

Spare Wife 261

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Challenge Openly

Just as Abigail was satisfied with the pearl's quality, her phone rang.

She kept the pearls to read a message from Luna. It was a link to an Instagram post.

She clicked on it to see Eric's post and immediately started to read it seriously.

She hadn't read the statement from Eric's company, but Eric's statement was filled with sincerity.

"Before we clear things up, I would like to apologize to Ms. Alana for bringing so much trouble to her. I first met her back in Ragos when her ringtone was the song 'Where the River Ends' that I posted before. Everyone knows that she was always mysterious before her real identity was revealed. After meeting her once, we had lost contact for three years..."

Eric wrote sincerely about the first time he met Abigail and how he kept having her on his mind for the next three years. It was like a diary filled with lots of small details.

Toward the end, Abigail got lost in her thoughts. During the three years of her messed up marriage with Sean, there was another person who was quietly missing her back in the faraway Capitalis. That thought gave her a strange feeling.

In the end, Eric also explained that his engagement was decided by his elders, but he still had the right to pursue freedom. He had always told people that he was single and would chase after someone if he liked them. He never said that he must abide by the engagement his elders promised.

Abigail felt a little emotional after reading it. Then, she clicked on Eric's company profile and realized that they put all the blame on her in their statement.

They claimed that she ran with Eric every day in Ragos and was close with him, but Eric was inexperienced in relationships. In conclusion, they hinted that she deceived Eric, and the company would explain this to Eric and his fans.

Now that Eric made a post, it was like a slap to the company's face and put his company's statement in an embarrassing position.

Abigail had a thought. Eric was probably the first celebrity to openly challenge his managing company.

With that post, Eric and Alana were trending simultaneously while his fans were attacking her yet envied her as he had secretly admired her for three years.

The cab stopped at the entrance of L.Moon, and Abigail saw Luna the moment she got down.

"You're finally back safe. Come in quick." Luna went up to help her carry her luggage.

Abigail had a relaxed expression. "I got some good stuff. I'll show you later."

"Are you worried about what's happening online?" Luna pulled Abigail's luggage.

Then, they walked side by side while chatting and laughing into L.Moon.

“Eric’s reply is enough. We don’t need to do anything more,” Abigail said.

“His fans are quite nice. Most of them are wishing him luck in chasing you. But he didn’t say he would pursue you anyways.” Luna was most interested in this.

If Eric was persistent and pursued Abigail, they might get together. Then, she would be happy for Abigail since he was a responsible man. She approved of them being a couple.

“I won’t promise him. Don’t even think about it,” Abigail said firmly. “All I care about is work. I won’t get into a relationship.”

Besides, she had lost all interest in love.

“I mean, it’s still something to think about since Analise is still concerned. She’s getting older, and you’re the only one she can’t let go. If there’s someone who could care for you wholeheartedly in her stead, she’ll be at ease,” Luna said earnestly.

Of course, she believed that Abigail could live a good life alone, but Analise might fall sick from the worry.

If Eric was a suitable prospect, she hoped that Abigail would consider him from the perspective of a good friend.

“You’ve talked too much to my grandma. You’re like my mom now,” Abigail said with a helpless smile.

During the time that she wasn’t around, Luna visited Analise every day and was almost assimilated by her.

“Oh, my. I wouldn’t dare be your mom. That’s too much,” Luna joked.

Then, they entered the office before Abigail took out the bag of pearls and passed it to her. “Look at the luster. It’s Marimora.”

“Ronaldo grew this? That’s amazing. The peacock overtone on the pearl probably makes it a Tahitian pearl. It’s a rare color. I heard it’s hard to grow in the country, let alone in the Eastbay area.” Luna observed the pearls with excitement through the plastic bag.

Abigail grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and took two sips before answering, “Exactly. But Rolando doesn’t have a channel to sell. The jewelry stores couldn’t give him much and wanted to lower his price, so he’s been keeping them and has accumulated a thousand pearls.”

“No wonder you spent 1.5 million on the pearls. It’s a steal!” Luna loved the pearl.

“I intentionally asked this for you. You can use it to make something beautiful,” Abigail’s voice was filled with adoration for her.

“My effort in caring for you didn’t go to waste.” Luna beamed.

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Thunderstorm Coming

Abigail leaned into the couch as she stared at Luna, who was admiring the peacock overtone pearl excitedly.

"I planned on using those thousand pearls to design a gown. We're selling it for 8 hundred." Abigail told her.

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"This is the second most expensive dress aside from the one for Lexie. But the color of this pearl is expensive, let alone your design. You can draw the design first, and we'll work on the rest later." Luna walked to her side with anticipation on her face.

"I wanted to get some normal pearls to design a dress, but I discovered this surprise instead." Abigail smiled, satisfied with the trip to Eastbay.

"This is so beautiful." Luna could not resist and touched the pearl Abigail gave her.

"Take your time admiring it. I'm heading home." Abigail stood up and told her while pinching her face lightly.

"Okay. Rest well. Don't worry about rushing the design." Luna stood up with her. Then, she muttered, "I've got to find myself a jewelry designer now so I can wear this baby soon!"

Abigail could not help but laugh. Compared to the peace on her side, there was a thunderstorm on Eric's side.

As soon as he posted his statement, Josh immediately called him. "Why didn't you discuss this with me before posting on Twitter? Even if you disagree with the marriage, we should discuss this. You've upset Kelly now," Josh said and sighed.

"You told me not to take the words of elders as edicts, but you keep meeting me for Kelly. I've always come up with an excuse. You should know my feelings. I know you hope I can treat her like how I treated Abigail, but I just can't do it." Eric did not deny that he hurt Kelly.

He simply harbored no feelings toward Kelly, nor could he transfer a part of his feelings for Abigail to her.

