

Spare Wife 201

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What a Coincidence

As soon as Abigail walked toward Analise, she crouched down and playfully poked the orange kitten.

The orange kitten was startled by her appearance and quickly hid away.

Abigail couldn't help but smile at this.

Analise averted her eyes with a touch of discomfort as she watched Abigail having fun with the kitten. "How long are you planning to stay this time?"

"I'll probably leave tomorrow. I'll take you to Pendorf once I wrap up my work. You can't refuse this time, Grandma." Abigail sat on a chair, looking serious.

Alas, Analise immediately expressed her rejection, saying, "I've already said it repeatedly. Don't waste money on buying a house. Why won't you listen to me?" She was well aware of how pricey properties were in Pendorf. So, she was only saying all this because she didn't want to put too much pressure on Abigail.

"It's not a waste of money. My savings are more than enough for something like this. I won't even need to take a mortgage," Abigail replied with quiet confidence.

"What if I don't want to go to the city?" Analise asked softly.

Although Abigail understood that Analise had grown accustomed to the countryside, she couldn't possibly allow her grandmother to stay here alone without her guilty conscience bugging her.

"Grandma, please listen to me..."

"You rarely visit me. Why don't I cook some of your favorite dishes?" Analise changed the topic and refused to continue discussing it.

Abigail sighed wearily as she thought, It seems it would take a lot to convince Grandma to come with me.

She helped Analise water the plants in the yard after lunch. Suddenly, she received a call from Eric.

Although she wasn't exactly pleased with him at the moment, she still answered the call.

"Miss Quinn, I'm really sorry about what happened, especially after learning that Josh paid a visit to your home completely unannounced," Eric started apologizing earnestly.

"Eric, I can empathize with the Pearsons. I understand that it's hard for them to live with the knowledge that one of them is missing. However, I believe I've already made things abundantly clear during our call last time. So, why did Josh visit my grandmother?" She hoped that with her clear stance this time, Eric and Josh wouldn't keep fixating on her.

"I'm sorry, Miss Quinn." He couldn't think of any other way to appease her other than apologizing to her again.

When she recalled that this person talking to her was a popular celebrity, she figured it wouldn't do to be so harsh. So, she softened her tone and replied. "It's okay. I'm not mad at you guys anymore. Just please don't visit my grandmother to satisfy your curiosity. She's getting on in age and doesn't handle surprises very well."

Eric answered guiltily, "I'm really sorry."

"It's fine. I'm a bit busy now, so I'll be hanging up," she said calmly.

Initially, he wanted to tell her more about the Pearsons' situation. Unfortunately, there was no denying her stance on this matter. Therefore, he had no choice but to reluctantly end the call.

Meanwhile, Abigail continued with her chores after hanging up the phone. It didn't matter to her what Eric and Josh had claimed; she would only believe in Analise's words.

On the other hand, news of Abigail's return quickly made it to Sean's ears.

Thus, he promptly arrived at Analise's house with a bag of supplements around the evening.

Abigail had rushed to open the door. So, she didn't bother checking the door before she swung it open. Hence, when she caught sight of him, she immediately frowned and demanded, "What are you doing here?"

"Can't I come?" he asked as he raised an eyebrow.

Just as she was about to say something, she heard Analise's voice behind her, calling out, "Is Sean here? Have you had dinner yet, Sean?"

Sean ignored Abigail and walked into the yard without another word. "Not yet. I was craving your cooking, Grandma. So, I rushed over. I didn't expect Abby to be back as well. What a coincidence."

Abigail couldn't help but think that he was a shameless and practiced liar. In the end, she could do nothing but follow him into the house. When she heard that Analise was chatting happily with him, she could only amuse herself by playing with the kitten.

Sean spent some time with Analise in the kitchen before eventually walking out,

When Abigail recalled that her relationship with Josh had soured, she spoke in a hushed tone, "Come to my room for a moment; I need to discuss something with you."

With that, she turned and headed toward her room.

Even though Sean felt a bit annoyed by her bossy behavior, he still followed her into her room. "Is your idea of discussing something just talking to yourself and then going into the room?" he

asked in irritation the moment he was in the bedroom.

She cleared her throat sheepishly and said, "It's urgent. That's why I didn't consider propriety when I made that request."

“Go on.” He took a seat on a nearby chair.

“I wanted to ask if you have any extra manpower. My friend can’t be with me every day due to some personal issues,” she explained. Since she had decided not to have any contact with Josh, she didn’t want Lynette to keep picking her up.

“Cameron can help,” he suggested. “If you feel uncomfortable with him following you all the time, I can have him work on something else when you’re working so he doesn’t disturb you.”

Sean understood why Abigail was looking for an alternative. She’s probably worried that Cameron might discover that she is hiding her identity.

“That would be fine.” After all, she didn’t have many other options.

“Is that all?” Considering her secretive behavior, he thought she had something more significant to discuss.

“Yeah.” In fact, she felt a little embarrassed that she had to ask him for help when she had rejected his offer prior to this.

“Let’s go and help Grandma with dinner then. She’s probably bored out of her mind cooking by herself,” he suggested, standing up from his chair.

Abigail silently followed him out of the room.

It seemed that she would always be entangled with Sean no matter how hard she tried to avoid any interaction with him. She had initially thought that with both the Pearsons and the Davidsons. involved, she would quickly find out about the mastermind of her kidnapping.

“You will tell me if you find out any clues regarding my kidnapping case, right?” she suddenly popped the question with worry lacing her tone.

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You Won’t Keep Anything From Me, Will You?

Sean turned around, frowning as he regarded Abigail. “What are you trying to say?” His tone quickly took on a hint of anger.

“Nothing. I was just asking.” she replied immediately.

As he stared at her, he suddenly curled his lips into a mocking smile. “Do you still think I would deceive you for Joan?”

“I’m going to the kitchen.” She sidestepped him, not wanting to continue this conversation.

Sean, who was just about to say something in response, was interrupted by Analise’s words as her voice rang out across the room, “Sean, let me know if there’s anything else you want to eat.”

He immediately replied, “It’s fine. If you make too much, you’ll end up eating the leftovers tomorrow.” Analise was frugal, and he had seen her consuming leftovers several times.

After dinner, he didn't speak to Abigail again until she had fallen asleep.

In the middle of the night, he finally gave up trying to catch a wink. So, he got up and went to the yard to smoke. Abigail doesn't trust me at all.

Early the next morning, he learned that Abigail had already flown to Ouisford after catching an early flight by the time he woke up from his slumber.

She had informed Lynette that she no longer needed her to pick her up. Once that was done, she placed her entire focus on her embroidery.

