

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 811-820

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A Reunion of Old Friends

Night had fallen when Lina and Colby returned with bags in hand.

Meanwhile, Kevin had asked to meet Sean.

The four of them coincidentally met at the entrance.

“You’re back.” Sean was the one who spoke first.

“Are you guys heading out?” Lina, carrying a large bag, widened her eyes.

“What is it?” Abigail assisted with some of the heavy bags.

The elderly couple were quite adept at shopping—they were purchasing items all day long.

Colby explained, “We weren’t sure what the kid likes, so we bought a variety of things. We lack experience and fear he may not enjoy it, so we thought we’d bring it back for you to review.”

“He enjoys everything. He hasn’t had the chance to play with anything good before,” Abigail responded.

“Poor child...” Lina immediately felt sorry for him.

Colby chimed in, “Then we bought too little. The child hasn’t had the opportunity to play with anything, so shouldn’t we buy more?”

Sean rubbed his forehead and remarked, "You might as well bring back the entire mall. Then we won't be lacking anything."

"I'm serious. Do you think I'm joking? Luna and Josh's child is over a year old. What about yours?" Colby began to criticize Sean. "You married Abby earlier, but you didn't want to have children for three years. I'm counting on you, but I can't rely on you even after I'm gone!"

"Why are you speaking about him like that? The child is coming over tomorrow. Since he doesn't have one, Abby's brother's child will have to do for now." Lina pulled Colby back.

Abigail handed the items to the maid, who followed her out. "Inform Grandpa and Grandma that we are going out for a stroll to bond and hopefully conceive this year so they can have a great-grandchild by the end of next year."

"Alright. I will let her know," the maid replied with a smile.

"Mary, I will hire a professional chef tomorrow, so you can just tidy things up and accompany my grandparents from now on," Sean said, leading Abigail away.

Mary shook her head with a smile.

Upon arriving at the club where Kevin was, Abigail couldn't help but mutter, "He brought her here?"

"There are only a few good places. It's not a big deal," Sean said, holding her hand as they entered the elevator.

Abigail couldn't resist asking, "What's the woman's name? What's her family background like for a regular family to entrust their daughter to someone like Kevin?"

Sean embraced her waist and whispered, "Irene was captivated by him. There's nothing we can do about it. And Irene's family situation is complex. Her parents don't approve of him, so her grandparents are looking after her."

Abigail understood why Sean had been set up on a blind date with the woman.

"This wasn't my decision. It was Grandma's decision, alright?" Sean quickly clarified.

Abigail nodded. "I haven't said anything yet. Why are you so nervous?"

"I'm afraid you'll misunderstand," Sean said.

The elevator halted, and the two arrived at the designated floor.

Sean guided her into the private room, and Kevin was the first to stand up and exclaim, "Sean, you brought Abigail here!"

"Yeah." Sean walked over, holding Abigail's hand tighter.

It was then that Abigail noticed Irene.

Irene looked at them, her gaze filled with envy.

Young women like Irene mostly envied the relationship between Abigail and Sean.

But they didn't know that Abigail had also endured heartbreak and suffering before becoming who she was today.

"Irene, this is Abigail. You've heard of her." Kevin gestured to Irene.

Irene obediently approached him and greeted Abigail.

Abigail hummed and nodded, unsure of what to say next.

"Cameron will be here soon," Kevin guided Irene to sit down.

Abigail couldn't help but feel a little nostalgic. "Speaking of which, it's been a long time since I've seen Cameron. How is he?"

During Analise's funeral, he was away on an important mission and couldn't make it back.

"He's doing well. Now, he's the personal bodyguard of a big shot, but it's quite dangerous. He travels all over the world," Sean replied.

Abigail was slightly surprised upon hearing that. "That's impressive."

"Indeed, but his marriage has hit a rough patch," Kevin whispered.

Abigail looked at Sean.

Sean held her hand, lowering his voice as he explained, "Because he was too busy, he missed out on his wife giving birth and didn't return home for several months. Plus, another woman has her eyes on him, which is why they're having some issues."

As soon as he finished speaking, the door to the private room swung open.

Abigail turned to see who it was.

Cameron had indeed matured a lot, looking more stable and dignified in a suit that enhanced his handsome appearance.

"Abigail, it's been a while." Cameron closed the door and smiled at Abigail.

"Cameron, you've really matured." Abigail stood up, walked over, and observed him. "You're looking good."

"You don't blame me, do you? I was on a mission abroad during your grandmother's funeral and couldn't make it back," Cameron explained apologetically to Abigail.

He stood tall and strong, with his head bowed like an obedient dog.

"There's no need to blame yourself. Grandma doesn't blame you, either. Come, have a seat," Abigail said, leading him to the couch.

"It's great to see you all doing well," Cameron sincerely said, his gaze shifting to Sean.

Abigail cleared her throat. "I heard you and Isla haven't been getting along?"

"I've been too busy this year. I missed out on her giving birth and wasn't there during her recovery. She's been upset ever since. Her family thinks I'm not good enough. It's really frustrating." Cameron sat down, looking helpless.

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Unshakeable Status

Abigail had Kevin pour her a glass of wine.

“Having a baby and going through childbirth is a significant event. You weren’t even there during her postpartum recovery. If she did not make a scene, something must be seriously wrong, no?” Abigail comforted Cameron.

Cameron sighed heavily. “I just feel that marriage is so exhausting.”

“Then aren’t you tired when you sleep with her? Women endure tremendous pain for ten months of pregnancy. She’s not after your money. She just wants your companionship. Why are you tired?” Abigail said. Men always think their work is exhausting, but are the women at home any better off? Isla went through pregnancy alone, gave birth alone, went through postpartum recovery alone, and still managed to prevent herself from divorcing Cameron. She has already done him a favor.

“I came over today because we had an argument. I was planning to come with her, but she got upset, so I didn’t feel like bringing her along,” Cameron said in distress, finishing the drink Kevin handed him in one gulp.

Abigail felt she needed to take some time to check on Isla.

“You’re so busy with work. Just quit if you can’t handle it. Is that measly money worth it?” Sean said coldly. “Didn’t you say you were going to start a security company before? Why are you getting deeper into this mess?”

“I... I don’t know.” Cameron only knew that he had suddenly caught someone’s eye.

