was uncomfortable, swinging her legs, tilting her body, hugging Sean's neck with both hands, and breathing heavily. "My head hurts..." The man allowed her to hold onto him like this, her long hair swaying in the midst of it. Finally, he carried her back to the room. He gently placed her on the bed, and she collapsed onto it, silently feeling the sensation of blood returning to her body.

Sean stood by the bed, removing his suit jacket and loosening the tie on his shirt. He then threw them aside. Meanwhile, Abigail's hair fell loose, spreading across the bed like seaweed. As she gradually came to her senses, she saw the man standing in front of her, rolling up his sleeves. She could not help but swallow nervously. "What are you doing?" He looked at her with deep, mysterious eyes but did not answer. His arms were exposed, and the muscles on them gave him a powerful and sexy look. As she watched him unbuttoning his shirt, she sat up on the bed, placing one hand on his waist. "Sean, what are you doing?" "What do you think?" He slowly unbuttoned another button, his eyes as if he wanted to devour her.

Abigail felt flustered and clutched the black silk sheets. "I didn't do anything with Victor. There's no need for this. I haven't held anything against you, so you shouldn't hold anything against me, right?" Listening to her words, Sean undid another button. His collarbone was revealed, and a hint of his chest was visible through the open collar. His fair skin glowed under the light, looking glossy. The woman sat up straight, one hand placed on his waist. "It was you who left me in the garden. I found someone to help me.

What's wrong with that?"

I Want a Divorce Chapter 74-A Standoff Sean undid the third button, then abruptly seized Abigail's hand on his waist and pulled it downward. She winced as if she had been scalded and yanked her hand away, her cheeks flushing crimson. He held her hand in place, a cruel glint in his eyes, and leaned down, asking in a tone dripping with insolence, "Do you prefer the waist or here?" "Let me go!" Her face was hot as she stared at him, astonished by his audacity.

He released her hand, then crouched down, taking hold of her ankle and lifting her leg Abigail winced from the pain, her breath catching. She watched as Sean delicately removed her high-heeled shoe, both his hands cupping her foot. The warm touch against her skin sent shivers up her spine, making her quiver

uncontrollably. She felt goosebumps rise all over her body, and her skin stretched taut as if she had been scalded by boiling water.

He squeezed a little harder, causing her to inhale sharply. She tightened her grip on the bedsheet, after which he asked, "Should I call a doctor?" She replied, "N-No need." She believed it was not a bone injury but more like a muscle and tissue issue.

Pinching her, he stood up and turned to the fridge to get an ice pack and his handkerchief, in which he wrapped the ice pack. Then, he pressed her ankle against his hankie, and she was slightly surprised. The silk-like touch of the cloth, with the ice pack inside, sent a chilly sensation into her body. She could not help but shrink from the cold.

"Too much?" Sean looked up at Abigail.

"No, just caught me off guard." She shook her head.

He held her foot on his thigh, one hand applying the ice pack and the other gently pressing her ankle. Her feet were pretty, each toe slightly shorter than the last, looking rather cute and chubby. Being a full-time housewife, she hardly wore high heels at home, so her feet had not deformed and looked healthy.

As Sean kneaded, his hand gradually moved upward. Abigail's back stiffened, her body tingling. She stared at him and warned, "Massage the ankle and just the ankle. Don't do anything else. We're on a TV show." He pinched her calf and leaned closer. "Even if I did, what can the crew do to me?" "Sean..." Before Abigail could say anything else, he kissed her body, causing her words to reverse into her throat. He moved his hand upward, his voice husky. "You're my wife. I can be affectionate with you anywhere. It's not against the law." Her body went limp; her legs were trapped by Sean and unable to move, so she could only let him have his way. When his hand slipped under her clothes, she could not help but hold his hand. "Be gentle." He chuckled and pulled her into the bedding. After they were done, she lay on the bed, too fatigued to move, while he cleaned up for her and started dressing, preparing to leave. Even if he talked tough, he was still worried about getting caught on camera. It would be hard to explain later.

She lay with her eyes closed, pondering in her heart, but there was less resentment than before and calmer after the disappointment. That man left her injured self in the garden, which was enough for her to savor the bitterness and disappointment of that moment.

Sean got dressed neatly and checked the time. It was already 4.00AM. "I'll go back to my room. If your leg hurts during the day, call the doctor," he told her.

"Mm." Abigail's attitude was indifferent.

He stood by the bed, staring at her back for a moment before asking, "Are you mad?" "Isn't this how we've always been?" she answered quickly this time, not wanting to talk to him about her feelings and thoughts after what happened. There was no need to either. Her desire for divorce had accumulated over time, not just for a day or two. So, she did not want to think about the unreachable just because of their physical intimacy.

Sean sat down by the bed. He looked at her round shoulders and wondered if she was still upset about the child. "You always keep things to yourself. You know I'm not a mind reader," he said. lightly, reaching out to pull the blanket up for her.

"I don't have anything bottled up. I'm just tired." Her voice carried drowsiness.

Indeed, she was no longer eager to tell him how she felt, nor did she expect their marriage to lead to happiness. She had no fantasies about the future; that was all

I Want a Divorce Chapter 75-Sarcastic Sean stopped talking and helped massage her ankle for a long time before standing up to leave. Meanwhile, Abigail did not feel anything amiss after he left because the room had always been this quiet and cold every time they shared a bed.

He gently closed the door before walking to his room. As he entered, another door opened, and a female designer stood there with a bag of trash in her hands. She narrowed her eyes and stared at his room door with a glint in her eyes.

Abigail did not sleep for long but was in deep slumber after being together with Sean. So, she was in good spirits when she woke up. Although her ankle still hurt, it did not hinder her from walking as long as she was slow and steady.

When Luna entered her room, she asked about the design draft, "Did you get it back? Did Sean blame you?" The design draft was a priority for them both, and Luna could not relax if it were left unsettled.

"Yeah, I did. I tore it to pieces and flushed it in the toilet," Abigail answered as she moved her ankle.

Luna let out a breath of relief with a hand on her chest. "Now, we're safe. But it's annoying that we can't use this against Joan." Abigail patted her shoulder and advised, "Our aim is the diamond ring. Don't mind her." When they arrived at the banquet hall, Abigail instinctively noticed Joan's peculiar gaze on her. When Luna was seated, Abigail passed her cutlery as usual.

Suddenly, a designer named Nina Lowery asked with a smile, "Miss Smith, I've been curious since I entered. Why doesn't your assistant stay on the same floor as you do? Instead, she's staying beside Mr. Graham." At that, Luna answered with a smile, "Why don't you ask Mr. Stewart or Mr.

Graham?" At that point, Joan started to echo her sarcastically. "You can answer that, too.

Sean invited you, and you're close to Mr. Stewart. Both of you are treated better than us in this show." The spoon in Luna's hand fell into the bowl as she looked up at Joan with a friendly smile. "Mr. Graham has asked me to let you off the hook about apologizing to me when you slandered me the last time. It seems you don't feel guilty at all. Trying the same thing again now?" Tears started to well up in Joan's eyes when she heard that. "Luna, you've misunderstood me. I just wanted to alert you to be careful of your assistant. If she has any misconduct, your reputation is on the line." Then, Abigail glanced at Joan with cold eyes. "Why don't you just tell me what it is? You're just saying things without proof." As the tension grew, the netizens watching the live stream also speculated if Joan was jealous because Sean treated Abigail well, explaining why Joan was making insinuations.

Joan didn't even apologize for slandering Alana. How dare she bully her assistant now! Besides, Sean took the initiative to approach the little assistant.

Joan's just using her status to bully the assistant. How shameless!

'Sean's interaction with this flirty assistant is quite normal in the show. The fans just couldn't bear to watch it and wanted to guard their favorite couple. They probably don't know Sean helped Joan catch a bug last night in her room.' 'I think they know. They're just afraid of shipping the wrong people and acting crazy. Besides, check out Nina's Twitter, and you'll know why Joan is targeting the assistant.

'I saw her post too. She posted it around 4.00AM. I don't know what she was hinting at, but that assistant isn't as simple as she seems. No one knows if Alana is innocent, too!' The netizens were berating them while the show went on.

Joan pouted her lips like she was wrongly accused of something. “Oh, I don’t have the courage to talk bad about you. You’re Luna’s favorite assistant. I’d have to step back for you even if my man is about to be snatched away by you just for Luna.” Luna was so angry that she laughed. Exactly who is taking whose man here?! Is Homewrecker Palmer playing dumb here?

However, Abigail did not want to argue with her since Sean would step in and stand on Joan’s side if she asked her to apologize.

On the side, Victor watched Joan’s snide remarks and recalled Nina’s tweet at 4.00AM, and on top of that, Sean’s special treatment toward Abigail. He furrowed his brows lightly and asked, “Are you guys misunderstanding something here?”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 76-Decided Winner Everyone’s gazes landed on Victor, who glanced at Abigail and Joan before speaking with a puzzled expression, “If it’s about how Mr. Graham helped Abigail into her room last night, I was there too.” “At what time did you see Mr. Graham help her into her room?” asked Nina immediately.

He looked at her with a shrug. “Isn’t it weirder for you to tweet at 4.00AM? Are you asking me the time on purpose?” She let out a snort. “Are you saying I tweeted at 4.00AM just to defame her?” Victor put on a nonchalant expression. “I wouldn’t know. People usually sleep at that time. Even Mr. Graham would be sleeping, too. Besides, she sprained her ankle when she went to the garden yesterday and bumped into Mr. Graham in

the elevator on the way back. Mr. Graham was kind enough to help her, but you guys are insinuating they did something fishy.” Nina was speechless by his retort and wanted so badly to let the cat out of the bag. She could not tell them that she saw Sean coming out from Abigail’s room at 4.00AM as she might be removed from the show if he wanted to pursue the incident.

Besides, she did not take a picture last night. So, she had no proof. What happens if he doesn’t admit it?

Even if he did, the fact was that Sean entered Abigail’s room. Hence, it would seem like he was the one who initiated this, which would only make the netizens think that there was something between them.

Victor’s words tilted the scale as the netizens started to despise Nina.

‘And they were saying we were afraid of shipping the wrong people. If Sean liked Joan, he would’ve avoided causing any misunderstanding. Since Victor was helping Abigail to her room already, why did he interfere? He must have something for her!’ ‘Exactly. Nina is incompetent, and it didn’t stop her from tweeting at 4.00AM.

What a b*tch. This is the same tactic with Joan seeing the marks. She sure likes to smear people with that mouth of hers.

‘The drama in this show revolving around Sean is too much. If I didn’t know, I thought this design show was a dating show. I hope the crew doesn’t put the cart before the horse.’ After breakfast, Abigail secretly thanked Victor.

“Don’t mention it. If I didn’t bump into you, I wouldn’t have known the truth and spoken up.” He was gracious.

Then, she nodded as she watched him enter the elevator. After everyone left, Luna wrapped an arm around her shoulder and whispered, “Why didn’t you call me when you sprained your ankle last night?” “It was late. I didn’t want to cause trouble,” Abigail answered calmly.

Luna looked at her side profile and suddenly went near her. “So, did Sean stay in your room until morning?” “I don’t know. I didn’t see the time.” Abigail was irritated. Something bad would happen whenever she was faced with Sean. She could not believe that people still saw him at 4.00AM!

“If other designers witnessed it, they would inherently question the fairness of the competition. Prepare for us to be targeted.” Luna patted her shoulder.

Everyone was going to make their pattern in the afternoon, so Abigail went to the store to select some tools but saw Nina and Joan chatting inside.

“Here for some stuff?” Joan suddenly asked.

Abigail was picking out scissors and cardboard when she heard Joan’s question. She hummed in acknowledgment as an answer.

“I saw it with my own eyes. Sean came out from your room at 4.00AM. Nobody would believe there wasn’t any crafty thing going on. If you told us you were the decided winner, we wouldn’t need to put on this show,” Nina taunted her directly when she saw that other designers were present.

However, Abigail simply glanced up coldly at her. "Alana never needed to be the decided winner. She's joined many huge design competitions and created them in the studio. Are you saying she bribed her way through those competitions to be the winner?" "Those competitions can't compare to this. I'll admit that Alana's competent.

However, what's the connection to her greed for the prize this time?" Nina sneered aggressively.

"Either you provide evidence or don't talk nonsense. Alana can withdraw from the competition but will not tolerate your slander!" Abigail stated seriously. Nina's acting all haughty because we're being streamed live!

'I underestimated you, Abigail. I can't believe you're the one who seduced Sean!" Joan pipped up while glaring at her as if she wanted to burn her alive

I Want a Divorce Chapter 77-What's Wrong With Creating a Fauxmance Abigail looked at Joan calmly. "Seduce? Do you even have the right to use that word?" Facing Abigail's overwhelming aura, Joan could not help but feel a bit intimidated. She knows Sean is married, and if she's pushed into a corner, she will throw me under the bus.

Suddenly, she had a lightbulb moment and quickly put on a look of being misunderstood. "Miss

Quinn, I'm just trying to protect Luna's reputation. I didn't witness whether Sean came out of your room in the morning, but since someone claimed to have seen it, it can't be a lie, can it?" "Miss Lowery, why don't you find an opportunity to ask Mr. Graham? I can't answer when you're questioning me like that because I don't know if he came to my room at 4.00AM." Abigail definitely would not admit it. This whole situation is Sean's problem from the start. Why should I bear the pressure in this whirlwind?

