

## Spare Wife 241

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Present

That evening, Abigail arrived at the restaurant chosen by Josh. As she exited the car, she spotted Eric waving at her from the restaurant entrance. Walking over with a faint smile, she asked, "This is Josh's party. Why are you here as well?" Eric had been helping her behind the scenes lately, and she had wanted to thank him in person.

"What? Am I not welcome here?" he retorted playfully.

"This isn't my party; I would never dare to refuse you," she said as she walked into the restaurant.

Suddenly, he called out to her. "Abigail."

Abigail stopped and turned around, looking at Eric with confusion. "What is it

"A gift for you." He handed her a box.

She looked down at the velvet box and softly asked, "What's this?"

"Look. It's a bracelet." He opened the box and held the present up for her to look at. He nervously scratched his nose as he said, rushing his words, "I asked Josh to carve it out of small acacia tree wood. Inside the largest bead is a GPS tracker."

Abigail was surprised as she took the bracelet and carefully examined it. The largest bead was as big as her thumbnail and completely hollow.

"The bead right here is a button. Press it if anything ever happens to you, and the GPS tracker will be activated. It has enough battery to last around three days," Eric explained.

While looking at the bracelet, she was lost in thought when she heard the words "small acacia tree." She had previously bought Sean an antique puzzle ball on a necklace made from small acacia wood by Josh. It was a minor coincidence, but it instantly reminded her of that necklace, giving her a strange feeling, as if they were a couple's accessories.

"Let me put it on for you," he offered, oblivious to her peculiar behavior. His throat bobbed nervously.

Abigail was lost in her thoughts about the small acacia tree wood and didn't register Eric's words. She simply made a non-committal sound in response.

It was only when he grabbed her hand that she snapped back to reality. She twitched, about to pull away, but she saw sincerity in his eyes.

The bracelet was soon secured around her wrist, and he released her hand. The whole process took only a few seconds.

He looked at her with admiration in his eyes. "It's just a bracelet made of wooden beads. It's not worth much, so no criminal will instantly target

it

Eric's words made Abigail realize how thoughtful he had been about the gift. "Thank you," she said, looking down at the bracelet.

She hadn't planned on wearing it, but since it was already on her wrist, she decided to keep it on. Besides, small acacia tree wood didn't belong exclusively to Sean, so why shouldn't she wear something made from it?

"I

got this for your grandmother," he said, pulling another box from his pocket.

"Another bracelet?" she asked, surprised.

Abigail was initially going to reject the present. After all, she did not like to accept presents from men without an apparent reason. However, if he had also bought one for Analise, that would have changed things.

"Yes. I also had a GPS tracker installed in it," Eric added, his face innocent.

That made her wholeheartedly accept the present. "Thank you." After taking the box from him, they walked into the restaurant.

Standing somewhat nearby by a car was Sean. His face was unusually frosty. Kevin, who was standing next to him, felt like slapping himself. Why did he invite Sean out for a drink and a talk? Why did he have to choose this specific restaurant? Look at what happened!

"S- Shall we go somewhere else?" Kevin asked awkwardly.

Sean's face darkened, giving Kevin a sidelong glance as he calmly retorted, "Why should we do that?"

Kevin scratched his head. "Abigail... Ms. Quinn seems to have accepted someone else's offer. There are plenty of fish in the sea. Why must it be her?" He knew that there was no use trying to persuade Sean, but he still did not want Sean to obsess over her. Once Sean dug his heels in, everyone around him would suffer.

"I simply insist on having her. Not even 10 Erics can change my mind," Sean said, walking into the restaurant.

Did Abigail think she could abandon him just because she said she did not love him? No way! She was the one who insisted on marrying him.

Kevin swiftly followed after Sean, saying, "Won't you feel hurt to see her acting intimate with Eric later?"

Sean pursed his lips as he clenched his jaw.

That was what he deserved anyway. After all, he did not cherish her in the past.

Josh had booked a table on the top floor. Due to how expensive it was to dine on the top floor, there were only over a dozen tables. The walls were replaced by floor-to-ceiling windows, allowing diners to view Pendorf's night sky.

When Abigail sat down, she spotted Kevin and Sean walk into the restaurant. A haughty, cold look instantly replaced the nonchalance on her face. She picked up the menu and started ordering, ignoring the two men.

Kevin decided to walk over to her table when he spotted Abigail. A sly grin was on his face as he greeted, "What a coincidence, Abigail. You're dining here, too? Sean and I are dining here as well."

She did not look up at him as she politely chuckled and replied, "Yes. What a coincidence." She was acting very distant, and it felt like a stab to Kevin's heart.

Sean was looking at her wrist with restrained inquisitiveness. As she was wearing a long-sleeved shirt, he could not see what Eric's gift was.

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### Don't Accept Him

Abigail felt Sean's gaze burning into her, making her uncomfortably fidget in her seat.

However, why should she feel uneasy? They were both divorced. What right did he have to look at her so audaciously?

Her gaze shifted from Kevin to Sean's face, and she asked straightforwardly and coldly, "Mr. Graham, do you need something?"

Since Josh had not arrived, Eric was in no position to talk to Sean. Eric believed that she could handle the tension between her and Sean. Hence, he silently perused the menu.

Sean calmly looked at her. "Enjoy your meal, Ms. Quinn." With that, he turned and left.

Kevin had been waiting for Sean to say something mind-boggling. In the end...

Abigail hadn't expected Sean to respond this way either. She watched him walk over to a table in the corner with a dazed expression,

"What are we ordering?" Eric's voice brought her back to the present.

She stopped staring at Sean and scanned the menu before ordering a few dishes. Then, she pulled out her phone and started scrolling absentmindedly.

