

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 801-810

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Let's Make It Clear

Abigail turned to look at him.

Andrew's eyes were fixed on Lawrence and Larry. After a long time, he murmured, "I always thought he was a poor little boy without a mother or father. It turns out that's not the case."

"I've tried so hard. Isn't it a waste of my efforts over the past two years if you think he's pitiful?" Abigail said softly.

Sean took it all to heart. The things that had been bothering him for a long time turned out to be so insignificant.

Abigail always put Luna's matters first. When necessary, he was also kept in the dark. Thinking about it, this was the crux of their problem.

Lawrence and Scarlett had been playing with Larry all along, and Larry no longer wanted Abigail.

Compared to Abigail, who only knew how to hold children properly, a grandfather who could be ridden like a horse was more attractive.

"Children have no conscience." Abigail returned to the living room and chatted with Josh.

Andrew was watching TV again. Although he envied Larry, his fleeting emotions could not resist the allure of the TV drama.

Josh glanced at Sean and said, "Kids are like that. They play with whoever they find fun."

"Now that you're a dad, aren't we having a celebration?" Sean asked Josh.

Josh chuckled. Thinking that the child was Luna's and his own, he felt a sweetness in his heart. "We'll have one when Luna comes back."

Sean raised an eyebrow but didn't say much.

Whether Luna could come back was another matter.

Just because she hasn't been confirmed dead, you're relying on that bit of news. Who knew?

"Eric, what do you think?" Abigail asked Sean.

Sean rubbed his temples and said, "We need to first make sure Luna is alive. I will take care of everything else once we rescue her."

Abigail looked at him intently, but Sean didn't say anything more.

As the sky darkened, Sean was about to leave, and Abigail planned to see him off.

Outside the Pearson Residence, he didn't get into the car and waited for Abigail to speak.

Abigail stood with her hands behind her back with her head down, struggling to find the right words.

She didn't know how to start, but she also knew that Sean had little patience, especially with unrelated people.

"Mr. Graham." She raised her eyes, reflecting his figure with a gentle gaze.

"Go ahead." Sean's voice softened unintentionally.

Abigail hesitated for a long time, but he showed no signs of impatience.

"Do you need help with that 400 million?" She felt guilty about this matter toward Sean.

Sean's gaze was deep, thinking she would ask about Irene's matter. Is she still willing to help with this matter and then cut ties with him?

"Is that all?" He smirked.

Abigail blinked. "What else could it be?"

"400 million is not a large sum. I can always sell the company," Sean said casually, turning to open the car door.

Feeling anxious, Abigail quickly reached out and held the door. "Selling the company is not a small matter, is it?"

"Are you afraid of owing me a favor, so you're eager to help and repay the debt?" Sean asked sharply.

"In your eyes, am I really that kind of person? If you want to settle scores, go ahead and say it. You need to understand your own situation first, though." Abigail was also a little angry. Maybe there were lingering feelings of resentment, but he chose someone else. Why such behavior?

"Aren't you always like this? Afraid of owing favors, so you always want to pay them back whenever you can." Sean was even angrier than Abigail. "Since you came back, you still haven't explained."

"If you need an explanation, I'll get into the car and tell you everything," Abigail said as she opened the car door.

If there were any lingering questions in his mind, she was determined to address them this time.

Abigail got into the car, leaving Xavien in a state of shock.

Sean followed her into the car and instructed Xavien to wait outside for a while.

A soft click echoed as the car door closed.

Inside the car, the only sound was the quiet breathing of Abigail and Sean.

"Go ahead." Sean encouraged Abigail.

"At that time, Simond had control over Larry, Andrew, and Martin. I left with you, but what about them?" Abigail turned to Sean, her voice carrying a hint of sadness. "I wanted to leave with you as well, but I couldn't."

Sean nodded. "I understand. I won't hold it against you."

After all, Larry was Josh's son. Even though she was unaware at the time, Luna was also involved, and she knew she wouldn't have been chosen.

“Is there anything else you want to know?” Abigail’s tone was more composed now.

“About you and Simond...”

“I must have been crazy to have any thoughts about someone who kidnapped me.” Abigail interrupted immediately.

She knew Sean would bring that up.

For six months, she had no means of escape if Simond desired anything to happen with her in that place.

But she considered herself fortunate, as the Simpson Family strictly prohibited romantic relationships within the castle.

“Just come back,” he whispered softly. Regardless of her initial decision, he always wanted the best for her.

Upon hearing this, Abigail’s hand trembled slightly, and ultimately, she simply nodded and prepared to exit the car.

She had thought there would be much to discuss. But to her surprise, they were both impatient, and their conversation ended with just a few words.

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Resolving the Mess of Feelings

Just as she was about to open the car door, Sean’s hand reached out.

He locked the car door, grabbed Abigail’s hand, and pushed her back onto the seat.

Abigail stared at him wide-eyed, her voice trembling. “What are you doing?”

“Can we still be together?” Sean looked at her. His voice sounded urgent.

“Don’t you have a girlfriend?” Abigail’s brows furrowed, a hint of displeasure on her face.

Sean held her chin, looking unusually serious. "What if I say I don't have a girlfriend?"

"You don't? I heard you've been dating her for two months, and I even saw Kevin picking her up to take her to your company. Are you planning to dump her as soon as I come back?" Contempt flashed across Abigail's face.

Sean couldn't help but chuckle at her anger. "Is that how you see me?"

Abigail spoke without thinking, but deep down, she didn't really think he was that kind of person. She cleared her throat and said slowly, "Not exactly, but aren't you two dating?"

"No," Sean answered directly.

Abigail raised an eyebrow, a bit surprised. "Then what's the deal with her?"

Sean looked at her lips, opening and closing. Unable to resist, he leaned down and kissed her lightly. "I can explain. Kevin is pursuing her."

"Kevin?" Abigail was stunned, momentarily forgetting to scold Sean.

