

# I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 901-910

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## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

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We Are Merely Friends

"Listen, I'm going to change. But you guys won't believe it." Kevin's tone remained steady.

Sean took a sip of his drink in silence, offering no response.

Alfie ceased his jesting as well, sensing the gravity of the moment.

"I've always been anxious that she knows everything about my past. I want her to be my girlfriend, but I'm afraid she'll leave if she discovers the truth. I feel trapped in this dilemma," Kevin confessed, his speech tinged with the effects of alcohol.

Only he truly comprehended the weight of his words.

"You're being naive. Do you recall what I warned you about?" Sean retorted coldly.

Kevin had long forgotten...

Rising to his feet and straightening his attire, Sean declared, "I must go."

Kevin had made his choice.

However, as the saying goes, actions speak louder than words, so only time would tell.

"I don't mean to dissuade you, but should you succeed in winning her affection, Irene's departure at the slightest misstep is assured. She's not like most women; she won't linger due to past investments. A second chance won't be granted if you make a slight mistake. Can you genuinely change yourself?" Sean queried, walking away without a second thought.

Alfie gently rested his hand on Kevin's shoulder. "I'm sincerely advising you to seek someone more compatible. Irene is an exceptional woman; don't cause her any pain."

Shrugging Alfie's hand off, Kevin exclaimed, "Are you crazy? What's my issue?"

"You're burdened with too many mistakes; she deserves someone better," Alfie replied with a sympathetic smile.

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Upon Sean's return home, Abigail welcomed him, immediately detecting the scent of alcohol.

"Have you been drinking?" she inquired.

"A little. Kevin was feeling down, so I joined him for a drink," Sean replied, rubbing his temples.

In the past, during conflicts with Abigail, he had relied on Kevin's support in a similar manner. Now, the tables had turned.

"I wonder if he's reflecting on his decisions," Abigail pondered with a smile as she assisted him with his coat.

"In retrospect, it's always regrettable. It's often difficult to foresee the consequences," Sean commented, embracing her. "I'll freshen up; you should go get rest first."

"Alright."

They retired to bed early that night.

Meanwhile, Kevin made his way to L.Moon.

L.Moon housed a studio renowned for its high-end clothing, where Irene and Yeezy were deeply immersed in their work.

Several other designers were also occupied within the studio.

Pausing at the entrance, Kevin observed for a moment before rapping on the glass door.

Upon catching sight of him, Irene's expression soured slightly, yet she still took a moment to set aside her work and greet him.

"I've mentioned before, I'm occupied," Irene's irritation thinly veiled.

Kevin regarded her, uncertainty flickering in his eyes. "I understand your workload. I've arranged takeout for everyone; it'll be arriving soon. Remember to take breaks and nourish yourselves; don't overexert."

"You don't have to. We've already eaten in the cafeteria. Especially with the Thanksgiving exhibition approaching, time is of the essence," Irene replied, growing increasingly impatient.

"Fine, feel free to discard it if you wish." Kevin wanted to say more but halted himself. "Well then, I'll leave you to do your tasks."

As he departed, Irene resumed her work.

After approaching Irene, Yeezy inquired, "Have you responded to Mr. Stewart?"

The other designers listened in covertly.

"Responding to what? We're merely friends," Irene retorted. Initially, she had feigned a romantic relationship with Kevin to aid in Sean's reconciliation with Abigail.

When Kevin later accused her of harboring feelings for Sean in the room, Irene had no intention of becoming emotionally entangled with him.

"Irene, if you accept his advances, your dynamic with Mr. Graham and Miss Quinn will change," a male designer chuckled.

"Miss Quinn already helped me secure a position at L.Moon; that's sufficient for me. I don't covet things that aren't rightfully mine," Irene replied with a smile.

Whether it was people or wealth, if she hadn't earned it through her own efforts, she didn't want it.

"You're refreshingly straightforward. You know, some women who aspire to marry into affluence would eagerly accept gifts and luxury items from Mr. Stewart. What significance does securing a job at the company hold?" the male designer teased.

"But all I desire is just a simple life," Irene murmured softly.

Yeezy now comprehended why Abigail had extended her help to Irene.

Among numerous talented individuals, Abigail didn't readily extend her help to just anyone.

However, there was an exception for someone like Irene because she was unique.

She harbored no hunger for power or material possessions; she remained grounded, unassuming, and true to herself.

Kevin's affections toward her were understandable.

"I thought you endured all that bullying just to climb the social ladder here. But what about Mr. Graham? I heard you were initially introduced to him on a blind date," the male designer inquired as he worked.

"Well, Mr. Graham is already married, so let's not dwell on it," Irene replied.

She simply favored men with Sean's demeanor.

Whether it was Sean or someone else, it mattered little to her.

If another exceptional man like Sean were to emerge one day, with a similar background, she would endeavor to match his caliber and vie for his attention.

She saw no fault in striving for an exceptional partner.

As discussions ensued, a security guard arrived with takeout, presenting an array of dishes.

Everyone expressed their gratitude to Irene, basking in her glory.

Irene abstained from eating, engrossed in her own design work.

At L.Moon, only a handful of designers remained; those engaged in the competition resumed their designing efforts, while others who didn't meet the criteria continued their work in the company's studio, offering mutual support as they progressed.

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## Breathtaking Design

Time slowly passed until Thanksgiving arrived.

On this day, Abigail also took some time to attend the exhibition. Two exhibitions were held concurrently. The modern fashion exhibition started first, while the one related to historical elements was scheduled for the evening.

Sean escorted Abigail into the venue.

“There’s no need to be so nervous. I’m not even three months pregnant yet, but the doctor said I’ve a stable fetus.” Abigail chuckled after sitting down, unable to suppress her amusement.

Sean sat down with a deep breath. “Those big issues arise when people have lowered their guards down.”

“You’re right,” Abigail nodded in agreement.

By the time the fashion show commenced, it was already the afternoon. The runway show began at 2.30 p.m.

Abigail couldn’t help but smile as she recalled a fashion competition organized by Kevin a long time ago. It was ultimately forced to end because of her conflict with Sean.

Sitting in the audience seats now, Abigail felt like the participation of these emerging designers in the exhibition marked a fresh start for each of them.

Previously, she had mourned the gradual decline of L.Moon, but now she felt quite content.

At least, the fashion design industry was ever-changing, always presenting something new for admiration. While today’s fashion was impressive, there was a slight lack of creativity. They were

appealing for everyday wear, but if worn by celebrities for a runway show, they would appear too ordinary.

Abigail felt a bit drowsy and leaned against Sean’s shoulder.

Behind them, two people whispered to each other.

“Each year’s designs seem to pale in comparison. None of the outfits from last year’s show made a splash. Seems to be the same this year.”

“Says who?”

Just then, a foreign model stepped onto the stage in a gown.

The gown was themed around peacocks, with delicate mercury-colored fabric adorned with peacock motifs. As the skirt billowed out, it resembled the graceful spread of a peacock’s feathers. Additionally, an overlay of sheer chiffon was embellished with green flowers.

It was simple yet exquisitely luxurious.

As the model appeared, the entire audience couldn’t help but gasp in admiration.