“What Isla needs is your companionship. You don’t have to work so hard just because of what her parents said in the past, got it?” Sean frowned, continuing to lecture Cameron.

No matter how successful Cameron became, to Sean, he would always be the obedient subordinate.

“If you can’t balance work and family well, things are bound to go wrong,” Abigail said gently. “When I was away for a few months, the thing I missed the most was coming home. Being stuck in one place, unable to see, and constantly yearning for everything at home day and night.”

Kevin listened, a bit lost in thought.

Even Irene couldn’t bear to imagine the situation Abigail was describing.

Sean put his arm around her shoulders. "It's okay. You're back now. Did you have nightmares last night?"

Abigail thought to herself, Goodness... What a question...

She had been distracted all of last night. There was no time for dreams. But after falling asleep, she indeed didn't have any nightmares.

"No," Abigail replied.

"Cameron, marriage is for a lifetime. Your career can be great, but without love, there's no family, and the children end up almost without parents," Sean said with a heavy heart.

Kevin listened and subconsciously glanced at Irene.

Meanwhile, Irene looked at Sean, unable to hide the emotions in her eyes.

Kevin also knew that Sean was Irene's first choice.

Unfortunately, Abigail was too strong. Her position in Sean's heart couldn't be shaken by any ordinary woman.

From secret admirer to wife, then ex-wife, girlfriend, fiancée... This journey was not something an ordinary person could go through.

Abigail herself was already outstanding and brilliant. A regular woman trying to flirt with Sean probably wouldn't even catch his eye.

Abigail also noticed Irene's gaze. The woman was by Kevin's side but was still being drawn to Sean. Kevin just doesn't stand a chance, does he?

After drinking for a while, Cameron asked Sean, "Mr. Graham, are you going home later?"

"I will, of course, go back to my own home. If you're talking about going to Capitalis, that won't happen now. It will take a few days," Sean said, taking a sip of whiskey.

Abigail poured herself a glass of sweet wine.

"I'll drink for a while and then go home." Cameron, feeling criticized by them, was already thinking of apologizing to Isla as soon as he got home.

“Cameron, if work is important to you, you need to find a balance. Isla is upset now because you haven’t been home since her pregnancy to the postpartum period. She just wants some support from you. Why don’t you understand that?” Abigail, as a woman, understood Isla’s feelings very well.

Isla felt wronged. After all, going through pregnancy and postpartum alone was difficult and uncomfortable.

“Men have never experienced pregnancy to childbirth, so you don’t know the hardships involved. Some pregnant women suffer from depression and end up taking their own lives, and their partners have no idea what happened to them. Do you really think being pregnant is easy?” Abigail said with a serious expression as she took a sip of sweet wine.

“Being a mother is not easy either,” Irene added.

It was then that Cameron finally noticed her. “You’re Mr. Stewart’s girlfriend?”

“Yes,” Irene immediately replied.

Kevin felt a bit irritated deep down—it was clear that Irene admired Sean more, making Kevin seem like a substitute.

“Why is being a mother difficult? You’re just a young woman. How do you know so much?” Kevin joked with a smile.

Irene held her glass of wine and said seriously, “A mother raising a child alone has to feed the baby at night while the baby cries and fusses... She will be very overwhelmed.”

“Did your family not hire a nanny to take care of the child?” Abigail asked Cameron.

Cameron felt a little guilty upon hearing that. “Isla was worried that the nanny wouldn’t take good care of the baby, so she declined.”

“The nanny is much more professional than a new mom. From not being able to speak to being a toddler, children can be very demanding,” Irene told Cameron seriously.

Sean looked at Abigail. “Is she right?”

“More or less,” Abigail murmured. Larry’s situation was special—with medication in his body, he remained in a state of drowsiness and did not fuss.

“Josh’s child seems very well-behaved.” Sean began to recall Larry’s situation.

“He is well-behaved because he had some health issues before,” Abigail explained.

Indeed, Sean did not know much about Larry, so he refrained from saying much.

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Can’t Be Apart Even for a Second

When Cameron decided to leave, Abigail chose to go with him.

“I’ll go over with Josh early tomorrow morning.” Abigail straightened her clothes. “Grandma is no longer here, and Cameron is inexperienced in this area. I need to assist him.”

Kevin leaned back on the couch and clicked his tongue twice. “Abigail, you’re truly remarkable. You handle every situation with grace upon your return.”

Sean gave him a kick. “Instead of teasing others, why don’t you focus on yourself?”

Abigail was quite displeased with Kevin, mainly because he used to be too flirtatious, and she couldn’t even keep track of the number of girlfriends he had.

However, it was fine as long as he maintained a good relationship with Irene.

Kevin rubbed his leg. “What’s wrong with me... I’m trying to behave, aren’t I?”

He was feeling irritated deep down, so his words weren’t as pleasant.

Sean noticed but didn’t say anything further.

Initially, he had asked Kevin to help out, but Kevin was acting rather off today. But considering how he was with many attractive girls, it didn’t seem so strange.

“Honey, I’ll go with you.” Sean put his arm around Abigail’s shoulder.

Abigail glanced at him. “It’s just one night. There’s no need to be so clingy.”

"I can't bear to be apart even for a second," Sean purred.

"You're way too cheesy." Abigail crossed her arms but didn't refuse.

As they boarded the plane, Abigail felt a bit tired and fell asleep immediately.

Cameron couldn't sleep, staring blankly at the starry sky outside the plane. In the past year, he had matured a lot and became much quieter.

"Speaking of which, it was Old Mrs. Quinn who arranged this marriage for me. I wonder if she would be upset to see how things have turned out," Cameron said with a hint of melancholy in his voice.

Sean looked at his profile for a long time before asking, "Feeling lost?"

"Yeah, sometimes I wonder if it would have been better to date longer before getting married. The child came so suddenly, and her changes were so abrupt, too. I just feel lost," Cameron said, shifting his gaze to Sean's face.

"Mr. Graham, these past few months, I've been afraid to go home most of the time. I dread the thought of her arguing with me when I get home. I don't know how to communicate with her. When she cries and throws a fit, I feel both heartbroken and annoyed, but I don't know what to say." Cameron looked completely lost.

Sean patted his shoulder. "Take a nap first. Everything will be better with Abby here."

