

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 871-880

No Present For Valentine's Day

Luna also experienced its absence. While observing the drama that day, she experienced a range of emotions. She thought, I can depart, but what about Abigail, Larry, and Josh?

"Do you still have feelings for Josh?" Abigail suddenly inquired. She thought, Considering the proximity of Valentine's Day, I need to remind Josh gently.

"Naturally, I still be fond of him. How could I not? We already have a child, so we cannot simply part ways from one another." Luna made a joke.

Abigail was unable to resist smiling. "Yes, we cannot allow him to escape consequences easily! You must remain with him for the entirety of your life!"

Luna nodded, indicating her agreement.

Shortly after that, Josh arrived with food.

"Luna, you may proceed with your meal. I will engage in a conversation with Josh," Abigail said, dismounted from the bed, informed her, and guided Josh out.

Upon closing the door to the ward, Josh expressed confusion by inquiring, "What is happening?"

"Valentine's Day is approaching. How do you intend to spend time with her?" Abigail whispered.

"I've been preoccupied with Valentine's Day activities for the past few days. Let's keep it between us, don't tell her," Josh whispered in return.

Abigail thought, He was quite thoughtful.

"Alright, I will return now," she stated.

Sean had exhibited a mysterious demeanor for several days. On the morning of Valentine's Day, he chose attire for Abigail.

Upon awakening, Abigail discovered a stack of garments that belonged to her on her bed. Observing Sean, who appeared exhausted, standing by the closet door, she inquired while rubbing her eyes. "Are you selecting garments on my behalf?"

Sean nodded, scratching his head, then turned to Abigail and urged, "Hurry up and get up."

"Your actions make Valentine's Day akin to New Year's," Abigail remarked as she pulled back the covers and departed.

"There remains a distinction from New Year's. Please freshen up first. I will select your outfit item by item." Sean escorted Abigail to the bathroom.

After Abigail refreshed herself, Sean helped her change her clothes. After considering various options, from a sleek suit to a graceful dress, he chose to wear a wine-red dress.

Sean gently smoothed down Abigail's hair behind her before adorning her neck with a necklace.

Abigail made contact with the necklace. "Is this item intended as a Valentine's Day present?"

"Yes, to some extent." Sean grasped her hand. "Let us prioritize eating first. Subsequently, we can proceed to take a walk." He thought, The genuine surprise is arranged for the evening.

At midday, Sean escorted Abigail to a Siverdian cuisine restaurant, and upon completion of their meal, the clock displayed two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Would you like to engage in a shopping activity?" Sean lacked specific plans for their upcoming activity.

Abigail displayed a facial expression indicating displeasure. "Do we need to make any additional purchases? Would you like to consider going to the cinema?"

Despite being aware that there might not be any quality movies, the atmosphere held significance.

"Okay." Sean retrieved his phone and proceeded to purchase tickets.

Unbeknownst to them, a substantial crowd had gathered for Valentine's Day, resulting in the movie theater being at total capacity.

"We are unable to procure tickets. Shall we return instead?" Sean expressed a sense of helplessness as he came to the realization of the difficulties involved in trying to function as an ordinary couple for a single day.

"We're already outside. What is the rationale for returning?" Abigail voiced her protest.

Sean grasped her hand and rose to his feet. "Subsequently, we can leisurely visit the mall to purchase gifts for our friends and family to celebrate Valentine's Day."

"Then, let's go have a look." Abigail also relished shopping with Sean.

Upon leaving the Siverdian cuisine restaurant, Sean escorted Abigail to the mall. She promptly proceeded to a high-quality boutique. She selected a watch designed for men.

"Is this intended for me?" Sean inquired of her.

Abigail experienced a slight sense of embarrassment when she expressed, "I thought you were merely taking me out for a leisurely walk on Valentine's Day. I did not anticipate that you would also present me with a gift. Indeed, considering our age, giving gifts is often associated with the younger generation."

She thought, If I knew, I would purchase a gift sooner. I may not be a dependable partner when selecting a Valentine's Day gift.

"You are not obligated to provide me with a gift. Accompanying me on a shopping trip is already highly appreciated." Sean did not require a watch as he possessed multiple timepieces in his closet and selected one each day.

"In that instance, I will refrain from making a purchase." Abigail was reluctant to purchase a last-minute gift for him. If she desired to present him with a gift, she would compensate for it subsequently by offering him a substantial one.

"Consider purchasing an alternative item that you can give to Luna," Sean recommended.

He thought, Luna requires emotional fulfillment in all areas, and providing her with sufficient happiness notably enhances her mood.

“Okay, could you assist me in selecting it?” Abigail escorted him to the upscale women’s boutique. Preferring not to present a necklace, she opted for a bracelet that still belonged to friendship-style bracelets.

“This Lily gold bracelet is aesthetically pleasing, as the Lily symbolizes good fortune.” Abigail presented it to Sean.

Sean regarded her with a tenderness reminiscent of how one would look at a young girl. “Indeed, you’re fair. It appears more aesthetically pleasing when you wear it.”

“Is my skin fair? I’ve been outdoors for an extended period and acquired a tan.” Abigail has recently been attempting to lighten her skin tone, but she has not perceived it as effective. Upon receiving Sean’s compliment, she experienced a slight increase in happiness.

“It is difficult for you to achieve a tan. You were slightly tan before, but now that you have returned, your skin’s much fairer. Have you not observed?” Sean squeezed her hand and juxtaposed it with his own.

Abigail observed that she was somewhat paler than Sean. She smiled and remarked, “Compared to you, I am still considered fair.”

After purchasing a Lily gold bracelet, Abigail and Sean departed from the upscale boutique.

As the time approached, Sean asked Abigail, “Shall we visit Ocean Vista Haven and explore?”

“Sure.” Abigail anticipated a large crowd. However, she opted to accompany Sean on a sightseeing excursion. Upon his arrival in Capitalis, he had been preoccupied with various engagements and had not yet had the opportunity to explore the local attractions.

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Helping Luna Is The Right Thing To Do

Upon their arrival at Ocean Vista Haven, Abigail and Sean observed a bustling crowd of individuals.

Sean bought Abigail a cup of fruit tea, whereas he chose mineral water.

“The presence of numerous individuals is notable in this location,” Abigail remarked to Sean while chewing on a straw.

As the workday ended, Ocean Vista Haven was bustling with couples.

“I have been informed that food vouchers are being distributed at the barbecue event in the vicinity of Ocean Vista Haven. Let us proceed to examine it,” one individual stated.

“Are there any activities? I have no prior knowledge of this concept. What is the cost of the food vouchers?” another individual inquired.

“One person mentioned that they are valued at 500, but participation in a voting activity is required,” as reported by an individual.

“500! Let us expedite the process!” another individual expressed.

The surrounding crowd started to hum with anticipation.

Abigail found herself being pushed into Sean’s arms.

Sean raised an eyebrow playfully as he inquired, “Which store is exhibiting such generosity with these vouchers?”

“Individuals employed in traditional occupations are vying for these vouchers. Are you out of money?” Abigail engaged in teasing behavior.

