

Spare Wife 231

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Inner Hopes

Abigail hummed in acknowledgment, a slight sense of unease washing over her.

"We've found out that Joan has a brother named Kingston, and he has a criminal record," Josh slowly informed Abigail.

Abigail listened quietly, and after he finished, she responded with a simple "mm-hmm."

"After Kingston was released, he contacted Sean and handed Joan over to him. I'm not sure if Sean mentioned any of this to you," Josh continued.

Abigail thought about what Sean had said about Joan's relative saving him... Could it be Kingston? Did Kingston end up in prison because of Sean?

"Please continue," she said, reeling back her thoughts to focus on the conversation with Josh.

She knew that Josh was preparing her for something more important.

"As a result, Kingston kept a close eye on Joan from the shadows. The first time he targeted you, he got in touch with someone who had some knowledge of traditional medicine. After causing harm to you, that person fled abroad and hasn't been in contact with Kingston since," Josh explained slowly.

Abigail immediately inquired, "Can we find direct evidence?"

"I've already dispatched someone abroad. If everything goes as planned, we should have results within a month. However, that's not the most crucial part. We've gathered evidence linking Kingston to the person who kidnapped you." Josh's tone suddenly turned serious.

"I'm currently out of town..." Abigail wanted to see the evidence, but since she had already said she was on a business trip, and there was only a month left until June, she was too busy to return immediately.

"You can file a police report first. We'll send the compiled evidence to you, either by mail or personally delivered to someone you trust," Josh gently advised Abigail.

Abigail thought for a moment and said, "Alright, you or Lynette can send the items to L.Moon, and personally hand them over to Luna."

"Understood. If you encounter any difficulties in the legal process, just let me know." Josh's voice was incredibly gentle, carrying a hint of indulgence.

"Alright... I have to return to work." Abigail felt a bit awkward.

"Take care not to overexert yourself," Josh said before falling silent.

Abigail waited for him to hang up, but he didn't seem to do so. In the end, she had to hang up first.

After ending the call, she set the phone down and rubbed her arms.

Once she calmed down, she began to contemplate.

Does Sean know about all of this? If he does and is keeping it from me...

In the following days, Abigail attended to her own affairs while Sean strolled around the village. He managed to catch every catchable critter and swindled the children out of their trinkets.

As June approached, Sean, who was busy harvesting lotus roots in the pond, received a call from Cameron.

"The Pearson Family has found evidence implicating Kingston in Abigail's kidnapping. Luna intends to take the case to court against Kingston and Joan." Cameron's tone sounded extremely urgent.

Sean's face immediately turned grave. "Do they have concrete evidence?"

He had been investigating the matter as well, but he hadn't expected Josh to beat him to it.

Considering that the Pearson Family had the Davidsons' help, what couldn't they uncover?

"Yes, the evidence is solid. Should I negotiate with Luna on your behalf?" Cameron asked Sean.

"No need. Let them proceed with the lawsuit," Sean replied indifferently.

This matter was orchestrated by Kingston and Joan. Since he hadn't found any evidence, he would treat it as though he knew nothing and wouldn't get involved.

In the end, Kingston would come to him anyway.

"Alright."

After ending the call, Sean furrowed his brows.

If Kingston came to him, he had to help the guy, but in doing so, he would have to offend Abigail.

Thinking about it, Sean let out a sigh.

When Sean returned to the homestay with fresh lotus roots, Abigail was chatting with the Handlady in the courtyard. Seeing him return, she spoke up. "I'm leaving after lunch today."

"Have

you

finished everything you needed to do?" Sean asked Abigail, his expression unchanged.

"Yes, I have a meeting with a client tomorrow, so I must leave today." Abigail nodded.

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In reality, she would be heading to court tomorrow. After all, Luna was only representing her, and she had to be there in person.

Filing the lawsuit against Joan and Kingston was done quietly.

Of course, during this time, Josh had called her to let her know that Sean might be aware, but she wasn't sure why he hadn't taken

any action.

Abigail didn't care whether he knew or not. Joan had instigated Sean's grandmother, who nearly caused fatal harm to her own grandmother. Joan also conspired with her brother to harm Abigail and then kidnap her. She would never forgive them for everything they had done to her.

Even if Sean chose to stand on their side, Abigail wouldn't let Joan and Kingston off the hook.

"I'll go make lunch for you," Sean said with a warm smile before heading inside.

Once he was upstairs, the landlady smiled and said, "Sean is handsome and can cook. You should treasure him."

"But he's not my type," Abigail lied with a smile.

If he sided with Joan and Kingston, it would be impossible for Abigail and him to be together in the future. Moreover, if he really did so, she would still feel a pang of sadness. She secretly hoped that, even if it was just once, he would stand on her side.

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Exercise Caution

After lunch, Abigail set off for Pendorf.

At L.Moon, Luna and her assistant greeted Abigail as she arrived.

"Josh has been visiting L.Moon quite frequently recently. I heard he rented a house around here," Luna mentioned as she helped Abigail with her luggage.

While Josh and Eric had greatly assisted Abigail this time, Luna still remembered that the Pearsons and the Davidsons were not to be underestimated. Therefore, she also kept a close eye on Josh and Eric's movements in Pendorf.

"We can talk about it later. I'm a bit tired," Abigail replied. She didn't want to discuss matters involving the Pearsons and Davidsons in front of Luna's assistant. After all, these two families were able to uncover such hidden secrets, indicating an exceptional level of resourcefulness. If the assistant knew too much, it could potentially be detrimental to them.

"Alright." Luna nodded.

Once inside the office, Luna closed the door and asked, "Can we really trust Josh?"

"Since we've been in contact with him, we've essentially agreed to cooperate. It might be too late to bring up these concerns now," Abigail stated.

"True," Luna agreed.

"A special car will bring back the clothes today. Give Lexie a call and ask if she prefers our studio to deliver them to her personally or if she'll come pick them up," Abigail instructed Luna.