"You're too impulsive. Kelly's just returned, and your statement embarrassed her. My parents dote on her, and your actions will cause endless problems for Abigail, do you understand?" Josh's voice went chilly.

He would not interfere if Eric wanted to pursue other things. However, Eric mentioned that he disagreed with the engagement, which was akin to disrespecting the elders of both families just for Abigail.

At first, the elders of both families thought they had the wrong person and felt bad for intruding on Abigail's family. So, they pretended not to know that Eric went to Eastbay to find her, but now,

Josh's father was furious since Kelly was dragged into this.

Eric calmed down and frowned. After a long time, he said in a low voice, "I'll protect her. No matter what they do, I won't let them harm Abigail."

Josh sighed. "You're so stubborn. If you want to pursue her, you should do it slowly. I'll comfort Kelly. You should talk this out with your parents so they won't find trouble with Abigail."

Even if Abigail was not Josh's sister or Eric's originally appointed fiancée, their desire to protect her had never changed.

After hanging up the phone, Josh was still frowning with his phone in his hands.

"Josh." Kelly's voice rang from behind him.

When he turned around, he hid the worry on his face and replaced it with a dotting smile. "What's up?"

"Did my return make things difficult for Eric? I saw his post. I'm impressed by him and envy Abigail. If possible, I'll tell her I just got to know Eric and hope she's not affected by the negative news." Her big eyes were filled with obedience.

Then, he walked toward her and patted her head. "It's fine. Eric can handle his problems. Abigail doesn't wish for us to disturb her. Oh, she's the same age as you, so it's not right to call her sis."

"Oh. Okay. I know now." Kelly lowered her eyes like an obedient child.

Josh's heart ached at her response as she had just returned to the family, yet behaved like she was walking on eggshells even though the whole family treated her well. She was obedient and looked like a puppet.

She was told about the marriage between the Davidsons and Pearsons by their parents. Josh had wanted to meet Eric to see if there was chemistry between the two. If there was not, then they would think of a solution. Unexpectedly, Eric refused to meet him and went to Eastbay, leading to such a thing happening.

"If there's nothing else, I'll return to my room, Josh." Kelly's voice once again brought Josh back from his thoughts.

"Okay. Rest well. You don't need to worry about this. Your return is the next best thing. Everything else can be discussed. We'll prioritize your feelings. Even Eric isn't as important as you." He

nodded.

In other words, he was implying to her that the marriage promise between both families could be changed. If Eric was not agreeable to the marriage, the Pearsons could always propose

terminating the marriage contract without considering the Davidsons' feelings.

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Kill Two Birds With One Stone

Kelly returned to her room, closed the door, and sat on the edge of the bed. After some time, she took out her phone and looked at the peacock overtone on the screen. Then, she was lost in thought. It's normal for the Pearsons to be able to afford the Tahitian pearls. However, I doubt Abigail went to Eastbay just to buy a pearl for Luna as jewelry.

Can you guys help me find out what Abigail bought when she went to Eastbay? In return, I'll assist you with something—to wipe out anyone who knows the truth about the Pearson Family. After she was done editing her message, she sent it with a smile.

In the meantime, Abigail sneezed.

“Did you catch a cold when you visited Eastbay?” Analise hurried over and touched her forehead.

“No. It's just that my nose suddenly itched. Maybe because Orangie is around?” replied Abigail as she rubbed her nose and looked at the orange cat crouching at her feet.

“Nonsense. I've always used the cat supplies that Luna bought for me. There's never a single strand of cat fur in the house.” Analise refused to admit that Orangie might be the cause of Abigail's sneeze.

“I'm just saying,” said Abigail as she let out a yawn.

“Just go and sleep if you're tired. Don't push yourself too hard.” Analise patted her shoulder.

“I know,” replied Abigail. It was just that she wanted to spend more time with her grandma.

As Analise looked at her for a while, she casually asked, “It's been some time since the Pearsons looked for you.”

Hearing her words, Abigail knew she was concerned about her. “They won't look for us anymore, They've already found the person they were looking for. Don't worry. It's all a misunderstanding.” To ease Analise's concerns, she decided to tell her the truth.

When Analise heard it, she was shocked. “They've found her?”

“What's wrong?” Abigail looked at her.

Immediately, Analise waved her hands and said, “It's nothing. It's good that they've found her. Did you meet the child? Does she resemble you in any way?”

“No. I didn't get the time. Plus, it's not my business, nothing interesting. Anyway, you can rest easy from now on, Grandma. Nobody will ever come to take your granddaughter away again,” Abigail said softly.

Hearing her words, Analise managed a forced smile and did not say anything. Instead, she absentmindedly watched the TV while holding Orangie.

After this matter had passed, Abigail returned to her room. As she recalled Analise's odd reaction, she could not help but let her thoughts wander. Is Grandma disappointed because I'm not the daughter of the Pearson Family? Or perhaps she was worried about me being taken away but also secretly hoped that the Pearsons would recognize me? However, Grandma isn't one to seek personal gain. She's an honest person. Hence, there is no way she'd want me to be mistaken for the Pearson Family's daughter just because they were rich. If she has a connection with the Pearson Family, what's with the girl they found?

As she thought about it, her mind was a mess. She ran her fingers through her hair and decided to message Luna when Sean called. At that moment, she accidentally answered his call. Then, she reluctantly held her phone to her ear.

“Are you at home?” he asked straightforwardly.

“What’s the matter?” She countered.

“I missed you. That’s all.” Sean’s voice was low and husky.

“Oh, I see,” Abigail responded with an expressionless face. She wondered if he got any inspiration from Eric’s post to be so straightforward.

He fell silent momentarily before asking, “Do you have any thoughts about Eric’s post?”

Hearing his words, she did not answer immediately. She thought about her feelings when she read the post and replied, “I don’t know. It felt strange realizing that I’ve also had moments when I had been on someone’s mind for three years.”