Cameron lowered his eyes. "I can't let you guys help me forever."

"So, remember what she does when she does it," Sean said. "Marriage is indeed difficult to maintain. The initial passion and love slowly fade away, and it becomes a mundane life. As you gradually become closer like family, you may start to feel repulsed by her or even be attracted to other women outside, but you must stay true to yourself."

Cameron found Sean's words quite insightful.

"Are you attracted to other women outside?" Cameron couldn't help but ask.

"I've met many women over the years, but none of them compare to her." Sean raised an eyebrow as he leaned back in his seat, looking very content. "She has a different kind of beauty in every phase, constantly keeping me captivated."

“She is really different this time. She must have suffered a lot abroad.” Cameron looked back at the starry sky outside.

It was already two hours later when they arrived in Capitalis.

Cameron had purchased a new house in Capitalis, and it was quite spacious.

When Abigail entered, Isla was in the living room with the child.

The once cute and lively woman had changed. Her figure was out of shape, and her complexion was pale. She was wearing pajamas, and she was pacing back and forth with the child in her arms.

When she heard a noise at the door, she walked over.

There was a moment of confusion when Isla saw Abigail, but she quickly turned around and was about to go back to the room with the child in her arms.

“Isla!” Abigail called out to her.

Isla was trembling all over, finding it difficult to speak. She slowly brought her legs together.

“I’m feeding the baby... You guys talk. I won’t come down,” she said, shrinking her neck, wanting to leave.

Sean glanced at Cameron. “Go and hold the baby. What are you waiting for?”

Cameron, not even wearing slippers, walked over to her and whispered, “Honey, let me take care of the baby.”

“There’s no need. You must be busy. It’s not easy for you to come back, so there’s no need...” Isla repeatedly refused, showing her inner unease.

Abigail walked over, her voice gentle. “Let him hold the baby. You can teach him.”

Sean put on disposable slippers, walked over to Abigail, and glanced around the room. There were quite a few toys, but they were scattered on the floor, making the room look a bit messy.

“Didn’t you hire a nanny?” Sean asked Isla.

Abigail helped Isla sit down on the couch and squeezed her arm. “Taking care of a child must be hard, right?”

Upon hearing this, Isla couldn’t help but let out a sob. She then leaned into Abigail’s arms and started crying. “I never thought marriage would be so difficult... I just want some time for myself, but I don’t have any. He’s always causing a scene, crying as soon as he wakes up. None of his toys work.”

Captivated by a passing glance on the street, the young woman could not settle for anyone other than Cameron. Only after getting married did she realize how tough life could be.

Abigail patted her back. “I miss my old self too. I had a good figure and soft skin, but now it’s all gone. I don’t even have time to exercise...”

She choked up, talking about trivial things.

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Marriage Is Freedom’s Death

Life was composed of these small details, accumulating one by one and breaking down a vibrant woman filled with longing for love and marriage.

Cameron mimicked her, swaying his body while listening to her complaints.

“Cameron, what’s the matter with you? Why didn’t you hire a nanny?” Sean asked sternly.

“I did, but they weren’t the right fit. She didn’t like them,” Cameron explained.

Abigail comforted Isla and asked gently, “Why don’t you like them?”

“After giving birth, my memory wasn’t good; I kept forgetting things. When I saw the nanny stealing the supplements he got, I sent her away. Since then, I haven’t hired anyone, just part-time cleaners...” Isla sniffed.

“Don’t you think you should have called Cameron back to handle the nanny situation?” Sean muttered to himself, noting that Cameron was running a security company, but his home situation was chaotic.

He seemed more suited to lounging at home.

Isla looked at him with red eyes. “Forget it. We hardly see each other all year. Today, we meet, but tomorrow morning, you’ll be gone.”

Cameron couldn’t help but say, “You don’t pay attention to me either.”

“How can I pay attention to you when I’ve been pregnant for so long?” Isla burst into tears again.

“Cameron, if you don’t know anything, you better learn how to be a father. You didn’t know before she got pregnant, and you still don’t know now. Your security company is just average. What’s more

important, your family or all those things you’re doing?” Sean scolded sternly.

Abigail whispered, “Exactly. You’re not short on money. You need to prioritize your family. Look at a well-educated girl like her, being worn out by the kids at home all day. Which wealthy woman ends up like this after marriage?”

Isla felt even more aggrieved, but Cameron felt much more at ease than before.

When it was only the both of them, Isla was completely unreasonable.

Both mother and son were crying simultaneously, and Cameron’s head was about to explode from the noise.

As Cameron and Sean took the kid upstairs, Abigail and Isla tidied up the house downstairs.

“You’ve changed a lot, yet at the same time, you haven’t changed at all. Don’t rush into having children, got it?” Isla advised Abigail tearfully. “Marriage is either the death of love or the death of your figure and freedom.”

Abigail chuckled. “You haven’t been taking care of yourself since you got married. It’s okay to hire a nanny before the child is one or two years old. How can a new mom like you manage without help?”

"But my mom says nannies are not good," Isla said, putting the toys in a box with a melancholic expression.

"You're just being stubborn. Your mom doesn't help with the kids, and in such a big house, you don't even have assistance. Aren't you tired of this?" Abigail handed her the little dinosaur.

Isla held the small dinosaur, lost in thought for a while. Suddenly, she laughed. "I regret getting married. Love is like that. During pregnancy and postpartum, it all fades away."

"On the day of giving birth, my water broke, and there was no one at home. I cried and called 911 for help and was taken to the hospital. The doctors kept asking me where my husband was, but I couldn't even reach him..." Isla sniffled softly. "At that moment, I didn't even know why I was carrying a child."

Abigail stepped forward, hugged her, and patted her shoulder. "I apologize on behalf of Grandma."

"I didn't blame her. I just felt disappointed. During postpartum, my mom came over and scolded me, saying I insisted on marrying such a person. From giving birth to postpartum, no one came to help me," Isla said with a bitter smile.

"Most importantly, when I lifted my clothes and saw the stretch marks on my belly, I felt so scared that I didn't dare let him touch me, afraid he would see and reject me," Isla said, bending down. "My legs still swell often and are very uncomfortable. My body is not as good as before, and my skin is sagging..."

