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Mutual Support Between Husband And Wife

Abigail shot a glance at Max before she nasalized her words. “It’s about my husband. Can you help investigate what happened to him? He was suddenly taken away last week and subjected to days of questioning. He looked so lost when he was released.”

Max had his full attention on Abigail’s words as he sipped his water.

Harold looked grave. “I can’t believe such a thing happened.”

Not too long after that, Kadrack was summoned. He was also aware that Sean had been taken away.

“I did someone to investigate the matter, but there was no way of knowing which department was involved. As you are aware, this is out of my authority, so I have no way of finding out,” Kadrack elaborated with sincerity.

“Are you aware of what Callen has done in the entertainment industry?” Harold posed a question.

“I’m afraid I’m unaware. You’d have to liaise with Mary’s family members for further details,” came Kadrack’s response. He also knew that Max’s wife—Mary—was involved in the matter.

“Mary’s the only daughter of the Jane Family. As a result, she’s pampered and spoiled. If they are going to raise their granddaughter in a similar fashion, there would be trouble on the horizon,” Harold commented before placing his order.

Max was as quiet as a mouse throughout the meal.

It was widely known in Capitalis that Max was merely known as the son-in-law with no influence in Mary's family.

As soon as they were done with their meal, Harold prepared to leave, whereas Abigail was about to pick up the tab, only for Cindy to stop her.

"My father will pick up the tab. We feel bad if you treat us," Cindy explained by way of a whisper to Abigail.

Abigail expressed her gratitude, albeit her embarrassment. "Thanks."

Cindy added with a shy smile, "Dad is in a certain position, so taking care of this is part of his responsibilities."

Thinking about the chance of assisting Sean, Abigail broke into a smile. She had assisted Luna with the affairs abroad. Domestically, in Eswadia, Luna made use of her influence to assist Abigail to return the favor. It could be said that the collaboration was mutually beneficial.

Just as Abigail was entering the car, Garrett gave her a ring again. She answered in a weary tone, "What's the matter now?"

"Irene's in trouble. Mr. Stewart's demanded an explanation from L.Moon. Are your errands done?" Garrett asked, albeit indirectly rushing her.

"I've dealt with it," Abigail answered. She ended the conversation and rushed to L.Moon.

The moment she arrived, she rushed to the design department and found Kevin seated with a stern expression. Sean was also there, which indicated that the matter at hand was a grave matter.

"What's going on?" Abigail shot her question at Danielle and Floyd, who were both seated in front of Kevin.

With red eyes, Floyd immediately said, "It's not my fault. Danielle's the cause of this. She took Irene's diary when she was in the cafeteria!"

Danielle quickly jumped into self-defense. "Not your fault? Didn't you suggest reading it? What do you mean by stealing from her? I only took a glance! How is her tripping and slamming into the sink my fault?"

Abigail addressed Garrett thoughtfully. "How's Irene?"

While approaching her, Sean answered in a grave manner, "She's doing alright physically, but the same can't be said for her emotions. By uploading Irene's diary onto the computer and circulating it around the design department, it's greatly affected her."

A diary was considered a person's personal matter.

Now that they had exposed the diary's contents in such a manner, it resembled them stripping Irene naked and subjecting her to the design department's scrutiny.

Abigail then approached Danielle and Floyd. She didn't behave like how an ordinary person would. Her demeanor made it difficult for them to breathe.

"Who did this?" Abigail stared at Danielle and Floyd with a freezing gaze. There was no warmth in her question.

The tears swam in Floyd's eyes due to the fear. "I'm telling the truth. Danielle was the one who spilled the beans to Mr. Stewart when he last visited. She told Mr. Stewart that Irene had been writing a diary and suggested the idea of reading the diary."

Danielle was enraged and glared at Floyd. "Why feign innocence? You uploaded the contents of the diary to the computer and shared with everyone in the group!"

"You encouraged me to do it!" Floyd cried in response.

Abigail clenched her hand at her side and repeatedly endured, which was how she stopped herself from laying a hand on them.

"Send them packing!" Abigail informed Garrett after a while.

"Miss Quinn, I'm the person in charge of Fairy Meadow. If you send me packing, what's going to happen with the rest of the work?" Danielle was not remorseful.

"We don't lack designers at L.Moon. With regards to designers like you, I'll explain on Instagram what you two have done. Let's see which company in the fashion industry would dare to hire you by then!" Abigail mentioned, after which she turned to Kevin. "I can only resolve the issue that way. Inform Irene that she's free to sue them."

"Alright." Kevin refused to argue anymore for Sean's sake.

As soon as Kevin departed, she addressed the folks in the design department. “You guys have your individual responsibilities. There shouldn’t even be any competition. Yet, there are those who love to exclude others and do perverse matters like this.

“Regardless of our personal grudges, pulling a stunt like this in the company is unacceptable. Although I can’t make a move on you personally, you can forget about surviving in this industry!” After Abigail said those words, she turned to leave the scene.

“How did you get discharged from the hospital?” Abigail inquired softly.

“Xavien informed me that my case won’t go to trial,” he mentioned.

She never expected that things would be handled in such an efficient manner.

As a smile played on his lips, he scooted over to Abigail, asking, “Did you help?”

She grinned like a Cheshire cat. “Not me. It was one of my fans. The person happened to have some influence back home, so she helped us intervene.”

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Confronting Workplace Harassment

As Sean took a seat on the couch, he spoke, “I had already planned to settle the matter, but I never expected that you’d help me resolve it.”

“Do you want to join me in visiting Irene at the hospital?” Abigail asked in a soft tone. “I’m heading there in a while.”

“Sure.”

Sean sensed that Irene was grappling with a difficult situation. She already struggled with low self-esteem, and just as she was starting to make progress, Danielle and Floyd chose to exacerbate her troubles.

Accompanied by Sean, Abigail went to the hospital. In the ward, Irene was alert, her forehead adorned with a bandage.

"How is she?" Abigail directed her question at Kevin, who was beside her.

"She had five stitches," came Kevin's reply, but he had a cold expression.

She sat by the bedside, her gaze filled with guilt as she asked, "Have they been harassing you this whole time?"

"I can't be certain. What occurred today was simply an accident. I stumbled because of my own clumsiness," Irene admitted, placing the blame on herself.

Kevin's anger surged as he rose from his seat. "Stop blaming yourself! They're the ones who stole your diary and spread it around the design department. And yet you're taking the blame? They violated your privacy!"

"I understand they've infringed on my privacy, but didn't you say they'd be dealt with and sent away? Isn't that sufficient? What more do you expect? Are you suggesting I waste my time pursuing legal action against them? Explain to me what the purpose would be." Irene asked Kevin sincerely.

"They need to experience the consequences of their actions. Otherwise, how will they ever learn?" Kevin's discontent was palpable; he couldn't abide any form of harassment, particularly when it concerned someone close to him.

"Why should I bother?" Irene argued. "There will be others to impart lessons when they encounter even tougher challenges ahead. I'm just an ordinary person who cherishes every moment of my time. Why should I squander it on teaching miscreants like them manners?"

