

Spare Wife 281

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Analise's Secret

Abigail sat silently in her office, listening to Katie's lawyer without saying a word.

"Ms. Quinn, we shouldn't have hard feelings in business. Posting something like that online is too extreme. By doing so, you're damaging his reputation, and you'll have to face severe consequences. Moreover, he disappeared without a trace after he visited your home. Can you honestly claim that you have no involvement in this matter?" the lawyer continued prodding.

"Alana's lawyer will speak to you later. You won't benefit from trying to explain now!" Abigail's assistant replied to the lawyer, her expression stern.

Instead of responding to the assistant, the lawyer continued, "Mr. Lancome's disappearance could benefit your online blog significantly. Was this part of your plan, Ms. Quinn?"

Abigail picked up her teacup elegantly, took a sip, and even yawned.

Since Katie was not easy to deal with, Abigail had no intention of saying a word to her lawyer. She didn't want to fall into any traps during their conversation, which could potentially lead to her having to pay a substantial sum to Katie.

Noticing her continued silence, the lawyer rubbed his temples.

He was simmering with anger as he whispered to Katie's vice president, "We should probably wait for her lawyer to arrive since she's not willing to speak."

Katie's vice president, who happened to be Chad's cousin, Yaron Lancome, checked his watch and couldn't hold back any longer. "Ms. Quinn, we're all in this business to make a living. Going to court won't be in anyone's interest. We will carefully consider your demands, and as long as they are reasonable, we will agree to them."

Abigail's gaze fell on his relatively gentle face as she responded nonchalantly, "Mr. Lancome, let's have both our lawyers handle this. It's my first time sitting down formally to discuss a

matte lawsuit with someone, so it's quite intimidating."

Even though she said that, there was no hint of fear in her demeanor.

Yaron's lips twitched, and his brows knitted tightly as he looked at Abigail. Just as he was about to

"In that case, we won't take up any more of your

time, Ms. Quinn."

With that, the lawyer pulled Yaron aside.

A group of over a dozen people in suits emerged from L.Moon, shocking passersby, who looked at them but dared not approach.

Yaron walked to the entrance of L.Moon and turned to look at the sign hanging outside the studio. His face darkened as he muttered, "Alana might be a woman, but she's cunning! How dare she release a video challenging Katie openly? She definitely has a hidden agenda."

They had initially come here today to intimidate Abigail into seeking reconciliation. However, they ended up merely sitting with her for half an hour. She sipped water and yawned, and as soon as their lawyer opened his mouth, she didn't even bother letting out a squeak!

It made them feel passive and afraid to say anything harsh or speak bluntly for fear of causing a loophole. They feared that she might catch onto something to use against them in her tweet.

With a grim expression, Yaron got into the car and rubbed his forehead. "Head back to Capitalis!"

As the car slowly started moving, Chad saw Sean in a luxury car across the street.

Their gazes met, and Yaron caught Sean slowly curling his lips into a mocking and meaningful smile. For a moment, his mind seemed to pause, but soon, he realized what the other party's expression meant.

Abigail not only had fans supporting her but also the influence behind Sean!

Cameron watched Yaron's car drive away and turned to Sean. "It doesn't look like he's fared well."

"Do you really think Mrs. Graham is as foolish as to let him bully her in her own studio?" Sean winded the car window up, releasing a sigh of relief.

He had been worried about Katie's aggressive approach against Abigail, but now it seemed that his concern was unnecessary.

"If Katie really goes to court with L.Moon, L.Moon will still consume significant resources and energy despite its loss. After all, L.Moon is challenging a century-old enterprise." Cameron expressed his concern for Abigail.

Litigation demanded significant resources and financial investment, and L.Moon was just starting out. It should be focusing on developing its business, as getting embroiled in a legal dispute at this point could potentially hinder future opportunities.

"Have you forgotten about Ronaldo?" Sean asked lightly.

Didn't Abigail involve Ronaldo in this dispute to gain his support behind the scenes?

Cameron nodded. "I see. Mrs. Graham does have everything arranged."

Sean revealed a smile as he murmured, "Let's see how far she can go. Anyway, did you find out the purpose of Old Mrs. Quinn going to the station?"

Cameron's expression quickly turned serious when he heard that. "Old Mrs. Quinn had two private meetings with Chad, and both times didn't seem very pleasant. However, she has somehow maintained contact with him. It's just strange."

Sean's gaze darkened when he heard Cameron's explanation.

"How much do you know about the content of their communication?"

Cameron shook his head. "The messages she sends to Chad automatically get deleted. Chad's phone is equipped with special spyware that erases content in real-time, and even the communication companies can't trace it."

Leaning back against the seat, Sean gazed ahead, deep in thought.

Meanwhile, Cameron started the car and drove slowly to avoid disturbing the man's contemplation.

"Old Mrs. Quinn... also has secrets," Sean murmured suddenly. He then instructed Cameron, "In the near future, I want you to keep a constant watch on Old Mrs. Quinn with two of our most reliable team members. I will not allow the slightest room for error."

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Crossing the Line

After giving instructions to Cameron, Sean leaned back in his seat, intending to take a short nap. As such, Cameron adjusted the air conditioning to a slightly higher temperature.

Ever since the last encounter with Abigail at the bar, Cameron noticed that Sean had started experiencing insomnia.

Sean didn't say anything about it, but Cameron knew that he was feeling uneasy.

Before Sean could even doze off, his phone rang.

He retrieved it from his pocket and noticed that it was a call from Josh. With a cold snort, he tapped on the answer button and shut his eyes, remaining silent.

"What's going on with Chad?" Josh's voice was cold and demanding over the phone.

With a lazy tone, Sean replied, "He's right there with you. Can't you just ask him?"

"Sean, I'm not asking what Chad did. I'm asking why you sent him to my place?!" Josh's anger could no longer be contained as he scolded Sean. "No matter how dissatisfied you are with Kelly, you shouldn't be sending a middle-aged man to her room!"

"Why would I be dissatisfied with someone I have no connection to?" Sean coldly retorted, his tone unmistakably chilling.

Josh suddenly fell silent.

"We should mind our own business, and if we can't, then you might want to look into who crossed the line," Sean uttered indifferently before raising his hand to massage his throbbing temples.

