

## Spare Wife 221

### [Chapter 221](#)

#### Excessive Indulgence

Abigail eyed Joan with an unreadable smile before raising her eyebrows at Sean. “How do you plan on having her apologize? Is she going to bow or get on her knees?”

Joan hadn’t even apologized for her attempt to sabotage L.Moon’s reputation.

Sean glanced at Joan and said impassively, “You can ask her for any kind of apology you want, Ms. Quinn.”

“Even though an apology from her would be great, it would also make it hard for me to swallow my food. You should just take her away, Mr. Graham,” Abigail responded indifferently.

She had no interest in flaunting her power over others. Plus, as a fellow female, even kneeled in front of her and apologized, she would find it humiliating as well.

if Joan

Sean glanced at Cameron, who quickly said to Joan, “Let’s go, Miss Palmer.”

Joan bit her lip and cried out with a hurt expression, “Seanie...”

“Leave first,” Sean said.

Just then, Abigail said, “Miss Palmer, I have a few words to say to all of you.”

Even though Joan disdained Abigail, she kept up her innocent act.

“You only had the nerve to come to Ouisford and mock me for my divorce because you think you have Sean to back you up. I didn’t ask you to get on your knees and apologize out of pity for you. Instead of protecting you at a time like this, the man who makes you think you have the power to bully others is now asking you to apologize to another woman. Do you really think I’m letting you off the hook because I’m scared of him?” Abigail questioned apathetically.

Her words made Joan feel utterly humiliated.

Sean listened in silence. He was in no way upset.

He had his reasons for letting Joan do whatever she wanted.

“I really think you should be ashamed of yourself. How long do you think you can use your fake pitiful act to gain sympathy? Plus, Sean’s not as dumb as you think he is. Who do you think you’re fooling?” Abigail continued questioning.

All along, Abigail thought Sean truly doted on Joan, but based on what she saw today, he didn’t care about Joan at all.

If she wanted Joan to kneel and apologize, Sean would have made Joan do it.

Because of that, everything seemed like a joke to Abigail.

Shouldn't she feel ashamed for coming all this way to try and cause me more pain, just for the sake of a man who would treat her this way?

Joan instinctively glanced at Sean, who didn't seem to care at all.

"I'll take a raincheck on your offer, Mr. Graham. I only want to have a meal with my friends today," Abigail said before turning around and walking off.

Lynette caught up to Abigail and muttered, "Why didn't you make her apologize? At the very least, a verbal apology is better than nothing."

"I'd lose my appetite," Abigail replied.

Josh silently trailed behind Abigail. He understood what Abigail meant earlier.

Sean hadn't appreciated the old Abigail, and she saw a shadow of her old self in Joan—the foolish girl who once loved Sean so dearly that she lost herself in the process.

Abigail felt saddened and cynical about that.

Dented after

"Sean's excessive indulgence of her almost seems to be on purpose," Josh climbing into the car.

"Who cares what he's doing?" Abigail replied indifferently.

They had already gotten a divorce. She wasn't going to have anything to do with Sean anymore.

No matter how amicably they had parted after the divorce, she knew full well that Analise wasn't going to let her remain close with Sean.

Once they left, Sean walked toward his car.

Joan and Cameron got in as well.

Sean didn't rebuke Joan, but he didn't even look at her either.

Cameron drove in silence. The atmosphere in the car felt suffocating.

"Sean..." Joan couldn't resist calling out.

Sean eyed her indifferently without saying anything.

His reaction made Joan panic. She reached out to touch him, but he avoided her.

"What are you doing?" Sean growled.

"I know I made a mistake. I won't go looking for her anymore. Can you please forgive me?" Joan sobbed.

Sean scrutinized her for a moment before smirking. "I know full well you won't actually change."

Joan began sobbing even harder.

“Joan, Abigail gave you a reminder today. I’m not worth you getting yourself all battered and bruised for.” Sean’s expression was icy. “No matter what you do, that won’t change.”

Joan refused to accept this. “She doesn’t understand you at all...

“Do you?” Sean retorted sarcastically.

“I... I’ve known you for so long,” Joan said tearfully.

Sean snorted. All of a sudden, he glared at Joan with eyes as cold as ice and said, “Joan, I’m going to make it clear to you today. If you ever mess with Abigail again, I won’t get involved no matter what happens to you!”

“But you promise my brother you’d take care of me!” Joan abruptly shrieked.

Sean didn’t respond and simply eyed her mockingly.

With her brother as her safety net, she constantly plotted and schemed behind Sean’s back.

He didn’t want to waste his breath on her anymore.

“Seanie...” Joan mumbled.

“Head back to Pendorf yourself. I have matters to attend to here.”

Sean’s expression was as distant as ever. He didn’t care about how upset she was.

## [Chapter 222](#)

Forced Date

After sending Joan off, Sean found a hotel to stay in temporarily.

Since he made the trip to Ouisford, he didn’t plan on leaving so soon.

Abigail returned to her hotel after dinner. Then, she received a text from Sean.

‘Have you checked the contents of the envelope yet?’

‘I haven’t had the time to. Don’t make a habit of texting me.’

Abigail’s rejection was clear and to the point.

‘Let’s meet up and talk. I heard the historical part of Ouisford is a good place to visit at night.’ Sean/sent another text.

Abigail frowned as she read Sean’s text. After a while, she typed out her response.

‘What’s this? Are you in a hurry to meet your ex–wife now that your mistress has left? Is there something wrong with you? Do you think I don’t need to sleep at night? Do you think I don’t have work to do tomorrow?’

She couldn’t put up with Sean anymore. We’ve already gotten a divorce. What’s he up to now?

'Joan isn't my mistress. You saw it yourself, and you even got mad, so why are you saying this?'

I knew it, Abigail thought. Sean always knew what was happening. He simply never said anything.

She responded to his text. 'I'm not upset because of Joan. I just think it's not worth any kind of genuine relationship with the likes of you!