Kevin felt stung by her words. She had always been impatient with him and had never shown trust. It seems as though she views me as untrustworthy as well.

"I won't invest my time in teaching them manners. Those who do wrong will face the consequences of their actions. I'll concentrate on what I'm passionate about and strive for excellence." With a deep breath, Irene spoke these words. She then turned to Kevin and added, "Thank you immensely for your assistance today. I'm also grateful for Miss Quinn's support. Meeting both of you has truly been fortunate for me. However, what you've already done is sufficient. I have no desire to be greedy."

She acknowledged the disparity in social status between herself and Abigail, Sean, and Kevin. It was possible that Sean and the others might also consider the places she enjoyed

as beneath them, but Irene cherished them nonetheless. Although such concerns had once troubled her, she had learned to embrace them.

Irene recognized her destiny as an ordinary individual and resolved to lead a simple, contented life with gratitude. She vowed never to impose what wasn't meant for her, and this included Kevin's kindness.

Abigail gently adjusted Irene's bedding. "Rest well. Remember, you've had a head injury. Speaking loudly could trigger a headache as well."

"Understood, Miss Quinn, but really, I'm fine. There's no need for further visits. You already have plenty to attend to. One visit is more than enough. I'm just a regular employee," Irene replied politely.

"Alright. I simply wanted to check on your well-being. Don't worry about the medical bills. The company will take care of it. Just concentrate on fully recovering before you're discharged," Abigail reassured Irene, rising to her full stature.

Irene's background was something they could never fully grasp. Despite her understanding and empathy, she maintained her own perspectives.

Kevin followed Abigail and Sean out of the ward, venting his frustration by hitting the wall. "Is she completely indifferent? Can't she see how much I care about her?"

"You might need to accept it. From what she's said, it doesn't seem like she would choose you in this lifetime," Sean responded firmly, his gaze cold as he glanced back at the ward.

"Your worlds are worlds apart," Abigail chimed in, acknowledging that Irene's heart wasn't made of iron; rather, Irene was resolute in her desires and choices in life. She had come to terms with being an ordinary person.

Kevin's reluctance was unmistakable, evident in the deepening of his breath. Despite years of questing for love, encountering someone like Irene, who seemed as withdrawn as a turtle in its shell, was a first for him. Despite his efforts to show his affection, she remained unmoved.

Abigail and Sean left the hospital with a sigh. "Has Irene ever thought that Kevin could be different?"

“Love makes people blind. Women who are deeply in love tend to have many unrealistic expectations. Do you know where I first met her?” Sean asked Abigail.

Abigail shook her head gently.

“In a trendy yet ordinary shop. If the lady hadn’t taken me there, I wouldn’t have visited such a place in my entire life. It was also at that moment when I understood we could never be a couple,” he casually explained.

Abigail’s lips formed a pout.

Even when he mentioned his blind dates, a lingering bitterness and discomfort settled deep within her.

“Our souls share a connection beyond mere love. It’s our values, knowledge, and more that intertwine us,” Sean struggled to articulate, yet he comprehended that Abigail’s soul was uniquely intertwined with his own.

Abigail responded in a soft tone, “Ultimately, Cinderella doesn’t stand much of a chance to marry into a wealthy family..”

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Resolving Bullying

Sean hummed and instructed the driver to start the car. “Here’s the thing. Irene refuses to leave her world, and Kevin won’t make the compromise either. So, for now, it’s impossible for them to be together.”

His words reminded Abigail of Damon and Eilane. Such things only happen by fate.

“Then again, Irene’s actually a unique, rare gem.” Abigail contemplated aloud, recognizing Irene’s qualities.

“You must truly value someone to consider them that important. You have a knack for spotting treasures,” Sean praised with a grin.

“Are we still obtaining the marriage certificate? The possibility of another hiccup is making me worried.” Abigail scooted over and posed that question.

The impulsive urge to obtain the certificate had started to fade.

There were also times when Abigail reflected on the dream she had the other day. What does Grandma mean by that? Is she aware that Sean and I still can’t register our marriage?

She couldn’t help but sigh.

Is something else going to happen?

“Let’s delay that for now. Do we need a certificate to define our relationship?” Sean expressed, his eyes having a delicate smile.

Upon their return to the office, she realized that Danielle and Floyd had already departed.

Sean also mentioned that he had some pressing matters to attend to and didn’t remain with her.

As she settled into her seat, a gentle knock sounded at her door. “Please, come in,” she welcomed softly.

The individual entering was a member of the design department, approximately 30 years of age.

“What’s troubling you, Yeezy?” Abigail inquired gently as she capped her pen.

“I recorded the altercation between Irene and Danielle in the restroom. I was in a stall at the time and didn’t dare to intervene.” Yeezy handed his phone to Abigail, who took the device into her possession.

“If it weren’t for Kevin and Miss Quinn, do you think someone without any talent like you could succeed at L.Moon? Have some self-awareness. If I were you, I’d jump from here!” Danielle mocked as he held Irene’s diary.

Abigail observed the scene with a steely gaze.

“Return my diary,” Irene demanded as she made an attempt to grab it.

Floyd took advantage of the situation and grabbed Irene's hair, after which he yanked her to the sink. Then, Floyd shoved Irene's head into the water.

As Danielle laughed, she threw Irene's diary out of the window. Once she approached Floyd, she yanked Irene's hair and pushed Irene toward the window. "Jump now. If you can't live without your diary, then retrieve it yourself. You're useless without Kevin and Miss Quinn's protection. Who do you think you are by venting to Mr. Chad?"

"I did nothing!" As she was pressed against the window, Irene nervously defended herself.

"Just stop lying, would you? You seduced Kevin and manipulated him with your body, right? Floyd, strip her down and record it. Since she wants to behave like a tramp, I'll treat her like one!" Danielle

instigated Floyd to attack Irene.

In a panic, Irene pushed them away and tried to escape. However, Danielle used her leg to trip Irene, which caused her to hit the sink. At the same time, their actions were interrupted by a knock on the door.

"They always bully Irene, and it is for no reason at all. I think they just dislike her," Yeezy whispered to Abigail after she was done watching the video.

There was no justification for bullying someone who had nothing. If Danielle and Floyd could mistreat their co-workers like this, it was probable they treated their schoolmates the same way.

"You have quite magnificent designs, if memory serves me right. Would you be interested in taking Danielle's position?" It was a suggestion that Abigail gave to Yeezy.

Although Yeezy had magnificent designs, they often lacked a bewitching narrative. Sure, Yeezy might not be on the same level as Danielle in terms of talent, but I'm sure my guidance would be of assistance to Yeezy.

"Thank you, Miss Quinn!" Yeezy had made such an effort that she wanted to get a promotion.

In a competitive setting such as L.Moon, designers without a compelling narrative often experience gradual progress.

Opportunities might arise unexpectedly, but what truly mattered was the ability to seize them.

Abigail called for a management meeting later that day. She turned to Garrett after they were done watching the video. “A penny for your thoughts?”

Abigail’s presence made Garrett feel restless. “Susan, the janitor, told me about the bullying Irene faced in the elevator. Despite resolving that issue, it escalated into workplace harassment.”

