

Spare Wife 211

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Meaningless.

When Sean received the call from Abigail, he thought she was taking the initiative to apologize.

After answering, he said lazily, "Even if you've finally acknowledged the error of your ways, I won't be coming back right away."

She paused for a few seconds before curtly informing him, "Your grandmother's at the Quinn Residence. You need to come over."

His smile vanished instantly. "What did my grandmother say?" he asked grimly.

"We'll talk about it when you're back... Grandma!" Abigail cried out before ending the call.

Still clutching his phone, Sean's mind went blank.

Naturally, he knew what his grandmother was like and wondered why she bothered the Quinns.

Abigail didn't expect her grandmother to faint out of the blue, and Lina was startled, too.

"Grandma!" Abigail held Analise, who had collapsed to the floor, and quickly called for an ambulance.

"Once Sean gets here, you two can just file the paperwork to get a divorce," Lina hastily said upon seeing Analise's condition before leaving.

Abigail was on the floor, embracing the unconscious Analise, tears streaming down her face. She regretted not standing her ground earlier and allowing the situation to persist because Sean opposed a divorce.

Once Lina left the Quinn Residence, a car arrived to pick her up. Joan, the driver, had fully grasped that Abigail was Sean's wife.

While driving, Joan asked complaisantly, "How did it go?"

After recalling the way Analise fainted, Lina patted her chest apprehensively. "It all depends on Sean now. What about on your end? Are you sure it'll work if we get her grandmother to force them into getting a divorce?"

"It should work, but you can't say it was my idea, Old Mrs. Graham. Sean doesn't want me to get involved in these things. He'd be angry if he found out," Joan replied in a soft, helpless voice.

"Yes, yes. I know how he dotes on you. Don't worry, I'm his grandmother. What can he do to me?" Lina chuckled.

Joan responded with a bashful smile. In reality, she felt nothing but contempt for Lina, thinking, She's old, alright. All she cares about is getting a great-grandchild. All I had to do was say a few words, and she leaped at the chance of doing the dirty work for me.

Nevertheless, the trip had been fruitful for Joan. Now, she understood how Abigail knew about Sean's marriage. Joan narrowed her eyes and thought, However, as long as the divorce happens, she won't be his wife anymore.

Along the way, they noticed an ambulance in the opposite lane. Joan looked at it out of habit and noticed Lina staring uncomfortably. Joan could not help but wonder, Did something happen to Abigail's grandmother?

Soon, the ambulance arrived at Quinn Residence. Abigail rode along to the hospital in Quinn Village. The prolonged wait gave her plenty of time to panic and blame herself for not pursuing a divorce sooner.

When the doctor came out, she rushed over and asked anxiously, "How's my grandma?"

We're contacting a city hospital because we suspect the patient hit her head during the fall and may have intracranial hemorrhage. We lack the necessary equipment here. She'll require surgery at a larger hospital," the doctor explained before leaving.

Feeling light-headed, Abigail nearly fell to the floor. She mused, Intracranial hemorrhage? How could this happen?!

As soon as Sean landed, he hurried straight to Metro Hospital.

"Old Mrs. Quinn sustained a head injury which resulted in intracranial hemorrhage. Arrangements have been made for her surgery," Cameron reported the latest news while keeping up with Sean.

Sean's expression turned cold as ice, and he snarled, "How could Grandma piss them off this badly?! Have you looked into it yet? Why did she suddenly go to the Quinns?"

"It seems that Abigail sold the house you bought for her to purchase a new one in the city for her grandmother. Old Mrs. Graham was upset, which prompted her visit," Cameron replied timidly.

Sean didn't say a word, but his expression darkened.

When they got to the hospital, Sean spotted Abigail sitting outside the surgical theater with Luna beside her.

He stopped in his tracks. Despite his fearlessness over the years, he wanted to escape and avoid confronting the situation.

What would happen to his relationship with Abigail if Analise's surgery went wrong? He knew the answer but couldn't bring himself to face it.

Luna noticed Sean, and though her expression was chilly, she patted Abigail on the shoulder and murmured something.

Abigail immediately looked up at him.

Sean had no choice but to approach them. He had never seen Abigail appear as cold as she did now.

“Sean, before my grandma’s surgery, she wished for us to divorce. Will you agree to fulfill her wish?” Abigail tried to control her emotions.

It was her fault for assuming the house was hers and selling it without informing Lina. That’s why Lina could unleash such abuse on Analise and Abigail. Abigail no longer wanted anything to do with Sean and didn’t want to waste her breath on him anymore.

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Pushed to the Brink

Sean sat down beside Abigail.

Cameron came forward and said courteously to Luna, “Let’s give them room to talk.”

Without acknowledging him, Luna got up and headed toward the stairs.

Once they were out of earshot, Sean yanked at his tie and replied, “I want to talk to Grandma. myself. Why does she want us to get a divorce? Doesn’t she like me?”

“Are you implying that just because she likes you, she should forgive your grandmother for what she said to her? Don’t you think you’re being too self-centered?” Abigail’s voice was charged with fury, her eyes welling up and her body trembling.

“After all, she has taken care of me, and it’s only right that I see her and apologize,” Sean replied in a deep, melancholy voice.

Abigail knew that Sean had treated Analise fairly well all this time, even though he didn’t like her.

Analise deserved an apology, but Abigail knew that an apology couldn’t resolve this situation.

With hatred and disdain in her eyes, Abigail declared, “My grandma has nothing to do with you. anymore! I thought my compromise was for the benefit of both our elders, but it seems it only benefited your grandma! My constant willingness to compromise was nothing but a joke! Nothing. you say or do now will make a difference!” She pondered, I should’ve gotten the divorce a long time ago. If I hadn’t let things drag out this long, nothing of this would’ve happened today.

Sean’s mood was at an all-time low. He knew she wouldn’t be receptive to anything he said now. After a brief silence, he said hoarsely, “Once Grandma wakes up, I’ll confirm things with her. Then, we’ll get a divorce.”