Sitting across from Abigail, Eric could sense her distracted mind. Her eyes occasionally glazed over, and she seemed lost in her thoughts despite her attempts to conceal it. He observed her momentarily, wanting to say something to break the silence but eventually deciding against it.

Just as she was absentmindedly scrolling on her phone, a message from Josh popped up.

'I have something urgent to deal with. Tell Eric I won't join you two since I have to head back to Capitalis. Enjoy your dinner with him.'

She looked up at Eric and turned to show him the message. "Mr. Pearson said he's going back."

His expression changed, clearly puzzled by what could be so crucial that Josh had to leave abruptly. Suppressing his frustration, he rose from his seat. "I have to make a phone call. I'll fill you in on this later."

"Okay," she replied, her tone somewhat resigned.

Eric walked into the restaurant's restroom and called Josh. The tension in his voice was palpable as he began the conversation, "What's going on? What can be more important than Abby?" he immediately interrogated.

Josh replied, "Eric, you must promise me you'll stay calm. Abigail might not be a Pearson."

Eric's hand trembled as he tried to process this shocking revelation. He couldn't help but chuckle nervously, "Are you joking? She is the best fit! She looks like you and your mother, whether in looks or behavior."

However, Josh dropped a bombshell, saying, "My family's saying the girl they found is a perfect DNA match."

Eric's disbelief was evident in his face, and he tightly pursed his lips, rendering him momentarily speechless.

"Eric?" Josh tentatively asked.

"I don't want to marry any woman but Abigail," Eric finally spoke, his voice trembling with a sense of torment. "Josh, you told me she was it. Now, you're telling me she's not Alana. What do you want me to do? Ever since I knew she was Alana, ever since I saw her, my mind is constantly thinking about her."

"I'm sorry. I was over-confident this time. Still, I won't interfere in your love life. Don't think of our parents' promises as orders," Josh softly said.

Eric immediately hung up.

After returning to the table, he found Luna engaged in a lively conversation with Abigail.

Abigail appeared gentle and patient, resting her chin on her hand as she listened to Luna's excited and happy chatter. Eric couldn't help but be moved by the heartwarming sight as Abigail occasionally responded with a warm smile.

He forced a smile on his face before walking over to sit across from Abigail.

"Have you ordered, Luna? Josh won't be here. Something urgent came up. Sorry," Eric explained to Abigail and Luna.

Abigail instantly waved a hand and reassured him, "It's nothing. Don't look so dejected. There's no need for that. We can dine together next time."

"Yes." He nodded.

Noticing there was something off about his mood, Abigail soothingly said, "It's fine. It's not that important."

"I know," he replied. However, he just could not cheer up.

He never could have thought Abigail would not be the daughter of the Pearson Family. Conflicting emotions warred in him, messing up his mind.

"Let's get drunk! What do you think, Eric?" Luna asked, already pouring Abigail a large glass of red wine she had ordered.

Abigail swirled the wine around to aerate it, saying, "Yes. We must celebrate."

After a few glasses, Abigail drunkenly stumbled into the bathroom. When she entered the room, she found Sean standing by the sink, immediately sobering up. Once she calmed down from the surprise, she pretended not to see him and moved over to the sink.

Suddenly, he grabbed her wrist. "What did Eric give you?"

When Abigail saw that Sean would pull her sleeve up, she other hand. "Let me go!"

mediately stopped him with her

Hurt shimmered in his eyes as he looked at her with suppressed fury. "You've hooked up with another man right after our divorce. Are you heartless? Abigail, is your love for me that easily changed?"

Detecting the scent of alcohol lingering on him, she started struggling. "That's in the past! Is this a joke? Do I have to love you my whole life?"

He tightened his grip around her hand and said in a pained voice, "Throw away the thing Eric gave you. I will give you whatever you want. I can even give you my life. Just don't accept him!"

The distress and reluctance he now felt were equal in intensity to the blunt and tactless manner in which he had wished her a happy meal earlier.

### [Chapter 243](#)

#### The Power of a Present

Abigail stiffened up and glared at Sean, shouting, "I don't want your life! I don't care what you can give me. Let me go!"

Under the influence of alcohol, he clamped his hand firmly on her wrist, displaying a stubborn expression.

During their struggle, Abigail, wearing high heels, lost her balance and stumbled into Sean's embrace. Seizing the opportunity, he wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her passionately, intending to rekindle their connection.

Her body quivered as she was almost drawn into the intense kiss. However, her rationality prevailed, and she pushed him away, speaking slowly and deliberately, "We are divorced! You have no right to

interrogate me over someone else's present! Who do you think you are? What gives you the right to treat me like this?"

As/Sean began to sober up, he loosened his grip slightly. Abigail quickly pushed him away, demanding, "Stay away from me!"

However, he remained unmoved, refusing to budge an inch. Taking a few steps backward, she displayed frustration and wariness. Yet, her heart skipped a beat when she glimpsed the intense turmoil within his eyes. She hurriedly averted her gaze and discreetly hid her hands behind her back.

Sean couldn't help but feel an intense ache in his chest as he observed Abigail's actions. The pain was so overwhelming that it felt like a dagger piercing his heart, leaving him breathless. "Abby..."

"Sean, it's over between us," she stated calmly but coldly, her voice devoid of emotion. "I hope you can respect that and stop interfering in my life."

"Abby."

Luna's voice echoed from the restroom entryway.

Abigail whirled around when she heard Luna's voice, sighing in relief. Sean felt the pain in his chest intensified when he noticed her reaction.

When Luna saw Sean, she hurried forward to stand in front of Abigail. "You're drunk, Mr. Graham. I think you should head back for some rest."

Abigail seized the chance to wash her hands. Then, she grabbed Luna by the hand, allowing Luna to lead her out.