“An explanation was not requested. Sure, we have skilled employees. If they are misbehaving, shouldn’t we take action against them?” Abigail had a stern response.

Renowned for his strictness, the head of the design department remarked, “Irene’s performance is subpar, and she lacks significant projects. This has caused resentment among her colleagues.”

“Irene shouldn’t receive a promotion. Is that what you’re implying?” Abigail asked, offering a faint smile as she posed the question.

Though he remained silent, his expression hinted at his reluctance.

“My best friend and I are the founders of L.Moon, and we hold a significant portion of the shares. If even the shareholders can’t intervene, why do you think you can? If you’re envious, resign. There are plenty of other qualified candidates eager to take your place.” Abigail was straightforward as she leaned back in her chair.

Garrett tried to speak up. “Miss Quinn—”

Abigail cut off Garrett. “I never said L.Moon doesn’t show favoritism. As the CEO and primary shareholder, I have the authority to hire whoever I see fit for the design department.”

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Cracks In L Moon

After Abigail said those words, Shane was abashed.

“The design department is in such chaos, yet you have the nerve to complain about Irene being inept. Your managerial skills are rather suspicious!” Abigail icily lectured Shane.

She was fully aware that she had been absent from L.Moon for ages and that the previous department head had long since resigned.

Other than his skills as a designer, they don't help this new head of department at all.

Being stunned into speechlessness by Abigail's words, Shane remained reticent.

"Your subordinates are engaging in workplace harassment, and it's unacceptable. If you have no response to that, I recommend you resign!" Abigail's voice carried her frustration as she slammed her hand on the table.

It wasn't long before Shane snapped. "How long has it been since your return? Do you even know what's going on in L.Moon?"

"Shane!" Garrett yelled.

"Is he the one you promoted?" Abigail asked in a cold manner.

He lowered his head. "I was negligent in my responsibilities."

"Workplace harassment is such a grave issue, and yet the head of the department doesn't care about it. Are you telling me that a person's work performance takes precedence over their handling of this issue? Since you can't tell right from wrong, then follow my suggestion—resign!" Abigail's gaze was as sharp as a knife.

Shane still kept his silence.

"I have to report this issue." Abigail took a minute before she continued, "I'm not against having private chat groups, but it's unacceptable when it's used to ostracize colleagues."

Shane's position remained vacant for ages once Shane was given the boot for his actions.

The footage of Danielle and Floyd bullying Irene was also played for everyone to watch. Members of the design department found themselves speechless, lacking the courage to look at Abigail.

"I understand your dissatisfaction with L.Moon hiring Irene, but some individuals are simply behaving irrationally. Even knowing that I recommended her, they still dared to harass her. It's Irene today, but it could be someone else tomorrow. What? Are you suggesting she's

aiming for your position?" Abigail, now in the role of the department head, posed the question to everyone with a cold demeanor.

When no one replied to her question, she called out, "Yeezy?"

"Yes, Miss Quinn?" Yeezy answered while rising to his full height.

"Fulfill Danielle's obligations moving forward. You'll also be the head of the department for the time being. Show me what you got in a month's time," she instructed while preparing to make her departure.

Although there were others in the department who were much more suited than Yeezy to succeed Shane, Abigail intentionally promoted someone of average ability.

Jealousy alone would not guarantee them higher positions.

"Thank you, Miss Quinn." Yeezy had never expected such a surprise.

At that moment, everyone dispersed, and Abigail headed back to her office to instruct human resources to advertise for new designers. This decision left the design department in disarray.

Securing a position at L.Moon was challenging, given the company's competitive hiring standards and attractive salary offerings, attracting numerous applicants.

As everyone returned to their respective workstations, whispers began to circulate upon seeing Yeezy entering the department head's office. One individual remarked, "I can't fathom how someone unqualified like him got promoted to that role. First, we had to deal with the incompetent Irene. And now, Yeezy. L.Moon is becoming absurd."

A male designer happened to pass by with a cup of Joe and remarked, "Just resign if you feel miserable. What are you mumbling about?"

"If you love to ingratiate yourself with someone, Irene's in the hospital. Why don't you pay her a visit?" the other person responded, disconsolate.

The male designer stopped in his tracks and turned. "Based on your earlier words, I'll inform Yeezy of your resignation."

Such words sent the other individual into a state of fury, which caused her to sit down immediately. Then, she banged something on the table.

“Just f*cking resign if you are so displeased!”

...

Irene’s return to the company also saw Abigail visiting the design department to make an announcement.

“There will be two fashion shows. One is fashion, while the other is historical. Employees in the design department are eligible to participate. Details of the competition have already been shared in the group chat.”

Abigail made a move after the short announcement.

Irene then opened the group chat and clicked on the appended link for the historical fashion show.

Both shows were scheduled for the Thanksgiving period, which meant that they didn’t have much time to prepare for the event. Participants had to decide to choose the time period that they fancied or were familiar with. The designs would not only be voted by the public but also by the professionals, with the winning prize of 150,000. Whichever designer earned the higher number of votes would be declared the winner.

With a chance to win 150,000 at stake, everyone was determined to showcase their skills. Consequently, the already chaotic design department became even busier due to these two fashion shows.

After Abigail’s morning meeting concluded, Garrett approached her with concerns. “Are you considering promoting Yeezy to department head? He’s rather mild-mannered and lacks the capability to oversee a large team. He only feels comfortable reporting issues to us.”

“It’s not your concern,” Abigail replied as she headed towards her office, holding a file. “It also hinges on his performance. If he can’t fulfill his duties effectively, we can always find someone else. Why the hurry?”

With a sigh, Garrett said, “Ever since your return, everyone seems to be more organized. Feels like I’m the only one struggling.”

“You’re concerned about hurting their feelings. You’re afraid of upsetting the talented designers. But do you truly believe L.Moon lacks talent? The more skilled someone is, the

more arrogant they tend to be. Conversely, average employees are likelier to concentrate on their work.”

Let’s just wait and see.

Abigail purposely organized the two fashion shows for the design department. Initially, such events were beyond their usual scope, but they provided Irene and Yeezy with a platform to demonstrate their skills.

When Irene and Yeezy, individuals of average talent, outshine those arrogant designers, they would be forced to acknowledge their weaknesses and focus on their duties instead of getting involved in corporate politics.

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Business Crisis

While every designer was engrossed in preparations for the upcoming fashion exhibition, a ripple of controversy surged when Danielle took to the internet by uploading a video.

In the footage, she stood holding her ID card, her expression fraught with emotion as she leveled accusations against Abigail. She claimed that Abigail’s actions had pushed her to a dead end.

“If anything were to happen to me, it would be because of the relentless pressure exerted by L.Moon. Just because of a minor misstep on my part, she’s effectively cutting off my livelihood in the design industry. I’ve studied hard for over a decade, and just because she has a little power, she’s blacklisting me!” With tears glistening in her eyes, she lamented before ending the video.

The heartfelt plea in Danielle’s video quickly thrust L.Moon into the spotlight among netizens. Hence, sparking a flurry of reactions and debates.

