

Spare Wife 271

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The Unimpressive Sean

"This time, we have a formidable opponent. Let's talk more about it tonight. I'll come to pick you up," Kevin said and quickly hung up the phone. I have to inform Sean about this.

Abigail also wanted to share a few more words with him, but when the call was disconnected, she didn't feel like calling him back. She intended to let him talk to Sean, but now it seemed inevitable that she would have to meet with the latter.

When Luna returned, it was already evening, and Abigail was preparing dinner at home with Analise. As soon as Luna entered the house, she and Abigail quickly returned to their room.

Meanwhile, Analise put her task aside and secretly followed them, leaning against the door to eavesdrop on their conversation.

Luna already knew about the crisis at L.Moon. Since she rushed back from a distance, her face was visibly tired.

"Have some rest first. We'll go out after dinner. This situation involves too many people, and the two of us discussing it won't help much." Abigail patted her on the shoulder.

"Abby, if Micah runs away, will our design drafts be leaked? If that happens, the market will be flooded with counterfeit products, leading to L.Moon's closure, right?" Luna's face turned pale at that.

Seeing her like this, Abigail felt guilty. She sat down beside Luna and held her hand. "I won't let that happen. You have to trust me. If worse comes to worst, I can negotiate with the Pearson Family," Abigail said softly.

Outside the door, when Analise heard that, she slowly moved away and walked into the kitchen with a heavy heart.

The two didn't chat for long, and Abigail asked Luna to rest before going to the kitchen to help her grandmother.

"How is Luna? She doesn't look good," Analise asked with concern, sounding as she usually did.

With her usual expression, Abigail replied, "She's just tired; it's nothing."

Analise nodded and didn't say anything more.

During dinner, Luna didn't eat much. After finishing the meal, the both of them went downstairs together.

Originally, it was Kevin who was supposed to pick her up, but instead, she saw Sean standing by the car. He was tall and imposing. Under the moonlight, his long legs were particularly eye-catching.

When Abigail saw him, it didn't surprise her. It was Luna who turned to look at Abigail immediately.

"Let's go," Abigail held Luna's hand and said warmly.

Only after Luna realized that Abigail knew that Sean would be coming did she finally relax.

Abigail stepped forward and greeted him. "Good evening."

With a nod, Sean opened the car door for Abigail. "Hop in."

After everyone got in, the car drove into the night and stopped at the entrance of Fantasy Bar.

The three of them got out of the car, and it was only then that Sean told Abigail, "Kevin came earlier to make a reservation, so he didn't go to pick you up." It was as if he was afraid she would misunderstand.

"Got it," Abigail replied.

At this moment, Sean noticed that both she and Luna weren't in high spirits and understood that the incident at L.Moon had hit them hard.

Once inside the private room of the bar, they took their seats, and Kevin asked Abigail and Luna, "Do you prefer low-alcohol wine?"

"You can handle the order," Abigail replied.

Leaning back in her chair, Luna suddenly announced, "Bring me a bottle of whiskey."

Abigail knew her friend was in a bad mood and thought it would be good for her to vent.

When Kevin heard her order, he raised an eyebrow and looked at her before saying, "Sure. Let's have a drink and discuss the situation thoroughly to find a good solution."

In fact, Luna felt frustrated. She had previously refused Sean's help, but he had actually been helping them quietly all along.

I've been investigating Micah Carott from your company. I expect there will be some news in the next couple of days. If she's connected to Kelly, you should personally go to the Pearson Family to hold Kelly accountable." Sean got straight to the point after the waiter left to fetch the drinks.

With her hand interlocked, Abigail spoke calmly. "I already have a plan for Micah. You guys are their target now. Mr. Stewart is ensnared, so you must be careful too."

She made this reminder in a very casual manner, but it made Sean's heart swell with happiness.

All this while, Luna kept an eye on Sean and couldn't help but think to herself, Look at him, acting all unimpressive.

"Thank you for the reminder, Ms. Quinn." A smile played on Sean's lips uncontrollably,

"You should also rein in your behavior, Mr. Stewart. It's not easy to clear your name once you've been labeled a playboy." Luna, seeing Kevin sitting there and smiling, couldn't help but remind him aloud.

He has been bashed online, and the stock market of East Joy Talent has been dropping continuously. How can he still be in the mood to smile?

"I'm a playboy, and I deserve criticism. I have nothing to clear." Kevin leaned back on the couch casually, his face a mask of indifference.

Luna couldn't help but purse her lips in disdain.

"How much do you know about Kelly?" Abigail asked Se

After taking a sip from his glass, he replied, "Kelly is not a good person. Besides, the Pearson Family's situation is even more complicated than the Davidson Family's. It would be quite time-consuming to investigate her."

When Abigail went to Eastbay, Sean was concerned for her safety, and they had limited time. And so, he had only investigated some of the Pearson Family's history and had stopped because he didn't consider Kelly a significant threat at the time.

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Awkward

As soon as Abigail leaned back against the couch, she pursed her lips. "I bought a fine batch of Marimora pearls from Mr. Fernandez. Interestingly, a jeweler told me today that there is a wealthy young lady from Capitalis who wishes to acquire this particular batch of pearls to craft into jewelry for her upcoming family reunion banquet. Coincidentally, Kelly commissioned me to make her a dress for her family reunion banquet. I strongly suspect that they are the same person."

Sean looked at her with a cold and stern expression. "You never mentioned your Marimora pearl purchase, but she somehow managed to find out. It seems that she's quite resourceful."

"She even transferred 657 thousand to us! I found the number suspicious at the time. She's really infuriating!" Luna was almost out of breath as she huffed angrily.

"She holds such deep malice against Ms. Quinn, but did Ms. Quinn do anything to wrong her? She's done so many disgusting things openly and in secret!" Kevin's fists tightened.

Abigail thought about it. Kelly's cunningness lay in how she managed to disgust them from various angles. When they finally understood her words, actions, and intentions, they suddenly felt utterly humiliated.

"It does feel like swallowing a bitter pill," Abigail commented.

However, Kelly wasn't merely after the Marimora pearls. She could easily ask the Pearsons to buy them for her.

After Abigail spoke with Ronaldo, she realized that Kelly's previous tactics to disgust her were merely a byproduct of her ultimate goal.

She definitely had hidden intentions.

"Since this batch of Marimora pearls belongs to you, it's yours. Who does Kelly think she is?" Sean glanced at Abigail with a cold gaze.

Kelly had the resources to obtain the Marimora pearls, yet she insisted on taking them from Abigail. Obviously, she was using the Pearsons as leverage to trample on Abigail.

"If she really has connections with those people from the Davidsons who were after me, I don't think I'll let her go!" Kevin snickered through gritted teeth, a sinister smile plastered on his face.

