

Spare Wife 251

[Chapter 251](#)

Abigail Is So Heartless

Minutes later, Abigail received pictures of Kelly and saw that she was a stunning girl with a slightly aloof temperament. Her skin was fair, and she appeared like a docile person. After saving the pictures, she placed this matter to the back of her head for now.

Early the next morning, when she went downstairs for breakfast, she bumped into Kevin and Sean again. “Ms. Quinn, there aren’t many seats left. Here, join us at our table.” At the sight of her, Kevin immediately waved at her in exaggerated excitement.

While she was still contemplating, Ronaldo’s voice echoed from the restaurant entrance. “Good morning, pretty. I came at the right time today. Come on, I’ll take you to a better place for breakfast. The breakfast here isn’t great.”

“Okay.” Her eyes sparkled as she smiled and paced toward him.

Even though Sean did not flinch, the veins on his hand holding a fork were popping.

“Rascal!” Kevin was burning from anger, but he later whined, “Abigail doesn’t care about our feelings at all.”

“Go settle the bill,” Sean urged and rose to his feet.

Back in his hometown, Ronaldo drove a red convertible to the hotel. After Abigail was seated properly, he was about to start the engine when an arm suddenly rested on his car window.

Leaning on his side, Sean kept his eyes glued on Ronaldo’s face as he put on a threatening grin. “Do you mind picking up two more people? It’s our first time in Eastbay, so please take us around and show us the delicacies and tourist spots here.”

“Well, how can I turn you down when you’ve already put it that way? Hop in.” All Ronaldo felt was Sean pointing a sharp edge between his brows with his gaze. Like a sword between his eyes, he felt his scalp turning numb and could not bring himself to turn down Sean.

With a silent sigh, Abigail scooted over and stayed away from Sean, who just climbed into the car.

When Kevin came out, he took the passenger seat. “You drive a good car, Mr. Fernandez.” In the car, he started to chat with Ronaldo. Otherwise, he would suffocate from the two boring people behind him.

“Thanks. By the way, what business are you guys here in Eastbay for? I heard that Mr. Graham is in the property business, but I’ve never heard of any new developments around Eastbay,” Ronaldo asked him purposely while driving.

Sean was uninterested in answering him and merely twisted his head to the side, running his eyes over Abigail casually. Occasionally, he would check out her wrist breezily

Sensing his stare, she kept her wrist away, shifted her body to the side, and stared at the scenery

outside.

The wind ruffled her hair high and brushed it over Sean's face. As her hair swept over his face, he took in her light, refreshing scent and could not help but recall the details of their married life. Right then, his heart was filled with sadness and felt heavy.

They did not even have the chance to argue now and were as simple as two strangers.

"You're gorgeous, Ms. Quinn. Indeed, a gorgeous woman pairs perfectly with a sports car. After we're done with work today, I'll bring you shopping for a couple of Bohemian skirts. Wearing that to have fun at the beach, you'll be the center of the boys' attention." Out of the blue, Ronaldo started praising Abigail without embarrassment.

With a hand, she straightened out her hair, and her eyes crinkled with her smile. "I kinda like Bohemian clothes, too. Let's go to the beach when we're finished with work and check out how many boys will be smitten by me."

Knowing that she was saying that to him, Sean glanced at her with a straight face and asked calmly, "Are you looking for a boyfriend, Ms. Quinn?"

"No, but it's my freedom to display the pretty side of myself." She snapped back composedly.

A lopsided grin tinged the edge of his lips at her reply. "You should be selective of the men you're trying to attract. They should at least have looks equal to mine. Or else, they're not good enough for you."

Stumped, she wondered, Who is he to take himself as the standard for measurement? As disgruntlement filled her heart, she argued, "Aesthetics are objective. In my eyes, you're just alright."

In the front, Kevin struggled to stifle his laugh from making sounds. Hurriedly, Ronaldo asked, "What do you think of me, pretty?"

"You're very fitting to my aesthetics. Not bad," Abigail answered, switching to a happy expression.

Then, Sean turned to Ronald and said out of the blue, "I heard that you and Mr. Booker didn't know each other at first, and it was him who looked for you. That's how you have the opportunity to work together."

"Yeah, actually... He tried contacting me a few times before that." Due to his question, Ronaldo was nervous, losing his usual relaxed manner.

"Freshie was developing quite well under you, but you decided to heed Mr. Booker's advice and became so busy. Did you consider whether your audience could take it or not?" Sean folded his arms across his chest, and the light in his eyes was bright, like a black panther who had suddenly awoken.

"It's not surprising that you don't know, but the viewership of Freshie TV is very low this year. Our profits are almost in the negative. If I don't come up with another solution, I'm afraid I'll have to shut down the station. If I don't get out of my comfort zone, how can I cut out a new path for myself?" A grinning Ronaldo returned to the relaxed manner that he had before.

However, Abigail had paid special attention to Sean's words. If I remember correctly, Anthony mentioned that it was Ronaldo that went to him for his help.

[Chapter 252](#)

The Pearl Purchase Plan

Abigail turned her gaze toward Sean and wondered, Was he asking this purposefully?

“What’s up?” he asked, turning his head to look at her.

“Nothing.” She averted her gaze and continued to admire the passing scenery.

Sean’s question, however, made her reevaluate the situation between herself and Anthony. She would not feel so uncomfortable about Anthony’s actions if it were just a matter of business and mutual benefit. After all, they were here to make money.

However, it felt like an advance pardon when he asked her if they were still friends. She would have to suppress her displeasure to continue their friendship if she agreed, even if he later engaged in questionable behavior.

After breakfast, Abigail visited Ronaldo’s house to inspect the pearls. Sean and Kevin, unable to car to the seaside, which was filled with docks, and many fishing boats anchored nearby. However, her attention was immediately drawn to a luxurious cruise ship moored at a nearby dock with no fishing boats around it.

accompany her, watched them depart. She took Ronaldo’s

“Let’s get on the cruise ship first, and I’ll show you the goods later.” Ronaldo waved his hand casually and strolled toward the dock.