‘Alana’s decision to shut out such a dedicated and hardworking designer seems unjustifiable, doesn’t it? It’s evident that Alana has undergone significant changes in the past couple of years and has lost the gentleness she was once known for. As someone who’s walked the

path of a designer, she should understand the trials and tribulations that come with the profession. Regardless of the mistake Danielle made, Alana's response seems excessively harsh.'

'Only insiders in L.Moon truly understand what's going on behind the scenes. Nevertheless, with so much controversy surrounding it, there must be something fishy. A prominent designer from Eswadia shutting out a newcomer. Besides, many of Fairy Meadow's past designs were Danielle's.'

'Before rushing to judgment, shouldn't we take a moment to understand the full extent of Danielle's transgressions? Even if she erred, what if it was merely a case of plagiarism rather than outright theft? During Alana's absence, L.Moon unearthed numerous plagiarism scandals. It's imperative that we consider these factors before casting blame.'

After watching the video and reading the comments, Abigail remained stoic, and her expression revealed little of her inner thoughts.

She still had Danielle's number saved in her phone. Without much ado, she forwarded the saved video to the latter.

Danielle quietly removed the video within half an hour and issued an apology. She admitted her mistake and absolved Abigail of any wrongdoing.

The sudden turnaround puzzled netizens, sparking rampant speculation about the underlying reasons behind Danielle's actions. Some wondered if she was facing threats or grappling with other undisclosed issues.

Initially, Abigail didn't want to come out to clarify but eventually deemed it necessary for the PR department to issue a statement, considering the escalating conjectures circulating among the online community.

Before the PR statement could be released, Cindy took to Instagram to expose Danielle's troubling behavior during her high school years. It aligned with Abigail's suspicions.

It's often said that those who bully colleagues in the workplace likely engaged in similar behavior during their school days, she mused.

Danielle's history as a middle school bully corroborated this notion, with reports of her and her friends intimidating younger students, resorting to physical violence, and causing disruptions in dormitories.

Her poor performance in academics resulted in him scoring just above 100 points on her high school entrance exam. Thus, relegating her to the lowest tier of art colleges. Despite possessing undeniable talent in design, his troubling pattern of bullying persisted.

'How did someone with such a troubled past manage to secure admission to a prestigious art college? And could her behavior at L.Moon be just as egregious?'

'I wouldn't put it past her to have already caused harm to a colleague at L.Moon. After all, I saw Alana at Metro Hospital a few days ago. My friends managed to capture footage of her there, suggesting Danielle's involvement in some way.'

'It's true, isn't it? Some people just never change, no matter how many years go by. People like her deserve to be shown the door, plain and simple. Otherwise, who knows how many innocent designers she'll terrorize at another company? Letting her take the fall might just save the rest of the industry from her toxicity. Isn't that an act of justice on Alana's part?'

As the condemnation against Danielle continued, a marketing account suddenly sent shockwaves. Danielle had allegedly attempted self-harm at home and was now hospitalized. Soon enough, images surfaced showing Danielle being rushed to the hospital for emergency treatment.

Suddenly, Abigail found herself thrust back into the center of public scrutiny.

After confirming over the phone the grim truth of Danielle's situation, Abigail's phone buzzed again, this time with a call from Sean.

Abigail rubbed her temples and answered with a tired voice, "What's up?"

"Obviously, I'm worried sick about you. You shouldn't have to handle all this online drama alone." Sean said, sounding genuinely concerned.

"I'm alright. This mess is all her own doing," Abigail replied nonchalantly.

She knew that if Danielle truly passed away, she would be left grappling with the storm of public opinion crashing down on L.Moon.

"Handle this matter with care. Many thriving businesses have been brought to its knees by sudden crises," Sean remarked. He sensed that Danielle's predicament was like a dire warning, given L.Moon's history of weathering storms.

His instincts in the business world were always sharp.

Abigail's brows knitted in worry as she asked, "Do you think this is really as dangerous as it seems?"

"Every problem has a solution, except when it involves loss of life. Life is precious, and any company caught in such a tragedy is bound to suffer," Sean replied and reached out upon hearing the news.

He had been in Pendorf recently, making preparations for their wedding.

Abigail took a deep breath, and her lips pressed tightly together.

After a moment, she spoke in a bitter voice, "Danielle's condition is very grim, according to what the hospital reported. Was I too pushy?"

Originally, if it weren't for the message sent from Cindy's account, this matter would have already passed," Sean said, pausing for a moment before continuing, "Don't blame yourself. This was originally her fault. Don't worry, I'll have Xavien handle it."

"But I..."

"In sickness and in health, husband and wife should support each other. You're already juggling enough. My company isn't too busy right now, so let Xavien handle it. You need a breather," Sean insisted, his care for her was evident.

Originally, because of Irene's situation, she had been consumed with overhauling the design department, even having to let go of several designers. Each of those matters demanded her personal attention.

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Fierce Public Opinion

"Thank you for your love, darling," Abigail's voice dripped with affection as she expressed her gratitude.

Sean chuckled warmly. "There's no one else I'd rather show kindness to than my darling."

After bidding goodbye on the phone, Abigail decided to pay a visit to the hospital.

Outside the intensive care unit, an elderly couple were engaged in a whispered conversation.

As Abigail approached, she couldn't help but overhear snippets of their discussion.

"Have you confirmed if it was her employer who caused this? If so, I'll go have a word with her this afternoon. We'll demand 300 thousand, and then we'll finally have enough for Damon's down payment," the woman murmured urgently.

"I've done some research. It's all over the internet," the middle-aged man stated grimly, his voice low but firm. "But 300 thousand won't even scratch the surface. That woman is practically rolling in money, constantly in the spotlight, and she's running not just one but two companies!"

After a moment of contemplation, he continued with a steely resolve, "We need to set our sights much higher. Let's aim for at least 600 thousand."

"Agreed, 600 thousand it is!" the woman affirmed, her determination evident.

The conversation between the duo left Abigail feeling uneasy, and she felt a knot forming in her stomach.

It was often said that children inherited more than just physical traits from their parents. With the kind of influence and upbringing provided by parents like these, it was hardly surprising that Danielle's path in life mirrored theirs so closely.

Abigail approached the couple cautiously. "600 thousand?" she interjected softly.

Startled, the couple turned to face her, their expressions shifting from cautious to hostile in an instant.

"You're her employer, aren't you? My daughter's life is in shambles because of you, and yet you have the nerve to come to the hospital?!" Bella seized Abigail's arm. She tightened her grip and shouted at the top of her lungs.

"I'm telling you, you owe my daughter restitution! Who granted you the authority to mistreat her? Do you comprehend the hardships she endured to gain admission to art school and

secure a position in a reputable company?!” Stephen’s voice resonated with condemnation as he joined Bella in berating Abigail.

“What’s with all the commotion? If you wish to quarrel, take it elsewhere!” The abrupt intrusion of the doctor and his booming voice momentarily silenced Danielle’s parents.

They instantly fell silent.

“Doctor, how is Danielle?” Abigail inquired anxiously, her gaze fixed on the doctor.

