

Spare Wife 301

[Chapter 301](#)

I Want to Invite You to Dinner

Sean raised an eyebrow, and his eyes briefly held an appreciative glint for her quick wit.

“I have considered that possibility as well. However, I’m leaning toward your first assumption,” he said as he set down his coffee.

Abigail walked over to another single-seater couch and looked at him calmly. “This matter involves the life of your friend. What are you going to do about it? I don’t have the right to intervene. Besides, I also want to know just which Pearson is targeting me.”

Kelly might be involved. However, this was clearly a long con. So, someone had to be behind her.

“I won’t show any mercy when it comes to Alfie’s situation. I want to make this

very clear beforehand. Eric spoke in your favor on Instagram, and I know you’re grateful to him. However, if he’s truly aligned with the Pearsons, I’ll deal with him along with them,” Sean said as he looked into her eyes, his tone frosty,

I understand,” Abigail replied seriously.

She was undoubtedly grateful for Eric’s support on Instagram. Nonetheless, she didn’t know the full extent of his connection with the Pearsons. Plus, Sean’s friend’s life was almost lost due to their actions. How could she even propose anything of the sort?

“Abigail, I don’t mean to put you in a difficult position. It’s just that if I don’t teach the Pearsons a lesson, they might think we are easy prey. Once such a thought takes root in their minds, they might come to Pendorf to cause trouble,” Sean said in a much gentler tone.

Abigail nodded. “I understand your point. You don’t need to explain it to me.”

He couldn’t be sure if she genuinely understood his point or if she simply didn’t want to hear his explanation, thinking it was just an excuse. Still, it didn’t matter what she truly thought as he wouldn’t stay his hand when dealing with the Pearsons.

“I’ve said what I wanted to say. I’ll be on my way now.” He stood up with a somewhat disappointed look that was hard to hide.

He sincerely hoped that she would stand by his side. Alas, the orchestrated media narrative once again had Eric coming to her defense.

Sean believed that Abigail, who had a strong sense of loyalty and gratitude, wouldn’t overlook the kindness shown to her.

He lowered his gaze and left while appearing somewhat dejected.

The assistant entered from outside and asked Abigail in a hushed tone, “What did you say? Mr. Graham looks quite dispirited.”

1/3

Abigail glanced at her assistant, her face marked by complete puzzlement. "I didn't say much... You're such a gossip. Did you finish organizing the materials I asked you to?"

The assistant quickly left to complete the task. Yet, Abigail couldn't help but wonder what had made Sean feel so disappointed.

She couldn't fathom what he was thinking and didn't bother dwelling on it for too long.

Analise had been resting at home for three consecutive days to recover her spirits. The traumatic experience of Alfie's stabbing had left her deeply shaken. Abigail naturally took note of her grandmother's mood as she hadn't seen Analise in high spirits upon returning from Capitalis.

In the late afternoon, she was surprised to see a faint smile on Analise's face after work.

When Analise noticed Abigail's arrival, she spoke immediately. "I'll cook your favorite dish tonight. By the way, is Sean in Pendorf?"

Abigail was taken aback for a moment and then shook her head. "I'm not sure. I haven't been in touch with him."

"Give him a call. After all, his friend saved our lives. We can't help in other ways, but inviting him for a meal is the least we can do to express our gratitude," Analise said while selecting ingredients for the meal.

Abigail naturally understood her intentions. She didn't want to be indebted to someone.

Still, saving a life was a significant favor, and a single meal wouldn't be enough to repay it. Alas, Abigail couldn't think of a better way to express her gratitude.

"All right. I'll ask him."

After all, Analise's intentions were clear, and it would be impolite to reject her suggestion.

Analise nodded, then asked Abigail, "Do you know that Sean has been monitoring me?"

"I had no idea. He only brought it up with me when you went missing." Abigail explained quickly, as she was worried that Analise might be angry with her for getting involved with Sean.

"Abigail, I know that a meal isn't enough to repay for the life-saving favor, and I should be grateful to him for saving me. However, he is not someone we can afford to mess with," Analise said with lowered eyes, and her tone was calm yet exceptionally gentle.

Abigail nodded and answered softly, "I'll figure out a way to repay this favor without getting deeply involved with him."

"You've suffered at his hands before. So, you should know where to draw the line," Analise

2/3

concluded and then carried the dishes into the kitchen.

Abigail believed that her attitude toward Sean had been quite distant. Yet, the fact remained that she had become entangled with him.

She decided to call Sean.

She made the call, and Sean answered fairly quickly. His voice carried a hint of unconcealed joy as he inquired, "What's up?"

"My grandmother wants to invite you to dinner. Are you available?" Abigail's tone was icy. She was adopting a business-like attitude.

"I'll have to pass for now. I'm currently in Capitalis, and I won't be returning for some time," Sean replied. The joy in his voice had faded away as he immediately guessed Analise's intention.

Abigail knew that he was busy dealing with the Pearsons in Capitalis. So, she didn't press further. "All right."

"Grandma, he's busy right now. We'll invite him some other time!" she shouted toward the kitchen.

"Okay," Analise responded and said nothing more to Abigail.

Abigail wondered if Analise was starting to get angry with her after having time to reflect on the situation.

[Chapter 302](#)

Stop the Fight

Sean hung up the phone, and his emotions flickered with a momentary sense of disappointment.

Alfie noticed it and smirked. "What's the matter? You rejected her, and now you're feeling down? If you really miss her, you can go back to Pendorf, I can manage things here in Capitalis."

"Can you manage things now that you're stuck on bed rest?" Sean shot him an exasperated look.

"Well, it is the most effective way to live. You don't need to be called upon to do anything. Still, if you need my help with an investigation, I can handle it," Alfie replied with a relaxed smile.

Sean reached out and patted his shoulder. "You've done enough. I'll take it from here."

Alfie's face was pale due to blood loss. Yet, when he heard Sean's words, he couldn't help but mutter forlornly, "Do you think I'm useless? If I had been more vigilant, these things wouldn't have happened. If none of these things happened, you wouldn't have to handle these messes in Capitalis

Sean had always treated Alfie like a younger brother. So, he simply patted Alfie's head and said, "What you've done is already commendable. Are you willing to lose your life for this?"