Hearing this, Luna looked concerned. "Lexie is quite particular. Do you think she'll be satisfied with your designs?"

With Lexie offering such a high price, both Luna and Abigail were worried. After all, she was a famous actress who had seen all sorts of high-end fashion. They weren't sure if she would approve of Abigail's designs.

"Whether she's satisfied or not, she's already paid the deposit. Right now, the most pressing matter is dealing with Joan and Kingston," Abigail said, wanting to settle this issue quickly before Sean got involved.

"Alright. You should go check on your grandmother. I brought her home yesterday," Luna suggested.

After Abigail finished dealing with the situation, she returned to Quinn Village. She had been busy with her own affairs after her grandmother's incident and hadn't been able to stay and take care of her, so she felt a bit guilty.

Eager to return home, Abigail rang the bell as soon as she arrived.

However, she didn't see her grandmother come to answer the door.

"Grandma," Abigail called out.

After waiting for a while with no response, Abigail called out again, but louder this time. "Grandma!"

The neighbor next door heard the commotion and stuck her head out, smiling. "Are you looking for your grandma?"

"Yes, I just got back," Abigail replied, her tone anxious.

"Your grandmother isn't home. She left with a man wearing a baseball cap. husband?" the neighbor asked, still smiling.

Wad

that your

Sean rarely came here, so the neighbor didn't know what he looked like, which was normal.

Abigail's heart raced.

Sean didn't usually wear a baseball cap, and the only man she knew who wore one was the man who had appeared in Ouisford.

That cap had left her with a significant psychological scar.

Could it be that the Palmer siblings had found out about the lawsuit she intended to file?

"Thank you," Abigail said, not answering the neighbor's question, before hurrying away.

She returned to find that the courtyard gate had not been locked.

Now, she was even more certain that her grandmother had been taken away.

Abigail was about to call Josh when Sean's call came in first.

Her intuition told her that this call was related to her grandmother.

She answered, her voice cold. "Is this about my grandmother?"

"Yes," Sean confirmed. He had just received a call from Kingston, informing him that Analise was in his hands.

"Is this related to the Palmer siblings?" Abigail's voice grew even colder.

"Abigail, I know you plan to sue Kingston and Joan, but I'm advising you not to act recklessly. Please trust me..." Sean began.

"Trust you in what? Sean, are you planning to let Joan off again?" Abigail interrupted.

Whenever she thought of Joan, she got angry.

If it wasn't for Sean, she wouldn't have gotten involved with these two siblings.

"I have no intention of letting her off. I have my own plans," Sean explained to Abigail.

"Do you think I'll still believe what you say? Sean, forget it! I'm definitely going to sue them. If they dare touch my grandmother, let them try!" Abigail's voice was filled with anger.

"Abigail, can you please calm down?" Sean's tone also grew serious.

"Calm down? My grandmother has only been discharged for a day, and now she has been taken away by them. How can you expect me to stay calm?" Abigail's voice rose suddenly.

Without waiting for Sean to speak, she continued, "What right do you have to tell me to stay calm? Those two people you're protecting did such a terrible thing! You keep talking about investigating, but there's still no news so far. I had to hear it from someone else. Is this what you mean by giving me an explanation?"

"You don't understand Kingston's nature. Do you know the consequences of provoking him?" Sean countered Abigail.

Abigail's hands trembled slightly. "Then what do you want me to do? My grandmother must have owed you in her past life!"

"Listen to me. Don't act recklessly," Sean advised Abigail in a gentle tone.

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Drop The Lawsuit

Abigail held her phone tightly, her face filled with a cold determination.

"Sean, if anything happens to my grandmother, I will ensure Kingston and Joan pay with their lives!" she declared, then forcefully hung up.

She had concrete evidence that was enough to ruin Joan's reputation! Who would have thought that Kingston would stoop so low as to kidnap Analise?

As for trusting Sean... she'd rather believe that pigs could fly.

Abigail took a deep breath, calming her emotions. She then dialed Luna's number.

"Hey, why are you calling me now? Is it because Grandma misses me? Tell her, as soon as I have the time, I'll come visit..." Luna's voice, full of warmth and affection, greeted Abigail as soon as the call/connected.

Abigail couldn't help but feel her nose tingle upon hearing Luna's voice.

She choked back her tears. "Luna, immediately cancel the lawsuit. Make sure the news spreads so that Joan finds out."

"Why?" Luna's voice, that was filled with excitement, now brimmed with anger. "They've done so many wicked things. How can we let them off the hook? Is it because of Sean?"

Mentioning Sean seemed to strike a chord, and Luna launched into a barrage of curses, sparing no aspect.

Finally, she turned her fury toward Abigail. "That rotten scumbag isn't worth cursing. What's wrong with you? You're divorced already! Why are you still making concessions for him?"

"I'm not."

Abigail spoke with a hint of weariness. "Luna, right now, I want Sean and Joan to pay for their wicked deeds more than anyone else, but they've got me cornered with something I can't give up."

"Cornered? Is it..."

"Don't worry about the specifics. Just make sure you let Joan know as soon as possible that I'm dropping the lawsuit."

Without waiting for Luna to respond, she hung up.

It wasn't that she didn't want to seek Luna's help; it was just that a more formidable adversary had appeared before her.

"Sean, what are you doing here?"

Abigail looked at Sean, who had appeared at the door, her eyes devoid of any warmth.

Her gaze was filled with a blood-red hue, and the look she gave him was one that someone would give an enemy.

That look sent a shiver down Sean's spine, and he somehow could keenly sense that something between them was crumbling.

Even when they signed the divorce papers, he thought it was because of Analise's injury that Abigail was so enraged.

But now, he couldn't find any reason to deceive himself. Abigail's eyes held an unabashed hatred with no hint of concealment.

"Abigail, I can explain..."

"I don't need your explanation," Abigail interrupted him, her voice incredibly cold. "There's no need for explanations between us. If you truly want to do something for your beloved, then persuade her to release my grandmother. Otherwise... it will be a fight to the death."