Since acquiring wealth, she has abstained from such activities, reserving them for those who require assistance.

“We can simply engage in the activity for enjoyment purposes,” Sean suggested with a smirk.

As Abigail brought it to his lips, Sean inclined to sip the fruit tea. Subsequently, she playfully retracted her hand and kissed his cheek. “Let us forgo this as an excessive number of individuals are present.”

Momentarily surprised, Sean found himself unable to suppress a smile. With his arm encircling Abigail’s shoulder, he modulated his voice to a longer pitch. “Alright, let us move on from that.”

Abigail and Sean subsequently reached the Shimmering Bridge, where they admired the boats sailing in the sea. She turned toward him and inquired, "Would you be interested in renting a boat for a leisurely ride?"

"No, thank you," Sean refused. He thought, At night, there is a boat available for rides.

"Okay." Abigail observed his hesitance and decided to abandon the idea.

Just then, Luna's voice resonated from the crowd. "Abby."

Upon turning around, Abigail noticed Luna, and her face brightened with a smile. "Here to participate in the enjoyment as well?"

Luna, seated in a wheelchair, was being pushed by Josh.

Josh briefly made eye contact with Sean.

Luna smiled as Josh pushed her closer to Abigail. "Indeed, the presence of numerous individuals creates a vibrant atmosphere."

Initially experiencing self-consciousness while using a wheelchair, Luna was pleasantly surprised by everyone's warmth and friendliness. Even the children presented her with flowers, thereby boosting her morale. Despite her suspicion that Josh might be responsible, it was inconsequential. The collective desire was for her healing, which sufficed.

"Unsurprisingly, individuals enjoy engaging in recreational activities during holidays. It is exceptionally vivid. Would you care for a beverage? I can retrieve it for you." Abigail assisted while standing next to her wheelchair.

"I just consumed a beverage. No, thanks," Luna responded, picking up the rose from her lap and handing it to Abigail. "This was presented to me by an adorable child. It's beautiful."

The red rose exhibited a vivid and vibrant hue, exuding a high level of liveliness. This was a common characteristic of individuals. Such minor actions from individuals could enhance one's day unexpectedly.

"It's beautiful. Let me clip it onto your hair." Abigail received the rose and then transferred it to Sean. "Smooth the stem using a key."

Abigail retrieved a gift box from her bag, opened it, and extracted a Lily gold bracelet.

“This is the Valentine’s Day present I have prepared for you. I aspire to cultivate a lasting friendship with you. The Lily symbolizes good fortune, and I hope that luck will always accompany you,” she said, squatting down to delicately secure the bracelet around Luna’s wrist.

The Lily gold bracelet emanated a distinctive charm when paired with the silver one.

“It is truly remarkable. You have impeccable taste,” Luna said, raised her hand, and smiled warmly.

Upon her return, Luna seldom displayed a smile. However, on this particular day, her smiles were abundant.

While Sean was trimming the rose stems, Abigail tended to Luna’s hair.

“I look utterly useless.” Josh involuntarily lifted his hand to his forehead

“On Valentine’s Day, I aim to create a special experience for Luna.” Sean has rounded off all the stems that could potentially cause harm to the hands.

Abigail fastened a bun at the back of Luna’s head, retrieved a wooden hairpin from her purse to secure Luna’s bun, and then placed the rose within the bun. She expressed her contentment through a nod. “Flawless!”

Luna extracted her cell phone, opened the selfie, and looked. She found satisfaction in the outcome.

Today, Josh had dressed Luna in special attire, enhancing the appearance of her skin beyond its usual state.

“Let’s take a leisurely walk.” Sean proposed as he gently grasped Abigail’s hand.

Damon met them and was accompanied by Eilane Horton, along with Cameron, Isla, Trekell Hopkins, and Shaunee Sullivan.

Shaunee was a sociable person. Upon encountering Luna, she exclaimed, “Oh, you must be Luna Smith! I have previously observed your presence in the media, and you exuded a remarkable sense of style. Since that time, I have been emulating your style of dress. Do I bear a resemblance to you?”

Luna was surprised. “Do you admire me?”

“Absolutely! My friends from the dormitory also hold you in high regard. It has come to our attention that you’ve been independently operating your own business, providing sole support to L.Moon for

three years. Your business acumen is remarkable, and we hold you in high regard!” Shaunee’s eyes gleamed. “You are perceived as remarkable by everyone!”

Luna found herself unable to articulate her thoughts. Eventually, she responded gently. “I appreciate your admiration.”

“You are deserving of all the admiration that comes your way.” Shaunee approached nearer, examined carefully, and commented, “You appear stunning today, and the rose you are holding is exceptionally beautiful.”

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A Pleasant Surprise On Valentine’s Day

Luna’s heartfelt was incredibly light, and she reiterated her gratitude.

Eilane and Isla endeavored to converse with Luna. However, Shaunee’s overpowering presence hindered their ability to participate in the discussion.

The sky darkened gradually as the lights emanating from the buildings surrounding Shimmering Bridge illuminated, evoking a cyber-world ambiance.

“Let’s go explore the boats over there,” Sean suggested. The evening breeze softly ruffled his hair, causing it to fall over his eyebrows, creating a relaxed and attractive appearance.

Abigail agreed, saying, “It is pleasant to discover a place to unwind after walking.”

“Let’s get something to eat on the boats. We can proceed collectively. You ladies are requested to wait at the dock located over there. Abby, please take care of Luna.” Josh instructed as he passed the wheelchair to Abigail.

Shaunee quickly approached and grasped the wheelchair handles. "I'll do it! Let us alternate in pushing her!"

Luna could not suppress a chuckle.

The men left, leaving the women behind.

While strolling towards the dock, Abigail completed her fruit tea, fluttering in the evening breeze. Abruptly, she became aware of individuals in her vicinity expressing astonishment.

The dock seemed to have been vacated, as distant sounds of astonishment could be heard by her. Perplexed by the source of the disturbance, she observed as boats started arriving one after the other from the faraway sea.

In contrast to the conventional vessels moored at the pier, these boats appeared to have undergone specific customization. The melody of 'Adelina by the Water' resonated from the flower boat positioned at the center, accompanied by an increasing number of exclamations that permeated the atmosphere.

The melodic piano music accompanied the arrival of the flower boat at the shore.

One boat distinguished itself among the fleet of flower boats embellished with fresh roses, particularly River Dream roses. The hull of the boat was adorned with roses. The object was intricately adorned to mimic a branch with fully bloomed flowers, enhancing its aesthetic appeal.

Abigail promptly retrieved her phone. "Who is the individual responsible for this occurrence? So romantic and creative," she commented.

As Abigail was on the verge of capturing a photograph, she noticed Sean emerging from the exceptionally magnificent vessel, leading her hand to halt in its motion.

"Oh my goodness!" Shaunee could not refrain from exclaiming.

As Josh, Damon, Cameron, and Trekell disembarked from the boat, the ladies transitioned from a state of surprise to covering their mouths in shock.

Abigail initially perceived this grand gesture as romantic yet somewhat embarrassing. Nevertheless, at that particular moment, she was merely touched.