Of course, Alfie wasn't willing. He had come a long way with Sean's support and hadn't enjoyed life to the fullest yet.

"Your life is important. Take care of yourself, Sean advised sternly.

"All right." Alfie was surprisingly obedient.

Right after their conversation, Cameron entered the room. Then, he spoke respectfully. "I've found some crucial evidence."

Sean gestured for him to continue.

Cameron approached before handing over a USB drive to Sean. Sean inserted it into his computer, and Alfie leaned over to watch.

The contents of the drive included security footage from a mental hospital. The footage was brief but revealing.

Sean recognized the elderly woman in the video. That woman was none other than Vincent Pearson's housekeeper. She was someone who had been with the family for nearly her entire life and held a crucial position in the family.

Then, Sean examined the remaining images after watching the video.

Alfie praised Cameron with a thumbs-up.

1/3

Sean removed the USB drive and instructed Cameron, "Well done, but this isn't enough. I want you to investigate the entire Pearsons' financial situation. Don't let a single issue slip through."

"Yes," Cameron replied, then turned and left without further ado,

"Remember, your safety is important." Sean suddenly reminded him from behind.

Cameron paused, glanced back at Sean, and appeared genuinely moved. "I understand."

After Cameron left, Sean felt somewhat uneasy.

Had he been so inattentive to the well-being of his subordinates prior to this? Just one sentence made Cameron so appreciative.

Meanwhile, Abigail was fully immersed in her design work at home when her phone received a notification for an Instagram post.

She paused her work and quickly opened the app upon seeing the Pearson Group's name.

The post was about the Pearson Group being embroiled in a tax scandal. Several high-ranking executives were taken away for investigation, and it seemed to be a significant issue, given that Instagram had pushed the notification.

Abigail perused the post but couldn't find any mention of Josh.

Three middle-aged men were arrested in the accompanying images. Frankly, they seemed rather confident during the arrest.

She understood that this was likely orchestrated by Sean.

After a brief look, she realized the post had very few comments. News of corporate tax problems. didn't attract as much attention from netizens as entertainment-related topics did.

She exited Instagram and was about to resume her design work when her phone rang.

When she saw that it was a call from Analise, she felt a bit surprised.

While Analise would usually call her, she sensed that there was something unusual about this phone call today.

Abigail answered and asked in a soft tone, "Grandma, what's the matter?"

"I don't know how to tell you." Analise hesitated.

"Did someone from the Pearsons in Capitalis contact you?" Abigail immediately guessed.

2/3

"Mhm... They said Sean used improper means to tarnish the Pearsons' reputation, which led to the investigation. If he continues, it won't end well for him. Please try to persuade him," Analise spoke in a low voice.

Abigail licked her lips; she couldn't meddle in Sean's affairs. Moreover, she believed Sean wouldn't act recklessly.

"I'll call him to discuss it, but don't trust the Pearsons," Abigail consoled Analise.

She planned to appease Analise before calling Sean to discuss this matter.

"Abigail, you have to make Sean come back and stop him from fighting with the Pearsons. This is ultimately my fault, and Sean's people have been implicated due to my actions. I don't care what compensation he wants; I'm willing to provide anything he names. I just don't want him to keep battling with the Pearsons," Analise said as her voice was laden with guilt.

"I'll talk to him," Abigail repeated.

She was keen to find out what the Pearsons had said to Analise to make her so fearful.

Given Sean's capabilities, she doubted he would be at a disadvantage in this situation. He was never one to engage in any battles without a solid plan.

So, she dialed his number after ending the call with her grandmother.

He picked up quickly.

"Do you have confidence in handling the Pearsons matters?" Abigail went straight to the point.

"I never undertake anything without confidence. You should know that," Sean replied calmly.

She pursed her lip and hesitated for a moment. She wasn't sure how to word Analise's pleadings.

[Chapter 303](#)

Old News

Sean noticed that Abigail was hesitant to speak, so he couldn't help but say, "Just say whatever you want to say. I'll listen."

His words made her heart skip a beat. Still, she steadied herself and replied, "Grandma received a call from the Pearsons in Capitalis. They want you to stop."

She briefly relayed her grandmother's words to him, only to hear him coldly sneer. "Ha, they can't deal with me, so they're resorting to threatening an elderly now? Tell Grandma there's nothing to worry about. Since I've decided to execute my plans, I won't stop."

She knew it would be hard to persuade him, especially after hearing the tone he had adopted. Although he claimed that he would listen to her, she wasn't sure how much of it was true. However, she wouldn't be presumptuous and actually take his words to heart.

"Sean, Grandma isn't one to back down from a fight. When she was in Quinn Village, she never backed down unless she was truly at a disadvantage! She couldn't help but remind him.

"I got it, Abigail. It's enough as long as you and Grandma still care about me," Sean said, then hung up the phone.

Abigail knew right then that he wouldn't stop. She couldn't help but sigh as she listened to the monotonous dial tone.

After she packed her things, she immediately returned home.

Meanwhile, Analise was sitting in the living room absent-mindedly. When she saw Abigail return, she immediately stood up and asked anxiously, "What did Sean say?"

"He doesn't want to stop, Abigail replied with a frown.

"It's all

my fault." Analise sat down and lowered her head, feeling guilty.

Abigail walked over to her and held her hand, asking, "Grandma, what did the Pearsons say to you to make you so afraid?"

Analise raised her eyes. Even though her gaze was cloudy, there was no hiding the deep concern within them. "Do you know what happened between Sean and the Palmers?"

"Is it the matter between him and Kingston? I only know some of it." Sean mentioned that Kingston did him a favor. Yet, the exact nature of that favor was something she still didn't know,

"The Pearsons said that Sean was involved in a murder case, and they have evidence. If he continues to go after them, they will bring this matter to the media and the police," Analise said, tightly gripping Abigail's hand.

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"Besides, his quarrel with the Pearsons is all because of us. Let's not fight anymore, Abigail. The Pearsons said that as long as Sean stops, the previous matters will be forgiven. We can live peacefully in Pendorf while they remain in Capitalis. We won't interfere with each other from now on," Analise continued as she looked at Abigail with great earnestness in her

Nonetheless, Abigail didn't believe what the Pearsons had said.

eyes.

