

Spare Wife 131

[Chapter 131](#)

Meeting Anthony Again

Abigail did not wait for Sean. When he left the ward after comforting Cornelie, only Kevin and Joan remained in the corridor. The moment she saw Sean, she approached him with concern and asked, "How is Grandma?"

His gaze lacked warmth, but his tone remained as usual. "She's fine. But from now on, you're not allowed to have any contact with her."

At his words, she felt a bit aggrieved. "Sean, Grandma is getting older, and she might need someone to talk to. I was just keeping her company." As soon as she spoke, he began staring at her. She felt a little uneasy under his scrutinizing gaze, so she bit her lip and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Meanwhile, standing not far away, Kevin watched the scene unfold with interest.

"I don't like people who cross boundaries," he said calmly.

At that, she gulped down her saliva and whispered, "Okay."

"As long as you follow the rules, I'll give you whatever you want. Understand?" Sean straightened his sleeves.

"Yes." She nodded.

When Sean gave Kevin a look, he immediately understood. "Miss Palmer, let me take you back. You have filming tomorrow."

"Okay." Joan nodded.

Sean took out his phone and sent a message to Abigail. 'Do you not care about my grandmother at all now?'

She was in a car on her way to meet the authoritative professor recommended by Lewis, so she had no time to deal with Cornelie's act. 'Something important came up. She just needs you to stay with her!'

When he received her message, he furrowed his brows and leaned against the wall as he typed slowly. 'Did Anthony ask for you?'

Seeing his message, she rolled her eyes. She wanted to ignore him, but she explained anyway. 'No. I need to meet a professor on behalf of my boss.'

Sean looked at her message, lost in thought. Why is she so reluctant to tell me her true identity?

Meanwhile, Kevin and Joan got into the car. Just as he started the engine, he heard her ask, "Abigail and Sean are cousins, right? No wonder he did her such a big favor on the show and protected her."

He was momentarily stunned but quickly regained his composure, smiling as he replied, "Don't inquire about his matters privately. Even if you ask me, I wouldn't dare answer. You know his personality."

"I'm just saying." She leaned back in her seat, looking relaxed,

Through the rearview mirror, he glanced at her and asked, "Why do you think they're cousins?"

"Sean keeps his marriage a secret. He probably thinks his wife isn't presentable, so why would he bring her in front of me? Plus, you mentioned that they're a family, so they must be relatives." She analyzed confidently, thinking she was clever.

Hearing her answer, he nearly burst into laughter but managed to nod. "That does make sense."

After that, he received a message.

'After dropping her off, hurry back to the hospital to take care of my grandmother!

His expression contorted upon reading the text. I was going to have some fun. It's a rare day off from filming!

When Abigail entered the hotel's private room, as instructed by Lewis, she pushed open the door and saw Anthony sitting inside, causing her eyes to twitch. Why is he here again?

Lewis was currently discussing historical details with an esteemed professor. When he saw Abigail, he stood up immediately and enthusiastically greeted her. "Mr. Booker has reserved a seat for you. You should discuss costume-related issues with Professor Gibson."

Abigail glanced and noticed that on her right was Professor Luke Gibson, and on her left was Anthony. This seating arrangement... As she nodded, she turned her gaze toward Anthony, who was smiling charmingly beside her.

"Lewis asked me to come over and keep an eye on things. I happened to have not had dinner, so I thought I'd join in the fun," he explained with a smile.

She could not figure him out, so she walked over to the empty seat and sat.

Luke had a slender figure, and one of his eyes appeared damaged, with a red flesh hovering over the iris. Overall, he had a solemn and unapproachable appearance.

"Nice to meet you, Professor Gibson." Abigail greeted him politely.

After a nod, Luke asked, "How much do you know about the history of the Western Roman Empire's fall?"

She was honest in her response. "I've only just begun to explore it. Most historical series on the market focus on the 18th and 19th centuries, so there is limited information available about the history of the Western Roman Empire's fall. I haven't delved deeply into it yet."

“You make a valid point. It was a rather brutal period of history.” He did not look down on her.

Anthony, on the other hand, propped up his face, lazily looking at her without blinking.

When Abigail consulted with Luke, she was extremely humble, constantly typing on her phone to record every word he said. She wished she could engrave each of his words into her mind. During this trip, she did indeed learn quite a bit.

After the dinner gathering, the group left the hotel.

“Thank you, Mr. Booker. If it weren’t for you, I’d still be researching aimlessly,” Abigail thanked sincerely as they bid farewell at the hotel entrance.

During their conversation, she learned from Lewis that Luke was notoriously difficult to invite.

This time, he came to participate in an academic exchange. He initially had no intention of coming, but Anthony had managed to persuade him and specifically arranged for her to learn from him.

Then, Anthony lowered his head and looked at her with a charming smile.

Not far away, Sean sat in his car, his eyes filled with a dense coldness as his jaw tightly clenched..

[Chapter 132](#)

Anthony Is Hiding His True Nature

Neither Abigail nor Anthony noticed Sean nearby.

Anthony’s voice was joyful as he said. “Don’t be so polite. I’ve also invested quite a bit in this series. I hope it gets good reviews when it’s released, of course.”

Abigail had gained a lot from today’s exchange, so she looked relaxed. “Let me treat you to dinner sometime.”

“In that case, you owe me two meals. Tomorrow night, you must treat me to some dinner with a lively atmosphere,” he said, heading toward the steps at the hotel entrance. “Come. I’ll drive you back. I didn’t drink today, so you don’t have to worry.”

“Um, I can take a cab by myself.” Her voice was uncertain as she followed behind him.

As he slipped his fingers into the keychain, he skillfully spun the keys. “Are you being polite again, little junior?”

She smiled somewhat awkwardly, unable to decipher his thoughts. Yet, she could not treat someone who had helped her this way with such cold indifference. Just as she was about to follow

him to the parking lot, she saw a familiar Bugatti suddenly halt before him.