Before Nina could respond, she continued, "Who stays awake at 4.00AM?

Besides, if I could seduce him, why would I be working as an assistant?" With that, she picked up a pair of scissors and a piece of cardboard that were within reach and then turned to leave.

Suddenly, Nina raised her voice and emphasized. "I did see it! Your lies won't work!" At her words, Abigail stopped at the elevator and turned to look at her. "Telling me all this won't help. Mr. Graham has to admit it because he's the one who entered my room. If you have doubts, you can present evidence. It's that simple." Back in Luna's room, she began working on her

design board but could not shake off the irritation. So, she complained to Luna, “Nina now firmly believes that we’re the decided winners.” At that moment, Luna was sitting on the couch, handling L.Moon’s orders on her tablet. When she heard Abigail’s words, she said, “This is not easy to resolve.

The key issue is that Sean won’t stand on your side no matter what happens in the program.” Abigail looked at her.

As Luna put her tablet down, she looked into Abigail’s eyes and continued, “If we win, Nina will spread rumors online after the program ends, claiming that the program was rigged. Other envious designers won’t miss the chance to attack us, especially Joan.” Suddenly, Abigail found herself lacking the enthusiasm to design the clothing for the competition. She loved design, but she never imagined that she would one day feel disgusted by a piece of clothing she was about to create.

“Unless we don’t win. But what’s the point of coming here if we don’t? Are we here to play political maneuvers with them? That’s not fun at all.” After speaking, Luna picked up her tablet again to continue processing orders.

Meanwhile, Abigail fell into silence, feeling restless.

it’s your “Getting involved with Sean is never a good thing. It’s easy for him. He can just pull up his pants.

fault. and leave, leaving you amid this whirlwind. If you ever try to confront him, he’ll say After all, no matter what trouble Joan stirs up, it will always be your fault. Men will be men.” Luna sighed, clearly having no expectations from men, especially given Abigail’s current marital situation.

“Sorry for dragging you into this,” Abigail said with a bitter smile, seeking sympathy from Luna.

“It’s not a big deal. Besides, staying in a luxury hotel for a while is quite nice.” Luna had a positive outlook.

The moment Abigail approached her with scissors, she immediately pulled her legs back. “Be careful with those.” “Don’t you have any good ideas to help me?” Abigail retreated and continued cutting the cardboard.

As Luna looked at her, she shook her head. “If Sean doesn’t come out to clarify, nothing we say will make a difference. You’ve already decided not to admit he came to your room

anyway. Besides, we don't have keys to enter someone else's room, but as the host here, he might. We have to shift the blame." Abigail's words to Nina were also aimed at shifting blame. After all, she had no intention of being held accountable for it. Besides, Sean had benefited from their encounter last night.

"Right now, the netizens are totally shipping you two. If he implies that he secretly visited your room at night and you didn't know, the netizens will be thrilled. Plus, considering your leg injury, with their vivid imagination, they'll swoon over it themselves." A mischievous smile played on Luna's lips.

"I'm just worried that Sean will get angry when he finds out," Abigail whispered.

After all, Joan will get jealous, and he might be willing to take the blame just to make her feel better.

Suddenly, Luna motioned for her to come closer.

She immediately leaned in and heard Luna whisper, "The worst-case scenario right now is that even if we win an award, we'll end up with a bad reputation. If we don't win, it's like coming here for nothing. We might even have to consider dropping out of the program halfway.

There's no easy way out. So, don't worry about whether he's angry or not." Seeing Abigail looking at her, she continued, "Pretend you didn't know he came to your room.

When he clarifies, do you think he'll dare to say he did something with you that night?" "For the sake of that Homewrecker Palmer, he won't," Abigail said with confidence.

At her answer, Luna squeezed her shoulder. "Exactly. Let the fans ship you two.

L.Moon has been gaining a lot of popularity lately. Since we can't win, at least we can gain some fame, right? It's his fault for getting caught sneaking into your room late at night. Let him deal with the consequences. As for you, just play dumb

I Want a Divorce Chapter 78-The Perfect Sweet Man Abigail was instantly convinced by Luna's words and stopped overthinking. After finishing the pattern in the morning, she needed to bring it to Joan. Since Joan was the designated model, it was essential to confirm the measurements of the pattern with her. After lunch, she carried the pattern and went to find her.

When Abigail arrived at Joan's room, she realized she was not there. Upon inquiring, she found out that Joan and several other designers and models were in the garden downstairs. Hence, she went to the garden, still carrying the pattern.

When Joan saw her, she greeted her with a smile. "Why did you bring that, Miss

Quinn?" "You're the model, so I need your help to check if the pattern fits," Abigail calmly replied.

At that moment, Joan was sitting in a garden chair, holding a beautiful fan and gently swaying it. "I'm sorry, but I'm in the middle of a photoshoot right now. Can you wait for a while?" Other designers and models were nearby, some watching the scene and others mocking.

Abigail walked up to her, exuding an imposing aura as she looked at Joan. "Miss Smith needs you to confirm the measurements for the pattern before she starts making the sample. Give me ten minutes, and I can confirm everything." With furrowed brows, Joan spoke with a slightly impatient tone, "Listen. My schedule is all arranged. If you wanted to confirm measurements, you should've notified me in advance. Luna's matter is not the only important thing here." "Then, how long will it take you?" Abigail asked indifferently, for she did not want to argue with her.

"I'm a bit thirsty. Can you fetch me a can of soda?" Joan said, picking up her phone to take a selfie.

Nina chimed in, "Oh, by the way, Miss Quinn, while you're at it, could you also get me a box of Felo brand ice cream?" "Once I get it, will you cooperate?" Abigail asked Joan dispassionately.

Joan was truly disgusted with Abigail's attitude. Even when she had the upper hand, she did not feel the satisfaction of winning over Abigail. Instead, she felt that this little assistant did not pay any attention to her actions and had an air of aloofness.

After a while, Abigail brought the soda and handed it to Joan. "Drink this, then come for your measurements." "Where's my ice cream?" asked Nina.

As Abigail looked at her coldly, she asked, "Who are you to me? Do I have to serve you?" Instantly, Nina's face turned blue.

After taking a sip of her soda, Joan stood up. Despite her displeasure, she waved to Abigail with a smile as sweet as honey. "Come on. Let's do it." With a cold expression, Abigail brought

the pattern before Joan and began taking measurements. However, as soon as she finished measuring the sleeves, Joan shook her fan and said, "How about we go to the pavilion over there? It's really hot here, and I don't want my makeup to melt." Without waiting for Abigail to express her opinion, she tore off the pattern and handed it back to Abigail before walking away confidently.

Meanwhile, Nina looked at Abigail with a triumphant expression and followed Joan. After walking a distance, Joan stopped and told Abigail, "By the way, move the chairs from over there, will you? After that, get me some fruit and ice cream. Let's continue when it cools down. I don't want to break a sweat and smudge the lines on your pattern." Now that they were not in the middle of a live stream, Abigail dared not let her guard down. What if these people were up to something? Designers were not allowed to use their phones, but models could freely access the internet.

As she contemplated, Victor's voice sounded beside her. "Let me help you. If you don't comply today, Joan will not cooperate." Abigail looked at him, her expression cold. "Aren't you afraid your designer will be mad at you for helping me?" "If she does, I won't cooperate with her work. Don't worry," he replied. As they were chatting, he had already taken the chairs with a bright smile. "Your leg is injured, but she still asked you to move chairs. It's an attempt to worsen your injury." Suddenly, she thought about how he had helped her twice before and nodded in gratitude. "Thank you for your help." Without saying much, he carried the chairs away. After she tidied up the pattern, she quickly followed him.

Meanwhile, before the hotel's floor-to-ceiling windows, Sean watched the scene below- Abigail and Victor chatting and laughing-with icy eyes. Cameron sneakily glanced at him and saw his cold and intimidating demeanor. At once, he averted his gaze. I wonder whom he's angry at.

After watching for a while, Sean turned and walked away. When he arrived in the banquet hall on the first floor, he saw Victor and Abigail washing fruits by the open kitchen sink.

She was in a good mood, chatting animatedly with him.

Though Sean stood in the private kitchen, she did not notice him at all. After she finished washing the fruits, she intended to leave.

"Be careful. The floor is slippery." Victor approached, steadying her.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 79-Complaining Abigail instinctively glanced at Victor, feeling that he might be making a big deal out of nothing. So, she withdrew her arm calmly and said politely, "Thank you, but the floor isn't slippery." With a resigned expression, Victor could only take the fruit basket from her hand. "This basket is dripping water, and the floor is marble. Considering your leg injury, these factors combined could lead to problems. Go get the pattern, and I'll carry it for you." She agreed with a simple hum and did not push further. Unbeknownst to her, Sean narrowed his eyes as he watched them leave one after the other. His face was dark and brooding, as if a storm were brewing beneath the surface.

Victor placed the fruits on an iron chair in the pavilion and moved aside. Seeing Abigail slowly approaching, Joan stood up with a smile and handed her an orange. "Peel this for me, and then we can get to work." Abigail had no intention of helping her, but Victor took the initiative, grabbed the orange, and started peeling it. At that moment, Joan looked at him meaningfully, and halfway through the peeling process, she suddenly spoke, "Victor, are you helping Miss Quinn because you want to gain some clout from her?" He handed her the half-peeled orange and replied, "I just can't stand seeing you bully her. She's just an assistant, and everything is under her boss' orders. Is it really fun to bully her this way?" "Does it concern you whether it's fun or not? If you want to create a fauxmance with her, you gotta consider whether she's interested in you. She's been eyeing Sean from the very beginning. You think you can compare to him?" Joan sneered, her eyes filled with sarcasm.

Abigail had already prepared herself for things not going smoothly, but she did not anticipate Victor getting involved. At her provocations, he blushed slightly but did not back down. "I want to create a fauxmance? I wonder who used Mr. Graham's reputation as the hotel owner for publicity. Unfortunately, he only has eyes for Miss Quinn and hasn't even appeared in the same frame as you." This remark struck a nerve with Joan, who was so angry that she wanted to throw the orange he held right into Abigail's face.

Instantly, Abigail felt that Victor had caused trouble, so she stepped forward and whispered to him, "You don't need to argue with her, and besides, she's Miss Smith's model. How she treats me has nothing to do with you." She said this in a way that made it clear that he was an outsider. When she looked at him, there was a hint of hurt in his eyes, yet she avoided his gaze, pretending not to understand his expression.

Of course, Joan was not going to let Victor off easily, for she knew why Abigail had suddenly stopped him. At once, she took out her phone and called Sean. With a raised chin, she looked at the two, threatening, "I'll have Sean come and settle this." Her words were barely out when the call was connected.

With a delighted expression, she coquettishly called his name on the phone.

“Hey, Sean. Miss Quinn and a male model are ganging up on me, acting like a couple, and targeting me everywhere.

Can you come over for a moment?” Whatever Sean said on the other end seemed to please her even more. The other designers and models were eagerly waiting to see what would happen next. Meanwhile, Victor watched as Abigail pressed her lips together, not saying anything. Then, he asked her anxiously, “Did I cause you trouble?” She glanced at him but did not say much. Theoretically speaking, Victor, being familiar with this industry, should not have been so naive. Yet, he had openly offended Joan just to stand up for her.

I’m just an assistant. What’s in it for him?

Before long, Sean arrived with Cameron. In reality, he had been nearby all along.

Upon seeing him, Joan walked over with red eyes, pouting as she said, “Sean, he said our relationship is a publicity stunt. Miss Quinn also sided with him to bully me because she wanted to create a fauxmance with him. I’m Luna’s model. How can her assistant defend other models?” At her words, Sean glared at Victor, who felt like he was freezing all over, unable to move or even maintain eye contact.

As Abigail looked at Sean, she calmly said, “Miss Palmer, I asked you to confirm the measurements for the pattern, but you wanted me to fetch water, wash fruits, and move chairs.