First, the Pearsons' methods were so ruthless that if they really had concrete evidence, they would definitely go to great lengths to push Sean into a corner. They certainly wouldn't contact Analise. The possibility that she could think of was that the Pearsons were trying to deceive her grandmother.

The connection between Sean and the Palmers was true. Regardless, the claim that Sean was involved in a murder might not be true.

"Grandma, why didn't you call Sean and talk to him?" Abigail asked.

Her words made Analise's face flash with a hint of awkwardness. "I was so harsh to him before. How could I even dream about saying anything now that our relationship is so strained?"

Abigail sighed. "I will talk to him. Still, have you considered his persistence in going against the Pearsons?" Even she could figure out that the Pearsons' story had flaws. So, there was no way Sean couldn't think of the same thing. Those claims wouldn't frighten him at all.

"You need to make Sean stop, Abigail," Analise said.

Abigail replied with a hint of resignation in her tone. "I've already divorced him. I can't control him."

Analise furrowed her brows upon hearing her response and didn't say anything more.

"Oh, well. I'll try to talk to him, okay? You need to stop worrying about these things, Grandma. The Pearsons are a crafty lot. As long as you don't answer their calls, you won't have to suffer troubles." Abigail patted her hand.

Yet, Analise pushed her hand away and headed off to the kitchen. "If I don't answer their calls, will these things not happen? I just don't want to owe Sean too much."

Alas, their ledger was so long that there was really no point. So, it was meaningless for them to discuss these matters now.

Abigail didn't dwell on it and simply relayed Analise's words to Sean. Unfortunately, he didn't respond to her messages.

That night, when she was getting ready for bed, Luna sent her an Instagram post along with a message. 'Oh, no! Sean is being slandered. You need to see this!

Abigail couldn't help but frown as she clicked on the Instagram post.

2/3

A marketing account had posted a report, claiming to have received an anonymous Instagram tip-off that Sean had committed a crime several years ago. Then, they claimed that he had found someone to take the blame and serve time in prison on his behalf.

The Instagram post not only mentioned Pendorf's official police account but also included a video.

Abigail clicked on the video and was surprised to see a tired-looking man with a shaved head talking about events from many years ago.

“Four years ago, I was also one of Sean’s henchmen, working under his buddy, Kingston. We used to deal with various business adversaries on Sean’s behalf. After all, his personality easily attracted enemies. At that time, he drove one of his rivals into bankruptcy. The president of that company couldn’t take it anymore and privately hired someone to confront him. It escalated into a violent confrontation. Everything happened so quickly, and Sean accidentally killed the opponent in a moment of anger. In the end, Kingston took the blame and entrusted his only sister to his care to keep him from going to prison.”

He spoke in great detail, making it sound quite convincing.

Abigail listened, and while doing so, she searched for the president he mentioned online. Sure enough, she found traces of the president’s story.

As she looked at the old news, she fell into deep thought.

[Chapter 304](#)

The Missing Sean

Four years ago, the internet wasn’t as vibrant as it was nowadays. Therefore, when someone died, not many people paid attention, even if there were accusations thrown around on Instagram. So, it was natural that something this massive would eventually fade into the past unless it was brought to light once more. Just as Abigail had expected, this video was quickly gaining notoriety.

‘Do you think this is true?’ Luna messaged Abigail again.

Abigail bit her lip as she replied. It needs further verification. Kingston isn’t a good guy. Besides, if this is true, why didn’t he just confess when he was arrested back then? It’s quite a coincidence that his buddy is now telling his tale, especially when the Pearsons and Sean are locked in conflict.

She sent the message and tried calling Sean. Unfortunately, there was no answer on the other end.

Since their divorce, she had been able to reach him almost instantly whenever she called. Today wasn’t one of those days. Now that she thought about it, he hadn’t responded to her messages either. So, she couldn’t help but feel worried when her calls went unanswered.

Have I been too confident about Sean? When Grandma first told me to stop him, I should have believed her. Yet, all I did was give him a heads-up. Could the current situation have been averted if I had plucked up the courage to persuade him to even a temporary cease-fire?

Then, she made dozens of calls, but none went through. At this point, she was starting to get anxious.

After she hung up the phone, she sat in a chair, quietly thinking about how to resolve this.

Sean had helped her so much. Now that he was in trouble, she had to do something about it.

Soon, she received a call from the police.

She was somewhat nervous but answered the call and said softly. "Hello."

"Has Sean Graham contacted you? Do you know where he is? Ms. Quinn, according to our investigation, you were the last person to contact him. Please tell us the truth, and don't try to hide anything." The voice on the other end of the line was stern and authoritative.

Abigail took a deep breath before replying. "He is in Capitalis, but I tried to contact him just now and couldn't reach him. I sent him a message on WhatsApp four hours ago, and he didn't reply either. I'm afraid something has happened to him. Please, officer, could you quickly check in Capitalis? I was just about to report him missing."

The police officer was at a loss for words for a second. After a while, he said in a deep voice, "Understood, we will contact the police in Capitalis right away." He then hung up the phone.

1/3

Regardless of what Sean might be facing now, the fact that it had alarmed the authorities meant that he was safe.

In the meantime, Abigail immediately called Ronaldo.

Soon, Ronaldo answered the call, his voice filled with excitement, "What's going on with Sean? Well, I guess there's nothing surprising about such things. Who among those who've risen to the top doesn't have a few lives on their hands?"

"Sean would never do something like this. If one wants a business to thrive in the long run, it has to be clean. You know that," she reprimanded him coldly.

When he sensed her anger, he instantly kicked his enthusiasm to the curb and asked seriously, "Did you call me for help?"

"Yes, help me investigate the recent exposure online. Can you find the details of the corporate dispute from back then?" Then, she added, "If you can do it, I promise your Marimora pearl business will thrive."

Well, I can't possibly refuse now, can I?" Once he said that, he hung up and got to work.

Tonight was bound to be a sleepless night..

On the other hand, Sean's eyes were covered with a black cloth, and his hands were tied under the chair he was sitting on. It was pitch black in front of him, but he remained calm without a hint of panic.

"You're really something else, Mr. Graham. You've been abducted to your enemy's turf, and yet you're still so calm. It's no wonder you have managed to successfully secure your position as the head of Graham International," the man in front of him said in a deliberately altered voice.