“Kelly would never do anything to hurt Abigail. There must be a misunderstanding. You acted without fully understanding the situation. What’s going to happen to Kelly in the future because of this?” Josh’s tone sounded calmer and more composed when he spoke.

Unable to hide his impatience, Sean clicked his tongue. “Do I need to understand your intentions to protect your sister?”

Josh let out a deep breath. “I understand how enraged you are about Chad pressuring Abigail to sell the pearls, and I’m angry about it too. But I asked Kelly, and she told me she didn’t know him. Our family situation is also somehow complex. If someone bullies Abigail in the future using Kelly’s name, you can’t handle it the same way as you did this time.”

“I have no interest in knowing the specifics of the Pearsons. As long as the information suggests a connection with her, I will take it over. Instead of making demands, you’d better hurry up and get to the bottom of things, Mr. Pearson,” Sean suggested with a blank face before hanging up.

While driving, Cameron asked tentatively, “Mr. Pearson seems to be biased after finding out that Mrs. Graham is not his sister.”

Sean opened his eyes, but his expression was indifferent. “His initial kindness toward Abigail was probably based on the assumption that she was a member of the Pearsons. Now that she’s not, his favoritism will naturally fade. It’s just human nature to favor one’s own family.”

After Josh hung up the phone, he turned around to find Kelly staring at him with reddened eyes, He quickly walked up to her and asked out of concern, “What’s wrong?”

“Why must Sean do this to me?” Her eyes were filled with teary innocence, making her appear pitiful.

“His thoughts have always been hard to fathom, and he isn’t one to get along with easily. He acts according to his own whims and won’t even think twice about it. It’s not surprising that he would do something like this,” Josh explained in a soothing tone.

Lowering her eyes, she asked, “Is he like this with everyone?”

“More or less,” he responded. Even after three years of marriage, it wasn’t until their divorce that Abigail left a significant impact on Sean’s heart.

The man’s heart was evidently cold.

“I sec... Regarding Chad’s situation, how are you planning to explain it to Abigail? If she continues to misunderstand me, I’ll be really sad,” Kelly mumbled softly, wearing a troubled expression.

“I’ll investigate the situation and clarify everything with her. Don’t worry,” Josh replied gently. He realized that he needed to personally meet with Abigail and explain everything, especially since she had left without a word.

On the other hand, Kelly was sent to the garden by Josh.

She felt uneasy at the thought of Chad being sent over by Sean.

Even though Josh had assured her, she knew that Sean had acted this way for the sake of Abigail.

Last time, he had confronted the Davidsons for bothering Abigail online.

It should be the same case this time, as there was no other reason for him to confront Chad when this matter did not involve him at all.

Downstairs, Josh had just let out a sigh when he received a call from Eric.

He answered the call, sounding somewhat weary. "Are you calling to ask about the matter online between Chad and Abigail?"

"Is Kelly really out of the picture?" Eric knew about Chad and Abigail's matter. Chad was in a disadvantageous position and wouldn't gain any benefits, but if Kelly had been involved, he would seek justice for Abigail.

"Do you think it's possible? Kelly just returned a few days ago, and what capability does she have to manipulate someone like Chad to help her with anything? Someone is likely using her name to pick on Abigail, and their intentions aren't difficult to guess," Josh responded in a cold tone.

"I just called Abigail to clarify. They mentioned that your account had once paid 657 thousand to her studio. You shouldn't be unaware of what this number represents, should you?" Eric's tone was not as friendly as usual and held a hint of coldness.

"I have no idea about that!" Josh immediately defended himself.

"Who knows the details of your account and password?" Eric questioned calmly.

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A Complete Victory

Josh felt irritated by Eric's tone.

"Aren't we friends? How can you be mad at me when you have no conclusive evidence that it was Kelly who did it?"

Josh was supportive of Eric pursuing Abigail. However, he was frustrated at Eric because he was accusing Kelly without solid proof, all for Abigail's sake.

Josh was his closest friend, and he hoped that, in addition to Eric's feelings for Abigail, the man would also approach this situation rationally, especially since Kelly was Josh's sister.

Eric's direct suspicion of Kelly seemed to disregard his feelings as a friend.

In a gold tone, Eric said, "I've known you for many years, and I trust you. But I don't know Kelly, so I have no reason to believe her. Shouldn't you consider the time you've known her? Just tell me

Thav if she knows your password."

"How could she possibly know that? Besides, I will find out how my money was transferred to Abigail," Josh explained.

"I trust Abigail, and I'll always stand by her side." Eric declared his determination and promptly hung up the phone.

It was peaceful and quiet at L.Moon Studio throughout the morning. However, during lunchtime, Katie published a post on Instagram.

There was no caption, but she tagged the official account of Pendorf Police Station and attached photos of Chad in the hospital, along with a medical report confirming his injuries. His eyes were swollen, his face had numerous wounds, and he had a cast on one leg.

This post stirred up a significant commotion.

Abigail frowned as she clicked on it and saw that the comments were filled with conspiracy theories.

'Katie has been renowned in the jewelry business for a century. Even if they are making customized jewelry for someone, do they really need to force them to buy pearls from someone else? Besides, doesn't Katie have the connections and resources to purchase Tahitian pearls?'

'Katie once released limited edition jewelry with Tahitian pearls. Who knows how much of what Alana wrote is true? Moreover, ever since her studio became well-known, it's been frequently trending online. How can she prove her innocence?'

'Let's hope the netizens stay rational. Even if Chad appeared overly aggressive in the video, beating someone to the point of severe injury is too much, isn't it? Are people from Pendorf this fierce? I'm scared to visit the studio now in case I say something wrong and get beaten.'

Clearly, there were sock puppets trying to shape the narrative.

However, Chad's injuries were real. The question remained—who was responsible for this incident?

Abigail was skeptical of someone, but she couldn't be sure.

Faced with Katie's attempt to manipulate the situation, Abigail wasn't worried. The fact that Chad wasn't causing her trouble anymore was a positive development. As for the sock puppets, it wouldn't affect her. After all, she was innocent, and any investigation would only prove her innocence.

"Will this have any impact on us?" Abigail's assistant expressed concern, her face filled with worry.

"We didn't hurt him, so how could it affect us? But judging from the way he speaks, I'm sure he's bound to get himself into trouble sooner or later," Abigail calmly replied before eating her meal again.