Sean nodded, his hand resting on Abigail's back as he held her in his arms. "I really miss you. I'm afraid you'll leave me for Simond, afraid you'll start liking him."

Abigail listened quietly, not immediately responding. After a moment of silence, she said, "Regardless of whether you want to or not, I have to remind you that there are rumors circulating about you and that girl. I don't want to be associated with any unsavory reputation. Do you understand?"

She was asking Sean to figure things out for himself before they could talk about their relationship.

Sean let her go. "I will explain everything to her."

Abigail pushed him away. "Alright, I need to get out of the car now."

Sean hesitated a bit, holding her chin and kissing her fiercely. His voice was hoarse and low. "I'll sort things out within half a month. Wait for me."

Abigail's lips were slightly red from his bite. She touched his face and spoke coldly, "Sean, I know you were angry when I chose Simond back then. But I thought about coming back to explain to you. I just didn't expect that you would actually find another woman."

"I thought about it, but I can't forget you," Sean said.

"You'll forget once you come back later," Abigail said, opening the car door.

Sean let her go, knowing that Abigail was settling the score.

Abigail got out of the car and stood by the door, looking at Sean. "Sort things out before you come find me."

Sean nodded, knowing that even though he had kissed Abigail today, he had gained nothing.

Abigail stood at the door for a while before turning back and walking away.

A smile played on her lips as she entered the house, only to be greeted by a family of three.

Josh was the first to ask, "How are things going between you two?"

Scarlett looked at her with a nervous expression.

Lawrence bit his lip, took a deep breath, and said, "I really want you to be with Sean, but if he has found a girlfriend, then there's no need for that."

Abigail knew he was worried about making a mistake.

"He said he would handle it. I believe him," Abigail said.

Josh felt relieved. "Actually, Sean has never forgotten about you. I guarantee he likes you. You had a lot of misunderstandings with him because of Larry, and Kingston also feels guilty."

"I am someone who looks forward. Things have happened and been resolved, so there's no need to dwell on the past," Abigail said.

She now felt that her current situation with Sean was a result of not communicating properly before.

"You're right, but it doesn't change the fact that Kingston is feeling upset," Josh said with a look of self-blame.

“Alright. I need to plan the next steps. You guys focus on yourselves,” Abigail now just wanted to confirm Luna’s whereabouts as soon as possible. If she was really in New Yoke, she had to go there.

Lawrence, upon hearing this, felt a bit disappointed. “Do you really have to go?”

Scarlett also held her hand tightly and whispered, “I will definitely support you, but make sure to prioritize your safety. I have learned a lot of cooking skills, so when you both are doing better, I’ll cook for you in different ways, okay?”

Abigail smiled. “Of course. That would be great.”

Scarlett released her hand and said gently, “I support you going. I know Luna is your concern. You need to resolve this issue yourself.”

She had also made up her mind that if one day she received bad news about Abigail, she would just go with her.

Abigail being able to come back and accompany them for a while was already a blessing.

During those years when she couldn’t be found, she had already thought that if there was any definite news one day, she wouldn’t survive.

“Since you plan to be with him, then make time to go see his grandparents. Old Mr. Graham has been bedridden because of the 400 million matter. His health is still not good.” Lawrence had taken Josh to see him a few times, and his complexion was not good.

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Once Upon a Time

It is said that Abigail used to be his favorite. Whenever Sean had a disagreement with her, Old Mr. Graham always stood on her side.

Upon hearing this, Abigail frowned. “Why didn’t you guys tell me?”

If she had known that Colby was sick, she would have definitely gone to see him as soon as she returned. Even if Lina was angry and didn't allow him to see her, she would kneel down just to catch a glimpse of him.

"You were busy those days, so we didn't want to bother you," Scarlett said gently.

Josh chimed in, "If you want to see him, I can go with you tomorrow. But we need to make an appointment with Sean first. Otherwise, we won't even get in the door."

"Okay. I'll talk to him," Abigail said. She knew she had to personally call Colby and apologize to him.

Josh nodded and didn't say much more.

Abigail went back to her room and dialed Sean's number.

As soon as the call connected, she said, "I want to talk to Grandfather."

"Maybe it's better if you come in person to talk to him." Sean's voice sounded a bit helpless. He knew what Abigail wanted to talk about, and he felt that she was being insincere.

What could they possibly talk about over the phone?

Abigail pursed her lips and said softly, "Okay. I understand."

Sean hung up the phone.

Abigail took a deep breath silently. Hopefully, giving a heads-up in advance would ensure that she wouldn't be blocked at the door tomorrow.

Abigail hardly slept that night. She even wondered if her jet lag was acting up, as she had been experiencing insomnia lately.

Early in the morning, she stood in front of the mirror, carefully applying concealer to her dark circles.

Scarlett watched her with concern. "Are you not used to being back?"

"It's okay." Abigail covered her dark circles, then turned to Scarlett and asked, "Do I look a bit more energetic now?"

“The tiredness on your face can be covered up, but what about your eyes? If you can’t sleep well during the day, come to the gym with me so you won’t have trouble falling asleep.” Scarlett said as she handed her a lipstick, “Put on some. It will make you look healthier.”

“Okay. I’ll join you after I finish my work.” Abigail thought to herself that she didn’t have time to enjoy herself now.

She had no clue about Luna’s situation.

When she was asleep, her dreams were always chaotic.

After breakfast, Abigail planned to go to Pendorf. She was about to pack up when she heard the maid say that there was a car parked outside.

“It’s been parked for quite a while. About ten minutes.” the maid told her.

Abigail grabbed her phone and went outside.

Opening the gate, she saw the license plate and raised an eyebrow. “You didn’t go home last night?”

Sean leaned against the car window, his gaze slowly scanning her face, and replied evasively, “Is the jet lag bothering you?”

When Abigail returned, she did look refreshed, but as time passed, her spirits began to wane.

“Well, maybe.” Abigail felt a bit awkward.