“Okay. I understand,” said Sean. Then, he ended the call.

Abigail held her phone and felt puzzled by his response. Meanwhile, Sean was with Kevin. He held a can of beer in one hand and his phone in the other, silently staring at her name. From the moment he saw that post, he was unsettled. Finally, under Kevin’s prodding, he made the call, and the outcome was as they had expected.

“Damn...” Kevin took a sip of his beer and had mixed feelings. After all, Eric had defied everyone to clear Abigail’s name and increase Alana’s popularity. Any woman would be touched by his actions. Now, people were shipping the duo on social media. No one had remembered the once assistant and president’s couple pairing.

“If she falls for it, it’ll be troublesome,” he expressed his concerns as he looked at Sean, who had remained silent for a long time.

“I know.” Sean put down his phone and lowered his eyes. He was in deep thought.

Looking at him, Kevin placed his beer down and asked, “What’s your plan?”

“The Davidsons won’t agree to this. Even if Eric is persistent about this, there’s no use. His family gave him everything. The reason he dares to go against the entertainment agency is because his parents opened it for his sake.” Sean looked at Kevin.

“You’ve done your research. What’s next, then?” Kevin asked, appearing attentive.

“Then, it’s time for us to take action. The entertainment industry is full of unknown dangers. They will surely do something bad to Abby to crush Eric’s spirit.” Sean’s eyes darkened.

“Kill two birds with one stone, huh...” Kevin mumbled.

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Running Out of Plan

Neither the Davidsons nor the Pearsons would harm their family members. Moreover, Abigail was the only outsider involved in this matter. Thus, to have Eric learn his lesson, she would have to bear the brunt./

“Keep an eye on the internet for now. I’ll handle the rest,” said Sean.

In theory, Abigail should not have any dirt about her when being Alana. However, there was still a possibility that the others would fake rumors about her.

“Alright. Make sure to look after your grandma. The only disadvantage for Abigail now is that she hadn’t gotten a divorce from you yet when she was in Ragos. They may use this as a point and label her a homewrecker.” Kevin, being a seasoned entertainment industry insider, knew just how ruthless people within the industry could be.

Sean hummed and nodded in agreement. As they talked, his phone rang abruptly. It was Cameron. He answered the phone and asked, “What’s the matter?”

“Joan wants to meet you,” said Cameron, his voice tense.

In that split second, Sean’s face turned cold, and he replied coldly, “Let her wait. I’m busy right now.” With that, he hung up the call

Kevin said sarcastically, “Joan still hasn’t changed after she’s out of prison. She’s still trying to gaslight you, treating you like a pushover.”

“Let her be for now,” Sean responded calmly.

If Joan were smarter, she would have chosen a better path to walk. Unfortunately, she was too greedy.

“Want her to get desperate?” Kevin asked.

Sean lowered his gaze and took a sip of his drink without answering.

Once again rejected by Sean, Joan tossed her phone angrily onto the bed. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her breathing was rapid. “Sean! How dare you treat me like this!” Tears rolled down from her eyes, and her resentful gaze slowly turned into a sinister one. “Since to show me mercy, don’t blame me for being ruthless either!” Then, she sobbed on the bed.

you refused

After a long time, she got up and went to the bathroom with red and puffy eyes. Half an hour later, she left her apartment, looking fresh and vibrant as she made her way to the entrance of the residential building.

Ever since she was released from the police station, she had been staying at her apartment. This was the first time she had stepped outside.

She hailed a cab and would occasionally glance at her phone.

Soon, she arrived at a bar. As she entered, she eagerly wore her wireless earphones and walked through the bustling crowd. “I’m here..Are you sure Sean’s men won’t find out?” she asked in a low

voice.

“They won’t,” the person replied.

Then, Joan entered a private room. She was the only one there and had ordered many drinks, pretending to be there to drown her sorrows.

“The only way to make Sean back down is to go after his grandma.” The man’s husky voice sounded deviously cunning through the earphones.

Hearing his words, she pursed her lips and hesitated. “If we fail this time, we’ll have no way out.” After all, she knew that Sean seemed to have spared her once for hurting Abigail. However, laying a finger on Lina might cost her her life.

“Do you think we still have a way out? Your brother is detained right now, and we have no idea how much evidence Abigail has handed to the court for his prosecution. If he gets sentenced, it’ll be a second-time offense, and the punishment will be severe. Hence, your brother can’t go to prison! Joan, the only way to get your brother out now is to force Sean to pressure Abigail into withdrawing her lawsuit and calling it a misunderstanding.” The man’s tone was cunning.

Joan clenched her teeth and said nothing. To be honest, she did not care what would happen to Kingston. The reason for her frequent contact with Sean was simply an attempt to have him keep on supporting her. Without Sean, she had nothing to maintain her life. She did not know how to do anything and lacked a talent like Abigail. Moreover, the 4.5 million he had given her now left over 1.5 million, insufficient to cover her expenses!

“I’ve got a plan for you. Just do as I say, and it’ll work. I guarantee it!” The man did not notice her emotions and continued discussing with her.

“Tell me what to do,” she replied, acting obedient and attentive, even though she was absent-minded. If his plan fails, I’ll come up with my plan. Kingston had indeed committed a crime. Instead of wasting my opportunities on him and offending Sean, it’s best to find a way that benefits me without displeasing Sean. Once the misunderstanding between us cleared up, he would treat me like normal, and I would support Kingston after his release.

“I’ve done my research. Sean has moved out of the Graham Estate for some time. Old Mrs. Graham would visit and cook for him three times a week. All we need to do is to avoid Sean and approach Old Mrs. Graham to gain her trust. Later, we can resort to the same trick. We’ll abduct her. When that happens, he will undoubtedly force Abigail to withdraw the lawsuit to protect his grandmother,” the man explained in detail.