Abigail followed him and glanced at the serene sea, asking, “Isn’t taking a boat enough?”

He swayed his fan leisurely. “Oh, there’s food and drinks on the cruise ship, so we can enjoy ourselves while working, right?”

Since he put it that way, she did not refuse.

The sea was sparkling and boundless, and she stood on the deck, her mood unexpectedly lifting. Meanwhile, Ronaldo sat in a beach chair, occasionally stealing glances at her, which brought a smile to his lips.

The cruise ship docked at a cluster of islands. When they disembarked, she heard him say, “The back of this island is a shallow sea area, surrounded by mountains on all sides, shielded from the- waves. It’s a natural breeding ground.”

“How did you discover this valuable spot?” she asked, almost absentmindedly. In reality, she did not care much about the specifics of his family’s breeding farm. What mattered was the quality of the pearls she needed.

“We came across it when we sailed out to sea. Our Fernandez Family has been managing this area for several generations,” he said with a hint of pride.

Abigail nodded in understanding,

As he led her to the island's backside, she discovered a shallow, crystal-clear sea area surrounded by imposing cliffs. The setting was exquisitely beautiful; the orderly rows of floating breeding nets with buoys on the surface added to the pleasing view.

"If we team up, we can provide as many pearls as L.Moon wants every year, and they will be the finest," Ronaldo assured enthusiastically, fanning her like a loyal servant.

"I'll need to inspect the processed pearls before making a decision. And by the way, I'm not hot. You can fan yourself," she replied in a businesslike tone.

Subsequently, he showed her the breeding farm and then to the pearl

Wessing factory.

Inside the factory, Abigail saw pearls of various qualities placed in plastic basins on a table, with workers sorting them. The pearls were of impressive quality. After the inspection, the two made their way to the office within the processing factory.

"Your pearls have good quality, so they shouldn't be hard to sell," she commented, sitting on the couch and watching Ronaldo make tea.

There were interested jewelry dealers, but their offers didn't meet my expectations. Artificial breeding is costly, and maintaining the island isn't cheap either. We can't afford to sell at a bargain," he expressed with a hint of dissatisfaction.

Abigail could sense the disdain in his tone. She went on to negotiate, "I can purchase half of your pearls, but the price needs to be reasonable."

Sea pearls were more expensive than freshwater ones, and rarer colors were even more valuable. Although her designed dresses were not cheap, increasing pearl costs would still mean a loss for her.

"Let me tell you a secret. I have over a thousand peacock overtones." He looked at her with a shrewd glint.

Peacock overtones were extremely rare; having over a thousand was a substantial fortune!

"Are you planning to sell them to me?" she asked. She could not afford over a thousand peacock green sea pearls at market prices.

"I can give you a discount. I'm confident that the peacock overtones will fetch a good price in your hands." He poured her a cup of tea and smiled, trying to please her,

She smiled back but remained unfazed by his flattery. "Mr. Fernandez, I'm buying your pearls to design a dress to capture attention online and boost your show's popularity. I think you should lower the price of these pearls a bit more," she suggested with a negotiating tone. After all, she would not have come to purchase his pearls if it were not for the show's viewership.

He wore a pained expression. "Ms. Quinn, you must understand how hard it is to produce sea pearls, especially in Eastbay, where sea pearl farming is uncommon."

She smiled in sympathy. "I'm here to buy your pearls for the sake of Freshie, and we can continue collaborating in the future. It's not just this one-time deal."

"Ah, but this is already the lowest price." He sighed.

[Chapter 253](#)

Negotiating the Partnership

Abigail, in no hurry, knew that patience was the key to business.

"Mr. Fernandez, you approached me because of Alana's reputation, right?" She casually lifted her teacup and blew gently on the steam.

Indeed, this partnership was very beneficial for Ronaldo.

Artistry had no price, and her reputation could elevate the value of his pearls. In actuality, he would not suffer a loss even if he made a slightly smaller profit. Once his pearls were included in Alana's designs, they would no longer be ordinary sea pearls but artist-approved gems. Businesses seeking to ride on Alana's wave of popularity would choose to buy pearls from him.

His pearls were good but lacked recognition, which meant they could not fetch a high price. In this day and age, any product would need a celebrity's endorsement to find buyers. How else did online influencers make money?

Ms. Quinn, it's a pity you're only an artist." Ronaldo chuckled with a hint of resignation.

"Peacock overtones are very precious, but having over a thousand of them suggests you have trouble selling them at your desired price. By selling them to me at a discount this time, your peacock overtones won't remain unsellable once my designs generate popularity online." Abigail eloquently pressed on, negotiating for a better price. If she was going to buy, it had to be below the market price.

After many years in business, this was the first time Ronaldo felt like he was getting the short end of the stick. He drank his tea, then bowed his head and sighed. "All right..."

This deal was quite a blow for him, mainly because she was no fool. Despite her youth, she understood her advantages well and analyzed his disadvantages. She did not exaggerate her talents and would not have made such bold claims in front of him if she was not confident.

In the end, Abigail purchased his pearls for 1.5 million. After signing the contract with their names, she stood up and extended her hand. "Mr. Fernandez, it's been a pleasure doing business with you."

He shook her hand, displaying a restraint he rarely showed. "Ms. Quinn, you've got a deal that no one else could've secured, not to mention the one thousand peacock overtones. Please don't let me down. I agreed to this partnership for Mr. Booker's sake."

"Mr. Fernandez, rest assured. Your peacock overtones will surely gain recognition and become the Pearl Queen of the Oryashia continent." She promised confidently.

After their partnership was settled, Ronaldo drove Abigail back to her hotel. As his fancy car stopped at the hotel entrance, he held the steering wheel and asked, "Hey, pretty, how about staying a few more days in Eastbay?"

