

Spare Wife 21

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The young woman was dumbfounded. Though Alana's designs were expensive, she did not expect them to be so costly. Her face instantly flushed. Meanwhile, Abigail had no intention of minding other people's business, but when the name 'Alana' was involved, she could not stand it anymore and got up from the couch to approach the woman. "Miss Palmer, there are many guests at this banquet, so why don't you change into something new before continuing this?" She did not remember designing Joan's dress, but the gown on the young woman was her design. The butterflies on the hem of the dress were a laborious task, but she had only sold it for 45 thousand. Joan asked for 120 thousand for her dress—simply wishful thinking! "It's you?" Joan looked at Abigail and immediately recognized her as the assistant who helped her try on the wedding dress at L.Moon Studio. Also, she was one of the two women Sean was looking at when they were at the venue's entrance. Feeling guilty and frustrated, she frowned. "Do you know where we are? How can they let just anyone enter this place?" East Joy Talent's banquets were private and usually held to pave the way for major entertainment programs. There were known directors, sponsors,

producers, and several fashion design teams attending this banquet. All celebrities and influencers would try their best to show up to this event because getting support from any of those resources meant they had found the road to fame. Joan could only rely on Sean to enter this banquet, so she dismissed the idea that a mere store employee could attend such an event fully dressed and still receive so many gazes. With that thought in mind, her expression

became serious as she beckoned a waiter making his rounds over and ordered, "This woman came in uninvited. Aren't you going to deal with her?" When the waiter saw the situation, he immediately stopped in his tracks and approached Abigail. "Miss, please show me your invitation." "Since I managed to come in, it means I'm invited." Abigail gave him a cold stare and furrowed her eyebrows. "It's just that the invitation is not with me."

In Your Dreams She had given hers to Luna to keep in her bag. The waiter showed a short moment of hesitation while Joan had a sneer on her face. "Is the invitation not with you, or did you barge in uninvited? Just several simple pictures of tonight's event are enough for an assistant like you to make a fortune." Her words were not only intended to ridicule Abigail but also to imply to the waiter. As if suddenly enlightened, the waiter pressured Abigail even more. "Miss, please show me your invitation, or we'll have to escort you out." Abigail did not intend to cause any commotion at Kevin's event, so she took out her phone to call Luna. However, she appeared busy as she did not pick up her phone after several calls. The young woman in the blue dress seemed to notice Abigail's awkwardness and spoke up apologetically, "It's my fault. It has nothing to do with anyone else. Miss, thank you for your help." At that moment, Joan scoffed. "You're not only ignorant but also hungry for attention. You embarrassed me and said everything's fine? Who do you think you are? Do you think anyone can just step on me?" The waiter also seemed frustrated. "Miss, if you keep this up, I'll have no choice but to call for security." Despite saying so, he did not give Abigail any

time to react before waving his hand at the security guard, ordering, "Take this woman away and search her. Do not let her bring any information related to this event outside, and make sure to check her phone, just in case she has taken any pictures she shouldn't have!" The security guards strode over to

Abigail, and the one in the lead snatched away her phone, cutting off her contact with the outside world. He even unlocked her phone and tried to look at her photo gallery. They were still trying to get an explanation before, but now, they were trying to invade her privacy. "How can you do that? You're invading her privacy. It's illegal!" Before Abigail could say anything, the young woman spoke up for her and went over to grab the phone. Sadly, she was pushed away. Consequently, she lost her balance and almost fell as she was wearing high heels. Abigail reached out to catch the young woman, whose face turned gloomy. She looked at the men before her and ordered, "Bring me to see Kevin. He will tell you the answer." Since he was the one who gave her and Luna their invitation, meeting him would be easier than looking for Luna. However, the waiter smiled. "Miss, everyone who tries to sneak in here is after Mr. Stewart. What do you think a man like him does if he were to meet everyone?" It was clear that they had experienced many cases of such tricks. As such, the waiter waved his hand and urged the security guards, "Take her away, quick."

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The security guards were no longer polite and started tugging Abigail and the young woman in the blue dress out of the venue. The latter became anxious and began screaming at Joan in a choked voice, "Miss Palmer, I'll pay you the money! I'll compensate for the cost of the dress, so don't implicate others in this matter." While pulling on Abigail, she whispered, "I can't let you get kicked out with me. Also, it was difficult for me to get this chance, and if I got kicked out, it would cost me more than 120 thousand." Initially, Abigail felt nothing for Joan. Since Sean had no feelings for her, she did not care if he got involved with Joan. However, that woman had undoubtedly overstepped her boundaries, and she felt rage surging inside her as she threw away the security guard's hand. "What is there to compensate? This dress doesn't even cost that much. She's trying to scam you with your money." Hearing that, Joan suddenly turned grim and chastised, "Whom are you calling a scammer? I can afford a wedding dress that costs over a million at