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Joan hummed in response and asked, “When do we start?”

“She’ll be leaving tomorrow. I’ll let you know the route. It’s up to you whether you can gain her trust,” the man replied.

She hummed but suddenly added, “I have an idea.

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Innocent Victim

The weather in July was getting hotter. What frustrated Abigail was that the Davidson Family unilaterally canceled the design she had just completed for Eric's grandmother. Of course, they had also audaciously forfeited the initial twenty percent deposit.

Her assistant was so furious that she ranted for about ten minutes. "Why didn't they inform us about this earlier? They were wasting our time. Do they think designing is something easy?"

"You're getting me all riled up. Hurry up and get some ice cream. We can cool down together" Although Abigail maintained a calm facade, she was also internally dissatisfied. She knew Eric's actions had likely angered his family, so they were venting their anger on her. Not wanting her design was probably the start of a show because she was sure there would be more awaiting her.

Still, she could not believe this matter had become her fault when it was Eric who confessed to her.

While Abigail was in thought, the assistant returned with the ice cream. She opened the packaging for Abigail and continued, "The Davidsons are being petty about this. Eric likes you, not the other way around. So, why should they make things hard on you?"

"Let's have some ice cream to cool off." Abigail knew that her assistant was standing up for her. Although her assistant was usually gossip-prone, she was on Abigail's side when crucial moments occurred,

As Abigail spoke, her phone rang. Seeing that it was Eric calling, she answered the call. "I'm aware of the canceled order. There seems to be a misunderstanding, but it wasn't my parents' or grandmother's intention for this to happen," he explained anxiously.

"It's fine if you cancel it. Let's say L.Moon is put online for people to purchase it. Will your family come and say this isn't what they want?" she asked calmly,

Facing her question, Eric felt ashamed. After all, his impulsive decision caused her so much trouble,

"I'm sorry about these, but I can't evade what's already happened or what's next. I just want to tell you that no matter what, I will stand by your side and protect you. You don't need to sell this design to anyone else. I'll buy it from you." He acted as if he was ready to stand alongside her to

face this.

Hearing his words, Abigail frowned. "You're not the only customer who cancels the order, Eric. However, there's a rule in our studio. If a customer cancels an order without any valid reason, we'll blacklist them and cease any chances of cooperation. Even if we know each other, I will not sell the design to you."

Seeing that she was going to discuss important matters, her assistant quickly left the office.

With this statement, Abigail had added Eric to the studio's blacklist. In the future, unless a director from his film crew ordered clothes, L.Moon would not cooperate with individuals related to him or himself.

"I'm still investigating this matter. I don't know why the order was

was canceled-" His voice was

hoarse.

She interrupted him and said, "Eric, although you're prepared to face the challenges with me, I don't want any of it. I'm an innocent victim. I don't need to bear the trouble your family has caused me, nor do I need to face all of this with you, let alone acce

the consequences your family wants to teach me."

Eric said nothing and breathed shakily.

"If the person you like has to suffer with you, maybe you shouldn't like anyone at all. If your/ family are such characters... I'm sorry, but there's not even the slightest chance we'll be together." Then, she immediately hung up the phone. Initially, she thought the Davidsons were wonderful people since they could raise someone like Eric. However, she

lized she had been wrong.

"What's gotten you so angry, little junior?"

She looked

Just as she set her phone down, she heard Anthony's voice from her office door and was surprised. However, recalling what Sean had said, her feelings became somewhat complex.

"It's just something work-related. I'm not a saint, so there are times I will get angry," Abigail replied jokingly.

over

Anthony walked over and sat down on the couch. Although he appeared casual, he was guessing if she was saying those words to him on purpose. Ronaldo had told him what Sean had said in Eastbay but did not know what impression Abigail currently had of him. Hence, he was here today to make up for it.

"We have a class reunion next week. The professor said you must attend it," he informed, looking somewhat troubled.

"Why would they suddenly organize a class reunion?" she asked, sending a spoonful of ice cream into her mouth.

Anthony did not answer her question. Instead, he smiled and said, "You still love eating ice cream on hot summer days, don't you? I remember back in the days, you used to eat it all the time in the summer."

"Is that so? I eat it anytime," she replied, avoiding his topic.

Her response left Anthony somewhat stifled.

"You're now famous in our design department. The professor probably wants to use the reunion as an opportunity to ask for your help," he explained.

Abigail understood that. After all, whenever there was a notable figure in the department, the

school would usually use them as a role model for the juniors. Even the professor who had taught them in the past would feel proud of their alumni,

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Every Success Comes With a Great Challenge

Abigail couldn't refuse the professor's request since she was now a public figure. She needed to be cautious with her words and actions. Moreover, she also had to act modestly in the professor's presence and at the school.

"When is the reunion? I need to check my schedule," Abigail asked as she looked at Anthony.

"It's on Tuesday. It's a working day, but it will be held after 6.00PM. I did tell the professor that you're very busy, and she said a two-hour gathering wouldn't take much of your time," Anthony said gently. He was still a considerate person, like how Abigail knew.

Abigail nodded and replied, "Okay. Please send me the hotel address where the reunion will be held."

"Sure Anthony stood up. Then, he looked at Abigail hesitantly, seemingly as if he had something to say.

However, Abigail pretended not to see it. At this moment, she was getting fed up. Whether it Eric or Anthony, she felt it was hard to communicate with them.

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"Send my regards to the professor. It's getting late, and I still have some work to get done. Please excuse me. Oh, by the way, thank you for introducing me to Mr. Fernandez. He has some excellent quality pearls, and I'm quite satisfied with them," Abigail said as she stood up, wearing a fake smile.

Anthony froze momentarily but maintained his usual elegant demeanor. "I'm glad you like them."