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"Mr. Fernandez, you know yourself that you're quite busy. I don't want to disturb you anymore. Besides, I have a design to work on, so I don't have time to relax,"

She could always consider whatever he proposed before the deal, but now that the deal was done, she saw no reason to extend her stay. Besides, she was not just making excuses. A thousand peacock overtones had ignited her inspiration, and she could not wait to fly back to Pendorf and concentrate on her work.

"Just a few more days of relaxation won't hurt. I'll cover the expenses as a token of our partnership," he insisted.

She looked apologetic. "Mr. Fernandez, it's not that I don't want to stay, but I'm feeling the pressure after purchasing your pearls today. I can't truly relax while holding onto them."

He was about to respond when an untimely male voice interrupted. "Abigail."

She turned to see Eric, somewhat surprised to find him there. Meanwhile, Ronaldo observed Eric's uneasy gaze shifting back and forth between him and Abigail.

"Mr. Davidson, are you here for a movie shoot?" She got out of the car, speaking calmly and gently. However, there was no trace of their previous familiarity.

When Eric heard the change in how she addressed him, he felt a pang in his heart. Nevertheless, he was an actor who could conceal his emotions well. Thus, he replied with a tender smile, "No, I came to see you."

Ronaldo remained seated in the car and playfully called out to her. "Hey, beautiful! Let me know when your flight is. I'll drive you to the airport."

She

away.

gave a quick 'yes' and waved her hand in his direction. He then made a suave exit and drove

Approaching Eric, she maintained a composed and polite tone. "Mr. Davidson, did you come here to discuss something related to your grandmother's birthday outfit?"

"Yes," he answered with a downward glance, then quickly added, "and a little more."

"Her birthday outfit is currently in the design phase, but I'm quite busy lately. Could you please arrange for a professional tailor to take her measurements? I'll send the outfit once it's finished," Abigail

suggested, looking at him with eyes as calm as a tranquil lake, free from ripples.

"Abigail, why don't you call me by my name?" Despite his effort to appear at ease, his polished acting skills displayed cracks in front of her.

“It’s not just about your grandmother’s outfit, is it? Is there something else important?” She did not provide a direct answer.

Both were well aware of the unspoken truth, and there was no need to say it out loud. She did not blame him but thought it was wise to avoid any future complications with the Pearson Family.

[Chapter 254](#)

Willingly Became His Mistress

Eric’s eyes drooped, and with a few shifts, he appeared troubled.

Abigail felt somewhat resigned.

The night breeze tousled her soft hair, and she raised a hand to tidy it up. decided what to ask, I’ll head inside. Just give me a call when you’re ready.”

“Since

you haven’t

He felt a sense of urgency and reached out to grab her wrist. “Abigail.” He called out and immediately released her, his face blushing as he apologized, “I’m sorry. I was too hasty. I didn’t mean to touch you. I returned to Capitalis a few days ago because the Pearsons found their missing daughter. I’m truly sorry I didn’t inform you!”

Josh had told him they would apologize together to Abigail once the time was right. However, he did not want that. He could not stand the days of dating Kelly as he did not like her.

“Finding her is a good thing. Why apologize? This way, I can finally relax. After all, you insisted on treating me like the Pearsons’ daughter, which was quite a burden and made my gron uneasy.” Abigail stopped and smiled. Her smile was completely genuine, with no pretense.

Eric took a step closer, looking into her eyes. “It’s our fault for being so reckless, causing you trouble. But even though the Pearsons have found their lost daughter, our relationship remains the same. You can still call me ‘Eric’. If you need anything, just hit me up, and I’ll come to side.”

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She knew precisely what he meant by this subtle message. “To be honest, being mistaken for the Pearsons’ daughter brought me plenty of benefits from you all. I appreciate your help, and I think the mistake was a stroke of luck. I don’t want to cling to a fortune that doesn’t belong to me and trouble you further,” she politely declined. He wanted to say more, but she continued, “Eric, this is the last time I’ll call you that. We’re from different worlds and cities. I’ll never forget your help, but I also want to continue and lead my life. Thank you for taking care of me.”

With that, she turned and walked into the hotel. At that moment, she realized that Eric might have a slight fondness for her, which began from a mistaken identity. He should have a marriage alliance with

the Pearsons, provided that Sean did not lie to her. In that case, Eric should return to his circle and treat the Pearsons' found daughter well rather than coming to her.

She would be thrilled if the elders from both families were friendly to talk to and decided not to see her trouble. Yet, what if they found her and Eric's relationship too complicated and felt enraged?

Moon was at the height of its career and could not afford any mistakes. Just dealing with Sean was giving her a headache, let alone the combined forces of the Davidsons from Capitalis and the Pearsons. L.Moon could not handle it, and neither could she.

Eric watched her as she walked into the hotel step by step, his hand slowly forming a fist by his side.

The following morning, Abigail received a call from Ronaldo when packing her bags. She did not want to trouble him to take her to the airport, but little did she know that his timing was perfect.

She answered the call and chuckled in a relaxed tone. "Up so early? I was planning to leave quietly. How did you catch me so easily?"

"Don't be so relaxed, pretty. Hurry! Pack your bags and switch rooms. Eric's fans have infiltrated the hotel. If they catch you, it'll be a big problem!" He sounded worried, like an anxious kid.

"What?" Abigail had hardly finished speaking when the room's doorbell rang urgently.

She held her phone, gazed at the door, and listened to Ronaldo's explanation. "Did Eric hold your hand at the hotel last night? I know there's nothing between you two, but the paparazzi twisted the story and posted it online. It's already trending. Some media have revealed his engagement to the Pearsons' heiress in Capitalis. They said you willingly became his mistress!"

"I've got someone ringing my doorbell. Can you contact hotel security?" Abigail was not panicking. After all, she was in a high-end hotel, and Eric's fans could not harm her.

"I'll

get in touch with them. Stay in your room. I'm coming in a few minutes!" Ronaldo said and hung up.

She ignored the doorbell and continued packing.

Ding!

