

## Spare Wife 351

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#### You Can Bribe Me

At that moment, Cameron tensed up when he heard Josh's words. He wondered if Josh failed to recognize his sister and even developed feelings for her. Then, Cameron approached them on his electric scooter. He stepped on the brakes and propped his foot on the ground as he looked at them. "Ms. Quinn, I can give you a ride home if you can't get a cab. My scooter isn't a bad option."

Determined not to let Josh have any more chances to engage Abigail in conversation, Cameron knew he had to intervene. Every time Josh spoke to her, it left him feeling uncomfortable, and he couldn't help but fear the consequences if their sibling relationship started to blur into something more than that.

Abigail nodded at Cameron and said, "Sure. A breath of fresh air sounds good."

Josh watched in silence as Abigail mounted Cameron's scooter. With a simple wave, he bid her goodbye as she rode away with Cameron.

Cameron couldn't help but shudder when he observed Josh's actions in the rearview mirror. He fervently hoped that Josh did not harbor romantic feelings for her. After all, it would be an incredibly delicate situation if Sean ever found out.

"Ms. Quinn, it's advisable to minimize your interactions with Josh," he advised as they continued on the scooter. "Kelly didn't have good intentions when she came to Pendorf. Although Josh is amiable, he still stands with her."

Abigail smiled and replied, "I know

With that, Cameron felt a sense of relief but hesitated to bring up a pressing issue. "Josh seems to treat you differently... How do you feel about it?"

She responded nonchalantly, "Perhaps it's because he mistook me for his sister before, and he hasn't fully let go of that." After all, she didn't sense any romantic feelings from Josh.

He mumbled, "Is that so..." Given his lack of experience in romantic matters, he wasn't sure about the nature of Josh's feelings toward Abigail.

Suddenly, Abigail placed her hand on Cameron's shoulder and inquired, "Are you trying to gather information about me by talking to my assistant?"

His body stiffened, and he let out an awkward chuckle. "No way... You can ask me anything about Sean, and I'll tell you everything."

She swiftly retracted her hand, firmly stating, "I'm not interested."

He couldn't help but laugh and commented, "At least give him some dignity."

She paid him no attention as she was fully engrossed in planning her upcoming trip abroad.

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deliberately avoiding entanglement in trivial matters for now. She contemplated, Perhaps it's time for me to make my plans.

After returning home, Abigail assisted Analise in the kitchen as they prepared a meal. Suddenly, she proposed, "Grandma, let's get ready to go abroad for your treatment."

Analise voiced her concerns firmly, "My health is fine. Why should we go abroad? I'm taking insulin regularly, and I've been doing well with it. You can see it from my recent medical reports." She wasn't enthusiastic about the idea, as she had a strong aversion to traveling abroad. Even going out of town was a hassle for her, and the thought of navigating a foreign country with a language barrier only made it more unappealing. After all, she still preferred to stay at home.

Abigail, however, remained resolute. "The doctor said your eye condition is still a concern, and that's what worries me the most. Come on, let's go together. It's not like we are struggling financially right now." To alleviate any financial concerns, she contemplated, I could borrow some money from Luna and pay her back once I take on more design work.

Concerned, Analise asked, "Is something bothering you, Abby? Is that why you want to go abroad in such a hurry?"

"No," Abigail replied casually.

After hearing this, Analise resumed her work and said, "Well, I don't want to go abroad for treatment. I'm fine with taking the insulin, just like you said."

Abigail had already foreseen this outcome. Generational differences in mindset were at play. Older generations tended to value staying close to their roots, and given Analise's age, she had a deep attachment to her hometown. Moreover, Theodore still resided in Quinn Village. If they were to go abroad, it would mean no one visiting him anymore. As she contemplated this, she temporarily set aside the immediate plan of going abroad.

After providing a report of the past two days' events to Sean, Cameron fell into silence, hesitant to speak further.

"For the sake of Kelly, Josh will eventually let Abigail down... Just as Anthony did!" Sean uttered through gritted teeth.

Cameron quickly added, "But Josh's quick reaction prevented any lasting harm to Ms. Quinn. He apologized promptly."

Sean replied coldly, "Kelly will certainly think of something else once her plan has failed. As you stay by Abigail's side, not only do you need to keep her safe, but also Analise's safety. Do you understand? Old people are vulnerable, and Kelly will likely take advantage of this."

Cameron immediately accepted his orders.

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“Speaking of which, how is Vincent’s case progressing?” Sean had been swamped with work. recently and hadn’t had the chance to attend to these trivial matters.

Cameron’s reply was earnest. “It appears highly unlikely that Vincent will face any charges.”

This outcome was anticipated because many individuals were already taking responsibility for Vincent’s actions, shielding him from personal consequences.

“I see. Tell Alfie to be careful. His involvement in this matter might not sit well with Vincent, and there’s a chance Vincent has already covertly reached out to those within the Willis Family who hold grudges against Alfie.”

Sean had surmised the outcome of Vincent’s case. After an extensive investigation, the likelihood of a favorable outcome was slim. In a large family like Vincent’s, it was not easy to catch them with concrete evidence.

Following the phone call, Sean experienced a sudden longing for Abigail. However, he was aware that she would only reach out to him if he initiated contact. As he toyed with his phone, he contemplated how to start a conversation with her naturally.

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### Comply With One’s Liking

As Abigail prepared for a good night’s sleep, she was startled by a sudden knock on her door, followed by the ringing of her phone. When she picked up her phone, she noticed it was a call from a delivery man. She furrowed her brow, puzzled since she hadn’t placed any food orders. So, she answered the call and said, “Hello.”

“Are you Ms. Quinn? I have a delivery for you,” the delivery man said enthusiastically.

“I didn’t order any food,” she replied politely.

“Your friend ordered it. I’ve left it at your doorstep since I still have another delivery to make,” the delivery man explained before ending the call.

Abigail wondered which friend might be behind this late-night food delivery. After all, Luna knew she didn’t have a habit of eating midnight snacks. The possibilities whirled in her mind. Could it be Kelly, and what is she up to again?

Just as she put her phone down and was going to check the delivery, she received a message from Sean.

“Did you get the delivery?”

Abigail looked at the message and felt speechless.

‘What did you send me?’