Abigail kneeled beside her. "Marriage and having children... Sometimes, you have to pay a price. Not everything has a reward. In the end, you and Cameron are too naive. You don't have a clear concept of marriage yet."

Isla didn't know what to say for a moment; she just sniffled.

"Once the arrow is released from the bow, it cannot go back. Cameron just wants to live a good life with you, but with your emotional ups and downs before and after pregnancy, he is also afraid. I know you suffered during pregnancy, but give him a chance, and give yourself a chance, hmm?" Abigail comforted Isla gently.

"I just don't know what to do. I feel annoyed every day," Isla said with red eyes, seeking help from Abigail.

Abigail hugged her. “I came here today to resolve the conflicts between you two. The child is asleep, so let’s sit down and talk it out. Let out all your grievances. If he dares to talk back, let Sean beat him up.”

Isla nodded.

After the child fell asleep, the four of them sat in the living room.

It was Sean who spoke first. “Quit your job as a bodyguard and focus on being a good husband. Spend time with your wife and take care of your child. Her family doesn’t help her. As a husband, you should put in more effort.”

“If trouble comes knocking, will you cover for me?” Cameron asked Sean.

“Yes.” Sean nodded. “If you continue like this, you’ll end up with another woman.”

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Happiness Isn’t Easily Attained

Under the bright lights, Isla appeared devastated, all because of Sean’s words.

She cast her eyes down, feeling a wave of self-doubt that silenced the words she wanted to express.

Abigail nudged her gently. “Speak up.”

With red eyes, Isla bit her lip for a long moment before finally asking Cameron, “Do you no longer have feelings for me?”

Cameron hesitated briefly before quickly explaining, “I’ve just been incredibly busy, that’s all.”

“Everyone outside is saying that you hold a prestigious position as the head of security for a prominent figure and that you’ve even been introduced to a highly educated heiress,” Isla spoke slowly, her voice trembling.

Abigail held the woman’s hand tightly.

Tears streamed down Isla's cheeks. "Since we got married, you've rarely been home, especially after I became pregnant. I know I've gained weight and lost my looks, particularly with a large stomach. It's challenging for men to remain faithful to their wives during pregnancy—"

"I have never been unfaithful to you," Cameron quickly interjected.

"If you no longer have feelings for me, then let's end things. I'll take our child with me... It's difficult to go through this alone." Isla's eyes brimmed with tears.

Seeing her in such distress, Cameron couldn't help but embrace her. "How could I not have feelings for you? I'll resign from my job, become a silent partner, and come home to be with you. If you want to work out, I'll do it with you. There's plenty of ways to help you regain your former self."

"Cameron..." Isla whispered.

Cameron paused, trying to recall the last time she had said his name in that tone.

Cameron's gaze softened as a warmth surged through him. "What's the matter?"

"I feel unattractive. My stomach looks terrible... You won't like it." Isla sounded insecure.

Abigail couldn't help but glance at Sean, wondering if she would feel insecure about her post-pregnancy belly in the future.

"I love you for who you are, not for your stomach. I'll inquire around to see if we can help you regain your former self, alright?" Cameron held her close, his tone gentle.

Tears trickled down Isla's cheeks. "Could you please not be so busy? The baby doesn't seem to like you. He cries whenever you hold him."

"Alright, I'll resign from my job and return to take care of the baby with you. I'll read some books to learn how to bond with the baby. What do you say?" Cameron reassured her.

Isla nestled closer to him, softly sniffing.

It was late at night when Abigail and Sean departed from Cameron's residence.

Sitting in the car, Sean remained silent for a while before speaking. "I thought they would be happy."

Abigail gazed out the window. The night was dark and quiet, holding a touch of melancholy. "Happiness isn't easily attained."

In all honesty, Abigail and Sean had their own share of disagreements and challenges. Throughout the three years of marriage, she was no better off than anyone else. That being said, one

advantage was that Sean was firm about not wanting children. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to escape. With no career and no love, everything was chaotic.

Can happiness truly find us without effort or care?

Sean leaned in closer to her, whispering in her ear, "Should we go to a hotel?"

"Isn't it nice to return home?" Abigail wasn't fond of hotels.

"Let's go to a hotel. I can't do anything to you as I please at your place." Sean felt pressured, especially with her parents present. It would be awkward the next day if anyone heard anything.

Abigail sighed. "Alright, alright. Let's go to a hotel. Just remember to get protection."

"The hotel always has it ready for me." Sean started the engine.

He drove to a relatively secluded hotel, finding a private spot to park the car.

Abigail realized too late that he had pinned her down on the seat.

"Sean... It'll be so embarrassing if someone sees us," Abigail whispered as she pushed against him.

"No one will see us," Sean assured her as he put up the sunshade.

Unable to resist him, Abigail felt a mix of nerves and excitement, her body growing weak.

Once they were done, Sean helped clean her up and wrapped his coat around her.

With a hint of blush and a satiated look on her face, Abigail glared at him. "Why did it have to be in the car?"

"I want to explore different places with you," Sean replied.

Unable to hold back, she teased, "Haven't seen you in six months, and you're already being playful."

"When I miss you, I think about where we can have fun and let loose." Sean chuckled as he opened the car door.

The scent in the car slowly dissipated.

Leaning against the car in his shirt, Sean lit a cigarette, feeling relaxed. "Why don't we just stay here and enjoy the night view instead of going back?"

Wearing his shirt, Abigail got out of the car, looked up, and pursed her lips. "It's pitch black. I'd rather go home and sleep."

"Alright, let's go to a hotel to sleep," Sean suggested, turning around and giving her a playful pat on her bottom.

Abigail got back in the car, and only then did Sean start the engine.

At the hotel, as soon as the door closed, Sean and Abigail shared a passionate kiss.

Backing up while holding her, they fell onto the bed. Abigail's hair spread out, and her eyes gazed at him with affection.

Sean's heart was completely captivated by her gaze.

He nuzzled her nose and then gently kissed her lips. He did it very delicately and tenderly.

Abigail made a sound of agreement. With her hands around his neck, she asked in a muffled voice, "Isla made me a little scared of getting pregnant. I saw her stomach. It was a bit scary."

"Then let's not have any kids," Sean said without hesitation.

If Abigail was afraid, he didn't want to put her through that pain.