Anthony quickly retreated several steps, clutching his keys to his chest, visibly frightened.

Likewise, Abigail was also shocked. Her heart was pounding rapidly, and her blood was running hot. She was stunned briefly before rushing toward Anthony, grabbing his arm, and inspecting him.

“Are you okay?”

At that moment, his eyes appeared particularly clear, with a hint of disbelief. When he heard her voice, he barely regained his composure. “I-I’m fine.”

, Abigail glanced at Sean, who sat in the car with a cold, icy glare, and anger surged within her. Eventually, it turned into indifference. Subsequently, she turned her gaze back to Anthony and spoke gently, “Let’s go.”

Anthony nodded and patted his chest. With a slightly aggrieved tone, he said, “I was terrified. Abby. Why does he seem like he has a grudge against me?”

She always felt that he was hiding his true nature behind a facade of innocence, but considering that Sean had almost knocked him down, it was normal for him to be scared.

As they took a few steps forward, Sean honked the car horn loudly. The piercing horn made the anger that Abigail had suppressed surge back up. She endured her irritation and spoke to Anthony in a friendly tone, “You go ahead to the parking lot. I’ll talk to him.”

After Anthony glanced at Sean, he asked in a low voice, “What’s your relationship with him?”

“Nothing special. We just have some unresolved business conflicts.” She hastily found an excuse.

Anthony, somewhat skeptical, nodded and patted her shoulder. “Talk to him nicely. After all, you’ll still be working in this industry, and it’s not good to provoke him.”

“I know. Thanks for the reminder,” she replied, then walked toward Sean.

Courteously, Anthony looked at the man in the car, but as he turned away, the smile disappeared instantly, leaving only a deep sense of gloom. They appeared so close on the show, making fans think they were a couple. How could that be just because of business conflicts?

At the same time, Abigail knocked on Sean’s car window, her expression impatient. He rolled down the window, and with a mocking expression, he asked, “Is your important matter meeting up with your senior behind my back?”

“Are you stalking me?” She stared at him.

He fixed his gaze on her, his face showing displeasure. “Get in the car.”

Yet, she ignored him and turned to walk toward the roadside, then sent a message to Anthony. ‘Something urgent came up, so I’ll hail a cab. Thank you for your help today. I’ll treat you to dinner when I have the chance.

Meanwhile, Sean started his car and followed her with furrowed brows. From the moment she entered the work field, everything between them seemed to have shifted. The calm and gentle

woman for the past three years seemingly became a distant memory.

Abigail hailed a cab and told the driver, "To Aqua Serenity Manor."

Sean's car silently followed her to Aqua Serenity Manor. After he parked in the parking lot, he turned around and saw her waiting for him at the entrance of the building. A chilly night breeze swept by, and for the first time, he felt a strange sense of desolation in his heart. She looked at him calmly, her lips slightly pressed together.

λ

λ

The two of them entered the apartment building, one after the other. When they stepped into the elevator together, he piped up, "Abigail, I want to know where our problems lie."

"We're home now. Stop asking such questions." Her tone was cold but composed.

He gripped her shoulder, forcing her to face him. "You said I'm avoidant, but aren't you doing the same?"

"For three years, you've had countless opportunities to address our problems, but you never did." She sneered. "Don't you think it's too late now?"

"You never expressed any dissatisfaction before, so why now?" he asked, his eyes deep.

Tonight, she met with Anthony privately. He felt it was a miracle that he did not lose his temper and tried to resolve the issues in their marriage calmly.

"What's the point of asking this now? It's redundant. I've lost interest." With that, she pushed him away.

without

Just then, the elevator doors opened. She stepped out of the elevator and strode away looking back, leaving the man to furrow his brows in confusion.

[Chapter 133](#)

We're Not the Same

Unprecedentedly, Sean did not get intimate with Abigail that night. Until 3.00AM, he still could not figure out why she had changed. She's been using the pseudonym 'Alana' for three years to take orders. It doesn't make sense for her to change her behavior just because of work. No matter how

hard I think, it seems her change started when she started working outside after Joan's appearance.

Wait. Is she jealous because of Joan?

Suddenly, he seemed to have understood. He turned to look at the peaceful expression on her sleeping face and drew closer.

Abigail felt herself gently pulled into his embrace. Instead of resisting, she chose to yield.

The next morning, she came out of her room and found Sean having breakfast with Analise with a gentle attitude as if nothing had happened between them the night before. She sat down and saw

Analise serving her a bowl of soup with a smile. "Thank you, Grandma."

"I'm relieved seeing you two are fine. I bought a ticket home, and Julie will take me. You can rest assured." Analise looked at Abigail with loving eyes.

Abigail's smile faded when she heard her grandmother's words, enveloped with a great sense of reluctance. After a while, she replied softly, "Okay."

"Get along well with Sean. Don't spend all your time on work. You need to take care of the family as well. Remember, men's work centers around the outside, while women's work centers around the home," Analise instructed with a natural tone.

"I know." Abigail's throat tightened. After Grandma returns home, I will once again be alone in this city, with no relatives by my side.

When Sean looked at her, he could sense her hidden reluctance beneath her calm exterior.

"Sean, Abigail has a bad temper. She's stubborn and doesn't like to talk about what's bothering her.

If something upsets you, try to make amends with her, communicate openly, and don't resort to silent treatment, okay?" Analise patted the back of his hand, her tone naturally affectionate.

Abigail understood why Analise was acting this way. The Graham Family was wealthy and powerful, and she, a child raised by a rural woman, marrying into the Graham Family felt like an unexpected twist of fate. Therefore, Analise felt a deep sense of inferiority, thinking that Abigail had reached for the stars by marrying Sean.

In fact, Abigail used to think the same way, which was why she felt so insecure, even in her love for Sean.

"She doesn't have a bad temper. She's been good to me for the past three years," Sean said gently to Analise. Regarding her departure, he did not have strong feelings. He could not feel the same reluctance as Abigail, so his tone remained casual.