‘Why don’t you find out yourself? It’s already at your doorstep.’

Thus, she had no choice but to go outside and retrieve the delivery that Sean had sent. Opening the door, she found a large gift box placed outside. She couldn't help but wonder what was inside.

As she hoisted the box, Abigail quickly noticed its weight, and upon bringing it indoors, she eagerly unboxed the package. Within, she discovered a book, several rolls of fabric, and an assortment of gold and silver threads. She couldn't help but admire how well he had nailed this gift choice.

The book she found was particularly valuable, a professional guide to various embroidery techniques, including the unique art of using gold and silver threads. Engrossed in her newfound treasure, she was interrupted by the ring of her phone. She picked it up and saw that it was Sean. She answered the call and asked, "Where did you find these?" While speaking, she walked toward the living room.

On the other end of the line, he responded nonchalantly, "I stumbled upon them randomly. I thought you'd find them valuable, so I arranged for the delivery."

Abigail ran her fingers over the fabrics Sean had chosen; they exuded quality and, to her surprise,

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seemed rather expensive. Her skepticism crept into her voice as she commented, "It's not easy for me to find these fabrics, yet you found them randomly?"

He cleared his throat and said, "Do you like them?"

She hesitated for a moment before replying, "They're quite nice. How much did it cost you? I'll return the money to you."

After hearing that, Sean regretted making the call. "Can't you say something nice for once?" His voice was filled with dissatisfaction.

"If you think returning the money isn't a pleasant gesture, it seems there's nothing nice left to say," Abigail responded bluntly.

Surprisingly, he had nothing to say. After a moment of silence, he said, "It appears you were indeed holding back when we were together."

"Do you have anything else to say? If not, I'm going to hang up. Send me the receipt later, and I'll transfer the money to you." She did not like how he had brought up their past.

He sighed and said, "You don't have to pay me back. Just make me a set of winter clothes, and that will be enough."

"I'll consider it," she replied, wanting to keep her distance from him.

When Sean heard Abigail's words, his voice turned colder. "Cameron told me that you were unhappy. That's why I went out of my way to find these things. Yet, it seems you're deliberately trying to upset me."

"It's late. I'm going to bed," she stated, wanting to avoid further discussion.

He could not help but think how heartless she was. So, he sighed and said, "Fine. Get some rest."

After Abigail hung up the call, she threw her phone aside and started reading the embroidery book.

The gold and silver threads Sean gifted her were fine. If she wanted to embroider them, she must be extremely careful. After all, these threads were hard to come by due to their thinness, and it was also difficult to purchase them. In comparison, the threads she had bought were relatively thicker, offering better durability but not as beautiful when embroidering flowers.

In a fleeting moment, she was so engrossed in the book that she lost track of time. It was only when her incessant yawns began that she realized how late it had become-almost 2.30A.M.

The gifts he had given her truly brought her joy. After all, anyone who receives something they adore can't help but feel incredibly happy and content.

Abigail gathered everything and returned to her room. She carefully placed the gold and silver

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threads into a box to keep them for future use. Then, she lay on the bed with her eyes closed with contentment. As she slowly drifted off to sleep, her mind couldn't help but recall Sean's words.

She thought about the extravagant gifts he had given to Joan, such as designer bags and watches. Yet, the gifts he gave her were tailored to her preferences.

In Abigail's memory, Sean had always struck her as the stereotypical type. Thus, she was surprised by the fact that he now aimed to make her happy by giving her such thoughtful gifts. How happy would I have been if it were in the past... These thoughts swirled in her mind as she drifted off to sleep.

As Abigail peacefully slumbered, Josh spent a restless night plagued by his unsuccessful attempts to persuade Kelly to return. His efforts had only further fueled her anger. Following their conversation at the hospital, his sister had secluded herself within the confines of her room, refusing to emerge even for dinner. Even his persistent calls to her went unanswered. Consequently, by the time morning broke, he remained wide awake.

### [Chapter 353](#)

#### A Fight Between the Pearson Siblings

When Kelly came out of her room, she was startled to find Josh sitting in the living room.

"Are you going to visit Old Mrs. Graham again?" he asked with a hoarse voice.

She replied with determination, "If you don't support me, I'll manage on my own. Besides, I spoke to Mom last night, and she's in favor of my decision."

"I still think what Abigail said was right, Kelly. This is just a misunderstanding. You don't have to do this because of a misunderstanding. Old Mrs. Graham isn't worth it for you to be doing these. Abigail had suffered a lot because of her; she isn't a kind person," Josh said, a weariness evident in his expression.

"The more you care about Abigail, the guiltier I feel. Do you understand, Josh?" Kelly said with a tone of sadness. She turned and walked away.

Suddenly, Josh raised his voice. "Kelly!"

Nevertheless, Kelly didn't halt her pace but instead quickened it, wearing a grim expression.

"I don't understand why you feel guilty. Ever since the day you returned, I've treated you as my little sister wholeheartedly. I don't want you constantly seeking approval from others. You're the heiress of the Pearson Family. Even if you were a bit spoiled or self-centered, I wouldn't consider it wrong," Josh said as he followed Kelly.

"Do you

think I'm trying to please Abigail?" She turned around, her eyes red with tears.

He felt disheartened, yet he persisted, "You keep placing blame on yourself, and that's not right. My relationship with Abigail is my own concern, not yours. Don't meddle any further. Let's go back home and not disrupt Abigail anymore."

"I'm doing this for your sake, yet you think I'm causing trouble for her?" she said, tears welling up in her eyes.

Josh was momentarily rendered speechless. However, he remained resolute, "Let's go home."

"I won't go back. If I return like this, imagine how Mom will complicate things for Abigail. It will only deteriorate your relationship with her," Kelly said, holding back her tears as she left.

Josh had no choice but to call Scarlett. As soon as the call was answered, he said emotionally, "I want to take Kelly back to Capitalis. Please help me persuade her not to be so fixated on this matter."

Scarlett, however, had a sharp retort. "Do you truly believe this is a trivial issue? Abigail is being irrational. Kelly has already done a lot, so what more does Abigail want? She has been nursing a grudge over a misunderstanding for far too long, causing Kelly considerable distress. Rather than

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comforting your sister, you seem to be siding with an outsider."