Her assistant sighed without another word.

After they finished their meal, the police from Pendorf Police Station replied to Katie's post.

'Upon further investigation, it is confirmed that during his visit to Pendorf, Chad Lancome threatened and intimidated one of the responsible individuals from L.Moon, Abigail Quinn. After a failed attempt to force her into a business deal with him, he privately contacted Ms. Quinn's grandmother. He is suspected of deceiving the elderly lady into befriending him. While deceiving the elderly woman, Mr. Lancome also personally visited Ms. Quinn's home. After being driven away by her, he continued to

threaten her without any remorse. He was seen by a passionate young man who identified himself as Mr. Hopkins. He misunderstood Mr. Lancome to be a morally reprehensible man. In order to stand up for justice on behalf of women, Mr. Hopkins took the matter into his own hands and gave Mr. Lancome a beating during the night. Our department has strongly reprimanded Mr. Hopkins, who has caused harm. We have also imposed a fine of 300. We hope that all members of the public will exercise caution in their words and actions and refrain from crossing ethical boundaries at any time and in any place.

Upon reading this statement, Abigail nearly sprayed the water she was drinking onto her computer screen.

On the other hand, Luna burst into laughter while clutching her stomach. “Chad is insane! How could he deceive Old Mrs. Quinn into being friends with him?”

Abigail wiped her mouth with a tissue, pondering whether ‘Mr. Hopkins’ was actually Cameron Hopkins. She scrolled through the comments to find that everyone was having a good laugh.

‘I hope I misunderstood the text about befriending and tricking the old lady. Otherwise, Chad is truly abnormal. I must also say that this gossip is genuinely hilarious. Mr. Hopkins, the passionate young man, sounds like a modern-day Spider-Man. Even though we don’t know what he looks like, he sounds pretty cute.

Mr. Hopkins did a good deed but got fined 300? Being a passionate young man surely isn’t easy! Katie, please don’t cry foul. Threatening someone by showing up at their home to do business? It’s challenging my worldview. Is this the modern way of conducting business? If they are not stirring issues on social media, they’re showing up at people’s homes in real life. Can’t they engage in a more sophisticated form of business competition?’

‘Is Katie’s social media filled with sock puppets? The police have confirmed that Katie’s CEO, Chad Lancome, threatened people, deceived the elderly about pearl purchases, and feigned being a victim. It is truly mind-boggling! What kind of CEO is he? Has he lost his mind? He’s the worst. corporate executive of the year. Such outlandish actions can only be carried out by someone foolish.

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I Will Leave You One Day

When Abigail read the comments from netizens, she couldn’t help but smile.

Though they deemed the business tactic rather low-end, it had already brought her a lot of trouble.

With Chad injured, Abigail managed to temporarily secure the pearls in her possession.

The only thing left to deal with was Micah.

Time passed day by day, and a week went by in the blink of an eye.

After leaving the company, Abigail received a call from Anthony.

"Here's a gentle reminder to come to the alumni reunion tomorrow. Should I pick you up?" Anthony's voice on the phone was incredibly gentle.

No, thanks. Just send me the address." Abigail politely declined the offer.

"Alright. By the way, I saw what happened to you online. How are you doing now? Is your grandmother okay? I've been really busy lately, and it seems like you've been overwhelmed with all these issues, so I only decided to ask you today since I didn't want to disturb you." Anthony's tone was laced with concern.

"I'm fine. Making money is never that easy, and you're bound to encounter some difficulties, but I've managed to resolve them," Abigail responded. Over the past few days, she had inquired and learned that Sean had been constantly assisting her.

However, since she and Sean had parted ways at the restaurant the other day, she hadn't seen him again.

He also used to park his car outside L.Moon often, but he no longer did so.

"Okay," Anthony replied before hanging up.

Clutching her phone, Abigail felt somewhat disheartened. It seemed like there was a growing barrier between her and Anthony.

As soon as she got into her car, she received a call from Ronaldo.

"The investigation involving Kelly and Micah hasn't yielded any direct links or strong evidence," Ronaldo uttered with a somewhat downcast tone.

"I had suspected that might be the case, but the current situation seems to be in our favor, no?" Abigail consoled Ronaldo.

"We didn't find anything conclusive, but we did discover that there is some force behind Kelly. It's force that isn't directly connected to the main branch of the Pearsons but has significant ties to their collateral branches," Ronaldo continued.

Abigail contemplated the information. In prominent families like the Pearsons, differences between the main branch and collateral branches were not uncommon. Many families faced such internal divisions.

She didn't want to get involved in the Pearsons' disputes. If it weren't for Kelly coming from afar to target her, she wouldn't have wanted to concern herself with matters that had nothing to do with her.

"You should be aware that the Pearsons were considering a marriage alliance with the Davidsons, right? Originally, if their missing daughter wasn't found, they would pick someone from the collateral

branches for marriage. But her return dashed the hopes of the daughters from the collateral families marrying into the Davidsons," Ronaldo explained.

Abigail widened her eyes when she heard that. "That means Kelly's presence is actually a threat to the interests of the collateral branches. They won't support her. Instead, they'll try to deal with her by any means necessary."

“That’s right. I’ll make a speculative suggestion, but please don’t be upset. I suspect that Kelly’s identity might be questionable. Could the reason she picks on you be related to the fact that you once met all the conditions that were the closest match for the daughter who went missing from the Pearsons?” Ronaldo asked in a hushed tone.

Before investigating Kelly, Ronaldo had also conducted a background check on Abigail, and he knew of her strong aversion to getting involved with the Pearsons.

Abigail let out a sigh. “I have no connection to the Pearsons. I can say that with certainty.”

Ronaldo hummed in response. “Whether you have a connection with her is secondary. What’s important is that the collateral branch of the Pearsons is supporting her, so she’s most likely a pawn in their game.”

“This is unrelated to the evidence we need to find. As long as Kelly doesn’t bother me, we shouldn’t get involved in her identity or her relationship with the Pearsons. Now, all we need to do is focus on Kelly and find evidence of her targeting me. Once she quiets down, our business will improve,” Abigail explained to Ronaldo in a composed manner.

“You’re right. I’ll continue keeping an eye on her, then.” Ronaldo acknowledged.

He understood that she had reservations about the Pearsons.

After ending the call, Abigail pushed Ronaldo’s concerns aside and drove home.