Stay Away om He your store. This is a dress Alana custom-made for me. 120 thousand is already a low price." A sneer appeared on Abigail's face. "Alana custom-made it for you? Why don't I know about it?" "Of course, you wouldn't know. That's because Alana and Sean are close." Since everyone knew Sean's name, they could not help but believe her even

more. At the mention of the wedding dress, Abigail felt a pang in her heart, and her eyes were filled with sarcasm. She wondered if Joan knew she and Sean

shared an even more 'intimate' relationship. Not only were they legally married, but they also slept together. However, she was curious about why he would make up such a lie to please Joan. Did he not think that they might clash with her? There was one moment when Abigail wanted to expose the truth and prove Joan wrong, but her reasoning told her she could not do so. That was because Luna had taken up the identity of Alana when signing the cooperation with East Joy Talent. If she exposed the truth, they would be the only ones in trouble. Just as Abigail was feeling aggrieved, she heard an angry voice from behind. "Why don't I know I'm close with someone named Sean?" Turning around, Abigail saw Luna arrogantly approaching them while holding the hem of her dress. She felt relieved as her savior had finally arrived. Subsequently, Luna came over and pulled Abigail behind her. "How could all of you gang up on a woman?" Since the waiter could not figure out Luna's identity, he quickly blamed Joan. "This lady says your friend doesn't have an invitation, which is why this happened." Sending a cold glance toward Joan, the troublemaker, Luna took two invitations from her bag. "See for yourself!" When

the waiter saw the invitation, his complexion suddenly turned ghastly. LOREAL OX Meanwhile, Joan suddenly had a bad feeling and wanted to peek at the name on the invitation, but the waiter closed the invitation before she could do so and respectfully returned it. "I'm sorry, Miss Smith. It was our negligence."

Alana was Kevin's special guest, whom he had announced to them beforehand. It was also because Alana was so mysterious that no one had seen her before that they neglected this matter. At the same time, Joan felt like she had been struck by lightning as she looked at the person before her in disbelief. They're... Alana and her assistant? Did I just... Luna was usually easygoing, but having experienced all sorts of situations, she had grown to hide her feelings. After retrieving the invitations, she shot Joan a cold look with her made-up eyes. "The next time you frame someone, please look carefully and do not just pick any victim. Are you that desperate for money?" LOREAL Feeling like she had just gotten slapped, Joan flushed bright red. Meanwhile, the frantic young woman was afraid both sides would start arguing. In the end, the one getting implicated would be a nobody like her. Therefore, she piped up to mediate the situation. "It's all a misunderstanding. Everything's fine now that we're in the clear." She then gave Abigail a pleading look, indicating that she should not offend Joan. To be more precise, they could not afford to offend the person behind Joan. Although Abigail knew Luna was trying to stand up for her, the situation had now involved innocent people. The young woman might suffer if they could not settle this matter peacefully and leave just like that. "Forget it," she said. "The dress is indeed dirty. Miss Smith, how about we take care of this?" While gritting her teeth, Luna rebuked, "That depends on this lady here. Does she want to deal with her dress, or does she insist on getting that 120 thousand?" Joan knew in her heart that Alana did not design the dress she was wearing.

Stay Away From Her Since the other was standing before her, she would humiliate herself sooner or later if she did not take advantage of this favor. "I'll get changed." The young woman quickly replied, "I'll bring you to my caravan. My new dress is inside there." Following that, the group left together. "Thank you." The young woman untraceably held Abigail's arm and thanked her. She could tell that Abigail and Luna were close, and Luna was willing to agree because of Abigail.

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The young woman's voice was gentle and calming, and Abigail secretly applauded the young woman's beauty. "It's fine. You look gorgeous today." Once she finished, the young woman quickly ran forward to lead the way. Although she was running in her dress, she still looked irresistibly elegant. Inside the caravan, she placed the new dress on the bed. When Abigail glanced at it, she discovered it was also one of her designs. "It seems like you're a fan of Alana," she commented with a smile. "My manager lent it to me," the young woman explained embarrassedly. "Everyone is a fan of Alana." Joan glanced at Luna, her tone somewhat flattering. "Thank you for the compliment, Miss Palmer. Your makeup seems unfitting for this dress, and I can help you modify the one you're wearing. I hope you don't mind that." Luna did not let the woman flatter her and put on a professional attitude. Since it was a borrowed dress, the young woman might have to pay for it now that it was in Joan's possession. Of course, Joan would not mind that and nodded her head.

Several people started helping Joan out of her dress, and she sat outside, wrapped in a blanket. Then, Luna closed the door and threw the dress on the bed before spreading her hands, whispering, "F*ck this! I don't want to modify anything for her. Look how smug she looks. I'm already showing my best manners by not splashing wine on her face." However, Abigail swiftly took out her needles and thread

from her bag. She put on her thimble and sat on the bed to start working. "Breathe. Think of it as charity."

"Tsk! Isn't this all because of your bravery after seeing a pretty young woman getting bullied? I'm on your side! What's more, you're dressed up so beautifully today, yet you didn't get a chance to show it off on the red carpet. Have you forgotten today's task?" Luna helped Abigail adjust the dress, nagging softly. "I know, I know. We're here to show off our dresses to get more customers." Abigail began her bold modification by cutting off the part with wine stains. Bowing her head to pluck the feathers from her dress, she sewed them to Joan's dress while removing the strap. Then, she used the scraps to create two pointy ears at the chest. Soon, the original high split maxi dress was now a cat-inspired feathered short dress. Once done, she put her things aside and asked Luna to call Joan in. When Joan changed into the dress, her originally bold look instantly became more mysterious, and she looked more alluring than before. She seemed to like the dress a lot because she repeatedly looked at herself in the mirror. Then, she ran out of the caravan. She was about to look for Sean but did not expect him to be at the caravan's entrance. At first, she thought he had heard the commotion and came here to look for her, so she excitedly approached him with glistening eyes. "Sean, how do I look? Alana designed this for me." The man merely nodded and responded with a hum. When he saw the bright color of her dress, his eyes became even darker. He raised his head to look toward the caravan and saw a thin figure with a delicate purple butterfly tattoo on her back. With clenched fists, he looked away and ordered Joan, "You head inside first." Hearing that, she pursed her lips, suddenly remembering how Sean gazed at Abigail and Luna when they first entered the venue. She could not help but