“This gown is truly remarkable. It must be L.Moon’s creation. If there’s nothing as outstanding as this afterward, this outfit would definitely nail the grand prize.”

“It’s definitely this one. There wasn’t anything as outstanding as this last year. I bet the celebrities watching the livestream are already in contact with the organizers.”

This gown was indeed outstanding. Abigail was captivated by its simplicity and grandeur.

“This dress is beautiful,” she said to Sean.

“Should I buy it for you?” Sean immediately suggested.

“Don’t do anything unethical. People from the entertainment industry usually watch these shows. Some hotshots would’ve already reserved the winning outfit,” Abigail replied. She admired the gown but wouldn’t hinder the development of the company’s designers.

She wondered which designer was behind it.

She suddenly felt excited about the upcoming historical fashion show.

After the fashion show ended, Abigail inquired about the designer of the peacock-themed outfit.

The organizers mentioned that someone named Yeezy was the brain behind that outfit, which caught Abigail by surprise.

Yeezy was known as a mature and dignified designer, with her past works often characterized by grace, elegance, and sophistication. It was rare for her to design something that deviated from her aesthetic.

After hanging up the phone, she called Yeezy, who immediately answered. "Hello, Miss Quinn."

She had an exuberant tone, indicating she had received good news.

"That peacock-inspired outfit was truly eye-catching. You're also capable of designing such clothing. It seems that your previous works didn't allow you to fully unleash your potential," Abigail said, her lips curling upward.

"I also wish to contribute to L. Moon," Yeezy replied humbly.

There were too many talented young designers in the past, and she was afraid that deviating from her usual style might not be well-received. Plus, when it came to grace and elegance, L.Moon did

not have that many designers with her level of experience. Sticking to her usual style had always secured her position at L.Moon.

"In fact, combining grace and innovation better aligns with your design style. You could try designing more pieces like that. By the way, how many people have placed orders for your designs?" Abigail asked in a gentle tone.

She would receive a 150 thousand prize for winning first place, but if someone rented the gown, L.Moon wouldn't take a penny of that money.

"Several popular actresses are interested in renting it, and the lowest offer is also 150 thousand," Yeezy's voice was filled with joy.

150 thousand.

Abigail scoffed inwardly.

These actresses in the entertainment industry loved to compete for attention but were reluctant to spend money.

“Don’t rent it out, no matter how much they offer. Once it is rented out, it loses its value. Let’s wait and see if anyone wants to buy it,” Abigail advised.

“Okay. I’ll follow your advice.” Yeezy was initially tempted but decided to wait a little longer after hearing Abigail’s words.

Abigail ended the call, and Sean immediately put her phone away.

“What are you doing?” Abigail wanted to check her Instagram.

“Phones are emitting radiation everywhere today. You should make fewer calls,” Sean said earnestly.

He had recently gained knowledge about women getting pregnant.

Abigail sighed. “There’s no need to be so vigilant.”

“Try to use it less.” Sean hugged her and comforted her. “I’ll talk to you.”

“I’m more interested in knowing how people evaluate Yeezy’s dress online.” Abigail’s heart was pounding in eagerness for the online reviews.

It was like watching a great drama and then rushing to binge-watch clips on video-sharing websites.

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### Her Unique Presence

“Let’s check out those reviews later. There’s another exhibition this evening,” Sean suggested, pulling her up. “Let’s grab something to eat first. I checked the timing for the evening performance. It starts at 5:30 p.m. and continues until close to 8 p.m.”

“Okay,” Abigail replied, holding his hand.

The evening featured a historical fashion exhibition.



Representations from various dynasties, including vintage, traditional, and the Dreek Dynasty styles, were showcased.

It was simply breathtaking with the stage effects.

Abigail felt a surge of excitement as she looked at it all.

When the shawm music began to play, the audience was captivated.

The final of the show was spectacular, from the shawm to the drums. The performance was top- notch.

“Do you notice that all the instruments used are ancient traditional instruments, not modern ones?” Abigail whispered to Sean.

“You ‘re aware of this, too?” Sean couldn’t quite discern it, but the music sent shivers down his spine.

It was as if it were pulling people back into the ancient river of history.

The runway’s backdrop was switched to scenes from mythological times. It featured the Sovereigns and Emperors as well as the phoenix rising from the ashes. As the animal rose to its full height and

spread its wings, it was the signal of the next scene transition.

Not only were the people at the scene shocked, but even the viewers in the live broadcast room were also extremely astonished.

‘It’s rather different. Now, I understand why the fashion show was held during the day. It’s because the historical costume show is exceptional at night.’

‘The music and the runway’s backdrop makes me feel like an emperor.’

‘I second this.’

As the distant female vocals began to sing, models dressed in mythological-themed attire emerged backstage.

The first to step out was unexpectedly Sneek God, the Mother of the Earth. Her attire was exceptionally dignified and solemn, and the model exuded a divine aura. However, her walk resembled a serpent's, and her hair ornamentation was exquisite.

The model slowly walked to the front of the runway, raised her chin to glance at the audience, then turned and walked back slowly.

A dignified and divine beauty resembling a serpent.

"As expected, Sneek God doesn't necessarily have to be portrayed with a tail. This model fully embodies Sneek God's temperament. It's sufficient. It's just that the clothes are rather ordinary."

"Combined with the music, it makes the atmosphere even better than some of the current fantasy dramas."

Everyone whispered in discussion.

The second one was Harpies, adorned with feather elements in her attire.

Various goddesses continued to grace the runway.

As the intermission arrived, Phoenix's appearance immediately caught everyone's attention as Phoenix was equivalent to the sun.

The attire inspired by the Phoenix, with elements of flames and adorned with totems from the era of the Sovereigns and Emperors, exuded an indescribable harmony.

The model portraying the Phoenix also exuded a commanding presence. It was as if a bird was disdainful of all creatures when walking.

Abigail immediately recognized the designer behind the Phoenix.

The Phoenix sparked cheers throughout the entire venue.

Abigail couldn't help but admire it because the attire incorporated many elements seen in history, such as the flame bird, sun totems, and even ancient characters.

The various professors sitting in the judges' seats began to discuss fervently.

They whispered to each other, their eyes filled with amazement and appreciation.

Even as the historical-themed fashion exhibition ended, everyone remained immersed in it.

Not only was the music sophisticated and imbued with divinity, but even the background animations were thought-provoking, let alone the mythological-themed attire.

When it comes to historical costumes, people usually think of those that have existed.

However, for mythological attire, it was the first time such an authoritative exhibition had been held, especially within historical themes.

“I want my phone.” Abigail couldn’t wait to check Instagram.

Sean also knew she couldn’t hold back any longer.

Abigail quickly grabbed her phone and saw that the top trending topic was “Historical Mythological Fashion.”

She clicked on it, and the comments were pouring in.

‘Wow! This Phoenix is amazing. In the past, the Phoenix was always depicted as male. But now there is a female Phoenix. As a student of mythology, I can guarantee that over ten ancient mythological elements are depicted in the attire of the Phoenix. The three-legged Phoenix, flame patterns, sun totems, and even ancient texts are used as patterns. This garment is divine.’