Luna was also surprised when she observed Josh's approach towards her. She gazed with eyes brimming with astonishment.

"Honey, Happy Valentine's Day," Josh uttered as he crouched down and tenderly embraced her.

"Oh my goodness! That's so romantic!" A female individual expressed with excitement.

Josh, unaffected by the onlookers, lifted Luna in his arms and tenderly inquired, "Would you do me the honor of spending Valentine's Day with me, my honey?"

Luna covered her mouth, with tears welling up in her eyes. "Yes."

Josh was the first person to guide Luna onto the boat.

Josh's boat was adorned with many hues of Hyacinth flowers, gently oscillating akin to miniature bells in the nocturnal breeze. In addition, inconspicuous Saffron flowers were interspersed among them.

Abigail remembered that the language associated with Hyacinth flowers signifies 'determination and focus.' Different hues of Hyacinth flowers are related to distinct meanings yet collectively convey aesthetically pleasing symbolism. The significance of Saffron flowers lies in their representation of 'longevity and health.'

Abigail was engrossed in contemplation when Sean redirected her attention by gently taking her hand. "Shall we embark on the boat?"

Abigail gazed at him with a smile. "Given the exquisite nature of the boat, if I do not embark upon it, who else would?"

Sean's smile appeared subtle, yet his sense of joy was unmistakable.

Shaunee hesitantly followed Trekell, whispering, "After the delightful surprise and observing the thoughtful preparation of the gift, I will refrain from teasing you in the future."

She thought, It would be insincere to claim that I am not touched.

Once aboard the boat, the boat was illuminated as Abigail took her seat. The flowers, illuminated by light, exhibited exceptional beauty.

The area beyond Ocean Vista Haven was densely populated with individuals attracted by the allure of these captivating boats, with each person eager to capture photographs.

The piano music was played melodiously without interruption, creating a lingering sense of romance.

The boat belonging to Sean was outfitted with drones that operated autonomously while pairs of lovebirds fluttered around the boat.

Upon the emergence of Sean's boat, the realization of their defeat dawns upon them. His vessel differs from theirs.

Sean handed Abigail a bouquet he had prepared.

Abigail stood up. The night breeze tousles her long hair as she stands in the boat's center, accentuating her slender figure. The scene is enhanced by flowers scattered across the deck and dazzling lights, creating a wonderful ambiance. Upon receiving the flowers, she acknowledged the presence of a gift box nestled within the bouquet. Upon opening it, she found a diamond ring inside. Tears filled her eyes as she expressed her admiration for the gift by saying, "I adore this gift."

Sean placed the ring on her finger, leaned closer, and tenderly kissed her lips.

Abigail inclined her head slightly backward, accepting his kiss.

An audible gasp emanated from the shore. The two individuals separated with a gentle touch.

"I wish we could get married immediately," Abigail whispered to Sean.

"I share the same wish," Sean responded, clasping her hand as they sat nearby.

While the sky over Capitalis lacked stars that night, lovebirds glided overhead.

Abigail enjoyed the aroma of roses as she observed the lovebirds elegantly soaring through the sky.

Previously, the school consistently performed 'Adelina by the Water,' a tune Abigail had never found attractive. Nevertheless, in her present mental condition, she perceived the music as a celestial melody, and the affection it expressed unexpectedly resonated with her heart.

Kevin navigated his humble boat next to Sean's boat and exclaimed, "Voting has begun, you little rascal! Quite the decorator, aren't you?"

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Let's Tie The Knot!

Abigail contemplated the food vouchers mentioned in the afternoon and the voting process, leading to a sudden moment of clarity.

"Are you still participating in the competition?" she inquired of Kevin with a smile.

"Undoubtedly, you are both in love, and I am yet to distribute the prizes for your Valentine's Day competition. There's no one more unfortunate than me," Kevin replied, then reminded the others.

"Who do you believe will prevail in the end?" Abigail asked Sean while she was observing the other ships.

She thought, Each boat possesses distinctive characteristics and appears quite impressive. There are small moons, small stars, and others.

"Josh is destined to emerge victorious." Sean asserted with confidence.

"Why?" Abigail did not perceive Josh's boat as visually appealing as Sean's.

Just as she concluded her speech, fireworks burst out from the boat. Despite the fireworks being controlled by a drone, the sight of them scattering and shaping into words brought a smile to her face.

Josh expressed a desire for Luna's health and well-being. Sincerity proved to be a potent tool.

As anticipated, Sean's assertion was accurate. The boat belonging to Josh garnered the highest number of romantic votes.

They remained on the boat until a late hour before separating to return to their respective homes.

This incident rapidly garnered widespread attention.

Upon returning home, Abigail took a shower, reclined on the bed, and perused her phone to review the online comments.

'It appears that romantic experiences are often depicted as exclusive to the affluent, leaving individuals like myself feeling akin to NPC.'

'The affluent individuals engage in elaborate romantic gestures to celebrate Valentine's Day, whereas the poor people search for discarded items near trash receptacles.'

'Today, I encountered a newly introduced cake priced at over 200 at a takeout establishment. I ripped it apart and consumed it immediately.'

Abigail perused the comments and responded with a smile. She preserved the video that had been recorded of her and proceeded to peruse the comments.

'I have been informed that tickets are available for couples at the event. From a logical standpoint, the boat with lovebirds may be perceived as the most romantic option. However, emotionally, my vote goes to the girl in the wheelchair.'

'The girl in the wheelchair reportedly experiences severe depression and has restricted mobility. Her boyfriend, who also comes from a wealthy background, is known to be genuinely supportive. If faced with a comparable circumstance, the affluent individuals I am acquainted with would depart expeditiously, akin to the swiftness of a dog.'

'In contemporary society, it is a rarity for individuals to face challenges collectively, a phenomenon more commonly found in fictional narratives such as fairy tales. If one becomes ill, the other will undoubtedly escape. Only individuals of high socioeconomic status can afford such companionship. Who would be willing to collaborate without financial resources? Is everyone making an effort, correct?'

'It is akin to suggesting that individuals of lower socioeconomic status are unworthy of long-lasting affection. I have observed individuals who, despite limited financial resources, continue to provide mutual support to one another. Promoting selfish behavior in oneself and encouraging others to act selfishly with you, huh?'

Indeed, a brief statement on Instagram has the potential to initiate a discussion.

Abigail closed her Instagram and glanced at the diamond ring adorning her finger. The diamond ring exhibited simplicity and elegance. Adorning her hand enhanced the elegance and slimness of her fingers.

“Is this ring not to your liking?” With a smile, Sean emerged from the bathroom and asked.

Abigail gently shook her head. “It is indeed very beautiful. However, I regret not having prepared a gift for you.”

Today, she experienced emotions of being moved, joyful, and filled with inner happiness. However, when Sean was around, she felt she did not value him adequately. She reacted little when he made considerable efforts to be with her on Valentine’s Day.

“Do you know, sometimes the intention behind a gesture holds more significance than the gift itself? Your current state of happiness suggests a genuine appreciation for the gift I have presented to you. I believe that’s enough. Giving gifts can be viewed as a means to elicit a response from the recipient, correct? You reciprocated my affection, which I consider the most valuable gift.” Sean’s sole desire was her affection.