The Grahams didn't need to have a child. It wasn't like they were in line for the throne or anything.

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Just Love to Be Jealous

Abigail murmured, "We've already told the others. When the time comes, just be there for me, and we'll get through it. Don't be like Cameron."

"When you're pregnant, I won't even go to the company." Sean reached out and gently touched her stomach. "It's amazing to think that such a small and flat place will nurture and grow a little one."

Abigail held his hand, feeling his love deeply. "Are you excited about it?"

"I haven't really thought about it. The only thing on my mind is you," Sean replied, kissing her lips once more.

It wasn't long before they finished doing the deed and drifted off to sleep.

The following morning, Abigail and Sean returned to the Pearson Residence.

Josh was preparing to take Larry to Pendorf, and all the gifts were ready.

"Ask Abby if there's anything else we need to bring." Lawrence reminded him.

"It's almost done. I can't carry too much on my own," Josh said, holding Larry in his arms with a specially bought baby carrier.

Scarlett looked at Larry, reluctant to see him go. "Don't stay away for too long. Dad and I will miss you."

"Okay." Josh nodded. If it weren't for the two elderly folks wanting to see him, he wouldn't want to leave either.

For his sister's happiness, there was no harm in making the two elderly folks happy with Larry.

There was a sound at the door. Lawrence looked over and saw Abigail and Sean, immediately asking, "Why are you back so soon?"

"There was something that came up last night, so we came back early. Today we're heading to Pendorf with Josh." Abigail walked in. Passing by Josh, she reached out and pinched Larry's cheeks.

Lawrence glanced at Abigail, then at Sean, feeling that Larry didn't need to be involved.

It seemed like Sean was once again enchanted by his daughter.

"Have you had breakfast?" Scarlett naturally noticed Sean's special affection for Abigail.

"Not yet. We just got back and are about to have breakfast," Abigail replied.

Sean cleared his throat and said, "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson."

Lawrence nodded. "Have breakfast before you head back."

"Okay." Sean looked slightly embarrassed.

Scarlett smiled, her eyes twinkling. "What would you like to eat, Sean?"

"I'll have whatever she's having." Sean smiled, looking at Abigail.

"Then let's have pasta. Come and try my mom's pasta," Abigail said mysteriously.

Sean raised an eyebrow, quite intrigued. "Alright, let's see how it tastes."

After breakfast was served, Josh took the opportunity while Lawrence and Scarlett were occupied in the kitchen to approach Sean. "Have you forgiven my sister?"

"What are you talking about? She forgave me, alright?" Sean quickly clarified.

Josh raised an eyebrow and glanced at Abigail. "Oh, Abigail... How impressive."

Abigail awkwardly touched her nose. "It was his fault, to begin with."

"Yes, I was too jealous." Sean chuckled, and as he took the first bite of pasta, a look of surprise crossed his face. "This tastes just like what Old Mrs. Quinn used to make it."

“My mom was worried that Abigail would take a long time to come back, so she learned from Old Mrs. Quinn,” Josh explained, sighing softly. “It’s just that she left us too soon.”

“Alright, let’s enjoy breakfast.” Sean changed the subject, not wanting Abigail to feel sad.

Abigail savored her pasta, nodding lightly. “It truly tastes like Grandma’s cooking. She passed away peacefully, so there’s no need to be sad.”

Initially, Abigail felt sorrowful, but gradually, she came to terms with the reality.

Analise was not like Colby and Lina. She already had diabetes, and during the past six months when she was away, Analise was surely anxious, fearing that the illness would worsen.

After breakfast, Josh departed from the Pearson Residence with Larry.

Once aboard the plane, Larry happily leaned against the window, exclaiming, “Bird! Bird! Ma! Bird!”

Abigail leaned over to take a look. “Isn’t that an airplane?”

She pinched Larry’s face and corrected him, “Airplane. It’s an airplane.”

“Fapane! Fapane!” Larry grinned, looking very happy.

“We should let him play with Isla’s son. Isla would feel better after seeing him,” Abigail smiled and said to Sean, who was beside her.

“Sure, after visiting Grandpa and Grandma, we’ll take him to Cameron’s house for a play date,” Sean readily agreed.

Josh sat back in his seat. “I heard Isla is not doing well. People in high society say it’s a pity she married Cameron. They knew Cameron was unreliable.”

Abigail frowned. “What do they know? If it weren’t for Isla’s parents looking down on Cameron, would he be so busy?”

Sean smirked. “That’s why my wife is the best. She takes care of everyone I care about.”

“Tsk! Just look at you being all proud of yourself. You were the one who wanted to cut ties with me back then. How many times did I try to reach out to you?” Josh sounded a bit resentful when he brought up this matter.

He had tried to contact Sean many times before because of Abigail, but the man never reciprocated.

Sean cleared his throat upon hearing that. “Is it really necessary to expose my shortcomings like this?”

“I am your brother. Didn’t you think that when she comes back, you two will quickly get back together? I was so anxious, jumping up and down. If I had known that you didn’t need me at all, why would I have done all that?” Josh let out a heavy sigh.

Abigail picked up a strawberry from the side and handed it to him, saying, “Thank you, Josh, for caring about my lifelong happiness.”

Josh took the strawberry from her and smiled. “Of course, you have suffered so much for my son, so anything else is worth it.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-6 minutes 10/27/2024

Saving the Damsel in Distress

Abigail couldn’t help but chuckle as Sean looked at him disdainfully. “Don’t stick to me. I only want your sister to stick to me.”

“Forget it. You’d best behave yourself in the future, as I’m rather unforgiving,” Josh warned Sean.

Sean was not afraid at all. “Okay, but I have my wife to protect me.”

Abigail was quite annoyed at this point. When they looked at her, she quickly spoke up, “Don’t expect me to make any choices. I’ve always been fair. If you fall into the water, I won’t save any of you because I can’t swim!”

“Forget about that. Let’s talk about Luna.” Sean stopped joking with them.

He had been wanting to talk to Josh about it.

Josh's face turned serious at the mention of it. Holding Larry, who was playing by himself, he asked solemnly, "Do you have a plan? Eric hasn't contacted me recently."

"I've sent someone to check the situation first. Once Eric agrees to our plan, the news will be released immediately. If he doesn't agree, then so be it," Sean replied seriously.