When he left Abigail's office, his usual gentle composure faded away. He took a deep breath and left.

On the other hand, Abigail and her assistant went to the warehouse.

The fabric and accessories they used for the birthday dress they made for Eric's grandmother were now bought back. These materials were expensive, and they needed to sell them out. Thus, the only thing they could do was redesign it. Once it turned into a finished product, the Davidsons would surely cause trouble again.

"Double-check it, especially the length of the fabric and the quantity of the gold thread and other materials. I need precise numbers," Abigail stated after inspecting the materials. Then, she turned around and left.

The length of the fabric determined the style she could design, and the amount of gold thread dictated the patterns she could embroider. Knowing the gold thread's exact quantity would allow her to make adjustments when drawing the design. She wouldn't give away the design to anyone that the Davidsons

didn't want. After all, this was an insult to herself and her clients. She would treat it as a discarded draft

Abigail felt relaxed after giving the two men who had annoyed her the cold shoulder. Initially, she thought this was over. However, during dinner, while she was scrolling through her Instagram feed, she noticed someone had mentioned her. A user named 'Davidson's Girl' had tagged her, mentioning her name as Alana, and posted a post questioning her.

'As an internationally renowned designer, I was promised that you would design a dress for my grandmother on her birthday. However, because of a few amateur family members, you canceled our order and even blacklisted our entire family. Is this reasonable? My grandmother is waiting for her dress and genuinely loves your designs. Your actions have hurt her feelings. Is it fair for your studio to blacklist a client without any investigation? Or do you guys want to take away the 20% deposit? Are you being arrogant because you've gained international recognition? My cousin Eric Davidson has treated you well. Before he collaborated with Lexie Chambers, he had replaced the previous designer

just to have you make the dress for my grandmother, gaining benefits for L.Moon. Yet, you now have blacklisted out the entire Davidson Family. Don't you think you're being harsh on Eric? After all, he has always supported you, even scolding the others when they went too far. Yet, this is what you give him in return?'

This post had gained much attention since it mentioned Eric's name. Eric's name had become a trending topic on Instagram, so the person's post attracted various marketing accounts. After many shares, it had climbed to the end of the trending list.

However, just as Abigail clicked on the post, it had disappeared. The webpage showed that the post didn't exist and had been deleted by the author.

At that moment, Abigail looked at the screen with a baffled expression. Like any other netizen, she didn't understand what happened. Then, as she aimlessly browsed Instagram for about ten minutes, she suddenly stumbled upon an Instagram post by Sean. Since she followed Sean's account, she would get notice whenever Sean posted anything.

Tagging Davidson Girl, he wrote, 'Is the Davidson Family bullying Alana because she has no one backing her up? How dare you question her when it was your family members who caused trouble for her? If you can't manage your own people, don't be so impulsive about it. If your family enjoys toying with others, please find a designer who is willing to be toyed with. As a high-status family, don't harass a newly established studio. Would it take me to expose the real motives behind this incident for you to stop bothering her? Keep some dignity for yourself.'

When Abigail read Sean's post, she realized the post earlier was probably deleted because Sean had taken action.

However, she wondered how he found out about it so quickly.

Abigail closed the app and wanted to ask Sean about it. However, she didn't know how to do it. She knew this situation with the Davidsons canceling their order was more complex than it seemed. It could have been a trap initially, intending to lure her into it. This time, Sean intervened promptly and saved her from much trouble. She knew that if he hadn't intervened, she might have fallen into many more

traps set by the Davidsons. She would be mentally exhausted once she was done repeatedly clarifying the situation.

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Right or Wrong

Abigail didn't want to ask Sean. After hesitating for some time, she sent a message to Kevin, her fingers trembling slightly.

"Did Mr. Graham find any useful information?"

She took a deep breath and then held her phone, waiting anxiously. Although she had just sent the message, her palms were already starting to sweat.

In less than a minute, she received a reply from Kevin.

"Ms. Quinn, I'm not sure what you mean. Has Mr. Graham done something?"

Abigail hadn't expected this response from Kevin. She pursed her lips and typed slowly.

"Oh. I was referring to the incident on social media. You can go take a look."

Kevin was always keeping an eye on the online world, so there was no way he wouldn't know about the incident. He hoped that Abigail would ask Sean directly.

"Alright, Ms. Quinn, but if you're in a hurry, you can always ask him yourself. After all, if it's about you and him, he'll definitely tell you."

After Abigail acknowledged his message, she didn't immediately approach Sean. Instead, she logged onto her social media.

Sean was already on it, and he had set up notifications for when Abigail came online. He noticed her login and waited for her as she read through the comments on his posts.

Can Mr. Graham and Alana really be together? From assistant and CEO to now designer and CEO, this pairing is not bad at all! I'm shipping them so hard that I'm about to go crazy!

I'm quite curious why that girl from the Davidsons deleted her social media. Was it because of false statements? Were they having a fight online? This is getting interesting.

The entertainment industry is really messy, and I'm waiting for more juicy gossip. I'm completely lost right now. Is this pairing even that good? Alana is now trending so much that, to be honest, I'm getting tired of seeing this name!

There were both positive and negative comments. Abigail closed her social media, still unsure about whether she should message Sean.

At that moment, Sean called her. Her fingers trembled, and she took a deep breath before answering.

"Hello, Abigail answered, trying to sound normal.

Sean made a sound of acknowledgment. He had received a message from Kevin, prompting him to call Abigail.

“Kevin messaged me, saying you wanted to ask me something. What is it?” he inquired. His tone was calm as usual, with just a hint of the gentleness he reserved for her.

Abigail, feeling more at ease now, got straight to the point. “Did you find out about the Davidsons canceling the order? Was it a straightforward matter?”