Sean tilted his head in the direction of the voice, lifting his head as if he were looking at the man. "Did you abduct me because you have a surprise waiting for me outside?" he asked calmly.

The man stared at Sean with a mocking expression on his face. "Mr. Graham, you came on so strong, acted recklessly, and showed no regard for anyone. I thought you were much more capable, but is this all you've got?"

Naturally, Sean knew what the man was referring to—the fact that he had been abducted just like that. “As they say, accidents happen. I let my guard down this time, and now I’m paying the price. Still, I don’t believe you can keep me tied up forever,” he answered dispassionately.

“Do you know where you are now? You’re at Cloudgrove’s border. Just cross a river, and it doesn’t matter if you’re the president of any company or how powerful you are. Disobey, and you’ll lose your arms, legs, and even your kidneys. Even worse, you might lose your life in a foreign land, and no one would even know.” This time, there was a touch of regret as the man continued, “Mr.

2/3

Graham, you’re a great talent. You should have stayed peacefully in Pendorf, but you just had to come to Capitalis and throw your weight around. Did you think Capitalis is a place where you could act as you please?”

Sean listened silently and didn’t respond.

When the man noticed that, he assumed Sean was afraid as his chuckles took on a more gleeful tenor. “I heard that your ex-wife also went through something like this, but she was lucky. I wonder if you’re as fortunate.”

“My men will find me, Sean finally spoke. Alas, his tone was tinged with tension.

Of course, the man noticed his sudden change. Nonetheless, he merely narrowed his eyes and didn’t expose Sean. “Is that so? Perhaps your men are sitting in jail, thanks to Kingston. I hear he has given you quite a surprise.”

[Chapter 305](#)

Need to Help Him

Abigail had been working tirelessly and hadn’t slept until 2.00AM. She was frantically trying to find people related to the murder case tied to Sean.

Just when she was about to collapse from exhaustion, she received a call from Ronaldo. I can’t believe he’s also pulling an all-nighter. After a moment of surprise, she answered the call.

“According to inside information, Sean has escaped. What on Earth is going on with him? Did he really let Kingston take the blame?” His tone was filled with shock.

“What do you mean by ‘escaped?’” Abigail immediately demanded.

“I’ve found records of Sean crossing the border illegally. This information was provided by the police. I’m not making any false accusations here, he hastily replied.

“Mr. Fernandez, I want to go to Cloudgrove to find out what’s going on. Can you help me?” she asked. She was apprehensive about traveling to the border of Cloudgrove, for it was a dangerous place.

“Of course, I can help you with that. I can even accompany you. He readily agreed. There was even a hint of excitement in his voice.

Abigail noticed his enthusiasm, but she didn't think much of it. "The border of Cloudgrove is quite dangerous. I've heard stories of people falling asleep in their cars and waking up on the wrong side of town," she warned him gravely.

"Don't worry about that. You will be traveling on my private jet and car. Who would dare sneak us across? Also, if Sean is really in that area, you should consider going there. There's no point hemming and hawing about it even if it's dangerous." Ronaldo didn't seem concerned about the risks.

Since they were in an agreement, she packed her things overnight. Then, she told Analise about Sean's situation around noon. "I'm going to Cloudgrove to see if I can help him." She sat at the dining table while looking at Analise, who had a displeased expression on her face.

Analise was so upset with Abigail that she didn't even want to talk to her because the latter hadn't advised Sean, which had led to his current disappearance. "What can you do to help him?" she asked, sounding upset. After that, she lowered her head and continued eating in absolute silence.

"I've contacted a friend who has some influence. He'll assist me when I need help. While you're at home, please don't answer the Pearsons' phone calls and buy groceries from the supermarket just outside the neighborhood. There are security cameras nearby, so it'll be safer. I've also informed Luna about our situation. She'll come to check on you after work," Abigail explained.

"I told you to stop him. Why didn't you? It had to come to this- Analise's words were cut short, for she couldn't bring herself to scold Abigail further. "Do you think Sean really did those things?"

1/3

Sean's case was now being reported on local television. After all, he was the representative of Pendorf's business community, known for his significant tax contributions and impeccable reputation. For many years, he had had no scandals of any kind, making him an ambassador for the city.

"Justice has long arms. If he's truly guilty, he can't escape from its grasp. However, if he's innocent, nothing will happen to him. Let's wait for the police investigation results," Abigail reassured Analise. She naturally didn't believe that Sean had committed those crimes, but she didn't want to make any promises until it was certain. There was always a chance for misunderstandings.

Analise sighed and said no more on the matter.

After lunch, Abigail and Ronaldo took a plane to Cloudgrove and went straight to the local police station.

"We received concrete information around midnight last night that he attempted to cross the border illegally and had already entered the territory. We've contacted the local embassy, but there have been no results so far. The situation doesn't look optimistic," the police officer informed Abigail.

When she heard that, she furrowed her brows, looking at Ronaldo while biting her lip.

"Even if someone like Sean goes there, it won't end well, will it?" Ronaldo asked the officer.

The officer nodded. "We invest a lot of effort every year in public awareness campaigns, but many people still attempt to cross the border illegally. Ultimately, they disappear without a trace. Once they're on the other side, it doesn't matter who they are; they will face severe consequences."

Abigail and Ronaldo left the police station after receiving nothing of worth.

A puzzled Ronaldo frowned. "Even if he made someone take the blame, it doesn't make sense for him to attempt an illegal border crossing."

"Do

you think Sean is that kind of person? There's something strange about this. Cameron can't be contacted as well. Nobody knows where he is. Abigail's face was filled with undeniable concern.

"Sigh, we've got nothing." He ran his hand through his hair, utterly frustrated.

She couldn't help but feel completely at a loss. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her determination. "Even if Sean did commit a crime, he wouldn't try to escape and evade charges by illegally crossing the border. Perhaps he didn't cross the border at all. This whole situation might have been orchestrated by the Pearsons. Otherwise, he wouldn't have cut off contact with everyone. His grandparents are still in Pendorf."

She was confident that Sean wouldn't abandon his grandparents and Graham International. Who would run the company if he left?

2/3

That's true. He doesn't seem like a coward. Ronaldo agreed.

Even though he said those things, he continued to look at Abigail with helpless eyes and asked, "What should we do next?"

