

I Want a Divorce [On-Going] 921-926

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6-7 minutes 10/27/2024

More Time Together

Abigail expressed a desire to have another child. What if childbirth wasn't as painful as anticipated? Despite having experienced significant pain in the past, she believed she was capable of handling any challenges that arose. Isla moved closer and inquired, "Would you want another child?"

"If our first child is a son, then yes. If it's a daughter, then I'll have to think about it." Abigail articulated her wish for a daughter in line with Sean's preference. She thought, /'m sure a git! with an older brother would be much happier.

"Calvon wants a sister, too!" Isla expressed her thoughts with certainty. Luna joined the conversation with a smile. "Already thinking of a second child?"

"Isn't the atmosphere lively today? I'm finding it quite enjoyable." Isla observed the two children engaging in the clamor, which she found pretty amusing

Abigail nodded. "Indeed."

Meanwhile, Sean, Kevin, and Josh were deeply immersed in a popular horror game. Kevin even screamed a few times.

"I'll need more practice." At the sight of his character losing his life again. Josh gave a helpless sigh and looked at Kevin.

"I might not be proficient in this game, but I excel whenever I play at Damon's game," Kevin defended himself.

“In the context of any game, financial resources can solely be exchanged for ostentatious yet valueless items.” Damon made a jest.

“Are you telling the truth? I don’t believe you,” Kevin retorted as he set aside his game console to join Irene, who had recently created her game account. She was still familiarizing herself with the game.

At that, Damon generously presented Irene with a set of the Phoenix skin she had designed.

“Was this designed by you? It’s beautiful! Do you know how many of this was sold?” Kevin leaned closer to Irene. His gaze was on the screen, but he constantly brought up Damon’s name.

The clattering of Damon’s keyboard filled the room as he typed. “I heard several million units have been sold.”

“Impressive! You must be earning quite a substantial income.” Kevin commented, gazing at Irene with contentment.

Irene responded in acknowledgment, “Since we’re on holiday, forget about work.”

He had also created a gaming account.

As such, the morning passed just like that. Yanine and Larry were lucky to avoid sitting together during lunch since it would have led to a fight “Hmmpnh. I’ll not offer him food when he visits next time!” Yanine voiced her concerns to Eilane as she nibbled on a chicken leg.

“What did you guys fight about again?” Eilane chuckled

“He tricked me into consuming a spicy substance.” Yanine was willful and pampered, but lucky for her, Larry did not fancy girls like this. Calvin exhibited politeness and conducted himself in a manner befitting a young gentleman.

Larry was known for his obedience, but he started to become mischievous after spending time with Josh. His lively nature and being the only child in the family made him excessively indulged by the adults

“Larry’s still young. He doesn’t know how to be considerate toward girls. Don’t argue with him,” Lina advised Yanine while peeling shrimp for the younger one.

Now that Yanine was given an out, she remarked, "That's for sure. I have to say this, though. He's way behind Calvin. I want to marry someone like Calvin when I'm older."

"You're still young, but you're thinking of marriage?!" Eliane sighed. Wiping her face, she continued, "Your dad and I are both introverts. Who did you take after?"

Laughter resonated throughout the table.

The dinner was held outdoors in the yard, showcasing an outdoor barbecue prepared by a chef.

Subsequently, everyone except Sean and Abigail was wasted.

Josh, slightly intoxicated, carried Luna back to the room.

Sean aided all individuals in entering their vehicles, conveying his sense of relief. "Those who don't drink had a hard time." "Thanks for your efforts, honey," Abigail said, moving closer to him and linking her arm with his.

They sat on the couch. Sean leaned against Abigail's abdomen to listen to the movements within.

"How is it? Can you hear anything?" She engaged in playful teasing by pinching his ear.

Sean gazed at her. "I can't hear anything. I think we'll have to wait another seven to eight months. We'll go for the check-up tomorrow since your abdomen seems enlarged. I'm just-

Abigail's heart softened as she observed him standing up, prompting her to embrace him. "Okay, I'll listen to you."

She was well aware that Sean had been glued to books on parenting after she fell pregnant. Despite his busy work schedule and the books' mundane content, he still diligently read through them. to —

It was for her sake that he did so

"Alright, let's head upstairs to prepare for sleep," Sean stated as he carried her.

Abigail noticed him yawning and empathized. "Don't exert yourself with work. Consider taking a few days off." "Do I look fatigued?" he asked, smiling.

