

Spare Wife 291

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Sean's Personal Care

When Sean rushed into the bathroom, he saw Abigail struggling to stand up. He quickly wrapped a towel around her and lifted her by her arms. "Did you injure your back?" he asked in concern.

"Yeah, I suddenly felt dizzy and hit my back," Abigail replied tremulously due to the agonizing pain.

"Let's get you to the hospital," said Sean. He didn't dare to risk touching her back as he slowly helped her out of the bathroom.

He took Abigail to the hospital in less than half an hour. Once they arrived, she was rushed to the emergency room without further ado. He could do nothing but place his trust in the professionals and anxiously watched as she was wheeled inside. When the emergency room doors slid open, he immediately rushed to the doctor and demanded, "How is she?"

"There doesn't seem to be a serious problem. It's just temporary numbness. So, she's fine now. However, she's suffering from a minor injury to her back. My advice is that she should rest and apply cold packs to the injured area for 15-20 minutes several times a day. Repeat this process for a week, and she should be fine. Also, please pay attention to her mental state. Sometimes, the body's functions are closely linked to one's mental well-being." The doctor reassured him before leaving.

It was a false alarm.

Meanwhile, Abigail was also sighing in relief after listening to the doctor's diagnosis.

Sean followed her into the ward and watched as the doctor prepared the IV bag for the duration of her stay. Then, he sat down at the edge of the bed before looking at her seriously and inquiring, "Are you sure you'll be okay living alone?"

"Today's incident was due to my carelessness. It won't happen again. However, I do have a question for you. How did you know I had an accident?" Abigail couldn't help but feel that it was all too coincidental.

Sean shifted his gaze to the window. "We share a special connection."

Abigail rolled her eyes at him in exasperation. Sure, and I can walk on water.

"Are you secretly spying on me?" she asked abruptly.

He frowned and looked at her. "Do you think I'm some kind of stalker?"

"Why did you just happen to be here, then?" She insisted as she thought it was too coincidental that he arrived just after he called her.

"When I called you, I was already at your place. I saw that you had been in the bathroom for an

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hour, and the light was still on. Based on your habits, I guessed that something had happened to you," Sean explained patiently.

When she heard his words, she felt her heartstrings being tugged. He remembered something as trivial as showering?

“Well, I guess I was lucky to have you conveniently nearby tonight,” Abigail said as she adjusted the blanket.

That’s because I stood by your house every night until your lights went out, Sean thought wryly.

“It’s getting late. Why don’t you get some rest?” he suggested. He knew she hadn’t slept well due to Analise’s condition. She looked exhausted tonight.

“You should go home too. There are doctors in the hospital.” She looked at him.

He didn’t respond. Instead, he got up and left the room. Although she knew that she really shouldn’t have expected anything else, she couldn’t understand why she felt a faint sense of disappointment as he left.

When Sean returned, he had some documents in his hand. Then, he placed them on the bedside table before making himself comfortable on the empty bed.

“Get some sleep. Call me if you want some water in the middle of the night,” he said calmly. before closing his eyes.

She stared at him as he lay with his eyes closed. When she noticed the obvious signs of exhaustion on his brow, she didn’t say anything in protest. Her mind started twisting itself in knots before she gradually succumbed to slumber.

Since their separation at the bar, this was the first time Sean had slept so peacefully. Even though the bed was uncomfortable, having Abigail beside him made him feel secure.

The following day, he helped her go through the discharge procedures. That left her absolutely bored as she waited for him to complete the necessary paperwork since she was stuck in the ward. So, she decided to check on him.

Sean was in the middle of the administrative process when he suddenly received a phone call from Cameron. Thus, he excused himself and answered the call.

The female doctor teased him, “I’ll wait for you since you are handsome. Hurry up! There are still people waiting in line.”

Sean didn’t respond to her light-hearted remark. Instead, he asked Cameron, “What’s the matter?”

“We lost Analise Cameron’s voice was low. Nonetheless, there was no hiding the fear he felt toward Sean

Sean fell silent for a moment after hearing such a report. Once those words registered in his mind, he snarled, “Are you even doing your job, Cameron?!” His voice was so full of anger that it sent shivers down the spines of the doctor and the people in line behind him. As a result, the doctor didn’t dare to rush him. Instead, she hastily kept her head low as she processed the paperwork.

“We’re doing our best to find her,” Cameron replied faintly.

“If even a hair on Analise’s head is harmed... Well, you know the consequences.” Sean threatened. Then, he hung up the call. Just as he was about to inform the doctor to hurry up, he caught sight of Abigail standing nearby.

He instantly jerked his head toward her.

Abigail’s face was drained of all color. It was as if she was a ghost gliding through the hospital corridors.

“Is there anything else that needs to be signed?” Sean urged the doctor..

Just a signature here will do,” the doctor said as she handed him the forms.

After he finished signing the documents, he quickly grabbed them and walked over to Abigail.

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Analise Went Missing

Abigail had not expected that Sean had known about Analise’s whereabouts.

She lifted her head slightly and looked at Sean.

Sean seemed visibly anxious. He gripped her wrist and confessed without hesitation, “I have known where Analise is all this time, but it was just because I was concerned about her well-being.

I planned to keep an eye on her without interfering in her life to ensure her safety. However, something unexpected has happened. We need to go to Capitalis now.”

“Did Grandma go to Capitalis?” Abigail was promptly dragged out of the hospital.

Although he was in a rush, he was also mindful of her injury. So, his steps were much slower than usual.

“Yes. I don’t know why she went there,” he answered.

Her heart was on edge. “You seem so worried, Sean. Do you know that her trip could be dangerous?”

He glanced at her and replied, “No, it’s just that she’s getting old. Plus, she’s not exactly familiar with the place. It would be troublesome if she gets lost.”

Abigail didn’t say anything else.

Sean dropped her off at her apartment. Then, he made another call to Cameron while she was off packing her things. “How did you lose her in the first place?” Even though he was significantly calmer than before, his voice still carried an undertone of menace that sent shivers down the spine.

Cameron wasted no time explaining, “Old Mrs. Quinn went to the restroom. When she came out, someone replaced her. The woman was wearing her clothes and bag. So, we assumed that was her. I was standing at a distance, and the individual had intentionally avoided showing her face. So, I didn’t notice anything amiss until it was too late. Plus, the replacement started acting strangely around the second-hour mark, avoiding us. That’s when our men got suspicious.”