Alas, her focus was broken when she overheard the staff working in the studio that Lynette was arguing with a man around lunchtime. It seemed that this mystery man had been waiting at the door bright and early. So, she decided to see just what on Earth was going on.

She could hear Lynette's frustrated voice at the entrance as soon as she stepped out of the backyard.

"I've been sending her to and fro for several days. If I wanted to harm her, I could have done it a long time ago. Why would I bother waiting?"

"I'm sorry, but she's working at the moment. You can't enter," Cameron replied sternly.

"You have no right to bar my entry even if I don't know her. This is an embroidery studio; if I'm not mistaken, you don't own this establishment. Step aside." It seemed that Lynette had been here for quite some time, considering the desperate tenor in her voice.

At this moment, Abigail came to the door with a helpless expression on her face. When her gaze landed on the two people who were arguing by the entrance, she raised her voice as she inquired,

"Are you guys done?"

As soon as Lynette saw Abigail, she looked absolutely distressed. "Abby, even if you and Josh have a disagreement, you shouldn't take it out on me."

"I'm not! I just feel bad about bothering you every day," Abigail explained gently.

"Why? I don't mind. Besides, I'm just giving you a ride. It's not like I'm doing any hard work," Lynette quickly responded.

Yet, Abigail merely shook her head in response. "It's fine, Lynette. I'm not that close with Josh anyway. I'm just a stranger who just happened to make his acquaintance at best. It feels weird to keep bothering you."

Suddenly, Lynette's eyes turned red-rimmed. Unfortunately, when she took a step closer to Abigail to argue her case, she was promptly blocked by Cameron once more.

"What's with you?! Seriously!" Lynette felt the last strands that were restraining her temper snap as she hissed.

Cameron intoned sternly, "Ms. Quinn has made her opinions clear. You should leave."

"Abby, can't we have a private chat?" Tears were welling up in Lynette's eyes.

Abigail knew that Lynette wanted to talk about that lost child. To be honest, she was fed up with that particular topic.

Frankly, Abigail didn't care just what happened to have caused such a tragedy to befall the Pearsons. Nonetheless, she was of the opinion that the fault was squarely laid on the adults' shoulders for losing their 'precious gem. Furthermore, she had no connection whatsoever to the Pearsons. So, she felt nothing but annoyance whenever they brought this up.

"Come in." However, she still agreed to Lynette's plea after seeing the woman's teary eyes.

Cameron instantly withdrew his hand and stepped aside.

Meanwhile, Lynette was overwhelmed with joy.

As the two walked into the lounge, Abigail went straight to the point. "If this is about the lost girl again... Then, I'm sorry, but I'm not interested in anything you have to say."

Lynette had initially wanted to show her some photos. Yet, she was utterly stumped in the face of Abigail's resolute attitude.

"Your family's loss has nothing to do with me. Besides, so many years have already passed by. You really shouldn't disturb someone who is leading a good life if she's still alive," Abigail continued.

After some hesitation, Lynette finally posed the question, "What if that child really is you?"

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don't "That's impossible. My grandparents have treated me exceptionally well. Perhaps you understand where I'm coming from, but it doesn't matter. I don't need you to understand any of it," Abigail replied calmly.

Lynette frowned, wearing an expression of disbelief.

Previously, when Abigail's grandparents found out that she had feelings for Sean, they had gone so far as to propose a marriage to the Grahams. If she wasn't their granddaughter, why would they treat her so well?

"I understand," Lynette said lowly. It looks like it truly is impossible to convince her now. She was beginning to suspect that Abigail was unwilling to accept the fact that she wasn't her grandparents' granddaughter.

After Lynette departed, Abigail sat in the lounge for a while before heading to the backyard with a heavy heart.

As she had lived with her grandparents for over 20 years, it was difficult for her to accept the sudden revelation that she might not be their biological granddaughter.

Thankfully, Lynette never returned after their conversation.

As Abigail completed her embroidery work and prepared to get some accessories from the old craftsman, she received a call from Luna.

“Abigail, we’re doomed.” Luna’s voice on the phone was low and filled with tension.

“What’s wrong?” Abigail asked, perplexed.

Luna replied seriously, “I’m currently doing a live broadcast with Lexie, and I don’t know what to do!”

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Rescuing L.Moon

When Abigail heard that, she immediately furrowed her brows. “What’s going on?”

Luna whispered, “Lexie invited me to meet someone today, and I didn’t expect it to be a host from a show. They’ve practically forced me to do an interview. You can see what’s going on from the trending topics.”

Abigail made a hum of acknowledgment and opened Twitter. She immediately spotted the sixth- ranked trending topic.

Luna denies being Alana. Here comes the most dramatic event of the year!”

She clicked on the trending topic, bracing for imminent disaster. Her frown deepened when she saw the video. How could Lexie do this? L.Moon has worked diligently to design her red carpet gown, and now she’s collaborating with a production crew to expose L.Moon?

“Why is Lexie targeting us?” she demanded angrily.

“I don’t know. I had no choice but to admit that I’m not Alana to ensure that L.Moon’s reputation wouldn’t be questioned. I’m really sorry, Abigail. I couldn’t keep it a secret any longer,” Luna said with a tone full of remorse.

“It’s okay. I’ll think of a solution,” Abigail replied.

When she checked the comments under the trending topic, it seemed that Luna’s admission of not being Alana didn’t lead to a positive outcome.

“Someone’s here. I’ll talk to you later.”

Before Abigail could respond, Luna had already hung up.

She watched the trending topic for a while and then called the old craftsman to inform him that she couldn’t look at the accessories today. After that, she immediately booked a plane ticket.

As she left the studio, she told Cameron, who was walking beside her, “I need to go to Capitalis. I’ve already booked my flight. You can head back if you can’t make this trip.”

“I’m free,” he didn’t even hesitate before responding.

Once she had received his answer, she didn’t bother to say anything else.

He noticed that her expression was gloomy and decided not to bother her. Regardless, he didn’t forget to secretly shoot a text to Sean as he boarded the plane.

At the same time, Sean was also scrolling through the trending topic of Lexie bringing Luna onto the show and Luna being pressured to admit she wasn't Alana-this caused a heated argument among many L.Moon supporters.

Once Abigail arrived in Capitalis, she called Luna once more. Alas, Luna didn't answer.

'Don't worry. I'm already here.'

Soon, Luna replied to her message. "That's good. I can't answer the phone right now. Lexie is already suspicious of our studio. I'm trying to smooth things over.

Abigail had collaborated with several people over the years, all of whom were involved in a straightforward exchange of goods and payment. Nonetheless, the way Lexie had gone from insisting on meeting her to forcing their hand was making Abigail very displeased.