"Kelly brought this upon herself. Even if she hadn't come here to explain or do these things, Abigail would have reacted the same way. Why should we expect her to like Kelly or design clothes for her?" Josh asked, his voice tinged with anger.

"If you put it that way, I have to make Abigail design clothes for Kelly. With or without her consent, these clothes have to be designed. Abigail owes you a favor since you saved her grandmother," Scarlett responded firmly.

"It wasn't me who saved her grandmother. I simply took credit for someone else's effort. You shouldn't pressure her with this. Furthermore, even if I did save her grandmother, why should I force her to design clothes for Kelly? That would be the opposite of the purpose behind helping someone. There would be no point in helping others anymore." Josh was infuriated.

“Josh, you initially approached her with a purpose, not to promote your virtue. Suppose that in the beginning, we didn’t mistakenly believe she was our family; you would’ve been a stranger to her. The truth is, she benefited from your actions. Scarlett began to be annoyed.

‘Mom! What are you talking about?’ Josh shivered in anger.

“You don’t have to raise your voice with me. I don’t have to care about her feelings since she is not my daughter. Plus, Kelly had gone missing for so many years. I would give her anything she wants, let alone just a piece of clothing that Abigail designed!” After she was done with her words, she hung up the call.

Abigail was surprised to receive a call from Scarlett early in the morning, even on her day off.

“Miss Quinn, I apologize for disturbing you at this early hour. However, there’s an important matter I need to discuss with you. Please forgive my lack of formality. I hope you understand.” Scarlett’s tone didn’t match her words; she sounded condescending.

“Is the important matter you’re referring to asking me to design clothes for your daughter?” Abigail reclined on the bed, her tone extremely cold.

“Yes, my daughter has just returned, and my love for her surpasses everything. Do you understand how I’m feeling right now?” Scarlett asked.

#### [Chapter 354](#)

#### Sealana Fans Never Back Down

“I don’t understand, but I respect your mindset,” Abigail replied candidly. After all, she had never experienced the loss of a daughter, making it challenging for her to empathize completely. Furthermore, her sentiments toward Kelly were far from favorable.

Scarlett spoke authoritatively, “It’s okay if you don’t understand. All you have to do is to remember my words from now on. You must design the clothes, and for your own good, you should think carefully about it. If you insist on doing things your way, don’t blame me for making things hard.”

Abigail chuckled and responded, “I’ll be waiting then, Madam Harper.” Then, she promptly hung up the phone.

Abigail’s behavior left Scarlett seething with frustration. Scarlett had assumed her tone carried authority, but it turned out that Abigail had no fear whatsoever.

Abigail’s face involuntarily grew colder after ending the call. As she reached the studio, she spotted Josh positioned at the entrance while Cameron stood there with a frosty countenance, engaging in a silent standoff.

“Abigail,” Josh called out as soon as he saw her.

She nodded and asked, “So early?”

Josh hesitated, unsure of what to say.

“Come in,” Abigail said before heading into the studio.

In the meantime, Cameron was bewildered and huffed in response to Josh's entrance.

Once inside the office, Josh sat down, and she asked, "Are you here because you knew your mother called me this morning?"

"Last night, I told Kelly about going back, and she got really angry. We had a big fight this morning, and you know the rest of the story," he explained.

Abigail leaned back on the couch without saying anything, considering that she shouldn't be discussing this matter with Josh. However, given his quick apology yesterday, she didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

I'm here to tell you that you can call me anytime if my family causes any trouble for you. I will also do my

best to prevent such things from happening," he said. Initially, he wanted to call her about this, but he thought it might be better to come in person.

After hearing this, Abigail nodded and said, "Okay. Since you put it that way, I won't have to worry about it." With him supporting her, she felt it wouldn't be much of a problem. She continued, "I'm

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really busy lately. The studio has stopped taking orders, and we're fully booked." She softened her stance, providing Josh with a legitimate reason for her actions. After all, he needed a suitable reason to help her deal with his family.

He acknowledged her explanation with a simple, "Alright, I understand." Then, he promptly left after their conversation.

Today, Abigail brought some threads and fabrics to her studio. After Josh left, she asked her assistant to help her carry them.

The assistant, who resented Josh due to Kelly, couldn't help but mutter, "Why does he keep coming to our studio every few days? There are so many designers here, yet he specifically wants to see you. I bet he has ill intentions!" She grumbled as she helped Abigail with the stuff.

Abigail replied with a question, trying to make her assistant reflect. "Instead of criticizing people, what about yourself? You were always gossiping with Cameron." She handed the assistant a piece of fabric.

Startled by Abigail's response, the assistant quickly explained, "I'm not gossiping, but I heard from Mr. Hopkins that Mr. Graham cares about you. What do you think?"

Abigail was taken aback and nearly choked on her saliva due to the assistant's unexpected comment. She reacted by saying, "You were talking about this with him all the time? Are there not many things for you to do?" She intentionally put on a stern face.

"I only talk to him during meals. I'm very serious about my work." The assistant was afraid that Abigail would scold her. "However, it's true that you mind that Mr. Graham is with Kelly. Just tell him about it.



Cameron said Mr. Graham will give you a satisfactory answer if you ask him about it.” She was a huge fan of “Sealana”. Thus, she hoped that Abigail and Sean could be together.

“Who told you I mind about it? Also, don’t tell Cameron about the things you heard between me and Miss Smith in the office. He is Graham’s man. How can you not be aware of this?” Abigail knew her assistant had misunderstood this matter. After all, she was a young girl with a vivid imagination and wild fantasies about love, especially since she hadn’t been in a romantic relationship before. Thus, her assistant had high hopes for love. Hence, she could easily misinterpret the things they said.

“I didn’t talk to him about work stuff. We were just gossiping.” The assistant felt kind of embarrassed.

Abigail sighed and looked at her. “You’re here to learn and earn money. Look at how long you’ve been here, yet you’re still doing miscellaneous tasks. When you have free time, come to the workroom with me and learn embroidery.”

“Ah...” The assistant let out a lament. At that moment, she felt she shouldn’t have asked Cameron about the gossip since she had now put herself in a difficult position.

Abigail sighed and shook her head as she watched the assistant’s reaction. “You’re still young. You

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should be focusing on learning these things. Slacking off won’t do you any good.”