She couldn’t believe he could tell she was wearing makeup.

Sean opened the car door and said casually, “Get in. Grandfather and Grandmother are waiting for you.”

Abigail was taken aback, “Let me go get my things first.”

“You just need to bring yourself. The extra stuff is unnecessary.” Sean said in a deep voice.

Abigail hesitated for a moment, then got into the car with her phone in hand.

The car was quiet.

After a while, Abigail started to feel sleepy.

Sean didn't disturb her. He just asked Xavien to turn up the air conditioning.

When they arrived at the airport, Sean wasn't in a hurry.

Abigail was fast asleep, likely due to her restless night on the way back. The occasional honking of passing cars failed to rouse her.

Time crept by slowly.

Xavien, who was waiting outside, began to feel anxious.

They had missed their flight.

As noon approached, Sean reached out and gently tapped Abigail.

Lost in a chaotic dream of birch trees and the sea, with a hail of bullets, she ran and dodged them.

"Abigail!" Sean's voice broke through the fog.

In her dream, Abigail stopped and turned around, a bullet piercing her forehead.

All senses vanished in an instant.

She woke abruptly, gasping for air and reaching to touch her forehead.

"What's wrong?" Sean furrowed his brow, inquiring.

Abigail looked at his face, slowly realizing she was safe from the danger.

"It's nothing," she replied in a slightly hoarse voice.

Sean noticed the sweat on her neck and frowned. "If you're too tired, go back and rest. We can meet later."

Abigail waved her hand. "Aren't we at the airport?"

As she moved to open the door and exit the car, Sean grabbed her hand.

Their eyes locked.

Abigail saw the dominance in Sean's eyes, leaving no room for doubt. "What exactly did you encounter abroad?"

"Nothing," Abigail responded.

In reality, she was the one who had shot a bullet into someone else's forehead.

Since then, it had haunted her dreams.

It wasn't the first time she had dreamt of such a scene.

Sean held her hand tightly, his eyes slightly red. "You're not going to tell me?"

Abigail hesitated. Would she have said anything to him if she were her former self? Would she have confided in him?

It seemed she had forgotten who she used to be.

The experiences of the past six months were beyond anything she had ever imagined.

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Bitterness Turns Into Resentment

Abigail gently pressed her hand against her temple. "Sean, I killed someone abroad. The bullet went through his forehead, and since then, that bullet has accompanied me, piercing through my forehead countless times in my dreams."

Sean's eyes softened with tenderness. "If I hadn't left that day and stayed by your side, would things have turned out differently?"

"I can't say for sure. There are no 'ifs' in life anymore," Abigail replied calmly. "The day you left, my vision was clouded by drugs. I couldn't see clearly. I was lost in darkness."

The dense darkness enveloped her on that shore.

She tried to push away all thoughts, attempting to find a way back. But the more she tried, the clearer the memories became.

Amidst the relentless insomnia, the recollections of those six months became more vivid, as if they had just occurred yesterday.

Sean held her close. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have walked away. I shouldn't have let anger cloud my judgment."

"I believed we had unwavering trust. I thought we were unbreakable together. But for some reason, the day I messaged you, you didn't reply. Did something prevent you from responding to me?" Abigail recalled the moment she messaged Sean after leaving the Johnson Hospital Research Institute but received no response.

Sean clenched his lower lip, and after a long pause, he murmured, "I saw a photo of you with Larry by the window, with Andrew beside you. I thought you had moved on with someone else behind my back."

"I understand." Sean felt a pang of guilt.

"You don't need to apologize. That kind of photo indeed easily leads to misunderstanding. Abigail gently pushed him away, her gaze steady as she spoke. "So, you already had doubts about my loyalty back then, which led you to follow me overseas, discover the truth, and leave so abruptly."

Sean remained silent.

"But it's alright. I know you invested a lot back then, and if you had continued pursuing me, Graham International might have suffered. There were practical obstacles between us that hindered our relationship, and there's no need for blame." Abigail spoke calmly.

The period of silence after her messages went unanswered was the most painful for Abigail.

"Later, I hid in someone else's house and called you. That's when you interrogated me," Abigail spoke softly, recalling the days when she, Andrew, and Martin lived like shadows.

Andrew lay injured on the ground.

"Do you know why I couldn't abandon them?" Abigail turned to Sean, her voice eerily composed.

Sean gripped his hand tightly, saying nothing.

“Andrew.” Abigail gestured to her shoulder. “He shielded me, taking a bullet that nearly ended his life. Despite his paralyzed legs, he protected me. We were forced to hide in a deserted basement and then in a civilian’s home that we had to claim forcefully. He crawled on the floor when he was injured. It was heartbreaking.”

“Martin also suffered for me. Unwilling to leave his disabled son behind, he endured the pain.” Abigail recounted slowly, “That’s why I left with Simond.”

“If I hadn’t gone with him, Andrew and Larry would have perished. Simond comes from a lineage of mercenaries.” Abigail reclined in her seat, exhaling deeply. She glanced at Sean. “If you had replied to my message, then we could have strategized and perhaps avoided the tragedies that followed.”

Sean’s hands trembled.

“I understand that you have a strong sense of ownership. I know you can’t tolerate any interference. I used to believe that this was your way of expressing love for me, but now I realize that you tend to falter at crucial moments,” Abigail said calmly as she pushed open the car door.

Sean followed her out of the car, taking Abigail’s hand with red eyes. “I’m sorry.”

“No need to apologize. You didn’t have to rescue me back there. It was my fault for keeping things from you and for not being honest. There has always been a lack of complete understanding between us. I assumed you knew I was hiding things and would react rationally, but I was mistaken,” Abigail said, retrieving her phone from her pocket to book a flight ticket for herself.

“I know where your home is. I will go there on my own,” she said softly to Sean.

Xavien hadn’t expected their conversation to unravel so quickly.