She wasn't stopped by the production crew due to Cameron's presence by her side.

Then, she entered a private room prepared for her by Cameron instead of informing Lexie of her arrival. She took the opportunity to swiftly change into a formal gown and applied some light makeup.

The show has started again. I've already made the necessary arrangements with another host. You can wait backstage. When that host makes an announcement, you'll know what to do." As Cameron entered from outside, he briefed her respectfully.

"Okay, thank you." Abigail nodded.

This was the first time Cameron had seen her all dolled up with such exquisite makeup.

On the other hand, Luna sat in the guest seat once again, feeling a bit uneasy. Even though Abigail said that she's here, what could she do?

Lexie sat beside her, observing her distracted state. Lexie's originally domineering appearance now carried a sense of palpable dissatisfaction. "I didn't mean to put you in a difficult position. I just wanted to give you a surprise, but I didn't know that you were deceiving me."

"I'm sorry," Luna apologized in a low voice. "But the designer for your gown truly is Alana." After all, Lexie was her employer at the moment. So, Luna had to endure whatever that was coming out of the woman's mouth.

The show's main topic was Lexie walking the red carpet. So, her gown was an essential part of it. Luna brought the wooden belt that Abigail bought, and little did she know it would amaze the audience on the show.

Alas, she couldn't come up with an answer when the host started asking her how she would use the belt to accessorize the dress.

In the end, she had no choice but to come clean that she wasn't a designer. She even went the extra mile to say that she wasn't Alana.

"But Alana is only collaborating with you, isn't she?" Lexie said with a mirthless smile on her face.

Naturally, their strained relationship on the show didn't go unnoticed by the netizens who were watching the live broadcast.

I'm here because it's trending. Seriously, what kind of studio is L.Moon? They actually dared to outsource the design for Lexic's dress?'

I'm starting to doubt if Alana even exists. Or, maybe this is just another one of L.Moon's marketing tactics? They created a gimmick about a designer with extraordinary talent to make money when, in reality, there is no such person!"

i think that speculation makes a lot of sense. After all, it's the era of influencers; creating a marketing stunt is the easiest way to gain fame and money.

'Is Alana a virtual designer? L.Moon makes me sick. I'm never going to support anyone from this studio again. As designers, all they do is tell lies! It seems that Joan wasn't wrong about them after all.

The barrage of insults was relentless. At this moment, the host, who had been relatively quiet, spoke up, "Now, let's welcome our special guest."

Instantly, the other three hosts looked puzzled as the netizens in the live chat burst into another heated discussion.

A special guest right now of all times? The other three hosts' expressions look like they had no idea that this guest would be joining them.

"Wow, this show is on par with those drama shows at this point. Luna's appearance was also quite unexpected.

'I wonder how many more surprises they have in store for us. I'm really curious about who this special guest is. Could it be the virtual designer Alana?'

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I Am Alana

After a moment of confusion among the guests, they shifted their attention toward the stage entrance, following the host's gaze.

Abigail adjusted her gown one last time as she took slow, graceful steps forward in her high heels.

As she appeared in front of everyone, apart from the host arranged by Cameron, who came forward to hand her the microphone, the others in the production crew began to engage in hushed discussions.

When Abigail caught sight of the dazed expression on Luna's face, she gave her a faint smile before walking toward the center of the stage.

Hello, everyone. I'm Abigail, better known as Miss Smith's assistant, Miss Quinn. And I'm also L.Moon's designer, Alana."

To her surprise, her introduction did not brighten Lexie's expression at all.

The show hosts, however, reacted quickly and enthusiastically welcomed her.

Yet, her confession didn't sit well with netizens.

'If she's a designer, why hide behind an assistant's facade? Is it fun fooling everyone? L.Moon Studio really makes me sick!'

'It's probably for the sake of publicity. She's really something else. Does she enjoy fooling the fans and everyone?'

'I hate this kind of publicity stunt. I even feel like L.Moon is pulling Lexie along for the ride just for today's attention. For a studio to keep trending time and again, you can't deny they have a knack for marketing. They've mastered the art to gain fame on the internet.'

Although Abigail was unaware of the netizens' current sentiments, she was prepared for their reactions.

"I've been using the pseudonym Alana for many years. I never wanted to show my face, but I chose to meet everyone as an assistant because I wanted to put my entire focus on my designs," she continued saying with the microphone in hand.

The hosts nodded, looking like bobbleheads. None of them dared to interrupt her at such a crucial moment.

Just then, Abigail turned to look at Lexie, her face carrying a sense of apology. "I'm sorry, Ms. Chambers. It wasn't our intention to hide this from you. But L.Moon has always prioritized design. It didn't help that I felt overwhelmed after several instances where the studio trended on social media. That's why I decided to keep my identity hidden."

As Lexie examined the gown that Abigail was wearing, she found that it appeared simple but still bore the unique design style of Alana.

"You could have told me in advance. I wouldn't have invited Luna to the show if I was made aware of your circumstances," she said calmly. It was obvious that she wasn't about to accept Abigail's apology just like that.

"I'm just a designer. Being on television or participating in a show is not something I want to do. However, I also understand that one cannot avoid such exposure in this industry if they want to establish themselves," Abigail explained slowly.

Lexie leaned back in her chair and didn't bother responding.

Abigail turned back to the camera, saying, "This is the first time I've decided to choose to show my face as Alana, and it's also the last. I just want to focus on my designs and not get entangled in these various matters. I've always had Luna stand in for me, hoping she could handle these troubles on the front lines while I focused on creating my best designs."

Her response gradually calmed some of the more level-headed netizens.

I think with Alana's growing fame, it's only a matter of time before she gets into various troubles on the internet. Having Luna as a stand-in to focus on her designs makes sense, doesn't it? After all, her designs are always so stunning.

“If L. Moon really wanted to gain popularity, Abigail wouldn’t need to hide her identity. A designer should indeed ignore online voices and focus on their work.”

‘Please don’t tell me people are falling for this already. Who knows what the truth is? L.Moon is probably just manipulating the whole situation. I’ve always had a bad feeling about L.Moon, and this doesn’t make me think any better of Abigail.’

The debate among netizens continued.

At this moment, Sean was also watching the live broadcast, observing the increasing doubts about Abigail and L.Moon. He couldn’t help but furrow his brow as he thought, I wonder if Abigail can resolve this situation effectively.

Abigail, with the microphone in hand, turned to Lexie, saying, “I’ve explained everything today. By June, L. Moon and Alana will deliver satisfying work for you and everyone.”

With that being said, she handed the microphone to the host standing beside her.