“Quickly investigate this matter! If you can’t find her whereabouts within two hours, you’re fired! Also, bring my identification to the airport, Sean ordered harshly. Then, he hung up and immediately called his friends in the Capitalis.

On the other hand, Abigail was hobbling downstairs as fast as she could manage after stuffing her identification and a few sets of clothing into her backpack. Since it was summer, she was packing lighter than usual. Hence, she only needed a small backpack.

Then, he wasted no time driving straight to the airport the instant she hopped into his car. She was about to ask him something when his phone rang again. When he noticed that the caller ID

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was displaying Colby’s name, Sean had no choice but to answer.

“What’s the matter?” Sean asked. His tone was considerably warmer.

“Your grandmother went for a walk yesterday and hasn’t returned yet. Is she with you?” Colby’s voice sounded worried.

“She’s not at my place. I’ll call and check,” Sean replied. Then, he ended the call before dialing Xavien’s number.

Abigail decided not to disturb him since his phone hadn’t ceased ringing ever since they left her home.

“What’s the situation over there?” Frankly, he wasn’t too worried about Lina’s whereabouts. After all, Xavien hadn’t called to report anything alarming.

“For now, we’re sticking to the original plan. However-”

Before Xavien could finish, Sean cut him off, saying. “I’ve got another call coming in. I’ll get back to you.”

Initially, he assumed

Was Cameron calling, but it turned out to be Joan. After he ended the call, he turned to Abigail and said, “I’ll take you to the airport. From there, you can head to Capitalis directly. Someone will be there to assist you. I can’t leave right now. My grandmother hasn’t been home all night, and my grandfather is worried.”

Abigail seemed momentarily taken aback but quickly responded, “It’s alright. I can manage on my own.” She knew he had already gone above and beyond by staying up all night. Plus, he had done more than enough with Analise’s situation. Thus, she didn’t want to trouble him any further.

Sean nodded and continued to drive in silence.

Just as Abigail was about to go through airport security, he suddenly grabbed her wrist. So, she instinctively turned to look at him.

There were many words he wanted to say to her. Alas, he swallowed them all and only murmured, “Put yourself and your grandmother first. Please call me if you need help. I have friends at Capitalis. Seeking help when necessary won’t do you any harm.”

Abigail nodded and thanked him with sincerity.

Thus, he reluctantly released her hand. Although there were many things he wanted to say, he decided they were better left unsaid for now. After all, she had enough to deal with regarding her grandmother, and he didn't want to burden her further.

After she passed through the ticket checkpoint and disappeared from his line of sight, Sean turned around and left the airport. His face turned stoic almost immediately as he dialed Joan's number.

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Once the call connected, she answered it immediately.

"What do you want?" Sean demanded coldly.

"Kingston's men have taken your grandmother hostage. I know where she is. Do you want to bring some people over?" Joan's voice was anxious.

"You're not involved in this, are you, Joan?" Sean asked tonelessly.

Joan immediately started sobbing as she replied, "I have always listened to you. I wouldn't dare to get involved in something like this. After all, I can't make the same mistake my brother did. Those words you said to me are still clear in my head. I won't forget them even for a single moment."

"Send me the address. I'll be right there." Then, he ended the call.

When Analise regained consciousness, she found someone standing by the bedside. She soon noticed it was an elderly lady that looked healthier than she did, even though they were of similar ages. She didn't panic. Instead, she calmly sat up and looked at the woman without saying a word.

"Do you know where you are?" The old lady stared her down; her gaze was filled with unending contempt. In fact, even the woman's tone was filled with obvious arrogance.

"I don't need to know. All you need to understand is that if anything happens to me, the secrets you want to hide will be exposed," Analise replied fearlessly, staring straight into the elderly woman's eyes.

Her self-assured demeanor caused the old lady's face to turn grim.

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Ms Quinn, Please Look at Me

Molly slowly changed her expression to a more amiable one during their silent standoff.

"You should take your secret back to Pendorf, and you're not allowed to return ever again. You should also forget about seeking the Pearsons out. Only then will you and your granddaughter be safe."

"Is that so? You people brought back that fake and acted all grand when you returned to the Pearsons, only to bully my granddaughter as soon as you reap the benefits. Is that what you call safety?" Analise retorted mockingly as she stared at Molly.

“Others might have respected you when you acted tough in Quinn Village, but you can’t bring that attitude to Capitalis. Besides, you can’t even enter the Pearsons’ gate. You, an elderly woman, can’t possibly seek justice for your granddaughter, Molly continued while sounding genuinely persuasive.

“If you think I can’t get in, why did you tie me up then?” Analise questioned sharply.

“We were actually saving you. An elderly woman from out of town having an accident in Capitalis wouldn’t raise any eyebrows. Furthermore, Capitalis is filled with cars and people. It’s normal for an old person like you to get bumped into accidentally,” Molly said calmly, as though she was just talking about the weather.

“In that case, why don’t you let me out to experience a bump or two?” Analise looked at Molly with a hint of a smile.

Molly didn’t know what kind of tricks Analise had left behind the scenes. After a moment of contemplation, Molly turned on her heel and left.

Analise looked at the closed door and lay back down while muttering, “Oh my goodness. I’ve toiled all my life, and I didn’t expect to receive such good treatment as soon as I arrived in Capitalis. All I do is eat, drink, and sleep. It’s so comfortable.”

The people monitoring her couldn’t help but feel infuriated by her words.

Molly briskly walked through the quaint house before passing through several corridors and entering a courtyard.

In the courtyard, a woman dressed in a dress was pruning flower branches. She turned when she saw Molly returning, and her appearance bore some resemblance to Abigail. Yet, their temperaments were entirely different.

“How did it go?” She held a freshly cut rose in her hand.

“That old woman is extremely stubborn and definitely has an ace up her sleeves. We can’t take any hasty actions, Molly replied with a respectful tone

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“She raised Abigail, who is quite cunning herself. We can’t underestimate her. Moreover, she may have ulterior motives. Are you sure she’s not deceiving you?” The woman scented the rose and asked calmly.

“But she knows the truth about what happened all those years ago,” Molly said gravely.

The woman looked at the rose for a while before musing, “We can’t allow that old lady to meet the head of the household, and she wants that old lady to die. If you can’t achieve that, I’ll be in at difficult position here as well. How do you suggest we proceed?”