Once the two women left, Sean placed his hands on the sink to steady himself. His gaze turned cold when he looked at his reflection with bloodshot eyes.

Abigail and Luna returned to their table while Eric went to pay the bill. Luna tightened her hand around Abigail's and kindly asked, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Abigail shook her head. When she saw Sean walking out of the bathroom, she continued, "Let's go. We'll message Eric later."

"Okay," Luna said, standing up while holding Abigail's hand,

Abigail sat in Luna's car in the parking lot, looking down at the bracelet on her wrist. If the bracelet weren't meaningful to her and her grandmother, she would have left it unused at home.

When Eric approached them, he noticed Abigail looking at the bracelet and couldn't help but remember Josh's words, which weighed on his heart.

"We're leaving, Eric," Lana said with a light tone.

"Okay, Stay safe," Eric replied with a warm expression as he looked at Luna.

She smiled and opened the car door to get inside.

The following day, Eric returned to Capitalis as well.

When Abigail arrived at the studio, Luna placed a stack of contract proposals on her desk and proudly exclaimed, "See? These are the orders we have after making a name for ourselves. We're rich!"

"That's a lot... Are you going to overwork us?" Abigail playfully complained.

Analise's health hadn't improved much despite lengthy treatment, so Abigail planned to save up for a trip to seek medical care abroad. If Analise adapted well to the foreign environment, Abigail would consider settling there to oversee her treatment.

As Abigail reached for the contracts, Luna noticed the wooden beads on her wrist and immediately grabbed her. "Who gave this to you? It's an exquisite bracelet."

Abigail never liked to wear jewelry of any kind. Hence, this was Luna's first time seeing an accessory on Abigail.

"Eric, Abigail replied.

Luna promptly leaned in with a sinister smirk on her lips. "Is it possible?"

"What are you thinking? This is just a tracker." Abigail raised her hand to show the bracelet off.

"That's amazing. Speaking of Eric, something about his behavior last night is fishy." Luna had noticed Eric had something on his mind when they met back up at the parking lot."

"Don't overthink it. We're just friends, and he also gave a bracelet to my grandmother," Abigail reassured Luna, thinking she might be jumping to conclusions again. "I'll return the favor one day."

## [Chapter 244](#)

### Throw Out His Flowers

"I don't mean to imply Eric likes you," Luna said thoughtfully. "I thought about it last night. Something is weighing down on him. Was he like that when you arrived? I felt so uneasy the entire evening."

Abigail paused, thinking back to the night before. After carefully combing through her memories, she realized Luna was right. However, the strange behavior only started after Eric's phone call. Did that mean he was distracted because of Josh's departure? "Why did his strange behavior make you uneasy?" she asked, grinning as she read the documents.

"We were going to have fun, but then... Yesterday was a grand celebration for L.Moon! I thought it would be a lively party." Luna pouted. "In the end, everyone was there. Look what they did! All of them were acting weird, so how can I fully let my hair down?"

"Perhaps it's a family business? I know Josh. If he's going back immediately, it must be because whatever's happening in Capitalis is more important than our success," Abigail tilted her head in thought. Was it because of the Pearsons' lost child? That had nothing to do with her, but he kept saying they were family, so she would subconsciously keep an ear out for news on the Pearsons. However, she merely spent a moment thinking about it before pushing those thoughts aside.

“Tell the cleaners to throw out the flowers from Graham International.” In Abigail’s mind, that was more important than Josh’s business.

When Abigail arrived at L.Moon this morning, she saw the rows of flower bouquets by the entrance. All of them were labeled with Sean’s name, which she considered an eyesore.

Luna curtsayed. “Yes, Ms. Alana. This one will get to it right away.”

Abigail laughed. “Go on, already.”

Later that afternoon, Sean drove past L.Moon and noticed the rows of flower bouquets by the entrance, but his flowers were conspicuously absent. It was clear that Abigail had discarded his gift.

While sitting in the car, Sean’s expression grew dark, and Cameron didn’t dare to make a sound. After contemplating, Sean said in a low, foreboding voice, “Let’s go.”

Cameron immediately drove away from the scene.

Inside L.Moon, Abigail was having lunch with her assistant. When her assistant saw the car parked outside the entrance finally drive off, she commented, “Mr. Graham is finally leaving.”

Flipping through a fashion magazine while enjoying her lunch, Abigail looked up in question. “Huh? Who?”

“Sean Graham? When he sent the flowers, they needed several cars to deliver them. The shops opposite us were so jealous,” the assistant said with a flair of exaggeration.

Abigail did not know why Sean was there. Unwittingly, she glanced out of the window.

“He’s gone, Abigail. Don’t you find that Mr. Graham pays too much attention to us? Someone might think it’s because a certain someone is here,” her assistant teased with a gossipy chuckle.

you

“Can focus on your food? Stop talking about random people when you’re meant to be eating, okay?” Abigail rapped her knuckles against the back of her assistant’s head.

Sensing that Abigail did not like Sean, her assistant stuck her tongue out before falling silent.

Abigail thought everything would be over after the divorce. She had not expected Sean to haunt her instead. He was everywhere she went.

Once home, Abigail slid the bracelet Er gave her onto Analise’s wrist.

“Why did you buy this for no reason?” Analise asked, looking down at the ordinary-looking bracelet.

“When you press the button on this bead, you’ll turn on the GPS tracker. If anything bad happens, you just need to press on that,” Abigail explained.

Analise was visibly awed.

“Who gave it to you? Eric?” Analise asked, admiring the bracelet.



“Yes, but don’t overthink it. I’m his business partner. It’s not strange for him to give us a few presents,” Abigail swiftly clarified, afraid Analise might misunderstand the situation.

“Isn’t Eric good friends with Josh Pearson?” Analise abruptly asked.