"I'm meeting you guys because I want you to watch out for her. Each of us deals with one threat. Mr. Stewart, you take care of the Davidsons. Mr. Graham, you deal with your affair with the Palmers, and I will personally take care of Kelly!" Abigail uttered those aggressive words with an icy expression.

Sean couldn't help but glance at her. "Do you already have a plan?"

"I don't know about your dealings with the Palmers, but I hope you can handle it on your own. My problems have caused you a lot of trouble, and I don't want you to get involved in more trouble because of me," Abigail commented with a sharp look in her eyes.

Sean nodded. A glimmer of hope had just risen in his heart, only to be shattered into disappointment by her words.

She was sitting here today because they had encountered a common enemy, and that enemy had made her a target, endangering everyone who had secretly helped her.

Abigail merely didn't want to carry more guilt.

Thankfully, the wine was served at the right time.

Luna raised her whiskey glass and angrily exclaimed, "Let's unite against our common enemies and defeat the nasty people hiding in the shadows!"

Abigail followed suit, raising her glass.

They only drank for an hour.

After getting a little tipsy, Abigail leaned toward the teary-eyed Luna and reassured her, "Don't worry. We'll find Micah. I've teamed up with Mr. Fernandez... and he said he'll take Micah down no matter what it takes!"

Hugging Abigail, Luna lamented, "We've been through so much trouble, all because of Eric's confession to you. Kelly must be jealous of you and Eric, thinking you stole her fiancé. That's why she's treating us like this!"

Sean listened silently, gripping his wine glass tightly throughout. It turned out that before seeking him out, Abigail had prioritized working with Ronaldo. For the matters involving Kelly and her studio, she and Ronaldo had a shared plan.

After Sean instructed Cameron to send Abigail and Luna home, he continued drinking with Kevin.

"Seems like Abigail is still awkward around us," Kevin commented purposely while drinking.

Raising his wine glass, Sean gazed into the blue liquid. His pupils reflected a bewitching color. "Kelly didn't hesitate to buy off her studio's designers, steal her designs, and then snatch the Marimora pearls that belonged to her. She will eventually get what she deserves!"

Looking at the bewitching glint in his eyes, Kevin shuddered. "Are you... planning to deal with Kelly?"

Sean swirled his wine glass and replied cryptically, “How dare someone who came out of nowhere challenge me? I think she’s asking for trouble,”

Kevin wrinkled his nose and uttered, I can’t believe she threatened you with the Palmers’ affair_”

Before he could finish his sentence, Sean’s phone rang. It was a call from Xavien, who had just been discharged yesterday.

Sean answered the call. “What’s the matter?” he asked, finishing his drink.

Xavien immediately reported, “Something is going on over at Joan’s end.”

Upon hearing this, Sean stood up abruptly. I’m coming over now.”

With that, he hung up.

“Are you leaving?” Kevin raised his head.

Sean grabbed him by the collar and said, “You’re coming with me. The online rumors about you haven’t died down yet, so keep a low profile.”

“Uh, okay,” Kevin replied as he was dragged outside.

Sean knew Kevin’s tendency to accidentally reveal personal information when he was drunk.

Since Kevin had gotten involved in a scandal to help Abigail deal with the Davidsons, Sean couldn’t leave him alone in case something happened.

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A Good Show

After putting Kevin into a cab, Sean headed toward Joan’s residence.

“What’s going on?”

Sean’s expression was dark and mysterious as he sat in the car Xavien used for tailing.

“Their aim is to use Old Mrs. Graham as a threat. She will force you to pressure Mrs. Graham into dropping the lawsuit against Kingston and forgiving him so they can get him released from prison, Xavien stated solemnly.

Sean sneered in response. “Joan is someone who knows how to avoid trouble and seek benefits. She’s already seen the consequences of those who go against me, so she’s not foolish enough to do that. Keep an eye on her. I’m anticipating the good show she will put on for me.”

After saying that, he opened the door and disappeared into the darkness.

At that moment, Joan discussed the next day’s plan with Kingston’s friend.

However, a knock on the door startled her.

She quickly exited the temporary chat application and approached the door, asking in a low voice, “Who is it?”

"It's me," the person outside the door replied.

The owner of this voice was precisely the person Joan had been yearning for day and night.

She eagerly opened the door, but when she saw who the guest was, her face quickly turned pale.

The next morning, as usual, Lina set off from the Graham Estate to go shopping at the supermarket.

She pushed a cart through the crowd and occasionally saw couples with children. She would even- envy the parents who carried a little chubby child in their arms for a while before moving on to the next aisle to pick ingredients.

It's about time Sean goes on a blind date. This can't go on forever! Lina sighed.

"Grandma, are you shopping for groceries too?"

A familiar voice resonated beside her.

When Lina turned around to see Joan, her expression instantly fell. "Who's your grandma? I don't have a granddaughter! I heard that your brother kidnapped Abigail's grandmother and got into trouble. How many years of imprisonment was he sentenced to?"

She was eager to get Sean a wife, but Joan's brother, who had committed a crime, wouldn't fit her criteria at all!

Joan felt somewhat awkward due to the elderly woman's reaction. With reddened eyes, she appeared as timid as a rabbit who was bullied. "If it weren't for that old lady from the Quinns insulting Sean and claiming that he has an affair at the hospital, my brother wouldn't have been driven to kidnap her. She was trying to frame him!"

"Both of them are ungrateful brats! If Sean were really having an affair, I would've had a great-grandchild by now. Why would they even be involved?!" Lina was instantly enraged upon hearing it and started mumbling.

Seeing an opportunity, Joan tagged behind her and added fuel to the fire. "You must watch out for Sean, Grandma. Lately, he's been in frequent contact with Abigail, and they even went to a bar together."

Upon hearing this, Lina immediately turned to her and scolded angrily, "When did they start contacting each other again?"

"Something happened at Abigail's studio, so she asked for Sean's help," Joan explained as she naturally reached out and pushed Lina's shopping cart.

Lina was fuming by now, and her eyes showed complete disgust. "I knew it! Sean was definitely the one who paid for her fame!"

"Yeah, and who knows how much money he spent!" Joan added, playing along.

"You seem to care a lot about him." Lina realized this through her observation despite the look of dismay presented on her face.

“You’re aware of my feelings for Sean, don’t you, Grandma? I certainly don’t want him to get tricked by Abigail,” Joan replied obediently.

When Lina turned around to pick her ingredients, she couldn’t help but ponder.

Although Joan had a criminal brother, her intense interest in Sean allowed Lina to keep tabs on him through her. This way, she could make arrangements for him and get rid of Abigail, that leech, once and for all!

After a certain amount of consideration, Lina turned back to Joan. “Speaking of which, your brother went astray because of Sean. It has nothing to do with you. The issues were essentially caused by the Quinns. Without that leech and her grandmother, your brother wouldn’t have resorted to crime.”