However, he didn’t get a response from her.

Analise’s surgery lasted three hours, but her condition remained unstable. She was wheeled to the intensive care unit, but Abigail was denied entry.

“We can only confirm the patient’s condition when she wakes up. Considering her age, her recovery will depend on various factors,” the doctor in the ICU explained patiently.

Abigail nodded. She was still beside herself with concern.

The Pearsons and the Davidsons also learned about Analise's condition. When Eric brought Josh and Lynette over, Abigail felt a headache coming on.

Analise would faint from anger once more if she woke up and saw them.

"How's your grandma?" Eric asked Abigail with concern etched on his face as soon as he saw her.

"She's in the ICU. The doctor said that even if she wakes up, it doesn't mean she's completely out of danger," Abigail answered..

Sean stood aside, eyeing Josh coldly.

Josh had been standing behind Eric the whole time. Compared to the panicked Lynette and concerned Eric, Josh seemed calmer.

"Everything will be fine," Eric comforted Abigail. "You're her only granddaughter. I'm sure she won't leave you behind like that.

She felt a bit better hearing his comforting words. Thank you."

In the meantime, Sean was irritated to see Eric and Abigail engaged in conversation.

"You've been here for many hours, Abby. I heard you haven't eaten since you came to the hospital. Why not have lunch with Josh and Eric? I'll stay here and help you keep an eye on things," Lynette offered caringly after squeezing in beside Abigail.

"I'll just order some food later." Abigail didn't feel good about leaving Lynette alone here. Moreover, she would be even more anxious if Lynette stayed with Analise. After all, she didn't understand Lynette enough to know whether or not she could be trusted.

"Abby, I think a walk would be good for you. Don't put too much pressure on yourself. Who will take care of your grandma if you tire yourself out?" Lynette had a knack for saying the right things.

"It's just lunch. We'll come right back afterward," Eric added.

Sean was about to speak when he heard Josh say, "Let's have a chat, Mr. Graham."

This caught Abigail's attention, and she glanced at them.

Sean replied coldly, "I have nothing to say to you. I've asked Cameron to buy lunch for her, so you need not be concerned about that."

Based on Cameron's information, Sean did not think Josh was worthy of Abigail's trust.

In an amused tone, Eric asked, "What's the matter? Can't her friends express their concern for her?"

Abigail suddenly turned to Eric, saying, "Let's go eat."

Eric lit up with joy and nodded swiftly. "Sure. Let's go."

A frown appeared on Sean's face, but before he could voice his thoughts, Abigail told him. "You

and Cameron can have a meal together, Sean.” With that, she turned and left.

After a glance at Sean, Eric followed her.

Josh eyed Sean coldly. Once Abigail and Eric were out of earshot, Josh said curtly, “Previously, all Abby had was her grandma, but that won’t be the case anymore.”

Sean didn’t respond. He continued to stare in the direction where Abigail had gone.

When Josh thought Sean wouldn’t respond, Sean abruptly asked, “Does Eric have feelings for Abby?”

Lynette looked at Sean with detest in her eyes and grumbled, “Does Abby not deserve to be liked by someone? Does she only deserve to suffer at your hands?”

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Too Late

Sean hesitated to respond to Lynette’s question.

Josh cast one final glance at Sean before departing.

Seeing as no response would be forthcoming, Lynette scoffed and sat on the side. She thought, I’m going to stay right here today. I’ll prove to Abby that she can rely on me!

Abigail and Eric briefly waited in the hospital lobby before Josh caught up with them.

“Why are you guys here?” Abigail asked coolly as soon as Josh approached.

“We were worried about you, so we came over to check on you,” Josh replied.

He wasn’t great at communicating and didn’t know how to interact with her. The thought of her possibly being his sister made him nervous. He didn’t know what to do with himself.

Noticing Josh’s anxiety, Eric spoke for him, saying, “We were worried you’d get bullied if you were alone. We know Sean’s grandma is the reason your grandma’s in the hospital.”

Abigail nodded, appearing despondent. “I’m fine. I won’t let anyone bully me.”

“Why don’t we grab a bite to eat?” Josh suggested.

She agreed with a hum.

While eating, Abigail scarfed her food down. She was worried about leaving Analise in Lynette’s care.

Plus, Abigail agreed with what the others had said. She needed to keep herself in good shape, thinking, If something happens to me, who will care for Grandma? Besides, the studio needs me... Also, Lexie’s gown hasn’t been completed yet. I don’t have time to wallow in sadness.

Eric and Josh expressed deep concern for her, who appeared noticeably thinner. She bore a heavy burden, which was clear to both of them.

She finished her meal in less than ten minutes. "I'm done. I'm heading back to the hospital. You've seen what you came to see, so you should go back now. It won't be good if Grandma sees you when she wakes up." She stood up and said to Eric and Josh.

"Understood," Eric said with a nod.

especially at this time. Analise had an aversion to their company, especially to Josh. As a result, they couldn't visit her,

"Remember that no matter what happens, we're always on your side," Josh said.

Abigail acknowledged with a hum, though she didn't take his words to heart. Their concern and protectiveness felt more like a burden to her than a source of happiness.

Back in the hospital, she put in considerable effort to convince Lynette to leave.

Sean was still there. Now that he was finally alone with Abigail again, he couldn't help asking. "Abby, can we have a proper talk?"

She had been agitated since his return but now looked calm, eyeing him coldly, showing no interest in talking. "What's there for us to talk about? Her tone conveyed her rejection.

He looked serious. "Do we have to get a divorce?"

In the past, whenever she brought up the topic of divorce, he had been confident it wouldn't come to pass. He used to be carefree, but not anymore. This time was different. It wasn't just a matter between them now; their families were also in the picture. He couldn't make unilateral decisions about their relationship.

"Sean, my near-death experience is unresolved, and my grandma is injured now. Must your grandma harm everyone in my family before you consider divorce? Whether it's Joan or your grandma, they act boldly because of you!" she accused, her gaze unwavering.