“Alright,” the assistant replied, disheartened.

When Abigail went to the workroom, the assistant ran outside and punched Cameron before heading back to the workroom to learn.

On the other hand, Cameron looked at her bewildered and muttered to himself, “Did Mr. Graham do anything to make Ms. Quinn angry again?”

## [Chapter 355](#)

### For the Sake of a Person

At noon, Abigail instructed the finance department to transfer a significant sum of money to Sean. This amount far exceeded the expenses he had incurred while purchasing gifts. Moreover, the transaction was processed through the accounts of both companies.

The man couldn’t help but chuckle at the way she had handled things. What was initially meant to be a thoughtful gift had somehow transformed into a business transaction. He couldn’t help but wonder if she was trying to distance herself from him. He contemplated calling her to inquire about her intentions but quickly realized that making that call would be inviting trouble. He anticipated a lack of a satisfactory explanation and a barrage of hurtful words that would only add to his distress.

Sean put his phone down with a melancholy sigh. At that moment, Xavien entered the room and discreetly mentioned, “Damon is here.”

“Let him in,” Sean said calmly.

After Xavien left, Damon entered the room while holding a gift box. Sean stood up and gestured for him to sit down. "Is there something you need, Mr. Copper?"

Damon placed the gift box on the table and appeared somewhat embarrassed. "I came to express my gratitude."

"I've heard about your recent financial difficulties, Sean said, sitting on the couch. "You don't need to bring a gift to express your gratitude."

"It doesn't cost much. Plus, I wanted to thank you for always helping me. If you ever need my assistance in the future, I will do my best to help," Damon said as he lowered his gaze. Before he had announced his engagement with his girlfriend, he never had to act lowly as he did now.

Looking at his uneasy expression, Sean asked, "Do you regret it?"

Immediately, Damon raised his head and looked at him with determination. "I don't regret it! I know things will get better!"

"If

you don't regret it, then hold your head up high. It's not shameful for a man to take such a step for the person he loves. Moreover, with your determination, only Alana's dress will be valuable." Sean's voice was deep and steady.

Hearing his words, Damon felt a hint of warmth. At the same time, he thought that he was weak since he had been comforted by a stranger. "Thank you, Mr. Graham." He could only manage to say this. His family had disappointed him, but strangers had offered him warmth and encouragement. Alana's dress was worth millions, yet she allowed him to purchase it for eighty thousand. Moreover, Sean had always supported him.

"Mr. Copper, the only thing stopping you was never the outside world but yourself. The steps

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you've taken in love might be the bravest ones you've taken in the twenty years you have lived." Sean poured a cup of tea for him.

"You're right, Mr. Graham." Damon didn't deny his own weakness. After all, he had summoned all his strength to chase his dream this time.

"It must be an extraordinary girl for you to muster the courage, given your personality," Sean remarked, his gaze fixed on Damon, devoid of much emotion. "Mr. Copper, if you're willing, I can offer assistance, but I do have one condition."

Damon held his cup of tea and gazed at Sean. He knew Sean was a powerful and capable person who had huge authority. "Please, Mr. Graham," he said.

At this moment, he felt fortunate to have embarked on this journey. He knew Sean's reputation was not great. Many people from the high society held a low opinion of him, and even Damon's family scolded him when they received a call from one of Sean's subordinates, chastising him for associating with such a ruthless person. However, none of this mattered to Damon. He had been confined for far too long,

weighed down by worries about the money he owed for the dress and fearing that his financial situation might drive his fiancée to leave him. It was all too much for him.

Sean recognized the tension in Damon's expression and stated, "Mr. Copper, I can help you. escape your current predicament. In return, I only ask for a 20% share in your family's primary business. This way, I'll have a say in your entire family's business operations from this point forward. Can you agree to this?"

Twenty percent of the shares was a significant stake, and Sean was putting him in a difficult. position. At that moment, Damon was deep in thought.

Sean was in no hurry. If it weren't for his plan, he wouldn't intervene in their family's business.

"I can agree to your request, but can you guarantee you won't use this 20% share to take over my family's business?" No matter how love-struck Damon was, he still had to consider the hard work and dedication his family had put into their business..

"I have no interest in taking over your family business, Mr. Copper. Every industry needs healthy competition, and if one entity dominates, that industry won't thrive. I want your family's shares. not for the money but for one person," Sean said as he sipped his tea.

"For Alana?" Damon had noticed Sean's interactions with Alana online. Based on his intuition, he felt that Sean had feelings for Alana. Given his status and position, if he were to repeatedly defend her on social media, it could only mean he was trying to get her attention.

"Just tell me whether you agree to this or not?" Sean asked.

"I need some time to think about it. It's not easy to deal with the shareholders who hold our family's shares. To work around them, it won't be that simple." Damon was anxious. If he agreed to Sean's request, he would be seen as a traitor in his family. However, he didn't have any better. options.

"I'll be waiting for your good news, Mr. Copper." Sean smiled.

## [Chapter 356](#)

### An Invitation That's Hard to Decline

The unexpected news of Alfie and Damon becoming sworn brothers quickly spread within Capitalis' social circles.

When Kelly received the phone call, she was equally surprised.

"What are you doing in Pendorf, anyway? I haven't seen you visit Abigail's grandmother even once. Are you waiting for the truth to be revealed before meeting her?" The woman on the other end of the phone asked, her anger barely contained.

"Aren't you being too impatient right now? Being in Pendorf is not the same as being in Capitalis. I need to find a shield first to make a move, or else how am I supposed to escape if things get messy?" Kelly replied nonchalantly, showing no signs of urgency.

"Are you planning to marry Sean and win over his grandmother?" The woman couldn't resist at taunt.

Kelly smiled, but her gaze was cold. "Am I not allowed to marry him?"

The woman on the phone fell silent all of a sudden.

Kelly looked at the night view outside the window and continued, "I give Eric up to your daughter while I choose Sean. Fair enough, right? If you don't find me worthy, then your daughter should forget about marrying into the Davidson Family as well."

The woman on the phone took a deep breath and responded, "You managed to connect with these people because of me. Don't forget that!"

Kelly chuckled, "If you hadn't asked for my help, I could have continued living my life just fine, but since you've come to me for assistance, you'd better be nice to me, or I might exposé everyone, and no one will be able to escape. It was you who gave me the opportunity to climb the ladder, and now you mock me for overestimating my abilities?"