Joan burst into tears at her statement. “My brother... is just too loyal. He treats Sean like his own brother and can’t stand watching him getting bullied by the Quinns!”

Lina could tell Joan was acting, but she didn’t express her thoughts directly.

By the time they left the supermarket, Lina had a big smile on her face. “You really shouldn’t have paid for this. I’m not short of money, so why are you trying to pay for me?”

Joan looked at her with reluctance and uttered softly, “It doesn’t matter whether or not you’re short of money. It’s the thought that counts.”

“Let’s exchange numbers. From now on, you’ll accompany me when I go grocery shopping. You know what Sean’s food preferences are since you’ve been in a relationship with him before, so you can act as my advisor!” Lina suggested, acting like a magnanimous elder.

“Maybe not. My brother has done wrong because of Sean, so Sean doesn’t want me to have contact with him or the people around him. We’ve merely encountered each other by fate today, so he should be fine with it. However, if he finds out I’m in contact with you, he’ll be infuriated,” Joan lamented with red eyes, looking genuinely hurt.

“You know where I live, don’t you? I have a morning exercise routine, and I like to jog along the road outside the Graham Estate. Perhaps you can join me for a run. Sean has been enchanted by Abigail, so he’s not affectionate with me anymore, but I’m getting old, and I really hope to have someone to talk to, alright?” Lina suggested before she left with the accompanying driver.

When Joan watched her back as she left, a smug slowly crept up her face.

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Sean Is on a Blind Date

At noon, Sean was summoned to the restaurant by a call from Lina.

As soon as his tall figure appeared in the restaurant, he immediately drew the attention of many women.

However, Sean looked as though he was oblivious to the stares. Taking Cameron with him, he walked toward the dining table where Lina sat and took his seat.

Meanwhile, Cameron stood silently behind him.

Lina glanced at Cameron before putting on a displeased look on her face. "Must you bring your assistant when you have a meal with me? It's not like you're here to talk about business affairs."

"Since we're here to have a meal, let's start ordering." Sean changed the subject, picked up menu on the side, and browsed through the food.

But after turning a page, a person with a faint floral fragrance sat beside him.

At once, Sean furrowed his brows and looked to his side.

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Before him was a girl with long, silky hair wearing a white dress and holding a purse studded with pearls sitting at the dining table.

When Sean looked at her, she nodded slightly and greeted him in a tender voice. "Hi, Seanie. My name is Lucy Snyder."

Her appearance was as pure as the driven snow. Her voice sounded like a trickling stream, and her aura exuded a pleasant vibe despite her not looking particularly beautiful.

"Do I know you?" Sean asked while looking at the woman expressionlessly.

Upon hearing that, Lucy turned to look at Lina with a slightly embarrassed demeanor. Even so, she wasn't angered by his derisory remark.

With a straight face, Lina explained, "Sean, this is Frank Snyder's daughter. She just came back from studying abroad not long ago. She always called you Seanie when you two were still young, remember? Since she has yet to make new friends upon her return, I figured you could take her around to get her familiarized with the city after the meal."

"Grandma, do I look like I'm very idle to you?" Sean questioned. Even though he had a smile on his face, his words were harsh.

"If you're busy, arrange for her to join your company as your secretary. That way, not only can she get familiar with the environment, but it won't delay your work, Lina said. Then, she turned around, smiled at Lucy, and added, "The chef in this restaurant has cooked for state dinners. You

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must have missed the food at home after years of staying in Findella and having their Findellian cuisine."

"Yes, I am. Besides, I have yet to taste the dishes made by a state dinner master chef. I can grab this opportunity and have a taste." She looked as gentle as the autumn wind, her whole face appearing as clear as water.

Lina was extremely pleased.

As expected, such a graceful and beautiful young lady is indeed attractive.

Just as Sean dropped the menu, got up, and was about to leave, he met with Abigail and Ronaldo, who were entering the restaurant.

The two made eye contact.

When Abigail saw him, she was stunned for a moment and then nodded at him.

After that, when she saw the gentle young lady, she immediately understood what was happening at the table.

Upon seeing this, Cameron silently mourned for Sean.

This has got to be a joke! I can't believe Mr. Graham is this unlucky! Judging from the look in Mrs. Graham's eyes, I can tell she must have misunderstood the situation.

"Mr. Graham, what a coincidence!" Ronaldo greeted him with a smile. His smile grew profound when his gaze fell on Lucy.

"Let's proceed to our table. Mr. Fernandez, you have to try the food in this restaurant. Their chef has cooked for state dinners and is well-known on the internet," Abigail whispered to Ronaldo in a confident and graceful manner.

At first, Lina wanted to ridicule her.

However, Abigail's aura made her feel a little unfamiliar. It was as though today was her first time meeting her.

Compared with someone like Lucy, a beautiful daughter of a humble family, Abigail's superior-like aura was the sure winner.

"It was a pity that I didn't have time to finish savoring the delicacies here last time because I was in such a hurry. Today, I have to take advantage of this opportunity and taste them all." Ronaldo smiled as he walked toward the dining table.

With one walking in front and another walking behind, the two finally reached their table and took their seats by the window.

Lina watched Abigail warily for a long time. She felt extremely uncomfortable when she realized that Abigail didn't spare them a single look.

"Grandma, since you like it here, why don't you stick around and enjoy your meal with Miss Snyder? I shall take my leave first." Sean stood up and left without looking back.

Cameron was surprised, for he thought Sean would change his mind and stay around to have lunch due to Abigail's presence in the restaurant.

"Sean!" Lina rose to her feet.

As her voice was loud, both Abigail and Ronaldo heard her shout too.

Fortunately, because it was a high-end and customer-limiting restaurant, the shout didn't attract the attention of the guests at the other tables besides Abigail's.

Sean calmly glanced in Abigail's direction, only to discover that she didn't even raise her head.

So, she won't mind even if I really am on a blind date today?

"Cameron, remember to inform the restaurant's owner that whatever the guests at this table ordered will be on me." Sean left the table without looking back after he finished giving his order.

At this moment, Lina suddenly placed her hand over her chest and said, "Sean... Y-You really are pissing me off..."

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It's Just That the Villain Has Aged

Still, Ronaldo was feeling a little gossipy. For that reason, he frequently looked at the table where Sean sat.

Sensing something was off with the situation, Cameron immediately went to the corner and made a phone call.

Within two minutes, the few guests in the restaurant were kindly escorted out by the servers.

Two guests remained, though, since Cameron wasn't sure if he should ask the server to show Abigail and Ronaldo the door. Therefore, he approached Sean and asked, "What about Ms. Quinn and her guest?"

"Leave them," Sean replied flatly. After that, he turned around and cast Lina a cold look. "I will ask Xavien to call an ambulance. Grandma, you should have just stayed at the Graham Estate if you are feeling unwell. I am a perfectly healthy young man. I can take care of myself."