wonder, Does he know that those two are Alana and her assistant? Is he interested in them? Since she dared not ask, she smiled and walked toward the venue. After a few steps, she lost her balance and screamed as she was about to fall. The man reacted quickly and grabbed her while she wrapped her arms around his neck, Abigail and Luna were met with that scene as soon as they came out from the caravan. Just as Luna was about to cause a scene, Abigail pulled her past the two without looking at them and headed straight for the venue. "Why are you pulling me? I'm going to kill those b*stards! Can't they get a room? Are they trying to make you feel bad?" Luna was upset on behalf of her friend. Abigail gave her a sideways glance. "What will you do next? Let everyone know Sean dumped me for an influencer? Even if they don't feel ashamed, I do!" Immediately, Luna realized the facts as her eyes dimmed for a moment. "Once L.Moon becomes an international exclusive fashion studio, I'll ensure they will forever be out of our league!"

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When the two returned to the venue, they were just in time for the ball. Not letting Abigail have any time to slack off, Luna brought her into the crowd. When Abigail was modifying Joan's dress, she had almost plucked all of the feathers on her dress, revealing the dark patterns underneath and her look even more mysterious. She was born with a pretty face, and her figure was heavenly, especially her thin waist that no one could surpass. When she appeared in the hall, she attracted many gazes. "Miss, can I invite you to a dance?" A man enthusiastically approached her and politely invited her. "No-" Just as she was about to reject the man, she noticed the furious gaze Luna was shooting at her and quickly smiled. "Of course." The man then led her onto the dance floor. Since she wore a halter dress, the man placed the back of his hand against her exposed back, which was already a well-mannered gesture. However, Abigail still felt uncomfortable because, during the three years of her marriage, she did not have much

contact with other men besides Sean, let alone dance with any of them. Therefore, she was at a loss to ease the awkwardness between them. Still, the man started a light conversation. "Your dress looks beautiful." "Thank you. It's a design by Alana from L.Moon." She did not forget her mission and smiled. "If your girlfriend is interested, I can make an appointment for you." "Then, are you willing to become my girlfriend?" The man's eyes were filled with awe and desire, and his hand suddenly moved from her shoulder onto

her waist. This time, he was touching her skin with his palm. Instantly, Abigail could feel the stickiness on the man's palm and push him away. "What are you doing?" Her scream successfully attracted the attention of the crowd beside them, and many turned to watch them. The man seemed surprised she would have such a huge reaction, and his expression instantly became gloomy. "We were just dancing. Why are you shouting? Didn't your company train you for social dancing?" At that moment, Abigail knew that the man had mistaken her for an artist from some entertainment company and was trying to take advantage of her. Scoffing, she retorted, "My company has trained me in social dances, but that only applied to humans, not animals." The man cursed under his breath and reached for Abigail. Before he could touch her, someone grabbed his wrist and chuckled. "Mr. Scott, many are watching. It's inappropriate for you to make things difficult for a woman in public. Don't you think so?" When Troy Scott saw it was Kevin, his anger instantly diminished as he looked at Abigail inquisitively. "Your woman?" Hearing that, Kevin could not help but reprimand Troy for being stupid and almost dragging him down with him. If Sean heard what he had said, he would throw a tantrum. However, Kevin flashed him a courteous smile. "Nonsense. She's a friend." Troy immediately beamed. "So, you're Mr. Stewart's friend. My apologies. Let's meet again next time." Then, Kevin made a toasting gesture at Troy before leading Abigail out of the dance floor. "How did you get entangled with him?" While rubbing her waist with a disdainful expression, she explained, "He

invited me to dance and was being handsy. Who is he?" Glancing at Troy's figure, he replied with a displeased look, "The second son of the Scott Family. He's... Anyway, just stay away from him if you see him." Then, he swept his gaze across Joan's getup. His eyes had no ill intentions but were filled with admiration. "Is this dress your..." He almost made a slip of the tongue. "Your boss' new design?" Without hesitation, Abigail was not shy with her praise as she replied, "Of course! Don't you think you've won a great deal by signing that contract?" She and Luna were basically L.Moon's walking advertisements at tonight's banquet. Kevin clicked his tongue. Initially, his impression of 'Alana' was only based on his assistant's compliments, but now that he saw Abigail, the descriptions in his mind began to make sense. Her dress did not fall short of any well-known brands, regardless of workmanship or aesthetics. The only flaw L.Moon had was that it was too small of a company and had never been to major events. Also, their marketing approach was too private, or else... He had a feeling that Abigail would become popular someday, a sensation. What if he were the one who helped uncover this gem? With that thought in mind, he beamed. "Abigail, are you interested in making L.Moon an international exclusive couture?" That was not only Luna's wish but hers as well. However, they established their business from scratch and rolled on their premium quality and excellent reputation to reach the scale they had at this stage. Also, it was all thanks to Luna's endless efforts in promoting their brand. If they could get resources from Kevin, they would be able to reach a new height with less effort. However, getting resources and partnering were different. A partnership was

based on exchanging benefits, while a resource was about exchanging values. With a raised eyebrow, Abigail's eyes glistened, but she suppressed her emotions and took a sip of water. "I'm just an assistant."