"The police failed to find any useful information. So, we should try to gather information from local sources. Don't forget, money talks. We'll surely get some information in no time," she said, looking at him with determination in her eyes.

[Chapter 306](#)

Progressing Smoothly

Ronaldo immediately understood what Abigail wanted to do. "That is indeed a good idea."

After they returned to their hotel, Ronaldo sent his men to inquire. In less than two hours, they obtained useful information.

"I asked some of the locals, and they said that around 12.30AM last night, a middle-aged man with a group of people blindfolded and bound a young man and sent him onto a boat for illegal border crossing," his subordinate reported.

When Ronaldo heard the news, he looked surprised. In fact, even Abigail was astonished. Sean was abducted? That's why he couldn't be reached!

"Are you sure? Are there any eyewitnesses or physical evidence?" Ronaldo inquired further.

"We're still investigating," his subordinate replied.

Tell them that money is not a problem; they will be generously rewarded as long as they provide valid evidence." Ronaldo patted his subordinate's shoulder with a meaningful smile on his face.

His men immediately rushed out to take care of it.

Ronaldo sat on a couch as he picked up his favorite fan and waved it languidly. "Now that my people are involved, as long as there's evidence lying around, you can be 100% sure that it will be found."

Abigail nodded, but she still had many doubts. "Do you think it might be the Pearsons who abducted him?"

As he leaned back on the couch, he glanced at her and said with a nonchalant smile, "Can the Pearsons easily abduct him? The situation may not be as simple as it seems. Still, it was the right decision for you to come here."

She could guess that he probably knew something from the way he was acting.

"Don't worry too much. Just know that Mr. Graham is not an ordinary guy," he reassured her, assuming she was still concerned since she wasn't speaking

"I know," she replied. I don't know Sean's motives, but since Ronaldo says I've made the right decision to come here... Does that mean Sean was also taking a gamble?

She couldn't figure it out. So, she decided to patiently wait for Ronaldo's men to report back.

After three days in Cloudgrove, news about Sean's illegal border crossing had been widely publicized. Combined with the online report and the video accusing him of letting Kingston take the blame, it had affected both Colby and Lina. Meanwhile, the Graham Family's stock had been

1/3

plummeting.

"Old Mrs. Graham received information from somewhere saying that Sean offended the Pearsons for you and Grandma, leading to the exposure of his scandal. She even went to your house to cause a scene. Luckily, I managed to stop her. Otherwise, Grandma might have ended up in the hospital again." Luna's voice was filled with concern.

"I can't return just yet. Please look after Grandma for me. Make sure Old Mrs. Graham never steps a single foot into my house ever again," Abigail said, her tone serious. It had been four days, and there was still no news about Sean. She couldn't help but feel increasingly worried.

“Don’t worry. I can handle things here. It’s just that Old Mr. Graham and Old Mrs. Graham have some trouble leaving their house now. The public is targeting the two elderly people mainly because of the blame-shifting incident. How did things escalate to this point?” Sure, Luna didn’t like Sean, but she had never wished for such a situation where everyone would be condemning him.

“That’s why I have to gather evidence in Cloudgrove to clear his name. He’s in this situation because of Grandma and me,” Abigail said.

“You should focus on what you need to do. Stay safe.” Luna ended the call with concern.

In the evening, one of Ronaldo’s subordinates returned to the hotel excitedly. “We found it!”

Abigail and Ronaldo immediately got up from the couch.

The delighted subordinate handed an SD card to Ronaldo. “We bought this from an influencer. He had heard about the serious issue of illegal border crossing here and wanted to create a video to raise awareness. He had been undercover for nearly a year and managed to capture the incident when Sean was sent away with his camera. Since it was an unusual occurrence, he was too scared to release the video and went into hiding”

“How did you find it, then?” Abigail instinctively questioned. Since the influencer went into hiding, they shouldn’t have found it so quickly.

“He contacted us voluntarily. He probably heard we were looking into it,” the subordinate explained.

They inserted the SD card into a phone to watch the video after purchasing an SD card reader.

The video had a clear perspective, showing a group of people forcibly sending Sean onto a boat, blindfolded and bound. Even their faces were visible in the video.

Abigail’s heart raced as she watched a disheveled-looking Sean being shoved onto the boat. This confirmed that he had indeed been sent out of the country.

“He truly was abducted. Could Cameron have gone with him?” Ronaldo said, but his expression didn’t show any hint of surprise.

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“We can hand this video over to the police, right?” She looked at him.

“Yes. I recognize the middle-aged man in this video. He’s one of Josh’s second uncle’s butlers, and there’s an old lady who serves as a nanny. Both of them have specific roles in this abduction. This butler is highly regarded by Josh’s second uncle and serves as his right-hand man. It seems like we’re in for an interesting show.” His lips curled into a smile, and his eyes were filled with anticipation.

[Chapter 307](#)

Sean Has Returned

The process of gathering evidence went far more smoothly than Abigail had anticipated. After she handed over the video footage to the local police in Cloudgrove, they arrested several individuals who assisted in the illegal border crossing. Following this, they issued a public notice.

“You’re quite something. Abigail couldn’t help but praise Ronaldo after hearing that the informant had been apprehended.

Ronaldo had a somewhat sheepish expression on his face as he chuckled. “My uncle told me that in situations like this, you should never hide anything. Every one of those who assist in illegal border crossings should be apprehended. This way, it can reduce the number of people being deceived into illegal border crossings.”

“You’ve done the right thing” She agreed with his decision.

Meanwhile, the public notice issued by the Cloudgrove police department quickly gained notoriety.

The president of the prestigious Graham International was abducted to the border and sent out of the country. The announcement also revealed that it was connected to the Pearsons; it was indeed a shocking revelation.

The netizen’s attention toward this matter showed no signs of diminishing even though it was already very late at night.

‘I’m a resident of Capitalis, and I’ve seen this man before. Isn’t he affiliated with the Pearsons? He’s frequently seen accompanying the Pearsons to various high-end events. I’ve had the privilege of seeing him several times.

“It’s terrifying that the Pearsons dare to abduct even the president of Graham International and send him out of the country. They even fabricated evidence to frame him for illegal border crossing. Is this what they call high-level corporate warfare? I’m genuinely concerned for Sean. I hope he hasn’t been sent to a reeducation camp and gets beaten up!