Who’s the real bully here?” Sean then questioned her, “And what about him? What did he say?”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 80-Jealous?Nina quickly spoke after Sean, “Miss Palmer didn’t lie. Everyone present heard it. Victor said Miss Palmer used your reputation for publicity and claimed that you only had eyes for Miss Quinn, completely ignoring Miss Palmer.” Without looking at her, Sean turned to Abigail, saying, “You answer.” Looking into his eyes, she spoke politely, “Victor’s words were unintentional. You’re an important figure in the program, Mr. Graham. Why bother arguing with a model?” “A model who sows discord shouldn’t stay in the program,” he said indifferently. Just when Cameron wanted to step forward and ask Victor to leave, Abigail looked at Sean and maintained her calm tone as she replied, “In fact, this whole incident started because Miss Lowery claimed to have seen you leaving my room last night around 4.00AM, but I knew nothing about it.” At her words, Sean narrowed his eyes, surprised

that she tried to outmaneuver him. Nina, realizing she was implicated, immediately waved her hands and clarified, "I didn't say that. You're babbling!" Abigail's eyes showed a hint of confusion. "Did I hear you wrong? Miss Palmer has been jealous and hasn't been cooperating with my work because of that accusation. I'm in a difficult position, too." Sean's gaze bore deeply into her. Though she felt her scalp tingling under his intense stare, she stayed calm and continued, "Victor explained that he did meet you in the elevator last night, and since we stayed close by, you accompanied me for a while. Who would've thought that Miss Palmer would accuse him of chasing clout from me?" At her words, he wondered, If it weren't for seeing how attentive Victor was to her, I might've actually believed her words. Did she shift all the blame onto me just to protect him? "Is that all?" he asked Abigail. As she pressed her lips together, she nodded. "That's all. This matter has nothing to do with Victor." "But it's true that he said Miss Palmer used me for publicity, right? If I don't take action today, everyone will think they can drag me into a mess like this," Sean answered indifferently. From his words, she detected a hint of warning. Does he want to make Victor pay at all costs today? Nina, thinking that Sean might punish her too, immediately spoke up. "I didn't say that, I swear. I only mentioned seeing a man leaving her room around 4.00AM." "You clearly mentioned Mr. Graham, or else Miss Palmer wouldn't have been jealous and refused to cooperate with my work." Abigail insisted, not letting Nina off the hook. Just then, Joan chimed in, "I must've misheard, and I'm not refusing to cooperate. I just wanted some fruit to eat. You've misunderstood me. I have great respect for Luna and, by extension, for you too." Abigail turned to Sean and earnestly suggested, "Mr. Graham, why don't you check the surveillance footage? Even though I'm just an assistant, being accused of having a man enter and leave my room at 4.00AM is quite frightening." Instantly, he gave her a cold stare. Wow, her performance today has truly surprised me. "You can decide what to do with Victor after finding the truth. He was only helping you and me clear our names, which led to a dispute with Miss Palmer, and he said some unintentional things," she added. With just a few words, she had turned Victor into the savior who helped clear up his rumored relationships. However, he did not seem pleased with her words. Instead, he gave her a cold glance. "You guys talk nonsense and expect me to investigate the truth for you?" She was momentarily speechless. Suddenly, Joan piped up, "As long as we check the surveillance footage on your floor-" She did not finish her sentence as the cold, disapproving look from Sean silenced her. "Miss Quinn, are you determined to defend this model?" He kept his eyes fixed on Abigail. As she lowered her gaze, she maintained a calm expression. "I don't have the authority to defend anyone. I'm just an assistant. However, this program is ultimately for entertainment purposes, and changing participants midway due to disputes might create a negative impression on viewers." He gave a cold laugh and nodded. "You're usually so quiet, but you surprised me today, Miss Quinn." With that, he turned and left. Only after some time did it dawn on Abigail that it seemed like he was insinuating that she had become more

talkative because of Victor. Unable to fathom how he would handle the situation, she furrowed her brows.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

81-90

I Want a Divorce Chapter 81-Manage Yourself Cameron's words served as a warning to everyone in the production team as it urged them not to in underhanded activities. Silence fell upon the group once he left. engage any Abigail still had her cold demeanor as she held up a piece of clothing and asked Joan, "Is this the correct measurements?" Joan gazed at Abigail stoically, her eyes revealing an unknown emotion. "You really aren't affected, huh?" She noticed that Abigail was not frightened of Sean. While everyone else felt like they were walking on eggshells around him, Abigail couldn't be bothered to

put on a pleasant expression.

Abigail looked at her indifferently. "I didn't lie, so why should it affect me?"- Nina, who felt offended by what Abigail did, huffed and left, but she intentionally walked into Abigail while on her way out.

Abigail staggered backward by two steps from the impact, and a sharp pain shot through her injured ankle, causing her to furrow her brows subconsciously.

No one, including Abigail, had noticed this brief incident.

Victor's designer, Damian Light, sneered. "You've offended Mr. Graham yourself. Don't even think of pushing me under the bus!" Ignoring the pain in her ankle, Abigail glanced at Victor. At the sight of his worried face, she couldn't help but be concerned.

Joan behaved more restrained thereafter, and Abigail successfully completed the measurements.

When she was about to leave, Abigail looked at Victor, who seemed lost in thought, again. "You don't need to stand up for a lowly assistant like me." Victor whispered, "It's necessary. We're here to participate in the program, not to endure being mistreated. Besides, you are

representing Alana.” She was briefly taken aback. If it hadn’t been for Sean protecting Joan, she indeed wouldn’t have had to endure this kind of treatment. Nevertheless, as she was leaving, she added, “This is just how it is in any workplace. If Mr. Graham expels you from the production team, you’ll regret it” Joan sarcastically waved her fan. “You two are sympathizing with each other now, huh? It’s a shame you’re not on the same team. Otherwise, it’d have been such a spectacle.” Abigail ignored her and left.

In Luna’s room, Abigail placed the clothing pattern on the table and examined her ankle. Yesterday, Sean had already helped her with it, which was why she had no trouble walking today. However, after Nina walked into her, it caused the pain to increase.

A concerned Luna approached Abigail. “What happened to your leg?” “Someone knocked into it forcefully. It hurts a bit, but it’s not a big deal. Let’s get to work,” Abigail replied nonchalantly.

Luna held her shoulder. “Who did it? Do they think that we’re easy targets? I’ll give them a piece of my mind!” “There’s no need to do so. I need to start the work on the clothing. You’ll have to stay by my side so that you can explain when the production team asks for details,” Abigail said, entirely focused.

Luna was frustrated. “But you are Alana...” “Why does that matter?” Abigail replied calmly. Even though she was Alana, she wasn’t considered a significant person in Sean’s eyes. If Joan wanted to cause trouble, she would still do it.

Luna leaned closer. “Tell me, who was it?” Abigail pretended not to hear the question and changed the topic. “Speaking of which, I’m going to observe the roses in the moonlight tonight.” “The embroidery on your dress? Joan doesn’t deserve your dedication.” Luna rolled her eyes and didn’t press further on who bumped into Abigail.

Abigail placed the clothing pattern on the cutting table and said calmly, “I’ve always been dedicated to the design, not the people wearing them.” Later that night, after she took a shower, she went downstairs to the garden to take photos.

“What are you doing?” As she was taking pictures of the roses with her camera, Sean’s voice suddenly sounded from behind her.

Abigail was startled and turned to see Sean under the dim lights. “I’m collecting material for Miss Smith.” She was surprised to run into him here.

He raised an eyebrow. "You seem quite invested in her designs." She kept her camera away as she asked, "Are you still inspecting work so late?" Abigail had finished taking photos and planned to leave, but she couldn't just walk away with Sean here.

She wasn't sure if she understood Sean's implication in his words.

"Other than you, who else would be working at this hour?" Sean approached Abigail. "It seems like you're quite protective of Victor." Abigail's gaze turned cold. "Victor only made one comment, and you were so eager to protect Joan that you wanted him kicked out from the production team. That's unreasonable." "Are you defending him?" Sean's lips curled with a hint of coldness.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 82-Being Helpless Abigail touched the camera bag that she carried with her and lowered her gaze.

"What if I am? Since you were inspecting from the shadows, you should've seen that it all started with Joan." Sean silently observed Abigail.

She didn't want to talk about this matter. Many crazy things had occurred within the production team, and she found it very surreal. "Even if it's because of Joan, she's not someone that Victor would offend," he said calmly.

Her lips curled upward as she sneered. "If you had said from the beginning that this was Joan's own.

show, I believe everyone would've praised her, and I wouldn't have participated

with Miss Smith either." Sean stood in front of Abigail, raising his hand to pinch her chin. "Do you understand that you're opposing me for Victor's sake?" Abigail stared into his eyes. "How could I dare to oppose you? After all, the production team was established for the purpose of launching Joan's career. My argument with her today was indeed my mistake, dragging someone else into it." "Abigail, are you insinuating that I'm suppressing all of you for Joan's sake?" He tightened his grip a bit.

She couldn't be bothered to respond to those words. It was a clear fact, but he feigned righteousness. However, now that she thought about how Victor helped her twice, Abigail softened her attitude. "I didn't mean that. I just wanted to ask, what do I have to do for you to let Victor off the hook?" Sean's displeasure flicked in his eyes. "If you hadn't brought this up tonight, I wouldn't have gone after him, but I've decided to let him leave tomorrow" He stood

up to refute Nina for our sake, and the incident about four in the morning is the truth. Is that reasonable if you don't appreciate his efforts and want to kick him out of the production team?

Is this production team solely under your control?" Abigail became somewhat angry.

Sean's voice turned cold. "Do you think I can't resolve the issue without him speaking up? Moreover, you've shifted all the blame onto me and pretended not to know anything. Isn't that what you've done?" Abigail nodded slightly. "True. Others can't make mistakes, but you can have the production team edit it out when you do." At this, his eyes darkened. "Is a male model worth your anger, Abigail? The root cause of this situation is clearly that you got too close to him, yet you're bringing up all sorts of irrelevant things." She was momentarily stunned.

He stared at her coldly. "Even though we have a secret marriage, does that give you the right to openly be with another man in the production team to boost L.Moon's popularity?" "He helped me because he saw my injured leg," Abigail replied coldly. "How is that being openly with another man? Don't be so absurd." She couldn't help but point out that he had his own unclear entanglements with Joan, so why didn't he control himself? He seemed so agitated, only because someone had shown her a little kindness.

"Do you really think it's not about this? Do you know what he's thinking? Anyone who can make it in this industry isn't that innocent. Do you truly believe he offended Joan for you?" Sean's words were cold and mocking.

"It's better to be misunderstood than you not explaining anything. Did I ask you to stay in my room? You caused me a lot of trouble and made me an outcast, and now you're blaming me?" Abigail found Sean's behavior inexplicable.

In reality, when it came to right or wrong, Sean's insistence on having a relationship with her within the production team was the root cause of the entire issue.

"Is there a problem for me to be in my wife's room?" Sean retorted.

Abigail forced herself to remain calm. "There's no problem. I don't want to argue with you. I still have to return and report for duty. As for Victor, I'll handle it with discretion and also hope that you can give him a chance." Sean pursed his lips in silence.

She looked into his eyes and continued, "This damn situation arose because of our relationship within the production team. Since he helped me, I don't want to drag him into this.

Sean Graham, we're still considered a couple. Can't you even compromise that bit?" He reached out and grasped her waist. "Just this once. Pay attention to your words and actions. You shouldn't allow it even if he tries to get close to you." "I understand." Abigail retreated and avoided his hand as her attitude turned cold. "I'll leave now. Miss Smith might become angry if I'm late." An oppressive feeling lingered in Sean's heart. Even though Abigail had compromised in this matter, he wasn't uplifted either. Her indifference made him believe that her apology wasn't genuine, but she only did it out of her obligation to Victor, not wanting him to be kicked out of the production team. Enduring the pain in her leg, Abigail entered the elevator and looked at her reflection in the mirrored walls for a while. Then, she couldn't help but give a bitter, cold smile.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 83-Abigail Quits Abigail felt like she was the only positive one in this marriage. Sean was glued to Joan, so a single phone call from her could make him leave, yet it was because of him that Abigail had to be cautious with her actions on the show.

Many frustrations were pent up inside her, and she clenched the hand at her side tightly.

After returning to Luna's room, Abigail sat at her workstation and silently attended to her tasks. Luna was dealing with the matters related to L.Moon and sensed that something was off with Abigail's mood. She looked up and asked, "What's wrong? You seem frustrated." Abigail, who was about to transfer some photos to her tablet, relaxed her tense

expression upon hearing Luna's question. "It's nothing. Are you still dealing with L.Moon's orders here?" "Due to the recent popularity of you and Sean being a couple on the show, we've been receiving many studio orders. I'm currently delegating them to the designers," Luna replied with a smile when she mentioned those orders.

All of Abigail's resentment toward Sean was rendered useless by Luna's words.

She lowered her gaze and nodded lightly, saying, "That's great. I'll start the embroidering. Otherwise, the time given by the production team won't be enough." L.Moon still depended on Sean, so even if she harbored lots of resentment toward him, this show had benefitted her and Luna's studio.

Her interactions with Sean had also brought in quite a few orders for the studio.

Luna sensed that Abigail was in a rather bad mood, so she set aside and poured a glass of hot water for her. "What's really bothering you? You seem upset. I'm your sister, right? Can't you confide in me?" Abigail inserted a memory card into her tablet and smiled at Luna. "Where

did you get the idea that I'm in a bad mood? I'm just a bit tired. It's fine; we've received quite a few orders thanks to this show. That's already good." Luna looked concerned. "If you're really upset, we can withdraw from the show so that we don't have to see that lovey-dovey couple and feel bad." "No. I'll wait until my grandmother's health improves, and then I'll sever ties with him," Abigail replied gently.

Luna patted her shoulder. "Alright, focus on your work. Don't overexert yourself." Meanwhile, Joan stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window in her room, her eyes cold as she spoke on the phone. "Is this really going to work? I'm afraid if it gets discovered, Sean will be angry." "Just make sure he doesn't find out. Find someone to assist you," the person on the other end of the line advised.

"Okay, I understand," Joan replied before she hung up.

Shortly after that, Nina knocked on the door.

Joan opened the door and immediately had a friendly smile. "You're here. I wanted to talk to you and confirm what you saw last night." Nina entered her room, and after closing the door, Joan wore a harmless smile as she asked, "You really saw Sean, right?" "As long as you're sure that the room next to Abigail is his, then it's him," Nina replied cautiously. She couldn't afford to offend anyone, especially not the major investor in the show.

Joan smiled and sat down nearby. "Do you want Abigail to leave the show?" Nina looked at Joan with a forced smile. "Abigail leaving the show doesn't really benefit me as a designer." "Sean hired Alana, especially for me. If you want to compete with her, you can dream about it. If you step back and receive an outstanding award, that's still achievable." Joan refused to beat around the bush.