When Abigail listened carefully, she felt he genuinely had no feelings for her and her grandmother, explaining why their parting seemed so indifferent.

After breakfast, the couple went out together. As they entered the elevator, he said, "It's not what you think between me and Joan. There's no need for you to be jealous because of her."

Hearing that, she responded with a sarcastic tone, "Rest assured that I won't."

This statement left him puzzled. He looked at her, his eyes showing a sense of inquiry. "If you're not jealous, why are you behaving this way? Your attitude toward me has worsened lately."

"Sean, does my work make you uncomfortable? Do you have to go to such lengths to deal with everything around me?" she asked calmly.

"It's not because of your work; it's because I think Anthony has ulterior motives," he replied. He asks her out at night every time. I just don't understand why they can't discuss work during the day.

"Do you think everyone is like you? Not everyone needs to hide the fact that they have a wife at home while keeping another one outside." She sneered and mocked.

He was about to speak when the elevator suddenly stopped, and someone else entered the elevator.

Instantly, the two stopped talking.

Strangely, the girl who entered could not stop stealing glances at Sean. He was uncomfortable, so he responded with an indifferent gaze and asked, "What are you looking at?"

"Um... Are you Sean Graham? The one who's a couple with Miss Quinn on Top Designer?" she

[Chapter 134](#)

A Single Abigail?

As their car approached the studio, Sean turned to Abigail instead of unlocking the door. "You should terminate your studio's collaboration with Anthony. The penalty fee for Kevin's side can be waived for you."

"If you have to add a bunch of conditions to your concession, then I suggest you forget about it." After saying that, she reached for the car door but found it locked. Breathing heavily, she looked at him.

With a calm gaze, he stared at her. "Don't go overboard, Abigail. You've mentioned divorce several times but found various reasons to stay, so what's this about now?"

"Open the door. I need to get to work."

"Terminate your collaboration with—

"It's not up to me. I get paid for the job." She interrupted, her tone indifferent. Unwavering, he gazed at her intently. "Open the door." She pushed the car door.

Only then did he finally unlock it. He could not refute what she said, for he had checked that L.Moon was a joint venture between her and Luna. She was responsible for designing high-end custom clothing, while Luna was responsible for attracting customers.

As Abigail walked toward her studio, Sean watched her retreating figure for a while before finally driving away. He went to the hospital to personally take his grandmother home and then made a call to summon Kevin away from the show.

Inside the studio, Abigail sat in her office and called Anthony. Within seconds, he answered the phone. "It's rare for you to reach out to me. Are we having dinner tonight?" His voice filled with delight.

Facing his question, she cleared her throat and replied, "I'm sorry for leaving in a hurry last night. I'm afraid I can't make it for dinner tonight either. I'll be busy with work, but once I'm done with everything, I'll make it up to you."

Luna had gone on a business trip after securing the loan yesterday.

"Sure. There's no rush. Is everything fine between you and Mr. Graham last night?" he asked politely. She quickly responded, "Yeah. We're cool. You should get back to work. I have to focus on work, too."

"By the way, Professor Gibson left an address. If you ever need any help with what's coming up, don't hesitate to reach out. I'll take you to see him." He offered kindly.

When she heard that, a glimmer of surprise appeared in her eyes. "Really?"

"Why would I lie to you? But since he's not that familiar with you yet, he might need me to bring you." His voice carried a hint of embarrassment.

Abigail nodded in understanding. "You have a close relationship with Professor Gibson, don't you?"

Without hiding anything, he told her everything openly, "Indeed. When I was in high school, his wife needed surgery for cancer, and he had to work as a private tutor. My father hired him to be my exclusive history tutor."

Curious, she asked, "You liked history?"

Anthony chuckled briefly. "You can say I have a fondness for it."

"I see," she replied.

"Alright. You should get back to work," he said cheerfully before ending the call.

After hanging up, Abigail immersed herself in her work.

Meanwhile, Sean did not return to work. Instead, he asked Kevin out for a drink. The two of them sat at a bar, with Sean silently sipping his alcohol while Kevin rested his chin on his hand, looking lost.

Half an hour passed, and the person who had called him out had not said a word. Sighing, Kevin finally asked, "Is this about our dear Mrs. Graham?"

"Tell me. Why do you think she's acting up on me?" Sean looked at Kevin, his voice filled with

confusion.

Kevin shook his head. "I haven't had much interaction with you two, so I don't know your relationship."

Just then, Sean set down his glass. "If that worked, would you be here? Can't you be more helpful?"

"Fine. Let me ask you, then. What's her relationship with Anthony? I feel like his gaze toward her isn't so innocent," analyzed Kevin.

"He's asked her out for dinner twice now, using work as an excuse," Sean said, tugging at his tie with some frustration.

"Is he trying to steal her away from you?" Kevin was surprised.

As Sean poured himself another glass of wine, he replied coldly, "We have a secret marriage, and she probably hasn't told him that she's married."

"There's something I want to say, but I'm not sure if I should."

"Then, don't." Sean took another sip of his drink.

Kevin hesitated for a moment, still feeling somewhat dissatisfied. "I'm gonna say

Hearing that, Sean shot him a sharp look.

it."

Hastily, Kevin continued, "Since you care about Abigail, why are you keeping your marriage a secret? Why not just tell Anthony that she's your wife?"

"Can't she say it herself? I won't do anything to her even if she did," replied Sean with displeasure.

At that moment, Kevin thought to himself, Just keep being proud. If you don't speak up, someone might steal your wife. When he noticed that Sean remained silent, he attempted to analyze the

situation. "You know her personality well. If she's acting like this, there's something you're not doing right, or perhaps something upsets her in the show. You can ask her. What's there that a married couple can't discuss openly?"

Sean gave him a meaningful look. Knowing what he meant, Kevin grabbed his phone, saying, "Let me probe for you."