Abigail knew she could never reconcile with Lina. Just thinking of Lina reminded her of what happened to her grandmother. Her resentment was permanent, and she could never forgive Lina for her actions.

"Abigail, I'll make amends for your suffering and your grandma's," Sean vowed, clenching his fists. Even his jaw was tense. "And Joan and I were never in a relationship. You're the only woman I've ever been involved with."

It was true that he bore responsibility for the conflict between their families.

She scoffed and looked away. "What's the use of saying these things now? Sean, from the very beginning, I shouldn't have chosen to marry you. It's my fault. I forced you to marry me. It was wrong of me. You don't love me. I deserve to suffer at your hands, but three years is enough. Please release me from this. I'm begging you to spare me. I'm begging you to spare my grandma."

He pursed his lips tightly. Finally, he said hoarsely, "When Grandma wakes divorce proceedings." With those words, he felt his heart shatter.

As he left the hospital, the sunlight felt more piercing than ever.

up,

we'll initiate

is she doing? When Sean arrived at Graham Estate, Colby immediately asked about Analise's condition.

"How

"She's not out of danger yet," he replied grimly.

Colby held his shoulder and said, "I didn't know your grandma would head over to Abigail's

grandma's place. I didn't think things would turn out this way."

"It's not your fault, Grandpa. We're just not meant to stay together," Sean said evenly.

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Marriage Alliance

Colby understood what Sean meant.

All previous talks of divorce hadn't been taken seriously, but this time, it was.

"Have you thought things through?" Colby asked Sean.

"Yeah." Sean replied.

Just then, Lina emerged from the kitchen, holding a fruit plate. She called out to Sean as if everything was fine. "You're back! Come and have some fruit, Sean. The grapes are exceptionally juicy today."

Sean, looking at her, felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness. He ascended the stairs without responding.

"Sean..." she called out again.

He didn't even look at her.

"Who was it all for, anyway? It was all for him! Even if things turned out poorly, my intentions were good!" she lamented with reddened eyes.

Colby remained stoic as he entered the study. He didn't want to listen to her rants.

Lina felt there was no reason to put on a show when there was no one to watch. Annoyed, she sat down on the couch and began eating grapes.

Soon, Sean came down with his luggage.

your luggage? Are you moving out?" Startled, she jumped to her feet. Her eyes were red as she interrogated, "Why did you bring down

except for special occasions." "I bought a house," he declared in a chilly tone, rolling his luggage out. "I won't be returning here

Lina quickly grabbed his hand. "Sean, think about it. Why did I do all that? It's so you can have a family. If you don't have any children despite being married, people will start gossiping about say such things about you?" you. They'll say you're impotent. You're the president of a company! How can we allow people to

suffer instead?" Sean retorted. "So, just because people shouldn't be gossiping about me, you made Abigail and her grandma

"What do you mean I made them suffer? Haven't you given her enough throughout these years? You spent millions on the house for her without hesitation-

"I don't want to hear this from you!" he interrupted her, his eyes filled with anger, which made her uneasy. He continued, "So what if I bought her a house? Is that

sson enough for you to go over

there and humiliate them? She's your granddaughter-in-law, so why can't you treat her better?" His frustration was evident, and he struggled to contain his anger.

Sean struggled to control his emotions, but Lina's words shattered his composure. Soon, her eyes welled up with tears.

"You always say it's for my sake. Since it's for my sake, why won't you listen when I say I don't want to have children? Well, you get your wish. Abigail and I are getting a divorce-but I won't marry anyone else. I won't ever get married again!" He flung off his grandmother's hand and stormed off.

Colby stood silently at the door and watched as Lina's tears fell.

Inside the car, Sean looked drained. He couldn't picture getting a divorce from Abigail. Just the thought of it alone suffocated him. However, upon reflection, he realized that with Lina's personality, the divorce was inevitable. Even if they had a child, conflicts would persist.

Lina was resolute and authoritarian, refusing to accept Abigail. Even if Sean and Abigail had a child, Lina would continue to find fault with Abigail over trivial matters.

Someone prone to provocation would continue, even if temporarily halted due to the child.

When Sean arrived at his new house, Cameron, who was supervising the movers, respectfully informed him, "Kingston and Joan have been in frequent contact recently. I haven't uncovered the details of their conversations yet, but I did discover that Joan met with Old Mrs. Graham a few times before the latter visited Old Mrs. Quinn."

Sean paused. "Joan met my grandma in private?"

"That's right. They met up several times. I'm still checking to see whether she was the one who replied. divulged the information about Mrs. Graham selling the house to Old Mrs. Graham," Cameron

"Joan's becoming more and more audacious," Sean remarked coldly. "By the way, what's been going on between the Pearsons and the Davidsons?"

have

you found

“It seems like the two families might be forming a marriage alliance,” Cameron replied.

Sean frowned. “So, the Pearsons approached Abigail because they wanted to marry her off?”

“There’s no concrete answer for that yet,” Cameron said.

Sean entered the house. “Even so, Abigail has to be informed that the Pearsons have ulterior motives.”
After saying this,

Cameron followed in silence.

“Is it certain that Abigail is the Pearsons’ long-lost daughter?” Sean asked.

Cameron quickly replied, “It hasn’t been confirmed yet. Mrs. Graham doesn’t wish to do the DNA test, and for now, the Pearsons don’t wish to force her.”

“The Pearsons are already treating her like she’s one of the family,” Sean scoffed.

Why would they approach her now when she had made a name for herself in the fashion industry?
Where had they been all these years?

“Find someone else to take your place. For now, stay in the hospital and keep an eye on Abigail and her grandma. We’ll pay for the medical expenses, Sean instructed Cameron while inspecting the interior decor.

Yes, Mr. Graham,” Cameron acknowledged.

“Carry on with your work.” Sean walked toward the balcony.

Knowing Sean was in a bad mood, Cameron silently took his leave.