Abigail subconsciously straightened up when she heard Josh’s name. “How did you know?”

I’m not a fool. Eric is a celebrity. I recognize him because the television always broadcasts his shows. That’s something he said in a variety show,” Analise slowly replied. She had nothing to do in the city except watch the television all day.

Abigail held Analise’s hand. “Grandma...”

### [Chapter 245](#)

#### For Her Sake

Josh saved me. I should be thanking him for it, but I’m scared,” Analise confessed, her hand tightly linked with Abigail’s. Her eyes were clouded with worry.

“Don’t be scared, Grandma. What will be, will be,” Abigail reassured her.

Analise’s emotions changed rapidly, but she quickly replaced her conflicted expression with a loving gaze, saying, “You must be hungry. I’ll get food ready.”

“Okay.” Abigail nodded, not dwelling on Analise’s quick change of mood.

When Sean returned to his residence, he received a call from the police, informing him that Joan had been acquitted and released due to insufficient evidence. This outcome didn’t surprise him; he had expected it. After all, Kingston had always been ready to shoulder all the blame to protect her.

As the call ended, Sean received a message from Cameron.

‘Joan wants to see you.’

He stared at the message with a cold, calculating look for a few moments before replying.

‘Let her wait. I’ll think about it when I have time.’

‘Okay.’

‘Have you checked Eric Davidson’s recent purchase history, as I asked?’

‘Still working on it. I found some other news. The Pearsons have brought a young woman home!

Sean immediately called Cameron to discuss this new development.

“Does this mean Abigail isn’t the Pearsons’ daughter?” When Sean saw Josh, he was almost confident that a simple DNA test would confirm the truth.

“Yes, according to the investigation, that young woman has already done a DNA test, and it’s a perfect match with the Pearson Family’s elders,” Cameron replied in a grave tone.

Sean's expression darkened, and after a brief pause, his voice turned icy with a hint of danger. "So, Eric and Josh returning to Capitalis means they plan to abandon Abigail."

Initially, this seemed like a good thing for him. Without Eric and Josh, he could deal with Joan alongside Abigail without any interference. Their sudden return disrupted Abigail's life, as they had gone to great lengths to help her. However, now they seemed to be leaving without a second thought, leaving her in the lurch.

Sean coldly instructed, "Don't let anyone inform her about this. I don't want her disappointed or hurt."

"Yes, sir," Cameron hurriedly replied.

"Book a ticket to Capitalis for me. You don't need to come with me. Just keep a close eye on Joan. Do not let her get up to anything. Cameron, if she ever does anything that hurts Abigail or Analise, you can stop showing up to work." Sean hung up right after that. He had to check out the Pearsons' daughter for Abigail's sake. He had to see how chaotic and sly the family was for them to dare make a mess in Pendorf.

The next day, Abigail arrived at L.Moon to find Anthony waiting for her in the waiting area. "You must be busy."

"What brings you here, Mr. Booker?" Abigail asked as she glanced at her office. Judging by the soft chatter from within, she was sure he did not come alone.

"I need your help. How the tables have turned. Now, I'm the one begging you." Anthony smiled brightly as he sat down and sipped his tea. Then, he looked up at her with a reluctant look.

"What is it? I'll help you wherever I can," she replied, sitting in the armchair beside him.

"You are a celebrity now. A television executive I know wants to invite you as a guest on a show to discuss traditional outfits. Do you mind?" Anthony leaned back and looked at Abigail expectantly.

"When is it? I'm quite busy, but I won't say no if the time is right," she answered.

"It'll be in September. We can adjust the date according to your schedule," Anthony said.

Abigail took a moment to consider the offer. She would have agreed to it even if she didn't have the time. After all, she owed him a favor.

"I was afraid Mr. Graham would interfere and give you trouble again, so I'm taking the chance to talk to you while he's in Capitalis. Keep this a secret. Don't tell anyone," he said with a helpless smile.

Abigail was taken aback and wondered why Sean went to Capitalis.

"I won't," she said, smiling.

He stood up and invited her into the office to discuss the matter further.

“You’re finally here. Mr. Booker must have informed you, right? I’ve reviewed the contract, and everything seems promising,” Luna remarked, motioning for Abigail to join her as soon as she noticed her presence.

“Let’s accept the invitation. What does the production want? Do we need to provide any outfits to be showcased during filming?” Abigail asked, walking over.

The slightly chubby man in the room hurriedly said, “Yes. We’re working with Miss Smith on the theme. While it’s about historical outfits, the trends change so fast that it’s hard to pinpoint a topic the audiences would be interested in.”

Several young individuals accompanying the man nodded in agreement, all eagerly looking to Abigail as the key decision-maker in their minds.

## [Chapter 246](#)

### Everyone Has an Idea

When Abigail sat down, Luna handed over the booklet of themes.

She carefully read it.

Historical outfits were a trend every industry had jumped in on. Whether it was in movies, dramas, or games, the companies liked to lure consumers in with historical and traditional outfits.

Of course, if there was a new idea, it might work.

With her mind made up, Abigail turned to ask the chubby man, “Your name is?”

He just then, a young and handsome man who had been sitting next to the chubby man stood up, grinned, showing off his white teeth, and said in an Eastbay accent, “Hello, beautiful. I’m Ronaldo Fernandez, the boss of the studio. It’s quite a sight for someone your age to be this accomplished.”

Anthony chuckled, laughing over the fact that Abigail asked the wrong person. “You rarely come to Pendorf, Mr. Fernandez. It’s normal for Abigail not to recognize you.”

She blushed and cleared her throat. “My apologies, Mr. Fernandez. Pleasant to meet you.”

Due to the slight mix-up, the tension in the room vanished as everyone lightened up.