Her words made Molly’s face turn pale.

“But Sean’s people are still investigating this matter. The consequences would be unimaginable if we offended him.” Molly expressed her concerns.

“What use is there for me to keep you under my employ if you want me to consider these factors. for you?” The woman suddenly crushed the rose in her hand, and her eyes were filled with malice. as she regarded Molly.

Molly was so frightened that she instinctively shivered in response. Then, she swallowed hard before saying, “I will find a way.”

“I only care about the

ult. Don’t bother me with the process. Otherwise, I will consider you useless. Do you understand?” The woman tossed the crushed rose on the ground, and her expression grew even more vicious.

The sufficiently terrified Molly nodded obediently and left with shaky legs.

Meanwhile, Abigail felt a bit lost upon arriving in Capitalis.

She had made the decision in a hurry and only now realized that finding Analise was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

It was a call from Eric.

She wasn’t sure if it was a coincidence or if Eric had been monitoring her movements all along.

Nonetheless, she still answered the call.

“What’s the matter?” Her tone was as cold and distant as ever, showing that she had no intention of talking unless absolutely necessary.

“You’re in Capitalis. Do you need help? Do you want me to be your guide?” Eric asked.

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Abigail was just about to say something when she saw a stylish man in a black suit and sunglasses holding up a sign.

The large words ‘Ms. Quinn, please look at me’ on the sign were quite eye-catching as they drew the attention of many.

Abigail couldn’t help but cringe. Still, she tried her best to hide her discomfort as she walked over.

“No, thank you. I have someone picking me up, and I’m not here for vacation; I’m here on business,” she replied flatly.

“All right... Be sure to contact me if you need anything.” Eric sounded somewhat disappointed.

Abigail gave a noncommittal response and ended the call right then and there.

Then, she walked up to the stylish man and cleared her throat.

“Hello, Ms. Quinn. Mr. Graham asked me to pick you up. We’ve been working tirelessly to investigate Old Mrs. Quinn’s situation, and her disappearance is likely connected to the Pearsons.” The stylish man put away the sign and got straight to the point.

Abigail scrunched her brows as she inquired, "When can you find my grandmother?"

She wouldn't spare them if the Pearsons dared to harm her dearest grandmother. It didn't even matter to her that Josh had once saved Analise.

"We've already contacted the Pearsons. Please wait for a moment," the stylish man replied.

"What's your name?" Abigail walked out of the airport with him.

"You can call me Alfie, Ms. Quinn," the stylish man answered with a big and toothy grin.

Even though Abigail was in Capitalis, she had no plan in mind. Sean didn't even know the purpose of Analise's visit to Capitalis. Hence, she felt clueless about what to do.

"Ms. Quinn, let's grab some lunch. Don't worry. Mr. Graham is taking care of everything. He will find your grandmother even if he has to turn this place upside down," Alfie said with a grin while acting like a loyal henchman.

Abigail couldn't help but shoot a glance at him. Did Sean know what kind of people his subordinate was?

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Does Mr Graham Know?

Alfie received a phone call during their meal. He immediately dropped his sycophantic demeanor and furrowed his brows. His whole presence became assertive and was impossible to ignore.

Abigail thought to herself that this guy looked quite intimidating when he got serious.

"Are you sure it's related to the Pearsons? All right. I'm having a meal with Ms. Quinn-" He hadn't even finished his sentence when Abigail snatched his phone away from him.

"We're done eating. Send us the address, and we'll come right away," she said before ending the call and handing the phone back to Alfie, who looked somewhat resigned.

Then, he took his phone and said, "This meal was quite expensive. Please consider my wallet and also the feelings of the uneaten food. They will feel unappreciated."

"We'll come again next time, and it'll be my treat. My grandmother is more important," she replied firmly.

Alfie stood up while muttering, "Mr. Graham wouldn't want you to handle things on an empty stomach, but you're the biggest..."

Abigail didn't pay attention to his quiet muttering. Instead, she took her bag and vacated the premises.

Not long after they got in the car, Abigail received a strange call.

Alfie was sitting beside her as he watched her hesitate as to whether she should answer. He playfully extended his hand and pressed the answer button for her.

She was shocked by his behavior. When she snapped back to her senses, she wished she could punch him.

Alas, he simply acted in a goofy manner and motioned for her to answer despite being the recipient of her ferocious glare.

Abigail reluctantly pressed the speaker button. Meanwhile, Alfie didn't hesitate to lean closer and eavesdrop on the conversation.

"Is this Ms. Quinn?" the person on the other end of the line asked.

"Yes. Who are you?" Abigail replied coldly.

"I'm a staff member at the train station. The owner of this phone has fainted in the train station restroom. We found your contact information in her phone. Can you please come to the station to accompany her to the hospital if it's convenient for you?"

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Abigail hesitated while looking at Alfie.

He found the situation incredibly perplexing...

So, he took out his phone and made a call.

After she hung up, she stared at him without saying anything.

Alfie's call got through, and he asked with a sardonic smile playing on his lips, "Are you guys playing a prank on me? Ms. Quinn received a call from the train station staff saying her grandmother was there. Did you guys leave your brain in the trash while you're on the job?"

Abigail leaned closer to eavesdrop.

"We searched the Pearsons' premises and didn't find Abigail's grandmother. Boss, you should bring her to the train station and check things out a young man answered.

"Do you even know how to do your damn job?!" Alfie snapped and told the driver to head to the train station.

"It's not that your people can't get the job done. It's that they know your people will be going there. So, they moved her before you could trace things back to them." Abigail comforted him.

Alfie licked his lips and said with a sly grin, "This time, it was Pearsons' distant branch that was the mastermind behind the kidnapping of Old Mrs. Quinn. They assumed that since Mr. Graham. wasn't a local, he wouldn't dare to confront them. They're quite an audacious bunch. Unfortunately, they don't know that Mr. Graham is way worse. Honestly, he wouldn't bat an eye even if you asked him to fight a deity."

Abigail was curious. "Does Mr. Graham know what you think of him?"

"Of course, he doesn't. I'm just a small fry he assigned here. He doesn't care about my thoughts," Alfie replied confidently.

Still, she couldn't help but think that he sure seemed to be enjoying himself working as a small fry and ridiculing his boss.

After the brief banter, all of her thoughts were focused on her grandmother.