The host nodded and said with a delighted expression, “Good luck, Alana.”

“Thank you,” Abigail replied warmly.

With that, she turned and walked toward Luna. “Let’s go.” There was a faint smile as she stretched her hand toward Luna.

Meanwhile, Lexie furrowed her brow, and her eyes were filled with curiosity as she gazed at to her close relationship with

Abigail. Of course, she wasn’t going to be too harsh on Abigail curiosity as she gazed at Sean.

“How can you prove that you are Alana?” Her attitude became a bit more friendly. After all, she made money through her fans; she couldn’t afford to be too nitpicky to her juniors.

“The belt that Luna showed you is an accessory I selected for your gown. I’ve always thought your aura is unique-classical yet mysterious. Yet, there’s no denying that your presence in your performances is very strong. So, when I purchased this item, I believed that this belt suits your distinctive charm,” Abigail elaborated gently.

It was the first time Lexie had heard someone describe her as ‘classical yet mysterious. Her acting. often portrayed her as dominant and hard to approach. She genuinely didn’t expect Abigail to have a different interpretation.

“I’ll look forward to your design then,” she replied impassively. In fact, she was really looking forward to the mysterious and classical style gown that Abigail was going to create just for her. After all, she had always believed that she fit the description given by the public. Thus, she couldn’t help but find this unique outlook exciting.

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Harmonious Marriage

Luna truly admired Abigail's resolve.

"You're really something else!" Abigail released her hand and wore a serious expression. "Our online reputation isn't great right now. Let's not pay attention to online matters for the time being. We'll discuss everything once Lexic walks the red carpet."

Luna nodded solemnly upon hearing her advice. "All right. I understand."

"This situation isn't anyone's fault. L.Moon's online popularity is growing, and these things are bound to happen sooner or later." Abigail consoled Luna when she noticed that Luna seemed a bit down.

Luna responded with a quiet nod.

"Cameron will handle the cleanup for this fiasco. As for us... Why don't we go to the hotel we've booked? I'll change into something more comfortable, and we can go out and explore the city." Abigail wrapped her arm around Luna's shoulder while wearing a faint smile.

The milk had been spilled. So, there was no point in being negative and disheartened.

"By the way, is this your first time in Capitalis?" Luna asked in a relaxed tone as she looked at Abigail.

The two of them no longer dwelled on today's events and instead tacitly shifted the topic of conversation.

Nonetheless, Abigail's mood was still rather unsettled because she wasn't prepared to reveal her true identity at all.

Her sudden decision was driven by her concern for Luna, who was being severely mistreated on the show.

She didn't want to see Luna being treated poorly or even insulted by the public because of her decision.

Moreover, she suspected that Sean had watched today's live broadcast and couldn't help but wonder what he was thinking after discovering that she was Alana.

While she was preoccupied with her thoughts, Sean was warning Kevin to shut his blabbermouth.

"Even though we've known that she's Alana for a while, you can't reveal it. Let's pretend to be surprised

Kevin responded hurriedly, "Got it, Sean. I'll do as you say."

"Good. I'm going to Capitalis for a while. Keep an eye on L..Moon Studio in Pendorf and be cautious of extremists causing any trouble for them." Sean said and was about to end the call.

"You have a truly harmonious marriage," Kevin remarked with emotion.

Sean gave a brief and meaningful chuckle.

Just as he hung up the phone, his phone rang again.

When he saw that it was Cornelie calling, Sean involuntarily furrowed his brows. He glanced at his ringing phone for a moment before finally deigning to answer.

“What’s wrong?” His tone immediately softened.

Have you seen the videos of Abigail online?” Cornelie’s voice sounded particularly heavy.

“Yes,” Sean replied casually.

She spoke sternly, “I’ve heard people online saying that she’s a famous designer. What’s going on?! I’m telling you, I don’t want a granddaughter-in-law who works. Listen to me and divorce her!”

Her words caused his frown to deepen further. “I won’t divorce her. I have some matters to attend to here. I’ll be hanging up if you have nothing else important to say.”

“Sean, you have to listen to me.” Cornelie became impatient.

“I know you want a grandchild, but stop rushing us. We’ll have one when we want one.” Sean changed his attitude from his previous stone-cold refusal and tried to reassure Cornelie.

Alas, Cornelie was beyond furious. “By the time you decide to have one, I’ll already be in my coffin!”

“What are you talking about? You’re in great health. Don’t say inauspicious things.” Sean chuckled.

“Sean, it’s only right for the man to work while the woman stays home and takes care of the household. Look at her. She’s hardly ever at home these days! Can you still call it a home?” she retorted.

“Isn’t that how work is? You haven’t complained that I’m hardly ever at home either. I have to go now. Remember to take care of your health, Grandma,” he said perfunctorily and hung up the phone.

Did Cornelie still expect Abigail to cling to him like she used to?

Abigail would be more than thrilled if he were to suggest a divorce right now.

Her career was already flourishing. How could she be willing to return home and be a housewife?

Abigail and Luna spent their afternoon visiting several famous attractions in Capitalis.

They were well and truly drained of energy and decided to dine at a well-reputed restaurant. Yet, they didn’t expect to bump into Lynette just as they entered the establishment.

“Abby!” Lynette appeared genuinely delighted and called out loudly as she rushed over.

Abigail was wearing a mask and hadn’t expected to be recognized by her.

“Shh!” She quickly reminded Lynette to lower her voice..

Luna regarded Lynette with inquisitive eyes.

Lynette stuck her tongue out as she said bashfully, “I got so excited when I saw you that I couldn’t control my voice. Are you here to have dinner?”

“What do you think?” Abigail thought that they couldn’t possibly have come to the restaurant just to play, could they?

“Well, since you’re here for a meal... Heh. this is great! My family owns this restaurant. This is going to be my treat, and I won’t be taking no for an answer!” Lynette grabbed Abigail and tried to tug her along.

“Is this your friend?” She glanced at Luna and asked.

Abigail’s feet were tired from all the walking, and she really didn’t want to switch to another restaurant. So, she had no choice but to follow Lynette. “Yes. She’s my best friend.”

“The Pearsons are from Capitalis, and our family invests in many restaurants here. I’ll list them for you later, so you can dine at these restaurants for free!” Lynette couldn’t stop chattering when she saw Abigail.

Abigail thought back to when she worked as a waitress at Josh’s place and realized the woman had really tried her best to tame her enthusiasm back then. Now, it seemed that all her pent-up energy had decided to make good use of its outlet,

“Thank you so much,” Luna spoke up on Abigail’s behalf.