Then, he glanced at Lucy without a word. He turned around, planning to leave.

However, Lucy could feel her whole body turn rigid because of his glance.

"You are still in love with Abigail, aren't you?!" Lina suddenly raised her voice. Minutes ago, she was still restraining herself a little as there were guests in the restaurant. But now that all guests except for Abigail and Ronaldo were gone, she couldn't be bothered to lower her voice.

Upon hearing her name suddenly get called, Abigail cursed in silence. Sh*t! Just my luck!

"You think I don't know? Something has currently gone wrong in her studio, and you, along with Kevin, are the ones bearing all the consequences for her. Just how much more money want to give to her and her grandmother?!" Lina expressed bitterly. Shortly after, she glared at

do Abigail, who looked wretched and confused. "If you don't have what it takes to run a business, just you go and work hard as an employee then! You and Sean are divorced, yet you still-"

“Cameron, what are you doing standing there?!” Sean questioned before she could finish speaking, his voice abruptly turning frosty.

Trembling in fright, Lucy immediately grabbed her bag and escaped without Cameron’s order.

“Lulu!” Lina yelled, attempting to stop her.

Cameron walked up to Ronaldo and gave him an extremely modest smile. “Mr. Fernandez, we have some private matters to deal with here, so why don’t you step aside for a while and allow me to take you to enjoy your meal at a nice restaurant right away? I can assure you that you will absolutely be satisfied.

“Well, since Mr. Graham has some family affairs to deal with here, I suppose we should just have our lunch at another restaurant. Mr. Hopkins, there’s no need for trouble.” Abigail stood up.

Despite feeling a little bummed, Ronaldo still got up and nodded in agreement. “No problem. Let’s go, then.”

Yet, Lina stopped Abigail before she could walk out. “I’m warning you—keep pestering Sean, and don’t blame me for being ruthless.”

The muscle in Sean’s face tightened as he suppressed his anger.

Meanwhile, Cameron was sweating profusely. Without delay, he showed Ronaldo the door.

When there were only the three of them left in the restaurant, Abigail looked at Lina with an indifferent expression and said in an extremely calm tone, “I have no idea that eating in the same restaurant means pestering. Old Mrs. Graham, don’t you think you’re being too oppressive? You’re not the owner of this restaurant, so why can’t I bring my friends over for a meal? Is that illegal? Besides, Mr. Graham offers me a helping hand simply because he feels guilty for hurting my family!”

Knowing Abigail was feeling deeply wronged, Sean swiftly expressed his apology. “Ms. Quinn, shouldn’t have presumptuously interfered in your affairs. For that, I’m sorry.”

Upon hearing that, Lina looked at him with pain written all over her face, and tears welled up in her eyes. “So, you’re going to act cruelly toward me for the sake of an outsider? Is that it? I see it now. You won’t stop until you piss me off!”

Abigail ignored Lina, turned around, and planned to leave.

“I’m sorry. In the end, I still caused you trouble.” Sean apologized again from behind her.

However, Abigail didn’t respond and simply left with an icy expression.

As soon as she left, the coldness all over Sean faded away. He raised his hand to pinch his eyebrows and sat at the table without uttering a word.

“Sean... If you go along with my arrangement for today and have a nice meal with Lulu, I won’t give Abigail a hard time. I’ll pay no attention to her no matter how you help her. Marry Lulu and have a child with her if she’s compatible with you. What do you think? Are we good?” Ultimately, Lina didn’t dare to push Sean too hard.

Moreover, she wasn't sure if it was her illusion, but she had a feeling that her grandson cared about Abigail more.

"I will not get married, and I will never change my mind, no matter how many more blind dates you set up. Feel free to make excuses for me to meet these heiresses if you aren't afraid of offending others. I will just give them my attitude, though," Sean answered, his gaze indifferent.

"Sean, do you want to drive me to an early grave? What's so good about Abigail?! You both are divorced, yet you still want to defend her? She's the one who is incompetent and always relies on men--"

"Grandma!" Sean suddenly slammed his palm on the table and sprung to his feet, interjecting her.

Upon looking at him up close, Lina realized that Sean's eyes were bloodshot. At once, her heart twitched in pain, and tears streamed down her cheeks. "Are you seriously going to condemn yourself so much and disobey me for her sake?"

"I have always stood on the side of justice! Did you ever feel guilty for bullying Old Mrs. Quinn and causing her to be hospitalized? Why do you still have the nerve to keep making humiliating remarks at them?" Each word that escaped Sean's lips hit the nail on the head.

"Previously, you weren't guilt-stricken too, regarding the acupuncture incident conducted by the traditional medicine doctor either! I can't believe you can truly keep hurting them with a clear conscience. Indeed, you are my Grandma, but at the same time, I also know that you are a wicked old lady. This makes me feel very disappointed and helpless." With that, Sean stood up dejectedly and walked toward the restaurant's door.

"Grandma, since you're unrepentant, then let's not see each other anymore. Right now, I'm terrified to see your face." He walked away after saying that.

Lina was trembling all over.

Just then, Xavien took the doctor into the restaurant.

As for Cameron, who waited outside, he immediately stepped forward when he saw Sean come out. Lowering his head, he reported, "Ms. Quinn has left."

Despite feeling slightly troubled, Sean hummed in response. Then, with his tone as cold as ever, he said, "Ask Xavien to take good care of Grandma."

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I Am Not a Passive Person

At last, Abigail and Ronaldo went to another restaurant to have their lunch.

After lunch, she drove him back to L.Moon, but realized that he, who sat in the front passenger seat, kept staring at her.

"What's wrong?" she asked subconsciously.

"Were you... married to Sean before?" Ronaldo asked tentatively. If truth be told, he had already figured it out even though Lina didn't point out clearly who Abigail had a divorce with.

"Yeah, but we're divorced now. It isn't something worth publicizing, right?" Abigail replied nonchalantly.

In other words, she was hinting at him that she hoped he wouldn't tell anyone else.

Looking at her completely indifferent attitude, Ronaldo rested his chin on his hand and observed her.

"Did you leave him because you didn't like him?"

"Mr. Fernandez, I don't think we are that close to the point where we can discuss private matters with each other." Abigail's side profile appeared indifferent, and her tone sounded gentle yet autocratic.

"Besides, I dislike talking about private matters with my clients."

"Ms. Quinn, you're too serious!" Ronaldo complained under his breath.

Seeing that he was fooling around, Abigail, too, restrained her solemn demeanor. "Have you found out the origin of Micah's virus?"

"I have asked someone to look into it. Don't worry. There should be information about it in the next two days," Ronaldo said before suddenly leaning forward. Curious, he asked, "What's your plan to deal with Kelly?"

"You'll know when the time comes." Abigail raised the corner of her mouth slightly, looking enigmatic.

Upon hearing that, Ronaldo said joyfully, "I shall look forward to your big plan, then."