Within just two minutes, her room's door unlocked with a click. Abigail's heart tensed, but it quickly dropped when she saw Sean. "You..."

"Come with me. Kevin, help her pack her bags!" He approached and grabbed her wrist, leading her outside.

"I'm almost done packing," she said in a hurry. She knew Kevin was unfamiliar with how much she had, so she worried he might miss something.

"There's no time. Many reporters and Eric's fans have taken the elevator up. First, come into my room to hide," Sean explained with a serious expression.

“Don’t worry, Abigail. I’ll make sure your luggage is safe.” Kevin gave her a reassuring smile at the door. She stepped out of her room just as the faint sounds of commotion came from the direction of the elevator.

[Chapter 255](#)

A Reminder

Sean stayed in the room across from Abigail’s, and the loud commotion outside became gradually clear as soon as he closed his door.

“That’s Room 6688!”

“Don’t let that b*tch escape. Hurry!”

Their words were filled with malice.

Abigail knew well that these days, celebrity fans could be pretty crazy, especially those devoted female fansite admins who had close connections with the celebrities. Some even had direct contact with the stars themselves. In the entertainment industry, celebrities were not uncommon to be romantically involved with their fansite admins. That showed how intimate the relationship between fans and celebrities could be.

“I’ve already looked into this. Are you going to clarify it yourself, or are you waiting for Eric to do it?” Sean walked over to the couch, purposefully lowering his voice.

“Let’s see if he clarifies it today. If not, L.Moon will surely issue a statement,” she replied calmly, showing no signs of panic. Of course, in such situations, the sooner they clarified, the better.

“In situations like this, Eric may not have a say,” he stated while sitting on the couch, his eyes dark as obsidian and his tone obscure.

Celebrities were typically under the management of their agencies. Even someone like Eric, relatively famous in the industry, could face restrictions if he stirred up trouble. The company could be displeased and might restrict him from using social media and confiscate his phone.

Furthermore, he was the only son of the Davidsons and engaged to the Pearsons’ long-lost daughter. They would rather let the blame fall on Abigail than tarnish his reputation in the least.

She glanced at Sean. “Are you suggesting that I should clarify it myself first?”

“Just be prepared. Perhaps Eric won’t be able to come forward to help you clarify it.” His face turned cold, his voice stern.

He was certainly angry at Eric for causing trouble for her last night, but he doubted Eric would be afraid of this incident. Besides, if Eric personally clarified it, it would only deepen Abigail’s relationship with him in the eyes of the media. However, if he had not, she would not have benefited either. Hence, it would be better if she released a statement herself.

Abigail hesitated momentarily and said, "Thank you for the reminder. To be honest, Sean had been helping her, both openly and behind the scenes, these past two days, and she appreciated it. "Contact L.Moon now. Don't wait for Eric's call. Clarify it in the best way possible. Either way,

I've

got your back," he said, then checked his watch.

She nodded and dialed Luna's number.

Luna was still asleep at this hour until Abigail's call woke her up. Her voice was groggy as she pleaded, "What time is it? Let me sleep a bit longer."

"I've become a hot topic online, and it's a huge scandal. Get the PR team ready," Abigail said with a serious tone.

"What?" Luna's drowsiness disappeared immediately. "Who the heck did this?"

Abigail calmly stated, "Just check the trending topics on Twitter, but I can tell are innocent. The media twisted the facts."

you that Eric and I

"Tell her I can access the complete surveillance footage. Ask her to handle L.Moon's public relations carefully." Sean's voice suddenly ran

in Abigail's

him but only to find her lips almost brushing his face. He

startling her. She

turned to see standing a bit too close.

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She quickly took a step back, giving him a stern look. However, he wore an innocent expression.

"I heard what Sean said. I'll check Twitter now. Are you okay?" Luna used another phone to assess the platform. She knew her words were a bit redundant. Since Sean had gone over to help Abigail, what could go wrong? There was not much for her to do.

"I'm fine. I'm so sorry for causing you trouble," Abigail said apologetically. Even when she was on a business trip, she still managed to bring trouble to Luna.

"What trouble? Being irresistibly charming is something you can't control, after all!" Luna roared as if on purpose.

Although Sean was helping Abigail now, Luna could not forgive him for the pain he had caused Abigail in the past.

He looked at Abigail, who felt slightly pressured by the situation. "Please, don't say more. Once you've finished up there, give me a call. I'll be back today."

“Okay.” Luna agreed immediately.

After hanging up the phone, Abigail felt uneasy. Just when Sean was about to speak, they suddenly heard a commotion from outside.

“Is Kevin in trouble?” She became worried.

“At the very least, he owns East Joy Talent. Eric’s fans don’t have the guts to go after him,” Sean replied casually.

East Joy Talent was an entertainment company with plenty of means to handle Eric. Even if the Davidsons had influence, what could they do to Kevin in Pendorf?

Abigail breathed a sigh of relief, stepped over to the door, and intended to eavesdrop on the situation outside. Just as she pressed her ear against the door, she heard Ronaldo’s angry voice from the corridor. “Do you think this hotel is a flea market which you can just barge in? Smash these reporters’ cameras!”

Since the whole matter had started because of her, Abigail felt that Ronaldo’s handling of it would bring endless trouble. She frowned and intended to call him.

Beside her, Sean firmly grasped the doorknob. “I’ll go out.”

She looked at him, feeling somewhat stifled. She should be the one dealing with this situation, but now, she was hiding in the background, indirectly leaving her indebted to three people—Sean, Kevin, and Ronaldo.

[Chapter 256](#)

They Never Stopped Seeing Each Other

Owing Anthony a favor has already made things difficult enough for me, and now I’m owing three people favors at the same time. I’m going to have a hard time repaying them. But now, there’s no better option. If I show up, things may get even worse, thought Abigail. Eventually, she stepped aside to make way for

the man.

Sean opened the door and walked out.