Naturally, she didn't pity Joan, who nearly caused Analise's death. Nevertheless, she truly hoped Sean wasn't the kind of person she thought he was.

'Are you coming or not? I know a few things about the Pearsons and the Davidsons. If you're interested in hearing what I have to say, I'll have Cameron pick you up.'

Based on Sean's text, Abigail got the hint that Eric and Josh might not have approached her solely to find the Pearsons' missing daughter.

There was a historical street in Ouisford that was often packed at night.

History buffs often came to take photos in the historical setting. It was also a popular tourist attraction. Of course, some came purely for the food and just to walk along the street.

When Abigail got out of the car, she saw Sean standing at the entrance to the street. With his tall figure and attractive looks, he caught the attention of numerous women.

Abigail was wearing a mask. She approached Sean with a frown. There was a hint of disdain in her eyes.

Why didn't he wear a mask?

Sean glanced at her mask before quirking his eyebrows and asking teasingly, "Are you afraid that someone would see us? We've gotten a divorce. There's no need to hide anymore."

"If you asked me to come over to listen to your irrelevant comments, I can get right back into the car and leave." Abigail pulled her mask down. She felt a little uncomfortable.

She had never visited a busy place like this with Sean before. There were too many people around her, and many were staring at them because of his physical appearance.

Abigail didn't like being the center of attention.

"They're not irrelevant comments," Sean said while taking her hand.

"Let go." Abigail's gaze turned icy at once.

Sean glanced at her, but he let go anyway.

"Can we no longer hold hands just because we're divorced?" There was a hint of a smile on his face.

Abigail's face was emotionless. "One more comment like this, and I'm leaving."

"Come. I booked a place where we can talk." Sean ignored her fury and strode off.

They entered a store with vintage decor and went up to the second floor. They sat by the window. When Abigail looked out, she saw a small river with boats floating along the water.

The server brought up a pot of tea, as well as some fruits and other snacks.

Abigail felt herself calming down.

The server lit up a scented candle and left a warm light on before leaving the private room and heading back downstairs.

The atmosphere became rather romantic.

Abigail picked up a piece of dried fruit and asked, "What do you want to say to me?"

"It wasn't a coincidence that Lexie Chambers suddenly found fault with you guys." Sean poured Abigail a cup of tea.

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Cameron stumbled across this when he was looking into the Davidsons and the Pearsons.

Abigail paused. Frowning, she asked, "Does this mean it was the Pearsons and the Davidsons who wanted to force me into admitting my identity?"

"I don't know the reason for that yet, but I can confirm that's the case. Eric knew all along that you were Alana. You never changed your ringtone, right?" Sean said before sipping his tea.

Abigail nodded.

Sean continued, "Do you remember the gown you designed for Miss Barton?"

"Yes." Abigail met the award-winning actress herself and designed the gown based on the latter's appearance.

"While you and Miss Barton were talking, Eric was in the room beside hers. He even saw you himself. You took a call while you were with Miss Barton. Do you remember when that was?" Sean spoke slowly.

"May 18th, two years ago," Abigail answered.

"Check Eric's Twitter. See when he posted about Where the River Ends," Sean said.

Abigail didn't check. The answer was clear.

"Why did Lexie and the others want my identity to be exposed?" Abigail asked in confusion.

Sean nudged the plate of watermelon over to her. "Eat up. We can talk slowly. There's no rush."

"You're not the one who's affected, so of course you're not in a rush," Abigail responded in dissatisfaction.

"The Pearsons and the Davidsons are keen to form a marriage alliance. Both families agreed to the marriage arrangement."

Though Sean knew it was cruel to tell Abigail these things, he couldn't bear to see her feeling touched by their protectiveness and returning to the Pearson Family, only to be forced into marriage for the sake of the marriage alliance.

## [Chapter 223](#)

### The True Intention

Abigail could never have imagined their reason for seeking her might be this.

She felt slightly touched when Josh hesitantly told her he would protect her in the past.

Even though she knew there were additional conditions, she had not thought that taking her away from her grandmother was only the surface condition, and the true intention ran much deeper.

Sean began, I understand this might be hard for you to accept-

"You think I'm that fragile? I never planned to accept them in the first place, so there's no question of finding it hard," Abigail interrupted him.

He nodded gently. "As long as you're not upset, it's fine."

"I never had deep feelings for them from the start. So, what's the purpose behind having Lexie force me to acknowledge my identity?" Abigail asked with a cold and unwavering gaze, looking at him.

Honestly, she did not fully trust Sean yet. After all, this was all coming from his mouth.

Still, what benefit would he gain from deceiving her? What was her value to him? He could have found many ways to avoid divorce if he could not bear to part with her and marry someone else. He was capable of anything. It all depended on his willingness to act.

"The Davidsons aren't an ordinary family. In Capitalis, Eric's parents are influential figures. You've been missing for many years. Without abilities beyond the ordinary, it would be difficult to marry him. Whether it's for your protection or other reasons, Eric and Josh must make sure you pass the test with Eric's parents first," Sean explained thoroughly, which was unusual for him. He would only be willing to explain so much to Abigail.

A hint of disgust flitted across her face. "What do they think I am?"

"I didn't lie to you about this. If you ask Eric, Josh, or even Lynette, they can all verify it," Sean said, leaning back in his chair and looking at Abigail with a hint of compassion.

Whether she accepted these arrangements or not, this was how things worked in high society.

Marrying into a wealthy family had always been stringent, not to mention that Eric's parents were not ordinary people.

"So, they think they can marry me off to Eric by exposing my professional qualifications, huh?" Abigail found it somewhat funny. She had not even said if she wanted to marry Eric. Why were they arranging all of this?

"I can't be sure about that, but if they're going to reveal your identity, there must be a reason,"

Sean replied.

Abigail took a sip of her tea, feeling furious.

“I appreciate you telling me all this today, but let me clarify: I still find your attitude toward women disgusting, even if that person is as despicable as Joan. Who gave you the right to toy with someone’s feelings?” She set down her teacup, her eyes brimming with anger.