"Mr. Fernandez, we may have suffered a loss this time, but the benefits that await us later will be endless," Abigail stated.

Sure enough, the reason Ronaldo came here this time wasn't purely to chat and have lunch with her.

Considering that Abigail had given her employees half a day off, the current atmosphere in the whole studio was quiet.

After unlocking the door and entering the studio, Abigail headed straight to the office while Ronaldo followed closely.

As they stood at the door of the office, Abigail's originally benign expression turned extremely cold the moment she opened the door.

Micah, who was tied to a chair, lowered her head in defeat when she saw her enter

Perhaps she, too, didn't expect that Ronaldo would find someone to capture her at the airport and send her back after she left the country.

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"Micah, you have only two options now. You can either be sent to the police station and get locked

behind bars for a few years, or you can tell me honestly who the instigator is. I won't hold you accountable if you tell me." Abigail stood before the woman and looked at her condescendingly, her tone eerie and merciless.

"Just send me to the police station and let me be imprisoned for a few years, then," Micah said, exuding the vibe of completely giving up on herself.

Meanwhile, Ronaldo glanced at her. I can't believe Micah would rather go to jail than tell us the instigator!

"You are merely doing it for the money, aren't you? Tell you what—I will pay twice as much as the amount the other party pays you." Abigail raised her hand and pinched Micah's chin, her eyes filled with venom.

"I did it because I am annoyed by you. Stop wasting time and ask the police to come and arrest me already!" Micah glared at her arrogantly, and at the same time, her hatred for Abigail emerged inexplicably.

After loosening her grip on Micah's chin indifferently, Abigail stood up straight and looked at her as though she was looking at garbage. "Mr. Fernandez, you have ways to check the accounts of all her family members, right?"

"No doubt. None can escape." Ronaldo didn't take Micah's unyielding attitude seriously at all and responded with a smile on his face.

However, Micah snorted, not fearing their threat.

"You are so confident because you think your backer is more powerful than me and can protect you, but have you forgotten that the deed you and your backer did is a crime? The mills of God grind slowly

but surely. As long as you violate the law, you will get caught sooner or later. When that happens, who else will defend your interest?" Abigail looked at Micah as if she was looking at a fool.

"Just sue me, Abigail." With that, Micah lowered her eyes and stopped looking at her.

At this juncture, Abigail knew there was no point in talking about it anymore.

Therefore, she left the office with Ronaldo. She sat on the couch, took out two bottles of water from underneath the coffee table, and handed one to him.

"Damn it! Her lips sure are tight!" Ronaldo took the bottle of water and commented, his voice tinged with anger.

"No matter how tight her lips are, she is still a human. Every human has a weakness." Abigail calmly twisted the cap and took a sip of water.

"What if she refuses? It will be difficult for us to deal with Kelly." A rare hint of worry flickered across Ronaldo's face as he held the bottle of mineral water.

Our position will remain disadvantageous until we possess definite personal or material evidence.

At that thought, he involuntarily looked at Abigail, only to see her drinking her water slowly with calmness in her eyes.

Seeing that she was sinking into her thoughts, Ronaldo stopped talking. Instead, he rested his chin on his hand and observed her.

“Perhaps we have been advancing in the wrong direction,” Abigail suddenly said to him.

At once, Ronaldo gathered his thoughts and asked, “What?”

“Keep investigating. As for me, I have some things that I need to deal with recently, so that’s it for today,” she instructed.

“Then how about Micah? Are we going to continue to tie her up here?” He stood. For a moment, he couldn’t catch what decision she had made.

up

after Abigail.

“Someone will send her to the police station. Our studio will be cooperative regarding the investigation procedure.” With that, Abigail walked out the door.

Ronaldo immediately followed. “Whoa! You sure are swift in changing your mind.”

“We can’t keep getting ourselves into dead ends. Otherwise, it will be very passive, and I am not a passive person, alright?” Standing by the door, Abigail raised her eyebrows and elaborated to him.

Since she rarely made such an expression, it made her look expressive for a moment.

Ronaldo’s heart skipped a beat out of surprise. He then walked out of L.Moon in a daze and couldn’t regain consciousness for a while.

[Chapter 277](#)

Analise Has a Secret

Ronaldo’s first impression of Abigail was that she was a gorgeous lady, yet distant and seemed hard to communicate with.

In the eyes of the public, people with such an attitude were deemed as aloof.

Yet, only now did he understand that she wasn’t aloof; she was purely exuding such a vibe.

The two went their separate ways, and Abigail drove home.

Considering that she went back early today, she thought Analise would be waiting at home for her. However, panic struck her once she realized her grandmother wasn’t home. At once, she took out her phone and called her grandmother.

It took a long time for Analise to answer her phone.

“Grandma, where are you? I got off work early today, so I happened to be able to pick you up.”

Abigail spoke in a relaxed tone as soon as the call got through.

“Oh, that won’t be necessary. I’m just watching TV at a friend’s house in the complex. I’ll be back in a while!” Analise swiftly refused the offer.

A faint smile appeared on Abigail’s face the moment she heard that her grandmother had actually made friends. “In that case, have fun with your friends. It’s fine too if you come back a little later.”

After Abigail ended the call, the corner of her mouth raised into a smile.

She couldn’t help but be happy for Analise when she thought of the latter wanting to blend into city life.

Once Abigail returned to her room, her phone suddenly rang moments after she turned on the computer.

It turned out to be a message from Sean.

The smile on Abigail’s face faded slightly when she remembered the incident that happened in the restaurant.

Sean had sent her a picture.

Curious, Abigail clicked on the picture and was shocked when she spotted her grandmother in it. Through the picture, she could be seen gripping onto someone at the subway entrance, looking as if she was asking for directions.

‘When did this happen?’

Abigail immediately asked Sean.

‘A few minutes ago. Don’t worry. I have asked Cameron to follow her.

Thanks. I will keep in touch with Mr. Hopkins and go to pick her up.

With that, Abigail stood up and got ready to head out.

‘Ms. Quinn, are you not aware Old Mrs. Quinn has gone out? If that’s the case, you’d better not go and pick her up. Instead, keep a close eye on her for a few days and see what she does when she goes out. After all, even if she’s your grandmother, I’m sure she still has secrets that she doesn’t want you to know.’

Sean attempted to persuade Abigail to think twice through his text.

Thinking about how Analise lied to her when she called her just now, Abigail eventually agreed that what he said made sense.

But then again, it’s not like I forbid her to go out. Why would she lie to me?

Almost an hour passed, and Analise finally came back with a small cake in her hand.

Before her return, Abigail was in a state of worry and couldn’t refrain from overthinking.

“You’re hungry, aren’t you? My friend specifically asked me to bring this cake back for you to try. Dig in and see if you like it,” Analise announced lovingly as soon as she stepped through the door.