He thought, As long as she is content staying by my side and loving me, that would suffice.

“Let’s proceed with the registration tomorrow. I am eagerly anticipating becoming your wife.” Abigail expressed as she embraced Sean. “I have experienced losing you on numerous occasions in the

past. However, I am determined not to let you slip away from me again this time. I am reluctant to part ways due to any misinterpretations. Only marriage can establish a bond between us, preventing me from easily leaving due to a disagreement.”

At that moment, Sean reminisced about numerous past occurrences.

Throughout the course of their relationship, spanning from marriage to divorce and subsequent reconciliations, they frequently found themselves on the brink of separation. On numerous occasions, Sean feared the permanent loss of her presence in his life. But he continued to grasp his affection tightly.

Sean closed his eyes, with tears welling up and his voice trembling. “In subsequent instances, kindly refrain from abandoning me once more. Okay?”

Abigail, on the verge of tears, nestled closely in Sean's embrace, whispered, "Shall we get married? Marriage symbolizes commitment. I will no longer exhibit stubbornness and will not abandon you to endure hardship alone."

Sean placed his hand on her head, his voice resonating with emotion. "Alright, you are accountable for me."

The couple agreed to marry in the afternoon, and Sean returned to Pendorf to collect the required documents.

During the morning hours, Abigail visited the hospital, informing Luna that she and Sean would be the first to marry.

"So soon?" Luna was surprised.

Abigail glanced at the ring adorning her finger, her lips curling into a smile. "Yes, let us engage in the task collectively." She looked at Luna, with her eyes gleaming.

Luna gazed at her with emotion and nodded slowly. "Of course."

They maintained a close friendship from their youth through their marriages and intended to collaborate on planning their future weddings.

Abigail knelt on the bed, embracing her tightly. "We will experience joy, Luna, and enjoy a happy lifetime."

Luna sensed Abigail's tears on her neck and softly comforted her by patting her shoulder. "Yes."

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The Almost Wedding

Luna informed Josh of their impending marriage, eliciting an overwhelming sense of joy as if he could soar through the skies. He brought the license and a makeup artist to the hospital to assist Luna in her preparation.

Abigail sat next to them, watching the makeup artist apply makeup to Luna while she texted Sean. 'Luna and Josh will be joining us in matrimony.'

She thought, If all proceeds as planned, we should return by one or two in the afternoon.

After dispatching the message, she reclined on the couch and observed the trees swaying in the wind. The rustling sound gradually induced drowsiness, eventually leading her to sleep.

Analise, whom Abigail hadn't seen for an extended period, manifested in her dream. Someone guided Abigail into the mist, yet Analise intervened and pulled her back. She trailed behind Analise leisurely, keeping a close eye on her, and felt compelled to confide. "Grandma, I have decided to marry Sean."

Analise turned to gaze at her, her countenance exuding kindness. With a mere smile, the dream vanished.

Abigail awoke from her dream brimming with joy. Although she knew it was a dream, it still elicited feelings of pleasure. She retrieved her phone and observed that Sean had not responded yet, prompting her to await his reply patiently.

Luna was elegantly attired in a white dress that resembled her skin tone, seated on the bed in a manner reminiscent of an ailing princess.

Time elapsed at a slow pace.

After lunch, Abigail had not yet received a response from Sean, prompting her to contact him via phone.

Xavien responded.

"Where's Sean?" Abigail inquired of him.

"Mr. Graham has been apprehended." Xavien's tone carried severity.

Abigail experienced a moment of physical weakness in her legs, causing her to struggle to maintain her balance.

Luna observed an anomaly and inquired hastily, "What is the current situation?"

“Sean encountered a problem necessitating my return to Pendorf.” Abigail terminated the phone call and directed a slightly apologetic glance towards Luna. “Inform Josh that the marriage will not proceed.”

“What happened?” Luna shouted with a sense of anxiety.

“He was apprehended and escorted by an individual of elevated status, Luna. I extend my apologies.” Abigail uttered with reddened eyes before turning and departing.

Luna tensed up and thought, The marriage could wait. What concerned me was whether my situation had endangered Sean.

Upon Abigail’s arrival in Pendorf, she inquired of Xavien, her eyes tinged with redness, “For what reason was he apprehended, and to where was he conveyed?”

“I am not aware. They mentioned that the information is confidential.” Xavien appeared to be in a state of helplessness. “According to Jonell, Mr. Graham employed Thesos mercenaries to eliminate

Carl as a means of dealing with him. Carl’s family holds significant sway in Ansela.”

Abigail leaned against the wall, taking a deep breath. Her eyes were red, with tears hanging from her eyelashes, rendering her fragile and helpless. “Is there no solution available?”

“I’ve used all available connections yet unable to find a solution. They simply left me waiting for any updates or news.” Xavien expressed his helplessness by shaking his head.

Abigail lapsed into silence momentarily before softly uttering, “It is acceptable. Let us pause momentarily. If we cannot wait any further, we will engage in conversation at that time. Regardless of the circumstances, the outcome is incarceration. I will patiently await his return, regardless of the duration.”

Xavien offered comfort by patting her shoulder in silence.

Sean was absent for a week, and Xavien informed Abigail that Sean had been discharged.

Upon Abigail’s arrival to collect him, she observed Callen and Kadrack assisting him leisurely.

Sean appeared pale and in a distressed condition, unable to stand.

Abigail hurriedly approached, displaced Callen, and provided him with support. "Sean." Her voice quivered, rendering her unable to articulate, already constricted by tears.

Kadrack retreated two paces, allowing Xavien to take Sean's place.

"Mr. Graham has been undergoing recent questioning, leading to some instability in his emotions. To the best of my knowledge, the situation remains unresolved. He will resume interrogation once he has recuperated." Kadrack conveyed a sense of helplessness while discussing this matter.

Abigail gazed at him with gratitude. "Can you furnish additional specific information?"

"Let us first deliberate on this at the hospital," Kadrack responded.

Upon Sean being sedated and falling asleep at the hospital, Abigail observed his pallid lips, experiencing profound feelings of sorrow.

"The incident involving Carl served as the catalyst, yet the issue's essence is intertwined with the Simpson Family." Kadrack's tone was serious.

"The Simpson Family?" Abigail's thoughts quickly turned to Simond.

Kadrack nodded. "The Simpson Family experienced a reorganization last month, during which Simond's father, Stephen, was tragically killed, with suspicions pointing towards Sean."

Abigail remembered Simond's prestigious reputation.

"Mr. Hinton—" Abigail was on the verge of pointing out that Sean had not yet left the country, but Xavien promptly interrupted her.

"Thank you for your assistance today, Mr. Hinton. Can you please provide me with information regarding the upcoming interrogation?" he inquired.

Abigail pursed her lips and maintained a state of silence.

Kadrack glanced at Sean, his eyes mirroring a sense of helplessness. "It is anticipated to occur within approximately a week. However, enduring recurrent interrogations of this nature can induce a state of madness."

Hence, they had only one week to assist Sean in vindicating his reputation.