‘In recent years, classical styles have been praised. To be honest, I’ve grown tired of costumes from various dynasties. However, at tonight’s exhibition, the mythological costumes were a breath of fresh air. It’s so impressive. This is the culture of our glorious Cefroana. They can still create such amazing clothes even if they’re not real myths.’

‘I envy those who went to the venue. Can this exhibition go on tour? I want to experience our historical costume culture firsthand. When that shawm music played, my whole body tingled. Regarding which instrument is the best, it’s still our shawm.’

The popularity of the Phoenix was off the charts.

This garment was mainly valuable because of its authenticity. All the elements were related to history, not just made up.

Most importantly, the patterns on the garment were woven from characters.

Upon returning home, Abigail noticed that the top trending topic had changed.

‘It must be L.Moon.’

She clicked on it.

She found out that the first place in the fashion show was awarded to Yeezy, the designer from L.Moon. At the same time, Irene was awarded first place in the historical costume exhibition.

Irene’s meticulous research into history rightfully earned her recognition.

Yeezy’s first-place finish was solely due to the lack of impressive clothes in the fashion show. The peacock theme unexpectedly stole the show, and even netizens had to acknowledge her first-place finish.

The other designers wouldn’t stand a chance if she hadn’t gotten first place.

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Traces of a Miraculous Rebirth

The Phoenix was truly outstanding.

She was engrossed in her phone as Sean guided her into the house.

Seeing her so engrossed in her phone, Sean couldn’t help but shake his head. He guided her to a seat near the shoe cabinet and crouched to change her shoes.

Abigail’s gaze briefly left her phone screen and turned to him. “Thank you, dear.”

“No need to thank me,” Sean replied indulgently.

They entered the living room.

Sean was surprised to see Martin and Andrew. “How come you guys are here?”

“We heard you got married, so we came to give our blessings,” Martin stood up from the couch.

Abigail noticed that Andrew repeatedly watched the historical costume exhibition, particularly the mythological segment at the end.

“Do you like this part?” Abigail walked over to him with a hint of a smile.

“Do these gods exist in your mythology?” Andrew was astonished by what he saw on Instagram today. When he clicked into the livestream, he was utterly amazed.

He had never heard such music before or seen such clothes.

He had seen plenty of historical and mythological dramas, but none of the costumes were as unique as these.

“These gods indeed exist. We have plenty of gods in Cefroana mythology. If we were to talk about them, it would take three days and three nights to finish,” Abigail said proudly of Cefroana’s culture.

Both mythological culture and history were incredibly rich and complete.

“How can I get access to this kind of information? I want to understand the mythology.” Andrew was completely mesmerized by what he saw tonight.

Especially when the shawm music played, he felt like he was entering an immensely vast mythological world.

Indeed, in countries with profound cultural heritage, even music possesses a magical power to transcend time and space.

“You can go to university and ask around. There are some clubs dedicated to studying mythology, and they’re more orthodox than what you might read in books,” Abigail suggested.

Andrew felt like he had a new goal in mind.

After Martin’s visit, he conducted a check-up on Abigail.

“The fetus seems stable. The little one should be very healthy,” Martin smiled and told Sean after the examination.

“Thank you. I’ll take her upstairs to rest,” Sean said, leading Abigail away.

After Martin responded, he tapped Andrew’s shoulder. “You’ve achieved your goal too. Let’s go. It’s time to go home.”

Reluctantly, Andrew remarked, “I want to buy clothes like those.”

“Once your leg heals, you’ll look great in this kind of attire,” Martin pushed him gently as they headed out.

Back in the room, Abigail still clutched her phone.

Seeing her so engrossed in her phone, Sean didn’t ask her to put it down.

L.Moon’s designer winning all the first prizes was a good thing, considering L.Moon’s low traffic lately.

It was understandable that Abigail couldn’t stop scrolling her phone.

After washing up, she lay on the bed, still scrolling through Instagram.

When Sean came over to turn her over, she finally put down her phone and hugged his neck. “What’s up?”

“What do you think? With a baby in your belly, you’re lying on the bed like this. Aren’t you worried about putting too much pressure?” Sean’s eyes were deep.

Abigail blinked, “It’s not that serious.”

“Try lying down and resting,” Sean moved his body aside to avoid pressing on her.

Abigail turned her body to face him, propping her head with her hand as she gazed at him. “Do you think Irene can surpass this time? Her design is indeed very good. Even if it were me, I couldn’t design clothes like that.”

Everyone has their expertise.

Abigail excelled in innovation due to her solid foundation, but designs like Irene’s posed a challenge.

After all, when she was studying, her main focus was on art, and humanities and sciences were her weak subjects. She would have to research extensively for elements like these, whereas Irene didn't need to.

She only spent a month preparing this outfit.

"It's possible. She emphasizes texture and cultural heritage in her designs, with some innovation and her expertise in integrating elements. Many designers find it difficult to achieve this. She will become a professor-level figure in the industry in the future." Sean didn't understand the design circle, but Irene's Phoenix design tonight indeed carried a lot of weight.

Going mainstream means becoming famous.

Back then, Abigail also relied on her work to establish herself and quickly became popular.

"The people in the company who looked down on her are in trouble now," Abigail couldn't help but chuckle.

"You're helping her like this, hoping she'll remember your kindness in the future." Sean pulled up the covers and tucked her belly in.

Abigail leaned against Sean's side, looking at the ceiling. "I hope she succeeds."

She was very talented but also so insecure.

The next day, Abigail and Luna went to the company together.

When Yeezy saw them arrive at the design department, she stood up to greet them. "Miss Quinn, Miss Smith."

"Good morning, everyone. It's a big day in the design department today, so I brought some food and drinks for everyone," Abigail said with a smile.

Irene stood up from her desk, her gratitude evident in her eyes.

Abigail walked up to her. "You did a fantastic job. I asked the judges, and they said you deserved it. Among all the designs, yours had the highest quality."

"Thank you for giving me this opportunity. Otherwise, I wouldn't have had a chance to showcase myself," Irene sincerely thanked Abigail.

“The other participating designers shouldn’t be discouraged either. We won quite a few awards this time. When the results of the main competition are announced, I’ll treat everyone,” Abigail announced to everyone.

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### Exploiting A Designer’s Work Is Prohibited!

Despite the design department facing staff shortages, the prospect of treating everyone to a meal had unexpectedly brightened the atmosphere.

“You’re lucky,” quipped the male designer, who was fond of teasing.

This time around, Irene wasn’t toiling away solo on her clothing designs as the male designer had generously lent her his expertise.

Irene responded with a gentle smile and chose to remain silent.

Abigail, on the other hand, began to sense something amiss between them but didn’t make any overt gestures.

After summoning Irene and Yeezy into the office, Abigail directed her inquiry to Yeezy first. “Have you received any inquiries from anyone wanting to purchase the clothes?”

A smile adorned Yeezy’s face as she replied, “I was just about to tell you that someone offered me 9 million to purchase the entire collection.”

“From the entertainment industry?” Abigail still favored the idea of selling to up-and-coming stars or those renowned for their acting skills, which would bolster the designer’s reputation within the industry and potentially lead to higher sales prices.

“I don’t recognize the buyer personally, but here’s the number.” Yeezy retrieved her phone and passed it over.