He dialed the phone, and now, instead of drinking, Sean just stared at him intently. When the call was answered, Kevin switched on the speakerphone and greeted warmly. "Mrs. Graham—"

"You've dialed the wrong number." Then came the cold response from the other end before the call abruptly ended.

Chapter 135

Aggressive Rival

After Abigail's assistant hung up the phone, she shook her head and muttered to herself, "Abigail is still single. What on earth was that?"

She then glanced at Anthony, who was chatting with Abigail in the office. A smile played on her lips. Although Abigail has great on-screen chemistry with Mr. Graham, I'm a die-hard romantic. Mr. Graham buying a bag for Joan has become a sore point for me.

In the end, she decided to root for Anthony and Abigail.

When she heard that Anthony was Abigail's senior, her imagination quickly painted a picture of a heart-wrenching campus drama about unrequited love.

The phone rang again, and she picked it up, realizing it was the same number as before. She pressed the answer button rather impatiently.

"Mrs. Graham!" Kevin's anxious voice sounded through the phone.

"Who are you? Abigail is single. There's no such person," she replied assertively.

Suddenly, Sean snatched Kevin's phone away. "Where's Abigail?"

The assistant was momentarily puzzled. This voice sounds familiar. Instantly, she became cautious.

"What business do you have with her? She's working. For orders, please contact Miss Smith."

After saying that, she couldn't help but wonder if this was one of Joan's admirers.

"Does she work without bringing her phone with her?" asked Sean coldly.

The assistant, feeling a bit unhappy, maintained her professional demeanor. "Yes, she's meeting someone important right now. She can't answer the phone."

"Who exactly is that?" he asked instinctively.

"I'm

sorry,

but I can't disclose that information to you, sir. If you have any other needs, please feel free to come to the studio," she replied with a mischievous smile.

With that, she hung up the phone right away. Abigail is just a designer. There's no reason for someone to be looking for her as a client. He was probably trying to stir up some trouble.

Kevin's eyes widened as he heard the assistant's words, feeling shocked.

Sean returned the phone to Kevin, his brows furrowed, and a dark expression flashed across his eyes.

"It's definitely Anthony."

“Your rival... is quite aggressive,” Kevin murmured in a low voice.

“I need to leave now.” Sean stood up abruptly.

Kevin hastily said, “I’ll work on the breach of contract. We haven’t submitted the procedure yet.”

Anthony deliberately talked to Abigail about the history of the Western Roman Empire’s downfall in great detail, giving her plenty of inspiration.

When Sean and Kevin arrived, it was nearly lunchtime.

Abigail smiled as she and Anthony walked out of her office.

When she turned around, she saw Sean and Kevin sitting in the reception area outside her office.

Meanwhile, her assistant stood to the side, looking down and remaining silent.

Seeing this scene, Abigail furrowed her brows slightly.

Kevin, with a cheerful smile, asked her, “Miss Quinn, where’s Miss Smith?”

“She’s on a business trip. What brings you here?” Her tone was indifferent, and her eyes were sharp.

All this while, Sean had his legs crossed while flipping through a fashion magazine he found nearby. “We’re here to have lunch with you, Miss Quinn.”

When she came out with Anthony earlier, he had overheard them agreeing to have lunch together.

Abigail looked at him, completely unaware of what he was up to.

“Sorry, but I’ve already made plans with Mr. Booker,” she declined calmly.

Seeing this scene unfold from the side, the assistant couldn’t help but wonder, What kind of drama is going on right now?

“I invited you for lunch, and I don’t accept unrelated people joining,” she replied in a calm but stubborn manner.

At this moment, Kevin felt the chilling aura surrounding Sean and couldn’t help but shrink back.

When Anthony heard Abigail’s words, he was delighted, and his eyes turned into crescents as he smiled. “That’s okay. I don’t mind. Let’s go.”

Comparatively, Kevin found Anthony quite likable. Sean came out of the blue, looking like he was trying to catch an affair. If Abigail looks at it carefully, she would feel like Sean doesn’t trust her.

Meanwhile, Anthony seems more understanding compared to him.

Sean gritted his teeth and let out a bitter, sarcastic smile. Anthony is really quick to seize opportunities. He’s acting like he’s in charge.

As Abigail passed by him, he firmly grasped her wrist and said, "Miss Quinn, with so many people shipping us on the internet, if you change partners after leaving the show, aren't you afraid people will accuse you of creating a fauxmance?"

"I'm not from the entertainment industry anyway. I don't care what they think," she replied, struggling against his grip.

"Do you think netizens are easy to deal with? Be careful not to tarnish L.Moon Studio's reputation." He uttered those words through gritted teeth..

As Abigail pressed her lips together, she glanced sideways at him. After a moment, she nodded reluctantly. "Alright, let's go together."

"I'll go start the car, Abby," Anthony said, his smile as warm as a gentle breeze.

Meanwhile, Sean held her hand, not giving her a chance to respond to Anthony. "You drive ahead and lead the way. Since you're treating, choose a restaurant."

Abigail took a deep breath to suppress the anger rising within her.

After what happened, Kevin was very concerned about Sean. With his assertive attitude, he doesn't seem to stand a chance.

"Sure," Anthony replied with a smile on his face.

[Chapter 136](#)

Is Sean Pursuing You?

At this moment, Kevin suddenly said, "Sean, why don't we let Miss Quinn ride with Anthony in one car? After all, they're the ones treating us. They can discuss where to go while riding together."

Sean glanced at him and saw Kevin desperately gesturing with his eyes.

The moment he released Abigail's hand, she looked at his calm eyes for a moment before directly following Anthony outside.

Kevin didn't expect her to leave so decisively, so he couldn't help but look at Sean.

Sean's expression was cold, and it was difficult to discern his current emotional state. This left Kevin somewhat concerned.

"Sean..." he called out softly.

"We'll talk in the car. Sean said, leaving with just that.