"Actually, you're right. It is natural for one to climb the ladder to success, so what can I do for you?" the woman's tone instantly softened.

"Abigail has managed to convince Josh, and now he wants me back. If I go back, my plan will be ruined. You must tell 'Runway Capitalis' to invite Abigail as a judge. Once she's out of Pendorf, I'll have more room to work my plan around," Kelly ordered.

Without a choice, the woman agreed, albeit begrudgingly.

"I have to warn you, though. Trying to win over Sean's grandmother is pointless. He isn't close to his grandmother. If you want to gain his favor, you'd better focus on his grandfather," the woman reminded before ending the call.

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Kelly was well aware of this as she replied with a smile, "Don't worry. I've got it under control."

After the call, the woman muttered to herself in a low voice, "I underestimated her. She has a hidden agenda that I can't even fathom."

When Abigail received an unexpected invitation from the "Runway Capitalis" channel, she was surprised.

"Runway Capitalis" was an old television channel primarily focused on fashion-related knowledge. Whenever a TV series gained popularity, this channel would invite the actors to participate in its programs. They would showcase the costumes and delve into the cultural aspects of clothing.

Unfortunately, Abigail didn't have the time and wasn't planning to accept the invitation to this program.

"Sorry. I'm not free toward the end of the year," she rejected politely.

"Oh, no worries, then. The person in charge didn't force her.

Just a couple of hours after the phone call ended, Lewis, whom she hadn't talked to in a long time, called her.

"It's been a while, Miss Quinn. How have you been? Lewis sounded extremely polite.

Abigail replied with a smile, "I'm doing fine. Is there a reason for your call?" In reality, she had a faint inkling of what it might be about.

"It's about the invitation from Runway Capitalist. Why didn't you accept it? We've all agreed to invite you, and now the entire cast is only waiting for your answer. This is a great opportunity to share about your designs, isn't it?" He sounded somewhat embarrassed.

"I declined because I've been really busy. How about asking Professor Gibson? He's much more knowledgeable about the clothing of the Western Roman Empire's invasion era than I am," Abigail said with a hint of reluctance.

"Professor Gibson doesn't want to appear on the show. I asked him before reaching out to you. We really need someone with expertise for this show. Besides, you're skilled enough to join the show. There are a few young talents interested in costume design, so you can even select some of them. and take them to your studio. They can carry on your legacy in the future." Lewis earnestly tried to persuade her.

She was considering hiring a few assistants, as she was already overwhelmed with work. If her career continued to grow, she might end up working round the clock. "I'll think about it," she responded, not wanting to refuse him outright.

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"Alright, let me just tell you the truth. The cast of our TV series needs to go on popular seginenta for promotions, especially since the history of the Western Roman Empire's invasion era is relatively unknown. The show's production team is keen to have you on board, and if you them, they won't consider inviting us to the show." Lewis voice carried a hint of disappointment.

decline

Abigail understood that in the current era where popularity was king, without a buzz, no one would pay much attention to someone or something. Promoting culture was something that only a few people were doing, and this path was also very challenging.

When a TV series gained popularity, it could indeed have a significant impact on the audience. However, if it flopped, there wouldn't be any investment in such themes in the future, let alone the promotion of so-called 'culture.'

"I will talk to Runway Capitalist again and come up with something. Don't worry, Abigail reluctantly agreed.

Now that Lewis had personally contacted her, how could she bear to reject him?

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“Alright, let me just tell you the truth. The cast of our TV series needs to go on popular segments. for promotions, especially since the history of the Western Roman Empire’s invasion era is relatively unknown. The show’s production team is keen to have you on board, and if you decline them, they won’t consider inviting us to the show.” Lewis’ voice carried a hint of disappointment.

Abigail understood that in the current era where popularity was king, without a buzz, no one would pay much attention to someone or something. Promoting culture was something that only a few people were doing, and this path was also very challenging.

When a TV series gained popularity, it could indeed have a significant impact on the audience. However, if it flopped, there wouldn’t be any investment in such themes in the future, let alone. the promotion of so-called “culture.”

“I will talk to Runway Capitalist again and come up with something. Don’t worry,” Abigail reluctantly agreed.

Now that Lewis had personally contacted her, how could she bear to reject him?

### [Chapter 357](#)

Is Grandpa Poisoned?

Since Runway Capitalis had officially invited her, Abigail would be offending quite a handful of people if she were to reject them.”

It was undeniable that the channel was quite skillful. They weren’t afraid of her refusal, as they could pull any means to make her agree to it.

After hanging up the phone, she couldn’t help but let out a sigh. She dialed the number of the person in charge at Runway Capitalis again, finalized the contract signing date, and achieved preliminary cooperation with them.

“Rest assured that this show won’t air so soon, Ms. Quinn. It will definitely air after the TV series, and it won’t affect the series’ popularity,” the person in charge at Runway Capitalis reassured her.

Abigail hummed in response, but she was well aware that it was just a polite statement.

If they truly didn’t care about the series’ popularity, why not air it earlier? They probably wanted to distance themselves in case something went wrong with the series.

After hanging up the phone, she pulled a long face.

Runway Capitalis had good online reviews, but their actions behind the scenes made her genuinely uncomfortable.

On the day she planned to sign the contract, she received a call from Sean as soon as she boarded. the plane.

“Where are you now?” Sean’s tone was filled with urgency.

“What’s wrong?” Abigail leaned back in her seat, her tone indifferent.

“Something’s happened to my grandpa, and I’m currently abroad. Could you check on him first? I won’t be able to return until tomorrow morning,” he said.

“Alright, but-” Before she could finish her sentence, there was noise on his end.

“Please make sure you go and see him. My signal is bad here-Grandpa-poisoned-  
Beep, beep, beep.

The call was abruptly disconnected before Sean could complete his sentence.

Even after multiple tries, Abigail couldn’t reach him.

By this time, the plane had already started to take off.

1/3

Sensing the urgency of the situation, Abigail grabbed her luggage and was prepared to disembark, but a flight attendant stopped her.

“Ma’am, the plane is about to take off. Please return to your seat immediately.”

“I have an urgent matter. I need to get off the plane!” Abigail told the flight attendant.