She clenched her fists, enunciating each word.

As Sean stood before her, she suddenly saw through everything.

Instead of searching for Kingston like finding a needle in a haystack, it was better to have Sean release Analise.

If he refused, she would have no choice but to drag them all down to hell together.

Sean opened his mouth to say something but ultimately swallowed his words.

After a few seconds of silence, he spoke up. "I'll take you to find Joan."

"Heh!" A mocking laughter escaped Abigail's red lips as she looked at Sean with disdain. "I've done too many foolish things before, haven't I? That's why you think no matter what you say, I'll believe it? Sean, what you should do now is go tell Kingston that I'm dropping the lawsuit, but he must immediately return my grandmother!"

Her last sentence was a vehement roar.

Analise had only been out of the hospital for a day, and she couldn't bear to imagine her frail grandmother in the ruthless hands of Kingston, enduring who knew what kind of inhumane treatment.

As this thought flashed through her mind, she couldn't sit still any longer.

She got up to leave but was grabbed by Sean. "Where are you going?"

"You have no right to ask!" she retorted angrily.

He furrowed his brows, still patiently insisting, "Your emotions are too unstable right now. Going out like this could lead to trouble."

"Could there be anything worse?" Abigail shot back, her tone unyielding. "Sean, my grandmother better be safe and sound. Otherwise, Kingston, Joan, and even your precious family members will all be held accountable!"

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At a Loss

Abigail was practically roaring, her eyes bloodshot with hatred. Sean's heart felt like it had been pierced, so he simply let go of her. She paid him no mind and turned to leave.

He watched her retreating figure and suddenly understood.

This time, she was truly leaving him. Or perhaps, he never truly had her from the beginning.

“Mr. Graham.” Xavien saw his former lady boss storming out, exuding an aura of hostility. He didn’t know what to do for a moment and could only call out to Sean, who was still standing at the door.

Sean’s lips tightened. “Follow her and make sure she doesn’t get into any trouble.”

Xavien hummed his acknowledgment and was about to turn to chase after Abigail, but Sean called him back once more. “Drive. She might need a car.”

“But you...

Sean didn’t say anything, and Xavien immediately understood. The boss is angry!

He didn’t waste any more words and swiftly hopped into the car, immediately tailing after Abigail.

The car trailed Abigail slowly. Xavien called out through the half-opened window, “Madam...”

“I’m already divorced from him,” Abigail coldly interrupted Xavien.

Xavien coughed and said, “Ms. Quinn, Mr. Graham has already arranged for someone to track down Kingston’s whereabouts. I believe news will come soon. Wandering around like this won’t help, will it?”

Indeed, if she continued like this, would she really find her grandmother?

Seeing her stop, Xavien thought his words had an effect and was about to continue speaking up for his boss.

Unexpectedly, before he could start, Abigail cut him off. “He told you to follow me; did he mention that you can let me use the car?”

“Of course.”

Abigail didn’t waste time with words. She opened the door and got into the car. “Drive back to Pendorf city center.”

Xavien wanted to ask further, but when he saw the hostile aura emanating from Abigail, he immediately drove in silence.

It had to be said that it was quite fitting that Abigail and Sean were once a married couple.

Abigail didn’t have the mind to consider Xavien’s thoughts. She quickly dialed Josh’s number.

She hadn’t deeply pondered the nature of her relationship with the Pearson Family, but she had to admit that they had helped her a lot during this time.

Now, in the face of this situation, the Pearson Family might be her only lifeline. She had to save Analise, so she couldn’t think too much about it.

Despite her seeming to have contemplated many things, in reality, it was only a matter of seconds. from the moment the call was answered.

“Abigail.”

Josh’s pleasantly surprised voice came through, interrupting all of Abigail’s thoughts.

She took a deep breath and went straight to the point. “My grandmother has been kidnapped, and I need your help.”

“Is it Kingston’s doing?” Josh’s response was quick.

“Yes.”

“I’ll send you the location. Come over, and I’ll immediately arrange for people to search.”

After ending the call, Abigail hadn’t even started speaking when Xavien began, “Mr. Graham has already arranged for an investigation, so news should come in soon. If Mr. Graham can’t find him, it’s even less likely for others to.”

“How much has he done for Joan? Others might not know, but surely you’re aware as his secretary?” Abigail sneered.

At this point, she spoke callously. “You don’t think that by riding in this car and letting you monitor me on behalf of Sean’s order, I would tolerate your interference in my affairs, do you?”

Analise’s disappearance had made her panic completely.

Now, everyone trying to stop her had become her imaginary enemies.

Xavien dared not say another word and only silently drove her to her destination.

As she pushed open the car door, he said, “Ms. Quinn, I’ll be waiting right here. If you need anything, just call me.”

Abigail didn’t respond. After getting out of the car, she walked away without looking back.

The address Josh had sent her was for a cafe. So, when she was brought to Josh, a hint of unease flashed in her eyes.

Being astute, Josh immediately noticed. Without any unnecessary words, he went straight to the point. “The reason Kingston kidnapped Analise is probably because he heard about the lawsuit you were planning. Now that you’re dropping it, Analise should be safe.”

“But...”

“Don’t worry. I’ve already arranged for someone to access the surveillance cameras within a 30- mile radius of Quinn Village. However, someone had already accessed them before me. I believe you know who it was, right?”

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You’re Not Worthy

“Sean!”

Abigail’s eyes suddenly turned cold, her hands clenched into fists. “Sean deleted the surveillance footage?”

“No.” Josh’s answer relieved her, but his next words raised her guard again. “But there was interference in the footage from several key streets.”

Sean went to such lengths for Joan?

Abigail gritted her teeth in frustration and spoke in a low voice. “Mr. Pearson, I hope to have your assistance. Of course, I won’t let you help for nothing. I’ll personally design the outfits for Old Mrs. Pearson’s annual birthday banquet from now on.”

She didn’t want to owe the Pearson Family any favors.