Nina pursed her lips, contemplating for a moment before asking, "How do you want me to help you get rid of Abigail?" "Abigail has injured her leg, and Victor is rather fond of her. You have plenty of room to work with there. Why do you need me to teach you a method? After all, the award from the show comes with a prize of over a million, and the clothes you design will bear the logo of the luxury brand that Sean owns. Isn't that enough incentive for you to use your brain?" Joan had a sweet smile, but there was a piercing glare.

There was tension on Nina's face. "I'm not sure if your relationship with Sean is genuine or fake." Joan raised an eyebrow and, right in Nina, dialed Sean's number on her phone.

On the other end of the call, Sean's voice was unusually gentle. "What's up?" "Sean, I want the new Mila bag. Can you buy it for me?" Joan asked coquettishly.

"Sure," Sean replied without hesitation.

Joan replied, her eyes narrowing. She triumphantly tilted her chin and looked at Nina, who was surprised. "Thank you, Sean. Get some rest soon."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 84-No Need to Be Overly Cautious Nina's gaze toward her was no longer the same. She approached Joan, her tone carrying a hint of flattery. "Abigail has put in quite the effort to seduce Mr.

Graham. She's really shameless!" "I'm sure what you saw last night was intentional on her part," Joan replied as she fixed her gaze on Nina.

Nina smiled and responded, "Don't worry. I'll help you. I detest those who become people's mistresses." A forced smile momentarily appeared on Joan's face, but Joan quickly regained her composure. After seeing Nina off, her expression turned cold as she

genuinely hated the word "third party".

Nina returned to her room and wandered around for a while before deciding to look for Damian.

The production team had been as busy as bees since the start of the task.

Abigail was skilled and could complete a woman's dress in half a day.

After they finished their lunch, when Abigail and Luna were about to return to their rooms, Victor stopped them and asked, "Do you have some free time around seven tonight?" Abigail was puzzled. "Is there something you need?" Luna approached with a playful smile to tease Victor. "Of course, she's free. Are you planning to go on a date with her?" Abigail knew exactly what Luna was up to.

Blushing, Victor waved his hands in embarrassment and explained, "No... You've misunderstood. I have something to give to her!" Without waiting for Abigail's response, he hurriedly walked off while Luna had a mischievous smile.

While in the elevator, she placed an arm around Abigail's shoulder and asked, "What do he wants to give you?" you think Abigail calmly replied, "Why did you have to tease him like that

and say those kinds of things? It's just causing unnecessary trouble." "Well," came Luna's explanation. "We have to let him know that it's okay to pursue you, especially when you are planning to get a divorce. This young man is quite a catch, not to mention his looks and physique." "Don't cause any trouble for him, and I don't want to be involved in such things within the production team. Designing clothes is my primary task." Abigail insisted in a subdued tone.

Luna clicked her tongue twice, whispering, "But it's clear he is interested in you.

He's just... not very skilled at acting, considering he's been in the industry for a while. Why pretend to be an innocent guy?" Abigail didn't think she was so easily swayed by Victor's good looks, but it seemed she saw through it quite clearly. "I'm not even divorced yet, and I'm not fooling around," she replied, her voice laced with a touch of sarcasm. "I'm not Sean." During dinner at 5.30PM, Victor attentively provided utensils and drinks to Abigail and Luna. Luna leaned back in her chair and enjoyed Victor's personal service. After he was done and sat at the dining table, she asked, "What's up with you inviting my assistant? Is there anything important?" "Oh, it's not something worth discussing right now. Let's eat first," he replied mysteriously.

Luna did not press for further details, and the others at the table remained silent, quietly listening to the conversation.

After dinner, when Abigail and Luna left, Nina, Joan, and Damian exchanged glances before they broke into meaningful smiles.

At 7.00PM, Abigail could no longer tolerate Victor's continuous messages urging her to come. She had no choice but to head over to the garden for their appointment.

Luna noticed that Abigail's cheeks were a bit flushed, and she appeared somewhat fatigued. She stood up and said, "Let me go on your behalf. He probably helped you to buy medicine for you." Abigail glanced at her and asked, "You already knew?" "Of course. Your leg seems more serious today, and anyone can see that too, right? I thought Sean, who likes to observe from the shadows, would bring you the medicine. It turns out I was wrong," Luna replied with a huff.

"Why didn't you bring the medicine for me then?" Abigail asked playfully.

Luna stood by the door with a somewhat mischievous smile. "If I had done so, how could I have allowed someone else to be attentive to you?" Abigail wrinkled her nose but remained

silent. She had underestimated Sean, so if he discovered that Victor had brought her medication, he would probably kick Victor out of the production team.

without any hesitation. He wouldn't even get a glimpse of the supposed scene of jealousy.

However, now that Luna went to get the medicine, it could be seen as helping Victor, saving him from unnecessary trouble.

After Luna left, Abigail began to feel that her mouth was dry, and her body temperature was rising.

She reached up to adjust her clothes.

When Luna arrived at the designated location, a hand suddenly reached out from behind and grabbed her tightly

I Want a Divorce Chapter 84-Being Tricked Again Luna was startled and turned around to slap the person several times until they retreated.

When she saw that it was Victor, she quickly surveyed her surroundings and then approached him to grab him by his collar with a fierce look. "You are resorting to such despicable means? Are you trying to get yourself killed?" Victor's face reddened, and he was breathing heavily. In his eyes, there was nothing but primitive desire.

Luna was disgusted and forcefully kicked his leg. She was wearing high heels, and her kick made Victor groan as he fell to the ground.

"Who do you think you are by trying this on me? When I'm tearing people apart in the business world, you're still clueless about where you are!" She stepped on his chest, her face filled with anger.

He struggled to breathe, so the pain in his leg temporarily restored some of his sanity. He weakly croaked, "Today... the water we drank... There's an issue... Don't worry about me..." She lowered her gaze to him as her anger diminished.

"Miss Quinn... Check on Miss Quinn..." he continued saying.

After realizing something was wrong, Abigail returned to her room and took a cold shower, but it did not help. Instead, when the effects of the aphrodisiac kicked in, she collapsed in the

bathroom, completely powerless. She reached the sink with great difficulty and picked up her phone.

She struggled to unlock her device several times before succeeding.

Her consciousness was fading due to her body's overwhelming desire, and she did not even know if her call was really made to Luna.

"Is there something wrong?" Sean's voice in the phone call remained calm as he asked Abigail.

Abigail heard someone speaking but couldn't tell if it was Luna. She bit her lip as she sat on the floor and replied while struggling to breathe, "I-Is this Luna?" Sean sensed that there was something wrong, and his expression turned cold.

"What's wrong you?" with Her head was buzzing, and she answered his question. "I think... I am down with something. Please come back... I'm scared... I have no strength..." His expression darkened even more. "I'll be right there. Don't hang up." After hanging up, he quickly returned to his place, worried about Abigail's condition.

She had no strength whatsoever, and her body felt like it was being torn apart.

Sean hung up the phone, and, in less than two minutes, he entered Abigail's room. Soon, he opened the bathroom door and saw her completely soaked on the floor. Her clothes were in disarray as they clung to her body.

'What did you eat?' Sean walked up to her and carried her.

Abigail smelled the fragrance on him and reached out to grab his tie. Her eyes were filled with tears as she whined, "I feel terrible... Luna." He held her pale, delicate hand as his gaze turned stern. "I'm not Luna. I'm Sean." Struggling to see Sean's face clearly, Abigail became anxious because she couldn't focus. Her voice trembled as she replied, "Sean, I feel uncomfortable... Please help me." Being a normal man, Sean was well aware of Abigail's current condition, so he kissed her to ease her discomfort.

The knocking on the door outside continued incessantly, but he pretended not to hear it while she was unaware.

Luna was on the verge of banging the door down when Cameron stopped her.

“You...” She was about to scold someone when she noticed it was Cameron and instantly swallowed back the foul words she had in mind.

“Miss Smith, Mr. Graham is inside,” Cameron informed Luna politely.

Luna felt relieved and turned toward the direction of the elevator. As she walked, she called Kevin.

“The drinks that she and Victor had were spiked. I hope you can thoroughly investigate and discover who the f*ck is behind this dirty trick!” Meanwhile, inside the room, Abigail was held by Sean under the rain. She felt weak all over and clung tightly to him.

He noticed that the drugs in her system were potent since she was never as proactive and passionate as she was tonight.

The two of them moved from the bathroom to the bed, with Sean carefully holding Abigail, whose legs had turned into jelly.

Then, time passed slowly.

Abigail was awakened by the sound of Sean making a phone call. She woke in a daze, feeling her body ache with each movement.

“You can’t investigate this matter thoroughly. The program can also be stopped indefinitely.” Sean’s voice was filled with anger.

She raised her head and saw that he was seated next to her. Then, she realized that this was indeed her room, and he was sleeping on her bed.

Moreover, he had numerous scratch marks, with clear kissing marks on his neck.

Abigail closed her eyes again, and vague fragments of yesterday’s memories flashed through her mind. Right now, she just wanted to disappear from the face of the Earth.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 86-Discussing Insights Sean tossed his phone aside and felt that Abigail had regained consciousness.

Then, he turned his head to look at her.

Abigail, feeling like an ostrich, couldn't maintain her pretense under Sean's penetrating gaze. Opening her eyes, she tried to appear as if everything was normal after their intimacy and looked at him and said, "I'll call Luna. I'm worried about her." He turned and grabbed the phone on the bedside table.

She noticed the scratches on his back. While they had been intimate as a married couple, this kind of intensity was indeed a first.

A faint blush crept onto her cheeks when he handed her the phone.

After taking the phone, she dialed Luna's number. However, she realized that when she was in a daze earlier, she had called Sean's phone instead. And that's why he ended up sleeping in my room.

Sean's gaze remained seemingly normal, but if Abigail were to observe closely, she could notice that he was different from his usual self.

At this moment, there was a depth in his eyes and a rare hint of emotion in how he looked at Abigail, making him rather alluring.

Abigail lowered her eyes and dialed Luna's number.

Luna immediately answered the call with concern. "How are you feeling? Do you feel any discomfort? I'm not in the room right now as I'm still handling some matters. If you're not feeling well, just continue to lie down. I'll settle everything!" Abigail was touched by Luna's kindness and replied gently, "I'm okay. Nothing's wrong. Did something happen to you?" Luna gritted her teeth before she chuckled bitterly. "I'm fine. That little punk, Victor, got what he deserved. I just don't know whether he's innocent or not." Since they all mingled in the same social circles, even Abigail had no idea whether Victor was truly innocent.

did you take earlier?" She thought carefully and replied, "The same as usual. Nothing special." "If Victor's involved in this, what would you say, Abigail?" Sean leaned against the bed, his gaze deep as he looked at Abigail.

She bit her lower lip lightly in her hesitation to answer immediately.

Sean's voice became even colder as he said, "I've told you before: no one in this production team is honest. Victor is a model, and models depend heavily on the favor of good designers. Do you he approached you because he likes you?" think With a cold expression, Abigail looked at him. "I never thought that Victor likes me. I helped him to speak up not because I

thought he liked me but because I wanted to.” “You’d better pray that Victor wasn’t involved, or I won’t cut him some slack at all,” Sean said as he pulled the covers to rest.

She asked with a hint of confusion, “Aren’t you returning to your room?” “Do you want to make use of me and kick me out after that?” he retorted.

“I didn’t mean that, but it’s inappropriate for you to stay here.” Abigail tried to reason with him. If he remained in her room in such a conspicuous manner in the middle of the night, it would be difficult to clear her reputation.

Sean pulled the covers over himself and responded, “There’s nothing inappropriate about it. When you asked for my help, you said nothing about it being inappropriate.” His words silenced Abigail, and she leaned closer to him, speaking softly, “This happened suddenly, and it wasn’t intentional. If you return to your room at four in the morning and someone sees you, they might start rumors about Miss Smith.” “I can’t do four in the morning. I can have a change of time. Do you think I’m not tired after sleeping and taking care of you for the past two to three hours?” he replied, reaching out to pull her into his arms.

She couldn’t help but mutter, “You never complain about being tired during other times.” Sean opened his eyes, his gaze like that of a wild beast as it fixed firmly on Abigail. “You’re different from normal today.” Abigail blushed in the shade of a ripe apple.

He had a different idea in mind as he pinched her chin and asked in a low voice, “You are usually quite docile, but today? You... Damn.” His final word held infinite implications. Abigail bit her lip, refusing to utter a word.

Sean leaned close to her ear, his voice low as he asked. “Do you want to know how you made me exhausted today?” A deep blush crept over Abigail’s face, and she pressed her hand against Sean’s mouth. “Aren’t you supposed to be asleep?” He removed her hand with a calm gaze. “Discussing feedback after the experience isn’t a bad idea.” “No need...” Abigail withdrew her hand and curled her body, unwilling to look at Sean’s face.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 87-We Are A Couple Sean noticed that she was curled up like an ostrich, and he continued, “We are still a married couple, even on the show.” Abigail pursed her lips and didn’t want to respond. Being a couple was something that only the two of them knew, and no one else did. When Joan slandered her, he never stepped forward to clarify that they were a married couple. He only mentioned this fact when they were in bed.

He looked at her and asked, "No response?" "It's still early. So, if you leave now, it won't be a big deal even if someone sees you," she whispered as she closed her eyes.