“I’m sorry, ma’am. It’s not possible now. The plane is already taxiing. Please return to your seat,” the flight attendant uttered respectfully.

“I really have an emergency...” Abigail clutched her phone. She had never seen Sean so desperate, and Colby had always been kind to her. If something serious had happened, it was essential for someone to be there with him.

“I will discuss this with the cabin manager. Please wait here,” the flight attendant suggested as she noticed the look of anxiety on Abigail’s face.

Soon, the cabin manager arrived while the other flight attendants worked to calm the other passengers.

“My family member is in poor health, and there is no one with him. I need to go back to take him to the hospital,” she explained to the cabin manager.

The cabin manager nodded. While making a phone call, he explained to Abigail, “We need to communicate with the air traffic facility on this matter. Without instructions from them, we can’t halt the plane’s journey.”

She nodded, biting her lip.

However, half an hour had passed since they made the call, and the cabin manager had not received any instructions from the air traffic facility.

Holding her phone in hand, she could already feel that her forehead was covered in sweat.

“Ma’am, we can only continue to taxi on the runway for now. I’m going to explain the situation to the control tower once again. Are you sure you want to get off the plane?” the cabin manager asked as there was still no response from the authorities.

Abigail felt a sense of despair, but she still nodded and answered firmly, “Yes.”

The cabin manager had no choice but to continue making calls to the control tower. After nearly an hour, she finally signed the voluntary agreement to terminate her journey and disembarked.

After exiting the airport’s security area, she received a call from the person in charge at Runway Capitalis.

“May I ask how long it will take for you to arrive? We’ve already made the arrangements here and are waiting for you.”

2/3

Carrying her luggage, Abigail tried to get a cab. Apologetically, she said, “I’m afraid I can’t make it today. There’s an emergency with my family, and I’ve already disembarked. I’m sorry.”

After hearing that she hadn’t boarded the plane, the person on the phone had a change in tone. “That’s just not right, Miss Quinn. We have so many people waiting for you here, and you only mention this now. I’ve already made all the arrangements, and you tell us that you can’t make it. Can you please arrange to come back within three hours?”

“Is the contract more important than a human life? There’s no way I can make it today, no matter how much time you give me. I’m truly sorry, but I can’t come immediately,” Abigail apologized, suppressing her anger.

“Miss Quinn-“.

“Sorry, I have to get in the car now. I’ll talk to you later,” Abigail uttered before hanging up the call.

When she made it all the way to Graham Estate, the gate was locked, and no matter how hard she rang the doorbell, it seemed futile.

For the first time, Abigail decided to call Lina, but the phone continued to ring with no answer. Due to that, Abigail had no choice but to go to the hospital. She had no idea how Colby had been. poisoned. After making a dozen calls in a row, she finally got through.

“Hello, Old Mrs. Graham-“

“Why are you calling Grandma?” Kelly’s voice came through the phone.

Abigail frowned but still asked, “Is Old Mr. Graham poisoned? What’s going on?”

“That’s none of your business, isn’t it? You couldn’t be reached when we called you, so what use is it for you to come when he’s already admitted to the hospital?!” Kelly scolded angrily.

Simmering with anger, Abigail rebuked, “I’m asking you what happened?! Were you the one who did it?!”



“What kind of nonsense are you spilling?” Kelly pretended to be puzzled.

### [Chapter 358](#)

#### Disappointment Reached Its Peak

Abigail suppressed her anger and questioned, “Kelly, what happened to Old Mr. Graham?”

“How would I know? Even if you’re upset, you can’t just accuse me, can you?” Kelly’s tone shifted. from anger to aggrieved in just a moment. “I admit my tone was bad earlier, but it was because I couldn’t find you when I needed you. Do you

know how many times Grandpa tried to call you?”

Abigail hadn’t received any calls. She checked her phone repeatedly but found no missed calls from Colby.

“How is he?” Abigail’s tone softened slightly.

“He’s still getting his stomach pumped, and we don’t know if he’ll make it. If it had been a few minutes late, he might not have survived.” Kelly’s tone sounded way gentler this time.

“I’ll arrive at the hospital in a moment,” Abigail uttered calmly, but she still didn’t believe she was wrong to suspect Kelly.

Kelly’s intentions in coming to Pendorf were clear, so no matter what she said, Abigail wouldn’t trust her.

She was about to hang up the phone when Lina’s voice came from the other end. “Give me the phone. Why are you helping her?”

“Grandma, Abigail had a valid reason for not answering Grandpa’s calls...”

“Give it to me!”

The conversation between the two sounded on the phone.

Abigail immediately heard Lina’s voice as she uttered, “You don’t have to come anymore. Sean said he called you an hour ago, and you agreed to come over. An hour later, you’re still on the road. If you didn’t want to come, you should’ve just said so! Even if that old man passes away, it will be none of your business!”

“When he called me, I was on the plane, about to take off-”

“You don’t need to explain to me. I know you hate me, Sean, and our entire family. The old man. called you over a dozen times for help, yet you didn’t pick up a single call. You hold grudges against me. I can understand that. But wasn’t he good enough for you? Wasn’t Sean good enough for you? If you want to take revenge, just take it out on me. Why are you so heartless toward him?” Lina’s voice quivered as she scolded.

Abigail replied while emphasizing each word, “I did not receive any calls!”

“Stop making up excuses! Don’t bother coming to the hospital, either. You’ll bring bad luck!” After  
1/3

hanging up the phone, Lina blocked Abigail.

Sitting in the car, Abigail felt speechless. She thought for a moment and decided to call Sean. After the call connected, she suppressed her pent-up frustration and asked him, “Is your signal okay now?”

“Yeah.” His tone held restrained emotions.

Abigail sensed that something was amiss, and she questioned in a self-mocking tone, “What are you trying to say?”

However, Sean thought she had something to say to him. He remained silent without an immediate response, which made her instantly understand his perspective on the matter.

“Your grandpa is already in the hospital, with Kelly taking care of him. Your grandma is also extremely emotional right now, so I’m not going to see your grandpa anymore,” she informed him calmly, holding her grievances back.

In the brief moment after Abigail finished her sentence, disappointment reached its peak for Sean. His voice turned cold as he uttered, “I couldn’t make it clear due to my bad signal, and it’s no one’s fault. Besides, the Quinns and our family have no connection. My call to you must have been a bother.”