When Abigail arrived at Anthony's car, she was a bit surprised to see the double 'R' emblem on his car. She couldn't help but think, What a high-profile car

Anthony noticed her coming and seemed somewhat surprised. "Wasn't Mr. Graham planning to ride with you? Why are you here now?"

“Who knows what he’s thinking?” she said as she walked over and opened the car door.

A smile tugged at his lips. “It seems like Mr. Graham is pursuing you.”

As she settled into the car, she almost choked on her saliva when she heard his words. She coughed and said, “You’re overthinking it. He spent over a million on Joan. Can you believe that?”

He raised an eyebrow “Well, he’s really generous with Joan. In that case, is he trying to have both?”

“I don’t know about that she replied, not wanting to discuss Sean
any further

Meanwhile, Kevin’s car had been quietly following Anthony’s car, occasionally driving side by side

1. In the car, Sean listened to Kevin’s analysis of Anthony

“I think Anthony is very scheming. You shouldn’t take him lightly,” Kevin said, finding it difficult to put his feelings about Anthony into words but sensing a strong sense of purpose from him.

Moreover, Anthony had been exceptionally kind in front of Abigail.

“Okay,” Sean replied indifferently. His mind was not focused on Kevin’s words. Instead, he seemed lost in thought.

In the restaurant that Abigail had chosen, the four of them sat down together. Anthony seemed at ease during the meal, and Kevin occasionally engaged in small talk.

After the meal, Kevin and Sean got into their car together. Kevin couldn’t help but ask, “Why didn’t you say anything? Anthony’s overly attentive behavior was getting on my nerves.”

“He’s like a child playing childish tricks. Just like her,” Sean said icily and went straight into his car. Do whatever you want, Abigail. Today, he came impulsively, and as he observed how she treated him, he felt like a fool.

When Abigail got into Antho

car, she was surprised to see that Kevin had driven away without. them. However, it wasn’t difficult to guess that Sean was probably infuriated again. He never had. much patience, and being rejected by her today would likely make him disdain further confrontation.

In the days that followed, Abigail was busy running around to gather materials, and Sean did not. appear again.

After a busy week, she noticed a layer of dust on the table when she returned home. After Analise left, Julie also returned to her place. Although she had been in touch with Analise over the days, coming back to an empty home made her feel a sense of loneliness.

past

few

She tossed her bag onto the couch and sat down, not minding the dust that had settled on it. After taking a short break, she got up to clean the house.

She was so engrossed in cleaning that it soon became dark outside. Afterward, she cooked a plate of pasta and sat on the couch to watch a TV series.

Suddenly, the door clicked open.

When she saw Sean standing there, she paused for a moment and averted her gaze. "If you haven't eaten, there's a plate of pasta in the kitchen. Help yourself. If you don't want it, you can make something else."

Yet, Sean remained by the door, not closing it. He asked coldly, "Have you thrown enough tantrums? Are you ready to tell me why you're angry?"

She thought that he hadn't been looking for her during this time because he had come to terms with their relationship being as it was; she didn't expect him to still be conflicted.

After eating a mouthful of pasta, she continued to watch her TV series without paying much

attention to him.

"Grandma said that we shouldn't give each other the silent treatment," he said again.

As she raised her eyes, she looked at him with a cold and distant gaze, treating him as if he were a stranger. "I never threw a tantrum. It was just your assumption. I made it very clear the day I left the show."

"What do you take me for? When you wanted to marry me, you didn't care about my wishes. Now that you don't want me, you immediately throw yourself into another man's arms. Is that so?" He pushed the door shut and let out the frustration that had been building up over the past few days.

With a frown, she retorted, "You were the one who cheated first. So what if I throw myself into another man's arms? Who do you think you are to stand on moral high ground and criticize me? I don't need to establish my virtue for your sake."

"I didn't cheat." His voice was stern.

"Haha, you're quite interesting. Do you know why that wedding dress you bought for Joan was 1.3 million?" she asked mockingly.

At her question, his eyes showed confusion. "Wasn't that the price you quoted?"

"Forget it." Suddenly, she felt that arguing with him was too exhausting. She was already tired from work, and she had to go fabric shopping the next day. She didn't have time to waste discussing past matters with him.

“How am I supposed to know if you don’t say anything?” He grew increasingly anxious.

[Chapter 137](#)

Not Caring for Anyone Now

Abigail stood up with her plate, her expression cold. “That’s because, over the past three years, I’ve told you many things, but you never once cared. I don’t want to talk about it anymore. I think it’s meaningless for you to know now.”

She walked into the kitchen and started washing up.

Just as she was done, Sean hugged her from behind and kissed her ear. “Tell me, Abigail. For the past three years....”

“If you want to do it, do it quickly. I need to sleep and wake up early tomorrow,” she interrupted his words.

Hearing that, he reached out and pinched her waist. “Do you have to be like this?”

She winced in pain, her beautiful brows furrowing. “Are you doing it or not? If not, get out. I wasn’t home for a week, and you didn’t come home either. Did you get tired of Joan and come back for me?”

“I was at the Graham Estate the entire week. Why are you simply making assumptions? You said that you’re not jealous of Joan, but you keep mentioning her,” he said as he pinched her chin and held her face, forcing her to kiss him.

With that, the two of them were soon panting in the kitchen. Sean held her tightly, his voice husky. “I have my reasons for not wanting children.”

“I don’t want to hear them. I won’t have your children. I’ll take contraceptives,” she said in a cold, hard tone while panting.

When he heard that, his heart sank, and he let go of her. After he adjusted his clothes, he turned to leave.

Meanwhile, Abigail leaned against the sink and lowered her gaze, looking at the undone dishes. She only returned to her senses when she heard a loud bang from the outside.

The next day, she was busy at the fabric market when her phone suddenly rang.

Seeing that it was Cornelie calling, she answered the call and walked to a relatively quiet place. She asked, “Is there something you need, Grandma? I’m on a business trip this week. I’m not in Pendorf.”