He gave her a cold look. "Are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?" Abigail struggled out of his embrace, pulled up the blanket, and sat up. She looked at him with a gentle expression. "That's because I don't want to cause Miss Smith any problem, and I don't want anyone to question the show either." Sean snorted but didn't say much because he could tell that Abigail was trying to please Luna wholeheartedly.

As he covered himself with the blanket, he didn't bother paying attention to Abigail. When she saw how determined he was to stay, she was at a loss for words. So, she had no choice but to remain silent and lie there with him.

As time passed, she didn't know when she had fallen asleep. By the time she woke up again, it was because her phone was ringing.

Abigail opened her eyes and found that Sean was no longer beside her. She presumed that he had returned to his room, so she reached for her phone and saw that it was Luna calling. She immediately answered, "What's going on?" Luna panted. "Are you in your room? I brought Victor back to my room, but he's on a drip. Do you want to come over and wait for him to wake up?" Abigail was about to respond when the bathroom door opened. Sean walked out naturally toward her with a casual tone. "If you feel any discomfort, feel free to call me anytime. I have some other matters to attend to, so I won't bother you any longer." Her cheeks reddened, whereas Luna, who was on the phone, had a sharp intake of breath before she chuckled.

When he saw Abigail's blushing face, Sean calmly approached her and kneeled beside the bed, reaching out to pinch her chin. "Your face is so red. Could there still be traces of the drug in your system? It shouldn't be; it's been three hours." "N-No... You can leave now since you have work to do!" Abigail nervously pushed Sean's hand away and buried herself under the covers.

When he saw her like this, he tugged at the corner of his lips, said nothing more, and turned to leave.

Her heart raced as she felt like she was being suffocated.

Luna spoke up softly. "Is he gone?" "He's gone... I'll be right there." Abigail had never been so embarrassed in her life.

"I'll wait for you," Luna said without teasing Abigail.

After she hung up the phone, Abigail freshened up in the bathroom, changed into different clothes, and then went over to Luna's room.

She never expected Kevin would also be there. He was on a phone call when Abigail entered, and he raised an eyebrow with a mischievous smile while intentionally raising his voice. "Mr. Graham, I won't keep you on the line any longer. Miss Quinn is here, and we need to discuss official matters." Abigail felt that his behavior was slightly inappropriate.

After Kevin hung up, he looked serious. "Don't worry. We're currently investigating this matter." She glanced at the unconscious Victor on the couch, still maintaining his cold appearance. "How's he?" "We don't know whether he's okay yet, but there's no need for you to be concerned about what he might do!" Luna answered with a cold look at Victor.

Kevin walked to the side, still with a smile. "If Victor did this alone, it'd have been obvious." Kevin walked to the side, still with a smile. "If Victor did this alone, it'd have been obvious." He had received preliminary results from his investigation indicating Victor's innocence.

Just then, Victor, on the couch, made a sound, and all three pairs of eyes turned toward him. He opened his eyes and was startled, especially when he saw Kevin's teasing eyes, which caused his legs to weaken.

In reality, the effects of the aphrodisiac had taken a toll on him, and he didn't have much strength left in his legs.

"Miss Smith, I had no idea. I just wanted to give Miss Quinn some medicine, and I had no idea I'd take it myself. I don't even know when I took it!" Victor struggled to get up as he kept speaking.

Abigail also recalled what they had consumed earlier, and everything seemed perfectly normal, without any suspicious elements.

"I discovered that the medicine you gave to Abigail was purchased from outside.

I'm quite curious.

Why would our production team need you to ask someone to purchase medication from outside?" Kevin's eyes had a trace of coldness.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 88-Useless Ex-Husband Victor was seated on the couch, looking aggrieved. "I asked the production team, but they didn't have the meds I wanted for her. I used the meds for minor wounds before, and it's really good, so I asked someone to get it for me." Luna picked up the meds they brought back, and she Googled it. The price was expensive, and it was only available at the biggest drug stores in this city. "I'll try it on you, then," Luna told Abigail, tucking her phone away.

Abigail looked at Victor and sat down. "You have to tell the truth if you want to stay. Or else they'll kick you out of the production team."

Luna crouched before Abigail and placed her leg on her lap. She then squeezed some of the meds out and massaged Abigail's ankle.

Victor looked at them innocently, the rims of his eyes red. "I wouldn't hurt you even if I was mad." Abigail pursed her lips and stared at Victor. She suddenly realized that Sean had an eye for people.

Victor was a smart man. Back when they were in the elevator, he probably knew she shared some mysterious relationship with Sean, and that was why he helped her after that.

Abigail wasn't averse to this kind of trick. He only did it for a better future. Being smart was a good thing in this industry. At least he wasn't malicious.

Kevin narrowed his eyes and harrumphed. "You can say you're innocent after we get the investigation's results. Won't work before that." He could see that Abigail was convinced, but Kevin was a more practical man. He would only trust the evidence that was presented.

Luna looked at Kevin and put Abigail's leg down. "After the IV infusion is finished, let him go back and get some rest. Can we get any results by tomorrow?" Abigail moved her ankle around. It felt cool and didn't hurt that much anymore. It felt like she just got injected with anesthetic. All the places that stung earlier were getting numb.

Kevin asked his men to take Victor back.

Once he was gone, Kevin smirked at Abigail. "I know what you're thinking. You think he's fine. You want to keep him, but to be honest, you can't." Abigail looked at him calmly. "Sean's idea? Why?" "You know how petty he can be. Why the question? Mr. Graham won't let anyone get in his way. Even if Victor isn't the one who did it, the other person would still be kicked out as well," said Kevin matter-of-factly.

“And if I want him to stay? Does being petty mean that he won’t forgive anyone who tries to use just a little bit of trickery to get ahead in life?” Abigail asked coldly.

Kevin quickly said, “Oh, calm down, Abigail. This case still hasn’t been settled yet. We’ll talk once we have the results.” “When you have the results, you’re telling Sean first and having Victor kicked out, aren’t you?” Abigail demanded.

Kevin quickly said, “No, of course not. I’ll tell you first when the results are out, alright?” Abigail looked into Kevin’s eyes. Earnestly, she said, “I don’t think Victor’s wrong for helping me. It’s for a better future, after all. If he’s innocent, I want him to stay. I’m saying this as Sean’s wife.” Kevin nodded. “Of course. I get it.” Luna was already getting bored, and she asked, “Done?” “Yes. Get some rest. I’m going back.” Kevin was nice to Luna, too.

た Once they sent Kevin off, Luna looked at Abigail solemnly. “You slept with Sean?” Abigail’s mask of solemnity fell off, and she looked sheepish. “I was going to call wrong number. The drug was too strong.

you, but I got the Luna huddled closer and said quietly, “I can’t believe he’d actually come to help you. And he went at it for three hours, too. That’s powerful.” “Let’s not talk about that.” Abigail blushed, and her lips were dry.

“Then, let’s talk about Victor. You know he’s not as innocent as he looks, so why are you keeping him?” Luna asked. She knew Abigail wasn’t that kind of a person.

Abigail said calmly, “When you couldn’t come out, Joan and some other designers tripped me up, but he helped me out. When my leg got hurt, he was the only one who cared about me and got me some meds. Even if he isn’t that innocent, so what?”

I Want a Divorce Chapter 89-Slandered Luna nodded. “He should be bailed. He’s better than Sean anyway. Aside from sleeping with you, that guy’s useless.” Abigail’s cheeks burned. “Stop talking about that. I’m not sleepy anyway, so let’s deal with the clothes.” Luna said, “Whatever you want.” Kevin didn’t go back. Instead, he went into Sean’s room.

Sean was seated before his desk. Coolly, he said, “All settled?” Kevin approached him and put his hands on the table. The usually flippant guy changed his attitude for a while. “I talked to Abigail just now. She thinks Victor didn’t mean any harm.” Sean was going through his files, but he stopped for a moment. “Just spit it out.” Kevin looked at him and stammered, “I—I won’t hold back, then.” “You talk too much.” Sean was getting impatient.

Kevin quickly said, "Abigail said that if Victor wasn't the one who did it, we should just let it slide." Sean said nothing. He was going to go against Abigail and kick Victor out of the production team.

Kevin scratched his head. "I think you should reflect on yourself. Don't try to kick everyone out. You can't guarantee she won't have suitors forever." Sean tossed his file away and looked at Kevin coolly. "What should I reflect on?" Kevin said, concerned, "You asked that so matter-of-factly. You have no idea at all, huh? Victor helped Abigail do everything when her leg was hurt. Of course, she's touched." Sean fell silent. He helped Abigail with the draft too, but she wasn't touched at all. "I call the shots in the production team, not her," said Sean, and he picked his file up to continue reading it.

Kevin was miffed. "I think Victor's innocent too." "None of your business now. Leave. I want evidence, not conjecture," said Sean coldly.

The next day, Kevin came to Luna's room and saw Abigail there. Victor came in at the same time. A staff member came and tossed Victor onto the ground.

Victor explained, "You don't trust me either, Ms. Quinn? Yes, I approached you to gain something, but I swear I didn't mean to harm you." Luna was seated before the sewing machine, pretending to work. She fiddled with the shirt and asked Kevin, "Found anything?" "Yes. The chat history is still on his phone." Kevin handed Victor's phone to Abigail.

Abigail took a look and saw the chat history between Victor and Damian. Aside from telling him to buy the meds Abigail needed for her leg, there was also the request to purchase a kind of medicine.

she'd never seen before.

"I have no idea about that med, I swear. There's no way the production team would keep that kind fishy, Mr. Stewart?" Victor explained with reddened of stuff around. Don't you think this S eyes.

The med he wanted was available on any online shopping platform. It was a kind of aphrodisiac.

"I'll see if the production team has any of this lying around. The fact is that this chat history is real.

Don't tell me someone stole your phone and used it to create this chat." Kevin sneered. He wouldn't listen to Victor's explanation.

He was having a headache over Abigail and Sean having differences over this matter, but the trash took itself out.

Abigail checked the chat history and noticed that Victor wasn't that close to Damian. They barely chatted, and there was no way he would ask someone who was barely a stranger to buy something that dangerous.

Abigail handed the phone back to Kevin. "I'd like to hear his explanation in detail, Mr. Stewart." Kevin was happy a moment ago, but after what Abigail said, that happiness was gone. "You trust him?" Abigail didn't answer. Instead, she looked at the tearful Victor. She asked, "Why'd you ask him to buy that for you?" "I was going to give you the meds, but the team said they don't have it, so I asked if they could get it for me. I offered tips, but no one took my offer," said Victor slowly.

"And?" Abigail asked.

Kevin was listening, and he was upset.

Victor choked. "Mr. Light got mad because he couldn't find me and take my size.

I explained things to him, and he said he'd help me out once things were done. I was worried he might get the wrong pill, so I told him the name of the med. I promise I didn't ask him to get the second kind of medicine."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 90-Scapegoat Kevin was about to say something, but Abigail asked, "Between you asking for his help and you. giving me the meds, has your phone ever left your sight?" Victor mused over it. A moment later, he said, "Damian gave me a glass of water when he was taking my size. He chatted with me for a bit after I drank the water, and then I took a nap." Kevin licked his lips. "Who knows what you did in that room? He wouldn't admit to creating this chat history to scapegoat you." A pause later, Kevin grinned.

"And what good does that bring to him?"

Luna raised her hand. "Of course there is. If he ruins my assistant's reputation, then my reputation gets ruined as well. He wasn't going after Victor. Victor's just the cannon fodder in this war. His target was and is still me. And my assistant." "There's no proof of that. You

believe his conjecture?" Kevin licked his lips. He had a smile on his face, but the look in his eyes was icy.

Abigail said, "There is proof. Your production team doesn't have the meds he wanted. Must've been bought online and delivered here. You can find that out, can't you?" Kevin looked at Abigail and smiled. "Fine, I'll look into it for you, but I'll have to tell Mr. Graham." He took his phone out and called Sean.

Victor was kneeling on the ground. His face was drenched in sweat, and he was shaking uncontrollably. Abigail looked at him silently.

Kevin's call made it through. He said loudly, "Mr. Graham, we'll have to investigate the evidence we have. Ms. Quinn wants the suspect to remain in the production team." Abigail pursed her lips. That's our goal, but you could've made it subtler.

Kevin held his phone away from his ear. Sean said coolly, "What investigation?"

Just kick everyone involved out of the production team. Is that so hard?" "Then we'll have to kick the designer, the model, and the kitchen staff." Kevin grinned at Abigail, his eyes twinkling flirtatiously.

Abigail took the phone and said hello. Sean said nothing. However, his silence made the air around them tense. Luna approached Abigail and tugged on her sleeve. She hoped Abigail would deal with ratio ally.

"We can fire all of them, but if someone can prove Victor's innocence, can he stay?" Abigail asked softly.

Impatiently, Sean asked, "And the reason for your insistence on his extended existence is?" "I only want justice, Sean. That's why we made this show, isn't it?" said Abigail coolly, but she was serious about the matter.

Luna and Kevin looked at her. Victor clenched his fists as well. Silence fell upon them again, and the confrontation was making the tension strain further.

Kevin stared at Abigail for a moment, then he took his phone back. He said, "I think she has a point. If we don't investigate this well, the culprit will have scapegoated an innocent man successfully. They can and will keep on pulling the same trick. I don't want my show to be called evil and morally bankrupt." Sean hung up.