As Abigail left, he approached Sean and asked quietly. “What’s the matter?”

Sean bowed his head and murmured, “It was a mistake to let go of Kevin that day. She has endured a lot in the past six months and had to take the first shot to survive.”

Xavien was at a loss for words.

“Let’s forget about it and head back.” Sean quickly regained his composure.

Abigail boarded the plane, sat by the window, put on sunglasses, and wore a cold expression.

It turned out it was a photo that made her miss the chance to see Sean the most.

Who sent that photo?

Abigail felt a mix of irritation and suffocation in her heart.

Her nose tingled, she turned to gaze at the sea of clouds, the suffering she had endured for the past six months now transformed into a sense of grievance and disappointment. Behind her sunglasses, she held back tears.

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Apologize

Abigail discreetly wiped away her tears, feeling someone sitting beside her. She sniffled and tried to compose herself.

Before long, a piece of tissue was handed to her.

Abigail turned her head to see Sean. She reached out, took the tissue from him, and playfully smacked it on his face. “What are you up to?”

Sean caught the falling tissue and gazed at Abigail with a pained expression. “You don’t cry often.”

She cried because she genuinely felt sad and wronged.

Her tears indeed reflected her sadness and grievance.

Sean held the tissue, pondered for a moment, and said, “You’re right. I do tend to mess up at crucial moments. But despite that, I still want to be by your side.”

Upon hearing this, Abigail bit her lip and chose to stay quiet.

“Even if you’re upset, even if you find me unreliable, I still want to be close to you, unwilling to let you go. I know I’m not perfect; I often disappoint you and make you sad, and for that, I’m sorry. I want to be less petty, but it’s a struggle.” Sean said, self-reproachfully, knowing that his personality made it difficult for Abigail to like him.

However, giving up on her felt like tearing out his heart.

He understood that, like most ordinary men, he would sometimes upset Abigail, but he would always apologize. He was willing to keep apologizing as long as she could forgive him.

Abigail sniffled and turned to gaze at the sea of clouds, contemplating for a while before speaking, “You were jealous of Simond. But without him, I wouldn’t be here today. If it weren’t for him, given your current cluelessness, my body would have been battered.”

Sean nodded. “You’re right.”

Abigail furrowed her brow, suddenly finding herself at a loss for words.

He apologized so swiftly that the anger within her dissipated before it could even surface.

After that, the two of them traveled in silence.

Upon reaching Pendorf, Abigail had just got up when Sean quickly reached out to steady her.

Abigail turned to him. “What are you doing?”

“I don’t think the plane has landed yet,” Sean explained.

Abigail pushed him away. “You really do look foolish.”

Sean released her hand and stepped back to let her go ahead.

The business class was not as crowded as the economy class, so there was no need for Sean to assist her.

Upon disembarking the plane, Abigail arranged for a car.

Sean observed her entering the car and then called Kevin.

After a while, Kevin arrived in his car.

“Where’s Irene?” Sean inquired as soon as he entered the vehicle.

“She went to your house. Old Mrs. Graham and Old Mr. Graham said the weather was good today and asked her to come over for dinner.” Kevin replied casually.

Sean raised his hand to his forehead, realizing the situation.

Abigail must have also gone to his house.

“What’s the matter?” Kevin asked curiously.

Sean leaned back in his seat, sighed, and informed Kevin, “Abigail visited my house.”

“She did? Has she returned?” Kevin looked surprised.

“Yes. She’s been back for a few days,” Sean responded quietly.

“No wonder you’ve been heading to Capitalis every day. It’s because she’s back.” Kevin remarked, starting the engine.

Sean rubbed his temple and spoke calmly, “If I don’t show up, can you and Irene handle it?”

Kevin promptly interjected, “Hold on! My relationship with Irene is one thing, and yours with her is another. Have you forgotten about the 400 million deal?”

Upon hearing this, Sean turned to look at him, “The real issue is the photo I received earlier, not the 400 million.”

“Sean, don’t defend her.” Kevin argued, “Your feelings changed the moment she returned. You were so determined before, but now, just seeing her face confuses you, doesn’t it?”

“It’s not like that. The photo is a separate issue. At that time, I ignored her. She learned to use a gun over there,” Sean’s expression turned serious as he spoke.

Kevin immediately grasped the implication and fell silent.

He pursed his lips and couldn’t help but ask, “Does that mean she didn’t have a good time in the past six months?”

“Since the moment we didn’t go, she has been in various dangerous situations. The 400 million was my punishment. If I hadn’t gotten angry because of that photo and had resolved

things first, there wouldn't have been the 400 million issue later on. Without me, and if Simond wasn't there, she would have died." Sean finished speaking and took a deep breath.

Kevin furrowed his brow, "Perhaps this is a lie—"

"Is she that kind of person?" Sean angrily interrupted Kevin, "I've explained so much, but you won't believe me. Let's wait until you see her."

Meanwhile, Abigail had already arrived at the Graham Estate.

This was Sean's new acquisition, as the previous estate was reportedly sold to settle debts.

When Abigail stood there, she instantly felt guilty towards Sean and the Grahams.

Regardless, those things were in the past, and Sean's debts were truly owed.

Why did she have the right to be angry with Sean?

Lost in thought, Abigail pressed the doorbell.

Before long, the door opened, and a short-haired girl stood at the doorway, blinking at Abigail.

Abigail recognized her as Sean's girlfriend.

"Alana?" Abigail's face lit up with surprise once she was sure it was her.

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She's Back

Abigail was a little confused as she looked at Irene. She asked softly, "Do you know me?"

"You're Alana. Everyone in the design industry knows you. I am your fan. Because of you, I decided to study design!" Irene was so happy that she almost jumped up. She quickly stepped aside and couldn't contain her smile. "Come in quickly!"

Abigail was a bit curious.

Wasn't she angry about her relationship with Sean?

Abigail walked into the yard.