Abigail felt relieved at the sound of her grandmother's voice. After concealing her emotions, she reached out and took the cake from her. "It looks delicious. Remember to thank your friend for me, Grandma."

Nevertheless, she still detected the stench of sweat on Analise's body. It was clear to her that it was the result of being outside for a long time.

"Have you gone to have your blood pressure checked at the complex's infirmary recently?" Abigail pretended to ask casually as she walked toward the couch with the cake.

"I have. I even made a lot of friends. You can ask them to testify for me. By the way, why do you always not believe me?" Analise complained while faking an upset look.

"Nonsense. I'm clearly worried about you," Abigail refuted with a pout.

Analise hung up the keys and walked to the bathroom. "I'll make dinner for you after I take a shower.

"Okay. I'm going to my room first. I have yet to finish my work." Abigail immediately excused herself, for she feared she would have a hard time holding back and couldn't help but blurt out

what was on her mind.

After closing the door, she looked at the cake in her hand. Her eyes slightly welled up with tears as she thought, Grandma even purposely spent money to buy snacks, which she had never been willing to buy, in order to deceive me.

Breathing out a long sigh, Abigail eventually decided to secretly find out what exactly her grandmother was going to do.

The next morning, Abigail acted like she was going to work when, in reality, she was hiding in the complex.

As expected, Analise went out an hour after Abigail hunkered down outside the house.

She trailed behind and discovered that Analise took a bus first and then arrived at the subway station. Analise, who stumbled and lost her direction many times, finally arrived at Pendorf's train station.

Abigail was puzzled as to why her grandmother would come to a train station.

The gray-haired and hunched-back Analise asked the attendant at the train station how to buy a ticket by herself and the things that she needed to pay attention to when buying a ticket. After receiving her answers from the attendant, she stood aside and repeatedly muttered the steps.

Since she couldn't remember how to write many words and wasn't skilled in using her smartphone, she had no choice but to rely on her memory.

Generally, it would surely take less than an hour to complete if it was up to a youth to carry out such a task. Yet, Analise spent almost a whole day.

Under the 4.00PM scorching heat, Analise once again stumbled home with her back hunched.

Instead of following her, Abigail sat at the bus stop and looked up at the sky in confusion.

Even if she wants to return to the countryside, she doesn't need to take a train. She just needs to take a bus or a cab. Where exactly does Grandma want to go? Is the place she's going somewhere that I can't find out?

Abigail was so preoccupied with the many thoughts in her mind that she still couldn't figure it out even after she sat there until the sky turned dark.

I don't even know how to ask Grandma either. What if she tells me the day she's about to leave? If I ask her now, it will be the same as me telling her that I have followed her. It will only make her sad, so I can't do

[Chapter 278](#)

Turns Out to Be a Loser

Abigail returned home with her heart filled with worry.

She opened the door and looked into the living room.

However, her expression immediately turned cold when she saw the person sitting in the living room.

"Who permitted you to come to my house?!" Abigail questioned Chad angrily.

Upon hearing her shout, Analise swiftly ran out of the kitchen. Looking at Chad, who was smiling gently, and then at Abigail, she asked with a look of incomprehension, "What's wrong?"

"Grandma, you shouldn't let strangers in when I'm not home!" Abigail walked to Analise and pulled the elderly woman to stand behind her, protecting her from Chad.

"Ms. Quinn, how can you be so certain that I don't know her? Besides, your Grandma is an adult. You can't restrict her from making friends." Chad had a smile on his face, completely ignoring her anger.

"Mr. Lancome, I suggest you leave my house now. Otherwise, don't blame me for attacking you!" Abigail wasn't in the mood to make small talk with him at all. In fact, her tone of voice was so frosty that it surprised Analise a little.

After all, this was Analise's first time seeing Abigail wholly on guard like this.

"I know Mr. Lancome. He lives in this complex. Not only that, he was the one who asked me to bring you a cake yesterday, so stop speaking so harshly to him," Analise kindly explained while tugging on Abigail's sleeve.

"Grandma-" Abigail nearly blurted out the truth but eventually held back.

Then, she took a deep breath and added, "Grandma, why don't you go to the kitchen while I and have a chat with him?"

go

Meanwhile, Chad watched them like a cunning fox, the wheels in his mind turning incessantly.

“Okay.” Analise turned around and entered the kitchen.

After that, Abigail walked to the door and shouted at Chad through gritted teeth, “Come out!”

Only then did he leisurely walk out of the house and follow her to the downstairs of the apartment complex. Looking at the fuming Abigail, he mocked, “I thought you would always be so sure of victory before I came over. My, my, it turns out that you, too, have moments when you feel so anxious.”

“Grandma is my family member. Of course, I am anxious. As for you, you don’t have a sense of shame and have become someone’s lackey, eh?” Abigail countered coldly.

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The complacent smile on Chad’s face faded slightly after he heard that. “Ms. Quinn, insulting guests isn’t what a lady would do.”

“What does it matter to you whether I am a lady or not? Stop educating me on how to be a woman. A sc*mbag like you isn’t worthy of that position.” Abigail cast him a piercing look.

This lackey of Kelly really has crossed the line!

“Ms. Quinn, it’s just a thousand pearls. Think about your grandmother. You still have to manage “Ms. Quinn, it’s just a thousand pearls. Think about L.Moon well to support her. Her health deteriorates year after year. Surely, you need to spend money on plenty of things.” Chad folded his arms across his chest and spoke in a condescending demeanor.

“I won’t sell the pearls to you even if I keep them as marbles to play with, so you can just hold on to the money given to you by your backer and covet them!” Abigail scoffed.

Upon hearing that, Chad looked at her with disdain. “So what if you find out? Ms. Quinn, you’d best heed my advice and not go against the heiress of Capitalis.”

After a momentary pause, he continued, “How about this? You can name any price you want for the pearls. Regardless of how much, the amount of money you receive will be enough for you to live the rest of your life with your grandmother. But if you go against a rich young lady such as the heiress of Capitalis, not only will you be miserable, but you may also involve your grandmother in this matter.”

Abigail turned down his offer as she stared him down. “I’m only going to tell you this once—I will undoubtedly skin you alive if you cross the line like you did today. Sure, go ahead and be as proud as you want now, but if I ever see you showing up in this complex again, I will hire someone to beat you to the point you are immobilized! I dare you to try it if you don’t believe me!”

With that, she immediately left.

Chad squinted his eyes and watched as she left. Moments after, he snorted coldly. “How indiscriminating!”

After that, he turned around, and just as he was about to leave, he got punched in the face.

“Argh!” Chad cried out in pain. Before he could respond, he was kicked hard in the stomach again, causing him to stagger and fall to the ground.

Cameron stepped forward, lifted him by the collar, and dragged the barely conscious Chad toward Sean’s car.