“Not exactly. I just want you to spend more time with me.” she expressed while gently shaking his arm

The truth was that she could tell

Sean was-genuinely fatigued. Apart from spending time with her, he had to travel between Capitalis and Pendorf frequently. There were times when he took red-eye flights.

“Sure, but I’ll need to wait for the weather to be cooler first.” There was a twinge of regret in Sean’s voice. “I’ve undertaken a project that requires my supervision.”

“In that case, I’ll wait for you to spend winter with me.” Abigail hoped that he wouldn’t have to be swamped with work. “Be good,” he persuaded her. As soon as they returned to their room, they went to get a shower. Then, he helped her to dry off and wear her pajamas.

At the sight of her full facial features and plump figure, he had a throaty voice. “Honey, what should I do? I really want you.”

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Sweet Dreams

Abigail’s cheeks were tinged with a flush akin to the hue of ripe peaches, which left Sean looking at her with affection.

“Do you need my help?” She gripped Sean’s hand, her eyes moist.

Sean nodded, after which he gently kissed her lips. There was prudence and finesse in the way he behaved

Abigail reclined on the bed and returned his kisses.

Sean exhibited exceptional caution and was apprehensive about applying excessive pressure on her, while Abigail longed for greater intimacy. Her pregnancy had caused her figure to become shapelier.

After Sean was content, he led Abigail to take another bath. They lay on the bed, where he tenderly kissed her hair. "Is everything okay with your stomach?"

"Yup." Abigail blushed.

He playfully pinched her cheek. "You're so stunning. The weight you gained during pregnancy has complimented you a lot." "Is that so?" Abigail appeared to be skeptical.

"Indeed. You're round and adorable, reminiscent of a peach," Sean praised without beating around the bush.

She nodded in acknowledgment. "Are you aware that peaches resemble a human's behind?"

"Are you a romance killer?" Sean couldn't help but laugh, to which Abigail smiled.

After they laughed for a while. Sean grabbed a book to read to her, lulling her to sleep. During his free time, he would narrate ancient fables to her. Now that they were adults, it evoked a different response in her when she heard him sharing these narratives.

Once she fell asleep. Sean put the book aside, reclined, and turned off the light.

There was a significant increase in sales for Pheonix in the month of October, with sales reaching several hundred million Irene earned an estimated 4.5 million. The idea that a virtual game skin could generate significant profits was beyond her imagination. "Can I buy a property in Capitalis now?" Irene asked Abigail.

Abigail smiled like a Cheshire cat. "Yes, it's possible to buy a house at around 1.5 million. You don't have to worry about the additional costs once you've paid up in full."

"I'll ask around when I'm free. Then, I can get my grandparents to move over to live with me." Irene had never once imagined that she could earn so much from a design piece.

Abigail noticed that Irene was at a loss, but she couldn't help feeling happy for Irene. "As long as you have the focus and excel in your field, you'll acquire more magnificent homes," she advised.

Irene's countenance shifted from exuberance to tranquility upon receiving Abigail's message. "You're right. This is just the beginning," Irene added.

“This could also be the end. So, no matter the outcome, best to treat your career well.” Abigail had observed other designers ascend to prominence only to fade into obscurity at a later period. This is how the industry is.

Irene was no longer befuddled.

The success of Phoenix could be attributed not only to its exceptional design but also to Abigail's ability to capitalize on the opportunity to create wealth for Irene. Without Abigail's contributions behind closed doors, the garment would likely have remained unsold or be in a museum as an exhibit.

“Thank you, Miss Quinn. I will endeavor to work diligently in the future. Rest assured.” Irene felt that she could hold off on purchasing a house. As of now, she felt that she was overwhelmed with exuberance.

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[his kind of collaboration with the gaming industry is only something that a designer can do once in a lifetime. Do it excessively, and it could potentially compromise your style, Abigail perceived Irene's breakthrough as tough. Furthermore, the Phoenix outfit demonstrated its suitability for the game.

“I know. I'll do my best to learn from Madam Wright.” came Irene's confident reply as she held her phone.

“Just excel in your area of expertise. That's good enough.” Abigail's countenance became gentler.

Just as she finished speaking, Kevin pushed open the office door.

He shot a glance at Irene before turning to Abigail. “Abigail. I'm meeting Irene for lunch. Can we make a move now?” Abigail bobbed her head. “Are you two together?”

“Nope,” Irene clarified immediately.