“It’s a dire situation. She remains in a state of shock, and unless she regains consciousness within the next 48 hours, our options become limited,” the doctor replied calmly before turning to depart.

“You’re accountable for my daughter’s plight!” Bella’s words dripped with menace, her voice lowered but no less threatening.

Stephen, equally incensed, issued a stern ultimatum. “If you fail to provide compensation, I’ll station myself outside your company every single day, carrying a photograph of my lifeless daughter!”

Abigail would never compromise when it came to trading their daughter’s life for money.

If Danielle’s parents genuinely loved her, negotiations for compensation might have been more acceptable.

In the midst of the struggle between the three parties, Cindy hurried over and witnessed Danielle’s parents pulling Abigail. She quickly intervened, pushing them away, and exclaimed, “What on earth do you think you’re doing? If you’re after money, you’ll have to wait until Danielle has fully recovered!”

Her vigilant bodyguard promptly sprang into action. Hence, creating a barrier between Abigail and Danielle’s parents.

Abigail was then led out of the hospital by Cindy.

Overwhelmed by guilt, Cindy’s eyes welled up with tears as she turned to Abigail to express her remorse. “I’m truly sorry. I never should have delved into her past. It was a mistake.”

Abigail displayed remarkable empathy by responding in a soft and forgiving tone, “I don’t hold it against you.”

This incident served as yet another example of the burdensome responsibility often borne by idols, who find themselves footing the bill for the actions of overzealous fans.

In the heyday of her career, L.Moon basked in the adoration of a vast fanbase, reaping substantial financial rewards from her soaring popularity. However, lurking beneath the surface was a nagging concern that such fervent adulation might one day backfire. A fear that, unfortunately, materialized sooner than expected.

After seeing Cindy off, Abigail returned to the company headquarters, but instead of immediately entering, she paused at the entrance and cast her gaze upward.

From a small studio, it had transformed into the skyscraper it was today, accommodating thousands of people. At its peak, it brought in millions of sales overnight for Flower Meadow.

Like a delicate flower nurtured over time, it bloomed to its fullest before beginning its gradual descent.

After gazing at it for a moment, Abigail let out a soft, contemplative sigh, her head bowed in reflection.

Little did she realize Flower Meadow’s fortunes had gradually shifted onto the shoulders of L.Moon.

Danielle’s struggle was brief as the hospital swiftly issued a death certificate mere hours after her arrival.

That fateful night thrust L.Moon into the harsh spotlight of public scrutiny.

The praises of before now echoed with equal measures of disdain.

However, Abigail didn’t let sadness overwhelm her. Instead, she embraced it with calm acceptance.

Garrett rushed into the office, looking clearly flustered. Yet, upon seeing Abigail’s composed demeanor, he found himself easing into a sense of calm.

“Looks like you’ve made your peace with it,” he remarked as he settled onto a chair by the coffee table. Hence, abandoning his earlier haste.

“L.Moon has been around for almost four years since its establishment, which is indeed short compared to some century-old enterprises, but... fashion trends seem to be like this, fleeting like the lifespan of a flower,” Abigail slowly explained to him.

Garrett’s smile reflected relief. “I was worried about you, but it seems you’ve found your way through it.”

Abigail asked him, her expression reflecting concern. “L.Moon appears to be facing a downturn, wouldn’t you say?”

Garrett furrowed his brow as he pondered her question. “If Irene’s situation were to occur again, would you still choose to handle it the same way?” he inquired.

Abigail maintained her composure as she replied, “I believe so. Given Kevin’s strong attachment to Irene, it’s imperative that I offer him a satisfactory resolution, both ethically and practically. And as for Danielle and Floyd’s transgressions, can we truly forgive them? It’s simply untenable.”

Sometimes, fate cunningly orchestrated events.

By sparing Danielle from consequences, the turmoil surrounding Irene would likely persist within the company. Eventually, the same scenario playing out with Danielle would inevitably repeat with another individual.

At the heart of the matter lie the internal challenges plaguing L.Moon.

Despite her eagerness to implement reforms, Abigail understood that some things were beyond her control as they were dictated by the whims of fate.

...

Upon arriving home in the wee hours of the night, Abigail was met with the sight of Scarlett, Lawrence, Luna, and Josh, all gathered in the living room, their eyes fixed upon her with concern.

Without hesitation, she inquired, “What’s troubling you all?”

Luna stepped forward, her voice laced with worry. “The public opinion tonight has been harsh. Are you holding up alright?”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

7-9 minutes | 10/27/2024

Karma

Abigail let out a deep breath. Her voice was steady and composed, and she assured calmly, “It’s not as significant as it seems. We’ll manage.”

“Welcome back. Josh, it’s time for Luna to get some rest. It’s late, and she’s been keeping you company for quite a while.” Lawrence directed from his place on the sofa.

Josh nodded understandingly and gently guided Luna toward her bedroom.

“Don’t fret. We’ve weathered countless challenges over the years, and this time won’t be any different for L.Moon,” Luna reassured Abigail with a reassuring smile, her eyes reflecting understanding and empathy.

She had been struggling with depression and had pushed herself to stay up late. Thus, her fatigue was evident in the weary lines of her face.

After she disappeared into the hallway leading to her room, the once lively living room fell into a hushed stillness, broken only by the sound of Abigail’s footsteps as she approached the coffee table.

Reaching for a bottle of wine, she poured herself a generous glass.

“The backlash from the public this time is unprecedented. While there’s usually room for redemption after causing harm, the loss of life would change everything for L.Moon,” Josh, who was seasoned in the business world, remarked, his tone reflecting the weight of the situation.

Abigail reflected on her journey to fame and fortune. Her words carried a sense of acceptance and resignation as she spoke softly, “I’ve pondered this scenario before—riding the wave of success, accumulating followers. But now, faced with the harsh reality of the consequences, I understand that it’s time to take responsibility.”

Tonight, Abigail took the first step toward accountability by issuing a heartfelt apology through the PR department, acknowledging the gravity of the situation and the need for restitution. She even took a more personal approach by recording a heartfelt video expressing her remorse.

Last night, she took the initiative to have the PR department draft an apology statement, alongside recording a personal video expressing remorse.

Regardless of Danielle's past transgressions, with her passing, it was as though a clean slate had been drawn, and she was facing the consequences as they came.

Scarlett couldn't resist the urge to embrace Abigail as she acknowledged the immense sacrifices made for L.Moon. "Are you content to simply watch it dwindle?" she asked softly.

"Even the most enduring of phenomena experience their ebbs and flows," Abigail responded calmly. "When that time arrives, L.Moon will meet its fate. Frankly, I'm feeling rather weary. Perhaps it's an opportune moment for me to take a much-needed break."

Tears threatened to spill from Scarlett's eyes, yet she stifled them as she did not wish to burden Abigail further.

Lawrence offered a semblance of comfort. "It's alright. Trends in fashion are notoriously fleeting. The fact that L.Moon has endured for so many years is a testament to your prowess."

Despite Abigail's heartfelt apology, L.Moon's predicament remained unchanged.