“The cancellation of the order was indeed the doing of the younger Davidsons, but it wasn’t just a casual act. It was a calculated move to tarnish your reputation after you announced the end of your collaboration with them,” Sean explained calmly, though his gaze was dark, and a chilling aura surrounded him.

Though it wasn’t clear whether the older Davidsons were involved or if they approved of the younger generation’s actions, it didn’t matter to Sean. He only needed to know that the Davidsons had bullied Abigail, and he was determined to strike back hard.

Abigail hesitated for a moment before she murmured, “Sean?”

“Yes?” Sean responded naturally. He didn’t realize how gentle his voice had become.

Abigail’s grip on her phone tightened. Her tone grew more formal. “Thank you for your help this time. If there’s anything I can do in the future, I won’t hesitate to help.”

Sean felt a pang in his heart. Resuming his usual tone, he said, “Alright. There’s no need to worry about the online comments. The younger Davidsons won’t dare to push their luck too far.”

“Thank you.” Abigail quickly said her thanks and then hung up.

“You’re always so busy... You can’t even have a meal without holding your phone,” Analise remarked, giving Abigail a bowl of soup. “Look at how thin you’ve become.”

“Thank you, Grandma,” Abigail replied, suppressing a smile. The whirlwind of thoughts Sean had stirred up in her mind finally settled in this moment of her grandmother’s care.

“Is it Sean? Why are you still in contact with him?” Analise asked, concerned. She didn’t interfere with Abigail’s work, but she worried that if Abigail continued to interact with Sean, his grandmother might come to scold them again.

“He helped me out with something related to work. I just wanted to thank him. After all, I shouldn’t owe anyone anything,” Abigail explained cautiously, afraid of being scolded by Analise.

Analise let out a light sigh at that. “Your job is just too complicated. If you’re not short of money, consider changing to something else. As long as you don’t have too much contact with him, anything should be fine. His grandmother is not easy to get along with. We’d better keep our distance.”

“I’m actually in need of money. When have I ever not been short of money?” Abigail joked.

Analise gave her granddaughter a light tap on the head. “Every time I tell you, you never listen.... What’s this about the Davidsons canceling an order?”

“Grandma, you never used to care about these things. Why are you interested today?” Abigail asked as she looked at Analise with a playful expression.

Analise’s face turned stern. “I care about you, that’s why. If you don’t want me asking about your work, then I won’t!”

“I didn’t mean that. It’s just that this matter is a bit complicated. I’m afraid you’d get upset, alright?” Abigail sighed, the smile fading from her face, only to be replaced by a look of vexation. and helplessness.

[Chapter 268](#)

Threats

Analise’s expression softened as she sat at the dining table, but there was a hint of worry in her eyes.

“Why would the Davidsons suddenly target your work? Is it related to the heiress from the Pearson Family?” she couldn’t help but ask.

Abigail looked at her grandmother with confusion. “How is it related to her? It’s just that Eric and I had a little issue that got blown out of proportion online. It’s complicated, but in short, the Davidsons are unhappy with me now.”

“Why is it complicated? Why would they have a problem with you out of nowhere? Explain this to me! I might not interfere with your affairs, but if you’re being bullied, I can’t just stand by and do nothing!” Analise was visibly angry, with her hands on her hips and her brows furrowed.

“Grandma, don’t be upset. Be careful of your blood pressure. It’s just that Eric is related to the Pearson Family through a marriage arrangement. He didn’t want to say that he liked me openly, and then the Davidsons started disliking me. They even canceled the order they had placed with studio,” Abigail explained, feeling a bit embarrassed.

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Analise looked at her in silence for a while before swiftly getting up to clear the dishes.

“I’ll keep my distance from them in the future. I won’t let myself get into a bad situation again just because of something like this. I won’t let you worry, Grandma,” Abigail assured, noticing that her grandmother was upset.

“I’m not upset with you. It’s late. Go rest,” Analise said, her tone low.

She was upset with herself.

“Grandma...” Abigail began to say.

Analise suddenly looked up and gazed at her with a loving expression. “I don’t have that much free time to worry about all these messy matters of yours. You’re an adult now, and you can handle these things on your own. I won’t meddle in your affairs.”

Abigail nodded with a smile upon hearing her words.

Once Abigail was in her room, Analise put down the cutlery, sat on a chair, and murmured absentmindedly, "Darling, did I do the right thing or the wrong thing..."

Abigail arrived early at the studio. Her assistant approached her with a nervous expression, smiling as she spoke. "A jeweler is here, and he's waiting for you in your office."

1. 1. A jeweler visiting her studio out of the blue was quite odd, especially since L Moon and jewelry
"Alright, I'll go take a look, Abigail said, heading toward her office.

The assistant continued, "Also, Micah, the designer, submitted the resignation this morning. Miss Smith is on a business trip and doesn't know yet. We're short-stalled at the moment. HR hasn't approved it yet. We're waiting for your decision and Miss Smith's"

Abigail massaged her temples as she asked, "Did she come today?"

"No," the assistant replied.

"I'll call her later. Have HR hold off on any action for now." Abigail said before entering her office with a smile

The jeweler was a middle-aged man named Chad Lancome. He was dressed in a burgundy handmade suit, and his fingers were adorned with exquisite rings, but his appearance was rather ordinary

Upon seeing Abigail, he stood up from his chair immediately and greeted her with a smile. "Ms. Quinn, I'm Chad Lancome, the head of Katie Jewelry"

"Hello, I'm Abigail Quinn" she replied, thereafter approaching and taking a seat.

"I know you must be very busy, so let me get straight to the point, I'm interested in purchasing the peacock overtones pearls that Ronaldo sold to you. I have a wealthy client in Capitalis who wants to use these pearls to create a set of jewelry for her family reunion banquet. Price is not an issue, as long as you are willing to part with them, any amount will do," Chad explained leisurely. His tone polite.