Kevin's smile slightly diminished, but he bid Abigail adieu in cheeriness.

She could guess that there was more to his relationship with Irene than meets the eye. / remembered that these two were under the influence on Independence Day. Kevin even insisted on driving Irene home.

Abigail got hold of her phone and gave Kevin a ring. It wasn't long before Kevin answered.

"What's going on between you and Irene? Did you take advantage of her when she was drunk on Independence Day?" There was disapproval in Abigail's words.

"What exactly do you mean? We're adults. What's wrong with satisfying our physical needs?" he whispered cautiously, afraid of Irene hearing the conversation.

"I won't say anything more, Kevin. You know Irene as a person. Just treat her with kindness and respect since you want to be with her, alright?" Abigail was helpless, and ensured that it was evident in her tone.

She figured in her heart. Why is Irene unable to maintain her self-control? Sure, Kevin's d*mn handsome, but she knows his playboy tendencies. "I'll treat her well. I'm serious this time," Kevin expressed earnestly.

He had persuaded Irene on Independence Day to give him a chance. He admitted that he had a dark side but viewed this opportunity to be with Irene as his last chance. Should he miss this chance, he knew it would lead to immense regret.

"I hope you'll keep to your promise."

At that, Abigail terminated the call and sighed involuntarily. Irene had always refused to acknowledge her relationship with Kevin. She had her doubts about him being a trustworthy person. If that's the case, then why would she sleep with him? Nonetheless, it's her call. As an outsider, I can only warn Kevin.

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Not The First Time

The passage of time was swift. and Abigail found herself approaching her expected delivery date. She spent each day at the hospital, engaging in binge-watching sessions to alleviate the passing of time.

One morning, Sean prepared breakfast for Abigail.

Upon turning on the TV, Abigail sat up in bed, intending to resume watching the show she had paused the previous day. However, she was abruptly overwhelmed with a sharp pain in her stomach, causing her to cry out.

Sean hurriedly exited the kitchen. Abigail reclined on the bed, extending her hand toward him. "My water broke!" "Let me call the doctor." He hastened over, clutching Abigail's hand and pushing the call button for medical assistance.

News circulated that Abigail was entering labor, prompting the arrival of the Pearsons' family members. Both Colby and Lina arrived at the hospital to await

However, the most anxious individual was Sean.

It had been three hours since the doctor entered the delivery room.

"It's too long!" Luna grasped Josh's hand, her forehead creased with concern.

"Is the baby too big for her to have a natural birth?" Lina fretted in anxiousness. She even tapped her foot nervously.

Sean was pallor in complexion. His hands, coated in a layer of perspiration, slightly trembled, too.

"Things will be okay. Don't worry." Lawrence gave Sean a pat on the shoulder. "As a man, you're expected to support her, you know." "I know," Sean responded in a soft tone. He believed that the baby's size would make the process of childbirth agonizing for her.

As soon as Sean finished speaking, the doctor promptly appeared from the delivery room. "The infant's size necessitates a Cesarean section, per my recommendation."

"How is she?" Sean promptly advanced, his voice quivering slightly with apprehension

"It's not as agonizing to have a childbirth nowadays. She had an epidural and tried her best to deliver the child to no avail. That's why I wanted to discuss the next steps with you," the doctor informed.

Sean experienced a sense of relief. "Let's go with your recommendation."

I already noticed that Abigail's abdominal size is larger than that of a typical pregnant woman. leading me to anticipate potential complications during delivery. Yet, during the check-up, the

doctor said nothing about any issues. She'd only need a day of recovery for childbirth, but it'd be a much longer period for a Cesarean section.

Abigail was then moved from the operating theater to the ward after the delivery. Sean and Scarlett remained in the ward with her while the rest of them went to pay the newborn a visit.

"Why don't you visit the baby? The extent of his adiposity is unknown, which caused her to suffer so much pain." Scarlett was seated at the bedside organizing food items while conversing with Sean

Sean shook his head. "I'll leave once she's woken up."

"Then, let me whip up something for you." Scarlett commented. "You were so busy the entire morning that you haven't eaten." Sean grasped Abigail's hand, his heart constantly filled with apprehension.

Abigail awoke in the middle of the night, experiencing intense hunger but could not consume any food.

"Is the wound causing pain?" Sean softly inquired of her.

She shook her head. "I'm starving."