Upon accepting the phone, Abigail glanced at the displayed number before copying it and forwarding it to Xavien.



"I'll have someone look into it for you, so hold off on selling for now," Abigail remarked and shot a glance at Irene. "What about yours?"

"There's a museum that's keen on me donating this garment to them. They want to exhibit it to promote culture," Irene revealed. She was secretly quite inclined toward the idea of having it showcased in a museum.

Abigail looked at her and was momentarily unsure of how to respond.

Luna cleared her throat. "Which museum is it?"

Despite Irene's inner inclinations, she ought to recognize the importance of not undervaluing her work. Disrespecting her efforts would be tantamount to disrespecting herself, she mused.

"It's reportedly the Endosky Museum," Irene replied, her voice tinged with a hint of uncertainty. The call from the party had caught her off guard, and in her immediate thoughts, Abigail was the first person who came to mind.

After all, Irene worked for L.Moon, and this piece of clothing had gained significant attention. How to handle it exactly? Well, that was up to Abigail.

"Do you happen to have a breakdown of the costs involved in creating this garment?" Luna asked calmly while reclining back in her wheelchair.

Her inquiry prompted a moment of reflection for Irene as the latter hadn't considered the financial aspect of her creation.

All the materials for the garment were provided by L.Moon, totaling roughly around 150 thousand. The gold thread was particularly expensive, and the fabric used was also of high quality.

Luna's subsequent words carried a weight of wisdom, her calm demeanor belying the seriousness of her message. "Are you aware that if someone, a company, or even a collective values your labor, they'll compensate you accordingly? It's essential to understand that even for cultural promotion, financial backing is crucial. When it comes to promoting cultural tourism or hiring models, they all understand the need for payment. If Endosky Museum isn't willing to compensate you, they're simply exploiting your talent," she concluded, her voice tinged with a silent sigh.

It was probably because they thought Irene was naive, so that was why they did this to her.

“Give me the phone,” Abigail instructed.

Without hesitation, she dialed the other person’s number.

However, disappointment struck as the other party promptly disconnected the call, not just once, but twice in a row. Hence, thwarting Abigail’s attempts to communicate with them.

Luna’s lips curled into a sardonic smirk, her chin tilting upwards as she said to Irene, “Why don’t you give it a shot?”

Irene hesitated momentarily before reaching for the phone. Her fingers tapped against the screen as she attempted to reach out once more. Yet, the ringing tone echoed fruitlessly, and she was met with silence on the other end.

This was clear that the other party knew Abigail’s phone number.

Luna’s expression soured, a mixture of disdain and disappointment evident as she gestured widely, “Their insincerity speaks volumes.”

A perplexed Irene scratched her head in bewilderment. “I never expected such behavior from them.”

Luna offered a knowing nod, her voice tinged with empathy as she elaborated, “It’s not entirely unexpected. You’re still relatively new to L.Moon, and your time has been consumed by the production crew. You haven’t had the opportunity to develop your designs yet. They see you as new, so they hope to exploit your naivety.”

Reflecting on past encounters, Luna recounted instances where she had encountered similar opportunists. She vividly recalled showcasing Abigail’s designs at modest fashion exhibitions, only to encounter companies masquerading as cultural ambassadors with the hidden intention of seeking to benefit from others’ talents without offering anything in return.

“Would you mind handling this garment for me? I’m not really well-versed in these matters.” Irene hesitated to get involved in clothing matters. Most importantly, everything about the clothes was made by L.Moon.

As the duo made their way back to the office, Abigail’s phone suddenly chimed with an incoming call.

Spotting the caller ID displaying the CEO of Leap Gaming Technology's name, Kirby Antoine, Abigail's lips curved into a knowing smile as she tapped the answer button and pushed Luna out of the design department.

"It's been quite some time since we last caught up. How have you been?" Her voice exuded warmth as she engaged in conversation.

Naturally, Leap Gaming Technology was interested in obtaining the licensing rights for Phoenix outfits. Abigail, well aware of the purpose behind his call, prepared herself for the negotiation ahead.

"Phoenix outfits come with a hefty price tag, so we can't adhere to the previous profit-sharing arrangement," she articulated.

"Would a 15% commission suffice? Considering it's the brainchild of our in-house designer, L.Moon, there's also a need to allocate a share to the original creator. Can you appreciate the complexity of the situation?" she continued.

The two of them stepped out of the elevator, and Luna wheeled herself into the office.

After hammering out the terms of the collaboration, Abigail requested Leap Gaming Technology's patience for another week so that the details could be finalized before she made the official announcement.

"Any other ideas?" Luna inquired.

"Indeed. Take care of matters at the company, and I'll reach out to someone," Abigail responded, reaching for her phone to dial Cindy's number.

Upon Cindy's prompt answer, Abigail wasted no time in asking, "Are you available? I'd like to meet face-to-face. There's a matter I could really use your assistance with."

Cindy's voice exuded eagerness as she replied, "What is it? I'm all ears and ready to help in any way I can!"

With a polite demeanor, Abigail requested, "Could you arrange for Madam Wright to have a meal with me? I have a collaboration proposal to discuss with her."

Cindy's response was swift and enthusiastic, "Absolutely, not a problem at all! Madam Wright and I are quite close. Would lunch today work for you?"

“Sounds perfect.” Abigail agreed without hesitation.

Doris Wright was a well-known filmmaker who was best known for her documentary series on mythology. Her social media account following surpassed 600 thousand.

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### A Smooth Collaboration

If the two parties were truly willing to collaborate, Abigail was willing to shell out money for these conscientious programmatic selections.

After she hung up the phone, Luna, who was sorting through documents, inquired, “Who is Madam Wright?”

Abigail’s response was swift. “Have you had the chance to watch ‘Ancient Mythology of Eswadia?’ It’s a captivating documentary series on mythology. Given Irene’s aspiration to champion cultural promotion, I felt compelled to explore a more authoritative avenue.”

“I wholeheartedly agree,” remarked Luna, endorsing Abigail’s strategic thinking. “With Leap Gaming Technology considering collaboration, the potential for sustained revenue is promising.”

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At noon, Abigail and Cindy arrived at the restaurant.

Doris appeared petite yet radiated confidence, and each gesture exuded a sense of assured competence.

“I heard you want to collaborate with me.” Doris didn’t beat around the bush, as she was acutely aware of the value of her time.

“Yes, I admire the mythology documentary produced by your team. This time, I’m thinking of collaborating with your program, where you’d produce an episode about the Phoenix while also promoting Leap Gaming Technology’s game. I’m willing to invest 600 thousand for this.

What do you think?" Abigail's demeanor betrayed a hint of nervous anticipation as she awaited her response.

This proposition represented more than mere advertising; it was a strategic alliance. Typically, advertising fees reached a ceiling of 150 thousand, so offering 600 thousand bordered on philanthropy.

After a moment of contemplative silence, Doris finally nodded as she acknowledged while fixing her gaze on Abigail. "It's a possibility. But before we proceed, I'll need to inspect that outfit of yours. Any imperfections, and I'll assist in rectifying them. Once the modifications are made, we'll arrange for a comprehensive shoot."