However, Abigail was more intrigued by the mention of a family reunion banquet.

Can it be Kelly? Capitalis... A family reunion banquet...

No matter how Abigail thought about it, she couldn't help but think of Kelly

That being said, her transaction with Ronaldo hadn't been publicized. It was impossible for anyone to know that Ronaldo had sold the peacock overtones pearls to her unless they specifically investigated.

In the end, Abigail pushed aside her thoughts and gave a calm response. "Tim sorry, but I won't sell them at any price."

Chad smiled faintly as he commented, "My client specifically requested your pearls. If you offend her, it won't be beneficial for you."

"Mr. Lancome, the deal won't go through. Are you going to use lowly tactics? Please try to tell you

client that since these pearls were acquired by L.Moon, they are now even more valuable than gold. They are not for sale!” Abigail spoke with a smile, yet her gaze turned ice-cold. She lifted her chin slightly, a touch of mockery in her tone.

“It’s just one thousand Marimora pearls. Why go through all this trouble to offend a wealthy heiress? L.Moon is very new, and it would be difficult for it to recover from a setback,” Chad said casually, lifting his coffee cup and taking a leisurely sip.

“Mr. Lancome, this conference room is equipped with surveillance. If anything happens to L.Moon down the line, I will make sure to take you and that heiress to court. The discussion is over. Please leave,” Abigail stated, her tone unwavering.

She pushed back her chair and stood up before calling out to her assistant outside, “Escort Mr. Lancome out!”

[Chapter 269](#)

Did Josh Agree?

Seeing Abigail so angry, her assistant quickly entered the room and glanced at Chad, who was smirking. She immediately stated in a cold tone, “Please leave!”

Chad set down his coffee and slowly stood up. He looked at Abigail with a disdainful expression. “Ms. Quinn, I know that you have Mr. Graham backing you, as well as East Joy Talent. However, East Joy Talent is busy keeping an eye on the Davidsons for you. As for Sean, he hasn’t even resolved things with the Palmers. How does he have time to deal with you?”

Abigail turned her head, her gaze as sharp as a knife that pierced through Chad,

Meanwhile, Chad continued, “You may threaten to use the surveillance footage against me, L.Moon really so clean? Consider this carefully—if you sell those thousand pearls, L. Moon gains a friend in me. If you’re not selling them, L.Moon might find it difficult to operate.

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After he finished speaking, he ignored the anger in Abigail’s assistant’s eyes as he raised his chin proudly and left.

Once he was gone, the assistant walked up to Abigail and looked at her with concern. “What should we do?”

“I need some time to think. Don’t worry,” Abigail replied calmly, leaning against the table.

Could there be something wrong with L.Moon?

The truth was, Abigail wasn’t sure.

Luna and Abigail had established L.Moon, and the latter hadn’t intervened in the past three years. Luna, being a newcomer, had slowly built it up. Is there a problem somewhere?

Abigail was definitely not going to sell the pearls. These thousand pearls were not only meant to pave the way for Ronaldo's pearl business but also to establish L.Moon!

"I'll call Micah first. You go ahead and do what you need to do," Abigail said, feeling that Micah's resignation must be related to this.

Abigail dialed Micah's number, but no matter how many times she called, there was no answer.

She came out of her office and immediately instructed her assistant, "Notify security to check the surveillance footage. Also, check all computer usage records for me!"

Abigail then called Luna.

She called three times before Luna finally picked up.

"Did you discuss the contract with Kelly?" Abigail asked immediately.

"No, she said she's too busy these days and asked me to wait until she has the time to let me know. She wanted me to come to Capitalis and sign the contract with her. Why?" Luna felt that Abigail sounded a bit tense, and her own heart started to race.

"There's a problem with Kelly. Don't bother signing the contract. I'm going to the finance department. Finish up what you're doing and come back as soon as possible," Abigail commented, not giving Luna a chance to ask further. She then hung up and headed to the finance department.

"Let me see the payment record of 657 thousand from that day!" Abigail ordered as she arrived. She was determined to investigate who this Kelly was and why she was causing trouble for the studio.

"Ms. Quinn, take a look at this," the finance staff said, moving aside.

Abigail saw that the payment came from Josh's account, and a shiver ran down her spine.

Kelly... The family reunion banquet... So, she's the heiress of the Pearson Family who has been found!

"Return the money. Tell her that we'll make the payment when the contract is signed," Abigail said, then turned and left.

Josh knows that Kelly has paid 657 thousand for a dress from me and even sent the payment himself. Does he not realize how inappropriate this is?

Back in her office, Abigail sat down with a stern expression.

The head of security came to her office and reported in a serious tone, "Ms. Quinn, Micah used virus stored on her phone to infiltrate your computer and copy the design files."

Abigail looked up at that. "Has it been reported to the police?"

"It's already been reported," the head of security replied.

"What kind of job are you doing? I have to ask you to check the surveillance footage every day. Have you checked? When did this happen?" Abigail stood up, her voice cold with anger.

The head of security hung his head, trembling as he spoke. "It happened the day before yesterday after work. She said she had to fix a design that wasn't done well and decided to stay overtime. We didn't expect her to steal the design files."

"You'd better pray that Micah hasn't left the country. If the police can't handle it, I'll handle it myself!" Abigail growled, then waved for him to leave.

Once he was gone, Abigail's breathing gradually grew heavier.

Her computer and tablet were from the same brand, and she had synchronized all the design files. Theoretically, it shouldn't have been possible to breach her computer and tablet through conventional means. However, Micah had used a particular method. Why would she go to such

lengths to steal the design files? Can it be related to Kelly?

Abigail suddenly felt like she had unknowingly walked into a trap.

This trap had been set silently, and she hadn't noticed a thing.

After taking a moment to calm down, she called Ronaldo.