"You can have your meal later. If the wound's causing you pain, let me~ know so that I can get the painkillers from, the doctor." He was concerned about her enduring even the

Slightest discomfort. Conte belongs ~

's not painful.' Do you want to rest for a while?' Abigail felt that they were at an advantage because they were wealthy. She did not endure any pain during childbirth. After receiving an epidural and an anesthesia, her Cesarean section was pain-free. Conte belongs to it)

"Nah. I'll be with you until dawn. Mom will be here to take care of you while I get my rest." Sean stated, gesturing toward the baby beside her. The child had recently entered the world, displaying a slightly reddish complexion and having a size that was diminutive. Abigail chuckled as she gazed at the baby. "Why isn't he fair-skinned? He's not attractive."

Sean was about to answer her when the infant whimpered and began to burst into tears. "The kid cried his lungs out when he was delivered. It gave me such a headache," he elaborated.

With a smile, she slightly adjusted her posture. "He seems hungry. I'll feed him. Are you disappointed that it's not a girl?"

"A boy's fine. Given the baby's weight, I had already expected it to be a boy." Sean assisted her into a sitting position.

Abigail cradled the baby. "He was about ten pounds, right?"

"Give or take. He's one of the heaviest newborns in this hospital," he replied

She lowered her gaze and asked, "Did they give him a check-up? I heard babies weighing more than eight pounds are likely to be chubby."

"That's just one hypothesis. Heavier babies tend to be taller as well," Sean reassured.

She had consistently experienced this issue before giving birth.

Sean draped a blanket over the baby and softly asked, "I will retrieve a bottle, and you'll pump. Would that work?" "I'll let you help me." Abigail was reluctant to move

He raised an eyebrow. "Me helping you?"

"I mean, help me to pump. What thoughts did you have?" Her complexion flushed with color.

Sean walked to her side and offered assistance by stating. "If you want me to help, I surely could since I've had prior experience." "I'm just not sure if he's had his fill. So, stop spewing nonsense." Abigail felt like she was burning up.

"Take a seat. I'll sort it out for you." Sean was seated at the bedside, holding a bottle with a gentle smile

Once he was done, he yawned

She remained seated for a while as her wound left her with visceral pain, prompting her to call Sean over. Following a call to the doctor to administer pain relief, Sean encouraged her to rest.

After being the recipient of Sean's meticulous care for a week, Abigail was discharged. The chubby infant, however, still did not have a legal name.

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A Twinge of Envy

After a week of hospitalization, Abigail finally returned home, just in time for the day when she and Luna's child would receive their official names. Lawrence had arranged for a distinguished master from Capitalis to cast their birth charts and officiate the naming ceremony.

After a busy day, Larry and Abigail's son were finally named.

Sean and Abigail's son was named Phynix Graham, inspired by the symbolism of the phoenix.

Meanwhile, Larry was named Lawrie Pearson, reflecting poetic influences

"Quite a sophisticated master," Abigail remarked to Sean after the master had left.

"I must admit, I find the chosen names quite appealing and reflective of the children's personalities," Sean expressed his admiration for his son's name.

With a deep appreciation for poetry, incorporating the names from his poems into his son's name was indeed a prestigious tribute. "I sincerely hope that what he said isn't true," Abigail softly murmured while cradling Phynix. The master had suggested that Phynix might have possessed a wandering nature in the future.

Sean couldn't help but chuckle, "Whether it's true or not will depend on how we nurture him. But if he takes pleasure in exploration, then we should encourage it."

"I'm fond of Larry's name too. Lawrie... It has a certain elegance and such poetic resonance." Abigail believed that Larry's demeanor would gradually refine over time.

Despite Larry being three years old already, they hosted a full moon celebration for him and Phynix at a prestigious five-star hotel in Capitalis, attended by a plethora of guests.

Upon catching sight of Phynix, Shaunee promptly grabbed Alfie's arm and exclaimed. "Shouldn't we tie the knot and start a family? He looks magnificent—I want to secure a match for our future daughter first."

“Absolutely! I’m ready whenever you’re ready! Let’s commence the preparations!” Alfie eagerly looked forward to marrying Shaunee, as he yearned to start a family with her.

Sean’s son has already been born; should I not catch up?

Regardless of the child’s gender, they were all well taken care of.

“My daughter Yanine has already taken a liking to him.” Eilane declared while holding Yanine.

“Mommy, Phynix is incredibly handsome,” Yanine exclaimed as she lay beside the stroller, wide-eyed.