Josh pursed his lips slightly, a fleeting hint of helplessness in his eyes. “We just want to help you.”

“I’ll repay great kindness. If you need anything in the future, I’ll do my best to reciprocate,” Abigail said.

Josh didn’t dwell on this topic any longer and moved on to the matter at hand. “I’ve already arranged for people to find Kingston’s whereabouts. In addition, his motive for doing all this is simply to ensure Joan’s safety. As long as you give up the evidence, your grandmother will be safe.”

Abigail nodded. “I’ve already informed Joan that I won’t sue her. But as for providing evidence... I can’t contact Kingston.”

“Leave that to me. But even if this issue is resolved, it doesn’t mean they won’t cause trouble in the future.”

“I won’t let them off easily either.”

After a brief whispered conversation between Abigail and Josh, he nodded. “I’ll take care of the rest.”

Exiting the cafe, Abigail saw Xavien still there, and her brows furrowed.

Xavien walked over, but before he could say anything, Josh, who had followed Abigail out, spoke. “Abigail, where are you going? I’ll give you a ride.”

“Alright.” Abigail didn’t refuse.

“Mr. Pearson, I can send Madam back.” Xavien immediately stopped Josh, his tone firm.

“Xavien, Sean, and I have nothing to do with each other anymore. When you address me, be mindful.” Abigail’s voice was cool and distant.

Josh looked at Xavien with a cold expression. “Mr. Summer, you might as well go back and assist Mr. Graham with his work. There’s no need for him to worry about Abigail’s affairs.”

“Ms. Quinn...” Xavien called out, looking pitiful.

Abigail understood his predicament, but she had no room for mercy. She and Sean were now completely opposed, and she didn’t want any involvement with Sean’s people.

“Xavien, go back and tell Sean that if he still cherishes any trace of our past relationship, he should arrange for me to meet Kingston. If he can’t even do this, then we’ll go our separate ways,” Abigail said coldly, and without looking back, she walked away.

Josh glanced at Xavien, then quickly caught up with Abigail.

Not long after Abigail returned home, Sean learned from Xavien about her meeting with Josh.

Sean’s face darkened, and the air around him seemed to freeze.

Summoning his courage, Xavien spoke up. “Madam was just worried about her grandmother, which was why she contacted Josh.”

Sean picked up his phone and called Cameron.

Once the call connected, he spoke coldly. “Stay put; don’t do anything. I’ll be there soon.”

Cameron was puzzled, but he still responded, “Understood.”

Late at night, Sean appeared in an extremely run-down neighborhood.

After signaling for Cameron to hold his position, he knocked on the door.

Soon, the door opened, revealing a greasy-haired man. He was burly with a sinister countenance.

“I never thought you would show up in a place like this, Mr. Graham.”

Sean stared coldly at him. “Kingston, what do you want?”

“What do I want? Don’t you know?” Kingston smirked. “Of course, I want you to marry Joan. When I’m your brother-in-law, we can talk everything out.”

“It’s impossible.”

“Is it? Then, today Abigail’s grandmother will die, and tomorrow, it could be Abigail herself. Tsk, they’ll both die for you. You...”

Before he could finish, Sean kicked him.

Completely unprepared for Sean’s kick, Kingston stumbled back. His gaze toward Sean turned dark and menacing.

Sean looked at him coldly. “You’re trying to negotiate terms with me? You’re not worthy.”

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It Was You

The chill in Sean's voice made Kingston's eyelids jump. It was a known fact that there would be bad news for anyone who tested Sean's boundaries. However, it was too late to take back what they had done. "I sacrificed my whole life so that you could have a good life, and I think it's perfectly fine for you to repay me, but I only have one sister. Everything that I'm asking for is for the sake of her wellbeing." Kingston attempted to capitalize on the fact that he had known Sean for a long while.

Sean could see the hidden look of intellect and caution under the man's sorrowful and agonized expression. Sean scoffed at Kingston with an icy look on his face. "I can promise you that Joan will still thrive even after I send you abroad. She'll be fine as long as she doesn't get greedy over things that don't belong to her."

"Are you not going to marry her?" Kingston asked.

Sean didn't respond and simply took another step closer to Kingston. Kingston took one step back and steadied himself before he spoke. "I've offered you so much help. How could you do this to me? Furthermore, if it weren't for the fact that Abigail was trying to harm Joan, why would I have done such a thing?"

Kingston's eyes were bloodshot as he shouted and howled at the top of his lungs. He didn't seem to think that he had made a mistake at all. Sean had decided to show up personally because he was still grateful for how Kingston once saved his life. However, it seemed like Kingston was still too stubborn.

Sean took two steps forward while glaring at the other man with sharp eyes. "Where's Analise?"

"Don't come any closer!" Kingston growled. "Analise will be fine as long as you marry Joan." There was a hint of fear in Kingston's eyes as he stared at Sean. "You really refused to play along while I was playing nice, huh?" Sean's tone was icy cold as he immediately sent a kick into Kingston's face.

Kingston felt as if his face had been deformed for a while. Before he had the time to react to the situation, Sean reached over and grabbed his hair. Then, Sean pulled out a syringe that he had prepared earlier and stabbed it into Kingston's neck.

"How dare you trick me, Sean..." Kingston's voice was filled with rage. Right then, Cameron rushed in with the other bodyguards. There was a hint of amusement in Sean's gaze as he let out a grim smirk, his intimidating aura enveloping Kingston. "How dare you touch my woman's family members? It looks like you're not going to be alive for long."

After Kingston passed out, Sean pulled the syringe out of the man's neck before addressing the bodyguards beside him. "Tie him up." Then, Sean went to the stairs, where he gave Joan a phone call. Once she picked up the call, Sean spoke in his usual monotonous voice. "You'll have to send Analise home if you want to see your brother."