Luna held Abigail's wrist. Gently, she said, "It's alright." As a designer, Abigail climbed through the ranks of fame with nothing but pure skill. Her alias, Alana, was known by everyone thanks to that. She despised unfair competitions and contests with strings attached to them. It was supposed to be something that was determined by skill, not trickery and conspiracy. Her insistence on getting justice for Victor was her act of holding her creed up.

While Kevin taking Victor away, Abigail blurted, "If this is going to be an unfair show, then I'm pulling out." Kevin turned around and smiled at her. "At this rate, this guy is going to fall for you." Abigail looked at Victor. Victor quickly said, "I won't. I swear." Not long after Kevin was gone, Luna wanted to say something, but her phone rang. She clicked her tongue and checked it. The call was made by the maid she hired for Abigail, and she looked solemn. She looked at Abigail and gently asked, "What's wrong, Julie?" Abigail was reminded of her grandmother, and she frowned.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

91-100

I Want a Divorce Chapter 91-Scapegoat Kevin was about to say something, but Abigail asked, "Between you asking for his help and you. giving me the meds, has your phone ever left your sight?" Victor mused over it. A moment later, he said, "Damian gave me a glass of water when he was taking my size. He chatted with me for a bit after I drank the water, and then I took a nap." Kevin licked his lips. "Who knows what you did in that room? He wouldn't admit to creating this chat history to scapegoat you." A pause later, Kevin grinned.

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I Want a Divorce Chapter 92-It's Raining "Take the call," Sean said groggily. He took a deep breath, and he still sounded nasal. He was obviously annoyed by the call.

Abigail noticed that it was from Joan. A moment of silence later, she said, "It's from Joan." Sean's eyes snapped open, and he took the phone before answering the call.

"What's wrong?" "It's raining, Sean. I'm scared," said Joan, her voice breaking up. She sounded like a crying cat.

Abigail looked at Sean.

"I'm not at the hotel," said Sean, not as impatient as he was before.

Oh, so he's going to go to her if he's at the hotel? Annoyed, she stomped Sean's calf.

Sean gasped in pain and looked at Abigail coldly. Abigail blinked innocently.

"You went out?" Joan asked, surprised. She knew Abigail took a leave because her grandmother was hurt, but she didn't know when Abigail would return. That's a coincidence.

"Yes. It's personal. If you're scared, share a room with someone," said Sean patiently.

Abigail turned her back on Sean and slammed her head on his taut arm, and her head buzzed. Sean's arm got numb as well. He looked at Abigail and pulled back his arm, and then he held Abigail by the back of her collar. "It's late. Get some rest." Sean lost interest in talking to Joan. He hung up and tossed his phone aside.

Abigail was trying to pull her collar out of Sean's grasp. Sean held her and turned her around. "What were you doing? Venting your jealousy?" "Oh, how would I dare?" said Abigail quietly. "It's late, and yet you still took the call. Grandma doesn't sleep deeply. You could've woken her up." "So that's why you kicked me?" Sean's leg was still hurting.

"That was an accident. I just wanted to stretch my legs." Abigail wouldn't admit to it.

Sean sneered at her. "Do I look gullible to you?" Just go back to sleep." Abigail closed her eyes.

Sean put his hand on her waist and slid it under her shirt.

Abigail tensed up. She said quietly, "Grandma's right beside us. Are you mad?" "You said she's been wanting us to have kids. Sean looked at Abigail coolly.

"She'll be happy to hear you're pregnant." Abigail held his hand, and she blushed. "We can't do this." Sean was pinching her waist. He huddled closer and said imposingly, "So, are you going to pull any tricks next time?" Abigail was heating up. She struggled and answered, "No. No more." The bed was small, to begin with, and it creaked when she struggled.

A nurse stood at the doorway. "Be quiet, you guys, even if you are family. The patient is sleeping." Abigail leaned in Sean's embrace and didn't move an inch. Sean's arms were wrapped around her waist, and he held her gently, pinching her softly. "We'll be quieter." The nurse closed the door, her face red. Abigail wanted to bite Sean. You can't say that. She smacked his hand away.

Sean said, "You're going at it again?" "I am not going at anything." Abigail grabbed his hand.

Sean pulled her closer. "Go to sleep. Move anymore and you're falling to the ground." Abigail leaned her cheek against his chest. She listened to his heartbeat and said nothing more. If it weren't for the fact he's too tired, he'd have gone back to the hotel after Joan called him.

The rain was getting heavier. Abigail was still immersed in her thoughts before she gradually drifted to sleep.

The next morning. Analise wanted to leave the hospital. She didn't have to stay over a little sprain, so Abigail went along with her wish.

Sean came back with breakfast, but Abigail had done the paperwork. Analise was seated on the edge of the bed, and she smiled at Sean. "If you're busy, Sean, you can get to work. I have Abigail with me here." Sean looked at Analise warmly. "I'm here, so I might as well stay. What would you like for lunch, Analise? I'll whip something up for you." Abigail looked surprised. She thought Sean would go back to the set after Analise was discharged.

After all, his sweetheart, Joan, was there.

Analise grinned happily, knowing that Sean wanted to have lunch together. “Oh, I can’t let you cook. The maid’s around. She can cook.” Sean placed the breakfast on the nightstand and unwrapped it. Abigail came to help. When she was going to take the soup, her hand touched Sean’s.

Sean pushed her hand away. “Let me do it. It’s hot

I Want a Divorce Chapter 93-Nagging About Pregnancy Abigail felt like she was just an extra.

Analise watched the young couple with a pleased smile. “You two aren’t getting any younger. When are you going to have a child?” she suddenly asked Abigail and Sean during breakfast.” Abigail knew Sean hated being pressured about having a child, and she didn’t want him to misunderstand. She quickly replied, “We’re considering it. My health might not be the best, so I haven’t conceived yet. We’re trying, though.” Sean remained silent, his face tense.

Analise nodded gently. “A woman’s chances of conceiving decrease after twenty–eight, and it gets even riskier after thirty. I’ll find you a traditional doctor.

You should try some herbal remedies.” In reality, Sean’s grandmother had already tried all of this.

Every time Sean received medicine, he would discreetly dispose of it and not give it to Abigail.

Abigail nodded and muttered in agreement, but she couldn’t help stealing glances at Sean.

After finishing breakfast, Sean drove Abigail and Analise back home.

Julie was already waiting for them at home.

Sean and Abigail helped the elderly woman into her room, with Julie following behind.

“Julie, please take care of my grandmother. I’m going out to buy some medicine for her foot injury, and I’ll grab some groceries too.” Abigail stood at the doorway, looking a bit anxious at Sean, who had gone out.

“Go ahead,” Analise said, still smiling.

Abigail hurried out the door and saw Sean waiting for her at the staircase.

She approached him nervously, aware of how touchy he was about his grandmother's remarks on childbirth.

Ever since her grandmother had mentioned it, Sean had hardly said a word, only occasionally responding.

He was aware he was upset with her grandmother.

"Don't take her words to heart... Old people tend to be naggy... she tried to reassure him.

Sean impatiently cut her off. "Is it her being naggy, or you subtly hinting at something?" Abigail looked up at Sean, a fleeting trace of pain in her eyes. Quickly, she replied in a cool tone, "Well then, let's go get our divorce papers now." "Don't pick a fight with me right now," Sean said, his voice tense.

Abigail tightly clenched and then released the hand resting by her side. "Let's go. We should buy groceries first. I also need to get a bottle of medicine." The medicine Victor had recommended to her was quite effective. Abigail planned to buy a bottle for her grandmother.

Sean joined her to go downstairs.

Once in the car, Sean's tone turned cold. "You should stay here and take care of your grandmother. She has trouble moving around, and she needs you to assist her." "I'll take care of her, then I'll head back to the show. Don't meddle in my work," Abigail said, her frustration building up inside, her tone less accommodating.

"Abigail..." "Don't concern yourself with my job. I'll handle things here with my grandmother on my own. If something like this happens again, I won't bother you. Is that clear?" Abigail cut off Sean.

She finished speaking and turned her head to look out of the window.

"You're quite bold, aren't you?" Sean looked at her in mild surprise.

"Stay out of my work," Abigail replied curtly.

"Do as you please," Sean said icily, falling silent.

After lunch, Sean busied himself in the kitchen while Abigail, due to Luna's persistent calls for help, stayed in her room, using her tablet to explain the design details to her.

As soon as she finished sending the drawings to Luna, there was a knock on the door.

Analise pushed the door open and saw Abigail stashing her tablet back into her bag. She looked disapproving. "You're hiding in your room, and you don't even think to help out Sean." "Alright, I'll go take a look." Abigail zipped up her bag and stood up, heading to the kitchen with her head slightly lowered.

Sean was rolling up his sleeves and stir-frying some vegetables. Julie, seeing Abigail come in, smiled and used it as an excuse to escape. "I'll go keep your grandmother company." Abigail just gave a small hum in acknowledgment and went to wash the vegetables.

Sean, amidst the haze of cooking fumes, stole a glance at Abigail. "After we eat, I'm heading back to the show. Take some time to consider my suggestion. If you think money is an issue, I'll wire you some." "If you're leaving, then just leave. No need for the extra commentary," Abigail said, her tone a bit colder.

Sean looked at her for a moment, then suddenly asked, "Do you insist on having a child?" Abigail didn't understand how his mind worked. She couldn't be bothered to respond.

"Cat got your tongue again?" Sean pressed.

Abigail tossed the vegetables into the sink and lifted her gaze to Sean. "Can you please focus on cooking? I've told you, don't doubt me. If you don't believe, don't start making wild guesses." "Must we absolutely have a child?" Sean asked again.

Abigail was about to express herself when she noticed smoke rising from the pot. She immediately shouted, "It's burning!" Sean hurriedly grabbed the pot and tried to salvage it.

A sudden burst of flame shot up toward the exhaust hood.

Abigail swiftly scooped up a basin of clams soaking in water and emptied it all into the pot.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 94-Full Preparation Sean knew no matter how strong he was, he couldn't hold a pot that was almost filled with water with one hand. The pot tilted, and the water, clams, and greens fell onto the cooktop. The fire was put out. Sean's shirt, pants, and leather shoes were soiled by the grease and water. Clams and greens fell from the counter, and they clanged when they fell to the ground.

Abigail was holding the basin. She curled up a little as she retreated, staring at Sean in innocence.

and fear. Sean wanted to dunk the pot on her head. He glared at her. "Are you getting back at me?" Abigail shook her head quickly. "I didn't mean it, I swear." "You'd better not mean it, Abigail." Sean, for once, got angry, and the veins on his neck throbbed.

"What's wrong?" Julie held Analise, and they came to the kitchen.

Abigail quickly said, "Just a little accident. It's nothing. I'll clean it up." Sean put the pot down. "I'll order delivery." He lost the mood to cook. In the first place, he only wanted to make something good to make Analise happy, and then this happened.

Noticing his bad mood, Analise shot Abigail a reproachful look. She quickly asked Julie to hold her up and follow Sean quickly. "Are you hurt, Sean? I'm sorry, Abigail's a klutz. She must've troubled you," said Analise carefully. Even though she was an elder, she got scared when she saw Sean looking gloomy.

Sean pulled a tissue and wiped his shirt dry. He looked at Analise and eased up.

"I'm alright. We'll just get delivery for lunch, then, Analise." "Sure. Julie will do it. She's familiar with this." Analise quickly smiled to ease things up.

Sean nodded. He looked at his greasy shirt and pants, and he felt like fainting from the discomfort.

Julie quickly huddled closer to Analise, and they ordered delivery.

Sean wiped the wet patches off his clothes and sniffed around. He then noticed the scent of gas hanging in the air. Sean tossed the tissue and came to the kitchen. Abigail was sweeping the clams and greens away. He quickly went inside and turned off the gas.

"I'm sorry. I panicked a little when the fire got so high." Abigail thought she had made a mountain out of a molehill, but at that moment, she was worried Sean might get scalded, so she picked up the basin and doused the fire.

Sean approached her and snatched the broom, and then he cleaned the place up silently. Abigail quickly cleaned the countertop. "We have your clothes in the closet. Why don't you take a shower?" "The more you talk, the more I wanna smack you," said Sean coldly.

Abigail, shut up. They finished cleaning the kitchen, and Sean went into the bathroom to take a bath.

Analise and Julie finished making their order. Analise looked at Abigail, a little resigned. "He's so nice to you. And you can cook too. What was with the kitchen disaster?" Abigail said quietly, "Please don't talk about that anymore, Grandma." She clutched her hair, looking dejected. A while of chatting later, Abigail heard Sean calling for her, and she stood up. "I'll be back in a bit." Analise waved her down. Abigail came into the room and locked the door. She slowly went to the bathroom and knocked on the door. "What's wrong?" "Get me some clothes and a towel," said Sean matter-of-factly.

Abigail thought he must've left all the necessities outside on purpose. She grunted and searched the closet for Sean's clothes. A while later, she took the clothes and towel and turned around. The first thing she saw was Sean standing behind her, and it shocked her.

"I didn't hear you at all. I almost had a heart attack!" She glared at him as she tossed the clothes and towel into his hands.

Sean's hair was wet, and water was trickling down his body. He tossed the clothes back to Abigail. "I am still wet. The clothes are wet too. Get me a new set." Since it was her mistake, Abigail searched for another set of clothes. Sean wiped himself dry and covered himself with the towel, then he sat on a chair and watched Abigail search for his clothes in the closet. Eventually, she found a matching set.