“You’re directing your anger at the wrong target,” he replied slowly.

“Then who should I be directing it toward? Do you dare say you didn’t deliberately let Joan act recklessly? You allowed your grandmother to run wild... If you had just... Never mind!” Abigail decided not to continue. Why did she even have to care about what Sean did?

“If I had just stepped in to stop my grandmother from berating you, we might never have reached the point of divorce. Is that what you mean?” Sean asked calmly.

Abigail remained silent.

“It’s not that I couldn’t control Joan, but her situation was much more complicated than you think. No matter how cold-blooded I may be, I wouldn’t harm the kin of the person who helped me the most,” he explained slowly.

Abigail looked at him. “Did Joan’s family help you in the past?”

He nodded gently. “If they hadn’t helped me back then, I wouldn’t be here today, and the Grahams would have been ruined.”

Abigail was left speechless.

“I can’t tell you more, but let me emphasize once more: I never had an affair,” Sean stated, lowering his gaze and taking another sip of his tea

“Are you just going to allow her to act this way? Your indifference is only harming her! Are you repaying kindness with ingratitude?” Sometimes, Abigail felt that Joan wouldn’t have acted this way if Sean had cared more.

“Abby, I’m not Joan’s father, and I don’t need to teach her how an adult should behave. Moreover, how long has it been since her family reached out to me? They entrusted her to my care just recently, but how old is she now?” Sean countered, asking her.

Tonight, his primary purpose was to clarify his intentions. He did not want Abigail to misunderstand him as a lousy guy.

Abigail remained silent.

Adults had their sense of right and wrong and could distinguish between the two of them.

Joan’s personality was not a result of Sean’s indulgence but rather her inherent nature.

“Abby, do you know some people won’t realize they’re wrong unless they face serious consequences? Before that, they might even consider themselves righteous.” His tone was neutral as if he were talking about the most ordinary thing.

“I can’t argue with you on that,” she replied.

Some people would only be willing to admit that they were wrong after experiencing the consequences of their actions. Before that, they may have genuinely believed they were the Saints of justice.

“Come, let’s eat.” Sean’s eyes softened.

Abigail’s emotions were in turmoil.

Her world used to be simple—taking care of her grandmother, dealing with Sean’s grandmother, and doing design work in private. She was just an ordinary person among the masses.

Yet now, nothing was simple anymore.

## [Chapter 224](#)

### Definitely Sean’s Doing

After parting ways with Sean, Abigail immediately called Luna.

“What’s up? It’s quite late for you to call me.” Luna was at the hospital accompanying Analise, whose recovery was going well.

Abigail got straight to the point. Luna, help me transfer my grandmother to another hospital or a more advanced ward. I want only you and me to take care of her, no one else.”

“Has something serious happened?” Luna asked right away.

Abigail pursed her lips and asked, “Do you think Sean would lie?”

“Well... I don’t think he would resort to lying,” Luna replied. She knew he would not do something undignified even if she was not fond of him.

“I’ll explain when I get back,” Abigail promised.

“Alright,” Luna agreed, feeling uneasy.

Abigail spent the whole night packing her things and left Ouisford without delay.

Fortunately, her custom-made clothes were all ready. She had initially stayed in Ouisford because she believed there were many valuable traditions to learn. She planned to stay until June, when Lexie’s dress would be completed, but now that seemed impossible.

She was well aware of the influence of the wealthy, especially since Lynette dared to challenge Sean.

This showed that the strength of the Pearsons was on par with his. Abigail did not want to confront

them head-on because she was unsure what other tricks the Pearsons and the Davidsons had up their sleeves.



It would be okay if it only affected her, but she had L.Moon to think about. It was the result of her and Luna's hard work. Besides, many employees depended on them. If something happened to L.Moon, how could she face them?

Furthermore, Luna had already been a great help. Abigail could let down anyone but not Luna.

Abigail returned to Pendorf that night.

In the morning, Luna had already sorted out the transfer of Analise to a different ward.

Over breakfast, she could not help but ask Abigail, "What's going on?"

"Sean found out and told me that the Pearsons and the Davidsons have questionable intentions," Abigail explained briefly to Luna.

Luna was stunned after hearing it, but after a moment, she nodded. "Rich people can really stoop to such a level. What's your plan now?"

"I've already arranged my itinerary. If anyone asks, just tell them I'm away on a business trip, and you're not sure when I'll be back," Abigail stated. She had no desire to engage with Josh and Eric anymore.

Luna teased, "Not even me?"

"You can reach me on WhatsApp. Don't worry. I won't get into trouble," Abigail reassured.

Luna agreed, "That works too. Let's focus on building our careers, and when we become powerful, no one will dare to mess with us."

While Abigail felt the goal was a bit distant, she agreed with Luna that it was worth striving for.

Later that night, Abigail felt exhausted when she got on the short-distance bus after visiting her grandmother in the hospital. She did not need an ID to buy a ticket for the bus, and it made stops at various stations along the way. In her journey, she could see a stark income disparity between Pendorf's urban and suburban areas.

Eventually, Abigail settled in a small town she had visited before and checked into a local homestay. The homestay had two floors in total. The second floor had individual guest rooms, a shared living room, and a kitchen.

After resting for two days, Abigail began to focus on her work. High-end dresses were entirely crafted by hand, without sewing machines.

On the third day, she received a call from Lynette

"Why did you leave so suddenly?" Lynette asked on the phone, sounding surprised.

Abigail once had a good impression of Lynette, but now, speaking to her, she felt uneasy.

“I don’t like staying in one place for too long. Everything was completed, so I left. Is there a problem?” Abigail maintained her usual tone.

Lynette did not sense anything amiss and was simply disappointed. “Why did you leave without saying goodbye?”

“If you have nothing important, please don’t call me. I’ve been busy recently, and sometimes my phone signal is weak. So, unless it’s urgent, don’t contact me,” Abigail replied with a distant tone.

Okay... Lynette’s voice was filled with disappointment.