I’ve heard that anyone, no matter how wealthy, who goes over there is subjected to physical abuse... Let’s mourn for Sean for a moment, but we can’t forgive him for harming others and shifting blame onto his subordinates!”

This Instagram post continued to generate discussions until 4.00AM, at which point its popularity finally began to wane.

Meanwhile, Vincent had just hung up after receiving a call from the family patriarch when his phone rang again. It was an unfamiliar number from overseas.

There was a dark expression on his face as he pressed on the answer button and growled, “Is all of this your doing, Sean?”

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Sean’s voice came through the phone in a calm tone. “What do you think of my performance, Mr. Pearson? How’s my acting?”

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Vincent's anger was barely contained as he bellowed. "Abigail is still in Cloudgrove. Do you wouldn't dare to go after her? Everything you're doing is for her. If you push me to the brink, I'll make sure we'll all go down together!"

"Why are you still trying to challenge me at this point? It seems the lessons you've learned from this incident weren't enough." Sean's voice remained impassive, though it carried a hint of disdain.

On the contrary, Vincent was grinding his teeth, and his breath was heavy. After a moment, he said, "It's not over between us, Sean."

"Indeed, you tried to smear my name and fabricate false accusations against me. Soon, there will be consequences for your actions. Since you dare to threaten me, you might want to think about how to make amends and earn my forgiveness, Sean said as he intended to end the call.

Nonetheless, Vincent was not afraid of what Sean might do next. Instead, he clenched his teeth and threatened with a hiss, "What's the use of you doing so much for Abigail? I won't let her have an easy time if she ever steps into our door because of your actions against us."

"Oh, really? If I ever decide to have her return to the Pearson Family, your entire family will probably be begging on the streets with that fake Kelly. I'd like to see if your family's patriarch has the guts to accept your family in his fold, then. Sean's voice carried a smug undertone.

After the call ended, the tension on Sean's face gradually dissipated.

Cameron watched him cautiously and asked, "Are we going back?"

"Yes, my wife is waiting for me," Sean replied with a smile playing on his lips.

He was delighted that Abigail had come to Cloudgrove to help him find the evidence to clear his name. Of course, if she didn't come, the influencer would still aid him.

Abigail received a call from the Cloudgrove police department early in the morning.

"Ms. Quinn, Mr. Graham has returned and just finished giving his statement at the police station. Would you like to come and pick him up? He seems to have been through quite a lot."

She wasted no time crawling out from under the covers and quickly got ready. "I'll be there in half an hour"

Ronaldo, who was yawning and tired, was promptly dragged to the police station by Abigail. The first thing he did upon seeing Sean was smirk and say, "That's quite a grand performance you've put on, Mr. Graham. You've involved everyone while you hid in the shadows."

Abigail shot a stern look at Sean when she heard Ronaldo's words.

2/3

Sean, who was looking like an absolute mess in his wrinkled suit, felt his heart racing under her gaze.

Meanwhile, Cameron's hair was standing on end. So, he pitifully looked at her and tried to defend Sean. "Mr. Graham is the victim here."

"We'll discuss back in the hotel. This was the first time she had ever seen Sean looking akin to a beggar. Although it was rather terrible of her, she was trying her best not to laugh at such a comical sight.

Concurrently, Ronaldo looked at Sean and pursed his lips. He's quite the actor, pretending to be so disheveled and worn out, even though he could have made his entrance looking fresh. It seems like he's trying to make Abigail feel sorry for him.

In the car, Abigail completely ignored Sean and stared out the window in silence..

Meanwhile, Sean didn't know what to say. So, he kept his feelings to himself throughout the journey.

When they arrived at the hotel, he grabbed her wrist and said, "I can explain the whole situation to you."

"Do you have enough reasons to make me forgive your actions?" She withdrew her hand, her eyes icy.

When Cameron saw that, he hastily pulled Ronaldo, who wanted to watch the drama unfold, away.

"Let go of me. Why are you touching me when you're so dirty? Do you know how much I paid for. this outfit? Damn-I said don't touch me!" Ronaldo shouted in frustration but was still unceremoniously dragged into the elevator by Cameron.

[Chapter 308](#)

All in Vain

Once they had left, Sean broke the silence, saying tentatively, "I don't expect you to forgive me; I had this plan from the beginning. I just didn't think you'd be worried about me."

Abigail understood the implication behind his words. Since it didn't seem like she was worried, he hadn't considered informing her about the plan.

"If this matter didn't involve Grandma and me, I wouldn't have cared about it." Her tone remained indifferent.

Although he was disappointed, he didn't show it. "Actually, I targeted the Pearsons because of Alfie. He's different from others in Capitalis' social elite circle. If I didn't teach the Pearsons a lesson, they could threaten his standing within the Willis Family

He didn't want her to constantly mention his help to her and Analise, for it made him uncomfortable and might make her feel morally obligated to care for him. After all, he hadn't done all this to bind her in any way.

"I got it," she responded calmly in her usual tone.

As the two of them entered the elevator, she stood with her arms crossed and suddenly found herself at a loss for words. Since everything had gone according to his plan and she knew that he was safe, there wasn't much she could say.

"I only found out later that the Pearsons wanted to kidnap me. It was a last-minute decision, and I had Cameron make preparations in advance, which successfully led to the Pearsons falling into the trap. Now, they are in a completely unfavorable position, and I believe it will be a long time before they dare to act behind our backs again," Sean suddenly elaborated.

As he spoke, he watched her reflection on the elevator's metal doors, keenly observing her reaction.

She nodded after hearing his response. The Pearsons have been in Capitalis for too long, and they've started to believe they're its rulers."

A smile played on his lips at her response.

While Sean and Cameron went to clean themselves up. Abigail and Ronaldo decided to go their separate ways.

"Remember what you promised me. I'm waiting for you to help me get rich," Ronaldo reminded her before leaving.

Of course, she knew he was reminding her that his help was far from free.

As she was about to call for an Uber, she spotted Sean and Cameron.

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"Should we head back to Pendorf now, Ms. Quinn?" Cameron asked politely.