Abigail maintained a good attitude while talking to her, but she showed no respect at all, causing

her tone to quickly turn cold. "Yes, why can't you wait for a week? If it's about taking supplements to have a child, then I'll just pretend I didn't take this call."

"What did you say? How dare you speak to me like that? I don't care where you are, but you must return to the Graham Estate today." Cornelie's anger was immediately ignited. She's usually obedient, so why is she being so feisty today?!

"If you want to have a great-grandchild, you need to persuade Sean. I can't give birth without him. By the way, I'm very busy here. If there's nothing important, please don't call me." With that, Abigail hung up the phone.

A few minutes later, Analise's call came through. "Abigail, how dare you speak disrespectfully to Sean's grandmother?" she scolded.

"Grandma, do you know how much I've suffered at her hands? If you side with her without knowing what happened, then I truly have no one to care about me." Abigail stood in the sun, her eyes slightly moist as she poured out her heart.

"Can't you at least respect her as an elderly person? Sean's grandmother has a weak heart. What if you make her sick by provoking her?" Analise's voice softened.

"I know what to do, Grandma. Don't worry. I'm busy with work. I'll call you when I'm free at night," Abigail said gently.

"Did you and Sean fight?" Analise was afraid that Abigail would hang up, so she quickly asked.

Abigail licked her lips and took a while before she said, "No, we're fine."

"Don't lie to me, Abigail." Analise's voice was filled with concern.

"I'm not lying to you. I have urgent matters to handle. If I don't handle them properly, the studio could face more than a million in damages," Abigail explained with a smile.

"Why can't you stay at..."

"Grandma, I just want to be financially independent so that I can handle any unexpected situations.

There are many uncertainties in this world that we can't control, you know," Abigail said gently.

If Sean wants to divorce me and marry Joan one day, given Cornelie's personality, she will make me leave with nothing. If I don't work hard to save money and buy a house, what if I get kicked out of the Graham Family? I'm not going to rent a house for the rest of my life with Grandma. Most importantly, since Grandma has diabetes, accidents can happen at any time.

"Abigail... Is Sean seeing someone else?". Analise suddenly asked. Given her age and experience, she could easily guess the possible reasons for Abigail venturing out to work on her own.

"No, Grandma, please don't make any assumptions," Abigail said hurriedly. "As the saying goes, you shouldn't rely on others too much. I can't keep asking him for money forever, don't

you think?”

“Then call Colby and explain the situation to him. I’ll leave you to your work.” Being a daughter-in-law is difficult, especially with a strong-willed elder like Cornelie. Analise thought that Abigail might have been embarrassed when asking Sean for money, which was why she chose to earn

money on her own.

As

per Analise’s request, Abigail called Colby and explained the situation to him. Fortunately, he was reasonable and told her to focus on her work before hanging up the phone.

While she was busy with work, Cornelie called Sean and poured out her grievances. “Can you believe it? She’s completely turned against me. I told her to come back and eat well to nourish her body, but what’s with her attitude? She told me off. You have to divorce her soon. I can’t stand her any longer!”

Listening to her words, Sean was overwhelmed.

[Chapter 138](#)

Trying To Understand

Abigail truly cared about no one now. Not only did she not care about Sean’s prestige, but she also disregarded Cornelie’s words.

“She doesn’t know how to do anything. What can she achieve outside? With a capable husband like you, she’s still insistent on earning a meager salary outside. Only people who come from the countryside have such poor mindsets,” Cornelie criticized with disdain.

Sean used to dislike Abigail, and he would forget such words in the past. As he carefully listened, he couldn’t help but feel that these words were like thorns pricking at his heart.

“Grandma, have you always been talking to her like this?” he asked suddenly.

“Why? Did I say anything wrong? We’ve spent thousands to feed and clothe her, yet she’s never given us a child,” Cornelie muttered.

After listening indifferently, he said, “I’ve said before that I don’t want kids. Why are you making things difficult for her? Why did you ask her to come back today?”

His tone carried a hint of anger, and Cornelie could sense it. She stuttered, “I-I found a doctor to treat her.”

“It won’t help. I don’t want a child,” he said coldly before hanging up

the phone.

Perhaps Abigail's impatience with Sean was not just about him but also the resentment that built up over these three years, which he had always chosen to ignore.

Cornelie's words were harsh, and when they first got married, he felt that Abigail had married him.

with ulterior motives, so she deserved to be mistreated by Cornelie. This initial sense of revenge.

had become a habit, and he grew accustomed to ignoring it.

He wasn't Abigail, so of course, he couldn't understand what kind of emotions she had experienced during these three years by his side.

As soon as he hung up, Colby's call came in.

Sean had just pressed the answer button when he heard Colby's fit of anger. "Have you been cheating, and did Abigail find out about it?"

"I didn't cheat!" Sean immediately defended himself.

"Abigail has always been obedient, working tirelessly at home for three years. Now, she's gone out to work. What kind of husband are you? Are you stingy when it comes to money? Don't think I don't

know how much you've spent on Joan!" Colby's voice grew louder.

"She's just working; it's not a heinous crime. We don't have children yet, and she wants to pursue her dreams. What's wrong with that?" Sean countered his grandfather.

Hearing that, Colby gritted his teeth. "She'd better be pursuing her dreams."

The call ended, leaving Sean frustrated and tugging at his tie.

He was dissatisfied with everything, so he sent a message to Abigail. 'Do you know what you've done? I got scolded by Grandpa!

After sending the message, he couldn't focus on his work and kept checking his phone for Abigail's response.

On the other hand, Abigail was working non-stop, and it was soon 9.00PM when she finally left the fabric market. That was when she noticed Sean's message.

When she settled herself in the car, she called him back, but just a few seconds after the call was connected, he hung up.

She chuckled in frustration and couldn't be bothered to make another call.

A few minutes later, Sean returned the call. Once the call was connected, he pretended to sound normal. "I was dealing with something and couldn't answer earlier. Can't you call a second time?"