Abigail ended the call and continued to work on the dresses.

On the other end, Lynette hung up the phone and turned to Josh, saying, “Her tone seemed normal. I don’t know what she’s thinking.”

“And we don’t know what Sean told her to make her leave Quisford overnight either.” Josh’s face showed signs of helplessness for the first time.

“She’s still very guarded against us,” Lynette commented and pouted. “Why, though? We won’t harm her. We just wanted her to come back home.”

“To her, we are essentially strangers. Let’s take it slow. First, we should Josh’s tone was entirely resigned.

try to locate where she is.”

“There’s no record of her after returning to Pendorf. It will be tough to trace her,” Lynette sighed, her shoulders slumping in frustration.

Josh’s expression turned cold at this point. “Sean probably found out something and told her, so she’s guarded against us. But she could have simply asked us.”

“She doesn’t accept us from the bottom of her heart, so how could she ask?” Lynette remarked.

## [Chapter 225](#)

### The Two Sides of Abigail

After spending time with Abigail, Lynette got to know her better. She was the type of person who kept her troubles to herself and never shared them with anyone. This often made her seem distant and cool. In fact, she had a personality quite similar to Josh’s.

In the blink of an eye, it was already May, and Abigail was still staying in the homestay. She had recently cut off all communication with the outside world, including Sean.

Meanwhile, Analise had been discharged from the hospital and was recovering at home.

One morning, as Abigail came downstairs, planning to take a walk along the country roads, she spotted a car parked in the homestay’s yard. A man was casually tossing car keys beside it. While she stood there in confusion, he looked up at her.

“Good morning, Ms. Quinn. Are you also on vacation here?” Sean greeted Abigail with a relaxed and cheerful tone.

Her face visibly darkened. “Are you spying on me?”

“Not really. I’ve invested here and came to check things out,” Sean explained, though he had indeed done some investigation. However, he found that he had conveniently invested in the local tourism industry in February this year. So, he came with a legitimate reason for work.

“Do you think I’ll believe that?” Abigail responded with a frosty tone.

Cameron, who was helping Sean with the luggage, quickly added, “It’s true. We invested in this project in February, but because there were a few holdouts causing trouble last month, no one from the company wanted to come. So, Mr. Graham had to come himself to assess the situation.”

“The more perfect the excuse, the more it seems premeditated,” Abigail replied with a cold smile, directing her words at Cameron, who then stood there like a wronged puppy in front of the car’s trunk.

When she saw him like this, she suddenly calmed down.

“Forget it,” she said, intending to ignore them and walk away.

Sean quickly caught up with her.

Abigail noticed he was well-prepared, as he was dressed in gray and white casual sportswear with sneakers. In contrast, Abigail wore a halter dress of her own design layered with a tight-fitted cardigan, and her long hair was pinned with a wooden hairpin. It was a beautiful vintage look.

Sean took a moment to admire her and said, “You look great in that outfit. Are you heading out for a morning walk? Have you had breakfast?”

“If I had known that you invested here, I wouldn’t have chosen this place,” Abigail retorted coldly.

Still, Sean was not offended. He walked alongside her and commented, “The scenery here is beautiful, and the air is refreshing. You won’t regret being here.”

Abigail remained silent and continued strolling along the village path leisurely.

On their path, they encountered an old lady whose eyes lit up when she saw Sean. “Is this Abby’s husband? He’s so handsome!”

Abigail felt a bit helpless. Gossip knew no age, after all.

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“No, we’re just acquaintances,” she hurriedly answered, afraid Sean would say something careless.

“Even so, you

so, you should get to know him better. Such a handsome young man should not be taken for granted,” the old lady joked with a hearty laugh.

“We used to be a couple, but we broke up,” Sean suddenly said, shocking everyone.

Abigail shot him a sharp look. "Can you please keep your mouth shut?"

He innocently turned to the old lady and said, "In her eyes, no matter how handsome you are, it's not worth showing off. Could you teach me how to win over Abby?"

Abigail felt like kicking him. Why had she not noticed how talkative he could be before?

"There's a saying that a good girl is afraid of persistent suitors. With a handsome young man like you, you'll definitely win her back," the old lady advised before slowly walking away with her basket of vegetables.

Once she was out of sight, Abigail rolled her eyes and looked at Sean. "Can you please stop making things up?"

"I'm not making things up. I'm serious," Sean replied with a sincere expression.

Abigail chuckled coldly but did not respond.

"You seem pretty familiar with them. Do you think they are easy to get along with?" Sean shifted the conversation, putting aside his teasing.

"Why?" Abigail raised an eyebrow.

"Remember the few stubborn holdouts I told you about? I'm just asking you about what they're like. Sean's tone was serious.

Abigail wondered. So, he really is here for work, huh?

"I don't know. I usually just come out for a morning walk and occasionally help the elderly people

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here move things. I really don't know much about the locals here," Abigail replied.

Upon hearing this, Sean sighed slightly. "This project has been delayed for quite some time. If it continues to be delayed, we might lose out if the policies change. Do you know how much we will lose if we can't complete it?"

"That's none of my damn business." She doused his enthusiasm with a cold response.

"I never realized you had such a fiery temper and were so hard to talk to." Sean looked at Abigail curiously as if she were an intriguing discovery.

While she occasionally used strong language, she was rather gentle most of the time.

"Never realized it? Well, maybe it's time for some self-reflection on your part. Why didn't you notice it earlier?" Abigail retorted, her face growing cold.

She thought she had always been this way, but he had never really paid attention to her true personality.

Sean chuckled softly. "You're right. I should reflect on why I didn't realize that the woman who's been sleeping beside me for three years has two sides I didn't know-

“If you bring up the past again, get out of my sight,” Abigail interrupted Sean, growing impatient.

Some memories of the past were better left in the past.

## [Chapter 226](#)

For The Sake of The Noodles

The two of them bickered all the way, and by the time they returned, the sun was high in the sky. Still, the countryside was shaded with plenty of trees, making the temperature pleasant.