"I have devised a plan." Callen, who had maintained silence until that moment, decided to speak.

Abigail observed the situation and thought, Sean harbored no fondness for Callen. However, on this occasion, he comes out, appearing to be utilizing Kadrick's influence.

"You may proceed first," Xavien said courteously.

"I believe that by publicizing Mr. Graham's story, the Simpson Family members will be unable to damage his reputation in the face of public scrutiny." Callen expressed her anger with a flushed face. "He has made significant sacrifices to assist numerous individuals in reclaiming their stolen funds. Therefore, the question arises as to why he should find himself in such a situation."

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Storm Brewing

Xavien furrowed his brow and maintained a quiet demeanor.

"Let us await Sean's awakening. I will discuss it with him and provide you with an update later. Is that acceptable?" Abigail calmly addressed Callen.

Callen nodded. "Okay!"

Kadrick placed a reassuring hand on Xavien's shoulder and stated, "The Simpson Family's pursuit of Mr. Graham is motivated by Simond's recent international recognition. If the issue garners public attention, the circumstances will be altered."

Following the escort of the individuals by Xavien, he addressed Abigail, stating, "The Simpson Family is endeavoring to attribute Stephen's death to Mr. Graham. Is it considered plausible, in your opinion? When Stephen passed away, Mr. Graham was in Eswadia, leaving a trail everywhere."

Upon hearing his words, Abigail experienced a sensation of coldness running down her spine. She thought, Did I nearly make a mistake earlier?

“Do not be concerned about Mr. Hinton. He was speaking informally. If the focus is shifted to you, the situation may escalate.” Xavien provided reassurance to Abigail.

Abigail was experiencing a sense of disorientation at this juncture. While adept at handling business affairs, she found herself perplexed in this particular scenario.

“I will investigate the situation concerning the Simpson Family as a priority. Please do not worry. If they attempt to shift blame onto us after claiming credit for the chip, I won’t let them get away with it easily!” Xavien declared before resuming his duties.

Abigail was seated next to Sean.

Luna and Josh promptly joined the group.

“It’s alright. Our parents are also endeavoring to ascertain the circumstances.” Josh provided solace to Abigail.

Abigail grasped Sean’s hand and observed the diamond ring adorning his finger. Tears filled her eyes as she uttered, “Josh, I am okay. He will also be fine. He has consistently exhibited great strength, akin to a deity. Deity does not experience injury.”

Tears welled up in Josh’s eyes.

With red eyes, Luna approached Abigail with effort and, in a strained voice, conveyed. “We will support you through this challenging period.”

Luna thought, I wish to acknowledge that it is my responsibility. But I am aware that Abigail is already distressed. She can’t even attend to Sean. If she still needs to consider my emotions. She appears to be fatigued. Luna’s gradual improvement was also observed by Josh, who noticed her subtle changes in condition.

Sean woke up in the evening.

Abigail had prepared a stew for him. Upon observing his awakening, she inquired, “Are you feeling hungry? I have prepared dinner for you.”

Sean gazed at her with a feeble expression, observing her briefly, and softly uttered, “I apologize. Today was originally designated as the day of our wedding. I failed to uphold my commitment.”

"It is acceptable. We can proceed with the marriage whenever you feel prepared." Abigail grasped his hand, displaying a smile on her face. "The most important thing is your well-being."

Sean emitted a sigh. "Your eyes appear red. For how long have you been crying?"

"The duration is not extensive. It is acceptable. Let us partake in a meal before proceeding, shall we?" Abigail's voice conveyed a plea.

Sean nodded. She fed him spoon by spoon and then assisted him in tidying up.

As Sean observed her brisk movements, a sense of remorse washed over him. He thought, Today is supposed to be her happiest day. But once again, I am disappointing her.

"Following a meal, it is advisable to rest and ensure adequate sleep. All individuals involved are trying to investigate and resolve your circumstances, thus alleviating any concerns you may have." Abigail provided comfort to Sean.

"Refrain from disclosing any information about your overseas circumstances to others. Tell Xavien, ask him not to trust anyone." Sean gently held her hand while speaking softly.

"What about Mr. Hinton?" Abigail inquired.

"Don't trust anyone," Sean reiterated.

Abigail looked at Sean with concern, biting her lip. "What is your opinion on Callen? Mr. Hinton indicated that this is related to the Simpson Family. Callen proposed that she would leverage online platforms to draw attention to your overseas predicament, harnessing public opinion to illuminate your circumstances and avert any unjust allegations."

"Abby, I'm delighted by your many experiences, yet your mind retains its purity. There are certain distressing experiences that I hope you never have to confront. However, it is essential to acknowledge that there is always an unpleasant aspect behind every fascination." Sean's lips formed a subtle smile.

Abigail failed to comprehend his intention, which led to her increasing anxiety. "Is there something that you are unable to disclose to me?"

"I cannot provide an answer now as I am uncertain. When I feel better tomorrow, please locate Xavien and ask him to come here." Sean lifted his hand to caress her face tenderly.

Abigail's eyes reddened, with tears shimmering as they cascaded down her soft, tender cheeks and clung to her chin. "But I am willing to assist you. I do not wish to witness your suffering."

"I desire the same. Upon your return to the country, I sincerely hope you can relax and just worry about me," Sean gazed at her with deep, contemplative eyes.

He thought, If I can bear all the crises, worrying about me is the only cost she has to pay. Then it's worth it. Although she finds worrying uncomfortable, it remains the least burdensome when juxtaposed with potential future challenges.

Abigail exhibited red eyes, softly sniffled, and experienced tightness in her throat, rendering her unable to articulate any words. She thought, He consistently assumes responsibility for everything, simplifying my life.

Following Sean's return to sleep, Abigail was notified by Xavien that Callen had disclosed Sean's actions overseas to the media.

"Do you have Callen's phone number?" Abigail inquired with a tone of anger.

Xavien sighed. "No."

Callen garnered a substantial following as a renowned scriptwriter, and her posts generated a significant buzz sensation.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

7-9 minutes | 10/27/2024

Another Round Of Public Opinion Battle

Sean was acclaimed as a hero, and misled online supporters of Callen rallied behind him successively.

Nevertheless, these accolades posed a greater challenge than the burden of a royal crown.

For certain individuals, their accolades were fated to remain hidden in obscurity. The greater the dissemination of this knowledge, the more perilous it grew.

Abigail was unable to contact Callen. Therefore, she resorted to a direct approach by accessing her Alana account to tag Callen. 'Slow Melody Serenade, it was noted that Sean's approval was required to publicize the matter. However, there has been no response from him yet. What was the rationale behind your decision to publish it online without obtaining his consent? The portrayal of the script is vivid despite the lack of many details. Are you truly demonstrating respect towards him by engaging in this behavior?'

Upon sharing this on Instagram, Abigail was promptly inundated by Callen's supporters.

'Slow Melody Serenade is advocating for Sean. As the girlfriend, you refrained from taking action when he encountered challenges and prevented others from offering assistance. Are you genuinely that resistant? Quite selfish, isn't it?'