As usual, she opened the door and walked into her house.

However, the house was eerily quiet, so much so that one could hear a pin drop.

Due to the issue with Chad, Abigail suddenly became anxious.

“Grandma!”

She searched the house, looking for any signs of her grandmother, but she couldn’t find her. In her anxious state, she noticed a letter on the coffee table.

She had a bad feeling upon seeing that.

Walking over to the coffee table, she picked up the letter and started reading it.

“I’m leaving home for a week, Abigail. Please take care of yourself at home. I’ve prepared some pasta in the fridge so you can heat it up and eat it. If you don’t want to cook by yourself, you can just eat these. I’ll be back in a week.”

Whenever Analise went back to her hometown in the past, she used to feel reluctant to send her off, but she was never worried.

This time was different.

Abigail immediately made a call to her grandmother.

After a long wait, the call was answered.

Abigail's voice was filled with urgent concern as she questioned, "Why didn't you tell me you were going out? Where are you now? I'll come and find you!"

"I'm on the train and will arrive tomorrow. What are you coming over for? Don't you have work? It's no different from how I used to go back to the countryside. Do you think I'm a three-year-old child?" Analise complained.

It was the first time Analise talked to her in such a tone. Hence, Abigail was slightly taken aback.

"Grandma..." she muttered in a meek voice, much like a child who had done something wrong.

"I have a really important matter to attend to, Abigail. Don't be too dependent on me. When you're hungry, just eat by yourself. When it's cold, dress warmly. There will come a day when I'll have to leave you for good," Analise stated slowly amid the noisy background on the train.

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Are You Putting on a Show?

Abigail held her phone, tears welling up in her eyes.

She knew that one day, her grandmother, like her grandfather, would leave her due to old age. However, when her grandmother said these words, she couldn't help but feel overwhelmingly sad.

"I know, Grandma." Abigail's voice was subdued, but she was no longer as panicked as before.

She realized that she had overreacted because of Chad and had forgotten that her grandmother had lived several decades longer than she had.

"I'll be back as soon as I get my business done," Analise mentioned before hanging up the phone.

Her indifference left Abigail feeling flustered, and she sniffled while holding her phone, suppressing her tears.

Sitting on the couch, Abigail unfolded the letter and stared blankly at it.

What important business could Grandma have?

After a while, she folded the letter and stood up.

Even if Analise didn't want her to interfere, Abigail couldn't just sit at home and wait for her return.

Meanwhile, Sean had received news that Abigail's grandmother was taking a train to Capitalis early on.

He had previously ordered Cameron to send a few men to keep an eye on Analise, so there were two of them currently at Capitalis with her. Nevertheless, Sean felt somewhat reassured about Abigail's grandmother's trip to Capitalis.

"Why would Old Mrs. Quinn go to Capitalis? Chad's threat is no longer valid, and we've had the police remind her, but she still went alone despite everything." Cameron couldn't fathom her

actions.

Sean's expression was indiscernible under the dimly lit night.

He stood outside the self-service ticket machine at the train station with furrowed brows, watching as Abigail was escorted out by station security and then re-entered to search for him.

Abigail had been arguing with security here for half an hour, trying to find out which ticket her grandmother had purchased.

The last time she was escorted out, the security guard had gone from exasperation to anger. "If you come in again, I'm going to call the police! Can't you just go home and ask your family? If you think she's missing, go to the police station and let the police handle it! Obstructing official duties is illegal!"

Abigail's hair was disheveled by the night wind.

Exhausted, she stood on the stairs for quite some time. Then, she turned around, sat on the steps, and rested her head on her hands in frustration.

Sean approached her.

He stood in front of her, sighed helplessly, and asked, "If there's really no other way, can't you just ask me for help?"

Abigail suddenly raised her head. Her eyes were red, and they were filled with a sense of powerlessness.

After taking just one glance at him, she lowered her head again, clutching her knees with her hands. "It's not a big deal. I don't think I have to ask for your help."

"Sometimes I admire your stubbornness, but what's the point of being so stubborn right now?" Sean looked at her, his tone laced with helplessness..

Abigail remained silent.

Since her divorce, she had managed to handle everything on her own without relying on anyone. She had her own pride.

But today, her helplessness was made painfully evident to Sean.

Abigail unconsciously grasped her pants, her head buried even lower.

Sean crouched down in front of her, taking note of her striking yet cold facial features. "Since you've chosen to treat me like an ordinary person, you should also ask me for help when difficulties. Your stubbornness makes me feel like you're deliberately putting on a show for me."

you face

Abigail immediately raised her head and glared at him. "Who's putting on a show for you? Since our divorce, I've made it clear that we're no longer related. I do everything because I want to, and I've never intentionally done anything to impress you."

"So, what's the issue?" Sean raised a brow at that.

Abigail pursed her lips, deciding not to argue further.

“Get up. Let’s go eat. Sean extended his hand to Abigail.

Cameron stood by, wondering why Sean didn’t tell Abigail about her grandmother’s whereabouts.

However, Abigail didn’t take his hand.

She suddenly stood up and ignored the somewhat disheartened gaze in Sean’s eyes. Turning to Cameron, she questioned, “Are you the passionate young man, Mr. Hopkins?”

Cameron lowered his gaze, feeling quite embarrassed. “I just happened to see him, Ms. Quinn...”

“Did you really get fined with 300?” Abigail’s voice involuntarily softened, and she even sounded concerned.

“My salary is relatively high, so 300 isn’t a big deal,” Cameron replied. In truth, Sean helped him pay the fine, but Cameron couldn’t let Abigail know that it was Sean who assisted her, so he took it upon himself.

“Of course. I’m sure you didn’t want to be the passionate young man. do it paid the fine, didn’t they?” Abigail spoke while looking at Sean.

The person who made you

Sean’s expression remained calm, but his hand, which was resting by his side, involuntarily curled in the slightest way. “Should we have dinner together, Ms. Quinn?”

“I’m going home to have the pasta my grandmother made,” Abigail replied coldly.

After saying that, she noticed a fleeting hint of desolation in Sean’s eyes.

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Do You Believe Yourself?

Analise used to make some for Sean as well.

However, he would no longer have his share.

Instead of asking for permission to visit Abigail’s home for dinner, he offered, “I’ll send you back. You don’t need to worry too much about Grandma’s matters. She has her own affairs, and interfering too much may make her feel restricted.”