“Tell me, what kind of theme would the audience like? I’m getting a headache just trying to pick one; even then, we don’t have any in mind.” Ronaldo put aside all formalities and said in a casual voice as his accent became heavier.

Even Abigail had to smile, forgetting about the embarrassment she felt.

“You should stop speaking in your local slang, Mr. Fernandez. Otherwise, the ladies don’t understand you at all,” Anthony teased.

“I can understand a little.” She chimed in. “I think the Western Roman Empire’s invasion is a good topic. You just need to slightly adjust when you broadcast your show.”

Anthony's smile deepened, and his eyes flashed as he instantly understood what she meant. As expected, he was right to come to Abigail, who always had a great idea to turn something rotten into a miracle.

Ronaldo immediately rejected the idea. "Nah! Our audiences won't be interested in something that obscure. Most of the outfits around the era can be so easily mixed up that people will only get a headache."

"Let me finish," she said gently.

"Go on, missy." While Ronaldo disagreed with the idea, he still respected her as the expert in her field.

She took a sip of her coffee and slowly stated, "By the end of the year, Director Lewis' Troubled Times would have been released. The show will be set in the time of the Western Roman Empire's invasion, focusing on historically accurate costumes. If you broadcast the show then, you will be able to ride the hype wave."

He wrinkled his nose in thought.

She did not rush him.

Her idea was to anticipate what would be coming out in the future. If she was not doing this to return Anthony's favor, she would have rejected the invitation.

"Man, historical dramas and films always flop. I ain't gonna risk it. There's nothing wrong with just following the mainstream trends." In the end, Ronaldo decided not to risk it.

"Lewis Francis' shows are very reputable, sir," the chubby man whispered.

Ronaldo glanced at Anthony. "What do you think?"

"I think she has the right idea. We can first announce that we'll be working with her. In September, we'll release a teaser clip to show off some of our outfits. Once the show is released, we can broadcast our show at the same time," Anthony said with a polite smile.

"You're an artist, so you must have a better eye for beauty than I do. Since Mr. Booker agrees with you, we'll go with your idea." Ronaldo was eventually persuaded to go with the idea.

Once the contract was signed, Abigail sent her assistant to book a table at the nearby restaurant so that she could treat Ronaldo and the rest to a meal.

Being a good host or hostess was an important quality in the eyes of those from Eastbay. Hence, it would be extremely rude not to treat the guests to a meal when discussing business.

As Anthony headed to the restaurant with her, he softly explained, "Forgive Mr. Fernandez. He started as a local businessman, so he's not that great with business talk. He also has a poor sense of boundaries."

“He has an interesting way of speaking, don’t you think so? We don’t have to be stern and polite when discussing business. He’s also easy to talk to. I find it more comfortable to talk to him compared to those who are always polite.” It was a response that was being considerate to Anthony.

Since Ronaldo was Anthony’s guest, no matter how uneasy she felt around him, she always made it sound more positive for Anthony’s sake.

“You plan on borrowing the costumes from Director Lewis, don’t you?” Anthony asked in a guessing tone, swiftly changing the topic.

## [Chapter 247](#)

### Perfect Candidate for Marriage

Abigail looked him in the eye. “You should know that this program isn’t working out. I saved the situation for him with Troubled Times. Or else, he would be screwed with his original idea.

“Thank you.” Anthony’s voice was filled with gratitude, but he sounded worried at the same time. “We’re still friends, aren’t we, little junior?”

“Of course. I’ve been competitive my whole life, so I’ll help you out,” she teased.

Regardless, Abigail had to repay the favor she owed to him. Even if she could not, she had to come up with a solution. After all, he had mentioned earlier that he was here to ask for her help, which proved how important Ronaldo was to him.

Meanwhile, Ronaldo stayed in Pendorf and decided to tour around for a week, and playing the duty of a host, Abigail sent one of the male employees from the studio to be his guide.

One day, amid work, her employee dashed into her office in excitement and exclaimed delightfully, “Mr. Fernandez is such an interesting man. He had Donny ship in a big batch of seafood that was fished out this morning and rented an airplane to deliver it here by air!”

Although Pendorf was a huge city with its seafood supply, the variety of seafood produced here could not be compared to Eastbay, a city dependent on the sea.

Surprised, Abigail rose to her feet to check out the situation. The moment she stepped out of the studio, she saw Donny, Ronaldo’s assistant, standing under the sun and sweating buckets from his forehead as he directed the workers to shift the seafood into the studio’s kitchen.

At the sight of almost two hundred boxes of seafood, she gasped in surprise. “Mr. Donny, how much do these seafood cost? The studio will pay it to Mr. Fernandez,” she said with a straight face, pacing toward a slightly stout man. Since they were going to collaborate, the nature of their partnership would change once she received something from him.

“These are fished out by Mr. Fernandez’s company, so you don’t have to pay for it,” Donny answered with a gleeful chuckle.

Strolling around the polystyrene boxes filled with ice, Luna muttered, "He's giving away so many expensive goods for nothing? This is the first time in my life that I've met a businessman as simple as Mr. Fernandez."

At the mention of the devil, Ronaldo's car came rolling toward them and came to a stop in front of the studio. The car door swung open, and he climbed out, dressed up fancily in a pair of sunnies, a beachy shirt, and shorts.

"Mr. Fernandez, you're too kind. We're just partners at work--"

"We owe our meeting to fate, and this little bit of seafood is just a token of my appreciation, pretty. Just accept it without any fuss. If you would like any kind of seafood in the future, let me know, and I'll fish them out for you." Ronaldo fanned himself with the paper fan he always carried with him, his face filled with bravado.