'She is not only self-centered but also a woman worth 400 million. At a certain juncture, she inexplicably began to shadow the special forces soldier of the Simpson Family. Due to Sean's identity lacking the prestige of a special forces soldier, she decided to follow the special forces soldier instead.'

'Alana's character is portrayed with great accuracy. I have conducted an analysis of it. If Sean were present, his misfortune would be truly evident. She appears to have a streak of misfortune that can

adversely affect her family and romantic relationships. Sean has experienced numerous unfortunate events throughout his time with her, hasn't he?'

Abigail posits that the initial three contentious remarks originate from the team responsible for manipulating opinions. She thought, Whether Callen's intention was to send it out, prompting her to ensure she was adequately prepared. She observed the comments on Instagram, her expression notably somber.

Public opinion continued to increase.

While Abigail was engrossed with Sean, followers of Alana launched an attack on Slow Melody Serenade's Instagram account.

'Even when individuals choose to voice their opinions, it should be done with their explicit consent. Sean and Alana have a profound affection for each other. Who would not covet the Valentine's Day flower boat parade at Ocean Vista Haven? Who are outsiders to assess their

appropriateness? Is there not a pertinent regulatory body for the practice of fortune-telling? Superstition is very conspicuous in contemporary society.'

'Despite spending 400 million on Alana without her returning with him, Sean celebrated Valentine's Day with her, his girlfriend worth 400 million. Why should it not be someone else? Fans of Slow Melody Serenade exhibit a lack of taste. They interfere in the personal matters of others. Do you reside beneath the bed of the couple?'

'The assertion that individuals within the entertainment industry lack a moral compass in pursuit of fame is commonly made and seems to hold true. The precarious nature of international affairs remains unknown to many. Sean declines to reveal the information, primarily to protect himself and his family. Allegations suggest that Slow Melody Serenade, motivated by a desire for fame and fortune, attempted to persuade Sean to share his story involving her uncle for the purpose of

creating a drama, but her efforts were rejected. Currently, she is leveraging his present circumstances to vocalize her opinions, exerting pressure on him to grant authorization.'

'The Slow Melody Serenade is perceived as repulsive.'

The supporters from both factions had engaged in a fervent discussion for a duration of three days. Eventually, Slow Melody Serenade found herself in a situation where she had to issue an apology after receiving criticism from bystanders who were part of the altercation. She issued an apology on Instagram and subsequently made a visit to the hospital. Upon exiting Sean's ward, Abigail intercepted her.

Observing Callen, Abigail maintained a composed demeanor, and her tone did not reveal any emotion as she stated, "Since you have issued an apology on Instagram, the matter is concluded. Just refrain from coming back."

"I solely intended to advocate for Mr. Graham. I acted too hastily, and I offer my sincere apologies. May I have the opportunity to apologize to him in person?" Callen exhibited red eyes, accompanied by feelings of anxiety and teetering on the brink of tears.

Abigail regarded her coldly. "Ms. Hinton, Sean expresses his preference not to meet with you. Therefore, I respectfully request that you refrain from further attempts to contact him, understood?"

Tears filled Callen's eyes as she expressed profound self-reproach. "I kindly request the opportunity to offer my personal apology to him, taking into account the assistance provided by my uncle."

Abigail became increasingly impatient. "The actions of your uncle are his own responsibility and do not reflect upon you in any way. I am grateful for your assistance in picking up Sean on that day. As a token of my appreciation, I would like to treat you to a meal or present you with a gift. However, it is important to note that Sean requires rest, so I kindly ask that you refrain from disturbing him."

After issuing multiple apologies, Callen wiped her tears and quickly departed, her hand concealing her mouth.

Abigail believed that the matter had been resolved. However, to her astonishment, within less than thirty minutes of her return to the ward, a patient had filmed her conversation with Callen and uploaded it on the internet.

The video quality was excellent. Abigail exhibited arrogance, whereas Callen displayed humility, establishing a noticeable juxtaposition. On this occasion, bystanders also remarked on her display of arrogance.

Abigail remembered the information that Sean had previously discussed. She thought, The negative aspects of personal interests.

Abigail was informed that within specific social groups, individuals employed such deceitful strategies that they seemed implausible. As a result of their outstanding performance in a play, certain aspiring actors did not receive endorsement from the investors. Consequently, these proficient actors may encounter unwarranted criticism and cyberbullying, leading to their eventual decline into obscurity.

Abigail never envisioned that Sean's ordeal would one day become the target of an attack.

Xavien removed this content from Instagram overnight.

Abigail opted not to engage with the online rumors and instead directed her attention towards implementing food therapy for Sean. She awaited with anxiety the day of his return for trial, thought, There is nothing I can do to support him.

Following a five-day stay in the hospital for recovery, Sean's health showed gradual improvement.

In the early hours of the morning, Abigail entered the ward carrying a stew and came face to face with Simond. She promptly became vigilant. "What is the purpose of your presence in this location?"

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-8 minutes 10/27/2024

A Gentle Reminder To Be Courteous

Whenever Abigail encountered Simond, the outcome was always unfavorable.

Simond turned to face Abigail, arching an eyebrow with an expression of indifference. "Long time no see," he commented.

Abigail cautiously approached the bedside, observing him with wariness. "What is the purpose of your visit?"

"Allegations regarding the Simpson Family's connection to Sean are circulating online. Why was I not informed?" Simond upheld his aloof and authoritative demeanor.

"Why not directly address the individual who made the post on Instagram but seeking Sean here?" The intensity of Abigail's hatred towards him was unmistakable.

Experiencing a slight sensation of unease, Simond furrowed his brow while observing her. After a brief pause, he let out a soft sigh. "I approached Mr. Graham to inquire about the situation. He assisted me previously, and now that he needs help. I cannot ignore his situation."

Abigail desired to voice her thoughts. She thought, Returning to Eswadia does not eliminate everything that has transpired between us. Nonetheless, there are merely two days left until the commencement of Sean's retrial.

Sean gently squeezed Abigail's hand and provided reassurance. "It is acceptable. There is no need to be concerned."

Abigail sat down and quietly opened the lunch box.

“Mr. Graham, it seems that Callen’s family wields significant influence. Why not contemplate the possibility of reaching a compromise with them?” Simond made a witty remark with a smile.

Sean observed him with a cold demeanor. “Are you implying that I should act as a pawn?”

Observing the coldness in Sean’s gaze, Simond became aware that he had touched upon a sensitive issue. Reflecting on Jonell’s destiny, he restrained his smile. “Very well, I wish you success then.”

Sean desired to seek retribution against individuals both inside and outside of Eswadia.

“What are your current intentions?” Abigail presented him with the lunch box, her countenance displaying seriousness.

“I am determined to hold accountable those individuals who attempt to incriminate me falsely.” Sean responded stoically as he accepted the lunch box.

Abigail regarded him with apprehension. “Will you not be creating an excessive number of adversaries?”

“Abby, if you show fear, they will see you as weak.” Sean conveyed a cherished truth. When confronted by bullies, individuals should assert themselves. Similar to schoolyard bullies, avoidance only served to encourage them. Such individuals exhibited inherent characteristics.