While Sean didn’t know why Analise had to go to Capitalis, he believed that she wasn’t foolish enough to go there just because of Chad’s threats.

She must have had her own reasons for going.

“I know,” Abigail replied softly.

“Grandma is an adult. She has way more experience in this world than you do. It’s not wrong to be concerned, but you also need to trust her,” Sean added.

Analise's determination to take those routes daily in preparation for her task demonstrated her strong resolve.

Sean believed that Abigail's personality was largely inherited from her grandmother.

Once Abigail decided to do something, she would see it through, even if it took a lot of time and effort.

"Cameron, since you helped me deal with the trouble from Chad, I'll share some pasta with you that my grandmother made as a token of my appreciation. I know you're not short on money, and my grandmother's pasta isn't worth 300, but it's still a token of my appreciation." Abigail completely ignored Sean and continued to chat with Cameron.

Cameron shot Sean a side-eye glance and agreed instantly. "Kind gestures are priceless, and besides, it wasn't right for me to use violence to hurt others. The fine was justified. We can't always resort to violence to solve problems."

"Did you write a self-reflect essay? Why are you so obedient?" Abigail teased.

"I was severely punished. Initially, I was supposed to stay a few more days in the lock-up, but Mr. Graham intervened and assured them I wouldn't repeat my mistakes, so they released me," Cameron explained, scratching his head and looking embarrassed.

After saying that, he realized that he had revealed too much.

Abigail nodded, her expression turning serious. "Thank you."

Sean threw Cameron an indifferent glance before following Abigail to the parking lot.

Once they arrived at Abigail's home, Sean stayed in the car, watching Cameron and Abigail enter the apartment building together.

Shortly after, Cameron returned to the car with some pasta. Then, he handed it to Sean. "These are meant for you, Mr. Graham. Mrs. Graham just couldn't bring herself to say it," Cameron explained nervously.

Sean glanced at him, his tone aloof as he muttered, "Do you believe yourself when you say that?"

Cameron found himself at a loss for words.

"If it's a token of gratitude meant for you, then keep it. Grandma makes good pasta," Sean said before averting his gaze.

"Well then, I'll heat some for you at your place, and I'll take the rest," Cameron insisted, not wanting to enjoy Abigail's gift alone,

"In that case, go ahead and heat it up at my place, and we'll eat together," Sean replied coolly before closing his eyes and resting against the car seat.

Cameron drove slowly and was unable to resist asking, "Why didn't you tell Mrs. Graham the truth?"

Sean remained silent for a long time before answering, "If Grandma doesn't want her to know, then we should respect her wishes. We'll just keep a close watch."

On the first day of her grandmother's absence, Abigail had a restless night plagued by chaotic scenes in her dreams. As a result, she felt mentally exhausted throughout the following day.

At 6.30PM, Abigail arrived at the address sent to her by Anthony.

To her surprise, the gathering took place at the same prestigious restaurant they had visited before.

As soon as she got out of her car, she saw Anthony waiting for her at the restaurant's entrance.

He instantly walked down the stairs upon noticing her.

She also noticed that he was wearing a white suit today, which was reminiscent of the one Sean had worn before. While Anthony looked stylish and handsome, Abigail thought Sean had a more commanding presence.

"You're here. What's wrong? You don't look too good," Anthony commented with concern as he approached Abigail. He couldn't help but notice her tired appearance.

Abigail had even taken a nap in the afternoon, but, as she found out from Luna, she still looked as drained as she did earlier. It was as if someone had sucked the life out of her.

"I didn't sleep well last night," she replied while walking toward the restaurant.

Anthony followed her, a smile playing on his lips. "Because of the alumni reunion?"

"No, it's personal. How many classmates are here today?" Abigail asked, glancing at him from the corner of her eye.

"Almost everyone who is in Pendorf is here. We've reserved a large table for more than ten people," Anthony explained, showing a certain eagerness for the reunion.

"I didn't expect so many classmates to stay in Pendorf for work," Abigail murmured.

As they entered the restaurant, a car pulled up at the entrance.

Cameron glanced at Sean and asked, "Are we still going in?"

"Let's wait for the clients to arrive," Sean replied calmly.

On the second floor of the venue, Abigail noticed that the dining tables were quite large, likely intended for banquets.

Soon, she spotted her gray-haired lecturer.

Upon seeing her, the mentor immediately wore a gentle smile and scholarly demeanor. "Hello, Abigail. It's good to see you, but why do you look so pale?"

"I didn't sleep well last night, Madam Mora. It's been a long time since we last met," Abigail replied, feeling somewhat reserved.

"Yes. You've been quiet since you graduated, and you don't even participate in the alumni group chat. Aside from your design job, what have you been doing over the years?" The woman looked at Abigail with a concerned expression.

Hearing that, Anthony placed a hand on Abigail's shoulder and sat her down beside their lecturer.

[Chapter 287](#)

An Unpleasant Gathering

Abigail had gotten married after she had graduated not long ago. Now that she had gotten a divorce, it was hard for her to respond to her professor's question.

"I haven't gone anywhere. I've opened a studio with Luna and am mostly working behind the scenes on designs to improve myself," Abigail replied softly.

Hearing her words, the professor nodded in satisfaction.

Soon, more classmates arrived. Even Luna, who was out of town, managed to make it.

As Luna sat next to Abigail, she gestured to her to look at the table beside them.

Abigail was so engrossed in talking to her professor that she didn't notice someone sitting beside them. When she turned to look, she saw Sean, along with several other individuals she didn't recognize. They were all dressed smartly and looked professional.

At the same time, Anthony noticed her gaze and instinctively looked over. Upon seeing Sean at the next table, he thought it was quite a coincidence. However, this restaurant had become a preferred gathering place for upscale people because of a famous chef's recent national recognition, so it wasn't entirely unexpected. Hence, it was evident that Sean was here to talk business.

Sean seemed to have sensed Abigail's gaze and gave her a nonchalant glance. Although his expression appeared composed, his gaze was dark.

Immediately, Abigail averted her eyes.

When all the classmates were gathered, Anthony told the waiter to start serving the food.

"I know everyone here is very busy, so I've prepared everything in advance. If there's anything not to your liking, please excuse me," Anthony announced loudly while the waiter served the dishes.