"What have you done?!" Joan let out a loud cry. Sean didn't allow the woman a chance to go into a

frenzy with him he simply ended the call after that, Sean had just gotten into his car downstairs when Navien rushed over with an anxious look on his face. “Joan just called. She said that she’ll kill Mrs. Stein if you don’t go over to meet her now!”

Sean narrowed his eyes. They sure are from the same family. Both of them are equally brainless—they never plan their way out of these things,

Abigail sat on the couch with her eyes glued to her phone. She had lost track of the times she glanced at her phone before the device actually rang. It was a call from Josh! “Do you have news about Grandma?” Abigail asked right after picking up the call.

“We saved her, but she’s not in a good state. She has been sent to the hospital in town. I’m right outside your house now, so you just need to come down, and I’ll send you to the hospital,” Josh offered.

A look of joy and excitement surfaced on Abigail’s face as she kept thanking Josh. She rushed out of the house and hopped into Josh’s car. “Grandma’s... okay, right?”

“Her life is not in danger.” Josh tried to simplify everything while he drove. “Emotionally, she might be a little unstable.”

I’m glad she’s fine. She felt like the rock that had been pressing against her chest was finally gone, and tears began to stream down her checks. She turned her head away and brushed her tears off.

“Did you find out where Kingston hid Grandma from the surveillance footage?” Abigail asked.

“Yeah. We had to kidnap Joan in order to get her to tell us about Analise’s whereabouts.”

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That’s It For Us

As soon as Abigail rushed to the hospital and found Analise unconscious in bed, she burst into uncontrollable tears.

Josh’s heart ached at her cries, and he extended a comforting hand to pat her gently. “Don’t worry, Abigail. Your grandma is just sleeping. The doctors have checked on her and assured us she hasn’t been injured or harmed in any way.”

She clutched her grandmother’s hand tightly, fearing that she might lose her again. “It’s all my fault. None of this would have happened if I had been more decisive and divorced Sean earlier.”

He handed her a tissue to wipe away her tears and softly said, “It’s not your fault. You mustn’t blame yourself. The responsibility lies with the kidnapper, not you.”

With teary red eyes, she looked at him gratefully. “Thank you, Mr. Pearson.”

“I didn’t act alone. Once my men received the news, we immediately called the police and rushed to the scene. We discovered that only Joan and your grandmother were at home. But, considering how much Kingston cares for Joan, it’s strange that he left her alone.” Josh patiently explained the situation to Abigail in a calm tone. He was never one to take credit for others’ efforts, and he had no intention of deceiving her.

After contemplating his words, she bit her red lips and said, "I got it. Well, I'd still like to thank you for all the effort and hard work you've put in. If you ever need anything, just let me know."

He responded with a faint smile. "It's fine. You don't have to say that. Like I mentioned, we're a family, and whatever's your problem is also my problem."

Abigail understood that she might come off as annoying if she continued the conversation, so she decided to remain silent.

"I've made some arrangements with the office so that there's an additional bed for you to rest in. You've been out and about for the whole day, so you should get some rest. I'll tell someone to come pay a visit tomorrow." Josh's gaze turned gentle as he spoke.

"Okay," Abigail replied. She was indeed tired. The news about her grandmother and the long car ride had left her tense and exhausted. She only managed to relax a little then.

"By the way... Sean is in the emergency room upstairs. Xavien was in a severe car crash, and the doctors are still trying to save them." He made sure to inform her before leaving.

"That's his concern, not mine," she replied flatly. Her sanity seemed to have returned after seeing Analise. She no longer wanted to waste her strength on feeling hateful and resentful toward others—all she wanted was for her grandmother to stay healthy and safe.

He didn't say anything more, respecting her choice.

Abigail was worried that Analise might need water in the middle of the night, so she went out with a flask that Josh had bought to get some warm water. To her surprise, she bumped into Sean in the lobby.

The man was, as usual, dressed in a smart suit. However, there were some tears on his sleeves, and his hair was rather messy. Despite his disheveled appearance, he had a rugged and handsome

look.

She only allowed her gaze to linger momentarily before walking away with her flask. Her eyes held a calm and empty expression as she looked at him, almost as if observing a stranger.

Sean was on the verge of pouring out all the words he had kept inside, but something held him back at the last moment. He watched as Abigail walked away, feeling like he was trying to hold onto grains of sand slipping through his fingers. The tighter he clenched his fist, the more sand he lost. It was as if he was losing her feelings for him.

Instinctively, he chased after her. "Abigail," he rasped.

She didn't respond with anger as before. Instead, she turned around and addressed the way she might address a stranger. "Is something the matter?"

man in a

"Must it be this way between us?" His fingers trembled as he spoke. Earlier that day, they had sat together at the homestay's dining table, and she had been delighted by the delicious meal he prepared. It felt strange for them to turn into strangers in just one afternoon.

Abigail struggled to hold back tears as she listened to Sean's voice. She knew she wasn't heartless and had harbored feelings for him for many years. Ending their relationship wasn't something she could easily do. However, she couldn't ignore that her grandmother lay in a hospital bed. She pushed down her emotions and looked at him with an empty gaze. "How about this, Sean? You can protect your people, and I'll protect mine. Does that sound fair?"

He softly responded, "I've handed Kingston over to the police, and I'll take care of the remaining matters."

She nodded, saying, "Congratulations. At least you've done one good thing. If Xavien's injuries are connected to Grandma, I'll also take responsibility. Thank you."

Sean had hoped for a different reaction from Abigail, perhaps anger, shouting, or a sign that she cared. Instead, her expression remained cold as she turned and walked away. He felt a lump in his throat as he watched the hospital's white door close, creating an unbridgeable gap between them. From now on, there would be a chasm separating them.

She returned to the ward and spaced out for a long while.

The following morning, she received news that Xavien had regained consciousness after undergoing surgery the previous night. He was no longer in critical condition.

Analise, on the other hand, was still fast asleep. Abigail had the hospital staff check on her before leaving.