Abigail and Alfie soon arrived at the train station and followed the instructions of the station's staff to the waiting room.

Analise was sitting in the waiting room and drinking water. When she saw Abigail rush in, she froze for a moment and then scolded her sternly, "What's the matter with you? Didn't I tell you to stay at home?!"

"I was worried about you. Also, don't you dare start with me! You came to Capitalis without telling me! How could I stay home and not worry about you?! Besides, I wouldn't stop you from visiting

Capitalis. So, why did you have to keep it from me?!" Abigail shouted. After a while, her voice started to take on a tremulous quality.

Analise had always been a tender-hearted woman. So, when she saw Abigail shaking from her emotions as tears welled up in her eyes, she sighed helplessly and replied wearily, "I just wanted to visit an old friend. What's there to worry about?"

However, Abigail couldn't stop herself from rushing over and giving her a tight hug. "But you rarely leave the Quinn Village..."

"Oh, look at you. You're already an adult, and yet you are crying like a child. You're making a spectacle of yourself." Analise patted her back gently.

Abigail only tightened her embrace around Analise as she muttered petulantly, "I haven't been able to sleep or eat properly these past two days, and I had no idea where you were-

"You know that I will leave you one day. You need to get used to it," Analise said dotingly as she gently pried herself away from the koala monster that was Abigail.

'She isn't in good health. You need to make sure she doesn't go around under such scorching heat. Otherwise, it could be troublesome if she suffers from heatstroke." The station staff took the opportunity to advise Abigail after their emotional encounter.

"Okay. I understand," Abigail answered while holding Analise's hand; her eyelashes were still glistening with tears.

"Let's go, Ms. Quinn. You have been busy all day and haven't had lunch yet. Why don't you have lunch together with Old Mrs. Quinn?" Alfie kindly suggested.

"Okay." Analise agreed as she supported herself with the chair. "I'm still quite healthy despite my age. There's really no need to treat me like a child.

Abigail squeezed her hand lightly and said, "I'm just worried about you. Don't you worry whenever I'm away?"

“Hmph. Worry? Why should I worry? Have you ever seen me stopping you from running yourself ragged?” Analise retorted.

Sometimes, it was truly challenging to communicate with the elderly.

Abigail didn’t want to argue with her. Plus, she was overcome by relief, knowing that Analise was fine.

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Unexpected Incident

As the three of them stepped out of the train station’s waiting room, Abigail and Analise debated whether to have lunch or visit the hospital first.

The train station in Capitalis was bustling with people. One could see people walking to-and-fro, rushing about like bees,

“Let’s go to the hospital for a check-up and then have lunch at a restaurant near the hospital.” Alfie decided on their behalf when it became clear that the two women weren’t about to come to a decision anytime soon.

Abigail looked at Analise, who was about to speak. Before she could say anything, Alfie suddenly shouted, “Watch out!”

Before they realized what was happening, he had already shoved them aside.

He was quite strong. Plus, he hadn’t held back his strength while pushing them out of harm’s way. So, his actions made Abigail stagger a few steps backward. When she finally regained her balance, she immediately helped Analise, who had also taken a stumble.

“Go!” Alfie screamed at them, his voice tinged with pain.

A man was standing before Alfie and had Alfie by the collar. As Abigail was about to speak, the man’s hand moved, and a bloodstained fruit knife appeared in her field of vision.

“Ah!” Analise was so frightened that she let out a shriek and took a couple of steps back in terror.

“Run!” There was no disguising the agony in Alfie’s tone this time.

The man struggled to push Alfie away. Nonetheless, his gaze remained fixed on Abigail and Analise while he was doing so. However, he couldn’t harm them because Alfie was tightly gripping onto his collar.

Abigail retreated a couple of steps and screamed, “Help!”

Her shout drew the attention of many passersby at the train station.

There was already quite a bit of blood on the ground between Alfie and the man.

“Ah! Help! Someone is trying to kill people!” A woman suddenly screeched, causing chaos in the train station.

“Let go!” The man’s eyes were bloodshot, and he was trying to push Alfie away. When that didn’t work, he tried to stab Alfie with the fruit knife again.

Abigail took off her bag and swung it fiercely at the man's head. Her hands were trembling, but she couldn't afford to let her guard down. So, she gave it her all.

The moment the man was struck by her bag, Alfie released him.

The man staggered back as he was hit by her bag. At that moment, a burly middle-aged man approached from behind and used his arm to lock the man's neck. Then, he didn't even hesitate for a second as he twisted the man's wrist and forced the assailant to drop the fruit knife to the ground.

Abigail breathed a huge sigh of relief, turned around, and rushed to Alfie's side.

Alfie lay on the ground while clutching his bleeding abdomen. He was experiencing minor convulsions.

"I'll take you to the hospital... Grandma, call 911! Quick! Call 911!" Abigail shouted at Analise. Her eyes were red.

Analise snapped out of her daze and hastily whisked out her phone.

The whole train station was in utter chaos.

Alfie lay on the ground weakly, and Abigail carefully placed his head in her lap. Tears streamed down her face.

Blood continued to flow from his abdomen as it stained the ground red.

Abigail returned to the emergency room's entrance and gripped Analise's hand tightly after washing her hands in the nearest washroom in the hospital.

Analise was completely out of it as she stared at the emergency room entrance, lost in thought.

Sean had rushed to the hospital the instant he received the news.

When he saw Abigail standing in a daze at the emergency room's entrance, he quickly approached her and asked lowly, "How is he doing?"

The news of this incident had already become a trending topic online.

After all, it was an incident that occurred at Capitalis' train station.

Abigail's eyes were somewhat swollen. Nevertheless, she struggled to control her emotions as she answered hoarsely, "I don't know. He lost a lot of blood. H-He was stabbed deeply in the abdomen."

Sean's brows furrowed, and he nodded. Then, he turned to Analise, who was staring at him. "Grandma."

Analise merely nodded at him slightly and remained silent.

She had come to realize that Alfie was one of Sean's men. Still, she couldn't bring herself to dwell on how Abigail had once again become entangled with Sean at the moment.

After all, one of them would be the one receiving treatment in the ER if it weren't for Alfie.

“Have the both of you eaten?” Sean asked Abigail as waiting here doing nothing wasn’t going to make the doctors work any faster.

When Alfie found Analise, he had texted Sean, saying he would take them out for a meal. Alas, trouble ensued before he could follow through.