There was a lot of noise outside. Not only did Ronaldo’s security guards snatch the cameras from the reporters, they also warned Eric’s fans in strong language.

Just then, Sean’s chilly voice rang. “What are all of you doing here?”

In an instant, everyone’s heart sank; silence reigned over the hotel corridor as everyone turned their heads simultaneously to see Sean standing at the door to the hotel room.

It was impossible to ignore his commanding presence as his tall and imposing figure stood at the door. Impatience flickered in his eyes as his gaze swept over the faces of everyone present. Despite the casualness with which he glanced at everyone, these people, who were all meeting him for the first time, noticed his gaze that was enough to strike fear into anyone’s heart.

Immediately, Ronaldo came up and went along with him. "Mr. Graham, my sincere apologies for disturbing you and your friends' rest. These people sneaked into our hotel early in the morning to take unauthorized photos. I've called the police, and they'll be here soon to arrest them."

Sean darted an impassive glance at him. Then, he gave a slight nod, saying, "This is a star-rated hotel, after all. You need to do a better job of ensuring the safety and privacy of your guests."

"Did you hear that?!" yelled Ronaldo, pretending to be furious, in a reproachful tone to the young man following him.

The young man nodded repeatedly. "You're right, sir. The police will be here in a minute, and none of these people taking unauthorized photos are going to get away with it! I'll report to you all about the developments later. Whether it's complimentary rooms or compensation, our hotel will definitely take responsibility."

At that moment, Kevin stepped out of Abigail's room. Pretending to be frightened, he patted his chest. "I was scared to death early this morning. I was just about to go out for breakfast when a bunch of people suddenly barged into my room holding phones and cameras and pointed them to my face."

Inside the hotel room, Abigail pressed her ear against the door, paying attention to the commotion outside. She heard the noise quiet down in an instant, and then there was silence.

She stood waiting by the door for over ten minutes. Suddenly, there was a rhythmic knock on the door, upon which she immediately knew it was Sean. When she opened the door and saw only

him, Ronaldo, and Kevin, she couldn't help but crane her neck to look in the direction of her own hotel room.

"Don't worry. They've all been taken away by the police," said Ronaldo, reassuring her with a cheerful smile.

Kevin let out a long sigh of relief. "Thank goodness you've already left with Sean. They had your room key and barged into your room. These fans and reporters are so audacious!"

Sean quietly shot a dark look at him.

Noticing the guilt in Abigail's eyes, Kevin instantly understood why Sean had shot him a look—his words were making her feel guilty. "It's okay! We're friends, aren't we?" he hurriedly added in an attempt to ease the situation.

Abigail was nonetheless very grateful to them. "Thank you so much for your help today. If you need my help in making designs in the future, feel free to let me know."

"Oh, come on! We're friends," replied Ronaldo with a wave of his hand. "After all, it's the hotel's mistake. It's already lucky for the hotel that you're not making a fuss about it."

Sean turned to look at Abigail, his voice gentler without him noticing as he spoke. "The hotel's security lapse has nothing to do with you."

“I’ll deal with the hotel about this. Mr. Fernandez could’ve stayed out of this; since he has helped me, I need to thank him for this,” replied Abigail in a businesslike tone.

“You’re welcome, *senorita*. Would you prefer to have breakfast first or head straight to the airport?” Ronaldo asked her with a smile.

Abigail had merely treated Ronaldo as a client before, but his timely phone call had saved her today. Without the phone call, she wouldn’t have left with Sean; instead, she would have been caught by those reporters as well as Eric’s fans. If they started a stream, put her on the internet, and confirmed that she was staying at this hotel, she would have a much harder time clarifying the situation. “Mr. Fernandez, can you recommend a place for breakfast?” she asked in a softer voice. Since Ronaldo had helped her this time, she felt the need to remind him of several things as a way to repay his favor.

“Then come with me.” Ronaldo waved his hand, his expression filled with delight.

Kevin muttered to Sean, “Even without him, we could handle it...” This has unexpectedly caused Abigail to have a much better impression of him. Well, this is going to put Sean in greater danger.

Abigail didn’t say much upon hearing his words, though.

Just then, Sean’s phone rang. He said to Abigail, “I have to answer this—it’s probably about the surveillance footage. You guys wait for me here.”

“Okay.” Abigail nodded.

As she watched the man step aside to answer the phone, an inexplicable sadness crept over her. They were already divorced, and yet it seemed like they had never stopped seeing each other. And now, today’s incident forced her to be entangled with him once again.

“Just send the complete surveillance footage to Miss Smith from L.Moon. She knows what to do.” Although his voice wasn’t loud, everyone in the room heard him clearly.

Seizing the opportunity, Ronaldo cozied up to Abigail, saying, “I’ve prepared some seafood for you. It was sent out for delivery last night, so Miss Smith will receive it by noon today. You’ve got to try it; it’s very delicious.”

[Chapter 257](#)

She’s Not Even Mad

Kevin chimed in, “What kind of seafood is it? Tell me about it so I can bring some back to try too.”

Abigail asked Ronaldo with a smile, “Would you mind if I send him some as well?”

“What’s with the formality? It’s been given to you, so it’s yours to do with as you please,” replied Ronaldo generously.

Sean hung up the phone, saying, “Mr. Fernandez, please lead the way.”

After checking the room and making sure there was nothing left behind, Abigail was about to pick up her suitcase. However, Sean happened to be near the suitcase, so he reached out and took it before catching up with Ronaldo.

After hesitating for a moment, Abigail eventually followed them in silence.

“Let’s get out through the back door with me. Considering Mr. Davidson’s fame, there’ll be more than a swarm of paparazzi,” said Ronaldo as he led them toward the elevator accessible only to the hotel’s staff.

“Okay,” replied Abigail.

After the four of them entered the elevator, she no longer held her tongue. “You shouldn’t have snatched the phone from Mr. Davidson’s fan today. You’re working for a TV station, and fans are very skilled at digging up someone’s information. If your identity is exposed, your show’s reputation will suffer.”