Since it was an open-plan restaurant, when one table spoke, the other table would overhear some of the conversation.

Thus, Sean turned his head and glanced at the table where Abigail was seated.

So, she is here to attend a reunion.

As he thought about it, he averted his gaze. Then, he heard Luna say, "Mr. Booker has always been considerate. I'm sure he has considered everyone's needs, right, Madam Mora?"

The professor looked at them and smiled warmly. "Anthony is indeed very thoughtful. We have every reason to trust him."

"Speaking of which, many of us present here are already married. Aren't your family worried that you are still single, Anthony?" A beautiful female classmate, who resembled a movie star, asked Anthony as she propped her chin on her hand. Although she studied design, her striking looks and figure allowed

her to work as a model right after graduation. Moreover, she managed her own social media accounts. Thus, she believed that she was doing pretty well compared to Abigail.

Those classmates who were married sipped their drinks quietly, not engaging in the discussion.

A male classmate with a beer belly and thinning hair teased, "Yeah. Do you not have someone in your heart, Anthony? Are you waiting for someone?"

Anthony smiled and replied, "I'm very busy with work. How could I have the time to find someone else?"

"Oh, come on. You're not busy tonight. We have Abigail, Luna, Sarah, and our super gorgeous classmate, Jennifer. All of them are single. Don't be too picky now, as it's hard to find girls who are single nowadays. It's quite a coincidence that we have a few single female classmates here tonight." The male classmate advised Anthony with the tone of an experienced person.

Abigail decided not to say anything because their professor was still present. She kept her head down and continued eating.

Meanwhile, the elderly woman was also looking at Anthony with a smile. "Thomas is still straightforward as ever. Though, you really should consider it. What do you think of Abigail?"

When Abigail heard her name, she raised her head and looked at Anthony. Meanwhile, Anthony was looking at her too.

Seeing that she still had her cutlery in her mouth, Anthony smiled since he thought she looked cute. "With how successful Abigail is, I dare not to think about it. Moreover, today is just a class reunion, not a matchmaking event. Let's not make things awkward, shall we, Madam Mora?" After speaking, he lifted his wine glass and gave a toast to the professor.

Upon hearing his words, Abigail heaved a sigh of relief.

This was precisely the reason many people disliked attending class reunions. After all, one never knew what outlandish things their classmates might say.

Jennifer took a sip of her wine and smirked seductively. "Speaking of backgrounds, I recall that Abigail only has a grandmother, and she's from the countryside, right? If Anthony had chosen Abigail, it would be like a Cinderella story. Don't you all agree?"

When Luna heard that, she rolled her eyes and thought, Is it time for a battle between females now? With a smile, she retorted, "If that's the case, everyone is from the countryside if we trace back far enough. Is anyone here a descendant of the royals?"

"I'm talking about the present, Luna. You don't have to get so worked up. Plus, Abigail's reputation online isn't that great. You guys should stop buying hot searches. The people are getting tired of it," Jennifer replied casually. Then, she continued to eat her food.

"Although Abigail may be from the countryside and only has a grandmother, she bought a house and a car in a top-tier neighborhood in Pendorf with her own hands. As someone who relies on their parents, I can't compare to her," Anthony responded politely, maintaining his gentlemanly

demeanor.

Jennifer felt embarrassed by his words and remained silent.

“Abigail is indeed a remarkable woman. Anyone who marries her is spared the hassle of buying a house and a car. Though I may not have reached her level of success, I’m still a design director of a well-known fashion company. Shall we give it a shot, Abigail?” a tall and slim male classmate asked confidently.

“Jake, you are a high-ranking executive. Why don’t you have a girlfriend yet?” Sarah asked curiously.

Jake smiled gently and replied, “I was pursued by the CEO’s daughter before, but I can’t stand those clueless, spoiled rich girls. I prefer a talented woman like Abigail.”

When Abigail heard that, she smiled awkwardly and said, “Thank you, but I’m not thinking about that aspect of my life right now.”

Seated beside her, Luna was rolling her eyes.

[Chapter 288](#)

Abigail Stood up for Anthony

Anthony’s smile had a hint of sarcasm. Then, he sipped his wine and told Abigail, “I heard that Eric is genuinely courting you. Aren’t you going to consider it?” With these words, he effectively shredded Jake’s misplaced self-confidence into pieces.

“Well, I’m in Pendorf, and he’s in Capitalis. If I were to consider someone, it would be someone in Pendorf,” Abigail replied. She appreciated Anthony for helping her. After all, she didn’t enjoy engaging in trivial conversations like this, especially since she was still concerned about her grandmother’s situation and had no interest in talking to them.

“It’s kind of a disadvantage, but you’re on an upward trajectory in your career right now. You have a constant stream of invitations. Moreover, the fame you gained from Lexie Chambers has a time limit. You need to focus on your career,” Anthony said slowly, steering the conversation toward their professor.

Abigail had mixed feelings toward Anthony. On one hand, she resented him because he had lied to her. However, he looked out for her tonight, saving her from much trouble. Moreover, he had been a caring senior during their school days. Thus, with everyone now focused on their careers,

personal interests often took precedence, which was the reality of the world.

At that moment, she suddenly realized that the past might not be as severe as she had initially thought. Even among friends, considerations for one’s interests often prevailed in this world.

After a few rounds of drinks, Abigail excused herself to go to the restroom. Upon returning from the washroom, she spotted Jake, who seemed to be waiting for her. However, she wasn’t particularly keen on talking with him as he appeared cunning. Plus, she didn’t resonate with his way of thinking.

"I'm not joking around, Abigail. I know I can't compare to a big star like Eric, but think about it. How many beautiful women does he come into contact with every day? Affairs between actors on set are quite common. He's not suitable for you." Jake was straightforward in his approach.

Even Abigail, who had seen her fair share of weird people, was baffled by his words.

"I'm really not interested in seeing someone right now." She rejected him bluntly.

As she was about to leave, Jake grabbed her arm and murmured, "Abigail, I'm serious about marrying you. The moment I saw you, I felt we had a special connection. I have a good job, and after we're married, you can focus on designing and raising our children. My parents can also support you-" Before he could finish his sentence, someone grabbed him by the collar and dragged him aside.