“Yes,” Even though Abigail was upset by the turn of events, she had to consider Analise’s health. She could skip a meal, but Analise wasn’t getting any younger.

“Cameron is downstairs. Why don’t you take him with you as you take a look around the food options here? I’ll stay here with Grandma,” Sean suggested to Abigail warmly.

“All right.” She had no objections.

Alfie was definitely someone important to Sean. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have come in person.

After she left, Sean sat down by Analise’s side.

“Are you here because Abigail was bullied by the new young lady of the Pearsons?”

Sean looked at Analise with his gentle eyes.

She looked at him and opened her mouth. Alas, she couldn’t find the words to say anything.

“Abigail also told me about the incident where she was bullied by that wealthy young lady. I sent Chad back to Capitalis. So, the matter should have ended when he returned. Why did you come to Capitalis again?” Sean asked. Now that it involved Alfie’s life, he needed to know why Analise had made this trip.

Because if it weren’t for Alfie’s quick actions, the ones in danger today would be Abigail or Analise.

The moment the other party revealed that they were more than willing to endanger their lives to secure their interests, it indicated that this was not a simple business matter. Instead, that pretty much confirms that a much deeper conflict of interests existed, and Analise held the key to unlocking part of their schemes.

Analise’s eyes became lidded. Yet, she still did not utter a word.

“Grandma, I really don’t mean to press you for answers. It’s just that the other party has already threatened your safety, and I can’t just sit idly by. The Pearsons are a real powerhouse, and if we’re going against one of theirs... Only I can do something against them. If you’re going to fight against her with just Abigail, all your efforts will be in vain without my support,” Sean intoned seriously while holding Analise’s hand

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The Child Rescued from the Water

Analise still didn’t say anything.

She had initially arrived at an accord with Molly, thinking that everything would be fine from now on. She believed that the young lady from the Pearsons wouldn’t bother Abigail anymore and that it meant that Abigail would live happily in Pendorf from now on.

Yet, Alfie getting stabbed publicly made her realize she had been a naive fool.

The Pearsons could easily act one way on the surface and do something completely different behind the scenes.

If Abigail lost her life today, what purpose did it serve to expose the secret she had been protecting for so long?

She had always hoped that Abigail would remain by her side, completely worry-free.

Sean, can you please not tell Abigail anything about this? I don't want to lose her... She's the one I watched grow up, and her life has been filled with nothing but hardship. I don't want her to suffer... Analise looked at Sean with tearful eyes.

At this point, any doubts or suspicions he had been harboring were confirmed. How could he not understand what she was implying?

"Grandma, I understand." He held her hand.

"Abigail doesn't remember anything because I rescued her from drowning. Her brain was injured, causing her memories to be in disarray. At the time, I thought that was more than fine. She won't have to remember those painful things. She has loved ones and her loving grandparents," Analise spoke as she gripped Sean's hand tightly. She had even started crying silent tears toward the end of her sentence.

"Yes. She is very fortunate to have you. You love her just as much as she loves you." Sean patted Analise's back.

The older one got, the more one feared losing what they had.

Sean understood her feelings very well. She had lost her lifelong partner, and now she only had Abigail. If Abigail were to leave her... What else would she have left?

By the time Abigail returned, Sean and Analise had finished their conversation.

Analise's had experienced one too many roller coasters today. So, she looked worn out as she leaned against the chair.

"You two can go downstairs to the car and have your meal. I'll keep an eye on things here," Sean

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said to Abigail, who was carrying their food.

Abigail nodded and handed him a takeout container. Then, she gently led the somewhat weary Analise away.

She could see that Analise was too tired to argue, which was why she listened to Sean. Otherwise, she would have stayed here and waited for Alfie.

Cameron arrived shortly thereafter.

Sean hadn't eaten and was sitting on a chair with a stern expression as he looked at the door to the emergency room.

"Mr. Graham," Cameron approached him and said quietly.

"This time, you need to find solid proof. You have to make sure of it no matter the cost!" Sean looked at Cameron with a dangerous look in his eyes.

If they didn't investigate and expose the Pearsons for injuring someone at the train station in broad daylight and make them pay the price, they would likely continue to pose a threat to Abigail due to Analise's secret.

Originally, this kind of situation could have been avoided by taking Abigail to the Pearsons with an explanation in hand and then doing a DNA test. Unfortunately, Analise didn't want Abigail to return to the Pearsons, and Abigail refused to believe she had any form of ties with the Pearsons.

The reason Abigail ended up being lost in the water and found by Analise might have been due to internal conflicts within the Pearsons.

If that was truly the case, would Abigail be able to live a good life when she returned to the Pearsons' side? That was a hard no. Instead, she would be like a lamb entering the wolf's den waiting for slaughter if she did return. The current situation in the Pearsons was such that only a wolf in sheep's clothing would survive.

"Yes!" Cameron replied.

The surgery took four hours. Even so, the doctors barely managed to save Alfie's life and made sure everyone knew it. Sean was still worried about the recurrence of the incident. So, he arranged a private plane to send Abigail and Analise back to Pendorf effectively immediately.

Once Analise returned home, she took a bath, ate the takeout, and hit the hay.

Abigail's thoughts were a complete mess. She couldn't stop linking Analise's trip to Capitalis with the Pearsons.

The reason why she figured that these two matters were related was mainly because the new young lady of the Pearsons' had been targeting her. That was the only explanation she could come up with that could possibly lead to Analise's sudden trip to Capitalis.

Just as she was trying to parse things out further, Luna came a-calling.

Abigail answered the call and leaned back in her chair while asking in a gentle tone, "What's going on?"

"I saw the news! Are you okay? How is Grandma? Were you both scared? Why did you go to Capitalis out of the blue? If you were planning to go on a trip, you should at least let me know!" Luna was on the verge of tears.

Abigail let out a deep sigh. "Let's go to our usual place for a drink. I need your help in sorting things out."

"All right." Luna agreed quickly.

Abigail sat down and sighed softly once she was at the bar.

Luna immediately ordered a cocktail for her and looked at her with concern. "Tell me! It's all over the news! Even though they didn't explicitly mention who it was, I knew right away it was you and Grandma!"

Abigail rested her chin on her hand and inquired, "Grandma went to Capitalis alone. Thoughts?"

Luna's eyes widened and her jaw dropped in her astonishment.