"Absolutely no problem," Abigail responded promptly. Her enthusiasm was evident in her voice.

With the collaboration settled, they moved on to ordering food.

"I've also attended that historical-themed costume exhibition. Some of the garments crafted by young individuals were quite impressive. It's essential for companies to engage in such activities more frequently to promote our rich historical culture," Doris remarked with a sense of satisfaction as she found particular joy in exploring mythological themes.

When it came to discussing history, everyone approached it with a meticulous mindset. However, mythology remained an inseparable part of Eswadia's civilization's history as it had persisted until to this day.

"When those mythological costumes came out, I was equally captivated. My admiration lies particularly with the 'Classic of Mountains and Seas' and the 'Ancient Mythology of Eswadia.' Perhaps it's my background in design that draws me to these fantastical narratives." Abigail's eyes sparked with excitement as she spoke to Doris.

"Speaking of the 'Classic of Mountains and Seas,' we're gearing up to tackle that project next year. If you're interested, you can start preparations now, and we can collaborate when the time comes," Doris suggested with a smile.

Meanwhile, Cindy quietly browsed her phone as she thought, In an era where many youths are avid followers of celebrities and fantasy dramas, cultural nuances like mythology often go unnoticed.

“Should you encounter any financial constraints, Sean and I would be more than willing to offer our support,” Abigail offered graciously as she poured a modest serving of wine for Doris.

“Certainly, this program is proving to be quite the magnet for investments. I’ll check and get in touch with you later,” Doris remarked to Abigail after their discussion, her fondness for the latter growing evident.

“Oh, and speaking of which, do bring along the designer responsible for Phoenix’s costume next time so I can have a closer look,” she added, noting the importance of both actors and costume design for her show.

Abigail immediately grasped Doris’ intention: she was to include Irene in the costume design team.

“Of course. Thank you, Mrs. Doris!” Abigail swiftly corrected her way of addressing Doris after she acknowledged the latter’s guidance.

Cindy sighed softly. “Looks like I need to delve into these cultural aspects as well. I couldn’t even slip a word in during your conversation.”

“Her documentary is truly captivating. You should find time to watch it. Our mythology is vast beyond comparison to other countries,” Abigail commented, a subtle smirk playing on her lips and her eyes carrying profound significance.

“This young lady is always chasing after stars but is clueless about these cultures!” Doris said angrily.

Cindy pouted. “But I have to like that. Looking at the fashion exhibition, I was drawn to that piece of music because of its connection to mythology. To promote these cultures effectively, you have to tap

into what appeals to young people.”

“For instance, Abigail suggested collaborating with you on a gaming partnership. Through this partnership, the gaming community could learn about mythology and the significance of the phoenix. That’s how cultural dissemination works in today’s world,” she added.

Abigail couldn’t help but find Cindy’s words remarkably insightful.

Most gamers were young people, and when someone tried to forcefully impose cultural elements on them, they often resisted. However, creating an immersive storytelling video through collaboration might subtly change the mindset of young individuals. Thus helping them develop an appreciation for these cultural aspects.

After pondering for a while, Doris finally agreed. "I think you're right."

Once they finished their meal, Abigail bought a gift for Cindy before they headed back to the company.

She then dialed Kirby's number to share her thoughts. "Consider reaching out to Madam Wright as well. She's quite attuned to this culture. Timing it for Independence Day could make it even more impactful," she suggested.

Kirby hung up and immediately reached out to Doris.

On the day Irene brought clothes to Doris' company, she brought Cindy along

After carefully arranging the garments, Cindy couldn't contain her excitement. "These are amazing! I wish I could buy them all," she exclaimed.

"You know that's not feasible, and your father wouldn't approve," Doris replied as she carefully examined the clothes with a hint of admiration in her eyes.

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

7-9 minutes 10/27/2024

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### The First Major Payment

Be it the intricate patterns or the profound texts, it all resonated with the ancient culture.

"Miss Walker, your grasp of cultural basics is commendable. How about considering joining my team? I discussed it with your boss, Abigail, yesterday, and she seemed inclined to agree," Doris suggested, her smile widening with anticipation.

Cindy, eager to solidify the deal, chimed in, "Mrs. Doris occasionally contributes to the production of official media dramas. You should seize this opportunity."

Irene, feeling the weight of the decision, knew she needed to consult Abigail first, so she cautiously asked, “Can I take some time to think about it?”

“Of course, take your time. If you decide to join us, just have Abigail reach out to me. While my team might not be the wealthiest, we value fairness and won’t subject anyone to mistreatment. We also won’t be intimidated by petty threats that would force you to retreat halfway,” Doris assured her after their discussion with Abigail, during which they learned more about Irene’s background.

It came to light that Irene was the designer who had been rejected by the “Red Beauty” drama crew.

“Very well, I’ll give it serious consideration,” Irene replied humbly as she acknowledged the opportunity presented to her.

After perusing Irene’s portfolio, Doris summoned a professional photographer to capture the essence of her designs from various angles, even capturing some exceptionally fine details.

Upon completion of the shoot, she let out a sigh of admiration. “If you were to sell this outfit, how much would you ask for it?”

Irene, mindful of the outfit’s significant production cost, replied cautiously, “I’m uncertain, but if your drama crew wishes to use it, I’ll need to consult Miss Quinn first.”

Doris nodded in understanding. She acknowledged Irene’s sincerity and humility and opted not to delve further into questioning.

With the shoot wrapped up, she tasked Irene with returning the garments.

...

Back at the company, Irene relayed every detail Doris had disclosed to Abigail.

Abigail deliberated, “If they’re keen on featuring it in their program, they could certainly contribute, but given the significant investment of your time and effort, I’ll engage with Doris to secure some compensation for you.” She was keen on ensuring the garments didn’t simply go to Doris’ crew without any benefit in return.

Even if they are tight on funds, can they possibly be in a worse situation than Irene? Abigail pondered.



“Go have a chat with their team. There’s still a gaming tie-in in the works for these outfits. The company will take a 5% cut from sales, and you’ll receive 10%. Once we’ve recouped our costs, it’ll drop to 3%, with you receiving 12% individually,” Abigail outlined, in part to maintain Kevin’s reputation.

Irene eagerly concurred, “Actually, sticking with 10% all along would suffice. You’ve already gone above and beyond for me. Can I get a bit more for the next design like this?”

“Well... I suppose that could be arranged,” Abigail conceded with a smile.

A week after finalizing contracts with Doris and Leap Gaming Technology, the latter took the lead in unveiling the tie-in promotional video. It showcased the narrative of the Phoenix set to the exhibition’s background music and provided a concise storyline. The intricate details of the costumes were courtesy of Doris.

Following the narrative, Doris appeared to explain the tale of the Phoenix and the ancient mythology behind the patterns on the clothes, all while she meticulously highlighted each detail before the camera.

The sheer magnificence of the attires was absolutely breathtaking.

Abigail retweeted the vibrant Instagram post from Doris which then quickly became a hot topic.

Underneath the post, the comments section erupted into a frenzy of excitement.

‘Holy sh\*t, having Madam Wright onboard for this collaboration is a game-changer! Known for her expertise in capturing the essence of ancient mythology, she’s truly a meticulous visionary. Count me in for this outfit!’