Lynette immediately focused her attention on Luna. “You’re Abby’s best friend. So, that makes you my best friend too! What should I call you?”

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Demolish the Restaurant?

Once they had gotten to know each other, Lynette swiftly took Luna’s arm in hers and commented, “Your hair color is really cool.”

“You can be cool like me, too.” Luna teased with a smile.

The two of them quickly became fast friends.

Lynette led them to a private dining room.

Abigail soon noticed that Eric and Josh were already seated upon entering the room. She couldn’t help but scrunch her brows at the sight of them.

“Abby, I was so thrilled to see you that I forgot to tell you we were having dinner together,” Lynette explained with a guilty expression.

Luna wasn’t surprised to see Eric but couldn’t hide her astonishment at seeing Josh.

“Miss Quinn! The great reveal was a real surprise. Anyway, good evening.” Eric greeted politely with his trademark warm smile as he rose to his feet.

Josh also quickly followed suit and pulled out two chairs.

At this point, Abigail couldn’t simply walk out.

Even if their relationship had soured beyond repair, adults in the real world had to endure any discomfort when necessary.

“Good evening. I didn’t expect it to be such a coincidence,” Abigail said as she walked into the private room.

“That’s right,” Eric replied and sat back down while maintaining a friendly expression.

Lynette stood to the side and asked, “Shall I go buy some coffee for you all?”

“No, thank you.” Abigail declined.

“I can’t drink coffee at night; it keeps me awake. So, I’ll have to pass on that offer as well. Thank you, though,” Luna said graciously as she removed her mask and wore a bright smile.

After Lynette left, Luna’s gaze unintentionally fell on Josh’s face.

He looked too similar...

“I was quite shocked by the online situation. I never expected you to be Alana. I always thought you were just a simple assistant.” Eric initiated the conversation.

Abigail simply acknowledged with a faint hum. It was clear that she wasn’t interested in saying more on the matter.

Josh, who was sitting next to her, naturally poured her a cup of tea.

“What would you like to eat?” he asked Abigail with concern.

Abigail quickly sensed that he might not have given up on her being a part of the Pearsons just yet upon hearing his question.

However, she didn’t want to open that particular can of worms with Luna present.

“Just order whatever you like, as long as it’s delicious,” Abigail replied coldly.

“All right.” Josh nodded and carefully examined the menu.

Eric couldn’t help but feel anxious at their back and forth as he continued, “Speaking of which, it seems that the online community is quite upset with you, especially regarding your concealment of being Alana. Many people are dissatisfied with your decision.”

“Actually, their attitude toward me doesn’t affect my work as a designer at all,” Abigail replied.

Eric blinked at her dumbly and found himself at a loss for words.

He couldn’t help but notice that she was usually easy to talk to unless offended. Once anyone had made that particular blunder, she wouldn’t bother showing them anything more than the basic courtesy needed.

Meanwhile, Lynette spotted Cameron getting out of the car and courteously opening the car door for someone after buying coffee and making her way to the restaurant.

When she saw Sean stepping out of the car, she tightened her hand around the bag and quickly dialed a number.

As soon as the call was answered, she issued a cold command, saying sternly, "Two men will enter shortly, and one of them is Sean, whom you should recognize. I don't care what happens; stop them until they are forced to leave the restaurant. If Sean causes trouble, tell him he should seek out the Pearsons in person for an explanation! I'm telling you, if he enters the restaurant today, I'll fire you, and you won't find work anywhere in the entire capital!"

With that, she hung up the phone, feeling content.

Today, she was going to avenge the grudge she held against Cameron for blocking her way in the past. As for Sean... Well, he was simply not worthy of Abigail!

Moreover, Abigail should not have married him. Lynette was of the opinion that she should have married someone better.

Since it wouldn't be convenient for her to take the entrance, Lynette sneaked into the restaurant through the side entrance.

Cameron and Sean arrived at the restaurant's entrance and were about to enter when the restaurant's general manager intercepted them. He said politely, "I apologize, but the restaurant is at capacity, and any free tables have been reserved by other guests. I'm afraid we won't be accepting other guests at this time. Please consider dining elsewhere."

Sean's chin lifted slightly as he spoke in an unfriendly tone, "I'm here to meet someone, not for dining. Let me pass."

The general manager felt a headache coming on. The Pearsons were not to be trifled with, but this person who had just arrived from Pendorf was equally formidable. He prayed with all his heart, that the Pearsons would help him out after he resolved the matter.

"Sir, please don't put me in a difficult position. This restaurant has been reserved by the Pearsons, and they have invested a great deal of shares in this establishment. I'm just an employee, and I truly can't allow you entry," the general manager bitterly explained his situation to Sean.

Why was it the Pearsons again?

Sean narrowed his eyes.

The Pearsons had always been rather mysterious and elusive whenever they conducted their affairs. So, what was their connection to Abigail?

Why did they always appear wherever she was around?

"Mr. Graham doesn't intend to dine in your restaurant. He's here to meet someone," Cameron explained to the general manager.

"I'm sorry, but the Pearsons have instructed that they have booked the entire restaurant for the night, and no one else is allowed to enter," the general manager said in resignation.

Sean sneered. "So, you're saying that if I want to meet someone in this restaurant today, I'll have to demolish the entire place?"

The general manager looked uneasy as he said wearily, "Please give me some time to make a phone call."

"Make the call here," Cameron said with a stern expression, and his demeanor was as cold as ice.

Sean regarded the general manager with a mirthless smile, causing the manager to break out in a cold sweat.

He trembled as he took out his phone and dialed Lynette's number.

These outrageous blue-blooded... They either threatened his livelihood or tried to go for broke by straight up suggesting they would demolish his restaurant. Just who on Earth was that person that they were willing to go to such lengths for?

[Chapter 207](#)

I'm Worried About You

Lynette was happily chatting with Luna when her phone decided to make itself an annoyance.

When she saw that it was the restaurant's general manager calling, she immediately told Luna, "I need to take a call."

As soon as she stepped outside the private room, her face turned sour as she answered the call. "What's the matter? You were supposed to stop them! Yet, here you are, disturbing my meal!"

However, when she heard the general manager's explanation, she exclaimed, "What?! They want to demolish the restaurant? Let them do it, and we'll make them compensate the Pearsons for such an outrage! Who does he think he is? I want to see how he plans to pull such a stunt!"

Abigail faintly heard her talking outside.

She turned her head and glanced at the private room door before asking Eric, "Is she okay? Why would someone suddenly want to demolish the restaurant?"

Eric looked bewildered and replied, "I don't know. You can ask her about it later."

Josh remained silent throughout the meal and wisely didn't bring up Abigail's background. He acted as though he was genuinely there to have a meal.