Sean spent a while on the balcony before he took out his phone and dialed Joan’s number.

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How Many More Explanations Necessary

Abigail spent several days in the hospital, keeping Analise company. Her grandmother had already regained consciousness, but since the day Sean had discussed the divorce with Abigail, he had not revisited Analise. Abigail had started to wonder if Sean’s absence was intentional, perhaps as a way to prolong the matter.

Lying in bed, Analise weakly suggested. “Call Sean and ask when he’s coming over.”

While peeling a banana for her grandmother, Abigail replied, “Sure, I’ll call him once you finish. this banana.”

Analise looked affectionately at Abigail. “Will you resent me for pushing you to get a divorce?”

You might find it amusing, Grandma, but I had suggested getting a divorce many times before this,”
Abigail replied with a bitter smile.

“Why would I laugh at you... Was it because you learned about his infidelity when you mentioned wanting to work and have your income?” Analise asked while eating the banana.

“I don’t know how to explain it,” Abigail answered, avoiding eye contact. “You should ask him yourself.”

Analise sighed. “With his grandma being the way she is... you’ll only suffer if you stay married to him. I know you’ve always loved him, but love cannot be enough to live on...”

“I know, Grandma. I understand now,” Abigail replied softly. She deeply regretted marrying Sean simply because she liked him. The man had shattered all her hopes for a blissful marriage.

“At the time, I didn’t want you to marry him... How can we match up to a family like his?” Analise murmured.

“I was wrong, Grandma,” Abigail choked. Her feelings for him nearly led to Analise’s death. If Abigail hadn’t insisted on marrying Sean, Analise wouldn’t have ended up in the hospital and forced to undergo a craniotomy. Her elderly grandmother had to suffer because of her.

“I never blamed you for your decision. I just hope to see you happy,” Analise said, her eyes red..

After Analise finished her banana and closed her eyes for a nap, Abigail called Sean. She had to ring him several times before he finally picked up his phone.

“Grandma wants to talk to you. When are you coming over?” she asked him, striving to keep her voice steady.

However, he didn’t respond right away.

She heard his faint breathing sounds, so she didn’t rush him.

Moments later, he said quietly, “I’ll come over tonight.”

“Okay.” After ending the call, Abigail took a deep breath.

Her feelings for Sean ended up hurting her and her grandmother, leaving him dissatisfied. It was time for her to wake up from her dream.

At night, Analise was awake when Sean came over.

“Abby, go and get some grapes for me.” Analise wanted to speak with him in private.

Abigail nodded and left. After closing the door behind her, she stood still and exhaled. As she approached the elevator, she encountered Luna, who had arrived after work.

“How are you? Did Sean come today?” Luna took Abigail’s hand with a look of concern.

“He’s in the room talking to Grandma privately,” Abigail said calmly.

Luna tugged on Abigail’s hand. “Let’s go on a walk together.”

“Yeah, sure.” Abigail entered the elevator.

Neither one spoke while leaving the hospital and stepping out into the night.

"I never thought the two of you would end up like this... Still, everything will be better after the divorce. No one will force you to eat those things and get those ridiculous injections!" Luna purposely kept her tone light as she held Abigail's hand tightly.

"Yeah. You're right," Abigail responded with a smile.

They reached the fruit store, where Abigail purchased grapes and other items. As they left the store, she couldn't help but wonder about Analise and Sean's conversation.

Inside the hospital room, Sean sat down beside Analise.

After staring at him a while, she said, "I always thought you were a good man. Even though you had a privileged upbringing, you didn't turn out like all the other rich young men who live idle lives without doing anything. I thought you'd be good to Abby."

"Grandma." He gazed apologetically at her.

He truly regretted the way he had hurt Abigail. Would things have turned out differently if he had told her from the start that he was not involved with Joan in any way?

Analise's tears trickled out of the corners of her eyes. "I'm so disappointed in you, Sean. I thought you weren't like all the other rich young men. I never thought you'd cheat on her. How could you do this to Abby, who spent the last three years eating all kinds of supplements and getting injections for you?"

"Grandma, would you believe me if I told you I didn't cheat on her?" Sean looked her in the eyes. He truly hoped that she would trust him.

She turned away from him. "How can it be false when your grandmother came to our door and said so herself? She's your grandmother. Would she tarnish your name like that? What do you Grahams take Abby for anyway? She's my one and only granddaughter. What gives Grahams the right to take her for granted and abuse the sincerity of her feelings for you?"

Sean's heart was shaken. He had always believed that Abigail married into the family as a gesture of gratitude, a notion repeated by Lina. It never occurred to him that Abigail truly loved him.

Feeling Analise's distress, he set aside his emotions and gently held her hand. "Please calm down. You need to watch out for your health."

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She'd Be Angry

Analise let out a heavy sigh as she gazed at Sean, her voice laced with bitterness. "G-Get a divorce tomorrow. From now on... our two families will have nothing to do with each other. I don't want to see any of you ever again..

Sean had arrived today with a glimmer of hope still lingering. However, she had clarified her stance, and he ultimately lost Abigail.

At his silence, Analise asked through her tears, "What did you people take my Abby for... How could you mistreat her this way? You bought the house for her. Why was she accused of stealing it... Abby's the

apple of my eye. I know our family isn't good enough for the Grahams. After she married you, I kept telling her to compromise and let you get your way... How could you cheat on her? How could you betray her..."

The Abigail she loved so dearly suffered so terribly at the hands of the Grahams.

Sean held Analise's hand tightly, unable to speak. He couldn't deny that the Grahams had mistreated Abigail. Back when he hadn't developed feelings for her, he disregarded how Lina treated her. Little did he know that before marrying him, she had been the apple of her grandparents' eyes, and they also cherished her dearly.

By the time Abigail and Luna returned, the man had left.

Witnessing Analise's silent tears, Abigail rushed forward to take her hand. "What's the matter?" Her voice was filled with worry.