As Abigail headed for the kitchen, Sean asked Cameron, who had been waiting for their return, “Is the room all set?”

“Yes.” Cameron nodded.

“In that case, you should head back to the city first. Don’t let anyone know where I am. If there’s anything, just text me on WhatsApp,” Sean whispered.

“Got it.” Cameron obediently nodded again.

When Sean saw Abigail chopping meat in the homestay’s kitchen, he asked, “Are you making breakfast?”

“Yeah,” she said, a bit puzzled. Was he not here for work? Why did he seem so idle?

The next moment, he rolled up his sleeves, approached her, and asked, “What do you want for breakfast?”

“Spaghetti. What are you doing?” Abigail noticed he was reaching for her knife, so she moved away slightly.

“I’m making you breakfast because it seems you can’t handle a knife safely,” Sean said, swiftly grabbing her wrist and taking the heavy knife from her grasp. She saw him skillfully chopping the ingredients, so she decided to help by washing the vegetables.

“It’s okay. You can go ahead with your work. I’ll finish and bring your breakfast to your room,” Sean suggested, pausing to look at her.

“I’ll always make time to cook myself breakfast,” Abigail replied. When she came here, she had already decided that no matter how busy she was, she would take the time to cook for herself.

Sean sighed. “You’ve cooked with me twice, and I still don’t have a good impression.”

Upon hearing his words, Abigail suddenly felt very embarrassed.

“Fine, do it yourself,” she said, looking irritated, then turned and left.

Sean grinned subtly as he saw her slender figure walk away.

Back in her room, Abigail was having mixed feelings. Even though they were divorced, sometimes, when she saw him around, it felt like there was not much difference from when they were married.

The countryside had fewer selections of ingredients than the city, but the freshness made up

for

1. it.

Sean cooked two bowls of spaghetti with meatballs. He also thoughtfully prepared some parmesan cheese for Abigail.

In Abigail's room, there was a large table covered with a tablecloth in the middle, and on it lay Lexie's dress. The dress might not appear impressive at first glance, but the myriads of materials on the table suggested it was far from simple.

Abigail sat on the single couch, in front of which was a small table where she usually had her meals.

"I went to see your grandmother before I came. She's recovering well, and she looks energetic," Sean mentioned to Abigail as he stood by the window.

She nodded. "Thank you for visiting my grandmother."

"No need for thanks. It's the right thing to do," Sean replied. Abigail's grandmother was in the hospital because of his grandmother, so morally and ethically, he should visit her.

Abigail made a soft sound of agreement and said nothing further.

Sean moved closer to her and stood beside her. "I heard from the doctor that your grandmother hasn't been taking her insulin for diabetes as prescribed. Did you know about this?"

Previously, Analise had a history of not taking insulin as prescribed. Abigail had repeatedly warned her, yet she didn't change her ways.

"Did you ask for details?" Abigail asked.

"I did. The doctor said she's managing her condition somewhat marginally. When it's severe, she takes insulin and medication, but when it's not, she neglects it," Sean explained.

Upon hearing this, Abigail wished she could fly back immediately. However, what good would it do now? Whenever her grandmother was under observation, she briefly adhered to the prescribed regimen, but as soon as no one was looking, she returned to her old habits.

After a moment, Abigail spoke softly. "I'll call and talk to her."

"I have a proposal. Would you like to hear it?" Sean asked.

"No need. I'll handle it myself," she replied firmly.

"You're as stubborn as your grandmother. Even with the condition she is in now, you're so focused on our personal matters that you won't even consider my advice," Sean replied sternly.

Abigail frowned at him. "My grandmother is in this situation because of your grandmother and

Joan. I can't afford to have any connection with you."

"You haven't even heard my plan, and you're already assuming it's related to me?" Sean raised an eyebrow.

"You proposed it yourself, so it's hard not to link it with you," Abigail retorted with a hint of sarcasm.

Sean playfully reached out and pinched her cheek. "Can't you say something nice? If not for my sake, at least for the sake of this plate of spaghetti."

"It's not like I forced you to cook it. You wanted to cook it yourself," Abigail replied, swatting away his hand.

"Will you listen?" Sean reached out to poke her cheek again.

"Just go ahead," Abigail said, feeling like she wanted to bite off his poking fingers.

"Okay. My idea is to find a reliable family doctor for your grandmother. I can help you with the research, and then you can personally talk to the doctor when you have time," Sean proposed, gazing at Abigail. He appeared composed on the surface, but he was actually nervous.

Abigail took a few bites of her spaghetti and pondered momentarily. She actually found this plan entirely satisfactory.

"That could work. But when you're looking for the doctor, make sure your grandmother and Joan won't find out, alright?" Abigail was still somewhat skeptical. She did not want to invite any more trouble from Lina.

## [Chapter 227](#)

### All for Her

Sean's gaze held a mysterious depth. "You really don't trust me, huh?"

"My grandmother's life is at stake here. I can't afford to make light of it," Abigail replied firmly.

If there was even a one-in-a-million chance that people would find out, she would refuse Sean's proposal.

"Alright, I promise you, no one will find out about this."

Abigail was almost finished with her spaghetti. She glanced at Sean, who was still standing beside her. "Do you have anything else to do? If not, you can leave. I have my own matters to attend to after I finish eating."

Sean fooked at her plate and said, "The meatballs are delicious too. Finish it. I'll clear the dishes, and you can focus on your work."

Abigail was momentarily at a loss for words.

“Hurry up and eat. I’ve got things to do too,” Sean gently urged.

Abigail quickly snapped back to reality. She finished her spaghetti and handed the plate to Sean, adding a courteous “Thank you.”

Sean pursed his lips slightly but didn’t respond.

True to form, Sean didn’t disturb Abigail for the rest of the morning.

At lunchtime, Abigail emerged from her room and went to the kitchen, only to find Sean already there.

He was holding a plate of fish, and when he saw Abigail, he said in a familiar tone, “Go freshen up and get ready for lunch.”