After a good while, she stammered. "Did... Did Grandma go to Capitalis on her own? She can't even take a cab. How did she get to Capitalis?!"

"You find it quite odd, too, huh? She really did go there. Then, she went missing for almost a day before she was found unconscious in the train station's restroom," Abigail explained slowly.

Luna's disbelief was gradually replaced with grave concern as she considered the severity of the matter. "She can't have possibly been in a train station restroom for a whole day, can she?"

"She's refusing to tell me just where she went during her disappearance. When I asked her, she only said that she can't believe that she lost so much time," Abigail added. Analise was her grandmother. So, how could she not see through the fact that Analise was feigning ignorance?

She didn't know whether Sean had questioned her grandmother. Nonetheless, given Analise's attitude toward him, which wasn't particularly friendly, she doubted Analise would have discussed such matters with him, who was an outsider to her.

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You Are Analise's Granddaughter

Luna sipped her drink slowly and began to brainstorm.

"Grandma only cares about you. The only reason she would go to Capitalis would be because of you. We only know the Davidsons and the Pearsons in Capitalis. The Davidsons aren't worth mentioning since you haven't had any direct conflicts with them. The only person you have an issue with there is Kelly." Luna began her analysis.

Abigail nodded and urged her to continue, saying encouragingly, "Keep going."

"However, given her identity, I doubt she'd even get past the front gate by trying to approach the Pearsons in Capitalis," Luna said cautiously.

"Do you think my grandmother is that reckless?" Abigail asked.

"No. She's at an age where she's way more experienced in discerning a situation than us. Could it be that she's hiding something from us? I watched the video, and that assailant was clearly targeting the two of you. It's obvious that you were the intended target. Some internet users have also agreed with my analysis, saying the attacker was clearly out to get someone," Luna explained.

Abigail took a sip of her drink and inquired, "Under what circumstances would someone go to such lengths to eliminate a person?"

“It’s either for significant gain or because Grandma has damning evidence against them. Regardless, I still can’t wrap my head around it. Grandma has lived her whole life in Pendorf; her only connection to the Pearsons is probably—” Luna suddenly fell silent.

She stared at Abigail for a while before continuing, “Could it be that you are the real young lady of the Pearsons and Kelly is a fake?”

Abigail didn’t reply.

Ronaldo had said something similar, and now Luna was suggesting the same. Given that Analise had spent her entire life in Pendorf, the only possible connection would be her identity.

“I’m actually scared that you would come to this conclusion.” Abigail lowered her head suddenly.

Analise would rather lie to her than let her return to the Pearsons. If she were indeed one of the Pearsons, that meant that this wasn’t just a simple case of losing a child. Considering Analise’s reaction, it was something Abigail couldn’t accept. This was why Analise had been guarding the secret of her identity so closely.

“You have the best support, which is a grandmother who has always considered your well-being. It doesn’t matter what your identity is; I only recognize you as Grandma’s granddaughter,” Luna said, her expression unusually resolute.

The confusion that had been swirling in Abigail’s mind was suddenly dispelled by Luna’s words.

Indeed, she would always be Analise’s granddaughter regardless of the truth. She could never forget the kindness Analise had shown her in this lifetime.

After they left the bar, Luna hugged Abigail and murmured, “Please bring bodyguards when you go to Capitalis. You really scared the hell out of me. I’m so happy you’re okay.”

“Sean’s subordinate was almost killed,” Abigail said. It turns out that even the most formidable individuals can become completely powerless after being stabbed.”

It seemed that TV dramas were indeed nothing but nonsense.

Luna patted her back, consoling her silently.

Abigail failed to find any solace even though she was now safely at home. She really wanted to have an open conversation with Analise. Nonetheless, she was also aware that Analise would be extremely defensive if she were to strike up any conversation about the truth of her origins. It would be utterly counterproductive if she said something wrong, eventually leading Analise to overthink things. She didn’t want her grandmother to fall into melancholy due to her pursuing

the truth.

She had been sitting there staring at nothing when she suddenly received Josh’s call.

She looked at his name and suddenly felt as though she was looking at the name for the first time.

She answered the call but remained silent.

That was because she knew that if her assumptions were true and that this attack at the station. was truly orchestrated by the Pearsons, her relationship with Josh would become hostile as well.

“Abigail, I already know about the station incident. Sean mentioned that it has to do with the Pearsons, and we are also conducting an internal investigation. The Pearsons will definitely give you and Old Mrs. Quinn an explanation if we find out anything.” Josh’s tone was apologetic.

“Why do you think it might be related to the Pearsons?” Abigail asked him calmly.

“I know you suspect Kelly, and all the events that have occurred point to her targeting you. However, I can say with certainty that Kelly is innocent. There are individuals within the Pearsons who don’t want her to return and are deliberately framing her,” Josh explained.

“Does that mean she personally called to order a wedding dress from me and transferred money to Studio 438 to frame herself?” Abigail asked indifferently.

“I will investigate all of these; I will have answers for you within a week.” Josh replied promptly.

“Josh, you and I could have had no conflicts. Yet, someone from afar has decided to meddle and target me. Grandma went to Capitalis because of me! Alfie nearly lost his life because of us! How

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sinister are the people from the Pearsons that they can murder in a public place?!” Abigail couldn’t help but express her anger when she thought about the dangerous situation they had. faced.

“You’d better tell the Pearsons this-I now know the purpose of my grandmother’s visit to Capitalis. If some rats from the Pearsons continue to engage in such despicable actions from the shadows, I won’t hesitate to find allies and deal with the Pearsons altogether. Heed me when I say. I don’t believe that any of you have the power to escape the law’s constraints!” Abigail abruptly hung up the phone after saying her piece.

At this point, there was nothing more to say between her and Josh.

He might not have been involved in this incident, but would he step aside when the truth about. the attack came out? Or would he protect the perpetrator in the interest of the Pearsons” reputation?

Sean had asked her to swallow her pride for the sake of Joan as well.

The concept of sacrificing personal feelings for a greater cause was not uncommon. Plus, these prominent families were primarily concerned with the reputation and interests of their family as a whole.

Just as Abigail was seething in fury, she heard a knock at the living room door.

She was about to check who that was when a message popped up on her phone.

I’m here. Open the door.

She only opened the door for Sean once she was sure that Analise had fallen asleep.