Meanwhile, Sean sat in the car with one hand resting on the window. Although his demeanor seemed indifferent, he was full of anger.

Cameron threw Chad to the ground before kicking him in the knee.

Chad’s legs went weak, and he knelt on the ground with a thud.

The severe pain from his knee made him break into a cold sweat, waking him up.

His body trembled in fear, and his face instantly took on a total ghastly expression once he looked up and saw Sean.

“What’s the matter? Did you lose the arrogance you had earlier?” Sean tilted his head, put his fingers together to support his temples, and asked coldly.

Even though Chad tried his best to calm down, his voice couldn’t stop quivering as he mumbled, “I’m just here to run errands for someone... I have no intention of giving Ms. Quinn a hard time...”

Sean snorted when he heard that. “Tsk! So, it turns out that you’re a loser who bullies the weak and fears the strong!”

With that, he sat up straight and ordered Cameron flatly, “Disable him and then have someone send him to the heiress of Capitalis bedroom.”

“Yes, Mr. Graham.” Cameron grabbed Chad by the hair and dragged him toward the trees.

As soon as Abigail returned home and saw Analise serving food to the table, she said with a straight face, “About that man... He came to my company and forced me to make a trade with him, but I refused. That’s why he came to our house. Yet, you were still defending him earlier?”

“No, I didn’t. I really know him,” Analise replied. But since she knew Abigail was angry, her tone was slightly lower.

“Grandma, I don’t mind you making friends, but trust me, Chad isn’t a good person. Don’t treat him as a friend anymore, got it? He approached you on purpose. Besides, how can you tell if he tells a few lies?” Abigail expressed her powerlessness.

It seems that Chad has arrived here for a long time and has investigated everything about me in the shadows!

[Chapter 279](#)

Her Royal Highness the Princess Is So Imposing!

Analise put the dishes on the dining table and muttered unhappily.

“How can I be so easily deceived? When I was young, I was the queen of Quinn Village, and I even married your grandfather, the most handsome man in the village. You can ask the folks in Quinn Village, and they will tell you that I had never fallen into lies since I was born!”

Her words successfully made Abigail laugh.

At the same time, she couldn't help but recall the scene where her grandmother chased her bully from one edge of the village to another with a broom.

Even so, Abigail couldn't forget Analise was now an elder who couldn't even take a cab.

“Still big cities are different from villages. Folks in villages meet regularly, so we more or less know them through and through. City folks, on the other hand, are complex. Moreover, you don't see each other often, so how can you tell their character?” Abigail smiled, not forgetting to remind Analise.

“Fine, I get it. By the way, what business deal is he forcing you to make, Abby? The matter at your work is serious, isn't it?” Analise looked at her. Although her gaze was hazy, her eyes carried concern.

“No, I didn't agree to his deal. I guess someone had entrusted him to complete this mission. That's why he would unscrupulously come to our house today.” As Abigail didn't want to worry her grandmother, she downplayed the severity of the matter.

Moreover, she would never let Chad have the chance to come to her house!

After dinner, Abigail was busy in her room.

Analise returned to her room and locked the door. She sat by the bed, held her phone, and quietly sent a voice message to Chad.

“Please don't cause trouble for Abby anymore! I will follow you to Capitalis, but I won't if you make things difficult for her again.”

To her dismay, her message never received a reply.

Analise clutched her phone and stared at Abigail's picture on the screen saver, her heart filled with deep sorrow and loss.

Eventually, I still have to face this day.

Abigail, who worked until midnight, finally received the emails she wanted.

She opened it and read through each one of them.

Chad Lancome was the CEO of Katie Jewelry based in Capitalis.

Katie Jewelry was a family business that had been operating in Capitalis for hundreds of years. Among the pieces of jewelry sold there, some were high-end, while others were affordable. All the affordable ones had received a good reputation among their customers in towns and villages. Hence, their annual sales were very consistent.

Moreover, all the generational CEOs of the company had excellent reputations.

It was to be expected. After all, Katie Jewelry was a large enterprise. Of course, the public image of those in power must be positive.

Chad's overall information was impressive, and his public image was excellent.

However, this was precisely what Abigail wanted.

Truth be told, she was initially afraid that Chad would have some heinous past.

Once she finished studying the information, Abigail logged onto Twitter and edited a tweet using Alana's account.

It was almost midnight by the time she completed it.

As soon as Abigail tweeted, she squinted her eyes slightly. The coldness in her eyes made her look even more distant and unkind.

Resting her chin on her crossed hands, she whispered, "Kelly, the show is about to begin. I wonder if you can handle the drama I have for you."

Within seconds, her tweet attracted the attention of many media outlets.

After all, she was also a celebrity and had many fans.

Not only that, she rarely tweeted on Twitter and mostly just retweeted other people's tweets.

'Are all jewelers so arrogant nowadays? Why can't they just go to the pearl farms and buy the pearls that they want? Why must they rob others of their pearls? What's wrong? Are looted pearls more precious?'

After Kevin read out the tweet to Sean, the former turned to look at him and exclaimed, "I can't believe she personally challenged Chad!"

Holding his phone, Sean carefully watched the video attached to Abigail's tweet. After that, he replied calmly, "Chad is nothing but a cover-up."

As he spoke, he put away his phone, his eyes carrying an expectant smile.

"How do you know? How can you tell?" Kevin looked confused.

He repeatedly read the words and watched the video in Abigail's tweet. Yet, he couldn't spot any due.

"We were married for three years. Of course, I know: Sean leaned on the couch, picked up the beer on the coffee table, took a sip, and continued, "Chad can no longer give her an answer, but it's fine. The longer he refuses to answer, the more beneficial the situation will be for Abigail."

Only, he didn't expect that coincidentally confronting Chad would create a more favorable situation for Abigail

All the netizens are scolding Katie. Do you want me to contact the team on Twitter and secure a top spot in the list of trending topics for her so that more netizens can condemn Katie and Chad?” Kevin didn’t think it was a big deal, and he even tried to make things worse while excitedly rubbing his palms together.

At present, he especially wanted to know the profound meaning behind Abigail’s tweet

“That won’t be necessary. You’re also a suspect, and yet, you still have the time to pay attention to others. Keep your guard up. If not, the Davidsons will certainly cause trouble for her if they have you by the short hairs, got it?” Sean glanced at him and stated, his tone full of disdain.

“Uh... Kevin felt awkward at the mention of the topic.

He hadn’t gone out to hang out much recently. Every day, he would drop by Sean’s place to have a drink after getting off work.

As Katie didn’t respond, the topic regarding Abigail’s tweet silently started to make its way up the trending searches list, and it was currently seated at the bottom of the top 20 trends.

While waiting for Chad’s call. Abigail was also reading replies left by her fans on Twitter.