"Mr. Fernandez, I'm afraid to collaborate with you when you're acting this way," Abigail said helplessly. Seafood isn't cheap. I can understand it if he gives one or two boxes, but he's giving me almost two hundred boxes now. It seems to me that he has nowhere to spend his money.

"I'm a brute with little education and would like to make another deal with you, but I don't know how to open up the topic, so I decided to give you some presents to earn some credit." The embarrassed Ronaldo raised his hand and scratched his head.

Hearing that, Luna blinked a couple of times. "Then, you'll have to tell us what this deal is about."

A grin spread across his face. "Fret not. It's not anything illegal. You're Anthony's friend, and I'd never harm his friends."

When he mentioned Anthony, Abigail said, "Let's go in and speak about it."

In Castella Grand Hotel, Josh would occasionally steal a look at Sean, who was seated nearby, and felt as though there were pins and needles on his chair. Although Sean had done absolutely nothing and was just eating his meal quietly, the air around Sean was somehow affected, making him feel uneasy and unsettled.

Suddenly, the girl next to him asked in a gentle voice, "When is Eric coming, Josh?"

Josh's attention fell on the girl's face. She looked more docile than Abigail and had soft, long, dark hair. Although she did not carry a sophisticated air like Abigail, he could tell she was as aloof as her.

"Kelly, he's stuck in traffic. Let's wait for him." Instantly, his voice became gentle. When interacting with Kelly Hagl, his younger sister, whom he had just recovered, he was nervous and careful, just the same way he was with Abigail back then.

"Oh, okay." She nodded but could not stop her eyes from looking at Sean.

She thought that Eric was stunning enough. In addition to his excellent family background, he was the perfect candidate for marriage. Unexpectedly, Sean, seated at the table opposite them, was even more gorgeous than Eric.

## [Chapter 248](#)

### Don't Embarrass Yourself

He was simply sitting there to enjoy his meal, but that attracted the attention of every female in the entire restaurant. Even the servers who received strict training for this high-standard hotel blushed when they served him.

While researching Abigail, she had paid special attention to Sean, but there were very few videos of him online. Due to his out-of-the-world gorgeous looks, she thought that his pictures were post-edited. Surprisingly, he was better looking in person than in pictures.

Sensing her staring at himself, Sean raised his gaze suddenly and swept his eyes over her coldly. Immediately, Kelly looked down and bit her lip as she fluttered her lashes slightly, trying her best to display her alluring self to him.

The edge of his lips hooked upward just a little into a lopsided smirk tinged with sarcasm, and Josh was unhappy when he caught the hostility in his eyes.

During the long wait for Eric, Josh decided to follow Sean when the latter went to the washroom. "Kelly, excuse me," he said softly to her and hurried after Sean.

In the washroom, Sean was leisurely washing his long, knuckled hands under the tap, exuding a cold air around him that deterred others from getting close.

"Sean, don't tell me it's a coincidence that you're here today," Josh said from behind him.

As though he had not heard anything, Sean took his sweet time to gently shake off the water droplets on his hands after washing, his every move candy to the eyes

"Regarding Abigail, I'll apologize to her once the time is right. You're not in the position to stick your nose into this. Plus, you know she won't appreciate anything you do," Josh added indifferently.

Finally, Sean turned around to face him, but his eyes were icy, as though he was looking at a pile of trash. "Are you done?"

Josh's hands at his sides shook with a jolt, and he held his fists. He had not done anything, and Abigail was not a member of the Pearson Family. All they did was bring home the correct person, but whenever he saw Sean, he would be reminded of how careful she was. With a mix of guilt and frustration, he lashed out at him. "Why exactly are you here?"

"Your family isn't so powerful in this city that I have to get my schedule approved by you. As for Abigail, she has never thought of herself as a Pearson, and you guys are the ones flocking to please her. If you go apologizing to her after this, I'm afraid she'll be disgusted by you." As though Josh was nothing in his eyes, Sean did not display a single shred of emotion when he spoke. Very quickly, he wiped the smile off his face and walked away without another glance at Josh.

The muscles on Josh's face were rigid, and he looked far worse than before, wondering what hold

Sean had in his hands against the Pearsons.

Hiding behind the gigantic vase outside the washrooms, Kelly secretly observed Sean's tall figure; the infatuation in her eyes was hard to miss.

Although Sean felt someone staring, he did not care about it at all, and when he walked out of the hotel, he received a call from Cameron. "Mrs. Graham will be going to Eastbay with Ronaldo Fernandez, an owner of a TV station with whom she'll be collaborating. To get into her good books, he even gave her two hundred boxes of seafood!" he reported urgently.

"Did you say two hundred boxes of seafood?"

Taken aback, Sean thought, Setting aside the price, isn't he worried that so much seafood will cause health issues to the receiver? Is this guy for real?

"Yes, and Mrs. Graham has accepted it," Cameron added in detail.

'Who's this Ronaldo Fernandez? How did he find out about L.Moon?' Sean asked with a frown.

"It was Anthony who introduced him to her. I looked up Anthony and have a hunch that he has ulterior motives for asking Mrs. Graham to help out Ronaldo. According to Mr. Stewart, Miss Smith has asked for two guys from him to secretly follow Mrs. Graham to Eastbay," Cameron said, his tone solemn.

Narrowing his eyes, Sean replied in a threatening, low growl, "Seems like Anthony took the opportunity while I was away to approach Abigail. You don't have to send anyone. I know what to do." So, this guy will set up Abigail while I'm gone, huh?

After Freshie TV announced that they would be collaborating with Abigail, it immediately drew the attention of others in the industry. Of course, the ancient dynasty was not that interesting as a theme. Though L.Moon and Alana were big names, it did not help Freshie to grow in followers.

Seeing that the response from the collaboration was not that great, Luna seemed a little worried.