"It's fine... I'm fine... Abby, you won't have to put up with the Grahams once you file your divorce tomorrow. You can do whatever you want. I'll take good care of myself. You won't have to worry about me." Analise's eyes were swollen. She wouldn't have wanted Abigail to get a divorce if the Grahams hadn't gone too far.

Many women faced hardships after divorce, and Abigail would be no exception. Hence, Analise wished she were a few decades younger to continue looking after her.

Luna joined Abigail and gently assured Analise, "Old Mrs. Quinn, I'll take good care of Abby. Even though she won't have the Grahams anymore, shell still have me. Don't worry. We're like sisters- to each other."

Analise smiled and nodded. She held Luna's hand, hoping that Luna would become Abigail's pillar of support.

The night sky darkened.

When Kevin found Sean drowning himself in alcohol at the hotel, he was utterly shocked. "You never drink so much. What's going on?"

Caught up with work, Kevin hadn't heard about the Grahams and Quinns situation. He wouldn't have known that Sean had been drinking heavily in front of his client if that client hadn't called Kevin.

"Am I not allowed to get drunk?" Sean shot back before taking another gulp.

Kevin's expression grew solemn. "You never drink like this in front of clients. What on earth is going on?"

"They wanted to share a toast with me, so I ensured they got as many as they wanted. What's wrong with that?" Sean eyed Kevin with a mocking smile.

"Something's up with you. You're never like this. What happened?" Kevin started getting frantic.

Sean didn't speak. He quietly downed more alcohol.

“Did you get your heart broken?” Kevin sat down and asked.

Sean’s brows knitted together. “Do you only think of the worst when it comes to me?”

Alas, his words did not match his thoughts. It wasn’t as simple as getting his heart broken. He was getting a divorce.

“I hope to see you doing well, of course, but it’s obvious something’s wrong,” Kevin said with a look of scrutiny.

“There’s nothing wrong. I plan on heading back once I finish this bottle. Don’t drink. Give me a ride later.” Sean was in a funk but didn’t want to open up to Kevin. He realized there was no reason to make the divorce public knowledge.

“I thought you’d refuse to leave until you’d drink your weight in alcohol,” Kevin retorted. Deep down inside, he figured out what was happening and thought, Perhaps it’s a matter of the heart.

He continued, “Did you break up with Abigail? You wouldn’t be drinking so much otherwise.” Kevin was Sean’s good friend, after all. He understood Sean pretty well. Even when Sean had been forced into the marriage, he didn’t drown himself in alcohol. Kevin was sure things were extremely serious this time.

“We’re getting a divorce.” Sean’s voice was unusually calm.

“Are you giving up just like that? I can’t believe it. That’s unlike you.” Kevin was utterly baffled.

After a brief silence, Sean said, “Everyone thinks a divorce signifies an end, that I’m giving up, but I disagree.”

Kevin rubbed his chin in confusion. “Just drink your drink. You’re spewing nonsense.

Sean knew Kevin didn’t understand what he meant.

After a night of heavy drinking, it was unsurprising that Sean was late the next day.

Abigail had waited outside the courthouse for quite some time when he finally arrived. As he emerged from the car, their eyes locked.

Sean balled his fists.

Abigail withdrew her gaze. She had the necessary documents in hand.

He came up to her and said, “Let’s go.”

She nodded, and both of them experienced a mix of emotions.

The courtroom was filled with a diverse crowd. Among those seeking a divorce, most were engaged in heated arguments, while others included families with five or six members and couples. Those who had completed their divorce filings exhibited a range of emotions, from tears to bursts of anger.

Sean and Abigail sat on the side and watched others conduct their divorce proceedings.

After looking at the others for a while, he abruptly asked her, “Do you still have matters to attend to in Ouisford?”

“Yeah. I’m leaving tomorrow. I told Grandma about it already. Luna will help me take care of her,” she responded.

As things neared their conclusion, Abigail regained her composure and stopped addressing Sean with contempt and impatience. It was a relief to bring something to an amicable end.

“Okay. Call me if you need any help. Even though we’re no longer married, everything can be the same as before,” he said softly.

“Thanks, but that won’t be necessary,” she replied curtly.

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A New Beginning

After filing their divorce papers, the two left the courthouse.

As soon as they appeared at the entrance, Cameron, who had been waiting outside, came over and handed an envelope to Sean.

Sean took the envelope and held it out to Abigail. “Honey... This is the last time I’ll be calling you that.”

Abigail had planned on refusing to take the envelope from him, but after hearing his abrupt comment, a complicated mix of emotions welled up inside her. As she stared at Sean, she felt both wry and sad.

“Alright,” Abigail said coolly as she took the envelope.

With pursed lips, Sean gazed at Abigail. After a long silence, he averted his eyes and said, “I’ve made you suffer a lot the past three years. When it came to both my family and our relationship, I disregarded your feelings and well-being. I want to apologize for that.”

Even Sean found the situation ironic.

Perhaps Abigail doesn’t want to listen to these meaningless words anymore. Maybe she’s been looking forward to the divorce for a long time now. I’m the only one who doesn’t wish to let her go. She has finally regained her freedom.

Abigail looked at Sean and said impassively, “That won’t be necessary. From now on, we’ll go our separate ways.”

She could still remember just how happy she had been when she married him. She had loved him in secret, and whenever she looked at him then, she thought everything was worth it.

From today onward, those memories would all be relegated to the past. She was going to lock them up and throw away the key—never to be revisited again.

Sean felt his chest tightening. He subconsciously loosened his tie before glancing at Abigail. “How do you want me to deal with the incident involving your grandmother?”

“You don’t need to ask for my opinion. That involves you and your family. It has nothing to do with me,” Abigail replied. Neither she nor Analise had the power to make any sort of request.

It wasn’t as if she could ask him to piss Lina off so that she would get a heart attack and end the hospital too.

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The only way to resolve this matter was to carry on living their separate lives after the divorce and not have any more contact with each other.

Sean nodded. “Cameron, give Abigail a ride one last time.”