Xavien, with his ventilator in tow, entered Sean's hospital room, where Sean was engrossed in work. He wished to convey to his boss not to overexert himself and to heed the doctor's advice. Regrettably, Xavien's condition prevented him from speaking.

Just then, a knock came from the outside of the room. Seated with his laptop on his long, slender legs, Sean called for the visitor to enter.

A gorgeous young nurse stepped in with a pretty fruit basket. "The girl from Room 302 told me to send this over," the nurse said rather bashfully.

It's a gift from Abigail? Xavien was confused. Why would she give a fruit basket?

On the other hand, Sean seemed to grasp the situation better as he focused on the fruit basket. He thought that Abigail might have heard about Xavien's injury and sent this as a kind gesture. However, her thoughtfulness with the gift raised suspicion in his mind. He thought, Is she doing this to target me?

After the nurse set the fruit basket down, she cast a few more glances at Sean before leaving with a starstruck expression.

Seeing the concern on Sean's face, Xavien realized that the fruit basket had something to do with Abigail. Perhaps the misunderstanding had deepened after the mission's failure, and Xavien couldn't help but feel guilty about it.

Sean closed his laptop and got up to inspect the fruit basket. His gaze appeared distant as he examined the fruits. The basket seemed like something you could buy in a store, giving the impression that Abigail hadn't put much effort into choosing a special gift.

He took another look at the basket and then took out a banana, peeling it. He told Xavien, "You won't be able to eat any of this for a while, so I'll help you. Focus on taking care of yourself, and don't overthink the rest, okay?"

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Fond of You

Sean treasured the items that Abigail bought, and he couldn't bear to waste them, even though the intention behind the fruit basket wasn't entirely kind. Xavien felt like Sean was inviting trouble upon himself.

Around noon, Analise woke up, and the doctor conducted another full-body check-up on her. The doctor remarked, "Her diabetes is getting serious. It seems she's not taking her insulin on time, affecting her eyesight. Is she still going to be so stubborn?"

Abigail gave Analise a playful but stern look, and her grandmother bashfully averted her eyes, saying, "I'm getting old, and my memory isn't what it used to be. It's normal for me to forget things."

"I've bought a house, so it doesn't matter what you say—you're not going back to stay in that village." Abigail's expression turned serious. "You're not allowed to reject my offer again, or I might get angry."

After this incident, Analise no longer attempted to argue with Abigail. The elderly woman gazed lovingly at her. "I'm sorry for making you worry, Abigail," she said compassionately.

Abigail hesitated for a moment as tears welled up in her eyes. "It's all over now, so everything's fine." She contemplated whether to tell Analise about Josh. However, she suspected that her grandmother already knew that he was the one who saved her. She didn't bring it up, and she refrained from saying much.

"She can get discharged after this round of IV drips," the doctor uttered before leaving.

Fortunately, Analise didn't have any severe injuries after this incident. As Abigail was packing up, Analise let out a long sigh. "Joan shared a lot of stuff about Sean and you."

After hearing her grandmother's words, Abigail paused momentarily but soon resumed her actions. "What did she say?"

Analise waved it off, saying, "Ah, let's not discuss this further. Some of the things I heard were unpleasant, and it's embarrassing to talk about them, even after all these years. In the future, we can live our lives without having to worry about others." She mumbled, "Why... Do you think Sean is so close to people like Joan and Kingston?"

Abigail's gaze flickered briefly, but she quickly cleared her mind of other thoughts before turning to give Analise an exasperated look. "Let's not concern ourselves with others."

Analise nodded. "Alright. I'll listen to you and no one else."

Eric arrived when Analise was discharged. Analise didn't know who he was, so she treated him as one of Abigail's friends. With Analise's legs feeling sore, he and Abigail assisted the elderly woman out of the ward.

Eric's eyes sparkled with joy as he playfully remarked to Analise. "The fact that Abigail knows someone as handsome as me shows she's a magnet for attractive men. But do you think I'm good-looking? Even my grandmother doesn't hold that opinion."

Analise looked at him, puzzled, and asked, "Don't you consider yourself handsome? You look as good as a celebrity on TV."

Abigail couldn't quite tell if Eric was being humble or just playfully bantering with Analise. Did he not realize how handsome he was? Abigail couldn't believe her ears.

The three of them continued chatting while waiting for the elevator. When the elevator doors opened, Sean stood inside, stunned as he saw them.

Analise's smile stiffened as she looked at Sean, appearing both helpless and anxious.

"Grandma," Sean greeted her, breaking the silence. When he shifted his gaze to Eric, his eyes turned icy and menacing momentarily.

In contrast, Eric remained neutral, avoiding Sean's gaze and focusing on Abigail. Eric's smile faded slightly.

Unwittingly, Abigail tightened her grip on Analise's arm but maintained her smile.

"Oh, did someone from your family get admitted to the hospital, Sean?" Analise wasn't as cruel as Abigail—she caved and initiated a conversation with him.

Abigail consciously tried to ignore Sean, directing her conversation toward Eric. "By the way, that TV show I was part of... When is it airing?"

Eric's smile widened as she shifted her attention to him. "What's the matter? Are you excited?" he asked with enthusiasm.

"I'm eager to know if the audience likes it," Abigail said with hope. They continued chatting as if Sean didn't exist.

"It's not my family; my assistant got hospitalized, so I came over to check on him," Sean responded, his gaze fixed on Abigail. His clenched fists and the icy aura around him were noticeable.

Analise sensed the tension and nodded. She spoke patiently, "Miss Palmer cares about you. She sacrificed her reputation for you, so you should treat her well. It would save both your families a lot of trouble."

Though Analise didn't express herself directly, Sean quickly grasped her underlying message. He pondered, Grandma wouldn't have been kidnapped if I had accepted Joan from the start, and Abigail wouldn't have had to go through so much trouble. She's blaming me for causing them so much trouble, and she's doing it in front of Eric. At that thought, he felt a pang of guilt.