"What did Grandpa say?" she asked directly.

She had considered that her actions today might affect her grandmother and him, for they had agreed to put on a facade for the sake of the two elders. However, in her anger, she had broken her promise.

“When will you be back?” He felt that his grandfather’s words were meaningless, and if he told her, she might get angry because of Joan.

“About six days. If you want me to see a doctor, you probably need it more.” She was now determined not to see a doctor, for she wouldn’t consider having a child anymore.

“I’ll see a doctor and get some pills. Do you want to try to see if they’re effective?” He purposely teased her.

Instantly, her cheeks turned slightly red as she replied in a low voice, “Idiot. What’s gotten into you?”

“You said to put on a facade in front of the elderly. My grandma has a weak heart, and politely decline if you can’t come back. Or you can just call me,” he said.

At her words, she bit her lip, secretly thinking, Is he planning to turn over a new leaf?“I understand,” she replied.

“Where are you going for your business trip?” he asked again.

Looking at the unfamiliar streets outside, she instinctively replied, “Broham.”

you can

“Okay.” He acknowledged her reply before asking, “Grandpa has misunderstood me. Aren’t you going to say something?”

“What? Do you

think it’s my fault because I didn’t answer my phone today?” she countered. He’s really good at finding excuses for himself; he always shifts the blame onto others.

“I didn’t say it was your fault. It’s just that we made a promise, and you acted unfairly.” He spoke a bit more slowly.

Abigail did feel a bit guilty, so her tone softened. “When I get back... I’ll make you something nice, okay?”

Sean’s voice was instantly filled with a hint of pleasure. “Okay.”

After the two hung up the phone, she looked out the window, feeling strangely relieved for no apparent reason.

Back at the hotel where she was staying, she rested for two hours before taking a shower and getting ready to go out. Suddenly, she received a location-sharing request from Sean on her phone.

After she accented it in confusion she noticed that he was exceptionally close to her current

[Chapter 139](#)

I'm Not Happy With You

Abigail reflexively turned off her location sharing right away.

She paced back and forth and considered calling back when Sean's phone call came first. After taking a deep breath, she answered the phone, pretending to sound calm. "What's up?"

"You know I'm here, don't you?" Sean's tone was displeased. Obviously, he was angry because she had turned off location sharing.

"Well... So what?" she asked calmly.

He replied, "Why did you turn it off, then? Send me your location and wait for me there."

"What are you doing out here?" she asked with a note of annoyance in her voice. She didn't want him to come over.

"Your location."

Abigail pursed her lips. In the end, she shared her location with him. She couldn't fathom why he insisted on coming over. Deep down, she felt puzzled and a little irritated.

Sean drove over. Seeing her standing at the hotel entrance while looking at her phone, he honked his horn to get her attention.

She looked over with a frown. The streetlight illuminated her fair face at night; she was wearing a run-of-the-mill t-shirt and a pair of loose linen pants, giving off a casual and relaxed vibe. Seeing him waiting for her in the car, she walked over and rested her hand on the open car window. "What are you doing here?"

"Just came to see what you're up to. Is that a good enough reason for you?" he replied, opening the car door.

She voluntarily got into the car and sat down, continuing to browse nearby food options on her phone.

"Have you had dinner?"

"Nope," he replied, starting the car.

"Let me check if there are any good restaurants nearby," she said, lowering her gaze as she carefully browsed through the recommended restaurants on the food app. After a while, she suddenly suggested, "Let's go to Gold Pavilion. The reviews look nice to me, and they serve Brohan's

signature dishes.”

“Okay,” he said, immediately setting the destination for the navigation system.

After dinner, the pair didn’t leave immediately. They sat in the restaurant, surrounded by the lively chatter of people and the clinking of dishes and bowls.

Abigail relaxed and looked at Sean. “Aren’t you going to deal with work at your company?”

“Some work can be done remotely,” he replied in a gentle voice while leaning back in his chair.

“I’m busy at many markets during the day. I don’t have time for you,” she retorted, trying to dismiss him in a roundabout way.

He stared at her. “Uh-huh. You j go about your business. I can tag along and see what’s going on.”

Abigail couldn’t quite grasp why he insisted on following her around. After staring at him for at while, she suddenly asked, “Sean, are you trying to return to your family and be a good husband now?”

“Since we’re here on a business trip, let’s not talk about family matters,” he replied, lifting his teacup and taking a sip of iced tea.

Is he treating this trip as a vacation for himself? Abigail wondered.

It was nearly 10.00PM when they left Gold Pavilion. Abigail let out a yawn.

“Tired?” he asked her.

Her eyes were slightly teary from exhaustion. She glanced at the roadside, saying, “I should and rest. I’ll go back by cab, so you don’t have to go with me.”

Sean looked surprised. “Where am I supposed to stay, then?”

go

back

His words baffled her for a moment before she replied with a bewildered expression, “How would I know where you’re staying?”

“Aren’t we supposed to stay together as husband and wife?” he asked her.

Indeed, Abigail didn’t plan on having him stay with her. She frowned, pretending to be hesitant.

“The bed in my room isn’t that big.”

“We’ve squeezed into a hospital bed before,” he replied.

Abigail was annoyed deep down, but in the end, she nodded and complied. She was really tired and didn’t want to argue with him; she just wanted to go back, take a shower, and go to sleep as soon as possible.

Early in the morning, Abigail was awakened by the sound of her phone ringing. She reached for the phone and groggily answered it, only to hear Luna exclaim, "You and Sean are trending on Instagram!"

Her mind was somewhat foggy, as Abigail didn't quite comprehend what she meant. "Trending on Instagram? What do you mean?"

Luna continued shouting, "You two were photographed entering the same hotel in Broham! No one knows who took the photos, but they've made both of you trend on Instagram!"

Only then did Abigail get a bit more conscious. "It's normal for us to stay in the same hotel. We're a married couple, you know."