Luna wasn't foolish as she finally connected the dots. It seemed that Eric's care for Abigail on the set wasn't just because they were friends. Instead, it was because of someone with the family name Pearson...

When Lynette returned to the private room, Abigail inquired, "Who wants to demolish restaurant?"

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This question caught Lynette off guard for a moment, but she quickly explained, "It's nothing... Someone is just making themselves a nuisance. It's just an annoying troublemaker."

Midway through the meal, the noise outside suddenly escalated.

Abigail couldn't help but wonder if the annoying troublemaker Lynette had mentioned was barging the door right now.

Just as she was thinking about it, the door to the private room was violently shoved open with a loud bang.

Everyone inside was startled by such a sudden intrusion.

Four or five burly men in black suits barged in.

Abigail began to worry if Lynette had offended some dangerous individuals upon seeing them.

Nonetheless, her worries were assuaged when she noticed Cameron leading the way, followed by Sean.

Luna, who had been on edge, burst into laughter upon seeing Sean.

Lynette shot daggers at Cameron and then at Sean.

"Sean, couldn't you have sent a text or made a call? You know, like a normal person?" Abigail stood up while furrowing her brow in displeasure.

Given the current situation, Abigail could tell that Lynette had gotten someone to block Cameron and Sean's way. As a result, they had entered the restaurant by force.

So, Lynette was probably taking revenge against Cameron for stopping her last time, which had resulted in Sean getting dragged into their mess? Or... Did Josh and Eric give out warnings to the staff?

"I initially wanted to surprise you, but someone interfered, Sean said before pausing momentarily when he noticed Josh.

"What's going on?" Josh's expression turned cold as he questioned Lynette sharply.

Lynette retorted defensively, "I just had someone stop him... Who knew he would be so impolite and barge in when he isn't even welcomed?"

Sean walked up to Abigail and gently held her face in his hands while saying, "They wouldn't let me see you. So, I got worried."

"Miss Pearson, is this a personal vendetta? Did you deliberately block us this time because I prevented you from seeing Miss Pearson last time?" Cameron asked Lynette with a stern face.

Lynette immediately refuted, "No! Do you think I'm like you? I simply don't like you people! What's wrong with that?!"

Sean fixed his gaze on her upon hearing her words.

She felt like her body had been drenched in ice-cold water, and it sent shivers down her spine.

"Mr. Graham, have you had dinner? If you haven't, feel free to join us," Eric stood up and asked in a gentle tone.

“Are you full?” Sean didn’t answer him but turned to ask Abigail.

“Yeah. Abigail had no intention of continuing to have her meal here. She had hesitated earlier due to social niceties. Now that Sean had made his grand appearance, she saw no reason to stay.

Luna immediately jerked to her feet and smiled at Lynette and the others while saying, “Thank you for the hospitality. We’re quite tired from visiting all the tourist spots today. So, we’ll head back to get some rest.”

“All right...” Lynette muttered nervously.

She couldn’t shake the feeling that Abigail seemed distant and unwilling to spend time with them.

She also worried that her actions against Sean might have angered Abigail.

Eric was about to say something, but Josh shook his head gently.

After Sean left with Abigail, Lynette quickly apologized to Josh, “Josh, I didn’t expect things to turn out like this.”

“We’ll have to think of another way to make her less resistant to us. How’s the investigation into Joan’s matter going?” Josh asked Lynette calmly.

“It’s still ongoing,” Lynette rushed to reply.

Eric took a sip of his wine and said gloomily, “If Abigail hadn’t gotten lost all those years ago, Sean would never have gotten the chance to marry her.

Josh patted his shoulder and consoled him, saying, “We haven’t confirmed her identity yet.”

“It’s a pity that nothing was discussed tonight. You care too much about Abby’s feelings. Why can’t you talk about Abby’s background when her friend is around? Luna is her best friend. She should have the right to know about Abby’s background.” Eric’s tone carried a hint of dissatisfaction.

“Did you not notice her attitude tonight? We went to great lengths just to see her for a brief moment. If we push her too hard, she’ll become even more averse to us, and we might not get another chance to meet her,” Josh calmly explained.

“At the end of the day, we’re still back in square one!” Lynette couldn’t help but exclaim after letting out a long sigh.

Eric was anxious, especially when he saw Sean being so intimate with Abigail.

[Chapter 208](#)

The Web of Secrets

Sean had Cameron escort Luna to her hotel as he took a walk with Abigail.

“What are you doing here?” Abigail’s tone remained as unfriendly as ever.

Sean frowned while looking displeased. “Why do you think I’m here?”

"If it's about me being Alana, there's no need to talk more about it then." Abigail didn't want to discuss this matter.

In fact, she had brought Luna to tour Capitalis precisely to avoid thinking about her identity. being exposed to the public. Besides, she had no intention of wasting her breath explaining herself to Sean as to why she had concealed her identity.

"It's not about that. I told you that I'm worried about you," Sean said.

Abigail was slightly surprised. She stared into Sean's eyes and asked, "You're acting as though you. have known who I am for a long time."

"Not everyone is interested in your identity. Regardless of who you are, one thing remains unchanged- you're my wife." He tried to sweet-talk her into believing him.

"Did you use this smooth talk when you were wooing Joan?" Abigail deliberately asked.

"Abigail, are you allergic to romance?" Sean held her face in his hand and gritted his teeth as he spoke.

Abigail slapped his hand away coldly. "We're leaving tomorrow. As you can see, I'm fine. So, go home."

They had walked around for an entire afternoon, and her feet were screaming in agony. She had no patience to have a stroll with Sean.

When she turned away, he grabbed her wrist. "Let's go back together. I can return tomorrow."

Abigail didn't refuse him.

Back in the hotel room, Abigail saw Luna sitting there and immediately said, "You can ask me anything, but I can tell you that I have no connection with Josh."

"How did you get to know Lynette and Josh? Is that why Eric has been so friendly with you on the set?" Luna couldn't contain her curiosity.

"We met in Ouisford, and it was Eric who introduced us," Abigail replied as she sat on the couch and massaged her tired legs.

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"It seems like they came prepared," Luna murmured.

"What do you think about it?" Abigail felt confused about the situation.

If they were to give up now, she could assume that she wasn't the person they were looking for.

Yet, the more persistent they were, the more uneasy she became.

Luna sat on a single couch, hugged a cushion, and said seriously, "What can I say? All I can do is support your decision."

"That's like not saying anything at all." Abigail sighed in frustration.

"Are you sure?" Luna suddenly turned serious.

“Not at all, and there’s no need to be. I am definitely my grandparents’ child,” Abigail replied confidently.