“Aren’t you supposed to be at work?” Abigail headed for the sink.

Sean raised an eyebrow. “Yes, I was. I inspected the surroundings and caught a couple of fish on the side. I wonder how they taste.”

Abigail couldn’t help rolling her eyes. Was he really working, or was he just on vacation?

Sitting down at the dining table, she noticed Sean bringing in dish after dish.

Upon closer inspection, there were three dishes and a soup.

“I didn’t expect you to be able to cook these ordinary dishes.” Abigail picked up her cutlery.

Sniffing the aroma of the food, she found her mouth watering.

Sean sat across from her, a faint smile playing on his lips. “Once you master cooking, whether it’s simple or complex, you’ll be able to make it. The difference is how it tastes.”

The two of them sat at the table, chatting like ordinary friends about these trivial matters.

In the afternoon, Sean went out again. Abigail sat by the window, gazing at the mountains outside, her emotions somewhat complicated.

However, she only sat for a short while before she started to keep herself busy.

In the evening, Sean was back in the kitchen. He had somehow managed to get some local delicacies. Abigail was still working on her dress when the rich aroma reached her.

Her stomach began to growl.

Abigail put down her needle and touched her stomach, letting out a slight sigh.

She felt like she had eaten quite a bit for lunch. How had she gotten hungry so quickly?

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Abigail quickly stood up, wondering if it was time for dinner already.

The scent was so inviting.



She opened the door and saw Sean standing there, asking, "Are you done with your work?" He was wearing an apron, and his hands were still wet.

"I won't be able to finish everything before June, Abigail replied.

"In that case, let's have dinner first. You can continue after you've eaten," Sean suggested.

Abigail nodded. She was hungry too, and she was really looking forward to what Sean had prepared. It smelled so good.

When they sat at the dining table, Abigail patiently waited for Sean to serve the food.

Sean came out with a large iron pot. Abigail craned her neck to get a look.

It wasn't until he placed the pot on the table that Abigail saw the bright red spicy crayfish.

"Where did you get these?" Abigail's mouth was practically watering.

"I went fishing with a group of kids this afternoon, Sean answered, sounding rather proud. "I have some experience with fishing, so I caught more than they did."

Abigail thought to herself that sometimes men could be really childish.

"So, you caught them all? Aren't the kids upset?" Abigail licked her lips and got up to wash her hands.

"They're not upset. They even followed me to learn how to fish," Sean said with a smile playing on his lips.

Abigail thought he was genuinely finding pleasure in the countryside....

"Aren't you supposed to dislike these dishes?" Abigail asked Sean when she returned to the table.

Sean paused for a moment as he was about to head to the kitchen for some more dishes. "If you like them, then it's fine."

Abigail gave a little 'oh' and didn't ask any further.

Sean brought over a plate of vegetables, a plate of fish, and mushroom soup. They sat down and had their meal together.

He thoroughly enjoyed these moments, even though he didn't particularly like crayfish from the pond as he thought it was unsanitary. However, he accepted them because Abigail liked them.

"You've done well with these crayfish," Abigail praised as she ate.

"I'm glad you like them," Sean replied, not touching any himself.

He hadn't even touched the crayfish.

Abigail didn't mind. After all, she used to catch them with friends in the village.

Sean had grown up in luxury, so in his eyes, crayfish weren't worth eating.

Of course, he was here mainly for Abigail's sake.

"Did you clean these crayfish?" Abigail suddenly asked Sean when she was halfway through her meal.

"They've been thoroughly cleaned with a small brush. You can eat without worry, Sean assured her.

Abigail smiled. "You really put in a lot of effort for this meal."

## [Chapter 228](#)

### Must Not Owe Him

Seeing her happy, Sean smiled but didn't say anything. Since Abigail didn't want to bring up the past, he wouldn't either. He cherished every moment he spent with her now.

Abigail felt thoroughly satisfied after this meal.

As Sean cleared the table, he asked, "You've always liked these, haven't you?"

When she married him, the dietary restrictions at his home were strict, so Abigail rarely had the chance to eat these kinds of indulgent, heavy foods. She must have missed them.

"Quinn Village is close to the sea, and there are ponds around as well. I grew up playing around in these places. Of course, I like them, My grandmother is very good at making these dishes." Abigail leaned back in her chair and wiped her hands, which were still faintly scented with oil, with a wet

cloth.

"I'm glad you like them. If you're busy, you can go back to your room. I'll be busy too," Sean said, heading toward the kitchen.

"Do you need any help?" Abigail stood up, feeling a little embarrassed to ask. Sean had been the one helping her with meals all day. It wasn't right to let him do all the work.

"No need, go do your thing." Sean naturally wanted her to spend more time with him, but pursuing someone required patience.

"Alright." Abigail didn't insist.

She returned to her room and closed the door She could still hear faint sounds from outside.

Abigail didn't know how long Sean had been busy preparing the food, but his actions today had put some pressure on her.

She realized she should do something tomorrow as she couldn't let Sean do everything; otherwise, she would end up owing him.

As Abigail returned to her room, about to sit down and continue her work, her phone buzzed, She picked it up and saw it was from Luna, so she immediately opened the message,

"Grandma doesn't want to stay in the hospital. She insisted on going home today. The doctor said she can recuperate at home, but you know her. There's no way she'll obediently go home to rest. You need to call and persuade her."

Abigail had been planning to give her grandmother a piece of her mind. Her grandmother was really something; she was starting to be disobedient again.

“Alright, I’ll call right away.”

After replying, Abigail immediately dialed Analise’s number.

Thinking they might chat for a while, Abigail held her phone and left her room, heading downstairs.

“Grandma,” she called out as soon as the call was connected.

“Oh, Abigail, I heard you’re on a business trip. How do you have time to call me?” Analise sounded quite cheerful.

Hearing her voice, Abigail almost couldn’t bring herself to reprimand her.

“Grandma, Luna said you want to come back to the countryside?” Abigail went straight to the point considering her grandmother’s health.