Kevin licked his lips and beamed even brighter. "Then, are you interested in becoming an assistant to an internationally-known exclusive fashion designer?" While rubbing her hands against her glass, she asked, "What's the matter? Are you trying to poach me?" He hurriedly denied, "I dare not. Our company is recently preparing for an entertainment show, Top Designer, to educate the audience about the fashion design and modeling industries. I'd like you to help us as we'd love to invite Alana to participate in the show." Everyone knew East Joy Talent's entertainment shows were the best and most popular. Therefore, if L.Moon could participate, Luna could say goodbye to working her bum off finding resources and snatching orders. Moreover, their studio could make a massive leap through this event! Just thinking about that made Abigail's heart flutter.

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However, Abigail was naturally wary of Kevin. Perhaps because she thought he was Sean's friend, she always felt that these two were birds of a feather. 1/7 She turned her head and looked at Kevin meaningfully. "I'm getting a divorce from Sean. You know that, right?" Kevin visibly paused for a moment, then shrugged nonchalantly. "Yeah. I just found out a few days ago, but rest assured, I always keep my personal and professional life separate. Inviting Alana wasn't just my idea; it was the whole design team's decision. We heard about her recent loss, and I didn't want the team to intrude on her inconsiderately. I thought I would explore the situation since we are acquaintances." Only then did she ask, "May I ask if the show provides assistants, or is it up to the individual?" He wore a meaningful smile. "Of course, you can bring your own assistants. After all, the audience only wants to see work efficiency and results." Having assistants provided by the show could indeed create conflicts and topics, but it might be biased, which was why Kevin's show never indulged in such things. ↻ Abigail thought the same way, and her doubts vanished. She extended her hand gracefully. "I need to discuss this with Luna first. I hope we can work together." Kevin's eyes lit up, and he shook Abigail's hand. "I'll be waiting for good news,

then." The next moment, he felt a chill around his neck as he quickly let go of her hand and stood up. He handed her a business card and said, "You should go ahead and enjoy yourself. I need to attend to the other guests." After bidding farewell to Abigail, Kevin rushed upstairs, and sure enough, in the hotel's open room area on the second floor, he saw a man smoking leisurely while leaning against the handrail. From Sean's angle, he had a clear view of Kevin and Abigail chatting and laughing amiably. Kevin touched his neck while recalling the chilling gaze just now, then smirked. "Are you jealous, Sean?" The man casually extinguished the cigarette in the ashtray and sneered. Jealous? What a joke. Kevin hurriedly explained, "We only have a professional relationship, and I won't touch anyone related to you. Let me tell you something. You might not know this, but my sister-in-law is-" Before he finished speaking, he was interrupted by Sean's cold voice. "You've said it already. We're divorced, so don't address her as your sister-in-law anymore. Whether you like her or not has nothing to do with me." Sean's mind was still stuck on the image of Abigail and Kevin being all smiles and close just moments ago. Both of them looked handsome and beautiful together. Anyone who saw it would say they looked like a great pair. The more he thought about it, the more agitated he felt. He flicked the lighter with his slender fingers, picked up his coat without looking back, and walked away. Huh! They've only known each other for a short while, yet they dare to discuss private matters already. Kevin was taken aback by Sean's icy attitude, but he didn't chase after the

man. Instead, he slumped into a chair and teasingly continued the second half of his sentence, "Alana." Your wife is none other than the famous Alana. Meanwhile, Abigail felt the hall was too stuffy and went to the back garden to catch her breath. As soon as she walked out of the revolving door, someone grabbed her arm tightly. The familiar presence surrounded her, and she knew who it was without even looking back. However, she had no patience at all when she saw Sean right now, so she pushed him away in frustration. "Stop being touchy-feely in public!" She was afraid that Joan would see them and start another fit of madness as she didn't want to be hounded again to compensate for 120 thousand! Sean's expression froze. Earlier on, she had been all lovey-dovey on the red carpet with Kevin. Why did it become touchy-feely when he was the lawful husband? "We aren't divorced yet," he said coldly. "You'd better be more cautious. People from the Graham Estate are watching." Abigail sneered and retorted, "When you and Joan were on the red carpet

Your Wife is Alana just now, did you ever think about the people from the Graham Estate 6/7 watching? There were so many reporters earlier. Did you lose your memory?" What a hypocritical man with double standards! Sean lowered his gaze and let out a soft hum as he felt somewhat pleased. He raised an eyebrow and asked, "Are you jealous?" The way he asked the question seemed to strike a nerve with Abigail as it left

her looking utterly unreasonable and speechless. She replied, "You've got it all wrong. Jealousy comes from liking someone, and I don't have any reason to be jealous of you." Sean's face, which had just softened, turned cold again. He reached out and pinched her chin, gritting his teeth as he uttered, "Do I need to remind you why you entered the Graham Family?" She winced from the pain of his grip on her chin. Then, she forcefully slapped his hand away. "Mr. Graham, does that mean Joan can't bear children?" Why was he bringing this up now? Wasn't the whole purpose of her entering the Graham Family to give him children? Did he plan to tie her down for a lifetime even if he didn't want kids? For a moment, she felt stupid. Why did she even fall for a man like him? He fooled around with multiple women while trying to gaslight her from a moral high ground! "Why are you mentioning her for no reason?" Sean furrowed his brows as he did not understand what this had to do with Joan. Abigail was equally puzzled. "Oh? Could it be that she isn't infertile, but you are?"