Overnight, clothes were returned, bills were contested, and once-loyal online fans turned into fervent critics to plot the downfall of L.Moon. Even the production teams collaborating with L.Moon found themselves subjected to menacing threats.

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By noon, Oliver emerged with a personal statement.

'Due to internal strife at L.Moon, some netizens masquerading as champions of justice are pressuring me to sever ties with L.Moon. Frankly, I find it quite amusing. I speak for myself alone. To those individuals: when you were championing the late Danielle, who was advocating for the classmates bullied and ostracized by her? While it may be impolitic to speak ill of the deceased, I've always adhered to the belief that 'what goes around, comes around.' Karma exists. It's just a matter of timing.'

Following his statement, a wave of statements emerged from other production teams.

Finally, Cindy took the stage by bravely leading with an apology and acknowledging her own part in exposing Danielle's past actions during middle and high school.

With tears welling in her eyes, she stood before the camera, her voice trembling with emotion as she recounted the tragic tale. "The girl Danielle tormented in high school? She was the one who truly earned a coveted spot at the Capitalis' top art college. Danielle robbed her of that opportunity, causing her to plunge into despair until she felt there was no way out but to end her own life. While Danielle lived carefree for years, why should we forget the pain she inflicted just because she's no longer here?"

Abigail was stunned. She was unaware of this fact about Danielle's past. Without hesitation, she dialed Cindy's number.

Cindy answered immediately, her voice still carrying the weight of her earlier confession.

"I'm truly sorry, Miss Alana. I couldn't bear to keep it to myself any longer. I've known about these things for a while now. I chose to only reveal Danielle's bullying, but I never imagined it would end in such a tragedy for that poor girl." Cindy's words were filled with regret and sorrow.

"Is what you said in the video true? Did Danielle manipulate the admission process to replace the real victim of bullying who rightfully earned a spot at a prestigious school?" Abigail inquired, seeking confirmation.

"Yes, that girl was from Danielle's hometown. Her family was struggling financially. Against all odds, she managed to secure a place at a reputable school, but Danielle deceived her during the application process by promising support with a family computer. However, the girl's lack of familiarity with technology became Danielle's opportunity to exploit. When she discovered she had been admitted to Danielle's lousy school instead, she saw no way out but to end her own life by taking pills," Cindy explained carefully as she recounted the details shared by Sean.

Initially, she found herself inadvertently caught in the crossfire due to the unfolding events.

Her involvement in assisting Sean inadvertently provided the perfect opening for the Hinton Family to strike, leading to immediate action.

As Abigail absorbed the full extent of the situation, a weary sigh escaped her lips.

After the call ended, she sank into her office chair, and her gaze drifted aimlessly through the window, lost in thought.

Sean noticed her distant demeanor when he gently pushed open the door to her office. As such, concern was etched on his features. Stepping inside, he approached her and leaned against the desk as he inquired softly, his voice laced with genuine concern, “What’s weighing on your mind?”

Abigail raised her eyes to meet his, and heavily, frustration evident in her tone. “To think that Danielle harbored such darkness within her... Has she ever displayed any semblance of remorse over the years?”

Sean’s response was solemn, and his voice was tinged with resignation. “Remorse is a luxury few wrongdoers afford themselves. Instead, they merely lament their failure to conceal their transgressions more effectively.”

He moved closer and took a seat on the edge of her desk while his gaze drifted downward.

Abigail cast a glance at the clock and changed the subject. “Have you had lunch? Let’s grab a bite to eat together later.”

Sean shook his head, his hand instinctively reaching out to gently tousle her hair. “No, I flew here in a rush. But don’t fret. This too shall pass.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

8-10 minutes  10/27/2024

Pregnant

“It seems like you’re well-informed about Danielle’s past actions,” Abigail exclaimed, her mind racing to catch up with the recent facts.

She hadn’t even had the chance to inquire about the depths of Danielle’s misdeeds.

“It’s because of what Cindy brought up. Hence, it was investigated by Xavien,” Sean revealed, sensing the importance of addressing the issue head-on.

With Cindy having Harold's support, she had a shield against the relentless onslaught of criticism from netizens. However, if Abigail were to confront this alone, she would have to weather the storm solo.

As a public figure, her options were limited. Apart from directly addressing public opinion, there seemed to be no other recourse.

"Do you think the scandal involving L.Moon is finally reaching its conclusion?" Abigail still clung to the hope that the chaos surrounding L.Moon would eventually subside.

"Without a doubt, there's been a noticeable decline in popularity, but perhaps that's for the best. You've been pushing yourself too hard all these years, so it's time to take a step back and breathe. There's no need to constantly be on edge. Plus, we can start thinking about starting a family," Sean suggested, a gentle smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"But what about your company?" she questioned, her concern evident.

She wouldn't stand for him quietly transferring the company's assets online and sending her back home to focus on starting a family.

"Oh, Graham International? Xavien is keeping an eye on it. I've been indulging in farming lately," he quipped, his tone light-hearted.

Abigail speculated that Lina had developed a newfound passion for gardening, and without delving further into the matter, she simply nodded in agreement.

"Alright."

...

Upon their arrival at the restaurant, Sean took a moment to offer words of comfort to Harold over the phone.

The can of worms Cindy opened ended up causing quite a stir, and Graham International was significantly implicated.

"The Hinton Family is like a predator lurking in the shadows, eagerly waiting for any sign of vulnerability from our side to strike mercilessly," Sean expressed, his brow creased with worry as he concluded the call and shared his concerns with Abigail.

While holding the menu in her hands, Abigail's face was etched with worry as she pondered their next course of action. "What do you think we should do?"

"I've been in contact with reputable media outlets recently. I'm considering sharing my story with them," he revealed, recognizing the importance of establishing official connections, even if it meant maneuvering through the complexities of bureaucracy and potentially increasing his tax burden.

Relying solely on Graham International to withstand the relentless pressure exerted by the Hinton Family in Capitalis was simply not sustainable.

Harold couldn't afford to make any missteps. Another slip-up could result in him once again falling prey to the Hinton Family's relentless attacks.

"Are we really going to make adjustments?" she inquired, her voice tinged with concern.

"Yes, I've made my decision. But don't worry, I'll make sure everything is handled smoothly going forward," he reassured her.

After Cindy's heartfelt apology video, the situation surrounding Danielle underwent a noticeable shift. However, despite this, L.Moon's platform was undeniably experiencing a decline in traffic. The once vibrant daily sales of Fairy Meadow had dwindled by a significant 20% compared to pre-incident levels.

"Let's put a pin in it for now and eagerly await the unveiling of our new autumn collection," Abigail suggested as she gently placed the sales report aside and turned her attention to Garrett.

"The impending resignations of several talented designers from our design department have me deeply concerned. They've always been dedicated and trouble-free." His expression grew solemn. The loss of talent signaled a slow descent into decline.

"In times of adversity, birds seek refuge in the sturdiest of trees. It's only natural for our talented designers to consider their options amidst L.Moon's current challenges," she remarked, her tone reflective of her preparedness to address both the decline in sales and the loss of personnel.