“No need,” Abigail rejected. “Luna’s waiting for me.

Cameron glanced tentatively at Sean.

Sean took one last look at Abigail before saying to Cameron, “Let’s go.”

When Abigail got into Luna’s car, she let out a long exhale.

Luna held her and said consolingly, “Congratulations on regaining your freedom. You can date anyone you want now.”

Abigail leaned against Luna’s shoulder. “Yeah.”

Sean hadn’t said a word since he got into the car.

Cameron drove as carefully as possible, afraid that even a small bump in the road would displease Sean.

All of a sudden, Sean instructed Cameron, “Continue to keep an eye on Kingston.”

“Got it,” Cameron replied.

Sean stopped speaking. All he could think about was the cold and indifferent look on Abigail’s face.

He didn’t choose to get a divorce just because of his grandmother. It was also because of Joan and Kingston.

In any case, he didn’t believe that a divorce signified the end of his relationship with Abigail. It could also be a new beginning.

That being said, Abigail’s suffering left him in a dismal mood, too.

After the divorce, Abigail went back to Ouisford for work.

Before coming over, she didn’t open the envelope Sean gave her.

Somehow, Lynette heard about Abigail’s divorce and was startled to find that the latter had immediately returned to Ouisford to work.

“People really do work themselves to death. Why don’t you take a few days off?” Lynette asked Abigail while sipping her drink.

“There’s no time. We need to hand over the gown by June,” Abigail answered.

Lynette nodded. “Has Lexie been pushing you too hard? If you don’t want to do it, the Pearsons can help you.”

“It’s fine. This is my job,” Abigail replied indifferently.

“Can you not be so cold toward me, Abby? I really like you.” Lynette felt a little hurt.

“I’m not being cold to you.” Abigail thought she was being calm and pleasant enough.

Lynette was a Pearson, and Abigail didn’t like the Pearsons. She was already being cordial enough by putting up with Lynette’s constant presence.

Lynette sighed. “Are you just like Josh? Someone cold on the outside but warm on the inside?”

“I’m not like Josh,” Abigail emphasized.

Lynette quickly nodded in agreement. “Yes, you’re right. I misspoke.”

Abigail was still resistant to having any sort of relationship with the Pearsons. Lynette was afraid of saying the wrong thing.

“Don’t you have work to do?” Abigail asked Lynette as she carried on with her sewing.

Lynette waved her chin in the air and said, “I don’t have to work. I’m the boss of three hotels in Capitalis. All I have to do is collect my share of the profits every month and invest that money. I’m making money without even having to do anything. I can easily earn hundreds of thousands a day without needing to work hard like ordinary people.”

Abigail couldn’t understand what that was like. She didn’t even dare to dream of what it’d be like to earn six figures a day.

Lexie’s gown was the result of months of effort, and it would result in about 1.2 million in profits. To Abigail, that was already more money than ordinary people could save up in their lifetime.

Her shock and speechlessness made Lynette feel a little awkward. The latter quickly comforted her by saying, “But my life is pretty meaningless. You live a far more meaningful life. You’re so talented, and so many people adore your creations. You’re way more incredible than me.”

Abigail remarked, “To an ordinary person, earning six figures in one day is a dream come true.”

[Chapter 218](#)

Smugness Comes Before a Beating

Lynette chided herself. I shouldn’t have said anything. Abby’s feeling inferior because of me.

She sat down in a quiet spot and observed Abigail in silence.

Lynette thought that Abigail was a great person. She was talented, humble, and serious when it came to her work. Lynette couldn't understand why Abigail's relationship with Sean would end in divorce.

She heard that it was Lina who looked down on Abigail's background.

Lynette knew that Abigail's grandparents raised her. They were both farmers from the countryside who relied on their farms for a living.

A wealthy family would usually turn their nose up at such a modest upbringing.

However, Lynette believed it was hard to find someone of Abigail's character.

Even though Abigail married Sean, she continued to work on her own career instead of simply living off her husband's money.

Abigail had no clue Lynette was singing her praises.

When Abigail was nearly done with work, Lynette quickly stood up and said eagerly, "Josh wants us to come over. He's made some desserts."

"I want to have a proper meal, not desserts," Abigail declined without hesitation

Lynette tugged on Abigail's arm. "Let's go, Abby. Josh is great at what he does. What you need now is something sweet to lift your spirits."

Abigail eyed her helplessly. "I'm in a pretty good mood right now."

"Come on, please? Just for a bite!" Lynette pouted as she pleaded with Abigail, all the while holding the latter's arm.

"I'll go and take a look." Unable to reject such friendliness, Abigail had no choice but to give in.

Lynette would have kept pestering her if she didn't agree to go over.

Even as she stepped into the tea house, Abigail felt a little dazed.

At the time, she decided against ever having any contact with them, yet how long had it been since then?

Is it true there are some people you can't ever keep out of your life?

Josh seemed a little flustered when he saw Abigail. "Why did you come over?"

"Lynette said you made some desserts and insisted that I come over to try them. Did you not make any?" Abigail thought Josh was putting on an act. Why is he acting like this if he had been waiting for me to come over?

"I did. I'll bring them over right away. Would you like some tea? We stocked some new teas lately, and they're particularly fragrant." Josh immediately dropped everything. It was as if he couldn't wait to scamper off into the kitchen.

“Alright.” Abigail nodded.

“I’ll help you,” Lynette called out to Josh.

“Okay.”

Abigail sat down by the window.

She wasn’t working on any designs lately and felt a little bored to be just sitting still.

Just as she was about to ask Luna about Analise, someone entered the tea house.

Joan cocked her eyebrow when she spotted Abigail. “I didn’t expect that you’d actually be here.”

“What are you doing here?” Abigail asked coolly.

Naturally, Joan came over after hearing about the divorce. She wanted to kick Abigail while the latter was down.

“I came to see you, of course. You must be in a bad mood after the divorce,” Joan chuckled as she came over.