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They had been married for three years, and she had tried everything she could think of. She had previously undergone several medical examinations at the hospital, and they only mentioned a problem with her follicle development. She even took ovulation induction injections, so why hadn't she been getting pregnant? All of a sudden, Abigail came to a realization. "Don't you know if I'm capable?" Sean's expression couldn't be described as anything other than grim. Abigail raised an eyebrow. "If I knew, would I have struggled for three years without getting pregnant?" "Is that the only thing on your mind?" He gritted his teeth, and it was rare to see him this angry. In his eyes, she was only concerned about having a child. They were getting divorced now because she couldn't conceive, and it seemed like he was nothing more than a tool for her to get pregnant. Upon hearing those words, Abigail froze for a moment. By the time she reacted, Sean had already picked her up. She instinctively struggled as she yelled, "Sean! You jerk! Let go of me!" He completely ignored her actions and took out his car keys. With a click, the lights of a black Land Rover nearby flashed. Before she could struggle even further, he had already pushed her into the car. His tall figure followed suit, forcing himself into the cramped space and trapping her against the door. Then, he kissed her lips.

She wanted to avoid him, but the limited space in the car left her with no room to move. She took a step back, and her back pressed against the car

door while leaving her with no escape route. She lifted her hand, wanting to slap Sean in the face. However, Sean was well-prepared. He caught both her hands and raised them above her head as he pressed them against the car door. His other hand reached around Abigail's back to unzip her dress. When he touched her soft and supple skin, his scorching hands accurately held her waist. It had been a long time since he last touched her, and his desire surged like wildfire. Even his breathing became erratic. Abigail felt a chill in her chest, which was soon overtaken by the scorching heat of his touch. Yet, her heart felt even colder as tears started to trickle down her cheeks. Upon sensing that something was wrong, Sean slightly raised his body, and his voice turned hoarse as he asked, "Isn't this what you want?" She felt as if she had been delivered a hard slap. It seemed like she had been stripped naked and forced to walk in public, which made her feel utterly embarrassed. She murmured, "Yes. This is what I wanted." She used to yearn for his passionate embrace like this, and she used to dream of conceiving his child. However, it all felt like a joke now. In his eyes, she was just a slut who only pursued such things. She sneered and closed her eyes. "You can continue if you want. Consider this my last gift to you before the divorce." Sean noticed her disgusted expression and turned around before pushing open the car door and leaving. Abigail remained motionless as she stared at him. "When are we going to file

for divorce?" Her voice was icy, and it was as cold as her hand. He felt annoyed and flung her hand away. "Tomorrow morning. Are you satisfied now?"

Preserving Life Is the Top Priority "I couldn't be more satisfied." Upon seeing the disgusted look in her eyes, Sean turned around and left with big strides. After a while, Abigail got out of the car. Compared to the lively venue, there were very few people on the lawn. She took a few deep breaths and wiped her eyes with her hand. Damn it! What a jerk! ☹

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Abigail called Luna and asked if she wanted to leave together. Yet, it seemed that Luna was busy with something as her voice was slightly muffled. "Okay, you go ahead first. I'll head back in a while... Hey, stop it! You're making me shy!" When Abigail heard that, she was speechless for a moment. She knew that Luna must have laid her eyes on some hot guy and could not step away. Luna was perfect in every way, save for being perpetually infatuated with anyone good-looking. It was a habit she couldn't change. Abigail said helplessly, "In that case, I'll be heading back first. I'll leave the car driver with you." "Okay." Luna hung up the phone eagerly. Only then did Abigail leave with ease.

Divorce The next morning, she dressed up nicely and went to Graham International, 20 Sean must've arranged things beforehand; she only needed to mention her name before someone led her to the top floor. "Mr. Graham is waiting for you in his office. You may go in." The person knocked on the door for her and left. When Abigail pushed the door open, she saw Sean still dressed in the clothes from last night's banquet, and he was sitting at the computer while reading a document. The moment he looked up and saw her, his eyebrows lifted slightly to express his surprise. After being married for three years, it was her first time visiting Graham

International to see him. She only glanced at him briefly and averted her gaze, placing the divorce agreement she had prepared in her bag on the table. "Sign this first." Sean's face instantly turned cold. "Did you come here just for this?"

Divorce Hearing that, Abigail looked puzzled. "What else? I was afraid you'd be too busy to take care of this, so I came in person. I have to go to work later, so please hurry." He had already arranged everything with his people outside, which can only mean that he was prepared for this, right? With pursed lips, Sean looked at the document on the table. Then, he picked up a pen and quickly flipped to the page where his signature was required, signing his name without even looking through the document. Abigail watched as he signed the papers, but before he could complete his signature, his phone rang. "Don't answer it. Just sign the documents first." Seeing him about to put down the pen and answer the call, she held his hand. "It'll only take a few seconds." After taking a glance at her, he hung up the phone and proceeded to sign his name. She then handed him the other copy. As she looked at his signature on the divorce agreement, it was as if she were cradling something precious. She