This house was not as big as the previous Graham Estate, and it was in the city center. She wondered if Old Mr. Graham and Old Mrs. Graham could get used to living here and if they would be disturbed at night.

As she thought about this, she had already reached the door with Irene.

The servant at the door saw Abigail and quickly brought her a pair of slippers.

She didn't recognize Abigail as she didn't spend much time online.

Abigail changed into the slippers and followed Irene inside.

Lina was about to ask who it was when she turned her head and saw Abigail. She was stunned.

If it were before, she would have scolded Abigail harshly, but she looked so haggard now, with a lot on her mind.

Colby stood up from the couch and looked her over.

Abigail felt a bit awkward and stopped in her tracks. She called out softly, "Grandfather, Grandmother."

"Where have you been for the past six months?" Colby couldn't help but ask, stepping forward to hold her hands tightly and scrutinize her. "How did you end up like this?"

Even Lina could see that something was wrong. How could Colby not notice?

After all, he had also experienced the ups and downs of the business world and knew that Abigail must have had a worse time in the past six months than they did.

Moreover, Analise was gone as soon as she came back.

She had suffered too much.

Abigail couldn't help but lean on Colby's chest, gently sobbing. "I'm fine. I miss you all, too. I really wanted to come back, but I was really helpless at that time, and I have caused trouble for Sean."

Lina stepped forward, holding her hand, and said, "Why didn't you come back sooner?"

Abigail thought they would severely reprimand her and maybe even be kicked out, but she didn't expect that they would still accept her.

"There's a lot going on at home, and I'm afraid you will blame me." Abigail choked out.

Colby patted her back. In his heart, Abigail was just a child.

"Why would we blame you?" Colby said, hearing that Analise was gone as soon as she came back. He felt sorry for Abigail. She didn't want to go back no matter what the Pearsons said.

It was just that she was sentimental.

With Analise gone, she really had no close family to rely on.

Abigail cried even harder. "I've always been afraid that you wouldn't want me anymore."

She choked up, and at that moment, she seemed like a child.

Colby gently patted her back and asked Lina to quickly bring some fruit.

They couldn't bring themselves to hate her.

As soon as she came, she was treated like a child coming home.

When Abigail calmed down, she felt a bit embarrassed, and Lina felt a bit awkward.

"These are the fruits delivered today. We old folks don't have much appetite. You pick what you like." Lina handed all the delicious fruits to Abigail.

"Thank you, Grandmother," Abigail said softly, feeling a bit embarrassed. She had come to apologize, but it turned into her being treated like a guest.

When Sean returned, Irene sat awkwardly on the side, and Abigail also felt embarrassed.

In short, the entire living room was filled with a strange atmosphere.

Kevin followed behind and cleared his throat lightly.

Irene saw him and immediately ran to his side, whispering, "I don't know what to say. Let me go."

Kevin didn't know what these two old folks were up to, but he didn't want Irene to help Sean, so he spoke up, "I'll take Irene with me first."

"Irene?" Lina keenly caught onto this word, looking a bit suspicious.

"Just as you thought. Sean never considered being with her. We'll leave first." Kevin finished speaking, held Irene's hand, and left.

When Abigail heard about it from Sean, she couldn't help but wonder if Kevin was really reliable, considering he had had many girlfriends before.

After Kevin left with Irene, Colby spoke first, "Do you like Abigail?"

Sean looked at Abigail, his lips almost curling up involuntarily.

He definitely liked her.

"Grandfather, do you approve of us being together?" Sean asked softly.

"If I don't let both of you be together, can you help all those people you know find a partner to take home?" Colby said unkindly.

It was really hard work to deceive him.

And he was seriously ill. How could he not have thought of this? Sean was such a stubborn person.

When he doesn't like Abigail, he is as stubborn as a mule.

But when he does like her, he is willing to risk everything.

Abigail quietly peeled an orange, saying nothing.

Even though the two elders agreed, she was still angry.

“Since you still like her and she’s back, let’s just live together peacefully in the future. Don’t make things so complicated. The 400 million was your own doing, so don’t expect us to help,” Lina said sternly to Sean.

She had some money in her hands, but she had to spend it herself. In the future, when Abigail has children, she will have to save some money for them.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Pursuing the Missus

Sean proved to be quite unreliable. He impulsively threw away 400 million without a second thought. If anything were to happen in the future, they would be left with nothing, and their children would have to bear the consequences.

Colby patted his pockets and remarked, “It’s settled. She’s back, and you still have feelings for her. Let’s just carry on as before.”

“Alright.” Sean nodded in agreement.

Thanks to Abigail, navigating through this obstacle with his grandfather and grandmother seemed effortless.

Abigail possessed an undeniable charm.

While Colby lounged on the couch, engrossed in playing cards on his tablet, Abigail couldn’t resist asking Sean, “Is he no longer going out to play cards?”

“Your situation caused him a health scare. His health has deteriorated, and they discovered a herniated disc,” Sean commented in a hushed tone.

Abigail felt a pang of guilt upon hearing that.

“Don’t dwell on it too much. Your situation was not my doing, and it won’t happen again. The 400 million paid for my lack of trust will be remembered for generations to come,” Sean quipped with a smile.

Abigail pulled him up.

The two of them strolled to the yard, where Abigail gazed at him and whispered, "Four hundred million... Are you truly okay with that?"

"I actually have a substantial amount of money. Would you like to know?" Sean leaned in, lowering his voice.

Curious, Abigail fixed her beautiful eyes on him. "Tell me!"

Sean raised his hand to touch his cheek, hesitated for a moment, and said, "It was meant to be confidential, but if you truly wish to know, I can share. However, would you consider being with me?"

"One piece of information, and you want me to be with you?" Abigail turned to walk away.

Sean gently pulled her back.

With an arm around her waist, he locked eyes with her and whispered, "Just agree. Both Grandpa and Grandma wish for us to be together. Let's not cause the elders any worry."