Luna ran her hand through her hair. “Why not get a DNA test just in case? You and Josh really Mook alike and I’m not just talking about your facial features. Your auras are also eerily similar. I’m going to give you some hard facts. The both of you look remarkably similar at first glance, which is why I’m even bringing this up. However, the resemblance kinda fades away upon closer inspection.”

“So, there’s no need to make such a huge fuss about this and take a paternity test. Look at all the celebrities who bear no relation to each other but still resemble each other.” Abigail thought that the situation with the Pearsons was purely coincidental.

They had lost a child, and she happened to resemble Josh, which led to the misunderstanding.

If it were another person who resembled Josh, they would also go looking for that person.

“You have a point, but I was just thinking... What if... What if?” Luna sounded cautious when she said this, as if she didn’t want to upset Abigail. It was clear that she was somewhat reluctant to be in the same room with Josh and the others today.

Abigail remained silent for a moment before shrugging. “I haven’t thought about it because I think it’s impossible.”

“In that case, don’t be unhappy. Your opinions are more important than what other people think. Don’t let them affect your mood since you’re so sure that they’re wrong. It was so obvious you weren’t in a good mood during dinner today, especially when you didn’t talk much the entire time. I was really worried.” Luna tried to console her with a casual tone.

“Really? Maybe it’s because problems keep popping up like mushrooms after rain. I’m just really tired of it all,” Abigail replied softly.

She was genuinely overwhelmed after her kidnapping incident that she wasn’t over at all. Then, there was Josh bothering Analise because he was desperate. Finally, she was forced to reveal her identity as Alanna. This was all too much! Her mind was in turmoil.

She could only momentarily forget these troubles when she was focused on her designs.

Luna scooted closer to her and patted her on the shoulder. “Don’t overthink it. No matter what happens, you’re still you. L.Moon has your back, and we’ll continue our operations just like before.”

“Okay.” Abigail replied with a nod.

After Luna left, Abigail looked out of the window and fell into deep thought.

At the same time, in another room, Sean thought back to Josh’s appearance. He said to Cameron beside him, “Josh and Abby share a remarkable resemblance, which is quite strange,

Cameron instinctively looked at him and replied, “They do look quite similar.”

“They do look alike at first glance. However, their facial features aren’t that similar inspection. It’s just that they share a similar aura... There has to be some connection between upon closer them,” Sean said while rubbing his chin in contemplation.

Two people who were raised in different families yet shared such a similar aura seemed unusual. Even close blood relatives would struggle to achieve such a unified, icy temperament in different environments.

“Could it be that Mrs. Graham is part of the Pearsons?” Cameron couldn’t help but pipe up.

[Chapter 209](#)

Leaving Sean Behind

Sean wore a thoughtful expression as he considered the possibility.

After a moment, he spoke. “We can’t be sure for now. However, if Abby has any connection to the Pearsons, it would explain why they are helping Eric. Go and investigate the relationship between the Pearsons and the Davidsons in detail. The more detailed, the better.”

He believed that if they were looking for a family member, it shouldn’t be Eric who was at the forefront of this particular matter.

So, he suspected that there was another reason behind Eric’s special treatment of Abigail.

The next day, Abigail had planned to explore Capitalis a bit before heading back to Ouisford. To her surprise, she received a call from Analise early in the morning.

“Where are you right now?” Analise’s voice was heavy, and there was a hint of anger.

Abigail replied quickly. “I’m handling some matters in Capitalis...”

“In that case, can you come back today? I have something to discuss with you.” Analise’s tone suddenly softened.

Abigail couldn’t help but wonder if her meeting with Josh had been discovered by Analise.

She agreed immediately as she did not want to worry Analise.

Abigail informed Luna and headed to the airport after ending the call.

Sean, who had overslept by half an hour, had intended to invite Abigail to breakfast. Unfortunately, Luna informed him that Abigail had already left.

Abigail was enjoying some pastries in the airport lounge when she received a call from Sean.

“Why didn’t you wait for me when you left?!” The moment Sean’s call connected, he scolded her angrily.

“I was in a hurry and forgot to wait for you. You could have come by yourself,” Abigail replied somewhat guiltily.

She had forgotten about Sean while rushing to catch a cab. Regardless, she did decide to shoot him a text after she had her meal once the car had started moving.

She didn't expect him to call so quickly.

"Abigail, are you even human? It seems like I'm the only one worried about take me seriously!" Sean's voice was filled with frustration.

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She took a bite of her noodles. "You were sleeping so deeply in the hotel. Why would I worry about you? Do I have to make this trip with you for it to be considered as me taking you seriously?"

Alas, Sean immediately hung up the call after hearing her response.

"What a temper... Abigail held her phone and felt somewhat helpless.

Sean, who had hung up the call, tossed his phone aside.

Cameron stood by his side and asked in a low voice, "Would you like to order breakfast?"

"Breakfast? What's the point? If you want to eat, just have breakfast alone. Stop bothering me," Sean hissed with a scowl.

Cameron nodded and made the executive decision to leave the room.

He had grown accustomed to being the target of Sean's anger for trivial reasons. It was quite sad, but that was the reality of his life now.

Eventually, Sean decided to take the day off after sulking for half an hour.

As soon as Abigail returned to Pendorf, she headed straight to the Quinn Village.

At this moment, in the Quinn Residence, Analise was hosting several guests.

Her expression was solemn, and she had a lot on her mind.

She had always hoped that Abigail would heed her advice. Yet, this time, she wished that Abigail would defy her wishes.

Alas, things didn't go as she hoped.

The sound of a bell rang at the entrance of the courtyard.

Analise glanced at the person sitting next to her sipping tea. Then, she got up to answer the door.

When Abigail's figure appeared at the gate of Analise's house, Joan, who was hiding not far was shocked.

Analise opened the door and whispered, "Why did you return so quickly? Aren't you busy?"

away,

Abigail looked a bit dazed. She blinked her eyes and asked, "Didn't you ask me to come back quickly?"

Her response was met with a sigh from Analise.

Abigail saw Cornelie sitting inside after entering the house.

She put down her luggage and looked at Cornelie with a gentle tone, "Grandma, why did you come here?"

Cornelie looked at her, and her face displayed a disdainful expression. "I shouldn't have come here to disturb your grandmother. Unfortunately, it seems that we have issues to discuss."

"What is it?" Abigail asked.

"You took the property deed for the house that Sean bought for you, and then house?" Cornelie went straight to the point.

Analise, who was seated nearby, looked at Abigail with a worried expression.

She had expected that Abigail wouldn't be able to afford a house in Pendorf.