"You can go back to where you need to be. Don't need to worry about me." She had no intention of returning with them. Since the matter was resolved, she absolutely didn't want to travel with Sean.

"Is there something else you need to take care of? Sean asked.

"Mr. Graham, there's another case in Pendorf that you need to attend to. You should return as soon as possible so the authorities don't think you're avoiding them." She didn't plan to answer his question.

"Xavien is handling that case," he responded. When he decided to show up, Xavien had already submitted valid evidence to the police.

She looked at him without a word.

"I'm leaving Cameron with you. This place isn't safe. Besides, if something happens to you, Grandma will hold me accountable," he said, deciding to leave before she could chase him away.

Abigail thanked him, and she and Cameron waited for their ride.

Once they were in the car, Cameron couldn't help but ask, "Ms. Quinn, are you upset that Mr. Graham didn't tell you about the plan? It really was a last-minute decision. Before he could inform you, he went into a signal-blocking area. That's why he couldn't receive any calls or texts."

"I'm not upset. I feel relieved that this matter is resolved," Abigail replied.

In fact, she was feeling a little displeased as her assistance seemed somewhat unnecessary. She owed Ronaldo a favor because of Sean and came running here without second thoughts. Yet, it turned out that they had arranged before this entire farce, making her feel like a fool. She hadn't returned the favor she owed Sean and now found herself owing one to Ronaldo.

Even though Cameron nodded at her response, he couldn't help but doubt her true feelings.

By the time they returned to Pendorf, it was already past noon. Abigail declined Cameron's offer to take her to lunch and went straight home.

Once she was home, she noticed that Analise had long prepared lunch. As soon as Abigail returned, she asked the latter at the door. "How is Sean? Did anything go wrong?"

"He's fine. Don't worry," she replied as she changed into her slippers.

"Did you ask him about the blame-shifting case?" Analise couldn't resist asking further.

"That's his personal issue, and there's not much we can do. He will handle it." When Abigail met Analise's eyes, she smiled. Tm famished. Let's eat.

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Analise nodded in response, finally letting go of the anxiety that had weighed on her for the few days.
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"Grandma, I'm sorry for making you go through all this," Abigail said to Analise, who appeared somewhat fatigued, at the dining table.

"It's nothing. You had it rougher than I did, running around and owing favors to people. Analise heard from Luna that the one who had accompanied Abigail to Cloudgrove this time was their company's partner. Since he was their company's partner, Abigail would undoubtedly have to offer him some benefits for his assistance.

"Sean has resolved everything, and the Pearsons won't cause us any trouble for the time being. You can stay at home without worries, and I'll focus on my work too. I'll take you on an overseas trip once I've earned enough money." Abigail's eyes were filled with tenderness when she gazed into Analise's eyes.

She was now using the prospect of a trip as an excuse to slowly make Analise accept the decision. to go abroad.

[Chapter 309](#)

The Cat Is Out of the Bag

Less than a week passed when Josh called Abigail. He had wanted to meet her in person, but she had declined.

“I’ll transfer the money to your account. It was done by the housemaid, who was bought off by my Uncle Vincent. She deliberately sent you those figures to disgust you. But Kelly genuinely wanted to order a dress from you. She called you after she heard from the maid that I’ve paid for her. She might not be good with words and may have unintentionally offended you, but she was not doing it on purpose.”

After he explained everything, she didn’t respond.

When he was met with her silence, he continued, “Kelly just returned, and my Uncle Vincent is still unwilling to accept her due to the marriage between the Pearsons and the Davidsons. He always believed that if Kelly didn’t return, his daughter could marry into the Davidson Family. That’s why he did so much behind the scenes. It’s indeed the Pearsons’ fault and also my fault. I shouldn’t have solely relied on my instincts by coming to you and creating so much trouble for you.”

Frankly, she didn’t know what to say. She always held a skeptical attitude toward Kelly and believed that Vincent paying such a price to deal with her might not be worth it.

“Don’t worry. Once the marriage between Eric and the Pearsons is settled, no one will bother anymore,” Josh continued.

“Okay,” she replied briefly, then hung up the phone.

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Even though she had doubts regarding what the Pearsons and Kelly had been doing during this period, she didn’t feel it was appropriate to interject as an outsider.

In the blink of an eye, half of August had already passed.

Early in the morning. Abigail’s phone was ringing off the hook. It was a call from a clothing brand partner.

As soon as she answered the call, the director from Lyshe began shouting, “Alana, if you can’t deliver what you promised, just let us know in advance! Our company has been cooperating with L.Moon for over a year. What’s with the plagiarism? Do you know how important it was for us yesterday? If you can’t design, you shouldn’t be in this field! Why are you out here causing harm?”

Last night, Lyshe held a winter product launch event, and she even attended the livestream. Little did she know that something like this would happen overnight.

The first thing that came to her mind was the incident of Micah stealing her designs. Okay, it’s time to fight.

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Abigail inhaled deeply before saying apologetically, "I'm sorry, our studio's design was stolen. It was an oversight on L.Moon's part. Give me three days, and I'll provide you with a new set of designs. Just three days. I promise, not only will I give you new designs, but I'll also bring some extra publicity to your studio."

"At this point, everyone is holding product launches. The faster you are, the more benefits you reap. Do you realize how much harm you've caused? Collaborating with you is nothing but bad. luck!" The director of Lyshe continued to vent his anger.

"I didn't notify you in advance because the incident had already occurred. I also thought it would be better to create some buzz together and turn it into a win-win situation," Abigail patiently explained.

"Your explanation won't persuade my bosses. You didn't inform us of this incident in advance and are only telling me now that this is all part of your grand plan. Is this how you work with your partners?" Lyshe's director's fury slowly subsided, but he still had some criticisms to make.

After all, he had already reprimanded their partner, putting himself in a vulnerable position. If he didn't put the blame entirely on L.Moon, and if Abigail managed to turn things around, Lyshe might face a disadvantage in their contract renewal with L.Moon.

"I'm truly sorry," Abigail apologized yet again.

The director of Lyshe was clearly still displeased as he muttered a few more words before hanging up the phone.

Once Abigail arrived at the company, she started calling each of their partners one by one. By the time she was done, it had already been two hours since the situation erupted like a volcano.