Abigail took the clothes over to him, then she held up a dark blue tie, asking, "Do you like this color? I think it fits this set." Sean looked at the smoke-grey suit she got for him, and he nodded. "It's alright." Abigail put it on the bed and gently said, "Get changed. I'll be going now."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 95-5 I'm Not Wearing, Then Abigail's cheeks burned, and her ears got red, but she pretended to be fine. "If you don't like it, you can come out naked." Sean held her wrist and pulled her back to him. Caught by surprise, Abigail fell into his embrace. In her panic, she put her hand on a private part. She got as red as a cooked shrimp, and she struggled to break free of his grasp. "Wear something. It's broad daylight. What are you trying to do?" "You remember my size well." Sean looked at Abigail. He was in a bad mood, but his mood got better after finding out Abigail had his clothes lying around in her house. She reserved a spot for him in her house.

Abigail thought he was talking about something more perverted, and she got so embarrassed she wanted to hide in a hole. Angrily, she looked at Sean. "So, are you wearing it or what?" "Touch it more. It'll leave a deeper impression. Makes buying clothes for me easier." Sean smiled devilishly.

It was Abigail's first time seeing him acting like that. A moment of stunned silence later, she broke free of his grasp and got up, after which she realized she had also taken off the towel that was covering Sean. "You perv!" She hurled the towel at Sean.

Even though she'd seen his junk a lot of times, the impact of the sight still made her heart race. Sean stood up.

Amused, he said, "You call me a pervert when you're the one who took my only piece of clothing away? You're so unreasonable." "I wouldn't have done that if you hadn't pulled me. Just get dressed," said Abigail angrily.

Sean said nothing, Julie then knocked on the door.

"If you're changed, come back out. Delivery's here." "Sure thing," said Sean right away.

Julie smiled. She could hear that Sean was happy. Sean got dressed, but instead of leaving, he walked up to the mirror in the room and checked himself out. The clothes fit him well, and the tie's color matched enough.

They came out of the room. Analise looked at the dashing Sean, and she grinned. "You look handsome, Sean. I say you youngsters should wear something more pastel-colored. It'll give you a gentler look." Sean loved black suits. The suits with lighter colors were dark blue at most, so he looked cold and uninviting a lot of times. The blue tie evened out his iciness, and the smoke-grey suit made his skin look even more like porcelain.

Sean smiled, but he said nothing. After lunch, he left. Abigail rubbed some salve on Analise's ankle. She was going to go back to the production team, but Sean's grandmother, Cornelie, called her and told her to meet her at a clinic. Abigail texted Sean to tell him about it before she went to the clinic.

She saw Cornelie pacing around the entrance the moment she showed up.

Cornelie approached her and dragged her into the clinic. "I've been asking tons of traditional medicine doctors lately. Finally found an old doctor here. He's famous." Abigail followed her. She felt a little depressed. Over the last three years, she'd taken all kinds of medicines and gone through different kinds of treatments, but Sean didn't want to have anything to do with her. There was no use in having medicine if her husband didn't want to do it with her.

She had no idea why, but she didn't seem to be able to get pregnant. Before this, she thought it'd be great if she could get pregnant, but she changed her mind. She didn't want to have anything that would bind her to Sean after the divorce, especially not a child.

Cornelie noticed the icy look on Abigail's face, and she complained, "Look at you, looking so mournful. Of course, no kid's going to pick you to be its mom." Abigail pursed her lips and smiled. "I'm just worried the meds might not work. I don't want to let you down." "We'll cross that bridge when it comes to it. Just let the doctor give you an acupuncture session. Maybe one of your meridians is blocked." Cornelie took her to an office and knocked on the door.

A young voice said, "Come in." Abigail followed Cornelie in. She saw the doctor. He was in a coat, and he was young. She wondered if Cornelie got scammed.

The man looked gentle, and he was wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He did have the look of a pro.

Cornelie sat Abigail down before the doctor, and she complained, "Dr. Palmer, this is my grandson's wife. She's taken tons of meds and treatments, but she still can't get pregnant." A weird feeling welled in Abigail's heart. Palmer? Joan's appearance had hurt her love life too much. Every time she heard Palmer, she would feel uneasy.

Dr. Palmer looked at Abigail and nodded at her. "Hi. I'll check your pulse." Abigail didn't trust this man, but since Cornelie was around, she had to play along, and she nodded.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 96-Revealing the Truth After finishing the checkup, Dr. Palmer grinned at Cornelie. "Looks like there's no major issue with your health. Have you been to the hospital for a checkup?" Cornelie nodded and motioned for Abigail to speak up.

Abigail, a bit absent-minded, got a nudge from Cornelie and replied in a soft voice, "Yes, I went for a checkup and got an injection, but it didn't work." "Let's try acupuncture, and I'll prescribe a few more medicines for you." Dr.

Palmer's demeanor was gentle.

"Is it really that simple?" Cornelie started to doubt his competence.

Dr. Palmer spoke in a warm tone. "Based on the medical records you provided, there shouldn't be any major issues with her health. How about having your grandson take a look instead?" Cornelie's face immediately contorted, her expression full of disbelief. "There's absolutely nothing wrong with my grandson! He's had regular checkups since he was a child,

and we know all the results. There's no way he could have any problems!" Dr. Palmer just gave a faint smile.

"Go get the treatment, and from now on, come in every two weeks. No matter what, we need to make sure you get pregnant!" Cornelie urged Abigail, her tone tinged with disdain.

Under Cornelie's insistence, Abigail lay on the office examination bed.

As Dr. Palmer prepared to lift Abigail's clothing, she suddenly placed her hand on his. "Is the acupuncture really necessary? I'm scared of pain." "What's a little pain compared to giving birth later? You won't be able to stand it then!" Cornelie scolded harshly.

She went on, muttering to herself, "It's been three years and there's been no sign of progress. You're afraid of this and that. I really don't know why the Grahams took you as a daughter-in-law. Just to cater to your every whim.

Three years! Even a speeding bullet would have arrived by now." Abigail felt disheartened by her words and could only close her eyes in resignation.

The acupuncture stung a bit, but afterward, she didn't feel much at all.

She left with fifteen types of medicine.

Later, Cornelie brought Abigail to the cab. She gave her a stern warning. "You better take these medicines seriously. If they still don't work, then get ready for a divorce from Sean!" Abigail just gave a vague hum of acknowledgment and silently got into the car.

Once they pulled away, Abigail chuckled wryly at herself.

No need for her to push for a divorce. Given my situation with Sean, parting ways is just a matter of time.

Halfway to the hotel, Abigail tossed away all the medicine.

By the time she returned to the set, it was already 8.30PM in the evening.

Stepping out of the cab, Abigail felt a throbbing pain in her lower back and abdomen. She furrowed her brows, panting lightly as she supported her belly.

Could it be that the treatment is actually working?

Abigail moved slightly, and the pain in her abdomen was so intense that her vision darkened, causing her to collapse to the ground.

She took out her phone from her bag, intending to ask Luna to pick her up. Just then, Sean's call came in.

Abigail, sweating profusely from the pain, didn't have the luxury to think too much. She pressed the answer button. "Sean... I'm in pain..." Sean, who had just finished his work, only noticed her message. He had originally wanted to ask her about the clinic.

"Where are you?" Sean immediately stood up, signaling for Cameron to quickly follow him.

Abigail was now gasping in pain. "At the entrance... of the hotel... It hurts so much, Sean, it hurts so much." Sean rushed out of the room, trying to reassure Abigail. "I'm coming down right now. It's okay, it's okay." As he spoke, he turned back to instruct Cameron, "Hurry and have the doctor on set wait in the first-floor guest room!" When Sean found Abigail, she was in so much pain that she could hardly focus.

Her body trembled violently, and her lips were pale.

Sean carried her tightly and rushed into the hotel.

Once in the guest room, he gently placed Abigail on the couch and angrily ordered the doctor, "Hurry, if you can't save her, I'll hold you responsible!" The head doctor quickly examined Abigail's eyes and noticed her dilated pupils.

He immediately instructed others to start a full-body examination.

Sean paced back and forth for a while, then quickly pulled out his phone to call Cornelie.

As soon as the call connected, Sean stepped outside.

He restrained his anger, his jaw tight, and asked Cornelie, "Have you arrived home, Grandma?" "Yes, I'm home... How did you know I was out?" Cornelie sounded a bit guilty.

Sean pinched the bridge of his nose. He suppressed his panic and questioned Cornelie, "When Abigail went to the clinic with you today, which doctor did she see? What's the doctor's name, and is he reliable?" "Oh... About that, he's reliable. The doctor has a great reputation, and many people are waiting in line for him to administer fertility treatments. Abigail is definitely going to conceive this time!" Cornelie spoke with excitement and anticipation.

Sean's eyes grew slightly red. He spoke with a deep voice. "Grandma, can we talk about the child later? Abigail is in trouble right now. Please give me the name and phone number of that doctor, and tell me the name of the clinic!" "How is that possible? He's an authoritative traditional medicine practitioner!"

She's faking it because she can't have children, and she's afraid I'll make you divorce her!" Cornelie staunchly refused to admit that the person she found might be at fault.

"She's on the verge of losing her life, and you're still insisting on her having a child? Give me the contact information of that doctor." Sean's voice grew cold, firm and resolute.

"I think she's just pretending-" Cornelie tried to continue.

But Sean cut her off. "Grandma."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 97-Everyone Will Be Fine Cornelie could only shrug and say, "Alright, alright. All I know is the last name is Palmer. I have no idea which Palmer it is. The contact information should be on the packaging of the medicine Abigail brought back. You should go check." "You took her for acupuncture treatment without even knowing the doctor's name?" Sean's anger flared, and he hung up the phone after speaking.

Turning back to the hotel room, he found Abigail's bag. Aside from a tablet, an identification card, and keys, there was no sign of any medicine.

Sean's expression turned exceptionally cold.

He sat back down beside Abigail and called Cornelie again.

When Cornelie answered, he calmly asked, "What's the name of the clinic?" "It's called Great North Clinic. How is she? It's just an acupuncture treatment.

Why is she being so delicate?" Cornelie muttered to herself, her words filled with discontent toward Abigail.

Sean gave an acknowledging grunt and hung up the phone again.

He held Abigail's hand and noticed it was icy cold.

It was fortunate that there was a traditional medicine practitioner here. After a thorough examination and identifying the problem, the doctor pressed a few acupoints to gradually stabilize her condition.

“You can’t randomly treat acupuncture points on the human body. Doing so could be fatal,” the traditional medicine practitioner cautioned as he eased Abigail’s pain by applying pressure to her acupoints.

“How is she now?” Sean asked in a subdued tone.

The practitioner replied in a gentle manner, “She’s not in any major danger now.” Sean let out a sigh of relief. Abigail’s danger had come suddenly, and her recovery was equally abrupt.

When Abigail woke up, she found herself in Sean’s room. She was a bit groggy and tried to sit up.

86%

“Don’t move. Lie down,” Sean, sitting by the bedside, ordered sternly, keeping an eye on her.

Abigail gently touched her lower abdomen and found that the pain had subsided.

The excruciating pain at the time made her feel like she was experiencing a medical emergency, and it left her consciousness scattered.

“Do you remember what the person looked like? My grandmother said you got some medicine, but where is it?” Sean had already sent someone to inquire, but unfortunately, there were no results.

There was no such doctor with the last name Palmer with a traditional medicine background, and there was no such place as Great North Clinic.

Sean suspected it might be a business rival’s doing.

“He looked very refined and wore glasses with gold rims... As for the medicine, I threw it away. If you don’t want a child, then I don’t want to take it,” Abigail replied honestly. Her face was still pale, and her lips lacked color.

Abigail wondered if it had something to do with Joan; after all, they shared the same last name, Palmer.

But if she mentioned it to Sean, he would only think she was making baseless accusations against Joan.

With no evidence and only sharing a last name, how could the other person actually be from Joan's family?

Besides, Joan didn't even know that Abigail was Sean's wife. The suspicion seemed even more unfounded.

"When they suggested acupuncture, didn't you know to refuse? Allowing someone to randomly treat your acupoints like that... I swear, you really don't care about your life!" Sean couldn't help but be angry when he thought about how close she came to losing her life today.

Abigail felt a little aggrieved. "Your grandmother was right there. How could I refuse? She's not in good health, and I didn't want to upset her. You treat my grandmother well, so I comply with your grandmother's wishes. What's wrong with that?" "If my grandmother suggested you go to the clinic, you could have just refused." Sean's voice was icy.

It was all her fault. It was her fault that she couldn't have children, and it was her fault for not refusing his grandmother!

Abigail was not only physically exhausted but also emotionally drained.

Seeing her about to get out of bed, Sean pushed her back. "Did I say you could get up? Lie back down!" There were tears in Abigail's eyes, but she made a conscious effort to appear calm. "Sean, I don't want to see your face right now. Is that reason enough?" "Do you have no conscience? I saved you, and you're directing your grievances at me?" Sean was on the verge of being annoyed by Abigail's attitude.

Abigail pressed her lips together, saying nothing.

"If you didn't want a child yourself, would you have agreed to acupuncture?" Sean continued to question her, his gaze cold and piercing.

Abigail leaned back against the bed, her eyes devoid of any emotion. "Think what you want." Sean covered her with the blanket, his tone harsh. "If you ever go to the and medication without my consent again, you'll see how I'll deal with you!" hospital for acupuncture Abigail snatched the blanket from his hands and covered her head.

