

Spare Wife 371

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Eventually, Sean sent Kevin out of his room. Kevin bumped into Abigail and Eric just moments after he turned around to walk off, and he held his hand up to give them a rather awkward wave. "Hey. Did you guys just get back?"

"Yeah." Abigail nodded with the usual calm and collected expression on her face. Kevin didn't have much to do, so he walked toward Abigail in an attempt to strike up a conversation. "Would you like to have a chat?"

"I have other matters to handle, and I don't have the time to chat. Abigail had already booked herself a flight on the way back, and she only had three hours to get ready.

"It'll just be a short chat. Do you want to stay around, Mr. Davidson?" Kevin turned and beamed at Eric.

Eric shook his head. "You guys can go on. I'll head back to my room." After Eric left, Kevin whispered into Abigail's ear, saying. "This is about Mr. Stuart. Do you want to hear what I have to say?"

Abigail shot him a look. "I know that Mr. Stuart has some powerful forces supporting him, but tonight's incident is over."

"Do you really think it's over?" Kevin's gaze lit up, and it seemed as if he had read Abigail's mind. "I'm just here to complete my mission. After all, not all partnerships turn out to be as amicable as others," Abigail stated flatly. However, Kevin still suspected that Abigail wasn't going to let things go that easily. After all, her previous attempts to target Sean were impressionable to Kevin.

"Did you really record it?" Kevin asked.

"I was lying. I don't think it's helpful to be honest all the time. I don't mind telling a few lies if it helps me to save myself." Abigail stepped past Kevin to leave after finishing her sentence. Kevin turned and gazed at her back while chuckling to himself. "She sure has a strong character. No wonder she can get someone like Eric to sacrifice everything for her."

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It was nearly midnight by the time Abigail got back to Pendorf. Once she got home, she instantly edited the post for her partnership with Runway Capitalis before tagging Eric and Runway. Capitalis' official account. Eric was quick to repost it as well.

After that, Abigail got a good night's sleep. The next morning, she woke up and scrolled through her private messages on Twitter. As she filtered through the tons of messages, she found the one that she wanted to see. 'Did you really partner up with Runway Capitalis, Alana? Are you able to terminate the contract? Runway Capitalis is up to some shady business, and there have been rumors about them that were taken down just a day after it got posted. Several accounts were banned, and people were threatened in the process. Some of them even got sued and were forced

to pay

the penalties. Partnering with them is just a road to self-destruction! You should really consider your decision if you see my message.

Abigail replied to the person's message. 'Have you been on their program?'

About 30 minutes later, the netizen responded to Abigail. 'Gosh, I hadn't expected you to reply! I have a good friend who participated in this program, but... During their filming, one of the investors got her really drunk. When she woke up the next morning, she found out that she had. slept with three different investors. My friend tried to sue them, but it didn't work out at all. She's struggling with depression now, and she still has more than 100,000 worth of bills to pay off. She's currently a person subject to enforcement. This happened two years ago. Back then, she forced herself to complete the filming for the show, and she revealed everything on Twitter after she got home. However, the filming team ended up suing her in return, and they dug up tons of her history before twisting and turning some facts to make her seem like a bad person. In the end, she lost her case, and she ended up with a debt of about 160,000 to the three people who sued her. She didn't have the money to pay off her debts, so her cards got blacklisted. She went into a deep depression about two months after that, and things have just been getting worse and worse for her.

Abigail read through the netizen's text before responding to it. 'I got it. Don't worry about me. I'll make sure to protect myself. Abigail didn't know if the netizen's words were true, but she intended to do some research of her own. She wasn't about to trust anyone so easily.

'Alright. Please take care of yourself, Alana!

That was the only message of its sort that Abigail received that day. However, Eric also received some advice from a well-known influencer. The influencer told him not to take part in the program as it was funded by a lot of suspicious individuals. On top of that, Eric was told that pretty girls were like toys to the investors, and there were a few celebrities who had even signed long-term contracts with the program to trick more people into joining them.

'You should do some research on these things. You should hurry, though. You won't have time once you start recording the program.'