Phynix’s appearance epitomized the finest qualities of Abigail and Sean.

At just one month old, he radiated the delicate charm of a meticulously crafted doll, with large eyes and long, thick eyelashes.

“Is Sean excessively favored by fortune? Even his son is remarkably handsome. Should we just surrender to life?” Kevin remarked, his jealousy palpable.

“And he was born weighing nearly ten pounds—it’s not merely fat; he’s naturally robust. How tall will he grow in the future?” Isla expressed intense envy.

“This name. this appearance, this birth weight—all extraordinary. If this were ancient times, he would undoubtedly be destined for kingship, wouldn’t he?” Cameron couldn’t help but be sarcastic.

A sizable crowd encircled Phynix, yet he remained unperturbed, calmly observing everyone with his large eyes. “Excuse me. Pardon me.” Larry maneuvered through the throng.

Since Phynix’s departure from the hospital with Abigail, Larry had faithfully watched over him every day. “Lawrie, you’re now Lawrie,” Shaunee playfully tapped Larry on the head

Larry was still acclimating. “Please keep calling me Larry. When you use this name, I sometimes forget who you’re talking about.

“Aunt Abby requested that I bring Phynix indoors. There’s quite a 2” crowd outside, and it wouldn’t be safe if he got lost in the shuffle,” Larry explained as he maneuvered the stroller through the gathering.

Of course, this was his own initiative.

Seeing his Phynix being scrutinized by so many, he felt a twinge of envy.

Phynix was his alone, not everyone else's!

And his Aunt Abby had been like a mother to him for a while, so his Phynix was closest to him.

"Lawrie, I'll help you push," Yanine also wanted to play with Phynix.

Calvon became serious for a moment and said, "Lawrie and Yanine, you shouldn't push it. This stroller is quite heavy."

Despite being the second eldest, due to Isla and Cameron's strict upbringing, he was relatively mature for his age.

Larry wrinkled his nose. "You don't understand Aunt Abby! Anyway, I'm taking Phynix with me."

"Looks like Lawrie's feeling a bit envious with all of us surrounding Phynix," Kevin joked with a mischievous grin. Amidst the teasing directed at Larry, Abigail, having just finished a toast with Sean, made her way over to the group "Why are you all gathered here? Aren't you going to eat?" Abigail asked, keeping an eye on Phynix, who was nearby. "Looks like Lawrie's jealous of all the attention on Phynix," Shaunee teased mischievously, glancing at Larry.

Abigail glanced at Larry.

Larry's cheeks flushed slightly as he stammered, "N-No. I just... I just didn't want Phynix to be scared by so many people."

"When Phynix grows up, he'll surely appreciate how good you've been to him. He'll definitely like you the most" Abigail reassured, gently patting Larry's head. Content ~~

Larry's innocent face brightened as he asked, "Really, Aunt Abby?"

"Absolutely," Sean chimed in.

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Joyful Moments

Soon, different groups arrived in succession.

Lando's eyebrows raised at the sight of Phynix. "Madam Wright, what are your thoughts on this young man? He possesses all the qualities necessary to become a star in the entertainment industry—tall, robust, and strikingly handsome."

With a mischievous grin, Doris engaged with Phynix. She nodded in agreement with Lando's sentiments, remarking, "It would be a pity for someone as handsome as him not to consider a career in entertainment."

"We hadn't considered the entertainment industry for him, but if he's interested, we'll back him fully," Sean remarked, casting an affectionate glance at Phynix.

Upon observing her son from the sidelines, Abigail was greeted by a familiar voice. "Congratulations."

Catching sight of Eric, Abigail was surprised. "You're here! I thought you wouldn't come."

Following her arrival back from overseas, Abigail had little contact with Eric.

The developments concerning Jonell had provoked significant upheaval within the Davidson Family.

"Your son has celebrated his full month. Regardless of circumstances, I deemed it essential to carve out time to pay him a visit. His countenance is striking, a fusion of both your features," Eric remarked with a smile playing on his lips, expressing warmth and evident satisfaction at Abigail's unmistakable happiness.

"Thank you. How have matters transpired since your return?" Abigail inquired, extending a glass of wine to him.

Seated, Eric exhaled heavily. "You're familiar with my parents' occupation. Although we weren't severely affected, they were transferred to a smaller town and eventually lost their jobs. Our entire family relocated there."

"They're unable to return?" Abigail found the consequences harsh. It was clear that Jonell's reckless actions had brought misfortune upon the entire family.