Divorce looked at it several times, ensuring everything was correct before finally putting it in her bag. As for Sean's copy, he simply put it in the drawer. "Let's go." Abigail checked the time. "The rush hour is over. We can make it to the City Hall in half an hour to get the certificate." He wanted to say something, but when he saw the hint of expectation in her

eyes, he suddenly felt that saying anything was meaningless at this point. This was the day she had been looking forward to, and any extra words would make it seem like he couldn't let her go. He would never allow such doubts to appear in his life. In the end, he got up with a cold face, picked up his coat and car keys, then walked straight out. Divorce was a matter of significance, so he didn't get the driver and drove himself. Abigail headed to the backseat right away, but Sean wouldn't allow that to happen. He immediately grabbed the back of her collar and pushed her into COREAL

the passenger seat. "What's wrong with you?!" She struggled while slapping his hand away. Hearing her say that it hurt, he let go of his hand. "Do you think I'm your driver?" He tugged at his tie, feeling irritated. When she turned around, she saw a rare touch of annoyance on his face, and she pursed her lips at that. He doesn't even want to pretend anymore. Without speaking, she obediently got into the passenger seat and fastened her seatbelt before looking out of the window. The City Hall was in the same direction as their home, so the scenery along the way was very familiar. Yet, thinking that this would be their last ride together, Abigail felt a trace of sadness seep through. She thought she was mentally prepared, but it felt like something was slowly being stripped away. She remained still, letting that feeling spread. In her mind, she thought, Right, LORAL even raising a dog for three years would form an emotional attachment.

Over these three years, I've invested my youth and effort, but it all seems to be meaningless. Now, the moment of liberation has finally arrived, but strangely, I don't feel all that happy about it. The two of them remained silent throughout the journey. Once they arrived at the City Hall, Sean got out of the car first and lit a cigarette. Abigail took a deep breath and was about to open the car door to get out when her phone in her pocket started vibrating. Her hand, which was holding onto the door handle, hesitated for a moment. Upon seeing the caller ID, she closed the car door once again and quickly answered the phone. "Grandma?" From the other end came Ana lise's cautious voice. "Abigail, where is your house again?" Suddenly, someone could be heard scolding Ana lise impatiently in the background. "Lady, do you want to go or not? My car is still vacant. If you're

then get out!” Ana lise’s voice was muffled. “Okay, okay. Let me ask where my granddaughter’s house is.” “If you’re dem ented, then don’t come out wandering around! Do you even have money to pay the fare? Get out!” When Abigail heard that, her heart ached, and she hurriedly pushed open the car door and jumped out. “Grandma, where are you?”

Chapter 28

¶ Ana lise had been staying in the village, taking care of Theodore. She had never been to the city before, so she was naturally clueless about navigating the roads here. Abigail’s heart clenched upon hearing her grandmother being scolded. She was concerned about leaving Ana lise alone at the bus station, for it wouldn’t be safe for her. Feeling anxious, she said, “Grandma, could you pass the phone to the driver? I’ll talk to him.” “Hey!” Ana lise hurriedly handed the phone to the driver. The driver scolded impatiently, “What’s wrong with you? How could you let an old lady go out alone? She can’t even tell me where she wants to go. She’s delaying my business!” Abigail apologized in a low voice, “I’m sorry for the trouble, sir. Please take my grandma to the north gate of Aqua Serenity Manor. I’ll wait for her there, and I’ll pay you triple the fare. Is that okay?” Aqua Serenity Manor was an upscale neighborhood, Naturally, the driver agreed since she was polite and offered to triple the fare. “Alright, but if you don’t show up, I’ll just leave her by the roadside.” After hanging up the phone, Abigail glanced toward the City Hall anxiously. There are many people inside now. If I go in and collect our divorce certificate now, I might miss Grandma’s cab. She got out of the car, intending to talk to Sean. “Can we collect the

certificate another day? Something just came up.” At her words, he took a deep drag of his cigarette and stubbed it out, giving her a cold look. “Are you joking with me?” You were the one who urgently

wanted to get the divorce certificate in the morning, and now that we’re here, you’re telling me that something came up. Are you playing games with me? Abigail knew she was at fault. The last time she wanted to get the certificate, she was late and ended up not collecting it. Now, she had to stand him up because of her own affairs. If he didn’t know the reason, he might think she was playing hard to get. Seeing his displeased expression, she couldn’t get angry either, she could only be honest. “I’m in a hurry. My grandma is coming, so I have to pick her up. I didn’t mean to stand you up. It’s my fault this time. Next time, why don’t you set the date? I promise I’ll be there even if it’s raining knives.” His eyes darkened when he heard her say she would be there even if it was raining knives. However, she couldn’t care less at the moment, for her mind was full of her grandmother. After speaking, she turned around and hurriedly ran to the roadside, waving her hand to hail a cab. Her panicked actions resembled those of someone escaping. Left alone at the entrance of the City Hall, Sean wore an extremely dark and gloomy expression. After a while, he got back into his car and drove to East Joy Talent. In the room, Kevin held a teapot with a picture of a beautiful woman on it while taking a sip of tea. “Why do you look so dissatisfied?” After Sean gave him a cold glare, he pulled out a chair and sat down, lighting a cigarette. “Do you think everyone is as promiscuous as you?” Naturally, Kevin didn’t think Sean had come to him during work hours just to find a place to smoke. Suddenly, something came to his mind. He moved closer to Sean and sniffed the man. “What’s with the fiery temper? Did Abigail leave you, making you angry the entire night?”