‘The intricate details and opulence displayed in this garment are simply irresistible. My only concern is whether the price will match its splendor.’

‘While the focus seems to be on women’s fashion, what about the men’s one? Let’s hope they don’t disappoint. Remember the stunning pearl garment from the last collaboration? It was a masterpiece. I have a feeling this must be L.Moon’s creation... as the others in the lineup tend to pale in comparison!’

‘It’s undeniably breathtaking! But now I’m torn, contemplating whether to splurge on this limited-time offer. Non-paying players might miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.’

As this exquisite collection was part of a time-limited collaboration, enthusiasts knew they had to act fast to secure their coveted pieces.

The tripartite collaboration ensured that the topic continued to dominate conversations and social media feeds for days on end.

Caught up in the whirlwind of activity, Irene found herself juggling contracts with Doris' drama crew while also lending her expertise to the artistic design of the game's men's clothing.

Fearing the wrath of gamers, Leap Gaming Technology had no choice but to enlist her help to fine-tune the details.

Her days were a whirlwind of activity.

As September drew near, her account welcomed its first substantial deposit.

The long-awaited prize for clinching the top spot in the fashion show had finally materialized.

Irene sat on the bus, her gaze fixed on the digits in her bank account, her lip caught between her teeth as she silently encouraged herself.

Once she amassed 1.5 million, her dream was to purchase a home in the heart of Capitalis. With the keys in hand, she envisioned bringing her beloved grandparents to join her. Five years of residency here, and she could even transfer her household registration.

Upon stepping off the bus at her destination, she resolved to treat her colleagues to a well-deserved meal.

While the company provided for most needs, such as coffee, fresh fruit, and delicate pastries, L.Moon was never short of anything.

Behind the wheel of his car, Leon cruised past her with deliberate slowness, his vehicle driving alongside the sidewalk. "Are you still taking the bus every day? With your earnings, you could invest in a mobility scooter for more convenience," he remarked.

"I'm good. I haven't gotten around to getting my driver's license, and honestly, I wouldn't know where to start with driving. From my neighborhood, I can hop on the subway, make a quick transfer

to a bus, and voila! No worries about getting stuck in traffic congestion,” Irene said with a smile on her face.

Leon eased his foot off the gas and allowed the car to glide smoothly along the road. “Which station do you take the bus from?” he inquired, genuine interest lacing his tone.

After Irene answered, she couldn’t help but ask, “What brings this up?”

“I happen to pass by that area often. If our paths cross again, I’d be more than happy to give you a lift,” Leon offered, a soft smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

“Sure,” she replied, her agreement coming easily at the mention of a serendipitous encounter.

Leon drove to the parking lot and instructed her to wait for him on the ground floor.

Irene thought it was still early, so she readily acquiesced.

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

8-10 minutes 10/27/2024

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### The Reason Behind Your Happiness

Kevin drove past the entrance of L.Moon and caught sight of Irene standing there. A smirk played at the corner of his lips.

He quickly parked the car and strode out.

Entering the lobby of L.Moon, his gaze honed in on Irene, who was engrossed in conversation with another man. The man beside her, though not conventionally handsome, possessed an innate charm that radiated a sense of warmth and approachability.

Kevin halted in his tracks.

The way Irene talked with the man was completely different from her usual demeanor with him.

Even as they stepped into the elevator, Kevin was unable to shake off the lingering sense of bewilderment that gripped him.

When Irene turned and saw him, her surprise was fleeting, but it was swiftly replaced by a composed, neutral expression that betrayed little emotion when she turned away.

Not once did her gaze linger on him as the elevator doors slid shut.

Meanwhile, Leon's gaze also lingered on Kevin.

Suddenly, the elevator fell into a hushed silence.

After a brief pause, Irene finally spoke up, her voice tinged with a hint of apprehension. "We didn't wait for Mr. Stewart... I'm feeling a bit on edge."

Leon's smile exuded reassurance as he replied, "It's alright. He won't take it personally. And even if he does, we still have Miss Quinn and Miss Smith to support us, don't we?"

"Yeah, you're right. There's always the other department," Irene chimed in awkwardly before lapsing into silence once more.

"I've heard you've been lending a hand with the men's fashion line for Leap Gaming Technology lately. If you ever need guidance or have questions, don't hesitate to reach out to me. I've got some experience in that area," he offered, his tone casual yet genuine.

"So far, nothing has really thrown me off. I just make a few adjustments here and there, but it's no big deal," Irene replied softly. "Oh, and speaking of which, my bonus just came through. I'd like to treat everyone to dinner tonight."

Leon's response was frank, tinged with a hint of practicality. "You really don't have to, honestly. Most of the designers in the company are more financially secure than you might think. How many of them haven't earned millions? Your 150 thousand bonus might not impress them as much."

The majority of the designers who remained with the company were locals, hailing from backgrounds far from financial hardship.

In Capitalis, how many locals hailed from humble beginnings?

When L.Moon's traffic surged, their annual incomes soared into the millions.

"Alright," Irene acquiesced while feeling a mixture of relief and disappointment at the thought of not having to foot the bill.

Yet, she knew she still had to strive harder to make her mark.

...

Abigail was at home, listening to Sean narrating stories to the child in her belly, when Kevin abruptly barged in and plopped himself onto the couch with a disgruntled huff.

“What’s wrong?” Sean glanced over at Kevin, his features etched with worry, as he asked while holding a book in one hand.

Kevin fidgeted with his collar in annoyance, and his voice was devoid of its usual vigor as he replied, “Nothing much. Do you happen to have any liquor around?”

“Yes, we do,” Sean said, then called for the nanny to fetch him some tequila.

Kevin poured himself a generous serving and silently consumed them as he methodically drained one shot after another.

Sensing the somber atmosphere, Sean abandoned his book and joined Kevin on the couch. After a moment of contemplative silence, he asked, “Has something troubled you? Perhaps a breakup?”

Kevin’s response was tinged with melancholy as he murmured with a gloomy look, “I’ve yet to even venture into a relationship, so no, no breakup to speak of.”

Understanding flickered in Sean’s eyes as he regarded Kevin. “Then, why are you drowning your sorrows in alcohol?” he pressed on, his confusion evident.

With a hint of frustration, Kevin snapped back. “If you’re concerned about the cost, I’ll gladly reimburse you. But for now, please spare me the lecture and let me drown my sorrows in peace.”

Sean sighed deeply, his gaze heavy with resignation. “Irene... Is she truly in love?”

Kevin’s response came swift and curt, his voice tinged with a hint of annoyance. “What does it matter to me whether she’s in love or not?”

Abigail’s piercing gaze bore into him, her tone laced with a mix of concern and exasperation. “Why insist on this futile pursuit? Is she the only one who captures your interest? Must you tether yourself to this one tree and ignore the forest of other possibilities?”

“This inability to win her over leaves him unsettled,” Sean remarked as he sunk deeper into the cushions of the couch. His tone carried a hint of frustration, tinged with a touch of arrogance. “After all, he has been accustomed to success in matters of the heart.”

Kevin’s frustration boiled over as he questioned Sean’s loyalty. “Are you even still my friend?”