Garrett let out a wistful sigh, and he gave a bittersweet smile. "At least the burden will lighten, even if only by a fraction."

“Perhaps this downturn is L.Moon’s opportunity to recalibrate and gradually stabilize.” She recognized the need for the company to adapt and evolve in response to changing market dynamics.

“Your words bring me much relief,” he replied half-jokingly to lighten the mood.

With a graceful smile, Abigail rose from her seat. “Why dwell on pessimism when we’re simply facing the inevitable? Danielle’s incident merely accelerated it. Now that we have a moment to

spare, why not take the opportunity to contemplate your marriage?”

Garrett was momentarily taken aback by the sudden shift in conversation. “Marriage? Why the sudden urge to discuss marriage? I’ll take my leave now,” he exclaimed, feigning exasperation as he made his escape.

...

After a tiring day at work, Abigail trudged back home. However, as soon as she stepped through the door, she was gently pulled into the room by Scarlett.

Abigail queried softly, “Mom, what’s the matter?”

“Abby, have you noticed it’s been a while since your last period? Since you’ve been back, I haven’t seen any signs of it,” Scarlett remarked. She had always kept track of her daughter’s monthly cycle.

A sudden realization dawned upon Abigail as she pondered, It has indeed been two months since my last menstrual cycle.

She covered her mouth, and a playful glint danced in her eyes. “Could it be that I’m pregnant?”

Determined to confirm their suspicions, an eager Scarlett declared, “I’ll have Lawrence buy a pregnancy test kit for you right away,” her enthusiasm palpable as she rubbed her hands together.

Before the pregnancy test kit could be obtained, Sean arrived.

Sitting anxiously on the sofa, he clasped Abigail’s hand tightly. His tension was evident, as could be seen from the beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

Lawrence returned with the pregnancy test, and with bated breath, Abigail retreated to the bathroom to conduct the test.

Upon seeing the two distinct lines on the pregnancy test kit, Abigail felt a rush of embarrassment tinged with joy as she emerged from the bathroom and handed the pregnancy test kit to Sean.

When Sean saw the result, he wasted no time in passing the pregnancy test kit to Scarlett before enveloping Abigail in a tight embrace. His voice was filled with overwhelming emotion as he spoke, "You're going to be a mother."

Abigail enveloped him in a tender embrace, her voice barely above a whisper as she delivered the joyful news, "Congratulations, you're going to be a father."

"Let's schedule a hospital visit for tomorrow to determine the timing of Abigail's conception. And... perhaps we should consider getting the marriage certificate first?" Lawrence felt that obtaining the marriage certificate would bring him peace of mind.

"Of course, I'll consult with Abigail." Sean agreed and reluctantly released Abigail from his arms but still kept his gaze fixed on her.

The lingering reluctance to avert his eyes served as a silent reassurance to both Lawrence and Scarlett.

Happiness surged through her heart, unlike anything she had ever experienced before.

In that fleeting moment, she couldn't shake the lingering thought that perhaps... it was for the best that she hadn't conceived earlier. Sensing Scarlett's nurturing maternal instincts toward her, she felt deeply cared for, and the absence of any shame in Lawrence's gesture of purchasing a pregnancy test kit only reinforced the love and protection surrounding her. Their genuine joy upon learning of her pregnancy filled her with an indescribable sense of happiness.

With a heartfelt embrace, Abigail expressed her gratitude to her parents, "Mom, Dad, thank you for your support, for your care, and for everything you've done for me."

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-8 minutes 10/27/2024

Impending Fatherhood

Sean contacted Lina to convey the exhilarating news over the phone.

The subsequent day, he accompanied Abigail to the medical facility for her routine examination.

While seated in the vehicle, Abigail grasped Sean's hand and inquired, "Do you harbor a preference for a daughter or a son?"

Following a moment of reflection, Sean replied, "While I possess a penchant for a daughter, I would also be elated with a son."

"I cherish both. Should the birthing process prove bearable, I would gladly entertain the notion of having two children to offer each other companionship," Abigail expressed with delight. Nurtured in the Quinn Village amidst a myriad of children from both local and nearby communities, she knew that the companionship would bring happiness.

"Do you foresee a scarcity of playmates for them?" Sean couldn't suppress his grin.

Observing the children of their acquaintances engaging in playful camaraderie, he was cognizant that solitude was never a concern.

Considering this, Abigail commented, "If our firstborn is a boy, then we can contemplate the prospect of a second child."

"There's no need to hasten; childbirth exerts a toll on the body. One child suffices," Sean responded, his concern evident for her well-being.

Abigail nestled against Sean's shoulder.

At the medical facility, Abigail underwent her examination while Sean disseminated the news to their circle of friends and family.

In under thirty minutes, word of Sean's impending fatherhood permeated.

Abigail's examination results yielded positive outcomes.

The doctor perused the report with a grin. "You are slightly over two weeks pregnant, and your health is exceptional. It appears you've been diligently adhering to a regular exercise regimen."

During her time abroad, Abigail indeed upheld her commitment to fitness.

"I engage in exercise occasionally," she responded with a subtle smile.

"No significant concerns at present, but should any apprehensions arise, I recommend returning for a follow-up examination within the next month or two. Ensure your diet is rich in nutrients, and oh... remember to abstain from sexual intercourse during the initial stages of pregnancy, understood?" the doctor advised, presenting her with the medical report.

Blushing slightly, Abigail acknowledged, "I'm well aware!"

Sean smirked knowingly.

As they left the hospital, Abigail handed him the report, inquiring, "What amused you earlier?"

"This is widely known information by now, yet the doctor emphasized it to remind us. Are there still couples who maintain intimacy during pregnancy?" Sean queried with curiosity.

How would I know? Abigail thought to herself as she playfully swatted him. "Why the sudden interest? We haven't even made any plans prior to the child's arrival. What if our child doesn't inherit intelligence?"

Placing his hand tenderly on Abigail's abdomen, Sean gently caressed it. "Even if two individuals with doctorates plan for a child, intelligence isn't guaranteed. Nevertheless, they'll undoubtedly be

endearing."

Abigail's heart melted at his reassurance.

With them as parents, their child would be nurtured and safeguarded, irrespective of intellectual prowess.

"Now that you're expecting, we should reevaluate our work commitments accordingly. You shouldn't overexert yourself during the initial stages," Sean expressed concern regarding her post-pregnancy workload.

“There are certain projects that I’ll need to defer. It’s a difficult decision, but a necessary one now,” Abigail affirmed. She refused to let her professional obligations overshadow her child’s well-being.

Considering this was her inaugural pregnancy, she understood the importance of prioritizing her health.

Upon returning home, she took the initiative to cancel ongoing projects and temporarily suspend designer recruitment.

Upon Luna and Josh’s return from the hospital, they inquired about the developments. After offering reassurances, Luna volunteered, “I’ll oversee L.Moon’s affairs while you focus on taking good care of yourself and the baby at home.”

Abigail considered her offer for a moment before earnestly nodding. “That sounds good. Engaging socially and pursuing goals could greatly enhance your mood as well.”