Ronaldo seemed surprised that she was concerned about him. Their interactions had been nothing else but business–related pleasantries before, but today’s incident seemed to have added a touch of friendship to their partnership. “In that case... will there be any problems later?” He appeared nervous. “I thought once we called the police, they’d be in the wrong. They’ve invaded your privacy, after all.”

“I’m just reminding you to never do that again. The internet is chaotic nowadays, and there are countless instances of someone being quoted out of context. Even innocent people find it hard to prove their innocence, and netizens’ emotions are easily stirred by false narratives. L.Moon will deal with today’s incident, so don’t worry,” explained Abigail, reassuring him. She had no intention of letting him get dragged into this mess.

“Alright! Thank you.” Ronaldo’s eyes were brighter than usual, holding a touch of strange emotion.

Kevin cleared his throat.

Sean’s grip tightened slightly on Abigail’s suitcase, but he said nothing in the end.

Abigail darted a look at Kevin. “Do you have a sore throat?”

“Uh... maybe it’s the smell of sea salt in the air here in Eastbay. I think I am allergic to it,” said Kevin as he pinched his throat.

Abigail knew he had done that on purpose, but she nonetheless offered him an out. “I have drinking water in my suitcase. Do you want to have some?”

“That’s very thoughtful of you, Ms. Quinn, but it’s not necessary.” Kevin hurriedly refused.

As they got in Ronaldo’s car, Abigail received a call from Eric’s number. She clutched the phone and took a deep breath before answering the phone call. “Hi, Mr. Davidson,” she said in a polite voice laced with coldness.

“Hi, Ms. Quinn. I’m Eric’s talent agent. I know the incident on the internet is the media taking things out of context and causing damage to you and Eric’s reputations. Our company is sincerely sorry for that. May I ask if you’re free? I’d like to discuss a solution with you,” explained Eric’s talent agent to her in a businesslike tone.

Abigail sensed no sincerity in her voice; instead, she discerned the underlying meaning behind her words. Sean's guest is right; Eric's phone has indeed fallen into the hands of his talent agent. "I'm quite busy. If you want to discuss the solution, you can do it now," she replied flatly.

Just when Eric's talent agent was about to speak, Abigail heard Eric's voice coming through the phone. "Who gave you the right to touch my phone?!" After that, the call was cut off abruptly.

Hearing her phone conversation, Sean turned to glance at her, saying, "Once Miss Smith clarifies the situation, he'll be put on the spot. I just wonder what he'll think about it." A unilateral clarification of the situation from Abigail's side meant that Eric would have to face the consequences of his own actions. Knowing that she and Eric were on friendly terms, giving her an advance warning about the situation.

"He's in the entertainment industry. Naturally, he has his own ways to handle it," replied Abigail. She was grateful to Eric and could repay him in many ways, but she wouldn't do so by eating dirt and taking the blame for him.

Just then, her thoughts were interrupted by her ringing phone. Seeing that it was another call from Eric's number, she answered the call.

As soon as the call connected, Eric said apologetically, "Just clarify this in whatever way you want. Since it's my fault, I'll bear the consequences. And besides, I'm not engaged to anyone. Has someone purposely spread this news to smear our reputations?"

"Who did it? Your enemies or someone else?" She had a hunch that the culprit was either related to the Pearsons or her own family.

"I haven't found out yet. Can you give me some time?" Eric sounded even more apologetic.

"Eric, it's fine as long as you find out who's behind this. L.Moon will clarify the situation as necessary. As you know, L.Moon is just starting to grow. We can't afford any scandals, or all the

hard work we put in will be in vain." Abigail's attitude was still the same as the night before; she wasn't even mad at him for getting her in trouble.

[Chapter 258](#)

She's Too Young After All

The meaning behind her words was clear. She would handle this situation rationally for the sake of L.Moon's development, but she wouldn't allow his past kindness toward her to put the company in danger. Compared to him, her own career was more important.

Upon realizing this, Eric suddenly felt a tightness in his chest. Unbeknownst to Abigail, his feelings for her didn't stem from their interactions in Ragos. In reality, he had committed her to memory when he first saw her at his friend's place and heard her phone ring. It was just that she was secretly married to Sean at the time, so he had no way of knowing her whereabouts; all he knew was that her stage name was Alana. "Sorry." His voice was strained with an almost imperceptible quaver in it.

"There's no need to apologize. I know you didn't mean it." Abigail offered him a way out, not wanting to embarrass him too much.

“Thank you. I’ll take care of it without putting you in a tight spot,” said Eric awkwardly before hanging up.

Sean shifted his gaze toward Abigail. From her words, he roughly figured out what they had said to each other. At least he doesn’t act like he never existed. Well, I’ll just wait and see how he’s going to take care of this.

Abigail, her mood somewhat affected, looked out the car window and let out a soft sigh with her phone in hand. How much simpler things would’ve been if we were just ordinary friends. Why did he suddenly have to cross the Rubicon like that?

After they had breakfast, Ronaldo drove them to the airport. “Babe, call me anytime if you ever want any seafood,” he said, sounding reluctant to part ways with her.

Abigail’s lips curled into a smile. “Sure! Thank you for taking care of us these past few days.”

Kevin teased, “Mr. Fernandez, don’t treat us differently. Can any of us call you if we want to have seafood?”

“Of course,” replied Ronaldo generously.

Seeing that he had no intention of leaving, Abigail couldn’t help but urge. “You should go back first. We still have to wait here for over an hour before the plane arrives. You can’t leave matters aside and keep waiting with us.” She felt awkward having him stay with them any longer.

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“Alright.”

After Ronaldo left, she went to the waiting area with Sean and Kevin. After they seated themselves, Kevin went shopping at the stores in the airport on the excuse of buying local specialty products from Ragos, leaving Abigail and Sean alone.