Abigail furrowed her brows, and her lips were pressed tightly together. She was resolute in her stance.

Sean remained unperturbed. He pinched Abigail's chin and murmured, "In fact, while you were still at home, I uncovered their new money laundering method. They utilize live streaming on the internet, gaming, affluent individuals gifting, game recharges, fund splitting with the website, and subsequently laundering the money that flows into their accounts."

Abigail's eyes widened as she mumbled, "This seems... quite plausible?"

"The operation is rather straightforward, yet it appears that many have failed to notice," Sean remarked casually.

Abigail realized Sean's astuteness in recognizing the suspicious nature of seemingly ordinary activities. "Given the diverse range of affluent individuals online, everyone has grown accustomed to it, which is why no one suspects anything, allowing them to exploit the situation."

“Indeed. I have assumed control over all these websites, observing the daily influx of money. In just a year, guess how much they’ve funneled?” Sean seemed somewhat proud.

Abigail nudged him. “Just tell me already. What’s with me guessing?”

“Close to 300 billion, but I believe there’s still more to come, so I’ll exercise patience.” Sean released Abigail, grinning mischievously.

“Aren’t you concerned about being too greedy and facing repercussions?” Abigail frowned.

“I recall you know someone highly skilled in computer technology. Xavien once attempted to dissect the app he created but found it to be an insurmountable task. Are you still in contact with this individual?” Sean had previously sought assistance from a dark web hacker to dissect the app, but only one person proved capable.

Regrettably, that individual had already joined an organization and solely focused on dissection, uninterested in aiding with tasks.

“I have a connection, but with your capabilities, can’t you locate someone to do it?” Abigail pondered, doubting Andrew’s proficiency, considering how effortlessly he crafted the app.

“I had one previously. He dissected it for three days, eager to challenge him.” Sean chuckled.

Abigail raised an eyebrow. “Three days... That’s not great. Andrew wouldn’t hesitate to challenge the other party.”

“Andrew?” Sean was somewhat taken aback, to which Abigail nodded. “Yes, he effortlessly created that app. It didn’t take him much time.”

“You’ve found a very talented individual. Any interest in having him assist me in creating a security system? The money is currently stored in the security system, but when the time comes, it may still

need to be transferred.” Sean was concerned that the other party might act out of desperation and target the virtual bank where the money was held.

“I will speak with him. As long as you allow him to watch TV and provide him with the best TV, he will help you.” Abigail said, recognizing that this money involved many families and needed to be safeguarded.

“Does he truly enjoy watching TV?” Sean was still intrigued by Andrew.

The computer skills of this individual were remarkable, and it was fortunate that he knew Abigail. If the Davidson Family were to become acquainted with him, Eswadia’s website would likely require numerous hackers to withstand the pressure.

“Yes, he particularly enjoys Eswadia’s period dramas. Lately, he has been captivated by historical animations and fantasy. He still has a childlike mind,” Abigail said with a smile. The only thing that could have matured Andrew more was the past six months when he was injured and confined in that castle.

He had never encountered true evil, but during that period, he gained an understanding.

Thankfully, Eswadia’s martial arts and period dramas instilled in him the right values.

“I can see that...” Sean thought Andrew sounded immature every time he spoke.

Abigail reflected on Martin’s recent discussions about gaining admission to the hospital. The reputable hospitals in Capitalis were difficult to gain entry to, and the ones that were more accessible did not meet his standards.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-6 minutes 10/27/2024

This Year’s Pregnancy

After a moment of contemplation, Abigail asked Sean, “Do you know anyone at the hospital in Capitalis?”

His interest piqued, Sean questioned, “What’s wrong? Are you looking for a doctor to treat his leg?”

“No, it’s not about Andrew’s leg issue. His father will take care of it. His father needs a good hospital to work at. If you know someone, you can help out. Then, seeking Andrew’s help won’t be a problem.” Abigail didn’t want Andrew to help Sean for nothing.

Even though there was some reconciliation between her and Sean at this point, Andrew’s value couldn’t be determined by her words alone.

Sean should give the father and son the respect they deserve.

“Alright, then. Whatever you say,” Sean stated, taking a step back and holding Abigail’s hand, gently massaging it. “Stay here for a few days, hmm? There’s not much for you to handle in Capitalis anyway.”

“You’re wrong. There’s a lot going on at my company. In the six months I’ve been away, L.Moon almost went bankrupt because of a few shareholders.” Abigail withdrew her hand.

Sean cleared his throat. He should have helped her, but he had been stubborn for the past six months. Even though he knew that L.Moon would eventually go bankrupt if things continued this way, he still didn’t intervene.

“To tell you the truth, I resented you for a while when I came back,” Sean said seriously.

Abigail stared at him in silence.

“I hated that you didn’t tell me anything. From going abroad to save you and coming back empty-handed, not to mention facing debts... I did feel a bit frustrated.” Sean sighed softly, his gaze calm as he looked at Abigail. “I’m sorry.”

“I was thinking that I could endure it for a while longer, but I don’t want to see you suffer. I thought, isn’t love about wanting the other person to be happy?” Abigail felt wronged on the plane.

But at this moment, she felt it didn’t matter anymore.

They loved each other, and when such things happened, Sean would definitely not feel good either.

Upon hearing Abigail’s words, Sean felt she was still too soft-hearted.

When they were separated by thousands of miles, they held grudges against each other.

But once they met, all those tiny bits of resentment were engulfed by overwhelming love.

Holding Abigail in his arms again, he held her tightly, his lips gently brushing against her warm ear. “Honey, let’s get married!”

“We can’t for now. Let’s wait for Luna.” Abigail leaned against him, her tone gentle.

Sean's heart beat steadily, thumping lightly against her chest.

After a moment, he answered indulgently, "Okay, we'll wait for her."

They were almost completely separated because of Luna, so she had to come back to witness their marriage.