Abigail locked eyes with him, her gaze becoming determined. “I will stand by your side.”

“Very well.” Sean nodded.

“Let consume your meal expeditiously.” Abigail urged, then added with a sense of anxiety. “You still need to attend the trial.”

“Abby, the trial is voluntary for me. I suspect that the individuals accusing me lack legitimate authority. Nevertheless, I must continue. I can manage the situation as long as your safety is ensured.” He did not fear them in the slightest. Upon facing intimidation, he resolved to eliminate them once he comprehended the situation.

“I am unharmed, but I detest witnessing your suffering,” Abigail confessed tensely.

"It is incumbent upon men to confront challenges. Do not worry." Sean smiled reassuringly.

Abigail exhaled deeply, alleviating her tension.

As Xavien arrived to attend to Sean, Abigail took the lunch box and prepared to return to the office. Just as she departed from the hospital, a vehicle approached her. It came to a stop mere inches from her vehicle.

Abigail exited her vehicle angrily, proceeded to the opposite side of the car, and forcefully knocked on the door.

A man clad in a suit and gleaming shoes appeared, standing tall above Abigail. "Ms. Quinn, our madam requests a meeting with you."

Before he could complete his statement, Abigail grabbed his collar and responded coldly. "Is this the appropriate manner in which to extend an invitation?"

The man averted his eyes, showing no consideration for Abigail. "Miss, we cordially extend an invitation to you. Avoid displaying ingratitude."

Abigail displayed a smirk. "And how is this behavior classified as polite?" After releasing the man, she took two steps back to return to the car.

The man seized her shoulder.

Abigail grasped his hand in retaliation, executed a shoulder throw, and pressed her high heel onto his face while he vocalized his distress. "Who is displaying impoliteness now? Who is your madam? If you wish to extend an invitation to me, please demonstrate a level of respect."

The man experienced severe pain as a result of the bloody imprint left on his face by Abigail's high heel. She delivered a kick to his stomach before swiftly turning and driving away.

The individuals at the hospital entrance exhibited a sense of astonishment. The individuals had expressed concerns regarding the possibility of Abigail being subjected to bullying. However, she demonstrated resilience and strength in the situation.

Shortly after her return to the company, Sean called Abigail.

She thought, It pertained to the incident at the hospital entrance. However, I was experiencing anger at that particular moment and found it challenging to manage my emotions. I do not react angrily if the individual is polite while leaving the car.

“Are you okay?” Sean expressed significant concern regarding the possibility that she had experienced bullying.

“I’m doing well. I underwent training under Simond for a few months. When he requested you retrieve the chip, I engaged in daily sparring sessions with him and Sage, which resulted in significant learning experiences.” Abigail responded warmly.

“Your statement exacerbates my negative emotions.” Sean expressed a sigh.

“Sean, I have always been forward-thinking, and so have you. Possessing these skills is advantageous. When faced with bullying, individuals are compelled to reconsider their actions.” Abigail made a nonchalant remark.

“Ensure your well-being.” Sean provided a gentle reminder.

“Don’t worry,” Abigail responded casually.

She thought, I have no reason to fear, as Sean has the resilience to withstand all those challenges. Regardless of the type of lady who seeks me out, her lack of etiquette knowledge, and the number of people she brings, I will emerge victorious against them.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-8 minutes 10/27/2024

Oh, Being A Man-Stealer

At noon, Abigail arranged to meet with the group in the cafeteria.

Upon leaving the office, Garrett hurried over and discreetly informed her, “The CEO of Star Entertainment is eager to meet you and is currently waiting downstairs.”

Callen’s family-owned Star Entertainment.

“Alright.” Abigail recognized the necessity of engaging in entertainment projects until her ongoing endeavors were secure before addressing the matter involving Callen.

A middle-aged man in a suit downstairs intercepted Abigail. “Miss Alana, I have been informed extensively about you.”

Abigail gazed at him. “Are you the CEO of Star Entertainment?”

“Yes, I’m Max Hinton, Callen’s father,” Max introduced himself.

Abigail scrutinized him with a subtle smile. “Did your wife extend the invitation for our meeting today?”

“The bodyguard is somewhat unruly, unaccustomed to constraints, and inclined towards arrogance,” Max responded in a good-humored manner.

“The notion that dogs mirror their owners has been a common belief, yet the Hinton Family has exemplified this phenomenon to me.” Abigail engaged in teasing behavior.

Max smiled without uttering a word.

Abigail arrived at a Western-style restaurant in a courtyard, accompanied by Max. The restaurant exuded an elegant yet upscale ambiance.

Max guided her into the premises.

A woman of middle age, dressed in a purple velvet gown, was seated at a circular table, clutching a feathered fan, exuding a pronounced Western aura.

Abigail was impressed by the woman’s graceful embodiment of the ‘Western flavor.’

With the woman’s phoenix-like eyes focused on Abigail, she gently moved the feathered fan and spoke artificially. “Ms. Quinn, you possess a strong attitude. I extend an invitation for a meeting. If you are not inclined to attend, that is acceptable. However, please refrain from provoking my bodyguard.”

Abigail maintained her position, gazing down at her. “Do we have a prior acquaintance? Must I attend simply because I received an invitation from you?”

The woman set aside her fan and forcefully struck the table. "Your father ought to demonstrate a certain respect towards me. Who do you think you are, displaying a tough demeanor in my presence!"

"If you prefer not to be slapped, please communicate respectfully. My father's display of respect towards you is his concern, not mine," Abigail said coldly, her gaze turned sharp.

Abigail's audacity surprised both Max and the woman.

"Alright, let us convene and engage in a composed discussion." Max attempted to alleviate the tension by offering a chair to Abigail.

Abigail assumed a seated position, elegantly crossing her legs and reclining with poise. "What's the problem? Speak quickly, as I need to return to work promptly."

The woman, with veins slightly bulging on her hand as she held the fan, gazed at Abigail and commented, "You are truly remarkable, Ms. Quinn!"

"Indeed, I consider myself exceptional. I have encountered challenges vastly different from the comforts of your privileged existence," Abigail remarked with a chilly smile.

Max placed an order for food in a subdued manner.

Abigail perceived that the executive CEO possessed minimal authority within the Hinton Family, resembling more of an assistant.

"I am Mary Jane, the mother of Callen. I will not engage in circumlocution. I hope that you depart from Sean. If you comply, his safety will be ensured. If you don't leave him, no one can protect him." Mary said with a pleased expression.

"Does Callen admire Sean's experience and subsequently develop romantic feelings for him?" Abigail expressed her disbelief with a scoff.

As Abigail concluded her speech, Callen deliberately entered the room and sat beside Mary.

Callen no longer displayed the feigned innocence that she had previously exhibited. Her eyes were now filled with an air of arrogance. "Ms. Quinn, I have been informed that a segment of your company's revenue is derived from the entertainment industry."

Abigail thought, The threat is unmistakable. She displayed a contemptuous smile. “So what? If L.Moon doesn’t generate income. Sean will nurture me. What is the nature of your concern?”

The cutting remark immediately darkened Callen’s face, with a hint of jealousy flickering in her eyes. “Ms. Quinn, I have previously issued a warning to you. Please don’t regret this in the future. And please don’t hold it against me for not showing you respect.”