"I'm worried that something might have gone wrong on Eric's end. He hasn't replied to any of the messages I've sent," Josh said in a deep voice.

Sean leaned back in his seat, looking at the sea of clouds outside, and said softly, "Let's just release the news directly. It's better for his safety."

"When will your people have any news?" Abigail asked.

"This week. After we've met everyone we need to see, we'll head over to New Yoke." Sean reached out and grabbed Abigail's shoulder.

Abigail nodded, her gaze falling on Josh's face. "Josh, you stay home and take care of Larry. Andrew and Martin are your responsibility, and keep an eye on Simond too. I heard he went missing, and I'm afraid he might come back. You need to protect the child and everyone else, understand?"

"I want to come with you." Josh's eyes held a hopeful look.

"You need to stay home. You won't be of any use there." Sean was blunt. "You don't know how to use weapons or fight. You'll just be a liability."

Josh was left speechless.

All he wanted was to go and save his loved one.

"I know what you're thinking, that saving Luna will make a difference, but going there is risking your life. Without any skills, it's pointless." Sean's tone was cold.

Josh knew the man was right, so he fell silent.

"It's okay. We've got this. You stay home and take care of our parents," Abigail tried to reassure him.

In the end, Josh reluctantly agreed, "Just make sure to stay safe."

When they reached Pendorf, Sean heard that Irene and Kevin had a fight.

It was a rare occurrence.

"After you left, Mr. Stewart suddenly confronted Irene, accusing her of liking you and not being able to forget you. Irene got angry, and they ended up arguing at the club before parting ways," Xavien

explained carefully to Sean.

Sean felt a headache coming on.

Abigail listened quietly beside him.

"Find out more and then come to my office," Sean said before quickly hanging up the phone.

Abigail looked at him. "Do you still have to protect Irene?"

"I had a previous agreement with her. She asked me to pretend to be her boyfriend for three months. Once she finished renovating her home, we would break up," Sean explained to Abigail.

Abigail nodded slowly. "What else?"

"I have been entrusting her to Kevin because her biological parents would abuse her," Sean continued.

"Be more specific." Abigail frowned. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to find an excuse for Sean and continue their sweet relationship.

"She was raised in the countryside. Her parents had only wanted one daughter, but she was an accident, and they didn't really want her, so they sent her to live in the countryside. Recently, Grandma wanted to... set me up on a blind date, so she asked around, and her family quickly pushed her forward," Sean said, raising his hand to touch his forehead.

Abigail closed her eyes and made a sound of agreement, sounding utterly regal.

Sean continued, “Grandma thinks she is similar to you and wants her to replace you... However, Grandma also knows that I can’t forget you.”

Abigail opened her eyes and looked at him. “Kevin is not a suitable match for her. If she is a good partner, it would have been better if you had introduced her to Xavien instead of Kevin, right?”

Sean agreed, “I was in a confused state of mind at that time and didn’t expect to make another mistake.”

“Bring her to your office and inquire about the situation.” Abigail felt sorry for the girl who lived with her grandparents and was disliked by her own parents.

When the family needed her, she was cast aside as a tool.

Knowing that Sean might still have feelings for his ex, she still had to intervene.

“Okay.” Sean immediately sent a message to Irene.

“How is her design sense?” Abigail asked again.

“I have no idea. I’m not interested in her at all,” Sean answered honestly.

Abigail licked her lips and said, “If the design is good, bring her over to L.Moon. She will have more exposure and broaden her horizons.”

“If you don’t like her, then don’t worry about it. I will take care of it,” Sean said calmly. He didn’t want to do it just for the sake of it.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes | 10/27/2024

Sort It Out Between Yourselves

Abigail remained silent in response to Sean.

At Graham International, Abigail followed Sean inside, her heart filled with a myriad of emotions.

The receptionist discreetly observed Abigail. Once she and Sean stepped into the elevator, the receptionist wasted no time in starting a gossip session in the group chat.

'Breaking news! Irene has been dumped by Mr. Graham, and his former girlfriend Abigail Quinn, also known as Alana, has returned!'

'Oh, my goodness, Alana! Irene doesn't stand a chance!'

'Is Abigail truly that remarkable? Can she simply return and overshadow the current one?'

The new employees were somewhat skeptical.

The receptionist typed swiftly.

'Once you see Alana, you'll understand. Irene, who is as fragile as glass, will crumble in her presence! This isn't jealousy. It's just that Alana reinvents herself every year. Once she had a group of admirers, now she'll have even more. Let's not only focus on Mr. Graham. I adore her too!'

The new employees felt a sense of unease.

'This person is ruthless...'

A few minutes later, the new employees chimed in on the group chat once more.

'I believe it now, oh my goodness! Is this aura real? Perhaps only Mr. Graham can handle it!'

'Indeed, someone fragile like Irene is no match for Alana.'

'She's like a wild rose, and Mr. Graham is truly fortunate.'

The new employees quickly changed their opinions.

Abigail remained oblivious to the intense discussion about her among the employees at Graham's.

When Irene was summoned, the receptionist issued a warning in the group chat.

'It's over. The main wife is back, and she's going to confront Irene!'

'No, she didn't do anything to people like Joan back then.'

...

In Sean's office.

Abigail requested Xavien to pour her a glass of water.

Irene appeared quite nervous, and as soon as she sat down, she hurriedly explained, "We just agreed. I truly have no connection with him."

It was primarily because Abigail exuded the aura of a boss lady that sitting beside her was enough to make people tremble.

"Do I appear that intimidating?" Abigail couldn't help but chuckle, but after laughing, she acknowledged that the latter's fear was reasonable.

She had changed.

Irene shook her head. "I'm simply afraid you'll blame me."

"What would I blame you for? I understand that you're just playing a role. Over on Sean's end, Old Mr. Graham isn't well and needs reassurance about a relationship to feel at ease, so I comprehend all of this," Abigail spoke gently.

Irene glanced at Sean and remained silent.

Sean remarked casually, "She's correct. That's what I meant."

"I called you here today to inquire if you had a fight with Kevin?" Abigail reclined on the couch and spoke softly.

Irene didn't seem bothered. "In any case, I'm used to his temper."

With his wealthy background, there was no shortage of women he could have.