Alas, she still couldn't stop some partners from posting on Instagram, accusing her of plagiarism. After all, Alana was the hottest topic. Regardless of any misunderstandings behind the scenes, accusing her of plagiarism would generate more traffic.

The moment she hung up the phone, Sean called.

At this point, she was so done that she was currently slumped in her chair as she pressed the answer button. "What is it?"

Sean noticed that her voice was a bit hoarse and asked, "Did you catch a cold? What happened to your voice?"

"Your call can't be just about that, right?" She just wanted to end the conversation as her throat was already starting to burn.

"CoolVogue has posted an article on Instagram accusing you of plagiarism and even provided evidence. The buzz is gradually building up. Do you want to address this?" he asked. Truthfully, he had been waiting for her to respond ever since he saw CoolVogue's Instagram post.

Two hours had passed, but L.Moon had yet to make a move. Public relations were best handled within two hours, and he believed that she should be aware of this. Yet, L.Moon hadn't done anything. So, he was worried that something might have happened to Abigail.

"I can't handle that for now. I called the company and explained the situation, but they still insisted on accusing me of plagiarism. There's nothing I can do about it," she replied calmly.

She didn't have the time to deal with this online issue right now. She had dozens upon dozens of brand design drafts that needed revisions. Honestly, she simply didn't have the energy to pay attention to what was being said online.

"Let me talk to CoolVogue," he suddenly proposed.

[Chapter 310](#)

Not Qualified

Abigail poured a glass of whiskey for Sean and exchanged some courteous words at the dining table. Finally, she raised her glass and said, "Our divorce is already in the past, and I hope you won't dwell on it, Mr. Graham. We should look forward and move ahead. Of course, I'm very grateful for all the help you've provided."

Sean nodded as he picked up a glass nearby and lightly clinked it against Abigail's glass before downing it.

Analise had prepared whiskey as she didn't know much about red wine. She felt that whiskey was just right for this occasion.

Unfortunately, the fiery whiskey made Sean's nerves tingle. He was severely tempted to ask. Abigail head-on what he could do just to earn a chance for redemption. Still, he managed to restrain himself.

It was entirely up to her whether she wanted to give him another chance, and he had no right to ask such a foolish question. Even if he felt aggrieved and wanted to be a fool for once, he could. only be one in his mind.

"Since I've accepted your dinner invitation, you don't need to feel indebted anymore. Grandma took care of me for three years. Doing what I can to repay that kindness is only right," he spoke calmly after regaining his composure.

"Alright," Abigail replied before Analise could.

"Is your friend okay? How's he doing? Getting stabbed is no small matter. He looked as though he was at death's door the last I saw him. Is his body recovering well?" Analise interjected at this moment.

"Don't worry, Grandma. He exercises regularly, so his body is very fit. Plus, he hasn't stopped taking supplements," Sean replied politely.

After dinner, Abigail called Cameron and had Sean, who was slightly tipsy, picked up.

Once they left, Analise couldn't help but glare at Abigail. "Even if you don't like him anymore, you shouldn't speak like that. Regardless of your feelings, his friend risked his life for you."

Analise and Sean shared a common secret. Plus, Sean's name was dragged into the mud because of the events in Capitalis, which only occurred mainly due to Abigail's identity. So, she held deep gratitude toward him. Her previous discontent with him had also dissipated to a considerable extent.

"You're just too soft-hearted. Aren't you afraid that his grandmother might come looking for trouble again?" Abigail said with a touch of helplessness.

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"I'll keep the door locked. Let's see how she'll get in then." Analise was not afraid at this point.

When Abigail heard her response, she smiled before saying seriously, "I really don't want to have a close relationship with him. So, you shouldn't get too close to him because of this incident. Dealing with his grandmother is not easy, and I don't want you to end up in the hospital because of her."

"I know."

Abigail returned to her room and continued to send out new design drafts to clients after telling Analise her plans.

She had already anticipated this situation when Micah stole her designs and had prepared many designs in advance. Some were ideas that hadn't been used before, and she didn't expect them to be a lifesaver for her studio this time.

When the emails were all sent, she logged into her Instagram account and noticed that the plagiarism incident had gained significant attention. Still, CoolVogue was just a small brand, so their post hadn't made it to the trending topics. Instead, her Instagram post had garnered numerous comments.

In truth, not making it to the trending topics left her feeling quite disappointed.

She clicked on the comments and started reading them carefully.

'Please come out and clarify the situation, Ally. I saw accusations of plagiarism at Lyshe's event yesterday, but they didn't release a statement. I firmly believe that this is just a misunderstanding. Where are you? We're worried about you!

'Don't disappoint us, Ally. I became your fan because of the dress you designed for Lexie. You brought honor to our design industry. Please don't mess up. Otherwise, I may actually quit all my socials altogether!'

"You don't have the guts to speak up because you plagiarized, didn't you? Fans should really stop manipulating the comments. Even a small company like CoolVogue dared to step forward. So, why

should a big company like Lyshe cover up for her? Lyshe has already explained the problem at their event last night. This isn't the first time she's been accused of plagiarism, is it?"

Abigail read through the comments and then began composing a post. 'An employee from my company used illegal means to steal all my design files from my computer. I've been trying to find a solution, and I expected these results, but not this soon. The company has reported the theft to the police, but I'm still personally responsible for the losses. These leaked designs have been distributed to various people and teams, so L.Moon has invested a lot of resources and time in the investigation. However, I will never plagiarize. If I do lose my touch one day, I will choose to leave this industry: Regardless, I will never engage in plagiarism, which would bring shame to the industry.'

She attached the police report and Micah's verdict as evidence. Anyone could verify the truth.

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from these documents by searching online.

Following her post, her fans rallied to her defense, expressing their sympathy and support.

"How many designs were stolen? Can you share more details? How can an employee do such a thing? It seemed that they even had such a sophisticated virus on hand just for this. If someone is determined to cause harm, it seems any precautions couldn't have stopped it.

When Abigail saw this comment, she replied, 'Hundreds of unreleased design drafts were stolen.'

This comment quickly made its way to the top comments section.

Abigail appreciated her fans' concern and knew that L.Moon's current popularity owed much to the support of these dedicated followers. They might not fully grasp the intricacies of design, but their heartfelt appreciation for beautiful things was unwavering and staggering in its authenticity.