The two of them were usually close, and Sean never felt any pressure when communicating with her. Today, however, he furrowed his brow, unable to find a suitable topic despite rehearsing countless times in his mind. “You and Ronaldo-”

Just when he finally began to speak, Abigail’s phone rang.

Sean immediately bit his lip.

Abigail darted a look at him before taking out the phone. Seeing that it was a call from Luna, she promptly answered it.

“Abby, how did you discuss the situation with Eric? His talent agency just called me, and I think they want both sides to discuss this together. We can’t clarify the situation unilaterally; they said it wouldn’t do us any good to damage Eric’s reputation either,” explained Luna to Abigail in a

serious tone.

“Eric seems to disagree with his agency because of this. What about you? How do you think we should deal with this?” Abigail suddenly felt somewhat irritable. This incident is an undeserved misfortune for me. Why do I have to consider so many things?

“If we insist on dealing with this in our way, we might indeed offend Eric’s agency-

“What are you doing?”

Before Luna could finish speaking, Abigail’s phone was snatched by Sean. “Now that L.Moon has gained some international reputation, offending someone like Eric won’t be a big deal. And besides, his agency is pretty much nothing to me. I sent flowers when L.Moon was trending on Instagram. Do they not know who is behind L.Moon?” he said to Luna in a calm voice, implying that he could also back L.Moon up.

“Mr. Graham, I appreciate your willingness to help us, but as the saying goes, relying on oneself is always better than relying on others. If we offend Eric and his company based on your advice today, what if you have another lady friend in the future, and she’s unhappy with L.Moon for some reason? Who can L.Moon rely on, then?” Luna’s voice sounded polite, but her words carried a sarcastic undertone.

“So, you’re planning to let Abigail suffer?” Sean’s voice grew colder at once.

“Give me back my phone!” Abigail was starting to get upset.

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“L.Moon’s affairs should be discussed between Abby and me. There’s no need for involvement, Mr. Graham. I appreciate your kindness in providing me with the surveillance footage, and I’ll send you a thank-you gift for that. However, I don’t want you meddling in L.Moon’s affairs,” said Luna firmly. She didn’t trust Scan. Abby has submitted to humiliation in the past for L.Moon’s sake and her grandmother, but now, she doesn’t need to do so anymore. L.Moon has slowly gained confidence. No matter how tough it gets, we no longer need help from the person who hurts Abby the most!

Abigail grabbed her phone back and stood up, heading toward the ladies’ restroom. “We’ll take our time discussing this, so don’t worry,” she whispered to Luna.

Sean leaned back in his seat, his eyes extremely cold. He had only himself to blame for Luna’s strong opposition toward him now. He was willing to accept being disliked as part of the consequences, but the situation was far from as simple as Luna and Abigail thought. Eric might not have ill intentions, but what about the people around him? Wouldn’t they try to harm Abigail and L.Moon to protect his reputation?

[Chapter 259](#)

I Believe Him

Abigail frowned the moment she entered the toilet. “I know you didn’t want me to lose out, but we need to think this through.”

Everyone in the circle was close, and making enemies wasn’t good for L.Moon’s development.

“Why don’t you discuss this with Eric’s company again? I can let you know that we have all the evidence. The video is complete with sound. His company wouldn’t be able to let you lose out!” Luna talked with her in a low voice.

Abigail hummed in acknowledgment and hung up the phone. She then dialed the number Luna gave her, but all she got was a busy signal after trying numerous times.

She waited for a minute before calling again, but it was still the same busy signal. So, she had no choice but to give up for now.

Then, she messaged Luna before turning around to leave the toilet.

Sean noticed her return and asked, “Found a solution with Miss Smith?”

“Not yet,” Abigail answered.

“You’re still too young. Eric’s company is obviously stalling you. They’re trying to pull him out of this. They keep saying that they want to discuss things with you, but it’s just to stall your time,” Sean commented frankly.

At first, he didn’t want to bring this up since she was determined. However, it seemed that she was still being too nice to Eric. Does she not want to harm that man who tarnished her name that much?

“But didn’t you give that video? If Eric’s company is playing tricks, I can post the complete video,” Abigail answered calmly.

“Many things are involved in the video. Can you put everything out there? The missing child of the Pearsons is a secret. What would they think if you revealed it?” Sean’s gaze turned sharp unconsciously.

She pursed her lips as she couldn’t retort his question.

“But I don’t want to make enemies in the industry too.” Her tone was honest.

“Abigail, I know you guys don’t like me, but do consider my advice. Make the statement ASAP. You can still afford to offend a star of Eric’s level and his company.” He meant what he said, expressing himself in a solemn tone.

“When you say you can still afford to offend, I guess that includes you, right? If it is, then I can’t. You should know how troublesome your family is, Mr. Graham.” Abigail insisted on her own opinion.

“Why can’t you trust me just once?” Sean’s voice was filled with pain.

“This has nothing to do with trusting you. I just don’t want to have anything to do with you. I think you should respect my wishes,” Abigail said as she sat beside him.

She avoided him like the plague.

Sean’s

eyes flickered. A moment later, he clenched his fists while suppressing the turmoil in his heart. “Then, let’s just talk about it. What happens if Eric’s company releases a statement first, and it’s unfavorable

for you and L.Moon?” Sean questioned in a cold tone.

Abigail turned her head to the side and looked at him seriously. “Then, it’s up to Eric. It may be ridiculous in your eyes. But I believe in his character. He didn’t run away and took the initiative to call me. I should give him a chance to explain things to me and L.Moon.”

A hint of bitterness flashed across his eyes. In the most dire times, she trusted Eric, but not him, who was once her husband. However, he had to admit that Abigail made sense as Eric braved the huge pressure on him to call and apologize to her, which earned Eric a good impression in Abigail’s heart.

When Kevin returned, he noticed that something was off between Sean and Abigail. It felt like they argued, but Abigail wasn’t angry. In fact, Sean was the one looking a little down.

“Want a drink?” He passed a cup of iced strawberry fruit tea to Abigail.