"If you're done with your plans here, I'll go find her. If it doesn't work out, you stay in Eswadia. I might be better at handling things now, and I can use a gun too," Abigail said slowly in his arms.

Sean chuckled. "I'm not bad either. Remember the Golden Triangle incident?"

Abigail remembered the scene where he leaned out of the car window, gun in hand, ready to fight.

Presently, she straightened and looked at Sean before gently kissing him on the lips.

Sean was taken aback for a moment, then he reached around and deepened the kiss.

The two of them kissed passionately, their bodies heating up.

Abigail felt sweat bead on her back. Her legs were a bit weak, and her arms tightened around Sean's neck as she murmured, "Alright, alright. I can't stand anymore."

Sean held her waist, his breathing heavy. "Back to the room?"

"What do you plan on doing in broad daylight?" Abigail rested her head on his shoulder.

Sean chuckled. "I really want to devour you right now."

Abigail clung to his neck, remaining silent. At that moment, she felt an overwhelming sense of tranquility.

After spending some intimate time outside, they were summoned for dinner.

Sean escorted Abigail back inside, and Colby and Lina noticed a change in their demeanor.

"As long as they have reconciled, nothing else matters. When two people are good together, they can create endless possibilities," Colby said cheerfully.

“Luna had a baby with Josh. I’ll bring the baby over to meet you soon.” Abigail sat at the dining table, wearing a faint smile.

Colby was taken aback. “It’s been a while since I’ve seen her. I didn’t realize Luna was married to your brother?”

“Oh, it will be wonderful to have the child visit. What’s with all the questions?” Lina said, leaning in closer to Abigail. “Is it a boy or a girl? Is the baby cute? With Luna and Josh’s looks, the child must be attractive.”

“He’s very beautiful. He’s a lovely child. You will adore him.” Abigail’s eyes were filled with warmth.

Meanwhile, Sean propped his chin up to gaze at her.

“It would be wonderful if you two could have a child too.” Colby sighed.

“Let’s try to conceive within this year.” Abigail echoed Colby’s sentiments.

Sean was momentarily stunned, then quickly raised his hand to rub his nose, his grin almost reaching his ears.

“Oh my!” Lina was so delighted she didn’t know what to do.

“Fantastic! This year... Maybe in the next six months!” Colby’s face beamed with joy.

Sean felt elated. Even as he ate, his mind was filled with happiness.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-6 minutes 10/27/2024

Overflowing Love

Abigail stayed overnight at the Grahams’ and found women’s pajamas, dresses, and even underwear hanging in Sean’s room.

“Are these for your blind date?” Abigail pointed to a sexy pair of panties and asked Sean.

Sean walked over, took the panties and set them aside, then kissed her lips. "Do you want to try them on?"

Abigail's throat moved as she stared at him with bright eyes. "When did you prepare these?"

"I've always been prepared. Maybe it was... out of habit," Sean replied.

Even though they had been divorced, Sean never thought Abigail would belong to someone else. When they changed seasons at home, her clothes always came along.

When the Graham Estate was sold, and they were getting a new home, the company that usually sent clothes also sent Abigail's clothes.

Sean knew they were trying to make more money, but he still kept them.

Meanwhile, Abigail was in his arms, feeling a bit dazed. They had been husband and wife before. Through the years of separation and reconciliation, Sean had always treated her as his wife.

"After everything is settled, let's have a proper wedding and then have a child. What do you think?" Abigail felt an urgent need at this moment.

She wanted to marry him.

"I've been waiting for you to say that." Sean smiled.

Abigail's eyes were a bit moist. "Do you think things would have been different if we hadn't crossed paths with Vincent?"

"There's no ifs or buts. You are a Pearson. These things will happen to you." Sean gently caressed the corners of her reddened eyes. "When trouble comes, discuss it with your husband. I know Luna is important to you, but I am more important, right?"

"I didn't dare to mention Luna's child before. I was afraid that the father's identity would tarnish her reputation." Abigail held onto Sean's shirt collar tightly, her voice filled with guilt.

As for Sean, he had no intention of holding her accountable.

"Next time, you must tell me. I am your husband. If you don't trust anyone else, at least trust me, right?" Sean caressed her chin.

Abigail lifted her chin to grant him better access, “At that time, I think Luna didn’t want me to speak for a reason. I have known her for many years. I understand her well. Perhaps a misunderstanding was destined to happen so she could let us know what we wanted to know.” Abigail’s tone was uncertain.

Sean lifted her up in his arms. “Hmm.”

He wouldn’t dwell on the past anymore.

The sound of water in the bathroom was accompanied by ambiguous sounds.

Abigail didn’t know what time it was when Sean finally stopped. She was exhausted and about to collapse. After he carried her out of the bathroom, he continued to have his fill of her.

“You’re going to kill me with all this...” Abigail’s voice was weak.

Sean kissed her, his voice hoarse as he murmured, “I’ve missed you for so long. This is not enough to make up for my days and nights in the past six months.”

Before Abigail could speak, her mouth was covered.

The sky gradually got brighter when Sean finally fell asleep.

Abigail slept until 6 p.m.

Her neck was encircled by Sean’s hand, and she was nestled in his warm embrace.

“Hey—” Just as Abigail opened her mouth, she realized her voice was hoarse.

Upon hearing the sound, Sean slowly woke up and ended up receiving a slap from Abigail.

“My throat...” Abigail whispered.

Sean smiled, his nose touching hers as he gently rubbed against it, “I’m not feeling much better either.”

He had been quite loud last night.

Thinking back to the scene, Abigail blushed.

Sean rubbed against her for a while before taking a deep breath. "I'm having trouble getting up. What should I do?"

"You deserve it, don't you think?" Abigail murmured, resting against Sean's chest and realizing she wasn't feeling much better either.

As she lay back down, she pulled up the blanket and asked, "How are we going to go out and face the others?"

Sean held her and sat up, playfully massaging her waist. "You've definitely been working out. Your grip is strong."