Abigail also stumbled as she was struggling out of his grip. Then, she fell into a warm embrace. Looking up, she saw that it was Sean.

Sean furrowed his brows and gave her a glance. Then, he looked at Jake coldly and said, "You're not worthy of her."

Although Anthony had motives toward Abigail, he was right. She had reached her current status through her own efforts. Not just anyone could simply be with her.

Initially, Jake had thought about putting up a fight. However, as soon as he saw Sean's gaze, he shivered and scrambled off.

Once he was gone, Abigail pushed Sean away and mumbled, "Thank you. I didn't expect him to behave that way."

"He treats women as tools to gain personal benefits. You don't need to pay him any attention. If he ever gets handsy with you again, just slap him. People like him won't listen to words," Sean commented as he looked at her.

Abigail nodded in agreement.

Then, the duo returned to the restaurant one after the other.

As soon as Abigail sat down, she heard Jake's sarcastic words. "You had a boyfriend all along, huh, Abigail? Why are you pretending to be single? Is it because only then will you be able to attract more attention from the guys?"

Their professor had already left due to an urgent matter, so there was no need for restraint among these classmates.

"How do you know she has a boyfriend?" Jennifer asked curiously. A smirk played at the corner of her lips as she enjoyed the show.

At the same time, Anthony looked at Abigail, silently asking if she needed any help.

Abigail declined the offer and looked at Jake coldly. "Do I really have a boyfriend just because you said so? You're quite confident in yourself, aren't you? Do you think your words are the absolute

truth?"

"That's right! And yet you are here picking on girls! Abby doesn't lack suitors, and you're delusional if you think you can get your hands on her. Just forget it!" Luna taunted, not understanding the purpose of this gathering tonight. She felt that Anthony was trying too hard to please their professor.

Anthony looked at Jake with a cold expression. "Tonight's reunion is because our professor wanted to see Abigail. Don't treat this gathering as an opportunity for your own romantic endeavors. Especially you, Jake. You already have a girlfriend, so you should think before you act. Everyone here has a bright future. We don't need your help."

Jake felt humiliated upon hearing that. "You are just a backup plan to her, Anthony," he grumbled. "Don't try to act so high and mighty. No matter how much you help her tonight, she will never choose you since she has a boyfriend. You will forever be a plan B to her!"

At that moment, Abigail grabbed a glass of wine and splashed it on Jake's face. "Anthony is my friend. You're just a hypocrite who likes to use random words you picked up online. If you refuse to show us some respect, just get lost. You're eating a meal he paid for, so how dare you say such things to him?"

The commotion on this side drew Sean's attention. When he heard Abigail's words, he felt the need to reevaluate Anthony.

[Chapter 289](#)

Flirting in Public

Jake, drenched in wine, stood up and glared at Abigail. "How dare you say that? Do you really think you're all mighty just because you're famous? No matter how famous you are, you're still a country bumpkin without parents and nothing more than an unwanted orphan! How long do you think that old woman can support you? In the end, the only choice you have is to rely on a man! How naive of you to think you can act high and mighty for your entire life just because of your current fame!"

Anthony's expression turned grim in that split second. "Trust me, Jake. I'll have someone cut off your tongue!" He looked at Jake with hostility.

The commotion at their table quickly drew the attention of the waiter.

Sean cast a glance at Cameron. The latter understood his intention and approached Jake with a cold expression. Then, he said, "My boss owns shares from this restaurant. Because of your disturbance, which is affecting others, my boss has asked me to escort you out."

"I'm a customer here-" Before Jake could finish his sentence, Cameron slapped him across the face.

Jake fell to the ground, and several of his teeth fell out onto the floor.

Cameron walked up to him and smiled. "Do I need to repeat myself?"

In the meantime, the entire table fell silent. Jake could feel his head buzzing from the pain and tried get back on his feet. As he stumbled out of the room, the other male classmates quickly stood up and bid farewell to Anthony before scrambling away.

When Cameron saw Abigail looking at him, he felt a bit uneasy. "Please continue your boss will waive the cost for this table."

meal. My

At that, Abigail looked at Sean. Sean raised his glass and made a toasting gesture toward her. Then, he withdrew his gaze and took a sip of his wine.

The rest of the classmates were filled with curiosity and amazement. After all, Sean was undeniably handsome, and his actions were undoubtedly flirting with Abigail!

Jennifer fixed her gaze on Sean. Her heart was racing, and she blushed.

"Serves him right for turning a class reunion into such a mess!" one of the female classmates whispered.

Abigail watched as Cameron returned to Sean's side, looking like the Grim Reaper itself.

No wonder he got a severe reprimand from the police and was fined. He doesn't know how to control his strength!

As Abigail thought about it, she sat back down and asked Anthony, "So, the reason Madam Mora invited me was just to meet up?"

"Did she not add you on WhatsApp? I assume she has something to discuss with you." Anthony looked at Abigail intently. "Thanks for standing up for me. I really hate how he addressed me."

Nowadays, many people would use such words to insult others during arguments. Abigail hated this too.

"No problem. You've been helping me all night too. I haven't thanked you yet," Abigail replied as she averted her gaze.

Jennifer looked at Abigail, and her attitude was completely different from her earlier taunting. "I saw you on a TV show before. Sean seemed to be quite friendly with you. The two of you must be quite close, right?" she asked gently.

Luna snorted at that. "What's with you? We are having a meal here, and you are eyeing Anthony and Mr. Graham. Your heart sure is fickle."

Jennifer suppressed her anger and smiled before saying, "Oh, you know, it's just that we're all getting older. It comes at a time when marriage is a hot topic. Since we're all single, we might as well get to know each other."

Abigail gave her a cold look and said, "Sean is just sitting over there. If you want to get to know him, just ask for his number."

Luna couldn't help but look at Abigail. She's quite clever, hitting two birds with one stone!

Meanwhile, Sean had no idea that Abigail had set him up. He was engrossed in discussions with the clients about investment matters.

Initially, Abigail wanted to pass the problem over, but she didn't expect Jennifer to do as she said. Her mouth was slightly agape since she couldn't believe Jennifer actually went for it.

Anthony leaned back in his chair, looking utterly amused.

Luna watched as Jennifer approached Sean. Then, she turned to Abigail and said, "I'm sure she'll tell him that you are the one who asked her to go. Someone as petty as Mr. Graham will surely come looking for you."