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got it. The pieces of information were too broad, and Abigail simply couldn't dig up all of the past events even if she went over to Capitalis. However, these pieces of information were crucial to her, and her post on Twitter would've been for nothing if she disregarded the information that she gathered. After

making some arrangements, Abigail went up to Analise. "We're going to meet the Grahams today. We'll apologize for what we've done, and we'll thank them for the generosity they've shown to us."

"Okay..." Analise lowered her gaze. She seemed to be bothered by something.

"It's fine. I'll apologize." Abigail tried to comfort her grandmother. She knew that it wouldn't feel good for someone of Analise's age to go up to others just to apologize to them. "I don't mind apologizing to

them. I'm just worried that Sean's grandmother might kick up a fuss again." Analise gazed at Abigail worriedly.

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"Since I made a mistake, I'll just have to take the beating and stand back up. She can scold me if she wants to," Abigail uttered with a smile. Analise no longer said anything after that, and Abigail figured that Analise didn't feel too good about the idea. However, it was a fact that they had made a mistake this time around. Since Sean had requested for them to offer an apology, Abigail felt like it wouldn't be right to ignore his request, especially since the Grahams had agreed to let things go.

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Rubbing Salt in the Wound

That night, Abigail showed up at the hospital with some expensive gifts. However, she didn't head directly to Colby's ward. Instead, she told the nurses to inform Lina about her presence first. Soon enough, both Lina and Kelly showed up together. "What are you guys doing here?" Lina questioned harshly the moment she saw Abigail.

"I think they're here to apologize, Kelly muttered softly. Lina took one glance at the gifts and hampers in Abigail and Analise's hands before she let out a scoff. I'm sure you guys drugged some of the food inside. You guys are trying to poison all of us, aren't you? Us Grahams aren't taking any gifts from you guys. We don't want to die in your hands!" Lina hissed.

Abigail remained silent, and Analise held onto Abigail's hand while keeping her lips sealed as well. Their silence seemed to trigger Lina even more. "I'm warning you guys now-you guys should stop putting on an act! You're trying to use these gifts to please us, just so that you can continue. latching onto Sean and sucking all his money out of him. There's no way I'm letting you do that!" Lina raised her voice.

"What are you talking about?" Sean's voice sounded from a distance. When Kelly saw Sean, her face instantly lit up with joy. "You're back!" Her warm and intimate tone made her sound as if she was speaking to her husband.

However, Sean simply ignored Kelly and stared at Lina instead. "I was the one who told them to visit Grandpa," he said. Lina seemed rather embarrassed by her actions at that moment. Meanwhile, Abigail simply held onto her grandmother's hand without saying anything. "Why should they visit?! They're the ones who brought upon all this trouble!" Lina mumbled under her

breath.

Sean knew that Abigail felt bad after what happened with Colby, so he turned around to speak to her. "You guys should go take a look at him. He's in a decent condition today, and he's able to speak now."

"Alright," Analise replied before she led Abigail toward Colby's ward. Lina, on the other hand, let out a scoff before she followed behind them with a resentful expression on her face. "I told them to visit Grandpa. Why are you tagging along?" Sean stopped her.

"Aren't you worried that-"

"They didn't do it intentionally, Grandma, so you shouldn't put all the blame on them. The Graham Family is a wealthy household-we're not demanding and irrational thugs." There was a hint of impatience in Sean's tone. Even though he was disappointed in Abigail, he still didn't like it when his grandmother acted that way.

Lina looked like she had more to say, but Kelly stopped her in time. "Mr. Quinn is right. You shouldn't injure their pride like that, Grandma. There's no conclusion for this incident yet." For some reason, Kelly's words managed to keep Lina silent. Sean shot them another icy glare before he strode along the hospital corridor to find a couch where he could rest.

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When Analise showed up in Colby's ward with tears in her eyes, Colby beamed at her. "It's fine." Abigail placed the gifts down. She had a lot of questions in her mind, but Colby didn't give her a chance to voice them. "I think I'm out of water, Abigail. Could you help me grab two bottles of the more expensive brand of water?"

"Sure." Abigail replied without hesitation. She figured that he wanted to be careful with the water he consumed since his stomach was probably weak after he got it pumped. Once Abigail left the room, Colby turned to look at Analise. "I'm sorry that you had to suffer."