‘So, it turns out that because our Ally has become famous after designing a dress for Lexie to the point that even her buying pearls now can be sought-after. Chad from Katie Jewelry clearly can rob her off directly, yet he still offers to pay. Oh, I’m seriously going to weep until I die! Heiress of Capitalis? More like Her Royal Highness the Princess. She’s being extremely merciful by only looting the pearls from L.Moon’s studio instead of directly ruining the whole business.

‘Oh my Gosh, Ally! You have succeeded! You have caught the attention of Her Royal Highness the Princess. Since she wants the pearls, why don’t you just give them to her? L.Moon has just started to grow, so I fear the studio will vanish into thin air at the command of Her Royal Highness the Princess. Ally, hurry up and raise your white flag! Oh, Ally, I can’t live without you!”

“What the hell? Are we having a family reunion banquet? Wow, so the pheasant who suddenly claims ties with the elites after having lived among us normal citizens is so eager to exercise her

royal authority now? Too bad Her Highness can’t afford Tahitian pearls from abroad. That’s why she has no choice but to steal L.Moon’s pearls. Although money is not an issue, it’s still unethical to steal the pearls bought by others. Dear princess whom I have never met before, I must say that you truly are the best among the best!”

As Abigail watched her fans fight a brave battle for her, she felt that she wasn’t alone for the first time.

I have many fans who adore L. Moon and my works as my spiritual support. They will accompany L.Moon and me through this difficult time.

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Excellent Counterattack

Abigail had made a wise move by posting this tweet. Now, she could use her tweet and ridicule Kelly to a complete defeat with the help of netizens after having been disgusted by her overtly and secretly previously.

She was in a good mood after reading the supportive replies under her tweet.

She had to be more mindful if she wanted to take another approach through the internet in the future, now that she was currently using the web traffic to deal with Kelly. After all, the internet was like a double-edged sword. One wrong move would result in getting injured.

The next day, Luna informed Abigail that Katie's legal team was waiting for her in her office as soon as she arrived at L.Moon.

Meanwhile, in the Pearson Residence located in Capitalis, Kelly still had no idea about the tweet that Abigail had posted on Twitter last night. When she rolled over, she suddenly hit a wall of flesh.

This frightened her to death, and she abruptly opened her eyes.

"Argh!" Instantly, a scream sounded from the second floor of the Pearson Residence.

Josh was downstairs with his phone, analyzing the identity of the princess who was ridiculed by the netizens in Abigail's tweet. When he heard Kelly's scream, his hands shook in surprise, and his phone fell to the carpet with a clatter.

Ignoring his phone, he rose to his feet and ran upstairs.

As for the helpers in the villa, they all took action and immediately followed him upstairs.

Josh pushed open Kelly's bedroom

Winnie's door, and his eyes instantly widened in shock when he saw a middle-aged man lying on her bed.

Nonetheless, he was quick to react. He directly entered the room and slammed the door shut, locking out all the helpers.

"Josh!" She seemed to be greatly frightened. At first, she was standing at the end of her bed, but after he came in, she swiftly threw herself into his arms and wailed, "Who did it... Why must they do this to me?!"

Likewise, Josh was furious. Our house has been peaceful since Kelly returned. Yet, I never expected someone would give us such a big surprise in our peaceful days!

"There, there... Get changed first, and I'll check who this man is." Josh patted Kelly's back, his tone still containing restrained anger despite sounding gentle.

Kelly sobbed and nodded. She took two steps back before grabbing her pajamas and entering the bathroom with an uneasy look on her face.

Once she was inside the bathroom, Josh walked to the bed and pulled the man up to face him.

Upon seeing Chad with a bruised nose and swollen face, he abruptly furrowed his brows. Josh's facial expression tinged with mixed emotions.

That's strange. Abigail was condemning Chad last night, yet he shows up in Kelly's bedroom looking like this today. Is he helping Kelly acquire Abigail's pearls?

Chad had been cleaned out of the Pearson Residence and sent to the hospital by the time Kelly came out of the bathroom.

Josh had extremely mixed feelings when he looked at Kelly's teary eyes and ghastly face. I can't go straight to Abigail and interrogate her regarding this matter. In addition, I absolutely don't believe that she would do such a thing. Perhaps there is a misunderstanding about this matter.

"Do you know Chad?" Josh asked.

Kelly was already seated at the dining table and had just taken the glass of milk handed to her by the housekeeper. The moment she heard Josh's question, she froze momentarily before quickly resuming her initial expression. "Who is he?" she asked with a confused look.

"The person who lay in your bed this morning is Chad Lancome. By the looks of it, he has sustained a severe injury. I will look into this matter. Don't worry about your reputation getting tarnished. It won't happen since everyone in this house is trustworthy. Also, we have hired a group of bodyguards to protect you day and night. Don't think too much. Mom, Dad, and I will be here for you. We absolutely won't let you suffer regarding what happened this morning!" Josh comforted Kelly softly, his eyes filled with indescribable affection.

At this moment, his best guess was that some people in the house who did not accept Kelly might have done this on purpose.

Kelly hummed and nodded in response. Then, she lowered her eyes and sniffed. "I will follow your advice and behave."

Every time such words escaped her lips, Josh felt all the sorrier for her.

In his view, such a cautious, obedient, and sensitive character was the result of living a life full of hardships after years of getting lost.

If possible, he hoped that she could be more playful. In fact, he wouldn't mind even if she caused random chaos at home.

While Josh was dealing with the matter, Kelly tightened her grip on the glass slightly. I can't believe

Abigail is so competent! So, this is how you want to play? Making me afraid by quietly sending Chad to my

bedroom?

After breakfast, Kelly received a message. She opened it, and her face took on a ghastly expression as soon as she read Abigail's tweet.

Upon seeing those netizens naming her 'Pheasant Princess,' she held back her humiliation and returned to her bedroom.

Just then, she received another message from the other party.

'Didn't you say that Abigail would give up after a while? Her approach is clearly wise. Even without mentioning any names, she could make the netizens go after you. Moreover, Chad is no longer useful to us, so we have decided to pull out promptly unless you tell us your next plan.'

Thanks to the message, Kelly gradually calmed down.

'She would have been an unworthy opponent if I could easily suppress her. She wants to drive me mad through the netizens' chastisement, but that's a wrong move. She can't get her hands on any evidence, so she can only use this method to repulse me. What's the point, though?'

After sending the message, Kelly murmured with a condescending look on her face, "Abigail, it's such a pity that you can't even name me even if you want to confront me. Well, I guess that's all you can do.

Now that you have pissed me off, you shall see how I fight back!"

'Since Chad has completed his mission, get rid of him if you think he is no longer competent. Next, we shall wait for her grandmother to arrive in Capitalis. Be sure to arrange everything properly. I want her dead!"

Kelly slowly exhaled after typing and sending the second message. Dear Abigail, go ahead and make the netizens come after me. I will take the life of the people around you for compensation!