Hearing this, Sean’s fingers tightened around his cigarette. He then gave Kevin a cold glance. “Why are you so enthusiastic about her affairs?” “Ahem!” Kevin immediately controlled his expression. “I’m just concerned about you. I mean, if you have feelings for her, just take the initiative. This stoic face of yours

is only for people like us. No woman falls for that. She's been looking at your cold expression for three years, so it's no wonder her heart sank. It would be strange if she doesn't want a divorce." He then leaned closer, bringing his chair nearer to Sean. "So, have you two gotten the divorce certificate yet?" Sean sneered. "Don't mention it. Every time we're about to, she finds an excuse to avoid it." At his words, Kevin playfully rubbed his chin. "Well, it seems like someone is giving her advice from the shadows." "What do you mean?" Sean raised an eyebrow. "Think about it. In the past three years, you could count the number of times you two have met on one hand. Now that you're getting divorced, you see each other more often, but when it comes to official business, it's impossible to get it done. Based on my many years of experience, she's... playing hard to get. She's trying to attract your attention in a different way. Women can be stubborn, so just pamper her a bit. Didn't you say that your grandparents love her? Naturally, she's definitely the better choice as a wife."

Someone is Playing Hard As Sean came out of Kevin's place, he was still a bit puzzled. However, considering Abigail's recent behavior, it indeed seemed like she was trying to catch his attention. The most obvious sign was how they used to meet only once a month, but now, they would meet each other every few days. Other than trying to catch his attention, he couldn't explain why the woman, whose world used to revolve around him, had suddenly turned into a different person. In the past, he might have found her scheming, but this time, he didn't feel as uncomfortable. In fact, he was even looking forward to it. Now that she's playing hard to get, I wonder when she'll finally make her move! On the other hand, as soon as Abigail got out of the cab, she suddenly sneezed twice in a row. An old saying from her hometown immediately came to mind as she thought, One sneeze, someone misses you; two sneezes, someone curses you; three sneezes, cold's debut. Two sneezes? Which wicked person is cursing me behind my back?

[Chapter 29](#)

Abigail had just gotten out of the car when Ana lise arrived. Seeing Ana lise getting safely out of the cab, Abigail finally calmed her worried heart. "Grandma, you could've just given me a call if you wanted to visit, and I would've gone to pick you up. If not, I'll be very worried to see you traveling so far all alone." She went forward and paid the fare, then turned around and supported Ana lise. With one hand, she took the old woman's bag and said, "Take your time. Let's go home first." Ana lise, however, stood there and refused to budge. She shook her head and said, "It's okay, I won't be intruding. I'm filthy right now. I'm here to give Sean the locust flowers." With that, Ana lise shakily opened her bag and showed its contents to Abigail. Packs of dried locust flowers were wrapped neatly in plastic bags.

Just Peachy "When you brought Sean home a few years ago, he said that he liked the locust flower tea I made for him. The locust flowers were in bloom sometime ago, so I asked Tom from next door to gather them. I then laid them out to dry before delivering them here." At the mention of her grandson-in-law, Ana lise looked very content, and she had a warm smile on her face. "Don't worry, it's all clean. I rinsed them multiple times, and I covered them with gauze when I dried them in the sun." Abigail never thought Ana lise would travel such a long distance and tire herself out just to send dried locust flowers to Sean. The sour feeling in her heart almost manifested itself. Back then, she didn't want to bring Sean home. Instead, Colby felt that since

Ana lise was getting old, she probably couldn't travel that far to the city to attend the couple's wedding. However, the couple couldn't skip out on visiting

Ana lise, so that was why Sean visited Abigail's old home. Back in the day, Abigail felt nervous when she saw him standing in the farmyard, looking out of place. He frowned at everything he saw. He accepted the tea Ana lise had brought over to him, saying that he liked it because it was simply the way he was brought up in the Graham Family. It had nothing to do with his actual preferences. However, Ana lise took it to heart and remembered it all this while. Unbeknownst to her, Abigail would be getting divorced from Sean soon. Abigail turned around and tried blinking away the tears in her eyes. Then, she held Ana lise's arms and said playfully, "Look how biased you are! Outsiders would think that he's your biological grandson. You came here to give him this, but what about me?" Ana lise smiled as she patted Abigail. "Silly child, what are you saying? I care about him because I care about you." She was nice to Sean only because she wished that Sean would be nicer to Abigail on her account. Abigail pouted. "If that's the case, why won't you agree to stay here for a few days? Who are you trying to fool? You won't even know if Sean's been bullying me." Ana lise was so mad that she moved to hit Abigail, then reprimanded, "Don't jinx it! Sean is a good boy, so why would he bully you?!" She said that, but she still followed Abigail into the community. She asked in uncertainty, "Sean hasn't been bullying you, has he?" Abigail bit her lip. In the end, she didn't tell Ana lise about her eventual divorce

from Sean. She just smiled and said, "Don't worry. With you around, he wouldn't dare to." On more than one occasion, Abigail wanted Ana lise to live with her, but her relationship with Sean wasn't exactly great. Fearing that Ana lise might catch on, she couldn't bring herself to mention it. Moreover, Ana lise always said that she wasn't used to living in the city. Now that Abigail was about to get divorced from Sean, Ana lise had come to visit instead. If Ana lise knew about Abigail's life with the Graham Family, her heart would probably ache. Fortunately, when Luna bought a house for Abigail, she feared for the latter's safety, so she also bought some men's clothes, slippers, and the like. Every time she came over, she would wear the men's slippers, so the slippers looked worn in their position at the entrance of the house. When Ana lise saw the slippers, she assumed they belonged to Sean, so she didn't suspect anything. She said happily, "You should get to work. I'll be fine here all by myself. You shouldn't stay behind just to accompany me." Abigail would have none of it, and she explained that she had asked Luna for some time off before Ana lise relaxed. Then, the latter started tidying up the things in the room. "Look at how lonely this place looks! How are you going to get a child if there isn't anything here that makes children happy?"