Sean stood by the bed, grinding his back teeth.

As soon as he got onto the bed, Abigail kicked his shin.

“Abigail, you’ve really lost it!” Sean pulled back the covers, grabbed her by the collar, and turned her to face him.

Abigail’s eyes were red. She bit down hard on Sean’s wrist as he forced her to face him.

Sean hissed in pain but didn’t pull away.

After Abigail finished biting, she let out a sigh, then rolled over, turning her back to Sean.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 98-Never-Ending Saga The two lay away from each other in silence.

Sean studied the teeth marks on his wrist, his brows knitted in frustration.

Abigail was filled with a multitude of grievances, but she had no outlet. She couldn’t blame Sean. Before marrying Sean, she never imagined marriage would be like this.

There was no love, only bitterness that had to be swallowed deep down.

anyone.

After a few minutes, Sean, thinking Abigail had calmed down, tried to hold her, but he received another kick instead.

Fuming, he turned away from her. “Forget about sharing my bed in the future!” “Who wants to share? As if I’m dying to,” she retorted coldly.

She just wanted to return to her own room. From now on, she’d avoid any intimate moments with Sean. She didn’t want him suspecting her of scheming to give birth to a Graham child.

During this time together, Sean discovered that Abigail could be quite fiery.

As the night grew darker, Abigail finally closed her eyes, exhausted from a day of running around and enduring acupuncture.

Sean couldn’t sleep. He kept thinking, who could be behind this plot against Abigail?

Abigail’s social circle was small. It shouldn’t have escalated to this even if she’d offended someone.

The only possibility was that someone was aware of his marriage, and they targeted Abigail through his grandmother, who was eager for a child.

His marriage was in secret, so it seemed the perpetrator knew about his hidden marriage.

The whole hotel seemed asleep, with only Joan sitting by the window, occasionally checking her phone.

Just when she was getting a bit impatient, her phone rang.

Joan immediately pressed the answer button. "Hey, what's the deal with you?

What's going on?" The voice on the other end sounded pleased. "Remember when you told me about that assistant using Sean's wife to one-up you? Well, today, Sean's wife is having a tough time." Joy immediately lit up Joan's face. "What kind of tough time?" "I've been digging for days and discovered Sean's wife is infertile. Sean's grandma has been searching for doctors everywhere. So, I took advantage of the situation and got a friend who studies traditional medicine to give her an acupuncture treatment. I bet she's in pain right now and wishing for death." The guy's voice was filled with a vindictive satisfaction.

At this news, Joan softly asked, "Is Sean's wife attractive? Any pictures?" "No pictures, as his grandma had been hovering around the whole time, so I couldn't get a shot. But don't get too hung up on this. Remember why you're by his side." The guy's tone turned cold. "Joan, I've got your back if you're being wronged. But you've got to step up too." "Got it. Thank you," Joan cooed sweetly.

After hanging up, Joan stretched her arms with a smile, light dancing in her eyes.

Although she didn't know who Sean's wife was, she couldn't help but feel gleeful at the thought of his wife getting a taste of her own medicine.

The next morning, Abigail discreetly slipped back into her room after making sure no one was watching.

She kept her health issue to herself without letting the set's medical team in on it.

In the morning, Luna was surprised when Abigail knocked on her door. "You're just taking one day off?" "I only took one day off, and you acted like it's the end of the world. So, I'm coming back," Abigail replied with a grin.

Upon hearing this, Luna gave her a friendly pat on the shoulder. "Oh my, I was just worried we'd be found out. Come in, come in." Abigail was pulled into the room by Luna.

"So, yesterday, Kevin had a private chat with Damian and Victor. He said all the people involved in the incident would be kicked out of the show. Can you guess what happened?" Luna had a look of eager anticipation on her face.

Abigail raised an eyebrow. "Spill it." Luna laughed with a hint of mockery. "The people involved started pointing fingers at each other. The person buying the medicine claimed Damian asked him to buy it, while Damian tried to pin the blame on Nina. Of course, Nina vehemently denied everything. Now they're launching another investigation." Abigail wasn't surprised that Nina was involved. As long as Alana was out of the show, their chances of winning something would be significantly higher.

Seeing Abigail remain silent, Luna added, "Take some time in a few days to go out again. I've looked at a few houses, and the pictures the agent sent me seemed quite promising. I just haven't confirmed which one it is, so you'll have to go check them out in person." "Alright." Abigail nodded.

Just as Luna was about to continue, Abigail's phone rang.

She took out her phone and saw it was a call from Cornelie and signaled Luna to keep quiet.

Luna leaned in to sneak a peek at Abigail's phone and immediately scowled in displeasure.

I Want a Divorce Chapter 99-Provocation As soon as Abigail picked up the phone, she was met with Cornelie's accusations.

"What on earth happened with you? I went through a lot of trouble to find a traditional medicine practitioner for you, and now, look at what you've done!

Sean scolded me!" Cornelie's voice seethed with anger.

"Grandma, Sean saw the situation yesterday. If you think I'm faking it, you can ask him to have the doctor explain it to you," Abigail responded.

"Don't give me excuses! I was trying to help you get pregnant. What did you do?

You pulled some petty tricks behind my back! If you're really incapable, just divorce Sean yourself!" Cornelie finished her rant and promptly hung up.

Abigail put down her phone and took a deep breath.

Luna, who had been listening nearby, was furious. Her face turned red, and her neck veins bulged. "What does she mean? She's blaming you for not being able to have children? Who does she think Sean is? Who would want to have a child for him? Why is she scolding you?" "I'm not even angry, so why are you?" Abigail calmly comforted Luna.

Luna clenched her teeth and muttered angrily, "The old woman is being completely unreasonable.

She doesn't even understand her own grandson! Dang it!" Abigail quickly patted Luna's back. "Calm down. Let's go have breakfast." Luna held Abigail's hand, still seething with anger, and demanded, "What happened yesterday when you went out? What does she mean by 'look at what you've done'?" Abigail sighed. "It's a bit complicated. Let's talk about it after breakfast." "I'm too angry to eat," Luna huffed.

In the dining hall, when Abigail saw Joan, she immediately thought of the medicine practitioner with the surname "Palmer" from yesterday.

Uncertain if the two were connected, Abigail sat beside Luna and handed her the cutlery.

Joan spotted Abigail and sweetly inquired, "How's your leg? What were you up to yesterday?" Due to Sean, Luna quickly redirected her anger toward Joan. "Are you two very close? Does Abigail have to report everything she does to you?" The live camera quickly shifted toward them.

Abigail arranged the utensils for Luna and gently said, "Miss Smith, please have breakfast." Luna leaned back in her chair, gave a forced smile, glanced at the bewildered Joan, and then lowered her gaze to start eating breakfast.

Joan quickly wore a pitiful expression. She sniffled and said, "Luna, have I offended you?" Luna acted as if she hadn't heard and continued eating her breakfast, completely ignoring her.

The atmosphere grew awkward.

In the live chat, the viewers couldn't help but speak up in support of Joan.

'Alana is going too far. Treating her own fan like this, and it's even on a show.

She's way too arrogant!' 'Has Joan offended her? Or did they have a conflict that we don't know about?' 'Alana has a big reputation in the design industry, so it's normal for her to look down on a model. like Joan, who rose to fame later. But she shouldn't ignore the fact that Joan has Sean's support. Could it be that her assistant failed to get close to Sean, so she's venting her anger on Joan?' 'We still don't know why Alana dislikes Joan. Stop speculating! The show's producers are professionals, right? You're speculating too much with all this chatter! Joan clearly seems fake. She's always sobbing and crying! So annoying!' Luna's mood was clearly off, and no one dared to provoke her.

After finishing their meal, Abigail returned to her room with Luna.

"The show is being recorded. Why get upset? Aren't you afraid of getting criticized?" Abigail gently advised.

Luna walked ahead, seemingly indifferent. "I'm not like Sean. His grandmother annoyed me this morning, so I'm going to vent on his sweetheart. If she has the guts to kick me out of this show, so be it. I've had enough. What a bunch of nonsense!" Once they entered the room, Abigail shifted the topic. "Yesterday, when I went back, his grandmother said she knew a traditional doctor and insisted on taking me for acupuncture. When I got back, my lower abdomen suddenly started hurting." Luna looked at Abigail, grabbed her shoulders, and asked anxiously, "Why didn't you tell me? How are you feeling now?" "I'm fine now. It's just that the doctor's surname is Palmer," Abigail said softly.

Luna frowned. "Is this situation related to Joan?" Abigail took a seat at the work table. She shook her head and said, "Joan doesn't know I'm Sean's wife. I'm sure of that." Luna sat on the couch, her face darkening. "You need to ask Sean about this again and see if he's investigated. Whether or not Joan knows is one thing, but since that person mentioned that surname, it's very likely they're trying to provoke you."

I Want a Divorce Chapter 100-Almost Revealed Everything Abigail looked at Luna and nodded gently. "You're right." "I think the whole situation is definitely related to Joan. Why else would they use that surname? It's clearly a provocation to you as the rightful wife," Luna continued her analysis.

Abigail remained silent, focusing on her embroidery.

Luna, holding a tablet, was busy with her own tasks. Suddenly, she put the tablet down.

"I just remembered, you went with Old Mrs. Graham yesterday, didn't you?" Luna asked Abigail urgently.

Abigail nodded. "Yes, she took me. She's been trying various folk remedies for my pregnancy." Luna stared at Abigail intently. "Is there a possibility that Joan had someone approach Old Mrs. Graham and deliberately provoke you using her surname?"

She may not know you, but as long as it disgusts you, it would've served her purpose." Abigail pondered for a moment and then nodded. "What you're saying makes sense. If she wanted to upset Sean's rightful wife, she definitely wouldn't approach someone close. After all, if Sean found out, it wouldn't end well." "If Old Mrs. Graham wasn't constantly finding doctors to induce pregnancy for you, Joan wouldn't have had the opportunity to scheme against you. I bet the entire Grahams are against you!" Luna said with resentment. "Not only that, but if Sean finds out, he'll probably protect that homewrecker Joan!" Abigail pursed her lips but didn't say anything.

With her head bowed, she quietly embroidered a rose, slowly digesting the bitterness in her heart.

She spoke gently. "Sean and I are really not suitable for each other. His grandmother doesn't believe me, and neither does he. It's clear they don't consider me family." Luna, upon hearing this, felt a surge of bitterness fill her chest.

"So, I'm not as upset about what she said, because from now on, I have nothing to do with them," Abigail said softly.

She had spent these three years enduring grievances, and she still couldn't wake up. It was her own fault for letting Sean and Joan bully her.

"Yes, we need to look forward," Luna reassured.

After dinner, Kevin called Abigail into Luna's room.

"Victor and Damian both have to leave. It's Mr. Graham's decision," Kevin said with a feigned solemnity, but his eyes occasionally flitted between Abigail and Luna.

Abigail looked at him. "Why isn't Nina leaving?" "Although Damian tried to frame her, there's no evidence," Kevin explained.

"If there's no evidence, won't they continue to investigate?" Luna insisted.

Kevin thought to himself that he was giving Luna a bit of leeway because Abigail was Sean's wife.

He could only chuckle and reply, "There's nothing to investigate. In a place this small, it's all just hearsay. There are no surveillance cameras, so how can they investigate?" "Didn't they say anyone involved should leave? Why can Nina stay?" Abigail's tone was cool and composed.

Kevin felt that her attitude had always been like this, but today, it gave him the impression of being interrogated under harsh questioning.

He scratched his head, a bit hesitant. "Nina has a good relationship with Joan's agent, Sabrina. Joan pleaded with Mr. Graham for Nina's sake, out of consideration for their agent-client relationship." Before Abigail could react, Luna coldly snorted and immediately started mocking, "So if Joan can save her with just a word, why bother investigating anything?" Abigail looked at Kevin with icy detachment, her eyes devoid of any warmth.

"So, with just a word from Joan, Nina gets to stay? And Sean agreed to this?" "Yes..." Kevin was sweating, his scalp tingling.

"How interesting," Abigail said, her lips curling with sarcasm. She stood up and calmly told Luna, "I'm going to change to a different place to stay. As I mentioned before, I won't be taking any more leaves. I'm leaving the show directly, and I've already arranged to move." stepped forward to stop her "Abigail If you "How interesting," Abigail said, her lips curling with sarcasm. She stood up and calmly told Luna, "I'm going to change to a different place to stay. As I mentioned before, I won't be taking any more leaves. I'm leaving the show directly, and I've already arranged to move." Kevin saw the determination on her face and quickly stepped forward to stop her. "Abigail... If you say Victor has nothing to do with you, and you now leave the show, what will Mr. Graham think?

Your actions are just a slap in the face to him." Abigail looked at him with a cold smile. "As if he hasn't done the same to me before, perhaps even more. Let go." Kevin quickly released her.

Abigail didn't even look back; she just opened the door and walked out.

Even in her anger, she didn't slam the door. She closed it gently.

Luna coolly began packing her things. “Tell me about the penalty for breaching the contract. I’ll pay it before I leave.” “Uh, no, she’s just an assistant. If she leaves, she leaves. You can stay and continue with the design work. It has nothing to do with you, right? You’re making it sound like she’s Alana, and you’re just an assistant,” Kevin said, suddenly changing his tone and laughing carelessly.

Luna instantly calmed down, narrowly avoiding revealing everything