"Forget it if the collab doesn't work out. You don't have to put yourself on the line," Luna said to Abigail over a meal.

"This theme has been overused by every other industry, so this outcome is expected, but we're still at an early stage now. Have some patience. I have ways to turn the situation around." This outcome came as no surprise to Abigail.

"I must say you're amazing. By the way, I've already packed your luggage to Eastbay. Once you arrive, give me a call to let me know you're safe." Luna was worried about her, and even though she knew

Abigail would take care of everything, she still could not set her heart at ease.

Out of wits, she had told Kevin about Abigail's schedule. L.Moon was gaining popularity, but she was no expert in security. Should anything happen to Abigail, nothing she did would make up for her guilt.

"If you run into any trouble, immediately hit the brakes and return. Don't force yourself." Unease washed over Luna, and she kept nagging Abigail, worried that she had missed out on anything. "Why don't you bring a couple of pepper sprays with you? I heard that Eastbay has a lot of frauds."



## [Chapter 249](#)

### Another Chance Meeting?

Silently, Abigail listened to Luna's nagging with a soft smile. The concern Luna had for her warmed up her heart so much.

"That's right—the bracelet Eric gave you has a GPS tracker, doesn't it? Did he mention how to connect it to the cell phone?" Luna asked and urged, "Send a text and ask him about this." Right now, she simply wanted to armor Abigail with everything beneficial to her, preparing and protecting her to the point that everyone knew she should not be trifled with.

At the mention of the bracelet, it struck Abigail that Eric had told her the function of the bracelet but not whose phone it was connected to; she forgot to ask.

Nevertheless, she did not want to ask him anymore. Ever since Eric and Josh had returned to Capitalis, they had not contacted her again, and this had spoken for the situation between them for itself.

"There's no need to ask. It can be connected. Moreover, the function of the bracelet is useful for dangerous situations, and Ronaldo is introduced by Anthony. If I run into any accident, he won't get away with it, either. So, don't worry," Abigail assured, smiling.

"Okay." Although Luna was often alone on business trips everywhere, she could not stop worrying when Abigail would be doing the same.

The trip to Eastbay quickly arrived. Even before sunrise, Analise already woke up to prepare breakfast. Right after Abigail kept her electronic tablet away in her bag, she heard Analise calling from outside her room. "Breakfast is ready!"

"Okay!" Abigail hurriedly left her room, and the delicious smell of food drifted into her nostrils.

"Although I'm only away for a few days, the thought that I won't get to have your specialty noodles for breakfast

makes me sad," she whined adorably.

Analise placed a big plate of noodles on the table. "Once you're back from your business trip, I'll cook it for you three times a day."

"Better not. Anything delicious will lose its appeal once taken in excess." Abigail raised the white flag and joked, but she shifted into a serious tone suddenly. "Pay more attention to safety when you're home. Ignore any conversation from strangers and always take routes with camera surveillance whenever you go to the market."

"Don't worry, I'll keep that in mind. Furthermore, there's a bracelet I can use." With a warm, kind face, Analise waved her hand.

Although Abigail nodded in agreement, she was still worried in the depths of her heart. How could she completely relax to leave Analise alone at home?

For the trip this time, Ronaldo had been considerate enough to book a first-class air ticket for her, and after two hours of flight, they touched down at Eastbay Airport.

Eastbay was much hotter than Pendorf, and the breeze in a city by the sea was warm and humid. When Abigail sniffed carefully, she could taste the saltines and stench in the air.

Wearing sunnies, Ronaldo fanned himself with his fan and said to her, "I guess this is your first trip to a city by the coast, pretty. The air here smells a little odd, and I'm sorry that you'll have to bear with it for a while to get used to it."

The first time he brought a girl from the south, she had told him that the salty stench in the air here was unbearable.

"It's alright," Abigail answered.

From his bag, Donny fished out an umbrella and passed it to Ronaldo, who opened it and held it over her head. Turning to her, he smiled brightly, revealing his pearly whites. "The sun is too strong. You'll need an umbrella to block out the rays."

"I can hold it myself." She reached out and wanted to take the umbrella from him, but he raised his hand with a wide grin.

Teasing her, he spun around her and swapped the umbrella to his other hand. "I can't allow a great artist to hold an umbrella. Let the men do labor work like this."

Abigail said no more and merely stepped away a little, drawing the distance with Ronaldo. While they were speaking with each other, they did not notice the man following them.

Dragging a suitcase, Kevin trailed after Sean as the latter walked in front of him with a stoic face, his razor-sharp eyes glued on Ronaldo's back.

Ronaldo, busy chirping away at Abigail, suddenly felt a chill down his spine and spun his head around to check behind him.

Unaware of his unease, Abigail started arranging the schedule for later. "I'll check into the hotel to eat and rest for now. Come to me tomorrow, and I'll take a look at the goods with you."

Ronaldo's gaze fell on Sean, and he stood still. It was hard not to notice him, whether it was due to his looks or the air he carried around him.

As she did not receive an answer from him, she turned, only to find out that Ronaldo had fallen behind her. Unwittingly, she twirled around and saw Sean and Kevin as well.

Dressed in a tailored suit coupled with his aloof expression, Sean appeared especially awe-inspiring. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Fernandez," he greeted with a smile, walking toward Ronaldo.

Kevin waved to Abigail. "Ms. Quinn, what a coincidence. Are you here on a business trip as well?"

"Yeah, just here to buy some stuff." Confusion shrouded her mind. Why did Sean show up here? Didn't he go to Capitalis?

"The pleasure is mine. You must be Mr. Graham. I've seen you in the financial magazines that interviewed you, and you're more good-looking in person. What a talented person you are," Ronaldo praised the moment he opened his mouth.