Abigail’s expression was icy. “Care to bet whether or not Sean will rush here right away if I call him? What about you? Do you think you can marry him?”

Joan remained unaffected. She knew that sooner or later, she would be marrying Sean. Lina said

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“You should be thanking me that the divorce finally happened. Do you think you could’ve a divorce if it weren’t for my help?” Joan had a victorious smile on her face as she took a seat opposite Abigail.

Abigail eyed her icily, “You’re the one who goaded Old Mrs. Graham into coming over to my family and causing a scene?”

“What do you mean? I didn’t goad her into anything. She was already dissatisfied with you. I was just helping you, her, and Sean,” Joan declared smugly.

However, as soon as she finished speaking, Lynette rushed over. She flung the piping hot tea she had in hand at Joan’s face. “How dare a mistress like you come over and strut in front of the woman whose marriage you ruined? Has anyone ever taught you decency? Well, I’ll do favor and teach you that lesson today!”

Then, she grabbed Joan by the hair.

“Ahhh!” Joan shrieked in pain.

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“Lynette...” Worried that Sean would go after Lynette for this, Abigail quickly tried to stop her.

Lynette was furious. Her eyes were blazing ferociously. "Don't stop me, Abby. When my temper gets going, it won't subside until I bash a few heads in!"

Then, she dragged Joan, who was still screaming, toward the door.

"Let go of me... Ahhhh!" Joan howled.

Abigail went after them.

Lynette dragged Joan to the entrance of the tea house, and before Joan could react, she slapped Joan in the face.

The bystanders stopped to look at the commotion.

After slapping Joan, Lynette shoved Joan to the ground and shouted to the passersby, "Come and see, everyone! A living, breathing mistress! Get a good look at her face, and remember to keep your guard up against her. She might steal your husbands next!"

Joan wanted to cover her face, but Lynette wasn't going to let her do it. She grabbed Joan's hair and yanked the latter's head backward so that her face was on display.

"Weren't you being all haughty and condescending earlier? You had the nerve to come over and boast in front of the wife, didn't you? Have you finally figured out what shame is? I thought the word didn't even exist in your dictionary!" Lynette rebuked loudly and domineeringly.

[Chapter 219](#)

Conditional

Joan started crying.

"I'm not... That's slander! I don't even know who you are."

Lynette sneered. "As if you're even fit to be slandered by me. I wouldn't have bothered with you if you had just stayed away after getting what you wanted. Why did you come all the way over just to taunt the woman whose marriage you ruined, huh? You either have too much time on your hands, or you're just a b*tch through and through!"

Abigail knew it was too late to stop Lynette. In any case, Joan asked for it.

Just for the sake of getting Sean, Joan had Lina make a scene in front of Analise, and the latter nearly died as a result. Why would Abigail pity a woman like that?

Joan came over to mock Abigail. She didn't expect to find someone who would come forward to protect Abigail.

"Abby... save me... Sean won't let her get away with treating me like this!" Lynette was too scary, so Joan began pleading with Abigail instead.

Just then, Josh came out and shielded Abigail behind him.

"Do

you need me to call Sean Graham for you and tell him to come over?" Josh's voice was a lot colder when he addressed Joan.

Joan stiffened. Her eyes flitted between Abigail and Josh as an outrageous thought occurred to her.

"What's your relationship?" she asked instinctively.

"Why would they need to inform an immoral lowlife like you what their relationship is?" Lynette scoffed.

"I'm going back in," Abigail said coolly before heading into the tea house. She didn't want to continue standing in front of the crowd of onlookers.

Josh wanted to go back in with her, so he said to Lynette, "That's enough, now. She's not worth any more of your time."

Lynette smiled. "You're right, Josh. I'm just dirtying my hands."

Back inside the tea house, Abigail remained silent.

Nothing was going well for her.

"Here's your dessert. I'll make another pot of tea." Josh set down the cupcake in front of Abigail.

The icing on the cupcake was in the shape of a flower. It was very pretty.

"Alright," Abigail said.

Lynette sat down beside Abigail. Her eyes were shining as she asked, "Abby, what did you about my performance today?"

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"Not too shabby, but wouldn't you be negatively affected for recklessly attacking her?" Abigail was worried that Joan would make a big deal out of this incident online. It would be negative publicity for the Pearsons.

"Our family doesn't rely on public opinion to earn money. And anyway, Joan's just a bug on the windshield. Even us, the younger ones in the Pearson Family, can easily crush her," Josh explained.

"Even so, you shouldn't underestimate the power of the internet," Abigail reminded.

In this day and age, even the smallest incident can be blown up to epic proportions online. People would often upload bits and pieces of the truth and twist things around to garner attention.

No one cared about figuring out the whole truth first. They would just pile on with the rest of the commenters online.

"Abby's right, but it doesn't matter. I was already fully prepared to face the consequences of my actions when I decided to do it." Lynette wholeheartedly took Abigail's side.

Abigail was worried that Sean would cause trouble for the Pearsons.

After all, things were a lot tougher to resolve when these prominent families went up against each other.

“Abby...” Josh wanted to speak, but he couldn’t seem to form a proper sentence.

Abigail was startled to hear Josh using that nickname with her. She was still biting on the cupcake when she looked at Josh.

Still nervous, Josh’s entire body was stiff as he declared, “Don’t worry. I’ll protect you and Lynette.”

Abigail didn’t know if she should thank him.

Had he been her friend, she would’ve been moved by his gesture. Alas, he was not her friend. He just wanted to take her away from Analise.

Thus, all of his goodwill came with a condition. It wasn’t simply an act of kindness.

“I don’t need anyone to protect me,” Abigail said. “When I was kidnapped, I fought against my kidnapper myself and managed to hold out until I was rescued. I can take care of myself, you know.”

She spoke calmly and evenly, as if describing an everyday matter.

Josh knew about this incident, of course. Unfortunately, their relationship wasn’t established enough for him to express his concern to her then.

To hear her describing it so casually now only made his heart sting with pain.