Upon hearing this, Analise quickly tried to explain, “It’s just too uncomfortable lying in the hospital... My old bones ache from lying down too much, and my back hurts every day.”

Technically, it had been a month so she could be discharged, but old people’s wounds healed slowly. Abigail was worried that if she came back too soon, her wound might get infected. She wanted to wait until Analise was completely healed before she would agree to Analise being discharged.

“You can walk around. It’s not like they’re not allowing you to move. Anyway, you’re not leaving the hospital.” Abigail’s tone was stern.

Analise’s voice softened a bit. “Abigail, I will take good care of myself.”

“Grandma, you said that before, but what happened? The doctor told me that your diabetes isn’t well controlled. Grandma, where did you spend all the money?” Abigail’s tone was unusually serious.

Upon hearing this, Analise quickly said, “The doctor is talking nonsense! Of course, I’ve been diligently taking insulin.”

“Grandma, don’t lie to me,” Abigail said gently.

“Abigail, I know my own situation. You can’t always fully trust the doctors. They sometimes say random things just to make money.” Analise was still trying to convince Abigail.

“You’re the patient, so you should listen to the doctor. Have you ever thought about why I’m making money? If you don’t take your treatment seriously, what’s the point of me working so hard?” Abigail’s voice was filled with helplessness.

“I know. I’ve been taking my medicine properly.” Analise still insisted.

Abigail knew it was pointless to continue, so she had to say, “You have to listen to me this time. Stay in the hospital for another month. Luna can take care of you, and if you come back, she won’t be able to take care of you.”

“But we can’t always trouble others, can we? Luna is also very busy, and we shouldn’t inconvenience her.” Analise gently tried to negotiate with Abigail. “Luna also has her own job...”

“Grandma, you must listen to me this time. Stay in the hospital for another month. After I finish my work in June, you can leave, okay?” Abigail’s tone was still serious.

Analise sighed. “Alright... I’ll do as you say.”

It was only about a month more, anyway. Analise knew that if she didn’t agree with Abigail, Abigail wouldn’t be able to focus on her work.

After Abigail heard her agree, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Hanging up the phone, she turned to go back, but she saw Sean standing under the tree in the courtyard looking at her.

## [Chapter 229](#)

### Cultivating Feelings

“What are you looking at?” Abigail’s face held a mix of confusion and embarrassment.

She wasn’t sure if Sean had overheard her conversation with her grandmother.

“Your grandmother wants to leave the hospital again?” Sean had caught a snippet of their conversation.

Abigail gave a small nod. She didn’t intend to have a deep conversation with Sean and was about to head back.

“Let’s take a stroll?” Sean approached her.

“No need, I still have work to finish.” She wanted to get it done quickly and return home so her grandmother wouldn’t have to stay in the hospital for too long.

“You should take a break occasionally. What if you get too tired and end up in the hospital, which would delay your work even more?” Sean gently held Abigail’s wrist without much thought.

Abigail immediately tried to pull away.

“Help me take a look at the scenery here and give me some design advice,” Sean said, pulling her toward the exit.

“This is something you should ask an architect, not a fashion designer!” Abigail freed herself from Sean’s grasp.

“Sometimes, professional designers may not have better ideas than cross–industry designers,” Sean said, pulling Abigail’s hand once again.

Abigail was dragged out by him.

They happened to run into a couple who were taking a leisurely stroll, fanning themselves. Abigail stopped making a fuss at once and followed Sean.

“Taking a walk?” The woman recognized Abigail and initiated the conversation.

Abigail nodded.

The man was engrossed in scrolling through his phone, occasionally exchanging a few words with the woman.

Abigail awkwardly followed Sean, listening to the couple’s casual chatter.

“Do you think the plan to turn our village into a tourist village will really work? I’m still counting on the compensation to buy a new house in the city,” the woman, fanning herself, asked her

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husband.

“They want to demolish all the houses in the village. But what can they do if a few holdouts refuse?” The man’s tone was indifferent.

“We should try to persuade those holdouts. Otherwise, the whole village will suffer if we don’t get the compensation,” the woman continued.

Sean and Abigail listened in silence, not offering any comments.

“What are you talking about? Why should we persuade them in a nice way?” The man grew impatient and snapped at the woman.

The woman pursed her lips and fell silent.

Abigail wondered why he was so upset. He had such a bad temper. It was surprising that he could find a wife.

At this moment, Sean suddenly took Abigail’s hand, whispering, “Let’s walk faster.”

“Why?” Abigail lowered her voice. She suspected that Sean was deliberately showing affection in front of others.

“Just walk faster.” Sean hastened his steps.

Abigail was pulled along, and they jogged on.

As they passed by the couple, the woman murmured, “Being young is a wonderful thing.”

There was a hint of envy in her tone.

Sean led Abigail to a lush riverside with a dense clump of bushes, where fireflies were fluttering.

“This is quite rare,” Sean said to Abigail.

Nowadays, it was really hard to see fireflies,

Abigail took out her phone, snapped a photo, and sent it to Luna.

"I've never seen fireflies, even though Quinn Village is in the countryside," Abigail said to Sean after sending the photo.

"Quinn Village used to be a tourist village, so it was crowded. There couldn't have been fireflies," Sean explained.

The couple approached them.

"You haven't seen them before?" the woman smiled and asked Abigail and Sean.

"No." Abigail smiled in reply.

"There are many of them every summer, but if it becomes a tourist village, there might be fewer," the woman said, still fanning herself, and walked away with her husband.

Sean and Abigail waited until they were gone. "What she said is actually correct. Fireflies don't like crowded places,"

Abigail watched the fireflies and suddenly said, "I have to go back. I just thought of a design idea."

"You should think about a design for me too." Sean quickly spoke when he saw her leaving.

"You figure out how to keep these fireflies here, whether artificially or naturally."

Abigail hurried back.

She had designed starry skies and oceans before, but she had never thought about fireflies as she had never seen them.

However, today, when she saw them, she felt like they were like the Milky Way, beautiful and full of vitality.