"You did that?" Analise asked angrily.

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"Grandma, that house was a gift from Sean..." Even as she said this, her tone belayed that she didn't feel that confident about it either.

Even though it really was a gift from him... What did that matter? Cornelie seemed determined to blame her.

"Are you telling me that you still want Sean's gift even though you're clearly capable enough to earn money to support yourself?" Cornelie sneered.

Abigail pursed her lips, and after a moment, she said to Cornelie, "I can give you the money for the house."

"I didn't come here to ask you for the money. I came to ask you to divorce Sean. Abigail, the Grahams have done everything we can for you. Since you can't fulfill your duties as a granddaughter-in-law, don't blame me for being strict with you," Cornelie said with a calm exterior, but her aura was overwhelming.

"Do you think divorce is a decision I can make on my own?" Abigail retorted.

When Sean tore the divorce agreement up back then at the Graham Estate, Cornelie had seen it herself.

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"You can't even make an effort to have a child, and now you don't want a divorce either. Do you really want to cling to our family like a leech?" Cornelie's voice grew more intense.

"I have never once wanted to cling to your family, Abigail replied calmly.

Analise stood up and tried to mediate the argument. "Having a child isn't something she can do alone- Before she could finish her sentence, Cornelia interrupted with a hiss, "Do you think I'm playing around with you?!"

[Chapter 210](#)

Forcing the Divorce

Abigail looked at Cornelia, who was being so impolite to Analise, and couldn't help but speak up, "Even my grandmother doesn't think we're just playing around. Can't we discuss this with cooler tempers?"

"When we try to talk calmly, you just keep dragging things on and on! I know you've been looking at houses and using the Grahams' money to buy a nice house for your grandmother to live in! You and your grandmother are like leeches attached to Sean!" Cornelia didn't want to be polite. with them anymore.

"Selling the house was my mistake, and it has nothing to do with my grandmother. I'll give you the money. So, please calm down." Abigail sincerely believed that she had never entertained any greedy thoughts regarding Sean's wealth.

She had only taken the money from that house, and compared to what Sean had given to Joan, it wasn't that much.

However, she couldn't even bring herself to mention this without feeling utterly humiliated.

Sean's legitimate wife was no match for his mistress. If she were to say this, how could she even show her face to the public?

"Am I speaking too harshly? It's been three years, and there hasn't been any sign of pregnancy from you. Why should I be supportive? Did Sean marry you just so you could do whatever you wanted? Even if you do harbor such thoughts, you should also consider whether you're worthy of such dedication!" Cornelia didn't hold back as she hurled abuse after abuse at Abigail and Analise.

"You're going too far! We are also making efforts regarding the baby. Your grandson doesn't want to cooperate. How is it useful to rely solely on her? It's not like she could get pregnant on her own!"

Analise couldn't stand Cornelia being so demeaning toward Abigail.

"I'm going too far? I haven't even started! The Quinns live in a shabby rural house. If it weren't for my husband having some connections with you, Abigail wouldn't even be qualified to marry into the Grahams!" Cornelia's tone was full of disdain.

Only now did Analise realize how much Abigail had been mistreated in the Grahams.

She knew that Abigail had wanted to bear a child for the Grahams. Nonetheless, she was also aware that Sean wasn't a very willing participant.

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“It’s been three years, and she hasn’t even warmed Sean’s heart, and that speaks volumes. Let me you, he doesn’t like her at all. He has someone he likes, and he’s willing to give that woman luxury cars, gifts, and even a house. Meanwhile, Abigail secretly sold the house deed placed at the Graham Estate! Who in their right mind would want a granddaughter-in-law as incapable as her?” Cornelie shouted, regardless of whether anyone was listening.

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Analise’s face was devoid of color after being spoken to like that. She turned to Abigail and asked, “Did Sean really have an affair?! So, I wasn’t wrong before. Why didn’t you tell me the truth?”

“Grandma, he didn’t-”

“His grandmother has come to our doorstep, and it’s clear that she isn’t lying. What more is there. for you to say on his behalf? I know you love Sean, and you don’t want to speak ill of him, even if it means enduring injustice. Yet, what has he done? Yes, my wish is for you to be a good wife in your in-laws’ house. However, I have never once entertained the thought that you should sacrifice yourself to make others happy, Abigail! I don’t want you to suffer any grievances!” Analise said with tears in her eyes as she tightly held Abigail’s hand.

“I’m not suffering any grievances.” Abigail choked out in response. Even though she was saying those words, they felt like nothing but ash on her tongue as she knew she was lying to herself.

There had indeed been a lot of grievances over the past three years, but she understood that Sean treated Analise well. She didn’t want Analise to harbor any dissatisfaction with Sean, and she didn’t want them to have prejudice against each other.

“Sean doesn’t like her, so this marriage was a mistake from the very start, and they should have divorced a long time ago,” Cornelie continued.

“Yes. Indeed, Abigail may not have the ability to win your grandson’s favor! But she is worthy of anyone. If you don’t like her, at least don’t belittle her. Having a child is not her responsibility to bear. You’re clearly placing all the blame on her, and that’s just bullying!” Analise’s eyes were filled with tears as she spoke in a tremulous tone.

“Does she need me to belittle her? She wouldn’t have achieved what she has in her career without relying on the Grahams. Who knows how much money she spent behind the scenes to establish connections and collaborate with celebrities? A pauper is still a pauper. She even sold her own. house in secret. Those who know her understand that she’s part of the Grahams, but those who don’t might think she’s a habitual thief!” Cornelie sneered.

“We’re still in-laws. Your words are too heartless!” If it weren’t for knowing that the Grahams were not easy to provoke, Analise would have wanted to chase Cornelie away with a stick.

“What in-laws? After the divorce, I won’t have any relationship with your poor and worthless family!” Cornelie was unrelenting in her demeanor.

“I will get a divorce myself; you don’t have to make it sound so harsh, and my career is built on my own hard work. I can make a vow right here that I haven’t spent a single cent from the Grahams!” Abigail refuted Cornelia word by word with tears in her eyes.

“You have already sold the property without consulting us, yet you claim to be innocent?” Cornelia didn’t believe her at all.

Abigail was genuinely regretting trusting Sean’s words back then, thinking that the house was hers just because he had given it to her.

Now that Cornelia was saying such harsh things, she couldn’t even defend herself.

“Abigail, give Sean a call... You will get a divorce no matter what,” Analise couldn’t take it Her head was pounding, and she felt like she couldn’t breathe.

anymore.

If Cornelia hadn’t snarled at her with her nasty attitude, she would never have known how much Abigail had suffered while she was living with the Grahams.