Abigail leaned into his chest, squinting playfully as she purred with a smile, "The pressure is just right. Keep going."

Her waist was really sore.

Sean gently massaged her, occasionally checking in to see whether she was all right.

Abigail relaxed under his touch, even allowing him to massage her legs. By the time Sean was finished, she felt much better.

"Help me get dressed." She lay on the bed, unconcerned about her state of undress, and allowed Sean to see her so openly.

Sean got up, admiring her healthy body, before lying back down and intertwining his fingers with hers. Leaning in close, he said, "How can I leave this bed when you're like this?"

"Take it easy. If you push too hard, I'll be stuck in bed, and you won't be able to handle it," Abigail teased, pointing at his chest with her other hand.

Sean watched her fingers trace his chest, and he gently held them in place. "Aren't you worried I'll start it again soon?"

"I'm feeling hungry." Abigail suddenly blinked up at him, looking rather pitiful.

Sean sighed. "I'm hungry too. Let's leave the workout for later."

He kissed Abigail's lips, got up, quickly dressed, and went to find clothes for her.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

True Wife

“Someone looks fine,” Abigail couldn’t help but say.

Sean was rummaging through the wardrobe. When he heard her words, he couldn’t help but laugh. “For the past six months, I have been diligent in exercising, just thinking about you coming back, taking you to bed, and making sure you can’t get up.”

Abigail hit him with a pillow. “Exercising for six months just to mess with me?”

“For loving you well,” Sean said. Many nights, he thought of Abigail and couldn’t sleep. He fantasized about everything that happened between them, feeling pathetic and in need of release.

“The way you put it makes me moved,” Abigail couldn’t help but smile.

Sean walked to the bed with a figure-hugging outfit and handed them to her. “Do you like this?”

It was a pure white set, very thin but of good quality.

Abigail took it, but Sean snatched the undergarments from her. “I’ll help you put it on.”

“You’re so shameless,” Abigail muttered, but she did not refuse.

After she put it on, Sean adjusted it for her, carefully buttoning each button. “How is it? Comfortable?”

“It’s okay.” Abigail leaned against his chest, closed her eyes, and sighed softly. “It’s really good to be home. There are no relaxing days like this outside.”

Sean hugged her as he kissed her neck, leaving behind a mark. It was only then he was satisfied. “Did Simond not treat you well?”

"If it weren't for the mercenary family, I would probably be dead by now," Abigail said. If Martin hadn't lied to her at the time, claiming to be an expert in food therapy, she would have been blind and helpless when the bandits arrived and killed her.

"I recently investigated Simond's family. The day you escaped, it was the third and eldest son of his family who teamed up to kill Stephen. The third son couldn't stand Simond, and as for the eldest son, he was never a good person," Sean said.

Abigail took a deep breath. "Let's not talk about them."

"The main issue is that Simond has disappeared, and I'm afraid he might come back," Sean said softly. "His identity has always been very mysterious. I checked in Eswadia but couldn't find anything. My friend warned me that Simond is untraceable."

Abigail turned to look at him. "What do you mean?"

"I suspect he may have a hidden identity, and it's a very high-level secret," Sean replied.

"So, he's not the bad guy?" Abigail couldn't help but ask, recalling the days in the castle when Simond didn't harm her and even taught her self-defense and marksmanship.

"It's very likely that he's actually a very good person," Sean said, pulling her up.

As they came down from upstairs, a servant hurriedly asked Abigail, "Mrs. Graham, food is ready. Would you like to eat first?"

"Yes," Sean answered for Abigail.

Abigail felt a bit embarrassed and asked Sean in a low voice, "What's with the way she addressed me?"

"Why shouldn't she say that? Everyone knows that our relationship is special," Sean said, leading her to the dining room.

After sitting down, he asked the servant, "Where are Grandpa and Grandma?"

"They went shopping early in the morning. Mrs. Graham's brother said they're planning to bring the child over tomorrow, so they went to buy things for the kid."

The servant placed the dishes on the table, her face full of smiles.

“They can’t contain their excitement,” Sean explained to Abigail.

Abigail picked up her fork and knife and started with her food. “The old folks are just eager to hold their grandchildren. They’ve been waiting for years.”

She was referring to Lina.

Sean nodded. “Let’s get pregnant this year.”

Abigail took a few bites, then whispered to herself as the servant went to the kitchen, “It’s not as delicious as my own cooking.”

During her time at the castle, she had to study recipes desperately just to get by.

“You?” Sean raised an eyebrow, slightly surprised. The old Abigail used to cause accidents in the kitchen, whether it was not holding the pot steady enough or letting the fish slip out of her hands and jump out of the pond.

“Being able to cook well is essential for survival,” Abigail said sadly.

Sean felt a pang in his chest at her words. “If you don’t enjoy it, I can hire professional chefs. She usually cooks to my grandparents’ liking, and I am rarely home. When I’m busy, I stay at the

company, and I spend a lot of time there.”

“I’ll cook for you tomorrow. I can make all sorts of food now!” Abigail couldn’t help but boast.

“Simond took advantage of you as a cook, eh?” Sean gritted his teeth.

If I wasn’t able to cook, I might not have survived,” Abigail said. “What if he has an important mission? In that case, just being able to sustain myself is sufficient.”

She had harbored hatred toward Simond before and had even considered getting rid of him.

But if it was true, as Sean suggested, that he held a higher level of authority and might be on undisclosed missions, Abigail chose to forgive him.

Heroes often remained silent.

Even if one day he perished while on a mission, not many would be aware.

“Honey, you have a kind heart.” Sean flicked her nose gently.

The servant, observing Sean’s behavior, felt that it was truly magical.

Previously, when Sean returned, he always appeared serious. Most of the time, he seemed burdened as he sat with his old folks watching TV, lost in thought.

The entire villa was silent.

But upon Abigail’s return, it was as if everything came to life. Even the air seemed to be infused with happiness.