She was always alone. She had no one to rely on by herself. Be it going against Sean or the production crew or even escaping from her kidnapper, she relied purely on her wits and determination.

“You’re strong enough to take care of yourself, but you also have people you can rely on now,” Josh couldn’t resist reinforcing.

Abigail had a somewhat detached smile on her face. “No, you’re not the people I want to rely on. I don’t know you all that well. The only person I can rely on is my grandma.”

“Hey, now... We can be friends. Abby, you saw how I did today. Why don’t you let me be your bodyguard?” Lynette quickly piped up.

“The cupcake is quite delicious. It’s sweet but not cloying. There’s a light floral taste to it too. Did you add a bit of rose in it?” Abigail asked Josh after taking another bite of the cupcake.

After being ignored, Lynette pouted and busied herself with her phone.

Abigail didn’t want to hurt Lynette, but she knew that if she didn’t put her foot down now, they would continue to weasel their way into her life.

Analise’s condition hadn’t stabilized yet. Abigail didn’t want Analise to feel any more turmoil.

Josh had a faint smile on his face. "Yeah. I harvested them myself. If you're free tomorrow, you can come with me. The place is lovely."

He didn't seem bothered by Abigail's aversion to the Pearsons.

[Chapter 220](#)

Keep Your People in Check

They were still discussing the cupcake when the police barged in.

Lynette immediately stood up warily.

"What's going on?" Josh asked as he stood up as well.

"A Miss Palmer has filed a police report accusing all of you of physical assault. Please come with us to the police station to assist in the investigations," the police officer in charge said to Josh.

"I did it. It has nothing to do with them. You can just take me to the police station," Lynette announced.

Abigail thought to herself, Shouldn't she try to make herself seem more vulnerable? She looks so... proud of herself. They'll probably charge her for it.

"Miss Palmer said it was all three of you, so you're all going to have to come with us!" The police officer was adamant.

A police report had been made, so they were just following procedure.

Abigail knew full well that Joan was an expert at scheming. Since the police officers were this firm about it, the situation was probably not as simple as they assumed it was.

"Alright. We'll come with you," Abigail said agreeably.

Josh had to do as Abigail said.

By the time they got to the police station, Abigail spotted Joan, whose face was entirely covered in blood, and realized the severity of the situation.

Who knew how she ended up like that? Alas, the security footage of the entrance of the tea house showed that Lynette had hit her.

"They all ganged up on me... You have to serve justice on my behalf, officer!" Joan wailed pitifully at the sight of them.

Seething with rage, Lynette raised her fist again. "What kind of conniving b*tch are you? Did you smash your face on purpose just so you could frame us?"

"This is the police station! Are you trying to start a fight here?"

The police officer who was taking down their information looked up from the computer and growled angrily.

Abigail held Lynette, whose chest was heaving. "You're making it worse. Now it really seems like

we're in the wrong."

Lynette was red with fury. Gritting her teeth, she glared at Joan, who was covering meekly like a terrified victim, and muttered, "I figured out why you couldn't get rid of her now. She's an expert at punching below the belt! She needs to pray that Sean can protect her for the rest of her life..."

"Are you ignoring my existence?" The police officer glared at Lynette.

"Josh!" Furious, Lynette looked at Josh.

"Keep quiet," Josh said with a frown.

They gave their statements alone. The police officer asked a lot of questions. Time went by in a flash.

When it was almost 8.00PM, Sean showed

1. up.

As soon as he entered the police station, he looked at Abigail.

Abigail didn't notice his presence until Josh called out, "Are you here for Miss Palmer, Mr. Graham?"

The moment Joan spotted Sean, she sobbed aggrievedly, "Sean..."

"Shut up," Sean barked at Joan.

Humiliated, Joan felt even more hurt. She bit her lip and looked like a pitiful little lamb.

When Sean saw Abigail's gaze falling on him, all of his negative emotions seemed to melt away- all because her attention was on him.

He walked over to Abigail. His lips parted, and he apologized, "I'm sorry I'm late. It's caused you a lot of trouble."

"You better keep her in check. Don't let her show up in front of me again. Also, she said she's the reason why your grandmother caused a scene at my family home. You should be keeping a closer eye on your people, Mr. Graham. Otherwise, you'd be causing a lot of trouble for others," Abigail reminded mockingly.

Sean's apology only made Abigail even more pissed.

It meant that he did consider Joan one of his people.

"I'll keep her in check," Sean said.

Soon, Cameron came in. Sean spoke to the police, and in the end, the case was settled privately.

After leaving the police station, Sean said to Abigail, "Let me buy you guys a meal as a token of my apology."

"As if I'd want a b*stard like you paying for my food. I'd vomit the food right back out!" Lynette rolled her eyes and scoffed while hiding behind Josh.

Sean eyed her icily. "I haven't settled the score with you for hurting one of my people. You better watch your mouth, or someone might sew it up someday."

"Is that a threat?" Josh retorted.

The atmosphere grew tense.

Joan was smirking smugly behind Cameron.

"That's right. What about it? I can easily see to it that a person who doesn't watch their tongue never speaks again." Sean stared at Josh with an icy smile.

Lynette ran over to Abigail and clutched her arm. "Give him a talking to. If he sews my mouth up, you won't have anyone to keep you company."

Abigail stared coldly at Sean. "Just keep your people in check, Mr. Graham. Lynette won't be saying anything bad about you. Besides, everything she said is true. If it weren't for you, would Joan have the nerve to come to Ouisford to mess with me?"

Sean's expression immediately brightened. "Yes, you're absolutely right, Miss Quinn. In that case, could you do me the honor of letting me make it up to you by treating you to a meal?"

"No need. I don't need a meal from you," Abigail declined coolly.

"I think you do. Miss Palmer came all this way just to cause trouble for you. She should give you a proper apology." Sean stared right at Abigail. His tone left no room for refusal.

Joan had been giddy with smugness the whole time, but her expression fell the moment she heard what Sean said.