“I’ve heard of someone who battled depression and found solace in work and travel. Over time, their condition gradually improved,” Luna shared. Having managed her emotions through medication, she now contemplated avenues for self-improvement.

“If you feel overwhelmed, I can step in. Despite being pregnant, I’m still capable of contributing to some extent,” Abigail remarked, her hand rising to touch her visage.

“Well, when are you thinking of tying the knot? Today’s weather seems auspicious; why not seize the moment and go get the marriage certificate?” Lawrence gently prodded.

He had always harbored the wish for Josh to marry Luna sooner, seeking to instill a greater sense of security in Luna.

However, both Abigail and Luna remained adamant about undertaking the new journey together.

With Abigail now expecting, it became imperative for Lawrence to ensure that they tied the knot.

“Absolutely, there’s no better time than now,” Luna readily concurred.

The originally meticulously planned marriage registration proceeded unexpectedly smoothly and effortlessly, concluding within a mere two-hour span.

As Abigail tightly grasped the marriage certificate and returned to the car alongside Sean, she scrutinized the document, a whirlwind of emotions stirring within her.

Surprisingly, the sentiments evoked by both registrations were strikingly similar.

The disparity lay in the past, where her affection had been inexperienced and cautious.

Now, she could openly embrace the marriage certificate, unabashedly expressing her love for him.

“What are you thinking?” Sean inquired anxiously.

Abigail carefully placed the certificate into her bag and locked eyes with him. “It’s intriguing how the emotions from both registrations feel so similar,” she remarked.

This acknowledgment unquestionably served as the ultimate compliment to Sean.

Sean tenderly clasped her hand and murmured, “This time, I won’t let you suffer any longer. I promise, if I fail to uphold my word, I won’t have a favorable outcome.”

I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

Compassion to the Singles

“On such a jubilant occasion, can’t we have some words of positivity?” Abigail nudged him playfully, a grin dancing on her lips.

Sean’s smile remained subtle, his emotions veiled as always. Ever since Abigail fell pregnant, the glow on his face remained steadfast.

The pair leaned into each other’s embrace within the car.

Abigail gazed at the ever-changing scenery outside, feeling a wave of weariness washing over her. Slowly, she succumbed to sleep, her eyelids drooping.

Observing her drift into slumber, Sean tenderly held her.

Upon reaching home, Abigail stirred awake, stretching languidly before emitting a tired yawn. "I've been swamped lately; even with a bit of free time today, I feel drained."

"Perhaps it's due to the pregnancy," Sean suggested, stepping out of the car and waiting for her by the door.

Abigail yawned once more, offering no retort.

She retreated indoors and collapsed onto the couch, surrendering to further sleep.

Scarlett draped a blanket over her form.

"Dad, Mom, I'm stepping out for a bit," Sean informed Lawrence and Scarlett.

"Make sure to return for dinner tonight," Scarlett reminded him with a smile.

As Lawrence prepared to depart as well, he accompanied Sean.

As they ventured outside, Lawrence broke the silence, addressing Sean first, "You haven't been with us for long, and I don't claim to know you entirely. Abby has stood by your side through thick and thin for many years. If she ever does something to upset you in the future, I hope you'll treat her kindly."

"Where's this coming from, Dad? If she does something to upset me, it's my own issue," Sean swiftly retorted.

"I trust your sincerity now, but marriage is an enduring journey. You'll spend the next thirty, forty, or even fifty years together. During that time, temptations may arise, but I won't tolerate any missteps," Lawrence stated gravely.

"Dad, I've made it clear that if I cause her any pain in the future, I won't have a favorable outcome," Sean replied with a solemn expression.

"There's no need for such severe words. I'm just laying out the terms clearly upfront. Abby is the cherished gem of our family. If she endures any suffering because of you, my entire family will descend upon you without mercy," Lawrence reflected on the trials Abigail had faced over the years, earnestly wishing for her future to be smooth and secure, free from mishaps.

"Understood," Sean replied earnestly, his expression grave.

He apprehended that should he fail to take things seriously, he would incur Lawrence's wrath with physical repercussions.

"Where are you off to?" Lawrence's tone softened a touch.

"To the bookstore. I'm not quite sure what a husband should do when his wife is pregnant, so I intend to purchase some books on pregnancy and parenting," Sean explained.

Lawrence nodded in approval. It's wise to seek more knowledge.

Word of Abigail's pregnancy spread swiftly, yet she and Sean maintained a modest profile. They only distributed monetary gifts to their company's employees, eschewing any elaborate wedding gifts.

Sean insisted that the wedding gifts would be distributed at the actual wedding ceremony.

Later that evening, Kevin summoned Sean to the club, but Sean was hesitant. "I'm a married man now. I can't keep frequenting these places. My father-in-law will not let me off easily if he finds out."

"You haven't had the wedding yet. What do you mean by 'married man?'" Kevin inquired, his tone tinged with dissatisfaction.

"We are married," Sean affirmed.

"Married? And you planned it so quietly?" Kevin's drunkenness waned slightly.

Sean glanced at him. "The wedding won't happen so hastily. It's a year away. My flowers don't bloom overnight."

"Wait, what?" Alfie leaned in, bewildered.

"What's wrong with you?" Sean asked impatiently, ignoring Alfie's confusion.

"He can't get the person he wants, so he's feeling down now," Alfie quipped.

Sean was rendered speechless by Alfie's remark.

"It's not as if we can't win over the person we desire, huh?" Alfie teased, a playful spark dancing in his eyes.

“Let’s extend some compassion to the singletons.” Sean sighed, offering Alfie’s shoulder a comforting pat. “It’s rather pitiful. Let’s get him some booze.”

Kevin didn’t jest; instead, he held the bottle of alcohol firmly, his expression serious. “I mean it this time. I’m really serious!”

“You better choose the right person to be serious about,” Sean remarked icily.

“What’s wrong with her? I admit I used to be a bit of a player, but I promise to treat her well from now on!” Kevin took a hefty swig from his drink.

“Your promises won’t sway us. We can’t help you out either,” Alfie chuckled.

Kevin continued drinking in frustration.

Observing his distress, Sean fell silent.

If he needs to drown his sorrows, just let him be.

When Kevin was inebriated and secluded in a corner, he dialed Irene’s number.

After a few rings, Irene answered.

“Irene... are you busy?” Kevin slurred.

Alfie leaned in quietly, trying to overhear the conversation.

“I’m preparing for the clothing exhibition. Have you been drinking?” Irene’s tone lacked warmth, devoid of any concern.

Alfie felt a pang of sympathy for Kevin.

“I’m not feeling well,” Kevin whined.

There was a brief silence from Irene before she calmly responded, “If you’re unwell, go to the hospital. I’m busy here, so I’ll hang up now.”

“But—”

Before he could finish, Irene had already disconnected the call.

Alfie hurried over to Sean, concern etched on his face.

Kevin held onto his phone, his gaze unfocused. After a while, he slowly regained his composure, quietly pocketing his phone.

Observing Kevin in silence, Sean allowed Kevin to continue drinking, feeling too weary to intervene.