When he answered, he greeted her in an Eastbay accent, "How do you have time to call me? Did you finish the design and want me to take a look? Or is it that you miss the seafood and want me to send some over?"

"Mr. Fernandez, I need your help with something serious." Abigail's voice was stern as she explained, "This matter concerns L.Moon, as well as the development of your Marimora pearls business. Will you help?"

Ronaldo's tone became serious too. "Tell me what you need. If it's something I can do, I'll definitely help you."

"Well, the company is facing a very serious problem, Abigail slowly explained to him.

Being anxious and flustered would not help in this situation. She needed to address the issue as quickly as possible to minimize the losses. Design files could be redrawn, but some of them had already been made into clothes. If a large number of counterfeit products flooded the market, these clothes wouldn't sell and would result in significant financial losses.

[Chapter 270](#)

Kevin Is Ensnared

Cameron hastily entered Sean's office, and as he pushed the door open, he immediately began to report, "L.Moon is in trouble. The police have already arrived at their studio."

At his words, Sean abruptly stood up. "What's going on?" He couldn't contain his urge to go to L.Moon immediately.

"They say there's an insider at the studio who used a virus to steal all the design drafts from Mrs. Graham's computer. The studio has already reported it to the police, and they are collecting evidence

right now. Kevin is also embroiled in a scandal. East Joy Talent's focus is on it completely. I checked, and it's very damaging." Cameron's expression grew serious.

As Sean leaned on his desk, his eyes revealed a hint of cold determination. "So many things happening at once can't be coincidental; it's deliberate."

Cameron watched him, waiting for his next words.

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"Now that East Joy Talent is in trouble, I suspect it will be my turn soon. Well, this is interesting," Sean said with a smile, though the smile was cold enough to freeze one's bones.

"What's Kevin's scandal?" He sat back in his chair and crossed his legs.

"Kevin is known for his romantic pursuits and has had several girlfriends. His previous girlfriend claimed to be pregnant with his child and had an abortion. Now, she's unable to conceive, and her family has caused a scene at his company. It's a complete mess," Cameron replied with his head lowered, and his tone was somewhat awkward.

Sean's expression was indescribably grim at this point. "Is there concrete evidence for this?"

"I looked at the post, and it seems genuine, but given the current situation, it's possible that he's being framed," Cameron explained..

"That guy." Sean touched his tongue to his palate, then spoke in a low tone. "This scandal could be something the Davidsons dug up to deal with him. Investigate furthe

"Got it," Cameron responded promptly.

On the other hand, when Abigail finished her discussion with Ronaldo, her assistant informed her about Kevin's scandal.

With her hand propping her chin, Abigail looked at the Instagram post bashing Kevin. The timeline in the woman's story was neatly organized, and there were screenshots of WhatsApp conversations. After comparing the account's profile picture with Kevin's, she realized that if it wasn't photoshopped, it was indeed him.

While she had heard that he frequently changed girlfriends, she had never met any of them.

Moreover, her interactions with Kevin had been brief.

Nonetheless, the fact that the scandal emerged several months after the incident with his ex- girlfriend was just strange.

The moment Abigail recalled what Chad had mentioned, her brows furrowed.

This situation led her to think about Sean and the Palmers. To this day, she still didn't know how Kingston had become Sean's savior.

Abigail then dialed Kevin's number. It didn't take long before he answered the call.

"How are things... on your end?" Her voice held a trace of concern.

Kevin couldn't help but chuckle. "Why? Are you worried I can't handle this situation? Don't worry. It'll be cleared up in a couple of days."

"Is this the Davidsons' doing? Both Mr. Graham and you have helped me avoid many troubles behind the scenes, and I'm not an ungrateful person. I called you today to discuss something important." There was a hint of guilt in Abigail's voice.

Throughout the conversation, Kevin maintained a relaxed tone. "I might be fickle in love, but I wouldn't harm my ex-girlfriends without reason. As long as you believe that, there's no need for further comforting words."

"As long as you are guilt-free, that's what matters. You don't need others to believe in you," she said gently.

She understood that Kevin's relationship with his girlfriend was a private matter, and she didn't know the whole story, so she wouldn't rush to take sides. After all, the issue of abortion leading to lifelong infertility was serious.

"Okay, I understand your point. I will investigate this thoroughly. As for the Davidsons..." Kevin's initially relaxed tone suddenly turned icy. "It's better if Eric remains oblivious to this. Otherwise, I won't show mercy to him."

"Mr. Stewart..."

"Ms. Quinn, this situation is not our fault. Eric publicly approached you, and the media's attention sparked the controversy. Mr. Graham and I are just supporting our friend. If we didn't lend a helping hand when our friends were in trouble, we would be extremely selfish." He reverted to his casual tone.

"Thank you, but I need to tell you something important. It seems that Kelly, the heiress found by the Pearson Family, might be involved." Abigail's voice turned solemn when she mentioned that.

Kelly had already caused quite a stir without even making a public appearance, indicating she wasn't a simple person. With the backing of the Pearson Family, even if Josh wasn't directly

involved, others would naturally try to gain her favor, especially as she was the recently found Pearson Family's heiress.

The best example of this was Chad

Kevin's tone became stern as he asked, "How did you know that the Pearson Family's recently found heiress is called Kelly?"

"It seems you knew this even before I did, Abigail replied instinctively. Of course, Sewn Jund out about that in Capitalis and also informed him.

"I've heard about it. Has she contacted you?" he inquired.

"She called once, saying she wanted to order a dress for a family reunion banquet. She told me her name but didn't reveal her identity as the Pearson Family's recovered heiress. But I've now figured it out," she explained.

Despite being thousands of miles apart and never having met, Abigail had sensed hostility from her interactions with Kelly. Kelly's words when she ordered the dress, the sum she offered, and her recent actions to steal the pearl all pointed to malicious intent.