Sean vividly remembered the times when Abigail was upset with him at home. On the other hand, Analise would still speak to him with her usual cheerful and kind tone, making him feel cherished. However, he was no longer part of such a loving family. A sharp ache in his chest made it hard to breathe. He realized he had lost not only Abigail but also his grandmother.

"I'm sorry, Grandma. During my marriage, I never had feelings for another woman." He looked deep into Abigail's eyes as he spoke in the sincerest tone ever.

Analise didn't know how to respond. A look of concern appeared in Eric's eyes as he watched Abigail, clearly invested in her response.

Abigail relaxed her grip on Analise's arm. She hadn't noticed how tense she had become upon seeing Sean, but her expression remained calm as she gave him a distant, empty look. "Is there anything else you'd like to say, Mr. Graham? My grandmother's legs are sore from being kidnapped, so she shouldn't stand too long."

Sean noticed that Abigail hadn't responded to his words, even after everything he said. The look in his eyes darkened a little, and a mixture of disappointment and dejection surfaced in his gaze. "We'll head off now." Abigail held onto Analise's arm and nodded to Sean before she looked away and walked past him.

[Chapter 239](#)

Charismatic

Sean didn't want to say much since Analise and Eric were around. He observed as they entered the elevator, and he remained rooted to the spot as the elevator doors slid shut before his eyes. Abigail wore a pleasant expression as she conversed with Eric about their show. As Sean watched this, he couldn't help but feel like an outsider.

Once the elevator doors were shut, Sean slammed his fist against the wall. He pondered, Will Abigail accept Eric and Pearson's marriage? Does she hate me that much? Is she willing to be used like this just to get back at me?!

Inside the elevator, Analise released a long, contemplative sigh.

Abigail, struggling to maintain her composure, also sighed softly. She was cautious, not wanting to burden Analise with her worries. Observing the anxiety in Analise's expression, she mused a seemingly carefree smile and inquired, "What's bothering you?"

Analise mirrored the smile, her concern evident. "It's nothing." How could they lose feelings for each other just like that? She knew that the situation was far from simple. She chose not to interfere, recognizing that Abigail would have to navigate this challenging marriage and its aftermath alone. Once they escaped the clutches of the Grahams, they could finally rebuild their lives in peace, free from the entanglements that had plagued them.

Abigail purchased a house in Pendorf and helped Analise settle in the new place.

Soon, Josh and she prepared to file a lawsuit against Kingston and Joan. Kingston's deep involvement in the kidnapping incident was already quite evident. Still, Abigail was determined to keep him behind bars for as long as possible. She wasn't about to let Joan escape justice either.

"Both Joan and Kingston were involved in my kidnapping. Will you be able to ensure Joan gets incarcerated as well?" she sat in her chair as she spoke to him on the phone.

"Joan's case presents a more challenging aspect. We possess only a phone recording, and the methods we employ to obtain it may raise questions. I'm consulting with our lawyer to find ways to prevent their legal team from using this against us," Josh replied.

Abigail couldn't help but express her frustration, scoffing at the situation's complexity. "Joan sure is a smart woman. She got her brother to handle everything."

"It seems like Sean knows that you're planning to sue him. He told me to let you know that he has even more evidence on hand," he uttered out of nowhere.

She pressed her lips together and hesitated for a moment before questioning him. "Do you his words can be trusted?"

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"I believe his claim is legitimate. However, my concern is the necessity of tinuous interaction with him to obtain this evidence. Lawsuits tend to be lengthy procesex," Josh replied. The idea of having Sean involved in this made Josh worry about Abigail

"Well, my entanglement with him isn't much of a concern here. What I care about the most is Joan and Kingston's imprisonment." Abigail had always been a woman who was clear with her priorities. Now that her grandmother was alive, she could handle everything rationally

"Well, I feel more relieved after hearing you say that the heaved a sigh of relief. She had always assumed that she was good at concealing things and thought she had made it clear that she didn't care about Sean. However, Josh was thoughtful, and his kindness reminded her of the exposure "By the

way... What you previously mentioned... Are you still planning to expose them?" His voice was filled with patience.

Previously, when Abigail felt like she had no choice, she had considered using Sean to expose Kingston's acts. She wanted to turn Sean and Joan against each other. However, she no longer had to do that now.

"There's no need for that anymore. However, I'm not planning to let Joan go so easily. We'll have to be well-prepared to tackle this" Her tone turned cold and resolute. This was a rare opportunity for Abigail—she had to destroy Joan as revenge for all the suffering that she and Analise had to go through.

"Alright." Josh seemed to be in complete agreement with Abigail.

She knitted her brows after getting off the call with Jim. Right then, she received another incoming call from Luna.

Abigail had just answered the call, and she barely got a chance to make a sound before she heard Luna's excited voice coming from the other end. "Lexie gave me two invitation cards to dinner and insisted I bring you there. It'll be good for our studio

"Is she doing this because she's satisfied with our design?" Alpit's reply seemed a little lighter than before.

"She is delighted. I wouldn't sound so happy otherwise. By the way, how have you been lately? Have things been settled?" Luna didn't know about Analia's kidnapping and assumed that Sean was just bothering Abigail because of Joan.

"Everything's settled. When's the event?" There was a hint of joy in Abigail's voice. Luna chuckled. "It'll happen one week after she goes on the red carpet. That's nine days from now" Levies going on the red carpet soon! For the past two weeks, Abigail had been too occupied with gathering documents, searching for lawyers, and dealing with Joan and Kirugaton. It felt like everything had happened in the blink of an eye,

"Alright," Abigail replied. Upon ending the call, Abigail got herself busy once more, she had to design an outfit for Eric's grandmother's birthday. She had already agreed to this job, and they had already signed a contract. It was about time she repaid them.

Lexie's red carpet show was revealed after the third day. The theme of her outfit was a mixture of royalty and oriental culture, and the unique embroidery and complicated designs gathered the attention of various media outlets. Lexie's outfit design made her go viral throughout the country.