He felt like she had a thing for Sean, and she didn't deny it, which made him angry.

Irene felt like she just admired Sean and not that she liked him. She had some self-awareness and knew she couldn't compare to Abigail.

Abigail unconsciously frowned. "Does he often bully you?"

“Not really, but someone like him having a temper is pretty normal,” Irene said softly.

She had long been a pushover, so she was used to people stepping all over her.

“Tell me the truth. If you keep letting people walk all over you, they’ll keep taking it out on you,” Abigail said sternly.

Irene felt like she was being sincere and started to take her seriously. “He thinks I like Mr. Graham, but a long time ago, I told him I just admired Mr. Graham a bit because he’s a really good person. Someone of the opposite sex would naturally be attracted to him, right?”

Sean felt secretly pleased by the compliment.

Abigail didn’t pay attention to him and continued to frown. “So, he argued with you over this?”

“It happened for the first time yesterday. He used to be kind to me. When my parents mistreated me, he was the one who helped me,” Irene explained, seemingly unaffected by the hurt caused by Kevin.

Abigail thought that she simply did not like Kevin, hence her indifferent behavior.

“If you don’t like him, then don’t engage with him. You won’t suffer if you’re not in a relationship,” she advised gently. “How do you feel about your job?”

“It’s fine. Why do you ask?” Irene inquired curiously.

“Do you have any thoughts about joining L.Moon? Once I finish my business there, I will return to teach you,” Abigail offered warmly.

Even if she had no talent, Abigail believed she could still teach Irene effectively.

Irene fell silent, seemingly lost in thought.

After a moment, she nodded firmly. “I’ll come to your place!”

Abigail smiled faintly. “I’ve got some things to take care of over here. I might have to leave soon, but if I come back, I’ll definitely take you with me. And if anything happens, you won’t be short on pay.”

Sean knew she was prepared, and so was he.

After making his decision, he called Kevin.

Kevin arrived in less than half an hour.

“Seems like you want to meddle in our affairs,” he remarked casually.

Sean raised an eyebrow and said indifferently, “I have no intention of meddling. You two sort it out yourselves.”

Abigail slowly sipped the tea Sean had brewed for her and remained silent.

Kevin glanced at Irene.

She had a gentle and warm smile on her face as she spoke, “Mr. Stewart, I have decided to pursue opportunities on the Capitalis side. I appreciate your care over the past few months, and I understand that your concern was due to Mr. Graham, but I won’t hold on to something that is not meant for me.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Secret Money

Kevin paused for a moment, then smirked. “Is this because of Sean?”

Irene didn’t appreciate him talking about Sean like that, but she wasn’t angry. Instead, she spoke earnestly, “I went there to learn design from Alana. I know about your past. None of your relationships have been long-lasting.”

Kevin’s hand, which was resting at his side, was clenched slightly.

“I know, too. One day, I’ll end up like that, so I’ve never expected you to like me.” Irene stood up, meeting his gaze. “I’ve always been self-aware. I understand, given my background, you wouldn’t truly choose me.”

“How do you know I’d treat you the same as those other girls from the past?” Kevin was getting a bit angry. He admitted he was a bit of a playboy, but he genuinely wanted to treat her well.

"I'm not special. You always say I like Mr. Graham, but shouldn't someone like him be liked?" Irene spoke softly. "I think a man who can be loyal to his partner is easily attractive to the opposite sex."

Kevin's palm stung from his nails digging into it.

"On the day we met on a blind date, he sat with me and talked a lot, but in the end, he told me I wasn't suitable for him. He couldn't betray the person he liked, and that's respectable," Irene said slowly. "You can't do that, can you?"

Kevin stepped forward and grabbed her hand. "What if I can change?"

"But I'm afraid I can't even keep track of how many ex-girlfriends you've had. When we are out together, everyone whispers behind our backs, wondering how long I can remain by your side before your drunk exes start calling you, asking you to pick them up," Irene stated frankly.

"Irene, I'll change this time," Kevin murmured.

Abigail pursed her lips and instinctively glanced at Sean.

"If you want to talk to me, I'll still listen," Irene remained gentle. "But if there's another time in the future when you choose another girl over me, I won't come back."

Kevin felt like he couldn't hold onto her, not because of Sean, but because of his own past mistakes. Only after meeting a girl he truly liked did he realize how unworthy his past was.

She couldn't trust herself with him.

Sean was somewhat annoyed. When Irene said she had to go back to work, he asked Xavien to see her off.

Kevin sat on the couch, his gaze blank.

"Don't blame everything on me. If being affectionate is a crime, then I'll plead guilty." Sean rarely made such flirtatious remarks.

Abigail coughed lightly. "You were pretty much the same before. I mean, after three years of following you, my heart was practically in pain. Isn't this just the beginning for you, Kevin?"

Kevin sighed. "If only I had known. If I hadn't been so reckless before, maybe I wouldn't have felt this lack of affection from her now. Can you guys believe it?"

"The whole 'prodigal son returns' thing doesn't really work," Abigail furrowed her brow and said calmly.

"Is there really no chance?" Kevin persisted.

"It all depends on your determination, but I don't think a leopard can change its spots. Right now, you think you can change because you like her, but love doesn't last forever. Many loves fade with time, and for someone like you, with a low sense of morality, infidelity is quite common." Abigail didn't truly believe him.

"How can you say my moral compass is low?" Kevin objected.

"Can you even count how many girlfriends you've had?" She countered.

Kevin remained silent.

"All that talk about 'the prodigal son returns' is just deceiving. When love is new and exciting, you might change for her. But when the spark fades, people like you are more heartless than anyone else. Of course, I won't interfere in your relationship." Abigail shrugged indifferently.

Everyone has their own path to walk. She had no intention of being someone's love guru.

"I'll be heading to New Yoke soon. Graham International might need your help to keep an eye on things," Sean informed Kevin.

Kevin frowned. "Why are you going to New Yoke?"

"To find someone," Sean replied calmly.

Kevin now knew who he was searching for.

He sighed. "When will you two unlucky lovebirds finally put an end to this tragic situation?"

Abigail couldn't help but laugh. "Maybe it's the end of a tragic chapter."

"Stop being so pessimistic. I don't want anything to happen to you two," Kevin said, relieved that the burden in his heart had been lifted. Sins had consequences.