This time, Sean's subordinate had saved them. Still, that didn't necessarily mean that Analise would welcome him. Gratitude was one thing, but it couldn't be confused with their previous entanglements.

"What are you here for?" Abigail asked.

She thought Sean was still in Capitalis.

Sean carried a paper bag in his hand, walked over to the couch, and placed the bag on the coffee table.

"Is your grandmother asleep?"

"Yes. She's tired and has been asleep for nearly an hour." Abigail nodded.

He looked at her before noticing that she wasn't wearing undergarments and immediately averted his gaze. "Have you forgotten what the doctor said?"

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The living room lights were switched off, leaving only the light in her bedroom still on.

He withdrew his gaze and drove away.

The next day, the officials hadn't even made an announcement regarding the incident at Capitalis station. Yet, a marketing account had already posted an article about it.

"The assailant has been diagnosed with a mental illness. According to his statements, the young woman in the incident reminded him of his ex-wife, who used to control and torment him, leading to a momentary lapse of judgment. According to the assailant, he had been subjected to prolonged emotional abuse by his ex-wife, who not only tormented him but also took away all of his assets after their divorce..."

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Luna lost her temper entirely after reading the article.

She started exclaiming in fury. "What is that post supposed to mean? Someone almost got stabbed to death! Yet, all they report is how the assailant was tormented and driven insane by his ex-wife! What about the man who almost got stabbed to death? Isn't he in a terrible state as well?!"

Abigail looked at the news with a furrowed brow and said calmly, "This news is clearly aimed at me. The online environment is already unfavorable, and you can see that for yourself from the comments below."

Luna scrolled down to read the comments.

Sure enough, no one cared about the person who got stabbed. Instead, everyone was fervently discussing how the assailant had suffered, how his ex-wife had tormented him, and finally, how he had eventually become insane..

"If I were him, I wouldn't be able to control myself either. After marrying, his parents ended up in the hospital due to distress after their marriage. Then, she took away all of his property. If I were in such a situation. I'd lose it too!"

“Who’s the woman who was almost stabbed? I really want to know what the face of such a malicious woman looks like. We should keep our distance from women who look like her in the future.

“Yeah! I mean, that woman who almost got stabbed doesn’t seem like a good person either, considering her malicious expression. Here’s a thought-What if she deliberately pushed the man who got stabbed to shield herself from the knife?”

Read *The Spare Wife* -

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The First One to Stand Up for Her

Luna exploded when she saw the nonsense the netizens were spouting.

She licked her lips and hissed with anger, “They don’t know anything. So, how dare they assume things about you?”

Abigail looked at the increasingly uncontrollable comments and said seriously, “These comments are likely from internet trolls with the aim of provoking irrational reactions from some people so that they will dig up my personal information and tarnish my reputation.”

This incident was a silent standoff between the Pearsons and her.

The Pearsons wouldn’t wait for the official report. Instead, they would use the internet to stir things up and create more trouble for her.

Luna looked at her with concern.

“We need to investigate if what the assailant said is true,” Abigail said calmly.

“All right. I’ll immediately have someone help you with this!” Luna quickly got up to contact her friends.

Nevertheless, before Luna’s people could look into the matter, Eric had taken the initiative to defend her. He even went as far as to tag the entertainment news outlet.

He wrote to Capitalis Entertainment, And here I thought an account with a blue tick and millions. of followers on Instagram would do some investigation before posting an article. An innocent victim was in surgery for four hours and was barely saved from the clutches of death. The police haven’t even released an official statement regarding the incident. Yet, here you are, posting that the assailant was diagnosed with a mental illness, and the blame is to be placed on one of the victims a young woman?

Have I lost my marbles, or have you? Is this what the world has come to? The fact that the assailant has a mental illness and was previously hurt might be a reason behind his actions. However, does it justify attempted murder? It’s the victims who had no knowledge of the situation. Yet, now they have to endure online rumors all because of your irresponsibility. Why isn’t anyone speaking up about this?”

After Eric’s Instagram post, many celebrities and accounts with blue ticks reposted it.

Just because someone looks similar, they’re at risk of being smeared by internet rumors and enduring a second round of harm. God, I truly hope that none of you out there has any doppelgangers going around torturing someone. Aren’t the police going to do something about. Capitalis Entertainment? What

nonsense is this? A lunatic commits murder, and they blame it on someone who looks similar to the attacker's tormentor? So, are you actually saying that anyone who resembles someone else should go for plastic surgery to avoid being mistaken for a murderer? Are you seriously trying to say that someone should be blamed for looking like someone the killer knows if they refuse to change their features? This is ridiculous!"

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I didn't know that victims would be at fault for resembling someone the attacker knows. The victim is already unfortunate enough to have been seen by the murderer. Yet, they're supposed to suffer this outrageous smear campaign started by some unscrupulous internet users spreading rumors after that incident? Are you kidding me? The victim almost lost his life. Yet, what are you doing? You netizens and this absolute trash of an entertainment news outlet are taking the side of the murderer! What are all of you on? Since I'm already at it, I think the police should investigate these commentators to see if there are potential murderers hiding among them!"

Due to Eric's condemnation, the news from Capitalis Entertainment went viral.

However, Capitalis Entertainment deleted the Instagram post within half an hour.

Although some netizens continued to protest, the Capitalis police finally released an official statement.

The murderer has been diagnosed with an inherited mental illness, and his experiences match those mentioned by Capitalis Entertainment. However, his mental illness was not solely caused by his ex-wife's control and torment but due to his long history of gambling and alcohol abuse, which made him extremely unstable. The assault with a knife was not due to the young woman's resemblance to his ex-wife but was the result of manipulation. The case is under further investigation, and we hope that netizens will use the internet rationally and not add to the secondary harm to the victims.

The handling of this case was relatively fast.

Abigail's information was not exposed, and the Instagram account of Capitalis Entertainment was banned.

If Eric hadn't spoken out promptly; the public sentiment would likely have been unfavorable to her.

Abigail sent a message to Eric, Thank you for your prompt action. In the future, if there's anything you need help with, L.Moon will definitely lend a hand."

"You're welcome. It's what I should do. You never blamed me, even after I caused you so much trouble last time. This time, I have to help you no matter what."

Abigail looked at the message and let out a sigh.

'In any case, thank you. Let's leave the past behind us."

Her relationship with Sean and Eric seemed less strained than before after this incident.