She hung up the phone abruptly. There was nothing more to say, and she no longer cared how he perceived it.

After finally arriving at the airport, where the signal stabilized, he felt her phone call had ruined his mood.

“Is it possible that the information we found is incorrect?” Xavien asked, noticing his bad mood.

“Do you even have confidence in the information you found? Why would you be asking me?!” Sean suddenly slammed his phone onto the table.

Xavien immediately lowered his head.

Lina had informed Sean that Colby had called Abigail multiple times, and she hadn’t answered.

Sean didn’t believe it and had Cameron check the facts. However, they found out that Colby had indeed called Abigail several times, to which she did not answer. She had even sent a cold message, saying she was going to Capitalis for a business meeting and wouldn’t answer calls after boarding the plane.

Colby had deleted that message. He probably didn’t want it to cause misunderstandings at such a critical moment and had erased it to protect her.

But what about her? She hadn’t offered any explanation. She clearly knew the severity of the situation today, yet she didn’t even want to explain herself!

2/3

“Mr. Graham, even if the evidence we find shows that Mrs. Graham wasn’t involved with Old Mr. Graham, we both know her character.” Xavien, though fearful, ventured to say.

Sean looked at him and replied, “You’re wrong. I’ve never truly understood her.”

When Lina told him that she hadn’t answered the phone, he didn’t believe it. He wanted to investigate it himself, but the reality was even worse than what he had heard.

When Abigail’s call came in, he had been thinking. What if it’s just a misunderstanding? Even if she said a single word firmly to explain that she had been misunderstood, he would immediately stand by her side.

Despite that, she chose to hang up the phone.

Moreover, her attitude made Sean realize that she wasn’t very concerned about Colby’s condition.

Sean also understood that Colby’s call to her was a nuisance, and she would just let him be if she was occupied with something more important. Nevertheless, the fact that she wasn’t even willing to take a glance at Colby made Sean’s heart grow cold.

### [Chapter 359](#)

Did Analyse Poison Colby?

After hanging up the phone, Abigail took a deep breath and looked out the window, slowly processing the frustration in her heart.

When she arrived at the hospital, she inquired about Colby’s condition.

“He’s still undergoing stomach lavage surgery. We’ll have to wait for the operation to end to find out. You can go to the surgery room on the third floor and wait for them,” answered the doctor sitting on the other side of the window.

“Okay, thank you,” Abigail replied and headed for the stairs.

However, as she reached the second floor, she bumped into Kelly, who was standing at the stairwell.

Kelly looked down at Abigail with a hint of weariness in her features and gazed at her with disdain. “Abigail, Old Mrs. Graham doesn’t want to see you. If you are self-aware, you should just leave. Sean won’t spare you if you continue to cause trouble and give her a heart attack.”

“What does me coming to the hospital have to do with the Grahams? Is anyone else besides the Grahams not allowed to visit this hospital?” Abigail’s tone was cold and indifferent.

Kelly chuckled and descended the steps. When she got close to Abigail, she whispered, “Do you know how Old Mr. Graham was poisoned? Instead of wasting your time here, you might as well go home to cover your tracks.”

Abigail immediately realized that Colby’s poisoning was related to Kelly. Furthermore, she detected from Kelly’s words that it might be related to her own grandmother.

“What have you done?” Abigail grabbed her hand, her gaze as cold as an ice-cold blade..

The smirk on Kelly's face grew more blatant as she whispered, "You'll find out soon."

Abigail slapped her hard.

Kelly staggered back, leaned against the stair railing, and held her face while glaring at Abigail

"What are you doing?!"

"Kelly!"

Two voices sounded simultaneously.

Before Abigail could react, she was forcefully pushed by Lina, who had rushed down from upstairs.

1/3

Josh's voice also sounded as he rushed up the stairs to help Kelly.

Tears rolled down Kelly's cheeks one by one as she leaned into Josh's arms and said, "I'm fine... Abigail just misunderstood me."

Lina's face turned red as she glared at Abigail with anger. "What are you doing here? Get out!"

Her voice was so loud it nearly echoed through the entire stairwell.

"Calm down, Grandma. You're still pretty weak." Kelly hurriedly comforted Lina.

Meanwhile, Josh looked at Abigail with a confused expression.

Ignoring Josh and Lina, Abigail stared at Kelly, saying, "You better watch out because you'll surely get what's coming to you!"

Hearing this, Lina clenched her fist and punched Abigail in the face. "Before you talk about her, think about yourself! I won't let you off easily. Now get out of here!"

After saying that, she was about to hit Abigail again.

However, Abigail grabbed her hand and looked at her with a cold gaze. "I haven't done any of the things you're talking about. I don't care how you see me or what you think. From now on, our families are no longer related, so I don't care about your opinions."

With that, she released Lina's hand and turned to leave.

Seeing that Lina was about to chase after her and punch her again, Josh stepped in to stop her.

"Kelly, keep an eye on her," Josh uttered and then followed Abigail.

Abigail walked quickly. She reached the hospital entrance, picked up her luggage, and immediately left the hospital.

"Abigail, there's no way the Grahams and the Quinns have no relation. Analise gave Old Mr. Graham poisoned food, and that's how he got poisoned. Sean still doesn't know about this." Josh's voice sounded from behind her.

Turning around abruptly, Abigail retorted in a tone of disbelief, "There's no way Grandma would

do that!”

“Then go home and ask her why the both of them ate the same food, but Old Mr. Graham was poisoned. If you don’t find out the truth and explain it to Sean, he won’t let you off easily,” Josh added.

No matter how much Abigail believed in her grandmother, the fact was that her grandmother was responsible for this.

2/3

“Also, did your phone ever receive any calls or messages from Old Mr. Graham?” Josh asked again.

“No,” Abigail answered firmly.

Josh’s eyes held a hint of complexity as he muttered, “I was worried about misunderstanding you, so I had several professionals run a check. Your phone had incoming calls, and there was a message sent to Old Mr. Graham. I’ve checked this with the telecommunications multiple times, and the results are consistent.”

company

“So, you think I’m lying?” Abigail questioned, to which Josh explained, “I’m just trying to understand you.”