Returning to the Grahams' house that night, Abigail changed her shoes at the door and heard laughter coming from inside.

"Oh, Larry is so charming. Why don't you stay here and play with Grandpa and Grandma? We have some money saved up secretly, and we can buy you toys," came Lina's voice from inside.

Sean gestured silently to Abigail.

He tiptoed inside and cleared his throat softly.

Lina, holding a tambourine, nearly toppled off the couch in surprise.

Josh couldn't help but stifle a laugh.

"Secret money?" Sean walked over and asked.

Colby had a stern expression. "You guys don't even have kids, so buying toys for him is the same thing. Besides, he's Abby's adopted child anyway."

Abigail felt touched. This was Luna's child, and it meant the world to have so many people love him already.

"The Pearsons aren't short on money for this child to spend, so keep your own savings," Sean said.

"If it weren't for your antics, Lina and I wouldn't have to hide money. I'm afraid you'll end up penniless one day, and my great-grandson will suffer," Colby said, then went to comfort Larry.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Follow Me

Josh noticed Abigail's arrival and remarked, "I had planned to leave when it got dark, but Old Mr. Graham insisted I stay overnight, so I'll be here for a few days."

The elderly couple reminded him of Analise, whom he used to visit when Abigail was not at home. He recalled how strong Analise always appeared and realized now that she must have missed Abigail during those six months.

"Whatever the case, Larry is entirely in your care now." Abigail expressed her comfort in not having to look after the child.

However, Larry seemed a bit restless.

He now had to stay with Colby and Lina, then return home to visit Cameron and spend time with his younger brother.

After a moment of hesitation, Josh suggested, "Let's meet up with friends when the time comes."

Perhaps... after going to New York, there may not be another opportunity to gather together.

Abigail agreed, acknowledging that it was indeed time to reunite.

"Did you guys eat anything?" Lina, feeling content with the fun they had, stood up and asked Sean and Abigail.

"If you didn't prepare any food for us, we can order takeout. You stay and play with the kids," Abigail insisted, not wanting Lina to overexert herself.

"Why order takeout when you're at home?" Lina said as she made her way to the kitchen.

While Colby entertained Larry, Josh conversed with Sean about Eric, noting, "He hasn't responded to me yet, so there may be an issue."

Abigail's expression became grave at this news.

Sean, appearing composed, leaned back on the couch. "Release Eric's information first, and I'll handle it. It will be trending by tomorrow morning."

Having planned this in advance, Sean was simply waiting for a response from Eric. Since there was no reply forthcoming, he decided to proceed.

Josh nodded, and Sean promptly messaged Xavien on his phone.

“Once you return, take Larry to Cameron’s house to hang out. Also, discuss with Cameron how to care for a woman who has recently given birth.” Abigail expressed her concern, particularly for Luna’s well-being.

She was unsure of Luna’s current situation.

Josh nodded blankly in response.

...

The next evening, Josh’s plan was set, and he made calls to all his acquaintances.

But there was a sudden problem with Irene.

“Her phone is unreachable, and I have no idea what’s going on.” Kevin stood at the doorway of the private room, visibly irritated as he fidgeted with his phone.

Abigail also sent Irene a WhatsApp message, but she didn’t reply.

“Could something have happened? Take me to her house,” she said.

Kevin glanced at Sean beside him. “Should we go?”

“Everyone’s not all here yet, but let’s go check it out first,” Sean replied. He was aware that Irene had more free time due to her past relationship with him and Kevin.

Upon reaching Pendorf, Abigail discovered that Irene was missing when she visited his company.

It seemed to be the work of the Walkers.

Upon arriving at the Walkers’ residence, Kevin went in first.

The living room of the Walkers was quiet and peaceful, but in the dining room, harsh voices could be heard. “You can’t even compare to Sean’s ex-girlfriend for a single bit! I don’t know what use you are to us!”

“If you can’t repay the student loan, then you’ll just have to work as a maid in the Walkers to pay off your debt.”

They're two women's voices. One of them was probably an old lady, and the other one was younger.

Kevin walked in with his hands in his pockets and saw Irene standing with her head bowed beside the dining table.

"Come here!" Kevin ordered with a dark face.

The people in the dining room were startled by his sudden appearance.

When Mrs. Walker saw Kevin, she smiled and stood up. "Mr. Kevin, are you here to see Irene?"

The young girl sitting at the table scrutinized Kevin. "I remember her boyfriend was called Sean, so why are you here to see her?"

"Is that so?" Sean walked in, his expression icy.

Abigail followed suit and noticed Irene, who appeared bewildered. She whispered, "Kevin told you to come to us. Why are you still here?"

Irene hesitated for a moment, then hurriedly approached Abigail and explained softly, "They took away my phone, and when they knew you had returned, they demanded that I repay the student loan."

She did have some money, but she was reluctant to repay the student loan.

Sean insisted that the student loan should be repaid by their parents.

Abigail shielded Irene behind her, her face icy as she looked at Catherine. "Is the Walkers really in such dire need of that money? So, you're willing to push your youngest daughter onto a man who has feelings for another woman?"

"Ms. Quinn, it was the Grahams who expressed interest in finding a few young girls. No one coerced Sean into going on a blind date." Catherine sneered. "The moment you returned, he lost interest in Irene. What about her reputation?"

Kevin approached with a stern expression, grabbed a bowl of soup from the table, and poured it over Catherine's head. "You mistreated your daughter. When you heard that the Grahams

were looking for a match for Sean, you immediately called her back, treating her like a commodity to be traded. Seems like you care about her reputation, huh?"

Catherine began screaming.

Irene's sister, Slyvie, stood up and exclaimed, "What are you doing?!"

"What am I doing? I am going to bankrupt the Walkers immediately!" Kevin's expression was extremely grim.

Catherine suddenly panicked. She took a napkin offered by a servant and apologized while wiping her face. "Mr. Stewart, she doesn't know any better. Please forgive her."

"Do you not care for your own daughter?" Abigail questioned Catherine.

Catherine hesitated for a moment. Irene was an unexpected child, and at the time, she had already decided not to have any more children. So, she sent her away, intending to let her parents raise the girl and allow her to do as she pleased when she came of age.