Just Peachy As she spoke, she took out a charm and fumbled for Abigail's hand before placing it in her palm. "Put this up." Abigail felt that Ana lise's actions were hinting that the latter couldn't see clearly. "What happened to your eyes?"

Ana lise looked at Abigail. "Don't change the topic! What can happen to my eyes, anyway? I don't have my glasses with me, that's all. Are you not going to hang this up?" Abigail hastily shrugged, feeling that this charm won't make her pregnant anyway, but it would be worth the effort if it could make Ana lise happy. She quickly found some tape and got ready to hang the charm in the living room. Ana lise patted Abigail's hand. "Don't you know anything? What use is this thing in the living room? You have to put it in the bedroom!" "Oh!" Abigail held the charm and put it up in the bedroom. When she came back, she saw Ana lise taking out various things from her bag. There were children's shoes, toy drums, and much more. Ana lise proceeded to place them on the TV cabinet and the shoe rack at the entrance. She also placed another lucky charm for fertility on a table. Abigail pursed her lips. She had the urge to tell Ana lise that she would be getting a divorce from Sean soon, so they would never have any children. ☺ However, her phone rang before she could speak. It was from Tom. 7/8 She had tasked Tom to take care

of Ana lise in the village, so he had probably called to ask about Ana lise's health. Abigail went to the bathroom and answered the call. "Hi, Tom." The young man's voice, however, sounded panicky as it rang over the phone. "Abigail! Your grandma ran out of the hospital!" Abigail froze. "The hospital?" Just Peachy

Ana lise looked quite sprightly today, though! Tom let out a sigh. "She didn't want me to tell you, but I took her to the hospital for a check-up yesterday. T-The doctor said that she has a serious case of d-diabetes, and she m-might lose her vision." Abigail froze on the spot. She felt like something had hit her head, and her mind went blank

Chapter 30

When the time came for most people to get off work, Ana lise had already made dinner and a pot of locust flower tea. However, she ate nothing as she began to peer at the entrance. "Why isn't Sean back yet?" Abigail glanced at Ana lise and remembered what Tom had said. She felt as if a bunch of cotton was stuffed into her throat. Abigail couldn't imagine the difficulties Ana lise had to go through to come to a completely unfamiliar city with her failing vision, as well as her inexperience in leaving the town she lived in. She even brought so many things with her. Did she feel like she couldn't make it, and that was why she wanted to see if Abigail was fine? She feared that Abigail would be all alone in the city.

A Deal She feared that when she passed away, Abigail still didn't have a child, so the latter would be left alone with no family in this world. How could she bear to let Abigail go through that? Abigail tried to suppress the heat creeping into her eyes as she smiled and got up. "He's still busy. Don't worry, I'll give him a call right now." She got up and walked into the bedroom. She rubbed her eyes and hesitated

for a long while, then dialed Sean's number. She made up her mind that even if she had to beg and plead, she would get Sean to come over. It would be enough if he could just eat a meal and drink some tea. Unexpectedly, it didn't take long for the call to go through. Sean said in a cold voice, "What is it?"

Abigail was stunned for a moment, then said hesitantly, "Um, are you busy right now? Can you come over for a meal?" On the other end of the line, Sean frowned. He didn't expect her to act so quickly. "I still have some matters to attend to." 3/6 Seeing that Sean didn't decline, Abigail was over the moon. She didn't care about why; she just feared he would escape again. "I-It's okay. Are you in the office? I'll go pick you up." Sean was speechless. Kevin was right. Abigail was just playing hard to get. After hanging up, Abigail changed her clothes, then told Ana lise not to go anywhere while she went to get Sean. Sean was in his office, and Abigail had no problems getting there. When she opened the door and went in, Sean was working on the computer. There was a slight change in the look in his eyes when he saw her coming in, but those emotions were quickly hidden from sight. "Have a seat." Abigail sat down and tried to explain the situation. When she saw that Sean wasn't occupied anymore, she rubbed the fabric of her clothes between her fingers. To be honest, she was the one who suggested the divorce, so it was a little embarrassing for her to say the following words. Her face turned bright red, and she closed her eyes and steeled herself before saying, "Can we not get a divorce for the time being?" Before Sean could say anything, she hastily explained, "Wait, don't protest yet.

I know you don't like me, but don't worry. I don't like you that much either. However, there's a bit of an emergency on my side. My grandma is here, and she's under the impression that we've been on good terms all this while. Also, she's ill, so I don't want to affect her with news of the divorce." "Sean, our

relationship is between us, I don't want to involve other people." She paused momentarily, then continued, "Please just compromise for the time being. At the very least, let's pretend to be good to each other in front of Grandma. When this is over, I'll send her home, then you can do whatever you want. Is that okay?" Sean didn't expect Lina to be waiting for him, and he couldn't help but frown. "Is Grandma truly here?" Abigail nodded. "Yes, she came this morning. I know that this-" "Are you sure? That I can do whatever I want?" Sean raised an eyebrow as he posed the question. Abigail didn't expect him to agree. She wished she could worship Sean right now as she hastily nodded. Sean pointed at the door. "I want you to get out right now." Abigail fell silent. She was annoyed, but she could only turn around and leave. After all, she was asking him for a favor. However, before she arrived at the door, she heard his cold voice sounding behind her. "To be clear, if either of us angers the other, the person must be responsible for appeasing the other." Abigail's eyes lit up. This was her first time feeling that Sean was human. However, before she could praise him, her phone rang.