"I didn't expect her to actually go," Abigail muttered.

On the other hand, Jennifer walked up to Sean with a flushed face. She mustered up the courage and casually flipped her long, wavy hair. Then, she said to him, "I'm Abigail's classmate, and I'd like to get to know you. She told me to come and get your number."

As expected, Sean's gaze immediately shifted to Abigail.

Abigail felt a chill run down her spine, so she took a few sips of her drink and pretended to be calm as she talked to Anthony. "I heard that your company has been doing well lately and is planning to cooperate with the official television station. Is that true?" She had learned about this from online sources, but she wasn't sure if it was true or not.

"Yes. It's in progress. We are working on aligning with the official station." Anthony nodded. "In the future, our company's TV dramas will have a priority slot on that channel. Of course, quality matters. Only the top-notch productions will make it."

TV dramas with priority slots often had a high chance of competing for awards, making them highly prestigious in the industry.

"That sounds great!" Abigail replied.

At the same time, Sean kept his eyes on Abigail. Seeing that she was unfazed, he shifted his gaze to Jennifer. "Do you want me to date you?" he asked directly.

Immediately, Jennifer's face turned flushed, and she bit her lower lip hard.

[Chapter 290](#)

Outstanding Men Get Married Early

"We can give it a go if you're willing."

Sean raised an eyebrow and said nothing upon hearing her words. It was as though he was genuinely considering the possibility of this proposal. The others were looking at Jennifer with amusement in their eyes. She gradually went from shy to feeling awkward as she fiddled with her fingers nervously.

Just as her legs were slightly shaking from the anxiety, he finally spoke up, "I'm sorry, but I still want to get back together with my ex-wife. Thus, I'm not going to date anyone else."

When she found out that he was married, she was left utterly flabbergasted. She was so embarrassed from being rejected that she nodded hastily and quickly returned to her seat.

“Why didn’t you mention that he was married? I wouldn’t have said anything if I knew he had an ex-wife he deeply loves!” Jennifer glared at Abigail.

Abigail gripped the wine glass tightly and said nothing.

“It seems that outstanding men do have the tendency to get married early,” Sarah mumbled, expressing a hint of regret.

Sean was exceptionally handsome in person. Even the media couldn’t capture his unique charisma in pictures.

“It seems like I’m not good enough,” Anthony instinctively added.

Sarah hastily backtracked and explained, “That’s not what I meant.”

Suddenly, Abigail said, “I’m done. I’m going back to rest. I didn’t sleep well last night. God, I hope I’ll sleep better tonight.”

Luna got up and offered, “You look pale. I’ll drive you home.”

Anthony nodded. “Sounds good. It’s getting late, too. Let’s head back home.”

With that, the class reunion ended quietly.

After they bid their farewells, Abigail rested her head on Luna’s shoulder as they sat in the car.

“What do you think the professor wants from you?” Luna was curious.

“I don’t know. My brain is all fuzzy. I really don’t want to think about it right now,” Abigail replied. She felt even more tired after having some alcohol.

Luna called a cab to send them home. When she recalled Jennifer’s words, she asked, “Do you think Sean was talking about you when he mentioned that he had an ex-wife he deeply loved?”

“Don’t listen to him. He’s just trying to get back at me since he knew I was the one who told Jennifer to go to him,” Abigail replied with zero hesitation. After all, she didn’t believe one word that came out of the man’s mouth. Love? Does he even know what that is?

“That makes sense. He should have treated you better in the past if he genuinely loved you.” Luna pursed her lips.

Once Abigail made it home, she closed the door, sat on the shoe-changing stool, and stared blankly at her empty home. She wanted to know where Analise had gone but couldn’t find a reason to call her. Plus, she was afraid that Analise would be mad if she called her.

Finally, she removed her shoes, put on her slippers, and went to her room after sitting there for a while. Just as she was about to take a shower, her phone rang. When she noticed that it was Sean calling, she thought he might be calling to confront her. So, she didn’t bother answering.

Once the call ended, he immediately called again.

In the end, she got so annoyed that she answered the call and snapped angrily, "What is it? Are you here to settle the score?"

"Am I that petty?" Sean retorted.

You are the pettiest person I have ever met in my entire life, Abigail sighed in frustration. She forced herself to stay sober and think of him as though he was just an acquaintance. Once she got her emotions under control, she asked, "What do you want?"

"You don't have to push me towards other women even if you don't like me," Sean said calmly.

"That's a mistake on my part. I apologize." Abigail calmly admitted her mistake.

Sean sighed and ended the call without saying anything else.

He didn't like how Abigail had treated him as though he was just some stranger. Lately, when he woke up in the middle of the night, he would recall her loving voice when she used to talk to him in bed. The farther he was from such experiences, the more he yearned for them. Alas, the more he yearned for them, the worse his insomnia became.

Abigail held her phone and stared into space before heading to the shower. She turned on the hot water, letting it run over her figure. At that moment, her mind suddenly went blank.

Abigail fell to the ground with a thud. Her lower back had collided with the basin, causing a sharp pain to assail her senses. Yet, she remained stiff as the continuous stream of water splashed against her

body as she lay there, utterly unmoving.

As time passed, the warm water gradually turned cold. Still, she remained immobile. The icy water made her shiver. So, she tried to reach the shower's control switch but to no avail. Her face

turned pale from the pain as she started shivering from the cold.

In the meantime, Sean sat alone in his car as he looked up at the floor where Abigail lived. As the night grew darker, the only apartment with lights on was hers.

He had already smoked three cigarettes even though only an hour had passed. Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly felt that something was amiss.

Why is her bathroom light on for so long? She isn't the type to take long showers. He remembered her habits well. She would usually be out of the bathroom in 15 minutes at most.

Therefore, he immediately got out of his car the moment he realized that something had gone terribly wrong.

By the time Abigail had slowly regained control over her faculties, she heard a knocking at the door.

"Abigail!" Sean's voice sounded from outside. His voice was louder than ever as he bellowed, "Open the door!" He called out again.

Abigail felt herself becoming anxious. Alas, she could only move extremely slowly. She couldn't help but suspect she might have seriously injured her back due to the fall.

Sean's voice disappeared when he received no response.

Just as she thought he had left, he returned in less than ten minutes.

He had called a locksmith.