"Not precisely. I've adapted to life there. A return to Capitalis is impractical due to Uncle Levi's actions. All our family assets have been seized, and my career in the entertainment industry has come to an end. Yet, my family is coping. At least we still have a place to call home," Eric chuckled.

Abigail hadn't anticipated the severity of Eric's current predicament "If you require anything, please don't hesitate to ask. You provided invaluable assistance to us in New Yoke," Abigail offered, taking a seat

"It's not as grim as it appears. My parents possess resilience. If we conduct ourselves properly, there's hope for a future return. Having been immersed in the entertainment industry for so long. I now find comfort in a simpler lifestyle." Eric shared with a smile.

Upon observing Eric's genuine smile, Abigail found reassurance in the authenticity of his happiness. "If you ever find yourself in need, don't hesitate to ask. While I may not be able to assist with everything, I can certainly offer financial help."

"Thank you. Should I encounter difficulties, I'll reach out without hesitation," Eric replied sincerely. Abigail nodded, indicating her understanding. "Feel free to ask. I have guests to attend to, so I won't be able to chat for long." As she departed with Sean. Eric's eyes briefly revealed a hint of sorrow, though he swiftly regained his composure with a smile.

Given all they had endured, they should have reached this point sooner.

Josh sat silently beside Eric, noting his subdued demeanor, a far cry from the vibrant self he used to be. Unable to suppress a sigh, Josh commented, "It's been more than a year and you haven't reached out. I'm completely in the dark about your family's circumstances."

The Davidson Family vanished from Capitalis without leaving any clues behind

Due to Eric's departure from the entertainment business and his subsequent exclusion due to Jonell's deeds, only a small circle within the industry remained informed about his situation.

"I've been consumed with my parents' health over the past year. Their condition has been deteriorating," Eric disclosed to Josh.

After Jonell's actions had their fallout, the entire Davidson Family faced harsh repercussions, leading to the passing of Eric's grandma, Maisy, upon discovering Jonell's lifetime incarceration.

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My parents endured alienation from the rest of the family after my grandma's passing, coupled with the loss of their jobs. They're in low spirits, and their health is deteriorating, often necessitating hospital visits,” Eric concluded, exhaling a heavy sigh laden with burden.

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Jonell's actions were so despicable that they extended to affect Eric and his family despite their lack of direct involvement. Not even Eric's prior act of assistance could shield them from the repercussions.

“After things settle down, I'll take Larry to visit your parents,” Josh assured, comforting Eric with a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

“Okay, my parents will surely appreciate seeing Larry,” Eric replied, his smile immediate

Josh's lips curved into a faint smile. “Larry's name is Lawrie. Doesn't it sound pleasant?”

“It does indeed. Lawrie... It sounds like a name chosen with care,” Eric expressed his genuine happiness for Josh. He has also found his place to belong.

“As for you, it's time to seek out a compatible partner and establish a stable life,” Josh advised, noticing the flourishing relationship between Abigail and Sean, suggesting that Eric's opportunity might have passed.

“I'll when I meet the right person to marry. You don't need to worry about me,” Eric assured, handing Josh a glass.

After toasting with their glasses, Eric offered heartfelt congratulations. “I'm thrilled for you, marrying the love of your life and welcoming such a charming child.”

“He’s incredibly handsome, born at nearly ten pounds. He’s already making quite an impression at Capitalis Hospital,” Josh continued animatedly.

Eric followed in silence, his smile both gentle and contemplative.

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The Deepest Kind of Love

Observing Eric from afar, Abigail felt a complex mix of emotions stirring within her.

Once known for his confidence, generosity, and sincerity, he now appeared subdued amidst his current circumstances.

“Eric has endured quite a year,” Abigail murmured to Sean at her side.

Sean shifted his gaze from the guests to Eric. “He shouldn’t have to endure such hardships. A simple call to Josh could resolve any dilemma.”

“What about his parents? They shouldn’t be implicated in this. Eric went to New Yoke of his own volition, and despite not actively contributing, he still made the effort to go there to offer assistance,” Abigail whispered.

Sean sighed with a hint of indulgence, shifting to meet Abigail’s gaze. He spoke in a soft tone, “Consider the gravity of the situation; numerous families were entangled in this. Some had suffered total devastation, whereas the Davidson Family had merely endured unemployment and industry blacklisting. Was their punishment disproportionate? From a legal standpoint, it appeared not.”