With a nonchalant shrug, Sean brushed off the accusation, and his indifference was noticeable. “Even if I were to advocate for you, the reality remains unchanged.”

Choosing silence over confrontation, Kevin drowned his thoughts in his drink and silently conceded to the logic of Sean’s words.

Indeed, Sean’s argument held merit.

Irene’s preference for an ordinary worker over him struck a chord of resignation within him.

“Let it be,” he muttered under his breath and accepted the inevitability of her decision.

With Irene’s choice made, he found himself at a loss for further words or actions.

“Essentially, you’re on your own with this,” Sean remarked as he rose from his seat to rejoin Abigail’s side. “Alternatively, we could head out to the garden, and I’ll carry on reading to you.”

“Forget it; let’s just head back to the room. I’m feeling quite tired,” Abigail replied as she stifled a yawn.

Kevin observed Sean preparing to assist Abigail upstairs and couldn’t resist interjecting, “Are you just going to disregard me?”

“Your demeanor leaves much to be desired,” Sean remarked with a hint of resignation. “But let’s set that aside for now. You should perhaps mull it over on your own. As for me, I still need to comfort

my wife, and her pregnant belly needs attention, you know.”

Kevin’s brows furrowed in disbelief. “Are you serious? She has only been pregnant for a short while. The fetus hasn’t even developed ears yet, and you’re already talking about soothing it to sleep? Even if this is your first time becoming a father, shouldn’t you educate yourself a bit beforehand? There are countless books available.”

“Then, you have to wait until I’ve coaxed her to sleep before I can join you downstairs,” he declared firmly and displayed a sense of confidence that brooked no argument.

Kevin fought the urge to roll his eyes, a mixture of exasperation and disappointment swirling within him. Despite the temptation, he managed to suppress the gesture and opted instead for a deep, resigned sigh. With a quiet exhalation, he muttered to himself in a tone tinged with disbelief, “I really ended up in the wrong place.”

“In that case, you might as well leave,” Abigail declared, her tone leaving no room for negotiation. It was evident that he had disrupted a moment meant for her and her husband, and she made no effort to hide her annoyance.

After diligently tying up loose ends at the office, Sean made a heartfelt promise to dedicate the entire day to her.

“I refuse to return!” Kevin protested as he felt unfairly treated.

In the midst of his own turmoil, he couldn’t help but wonder why Sean and Abigail seemed to effortlessly bask in happiness together.

“Ignore him,” Sean remarked before leading Abigail back to their room.

It had only been a month and a half, yet her abdomen remained flat.

With tender care, he helped her settle onto the bed and his hand gently traced the curve of her belly as he whispered, “Rest now, and I’ll tell you a bedtime story.”

“Sure, read it in Aktani. I’ll drift off soon,” Abigail murmured, and her eyelids fluttered shut.

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

7-9 minutes 10/27/2024

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### Be Prepared

It was evident to her that leaving Kevin downstairs was hardly fair.

Not even five minutes had passed since Sean had been reciting when the soft sound of Abigail's breath filled the air. With utmost care, he rose from his seat and planted a tender kiss on her cheek before silently slipping out of the room.

Back on the first floor, Sean's perplexed gaze fell upon Kevin. "I'm afraid I must abstain from joining you for drinks. After all, she's carrying our child. It wouldn't be wise to indulge in alcohol."

Kevin, his bewilderment mirrored by Sean's, retorted, "Do you lack basic common sense? You shouldn't be drinking even before she conceives."

Sean was unfazed by Kevin's skepticism and quipped, "What if she desires a second child? Preparation is key."

Momentarily rendered speechless, Kevin struggled to formulate a coherent response. "You truly are something else," he managed to articulate finally.

Turning his attention to the coffee table, Sean retrieved a selection of dried meat and arranged it meticulously on a decorative fruit platter. He also opened some peanuts and put them beside it, then asked the maid to bring over a fork and knife.

As Kevin munched on the peanuts, he couldn't help but lament, "It appears that Irene has taken a liking to one of the designers at Abigail's company."

"That's normal, too. There are a few male designers in the company who not only possess good looks but also exude exceptional charm," Sean remarked casually. He had paid a visit once and found himself forming somewhat lasting impressions of a few male designers.

"How do you manage to observe so attentively?" Kevin inquired, his expression reflecting a deep sense of gratitude. "Could it be that you've been observing those individuals with my interests in mind from the very beginning?"

Sean responded in a matter-of-fact tone, "As long as you're pleased."

Originally, he was wary of the designers developing a fondness for Abigail, but since Kevin seemed to prefer this certain narrative as it would make him feel better, he decided not to disclose the truth to him.

"Well, you've been really kind to me... My earlier efforts toward you weren't in vain," Kevin remarked and let out a hearty belch.



The tequila had certainly taken its toll on him. As intoxication set in, his emotions began to overflow.

“What do you think I’ve done wrong to her? I’ve put in significant effort to change, and I’ve refrained from engaging with any other woman. She hasn’t afforded me any opportunity at all. I acknowledge that my initial intentions might have been frivolous, but I realize my mistake now,” Kevin confessed, his grip on the glass tightening as anguish consumed him.

Sean reflected on the consequences of Kevin’s past actions toward those girls and opted to remain silent.

The thought of the agony caused by rejection weighed heavily on Kevin, causing Sean to ponder the extent of suffering experienced by those girls Kevin had heartlessly cast aside.

“Sean, I’m talking to you!” Kevin’s voice carried a tone of discontent as he looked to Sean for a response.

Sean’s gaze bore into him, his expression a mixture of resignation and empathy. “What do you want me to say?” he sighed helplessly.

Kevin met his gaze with a scrutinizing stare. “Then why remain silent?” he questioned, his tone laced with a hint of frustration.

Sean’s response was delivered with remarkable calmness, yet it cut deep. “The pain you’re experiencing pales in comparison to the anguish felt by those girls who once loved you,” he stated, his words carrying the weight of undeniable truth.

Each word uttered felt like a blow to Kevin’s heart, causing him to falter under the weight of his own emotions.

“You’re trapped in your own suffering, drowning in self-pity, but have you ever considered the feelings of those who genuinely cared for you?” Sean’s voice remained steady as he silently poured another glass of wine.

As Kevin drank in silence, he was forced to confront the harsh reality of his actions. After a prolonged moment of reflection, he finally conceded. “You’re right, it’s my fault.”

Sean’s response was gentle yet firm. “I’m not here to assign blame, but I do hope you’ll approach relationships with greater sincerity in the future,” he said, his words carrying a subtle undercurrent of encouragement.

“Thank you,” Kevin replied as a sense of awareness dawned upon him.

As the true sc\*undrel he was, he couldn’t help but acknowledge that he didn’t deserve someone as remarkable as Irene.

...

When lunchtime approached, Abigail woke up.

Her eyes fluttered open to find Sean seated by her bedside. Relief flooded her senses as she sat up, her gaze meeting his. “Has Kevin left?” she inquired.

Sean was diligently sifting through the stack of documents before him when his focus was abruptly redirected by Abigail’s voice. “Hmm, it seems like things won’t pose much trouble for us during this period,” she observed, her tone carrying a hint of relief.