"I'm just calling to ask what's really going on between you two," replied Luna with a note of seriousness in her voice.

"I'll tell you later," said Abigail before hanging up.

Sean was already awake, though half of his face was under the covers, his eyes still showing a hint of exhaustion.

Abigail put down her phone and got out of bed to freshen up.

After she finished getting ready and was about to go to have breakfast, Sean finally got out of bed in a leisurely manner. Wearing only a snug pair of boxer briefs, he strode around the room, completely unbothered by her presence.

"Can you hurry up?" she urged.

He clenched his toothbrush while searching through his suitcase for some clothes. Hearing her, he

"Can you hurry up?" she urged.

He clenched his toothbrush while searching through his suitcase for some clothes. Hearing her, he grunted in response but continued his slow search for a fresh set of clothes.

"What exactly do you have against these clothes? Just say it outright!" she said angrily.

He turned to look at her. "Haven't you noticed that I'm not happy with you?"

Abigail found his response utterly bewildering.

[Chapter 140](#)

Arguing for the Sake of Arguing

She stood up to leave.

"You know how to pick an outfit, right? Why don't you help me pick an outfit?" he said behind her.

She turned around, walked up to his suitcase, rummaged through his clothes, and put together a set of clothes in shades of ash gray. "If you want to tag along with me, wear light colors. Dark clothes.

absorb heat from the sun and will
get very hot.”

“Okay.” His eyes flickered with a hint of a smile.

After he finished getting ready, Abigail joined him for a meal. It was then that Luna sent her a screenshot. Joan had clarified in a comment that she was Sean’s cousin, and the comment was reposted by numerous marketing accounts.

Abigail paid no mind to it, though.

Meanwhile, the sun had already risen at 7.30AM.

Abigail was shopping for fabrics at the fabric market, with Sean following behind her. “This isn’t real wool. Real wool shouldn’t feel scratchy, and it should be cool to the touch at first before it feels warm,” she said before deciding to check out another store.

As they went outside, Sean suddenly remarked, “You’ve learned a lot in a few months working as an assistant. You’re even more professional than some who’ve been doing this for years.”

Abigail’s heart skipped a beat. She quickly defended herself, saying, “Maybe I’m just naturally talented and hardworking. After all, one has limitless potential if they’re determined to learn something.”

“Mm-hmm,” he responded. “Abigail, if you want to do a job well, you have my full support.”

Abigail fanned herself with the notebook in her hand. “You talk as if I wouldn’t do it without your support. Even if I can’t do it well, you have no right to stop me.”

Her words enraged Sean. “You really can’t get a good word out of your mouth, can you?”

“Did I say something wrong? Do you think that once a woman is married, she should stay at home and take care of her family?” Abigail countered, questioning him.

He backed down immediately. “You’re right. I was wrong.”

Abigail felt that he was being dismissive, and her anger intensified. But then, she recalled that he was brought up by Cornelia. His mindset was likely heavily influenced by her. Except for the issue of having children, where he refused to obey Cornelia, he probably followed her in most other aspects. “Your apology sounds perfunctory to me. Never mind, I don’t want to argue with you in this hot weather. Arguing would just make me even more furious,” she said, walking into another

store.

Only now did Sean realize that if she really wanted to argue, she could probably make the Earth rotate several more times with her arguments.

After Abigail finished arguing with the fabric supplier, she came out and saw him holding a bottle of cold drinking water.

“You must be thirsty after all that arguing, right?” He handed her the drinking water. In reality, he meant well, thinking that she must be parched after talking so much.

However, Abigail was still in a bad mood from the earlier argument. Feeling that his words sounded sarcastic, she became even more furious. “Just shut up your mouth, will you? Are you following me around to pick a fight on purpose?”

“It doesn’t make sense to take it out on me when someone else pisses you off, does it?” he replied, holding out the bottle for her.

Taking a deep breath, she took the cold water and drank a few sips of it, feeling that the annoyance from her thirst had subsided a lot.

“Having a hard time getting the right fabric?” Sean asked her. This was his first time in such a crowded place with people dressed plainly and bargaining everywhere.

Abigail looked glamorous when she acted as Alana; many people loved the haute couture pieces she created. In private, however, she was just like any other regular designer. She had to argue with people in the market and visit various ordinary places. On the contrary, all of his work was either done in his office or in upscale hotels.

Abigail finished half the bottle of water before replying to him, “He’s trying to pass off subpar materials as high-quality ones. I told them it wasn’t like that before, but he insisted it was. How ridiculous!”

He nodded. “Should we try another store?”

“There’s no other option, I suppose,” she replied with a sigh.

In the evening, she walked out of the fabric market with weary steps. After glancing at her notebook, she said with a deep sigh, “There are so many fabrics left. I wonder when we’ll find what we need.”

“Take your time,” he replied.

She turned to look at him, saying, “Let’s go eat. I’m starving.” She was exhausted to the point of despair. After three years of being a housewife, coming out here for procurement made her realize how hard work could be.

They were sitting in the restaurant, and Sean had just finished ordering food when he got a call from Joan. After darting a glance at Abigail sitting across from him, he picked up the phone and answered it, asking, “What’s the matter?”

Feeling that his tone suddenly softened, Abigail looked up from the menu. She guessed it was probably Joan, and she curled her lips into a mocking sneer.

It was unclear what Joan said on the other end of the line, but Sean frowned slightly, saying, "I'll have Kevin get it done for you." Then, he said, "I have something to attend to here, and I'll be back tomorrow at the earliest." After that, he grunted in response several times before hanging up

phone.

the

Abigail tossed the menu aside and said indifferently, "If you want to go back, you may leave now.

No one's stopping you."

"I'll go back tomorrow," he replied.

If I didn't understand his character, I'd think he has low emotional intelligence and cannot say nice things, thought Abigail. "You might as well go back now and not disrupt my meal," she said while getting a waiter's attention.