So, she had the idea to design a dress like that.

"You're right." Sean walked beside her, thinking that her idea was really good.

Rearing fireflies were out of the question, but they could consider keeping fireflies in captivity.

But for now, it was just an idea. Dealing with the few holdouts in the village was the priority now. They demanded high compensation and had terrible attitudes, especially since they had elders at home. Thus, they were particularly domineering

"What do you think? How should I talk to the holdouts?" Sean walked beside Abigail, looking for conversation.

"I'm not a negotiation expert. Don't ask me, and don't disturb me. I'm thinking of ideas," Abigail said to Sean.

Sean walked up to her and tilted his head to look at her. "Why are you so serious?"

Abigail pushed him lightly. "Don't talk! Don't interrupt my thoughts."

Sean gave a low 'oh' and suddenly reached out to pinch her cheek.

Abigail glared at him.

“I didn’t say anything,” Sean immediately said.

Abigail could only shake her head in disbelief.

She furrowed her brows at him. “What are you doing? If you have nothing to do, think of how to deal with those holdouts.”

Sean silently smirked.

Cultivating feelings with Abigail was the important thing he needed to focus on now.

### [Chapter 230](#)

Who Says I Don’t Like Her?

As they walked along, Sean’s phone rang.

Abigail watched him pull out his phone, and when she saw the caller ID, the joy on her face visibly vanished.

“I’ll take this call; just wait a moment,” Sean said, heading toward the roadside embankment.

Abigail gave a wry smile. Who would care to wait for him?

Without a word, she continued walking, not looking back.

Meanwhile, Sean answered Kingston’s call, his tone icy. “What’s the matter now?”

“Did you install surveillance on my phone?” Kingston went straight to the point, his voice seething with anger.

Sean hadn’t expected Kingston to find out so quickly.

While he was surprised, his voice remained cool, tinged with detachment. “Do evidence that it was me?”

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Sean knew Cameron well enough; there was no way he would let someone like Kingston get dirt on him.

“Sean, I’ve just been released, and only you knew about it. I haven’t contacted anyone else, just you and my sister. It couldn’t possibly be my sister trying to monitor me, right?” Kingston’s voice was filled with suppressed anger.

“You haven’t contacted anyone else? Kingston, do you and your sister think I’m a fool?” Sean sneered, countering.

Kingston fell silent for a moment. After a pause, he said, “Sean, with the way you’re behaving now, are you planning to sever ties with us?”

“Why can’t I sever ties with greedy people? Or is it that you and your sister intend to cling to me for the rest of your lives?” Sean taunted.

“I’ve done enough that you owe both my sister and me, not just in this life, but in several more! You want to sever ties now? You’re tossing me away after using me!” Kingston rebuked angrily.

“Kingston.” Sean’s voice suddenly turned airy.

His tone was bone–chillingly cold and exuded a frigid indifference. “From the moment you found me, I spent nearly 100 million on your sister. Do you understand what kind of sum that is?”

“This money isn’t something you can make just by saving a random person’s life,” Sean stated.

While he used to cherish the debt he owed Kingston for saving his life, now he found that thinking this way undermined his own capabilities.

All along, Kingston had been using this rhetoric to manipulate him.

Sean used to care about the favor Kingston had done him, so he avoided any arguments. Yet, this only made Kingston more brazen.

“But without me saving you...” Kingston began.

“Is dwelling on the past productive, Kingston?” Sean interrupted. “Does everyone who’s been saved owe their savior a debt so high they have to do what I do?”

“My sister wants to marry you. All I’m asking is for you to agree to that condition, and I won’t bother you with these calls again.” Kingston’s voice was filled with stubbornness.

Sean couldn’t help but let out a mocking laugh at this. “When you sent your sister to me, you didn’t say I needed to marry her.”

“You think this is funny?” Kingston asked, a touch of dissatisfaction in his voice.

“I have no affection for your sister. Asking me to marry her is a bit too much, don’t you think?” Sean’s voice was cold.

Kingston couldn’t help but let out a bitter laugh. “You don’t like Abigail either, so why did you marry her?”

“Who says I don’t like her?” Sean retorted. “Let me tell you, your sister instigated the situation. My grandmother ended up causing Abigail’s grandmother to end up in the hospital, and I haven’t even held your sister accountable for that yet. Yet you and your sister are quick to ask for more favors.”

“Sean, you’re truly unwilling to marry my sister, aren’t you?” Kingston’s voice was chilling.

“Let me tell both you and your sister, don’t cross the line. Crossing that line won’t lead to a good outcome for anyone, Kingston!” Sean declared coldly before abruptly hanging up.

As he held his phone, his face contorted in extreme displeasure.

I should have just given them money from the start. I never should have gotten involved with them.



When Sean returned to the homestay, he passed by Abigail's door and knocked.

Abigail quickly opened it.

"Want some ice?" Sean produced a bag of popsicles from behind his back.

Abigail, who had been wearing a cold expression, couldn't help but smile when she saw the popsicles.

"Where did you get these?"

"I bought them from a kid," Sean replied.

Abigail reached out to take one. She said softly, "Thank you."

"After you're done, remember to brush your teeth," Sean reminded with a smile before heading back to his room.

"I'm not a child, you know," Abigail muttered to herself, shutting the door.

Back in her room, Abigail was about to tear open the popsicle packaging when her phone rang.

Seeing that it was Lynette, Abigail felt a twinge of exasperation.

She answered the call. "What's up?"

"My brother said he needs to talk to you about something urgent. Do you want to hear him out?"

Lynette's words rushed out quickly, as if she feared Abigail might refuse.

Abigail asked, "Did he mention what the urgent matter is?"

"It seems to be related to the kidnapping incident," Lynette replied.

"Let him tell me, then," Abigail immediately agreed.

She hadn't expected this incident to still be under investigation.

Lynette promptly handed the phone over to Josh.

"Ms. Quinn, you're alone, right?" Josh asked in a low voice, sounding rather mysterious.