Deep down, he believed that Kevin had finally seen reason.

“I’ve always believed that matters of the heart eventually find their resolution as we navigate through them,” Abigail remarked, her lips forming a thoughtful pout. “I could use some water,” she added as she felt a sudden thirst.

“I’ll fetch it for you,” Sean offered, already turning to leave.

“No need. I’ll just head downstairs to watch some TV.” Abigail declined as she felt a tad guilty for the attention she was receiving.

Nevertheless, Sean was quick to assist her to her feet once again.

Downstairs, Abigail indulged in the simple pleasure of watching television while snacking on fruits.

“Should you perhaps eat a bit less? Lunch will be ready soon,” Sean gently reminded her, his concern evident in his voice.

“I’m fine, just feeling a bit peckish,” Abigail reassured him while marveling at how her appetite had surged since her pregnancy began.

"It's a relief that you're not experiencing morning sickness," Sean remarked, his voice tinged with gratitude and a hint of worry. He had read extensively about the discomfort and potential risks associated with morning sickness, both for the mother and the unborn child.

"Indeed, perhaps I'm just blessed with a resilient body," Abigail pondered aloud.

She didn't have morning sickness but developed a penchant for sour food. Sour-sweet apples, sour-sweet grapes, and so on were her cravings.

"Perhaps that's the case," Sean murmured, his hand gently caressing her growing belly.

"You seem to have a thing for my belly. Are you already looking forward to our little one's arrival?" Abigail couldn't shake the feeling that Sean genuinely adored the idea of having children.

While his suggestion of adoption might have initially been to spare her any discomfort, deep down, she sensed his longing for a child of their own.

"Well, it's because our baby will be the product of our love," he responded, his eyes reflecting a mixture of hope and longing.

In the countless days and nights following their divorce, he had fantasized about what their child would be like if he and Abigail had one together. Yet, amidst these fantasies, he often wondered if such a future was merely a figment of his imagination.

Abigail turned her head to gaze at him for a moment. Then, she wrapped her arms around him and drew him into a warm embrace. "You've always wanted this, haven't you? A child with me?"

"I have," he confessed, his voice barely above a whisper. "But more than anything, I want our baby to be born out of the purest form of love between us. Anything less wouldn't do justice to the happiness our child deserves."

## I Want a Divorce [On-Going]

5-7 minutes | 10/27/2024

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## Adapted Story

Abigail blinked, her gaze fixed on Sean's eyes as if searching for answers within them.

"What's troubling you?" Sean welcomed her scrutiny.

"I'm wondering why you think that way." Abigail was puzzled by Sean's insistent stance.

Few men were as enamored as Sean when they were in a relationship.

"Perhaps it's rooted in my upbringing as I was born from genuine love between my parents. I refuse to see my future wife merely as a pawn for the Grahams. It's not about fulfilling expectations or upholding a family legacy." Sean regretted treating Abigail as he did back then, but even if he could travel back in time, he would still oppose Lina.

However, given the opportunity, he would make things clear with Abigail.

"I'm happy that you think that way. I just wish I had realized it sooner." Abigail felt a pang of remorse.

"It's not too late to understand my intentions now," Sean reassured her, cherishing the moment.

After lunch, he suggested a leisurely walk.

"But what about your responsibilities? I can have a stroll by myself." Abigail recalled the piles of paperwork awaiting him in the study.

"I won't go back on my promise since I said I would spend the day with you," Sean affirmed, squeezing her hand.

They strolled to a quieter area, pausing by a maternity store.

"Baby clothes are so tiny," Sean observed while picking up a pair of delicate shoes and comparing them to his palm.

Abigail mirrored his action, noting, "They are incredibly small."

The couple browsed through the maternity store, familiarizing themselves with the array of infant essentials.

“Anyway, Grandpa and Grandma said they’d come by on Independence Day.” Sean had informed the elders in advance, though he sensed an unusual lack of enthusiasm from his grandmother this time, which was odd.

“Let them come, then. Did you just tell them we got pregnant?” Abigail found it strange, recalling how Sean had eagerly shared the news with everyone as soon as he found out they were pregnant. How could he forget to tell the elders?

“I told them long ago, but I suppose they’re making some preparations,” Sean explained tenderly.

Abigail hummed in response.

Sitting under the shade of a tree, she watched a young couple brushing past them and recalled Luna’s pregnancy.

“Do you think Luna had a hard time during her pregnancy?” Abigail recalled how unpredictable Luna’s emotions were back then, and it was even worse post-delivery.

How much pain could she have endured during that period of time?

Unbeknownst to Abigail, she could’ve suffered and agonized alone.

“That’s all in the past now.” Sean acknowledged her feelings and offered reassurance.

“But every time I think about it, I feel terrible,” Abigail muttered.

From Luna’s pregnancy, delivery, and being rescued, she had suffered for a long time.

“Josh will make it up to her for the rest of his life.” Sean squeezed her hands. “If they ever argue, I’ll take whichever side you take without a second thought.”

In response, Abigail chuckled. “Keep your word. I’ll stand by Luna’s side, no matter what.”

After all, Luna bore her and Josh’s child amidst such adversity.

Once they reached the end of the street and prepared to head back, Sean’s phone rang.

“Hello, Mr. Norris,” Sean answered, his tone professional as he noticed an important figure calling.

Standing next to him, Abigail caught Lando Norris' words clearly.

"Regarding the topic you raised, I wish to discuss further with you the specifics. Are you available to have a quick chat? I've taken a brief break to discuss this with you, but I need to return to work soon," Lando courteously inquired.

Abigail sensed his desire for Sean to spare some time for a meeting.

"I'm currently with my wife. However, if it's alright with you, I can bring her along," Sean suggested, reluctant to leave Abigail behind.

"That's perfectly fine. I'll send you the address," Lando readily agreed.

Sean escorted Abigail to a charming tea house.

Lando Norris, a plump man in his forties, wore a gray duckbill cap, an olive-colored jacket creased with wrinkles, and faded jeans.

His appearance matched Abigail's preconception of a commanding director perfectly.

"I was actually anticipating the chance to meet your wife, too, so I'm pleased you brought her." Lando greeted Sean with a smile.

Abigail was surprised to hear his remark. "You wanted to meet me?"

Sean, being the gentleman, pulled out a chair for her to sit.

Lando chuckled, "Why do you sound so surprised? Mr. Graham shared your remarkable experiences abroad with me. I'm currently on the lookout for an actress with a similar background to yours."

Abigail responded with further surprise and a hint of embarrassment, "My experiences?"

"Yes, your experiences, along with Mr. Graham's, are quite fascinating. Some aspects of the script I'm adapting are quite unclear, so I'll need to ask you both some questions, and your responses will be invaluable," Lando explained, eager to begin.

The session spanned nearly three hours.

During the session, Lando's phone would keep ringing, but he disregarded it.

Once he was done, Lando appeared pleased with the notes he had taken. "It's always ideal to hear it straight from the source. Now, everything fits together seamlessly!"

"May I ask about the genre of story you intend to tell?" Abigail inquired, her interest sparked.

"Love and suspense," Lando replied mysteriously. "But I'll be tweaking some elements to inject more drama into the narrative."