While Abigail was busy designing an outfit for Eric's grandmother, Anthony was the first to call and congratulate her. "Congratulations! Congrats to L.Moon! You guys are famous now!" Anthony had always been a relatively calm person and experienced in the entertainment industry, so it was rare to see him get so excited over anything.

"What's famous?" Abigail was stunned at first.

"Lexie's outfit received a lot of attention from the local media. The intricate embroidery patterns and the wooden accessories around her waist are now a hot topic on the news." Anthony sounded like he was trying to contain his excitement as he spoke. "Congratulations. Alana's name is now internationally famous. You sure are impressive."

Abigail had never known how popular her designs were. She had been on the trending news in the past, so she wasn't too sensitive to the public's attention.

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His Reciprocity

However, after Anthony's call, Abigail continued to receive tons of congratulatory messages on her WhatsApp. Many of the directors and actors that she had worked with were all congratulating her. Luna called to congratulate her as well.

Abigail had just picked up the phone and was about to tell Luna to calm down when she heard. Luna's loud shout from the other end of the line. "Ahhh! We're famous, girl! We're going viral! Lexie sure is impressive! You're impressive!"

"Calm down..." Abigail held the phone away from her ear. She falls with th
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"We're globally famous now! It's the Cannes Film Festival that Lexie walked for! Furthermore, local and international media outlets have been reporting about the Cannes Film Festival. Lexic's now known as the Eswadian Goddess." Luna continued to scree

at the lungs.

top of he

"The Eswadian Goddess?" Abigail mused, realizing that international nicknames could be pretty straightforward.

"Yeah, yeah. She's known for being the only one dressed in pure black. Who made it a rule for everyone to dress in bright and shiny colors at the Cannes Film

Our

cultural features defeat all of that!" Luna added.

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"Well, I guess this is worth celebrating. Why don't you make an announcement in our work group tonight? Let's show our appreciation for all the hard work everyone has put in," Abigail suggested with a smile. The surge in fame also meant that they were likely to receive more jo

offers in the near future, including lucrative ones from high-paying clients.

"Got it. Hurry up and check the news online. You're about to be shocked!" Luna exclaimed in an overly exaggerated tone.

After Abigail ended the call, she massaged her ears a little. She was about to check the news when she received another call from Josh. She had no choice but to pick up the call.

"I know that L.Moon's famous," she said before the man could.

"Well, that's not what I wanted to talk about. Actually, I wanted to come clean to you about something. Can we have dinner tonight?" he asked.

She felt he wanted to explain his intention for exposing her identity. "Sure. Send me the location. Should Eric come along?" she asked in a warm and gentle voice.

"Um... The man sounded somewhat awkward on the other end of the call.

She smiled as she ended the call. She was drained after being on the phone for more than thirty minutes. Finally, she got the chance to scroll through the news. When she checked Instagram, she found all sorts of posts about Lexie and L.Moon, Lexie and Alana, Lexie's gown, Alana's gown... All kinds of keywords like these filled up her home page.

Abigail was genuinely stunned by the grandeur of the whole incident. Her Instagram feed was flooded with news about Lexie's show and the outfit she had designed. When she was initially designing the outfit, she had only hoped to attract some attention to L.Moon's brand. However, she hadn't expected to garner such enormous and passionate followers.

She tapped into one of the trending posts and saw a picture of Lexie dressed in the gown she had designed. Abigail only realized how gorgeous her design was after she saw Lexie, with her flawless makeup, walking down the runway in the gown. Lexie's aura and charisma seemed to make the whole outfit breathtaking. The media wasn't wrong to call her the Eswadian Princess. The contrasting black and red colors around her waist area and the intricate embroidery patterns matched well with Lexie. Lexie was an incredible sight as she strolled down the red carpet.

The comments on one of the videos were filled with expressions of surprise.

'Ahh...'

Abigail tapped into the comment section and scrolled through them. Her lips curled into a slight smile as she read through them.

'This design is way too good. It makes her stand out, especially under the sun. It's almost as if there's a celestial energy surrounding her figure. She looks like a goddess!'

'Alana shocked us all this time. The media claims that Lexie's waist chain smells good. They all claimed to have smelled different things when they walked past her. I wonder who made this whole

outfit for her. It's unbelievably good!'

"This is evidence of Alana's skills. The more charismatic you are, the more outstanding her designs for you are. This is way too good! Lexie suits her title as the Eswadian Goddess!'

Most of the comments were praise, and reading through all the high praises made Abigail ecstatic. Her heart was whole from all the generous comments, and she even felt rather emotional. Even though she had received recognition in the past, she had been relatively modest with her work, and her designs had been fairly average.

Lexie, on the other hand, was a different story. She was charismatic, which drove Abigail to design an outfit that matched her aura. Right then, Abigail felt touched seeing all the praise on the trending posts. L.Moon was finally famous, which meant that both Abigail and Luna would no longer have to bow down to others. Tears welled up in Abigail's eyes as she sent Luna a text. 'I saw the posts on Instagram. I'm grateful to know that L.Moon is finally recognized. We'll get to pick our customers from now on. I'm so glad!'

Luna's

response came in almost immediately. 'Josh told me that there are plans for the night. I'm taking a flight home. I miss you so much, Abigail. We can talk about this when I'm there!'

Abigail felt her mood lightening up after that.

Meanwhile, Sean felt a mixture of happiness and disappointment as he saw all the praises for Abigail's work. Cameron stole a glance at Sean before he spoke. "Should we send a congratulatory hamper over to L.Moon?" he asked.

Sean immediately shifted his gaze to Cameron after that. "Why didn't you bring this up earlier?"

"Uh, I just thought of it." Cameron was afraid of Sean, especially since he knew how Sean had been in a bad mood over the past few days. Everyone would get into trouble when he was in a bad mood. "Let's pick out a hamper." Sean immediately stood up. The creases between his eyebrows faded as a joyful look formed on his face. Previously, Abigail had been

the one to send a fruit basket over. This time, it was Sean's turn to do the same. He had to repay the favor.