She reached out to accept it. “Thank you.”

“Oh. Don’t mention it!” Kevin then sat down and glanced at Sean.

But Sean was busy working on something on his tablet and didn’t look at Kevin.

When it was announced that the airplane was ready for boarding, Abigail threw away the remaining half cup of tea.

As they were boarding the plane, Kevin insisted that Sean walk a little slower.

“How was the chat with her? It feels like you’re distracted,” Kevin asked in a whisper.

“Not very good,” Sean replied. “In conclusion, any man is better than me in her eyes.”

Kevin heard that and glanced at Abigail’s graceful figure before them. “Since you know you were wrong, apologize for it. She’s liked you before, but you didn’t appreciate it and hurt her. Take this slow. You guys have just been divorced not too long ago.”

“If I can control it, wouldn’t I take it slow too?” Sean asked in return.

It was because many people around Abigail treated her very well, and he was afraid that she would leave his side the moment he wasn’t looking.

“Sigh. ‘Wise man does not fall in love’ is her current mentality. Eric’s a pretty nice guy, but she still rejected him, let alone you.” Kevin looked at Sean with obvious comparing intent in his eyes.

[Chapter 260](#)

Take a Step Back

Sean glanced at him coldly, asking, “Are you suggesting I’m lesser than Eric?”

Met with Sean’s gaze, Kevin immediately backed away. “I was just analyzing this from Abigail’s perspective.”

“Seems like you think I’m not suffering enough.” Sean quickened his pace after saying that.

“Hey! Wait for me!” He ran after Sean.

As soon as she boarded the plane, Abigail sat down and put on her sunglasses and earplugs to prepare for sleep.

She wouldn't know how Eric would handle the situation and what his company would do for the time being. But she was willing to give his company the benefit of the doubt as she waited to see if Eric would disappoint her.

She slept well during the two-hour flight. When the plane landed, she was woken up by the flight attendant while Kevin teased, "Everyone's anxious about the dire situation, yet you can still sleep peacefully."

"Are you talking about the matter with Mr. Davison?" Abigail rubbed her eyes as she yawned.

"Who else could it be? His company released a statement. It's like Sean predicted. They are throwing you under the bus." Kevin felt hopeless for her. She was sleeping, so getting anxious was pointless for him and Sean.

"I'll deal with this if Eric doesn't." Abigail twisted the cap of a bottle of water and took a sip.

She was still dazed and didn't want to think about anything too complicated.

Sean exited the toilet at the moment, and his gaze landed on her face. "So, you're still going to wait for Eric to handle this?"

And Sean stayed silent.

"Yes." She nodded, but he remained silent.

After exiting the airport, Abigail received Luna's phone call.

"Eric's company is trash! It was no wonder your call couldn't go through. They were waiting for this. I'll release the statement now and post that video!" Luna was fuming as she scolded.

They had given his company some good faith but were tricked instead.

Those who were in the entertainment industry were indeed deceitful and evil.

"Don't panic. Let's see what Eric has to say about this," Abigail stopped her since there was no need to rush things now since she lost the opportunity as she didn't want to make enemies.

"Can we trust him? What if that punk hid himself when he saw that his company's statement was going to benefit him?" Luna's tone was filled with worry.

"That's fine. He helped me once, and I owe it to him. I can consider it repaid since I saved his reputation this time," Abigail answered gently.

Hearing that, Luna said bitterly, "We'll become better and stronger. Then, there'll only be people owing us favors!"

She still didn't know that Eric saved Analise and thought that Abigail was referring to the time he helped Abigail retort Laura at the set.

“Yes. That day will come. I have good news for you when I’m home. A huge one!” Abigail laughed and comforted her.

Her excited tone made Sean glance at her unconsciously.

He got the news that Ronaldo had some good stuff on hand, so Abigail probably bought it from him and was probably excited about that.

“Sure. I’ll wait for your good news,” Luna answered immediately.

After hanging up the phone, the smile on Abigail’s face didn’t disappear yet.

All her bad mood vanished at the thought of the pearls from Ronaldo. It seemed that working with Ronaldo was a better option.

“What good news?” Kevin was quite a busybody.

“It has nothing to do with you. I’m not telling you. Do you want some fruit tea when we exit the airport? My treat.” Abigail glanced at him. Her attitude toward him was much warmer compared to when she was talking to Sean, as she saw Kevin as a friend.

It made Sean wonder if he was a stranger in her eyes.

“Wait. I just bought you a drink in Eastbay, and you’re rushing to return the favor now?” Kevin pretended to be hurt as he put his hands on his chest. “Can’t you let this favor last longer? You can treat me the next time I go to L.Moon.”

“Have I not treated you when you come to my office?” Abigail was speechless.

“I’ll drink if you tell me it’s not to return the favor in Eastbay.” Kevin put his hands down and looked at her with puppy eyes.

Then, Sean gave him a side-eye. “Can you stop acting?”

“I was just trying to cheer her up. Alright. Fine, I’ll drink whatever fruit tea Abigail gives me.” Kevin knew that Sean was secretly getting jealous again.

After getting Kevin the drink, Sean told her that he didn’t want to drink as he didn’t want to make things awkward for Abigail since he knew she didn’t want to treat him.

Then, Abigail got into a cab as Kevin sipped on the tea. “She even rejects sitting in your car... Sigh.”

“Shut up,” Sean ordered coldly.

Kevin laughed and got in Sean’s car after him. He took out his phone and immediately saw a post from Eric.

“Eric really made a post!” He frowned and immediately clicked on the post.

If Eric handled this well, Sean was in danger.

Which woman wouldn’t be moved for a man who would take on all the pressure for her?

On the other hand, Abigail still didn’t know about Eric’s post as she sat in the cab.

She took out a small bag of pearl samples that Ronaldo gave her from her bag with a giddy smile.

She couldn't display her love for pearls in Eastbay, fearing that he would catch onto it. After all, he was a seller and would raise the prices if he knew she liked them.