Abigail countered with a cold expression, “If you can’t figure it out, then don’t bother. I’ll ask Grandma about the poisoning.”

With that, she walked away without looking back.

When Abigail returned home, she found her grandmother sitting in the living room, watching TV and seemingly unaware of everything. Then, she placed her luggage down.

“Aren’t you supposed to be on a business trip? Why are you back?” Analise inquired, looking surprised to see Abigail.

“Grandma, did you deliver something to Old Mr. Graham?” Abigail got straight to the point.

Tomorrow, Sean would be back; hence, she needed to quickly figure out what was happening.

“Yes, I did. The doctor who examined me in the communal area said her daughter bought some delicious mushrooms in Cloudgrove. She sent me a lot, and I made them into a flavorful soup. After that, I asked the doctor for more to send to Colby,” Analise answered honestly.

## [Chapter 360](#)

Groggy

As soon as Abigail found out that the mushrooms were from Cloudgrove, she knew there was a problem.

Moreover, it was mushroom season.

“Take me to that doctor!” Abigail’s tone suddenly became stern.

Analise was startled and asked, “What’s going on?”

“Old Mr. Graham has been poisoned, and his condition is very serious. He’s still in the hospital, undergoing stomach lavage surgery, and his life is hanging by a thread. If we don’t investigate this now, we’ll be doomed when Sean returns from abroad.” Abigail grabbed Analise’s hand and dragged her along.

“But I ate the mushrooms, and I’m perfectly fine. Could it have been a misunderstanding? Analise’s eyes widened with fear.

“You ate the first batch she gave to you while you gave Old Mr. Graham the second batch. I’m sure there is a difference,” Abigail explained hurriedly.

“No, I split it into two portions for the second batch. I ate some and sent some to Colby. There’s really nothing wrong with it. If it were poisoned, I’d be in the hospital by now, right? Besides, the mushrooms they gave me aren’t poisonous,” Analise explained in a panic.

“There’s no time for all this discussion, Grandma. I need to talk to the doctor to get more details, alright?” Abigail insisted.

Analise fell silent at that.

When they arrived at the communal area, Abigail managed to find Dr. Zena.

Dr. Zena had provided Analise with edible mushrooms known as Chicken Polypore, which were non-toxic. To prove her innocence, Dr. Zena gave Abigail the remaining Chicken Polypore she had not consumed for further testing.

Analise had already finished eating all the Chicken Polypore she received, leaving only the ones from Dr. Zena.

If the poisoning was indeed related to consuming mushrooms, it was likely that the tampering occurred during the delivery process.

In that case, even Sean might find it difficult to find out what happened.

Tracking down a tampering incident in the vast sea of daily deliveries across a state would be an extremely challenging task.

1/3

Back at home, Abigail placed the Chicken Polypore on the coffee table and asked her grandmother, “Which courier company did you use to deliver the Chicken Polypores? I will try to contact them.”

“I haven’t done anything wrong, and Sean knows my character.” Analise gripped Abigail’s hand and tried to explain herself.

With a bitter smile, Abigail muttered, “Who can say for sure when his grandfather’s life is at stake?”

Back then, she divorced Sean because of her grandmother. Now that something happened to Sean's grandfather, she couldn't expect him to understand their situation.

"I'll go to the hospital while you check with the courier station outside the communal area." Analise grew increasingly despondent.

"Don't go to the hospital and just stay at home. The situation is not as simple as we initially thought. Staying home for the time being is the best option, got it?" Abigail advised her grandmother.

Analise immediately understood the implied message in her words.

After running around for an entire afternoon, Abigail still couldn't find anything helpful.

When the sky turned dark, she took the lab results for the Chicken Polypore and encountered Cameron, who had been waiting for her at the entrance of their neighborhood.

"Mr. Graham will arrive in Pendorf at 4.00AM tomorrow," Cameron informed Abigail. His relaxed demeanor from before had given way to a more serious one.

Abigail nodded in response but remained silent.

"Old Mr. Graham's condition is not looking good. This incident has caused damage to multiple organs, and he is still under emergency treatment," Cameron continued, his eyes lowered.

Abigail's eyes widened slightly. "I'm truly sorry for this. My grandmother did send Chicken Polypore to Old Mr. Graham, but the package was definitely switched during the delivery."

"I can't say for sure without evidence, but I will try to persuade Mr. Graham to run an investigation. I'd still advise you to be prepared, though. Xavien told me that your lack of explanation has disappointed him. He might not be as forgiving as before," Cameron lamented, scratching his head.

He hadn't expected the situation to develop this far without any warning.

"I understand that it involves his grandfather's life, but I will also find a way to clear my grandmother's name," Abigail replied and prepared to leave.

2/3

She knew that her grandmother must be worried after she left for the entire afternoon."

Cameron silently watched Abigail's retreating figure and sighed involuntarily.

Miss Quinn is still unaware of how thoroughly disappointed Mr. Graham is.

At 5.00AM, Sean arrived at the hospital.

Colby had already come out of the operating room, but the surgical outcome was not promising.

Due to his old age, his urinary system had been affected. Moreover, the delay in seeking medical attention after being poisoned developed concerns about his eyesight. Whether or not his sight was damaged would only be revealed when he woke up.

Entering the ward, Sean noticed Kelly sitting in front of the bed, nodding off from exhaustion.

Lina was lying in the adjacent hospital bed, receiving an IV drip, and the only one taking care of the two elderly patients was Kelly.

Hearing the sound, she immediately woke up and turned her head to look at Sean. She promptly stood up and explained, "My brother asked me to stay back and take care of them."

"Xavien, please escort Miss Hagl back to the hotel, Sean instructed without much elaboration.

There was no way he didn't harbor any suspicions about Kelly, no matter how caring she seemed to be for his grandparents. He remained unfazed even after witnessing everything around him.

Xavien approached Kelly and politely said, "This way, please, Miss Hagl."

Without uttering another word, she simply stood up and walked toward Xavien with a groggy expression.

When Sean approached his grandfather, he felt a sense of unfathomable sadness.

Just then, a loud thud came from the door.

Sean furrowed his brows and looked over to see that Kelly had bumped into the door. She was holding her forehead but didn't utter a single complaint. Smiling awkwardly, she quickly caught up with Xavien.