Eric knew that Abigail had genuinely forgiven him after reading the message.

He felt his eyes welling up with tears, and his eyes had a shiny quality to them as he held his

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phone.

In these past weeks, Abigail had not paid even a sliver of attention to him. As a result, he had gone through a particularly tough time. Whenever his mind wandered to how he had caused her so much trouble and that her relatives were criticizing her, he felt extremely guilty.

Alas, he didn't dare say anything at this moment.

He couldn't rush matters now because she had developed some goodwill for him.

On the other hand, Sean was also quietly assisting her from the shadows, which gave him the opportunity to work with her.

In his opinion, the best way to get closer to her was to prepare for the unexpected.

Eric called Josh after he got his emotions under control.

Josh hadn't slept well the previous night due to the harsh accusations Abigail had hurled at him.

He had thought that his connection with her was over. So, he no longer held her in the same carefully guarded place in his heart as before.

Yet, the moment he picked up the call and heard her voice, he realized that his protective and caring feelings for her had never really changed.

Her anger and suffering because of the unfair treatment had also made him feel uneasy.

After Josh pressed the answer button, his tone was as calm as usual. "What's the matter?"

"Do you know who the person who got stabbed is this time?" Eric's tone sounded less amicable than before.

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Bringing an End to Everything

Josh had only started investigating these matters yesterday afternoon. So, how could he possibly find out anything so soon? Moreover, he had also been suffering significant resistance during his investigation.

"I don't know," he answered calmly.

"Alfie Willis. You know the Willis Family in Capitalis, don't you? He has a very close bond with Sean, and now he's lying half-dead in the hospital. The Pearsons might face intense scrutiny from Sean until he's satisfied," Eric said. His tone finally held some concern for Josh when he mentioned this fact.

"Alfie Willis..." Josh's eyes darkened.

In the social elite circles of Capitalis, this name had gone from being everyone's laughingstock to an unspeakable existence. The main reason for that was all because of Sean.

"You know Sean's temperament. If it weren't for Alfie's intervention, it could be Abigail lying in the hospital in critical condition. Both Alfie and she are important to him. Now that they're both involved in such danger, do you think he will let the Pearsons off easily? If the Pearsons don't clear things up quickly and provide him with a satisfactory explanation, Sean will never let the Pearsons have a single moment of peace," Eric said. He was indeed angry at the Pearsons' actions. Regardless, he genuinely believed that Josh was likely not involved or aware of their actions.

"Eric, the Pearsons will provide an explanation for Abigail," Josh assured him.

"Josh, I want to ask if the Pearsons are doing all these things behind the scenes because I chose Abigail over the young lady of the Pearsons for marriage. Is that why you're targeting her?" Eric didn't want to beat around the bush with Josh.

"These things still lack concrete evidence that the Pearsons are behind them. Your words are quite irresponsible," Josh responded with a hint of displeasure in his voice.

"I don't think you and I can find evidence of this," Eric retorted.

After a moment of contemplation, Josh asked, "So, what do you want to do?"

"The root cause of these events lies in the arranged marriage between the Davidsons and the Pearsons, which I reneged on. I hope you can play along with me. Of course, I don't want you to tell Kelly about it," Eric said as he lowered his voice slightly.

Josh didn't speak but listened quietly to the plan Eric laid out.

After Eric finished speaking, Josh couldn't help but ask, "Is it really worth doing all this for Abigail? I don't think this approach is suitable. It might burden her even more."

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"I won't let her know that I've done all this, and I'm not doing it to make her accept me. I just want to make amends. Moreover, if it weren't for us recklessly approaching her, she wouldn't have been entangled in all this trouble. Since the trouble arose because of us, let's be the ones to put an end to it." Eric's tone became unexpectedly gentle.

"All right," Josh said softly.

He had always regarded Eric as a brother because he truly was a kind and upright person. Furthermore, what he said was right. Everything that had happened to Abigail was ultimately due to his poor judgment, which got her entangled in the Pearsons' turmoil.

While Abigail was still impatiently waiting for further information from the Capitalis police, news about Eric's engagement to the young lady of the Pearsons was spreading like wildfire on the internet.

This news was hard for Eric's fans to accept.

It also came as a surprise to Abigail. Plus, she couldn't help but wonder why Eric, who was usually not so impulsive, had made such a decision. Nonetheless, she knew better than to interfere with the decisions of two prominent families as they often had various complex reasons behind their choices.

Eric's fans were in an uproar, and some had even threatened to unfollow him.

Yet, Abigail couldn't help but notice that Eric didn't reveal which young lady of the Pearsons he was engaged to.

"Abigail, Mr. Graham is here. He said he wants to see you." Abigail's assistant suddenly informed her, which interrupted her train of thought.

She looked at her assistant. After a brief consideration, she nodded. "Let him in."

The assistant smiled before turning to invite Sean into the office.

Shortly after, Sean entered the room while holding two cups of coffee.

"I brought a cup for you. I hope you don't mind," he said as he approached the couch.

Abigail shook her head and watched as her assistant closed the office door. Then, she stood up and asked, "What brings you here?"

The engagement between the Davidsons and the Pearsons is not as simple as it seems. I came to discuss this matter with you," Sean said before sitting down on the couch with the coffee.

Abigail waited until he had taken a sip of coffee before saying, "I know, but I don't know the reasons behind it."

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"Alfie has a close relationship with me. Right now, I'm doing everything I can to deal with the Pearsons. If the Pearsons say they're not afraid of my retaliation, it's probably a lie," Sean replied. calmly.

His words made Abigail think, Alfie said he's just one of your lackeys....

"Do you mean that the Pearsons and the Davidsons are trying to join forces to deal with you?" Abigail's brows furrowed, and her expression grew serious.

For some reason, she felt that Eric wouldn't do such a thing. He was generally mild-mannered, but he wasn't someone who would let others manipulate him.

She had always thought of him as honorable. Would someone like that take responsibility for the Pearsons' wrongdoings?

"Although there is a possibility that might happen, you and I both know that it doesn't align with his character." Sean looked at Abigail, and his gaze was seemingly calm. Nonetheless, it also held a deep intensity, as if he cared greatly about her assessment of Eric.

"Eric hasn't mentioned which young lady of the Pearsons he's engaged to. Could his actions be related to the internal division within the Pearsons? Abigail moved closer to Sean, staring at him. with bright and focused eyes.