Hearing that, Sean looked at Ronaldo, who had a wide and earnest grin. "I've heard that the businessmen from Eastbay are amazing conversationalists. Now, I can be sure that it's true after meeting you," he said, his tone unreadable. As the saying goes, don't hit a smiling face.

"Well, it's hard for a businessman to strike a deal when you don't have the gift of the gab." With his friendly personality, it did not take him long to start a conversation with Sean.

Forced to walk alongside Sean and Kevin, Abigail wondered, Is Ronaldo always this friendly and has no boundaries with everyone? How is he able to start chatting with anyone?

Next to her, Kevin muttered, "This chap is rather chatty."

"I don't know him that well," she answered calmly.

At first, Luna was worried sick about her, but with Sean and Kevin around as her guards, it would be tough for Ronaldo if he wanted to set up Abigail..

"Mr. Graham, we gotta go now. Until next time." The cab stopped in front of them, and a longing look appeared on Ronaldo's face.

"You live here, Mr. Fernandez. Arcoing to stay at the same hotel as Ms. Quinn?" Sean asked, leisurely sticking one hand into his pocket.

"Of course not. I'm going home after sending her to the hotel," Ronaldo answered.

Sean's eyes swept over Abigail as he said emotionlessly, "You can just take one cab home yourself. Ms. Quinn and I are friends, so we'll take one to our hotel together."

## [Chapter 250](#)

Kelly Hagl

The smile on Ronaldo's face remained unchanged at Sean's suggestion. "That won't do. Ms. Quinn is my guest and friend as well. I must drop her off at the hotel safely."

Abigail thought that he would agree, but he turned Sean down instead. "Mr. Graham, we'll just take our transports." She, too, did not want to share a ride with Sean, and regardless of what brought him here, it was unrelated to her.

Grinning, Kevin hung an arm around Ronaldo's shoulders, his attractive eyes turning into crescents from grinning. "What? Are you worried that a respectable man like Sean is going to harm her?"

Out of the blue, Ronaldo became serious. "Bro, you can't put it that way. It's one thing that you guys are friends, but me taking care of my guest is another thing."

"Let's get in the car, Mr. Fernandez." Not bothered to argue with them, Abigail paced to a cab, opened the door, and climbed in before anyone else.

"Mr. Graham, see you around," Ronaldo said to Sean, shaking off Kevin and climbing into the same cab as her.

Behind them, Donny loaded the luggage into the boot and jumped into the cab, too.

The smile on Sean's face disappeared, and only iciness could be found. He ran his tongue around the insides of his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with indifference.

"For a guy that doesn't seem threatening and is so easygoing, he's surprisingly hard to get rid of." Kevin smiled with a tightened jaw.

The cab gradually rolled further away, and Sean stopped staring before walking to another one. "Since Anthony has spent so much effort befriending him and even asked Abigail for a favor to please him, he must have some power."

"Say, what's Ronaldo's purpose for being so attentive to her?" Kevin asked unmindfully.

"No matter what his purpose is, I'll destroy his entire home if he dares to harm Abby." Sean scoffed.

After checking into the hotel, Abigail had her meal and wanted to shower. Just then, her phone started ringing. Upon checking it, she saw it was a number from Capitalis calling her.

I've saved Eric and Josh's number. Whose number could this be? she wondered and picked up the call. "Hello?"

On the phone, a gentle voice from a girl said, "Hello, Alana. Sorry to bother you. I'm sorry about this."

She called me Alana. Is she a customer? "It's alright. May I know who is calling?" Toward her customers, Abigail had always been friendly.

"I'm Kelly Hagl, and you can just call me Kelly. I'm calling because I ordered a dress from L.Moon. As I'll be wearing the dress for a very important function, I'd like to speak about the details with you," Kelly composedly explained the reason for her call.

"Okay." Abigail picked up her electronic tablet and then took a seat. "Please tell me, Miss Hagl. I'm ready."

"I'll be wearing the dress during a family reunion banquet, and the guests will be the upper class of Capitalis, so I wish that the dress will help me stand out and help me appear different from others. It will be best if it can achieve the effect just like Lexie Chambers. The price is not a problem, and I can afford it even if it's one or two million. My brother will buy it for me," Kelly said gently.

She was soft-spoken, but Abigail could hear the hint of bragging in her voice. Nevertheless, she had met one too many clients like this—after spending a huge sum of money on a dress, they could not help but feel the need to show off.

"If possible, please send me pictures of yourself, Miss Hagl. A short clip will do, too, and I prefer it if you have no makeup on. Pictures from the front and back," Abigail explained patiently. "If you want the dress to bring out the best in you, this detail cannot be skipped. Are you alright with this?"

Kelly's tone remained gentle. "Sure, no problem."

After hanging up, Abigail wanted to organize her notes when Luna's text popped up. 'Did you receive an order?'

“What?”

Abigail had no idea what Luna was speaking about, and Luna called her straight away because texting was too much hassle. “The finance department just received a payment of 657 thousand, and the memo that came along with it was the payment for a dress booking. I have no record of such order and can only think of you as the other possibility,” she said anxiously. It was not their operation method to receive payment before signing a contract, and doing this would cause lots of problems afterward.

“Well, a lady by the name of Kelly Hagl did call me earlier saying that she had booked a dress at the studio. I thought she already signed the agreement and even discussed it a little with her. Doesn’t she know about our procedure?” The frowning Abigail found this situation peculiar as well.

“We’re swamped with orders now, and she’s paying without saying anything nor signing the contract. Is she trying to cut the queue? Moreover, the amount of money is random and doesn’t make sense at all. What’s her number? I’ll speak with her.” After noting down the number from Abigail, Luna ended the call.

Although Abigail found this whole thing very odd, she could not put a finger on it.