“I also advise you not to interfere with Sean and me,” Abigail said calmly as she rose to leave.

Abigail thought, If Callen intends to take Sean away from me, there is no need for further time wastage.

Callen observed her departure, with jealousy visible in her eyes.

On that particular day, Callen and her companions were engaged in activities at Ocean Vista Haven, reminiscing about the romantic Valentine’s Day event that Sean and his friends had arranged. Upon investigation, the dock manager disclosed that the romantic event of the night incurred costs amounting to millions. She harbored feelings of envy towards Abigail and contemplated the notion of pursuing a romantic relationship with Sean.

Callen thought, I am even more exceptional compared to Abigail. With many relatives holding influential positions within the family, who in the Capitalis would not show me respect? At a young age, I gained recognition for my prolific scriptwriting, and the scripts adapted into dramas received awards. Abigail only has L. Moon, who has received some dismal design awards overseas and has been raised alongside Analise, lacks affluence. Abigail has graduated from a standard art school. While abroad, I completed my studies at Elk Grove Institute, acquired fluency in several languages, and am working towards a graduate degree in linguistics. What does she think she is?

“Who does Abigail think she is? The display of arrogance in her behavior is deemed inappropriate. Max, investigates her father’s company. If any problems arise, please ruin it. She requires instruction to learn from her actions.” Mary expressed her anger to Max.

Mary’s previous display of anger wasn’t for the sake of Callen. Rather, it stemmed from Abigail challenging her authority.

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

Acting Against

Max promptly placed a phone call.

“Mom, I humbly request that you refrain from being distressed as the responsibility for this situation lies solely with me.” Callen delicately took hold of Mary’s arm and attempted to display charm.

Mary gazed at her, emitting a sigh of helplessness, and spoke indulgently. “Sean may seem more appealing, yet he is presently in a relationship with Abigail, both of whom are in their second marriage. In addition to not having children, they appear to be a contentedly married couple. How can he be compared to you?”

“His overseas encounters are genuinely noteworthy. He presents a resilient facade alongside a tender aspect. Such a combination is rather uncommon. If he were to pursue another woman, I would perceive him as having lost his appeal, and my interest in him would diminish.” Callen earnestly conveyed her thoughts regarding Sean.

Mary delicately touched her head. “You are maturing and contemplating the prospect of seeking a life partner. I used to have concerns that you were overly dedicated to your career and might never establish a stable personal life.”

“If I have not yet encountered the appropriate individual, it is only natural that I would lack interest.” Callen positioned herself against Mary’s shoulder, murmuring in a gentle tone. “Mom, have you observed his actions towards Abigail on Valentine’s Day? I observed it directly. It was remarkably romantic, and it would surely touch any woman.”

“This demonstrates the depth of his feelings for Abigail. Even if one succeeds in gaining his favor, it may not necessarily result in happiness.” Mary articulated her concerns.

“We will assess the situation further. Once he acknowledges my exceptional qualities, he will recognize Abigail’s inferiority.” Callen confidently asserted.

Callen thought, I had displayed exceptional qualities from a young age, and all my suitors, including from Capitalis to Franck, acknowledged this fact. Sean is not an exception! If I am kind to him, he will also grow to recognize my outstanding qualities.

...

Upon Abigail's return to the company, Garrett informed her that the drama crew intended to replace Irene's team.

"Only twenty per cent of the deposit has been paid. However, our clothing has already entered production, leading to losses of approximately 300 thousand." Garrett's demeanor appeared severe.

"What are the stipulations outlined in the contract?" Abigail inquired with a furrowed brow.

"The contract stipulates that the responsible party is obligated to compensate for any losses incurred in the event of a breach. The drama crew is reluctant to provide compensation and proposes resorting to legal measures." Garrett expressed his frustration with a sigh.

Abigail thought, The Hinton Family is initiating some form of action. Legal proceedings are characterized by their time-consuming nature, the minimal compensation awarded, and the depletion of resources.

After a moment of contemplation, Abigail gave instructions to Garrett. "Let us advance with the legal action. I will take care of the remaining tasks."

Abigail proceeded to access her Instagram account, tagged the official account of the drama crew, and made an inquiry regarding the situation.

Shortly after that, the drama crew asserted that the quality of the clothing was below standard. 'The quality of the clothing is substandard and does not meet our specifications. There were also unauthorized items included in the mix. We will not engage in future collaborations with L. Moon.'

Abigail read the response, maintained silence briefly, and logged out of Instagram.

Upon entering the office, Irene appeared fatigued, her gaze meeting Abigail's. She displayed an expression indicating self-blame. "I made an error. I sincerely apologize."

"It's not your responsibility. Take a break. There could be alterations in the crew's projects." Abigail passed a bottle of water to her. "You have exerted significant effort."

"Okay, what occurred?" Irene felt bewildered after being dismissed from the drama crew earlier that day.

As the crew's designer, Irene made temporary adjustments to the actor's costumes. She was dismissed and continued to perceive it as a result of her lack of ability. She experiences a profound sense of guilt due to her perception of her design skills as being insufficient. Despite Abigail's considerate guidance, she still felt inadequate, which hindered her ability to design based on historical accuracy. She experienced a period of disheartenment.

"Our company is currently facing challenges, and there is a possibility that orders from the entertainment industry could be suspended." Abigail emitted a soft sigh, experiencing a slight sense of sympathy towards Irene.

Abigail thought, This is the sole path for Irene's advancement, despite her bearing the repercussions stemming from the company's circumstances.

"Well, that is acceptable. I thought I had made an error." Irene spoke in a soft tone.

Irene demonstrated excellence in all areas, diligence in her tasks, resilience in facing challenges, and a positive attitude. Nevertheless, Abigail observed declining confidence since Irene joined the company.

"Irene, the design path may present more challenges for you than others. It's challenging to advance when someone feels inadequate about the skills they depend on for survival," Abigail remarked calmly while resting her chin on her hand.

Irene inadvertently increased her hold on the mineral water bottle.

"To create something that others will appreciate, an individual must possess self-love, determination, and confidence. If one is dissatisfied with their work, others will likely share the same sentiment," Abigail continued.

Irene took a deep breath and said, "I will make adjustments."

"For the next steps, I'll provide updates later. Take a few days to rest and readjust," Abigail said gently before granting Irene some time off.

Shortly after Irene left, Kevin called Abigail.

"I am en route to your company. The drama crew reportedly obstructed Irene's team from engaging in clothing design. What is happening?" Kevin had invested in that team on behalf of Irene.

“They are targeting me. You appear to be knowledgeable.” Abigail uttered with a smile.

“By whom are you being targeted? D*mn it, I even invested money!” Kevin expressed his frustration by using profanity.

“Subsequently, your investment will be rendered futile. That team displays a lack of shame,” Abigail stated calmly.

“Let us ascertain whether I will accept this defeat.” Kevin made a declaration before concluding the phone conversation.

Abigail set aside her phone and directed her staff to inventory the garments they had manufactured in readiness to respond to the drama crew.