Irrespective of whether Eric’s family had profited from the situation, the undeniable truth was that Maisy had concealed Jonell’s actions, and the entire Davidson Family had enjoyed significant advantages from his success.

“If Eric hadn’t ventured to New Yoke and made a modest contribution, the repercussions could have been dire. Eric possesses potential, yet he opted for mediocrity,” Sean concluded, gently caressing her head.

Given the advanced state of the internet, even with his blacklisting from the entertainment industry, he could still engage in live broadcasts. However, he chose otherwise, simply yearning for a return to a conventional life. Abigail nodded in agreement, acknowledging Sean's perspective. "Oh, I get it now."

She had previously only considered Eric's bleak circumstances, failing to contemplate the hardships endured by those deceived individuals. Their suffering remained concealed in the shadows, unnoticed by most.

Throughout the entirety of the full moon banquet, which spanned the entire day, the crowd gradually dispersed as night fell. Upon returning to the hotel room, Abigail soothed her ankle with a massage before calling out to Sean, "Honey."

"Yes?" Sean cradled Phynix, who had just finished crying for milk, feeding him as he responded.

"Nothing. Come sit here." Abigail reclined on the couch, patting the seat beside her.

Sean settled beside her, holding Phynix.

Abigail sniffed. "Do you notice a peculiar odor?"

"Ugh..." Sean grimaced as he carefully placed the bottle down, cautiously unwrapping the baby blanket covering Phynix, only to be met with an unpleasant smell. "He's made a mess!"

Abigail swiftly rose from her seat and moved away. "I'm not dealing with that. You take care of it! I'll go get the diapers."

Sean sighed, rewinding the baby blanket around Phynix, looking somewhat defeated. "We'll need to change not only the diapers but also the blanket... Perhaps I should ask for Xavien's help."

"I doubt Xavien will buy that, knowing this is our own child," Abigail commented, keeping her distance.

In the end, Sean reluctantly took Phynix to the bathroom while Abigail fetched spare baby blankets and diapers.

Upon entering the bathroom, the overwhelming odor greeted them.

Sean refreshed the water and disposed of the soiled baby blanket and diapers in the trash, taking care of the cleanup. Together, they changed Phynix into clean clothes and a fresh diaper, then made their way back to the room, feeling exhausted “Do you still want a daughter?” Sean asked Abigail.

Abigail glanced at the peacefully sleeping Phynix and burst into laughter. “Dealing with one is challenging enough for us. Let’s hold off on considering a daughter for now!”

Sean chuckled in agreement. “If you constantly reject him, especially for something as natural as soiling himself, he’ll grow up lacking self-esteem.” “Just don’t mention to him that he used to make a mess when he was little,” Abigail joked as she rolled over, wrapping her arms around Sean’s waist. “Who knows, maybe my parents never told me either,” Sean teased back, pinching Abigail’s nose. “Are your feet sore?”

“No, they’re feeling much better now,” Abigail responded.

“I noticed you massaging your legs after spending the day in high heels. It must be exhausting. Let me help

I lua massage,” Sean said as he embraced her, planting ax> gentle Riss on her hair. “Seeing’so manly people come to visit ur child today, it’s as if he’s a precious gift you’ve bestowed upon mé. I can’t fully express how I’m feeling.”

He couldn’t articulate it precisely, but amidst the congratulations and as he looked at Phynix, his heart swelled with immense tenderness, making him feel like the luckiest person alive.

aeria sense-your deep love for our child. Andy m happy as well. Seeing you bot fills me with happiness: It feels tke I have everything I need in life,“SAbigail murmured, nuzaling into hisscchest. “

“For the first time, I feel like I’m submerged in a honey jar. I’ve never felt more content,” Sean said softly. his voice exuding tenderness. Abigail lifted her head and placed a gentle kiss on the corner of his lips. “As long as we bring each other joy, that’s all that counts.” isn’t the deepest kind of love found in the connection of spirit and soul?

As fate would have it, their love for each other was profound.

“Well, it’s time to freshen up and go to bed,” Sean announced as he lifted her tenderly.

After their shower, Abigail enveloped Sean in her arms, pressing a gentle kiss on his lips. "I still have a longing for a daughter. What's our plan?"

"Phynix is already keeping you busy. Let's wait until he's three or four 2 years old before contemplating expanding our family. What if we're blessed with another son?" Sean observed as he caressed her hair.