"It was nothing. Sean's friend in Capitalis once risked their life to save us, so we're even now that I've helped you out in return," Analise replied in a gentle tone.

Colby gazed at the ceiling for a long while before he spoke again. "One day, they'll understand all of our efforts."

"I just want Abigail to be safe and well. I don't need much else," Analise replied. Colby nodded and kept quiet after that.

Sean came along with Abigail to get water for Colby. Cameron cleared off the hospital grounds. for them. "Why didn't you tell me before you came?" There was a hint of annoyance in Sean's voice as he spoke to Abigail while walking beside her.

"Well, if I told you about it, wouldn't you end up saying that I'm not being sincere?" Abigail asked in return. "You wanted us to apologize, and we came here with pure and sincere intentions. Isn't that good enough for you?"

Sean pressed his lips together. I was speaking out of anger back then. Does Abigail think that I told her to come here just so that she and her grandmother could get a scolding?

"Did you decide not to inform me just so that you could get my grandmother to scold you? Does her scolding make you feel better?" Sean snapped.

Abigail immediately shoved a bottle of water into his arms. "Do I seem like such a manipulative person to you, Sean? That's how you perceive me, huh!"

"You could've called me to make sure that both you and your grandmother wouldn't receive a scolding. But instead, you allowed my family to shame you and your grandmother. Does that make you feel

good? Does that make you feel like you don't owe us anything anymore?" Sean clutched onto the water bottle as he spoke with anger in his voice.

He had never intended for Abigail and Analise to be shamed and criticized in that manner. Even he felt angry to see the meek and sorrowful look on Analise's face. He knew that Analise and Abigail weren't responsible for the way things had developed. In the first place, Sean had only gotten petty over the apology because he had been angry at how Abigail kept ignoring his kind

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intentions.

Abigail was speechless for a while. She had to calm down before she spoke again. "Will your grandfather be able to drink this water?"

It was then that Sean noticed how he might have been rather harsh with his words. "I'm sorry. I only got mad because I didn't want you and your grandmother to suffer like that. I only told you guys to come and visit because--"

Abigail interrupted the man. "You don't need to explain yourself. This is how our family's relationships are with one another now. The Quinns will apologize and bow down when needed. -we're not about to shun our responsibilities. Furthermore, I don't think your grandmother's words can harm me in any way. I don't care about you guys, and I'm sure my grandmother will eventually accept that as well."

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Step By Step

Sean curled his fingers tightly around the bottle of water and only spoke after a long pause. "I'm sure you can tell that I like you. Why do you seem so indifferent toward me all the time?"

"I don't think I have a reason to show any response to your unconvincing show of love," Abigail replied. Perhaps he thinks that being nice to me is his way of showing that he likes me. However, my guess is he only thinks that he likes me because he's resentful after being forced to get a divorce. Even though he didn't decide to start a family out of love, he still wanted to go on with the marriage at first. The strategies that he uses for his work didn't help him in his marriage, and he's unhappy to find out that there's a flaw in his skill set. That's probably why he's trying so hard to save this now.

Sean hadn't expected to be so flustered by Abigail's response. He hadn't expected her to utter such a thing at all. "Our marriage was a failure, Sean. It failed so badly that I'd rather marry anyone than you. You're wondering how I remain indifferent toward your gestures of fondness, but why don't you wonder about all the times I've compromised with your needs in the past three years?" Upon finishing her sentence, Abigail realized that a staff member was watching them from afar.

Is this the correct brand of water?" Abigail asked hurriedly.

"Yeah," Sean replied with a nod. Abigail took another three bottles of the same water before she headed off to pay the bill. She didn't bother to check whether he followed behind her. When she returned to the ward, she realized that he wasn't with her.

"Let's go," Analise said right after Abigail placed the water bottles down.

Abigail didn't bother to question anything-she simply nodded before leaving with Analise. Sean's words made Abigail feel bad, but she didn't reveal any of that in her expression.

Over the next few days, Abigail did her preparations for the program recording while also researching for the information she needed. A few other people sent her private messages after that to provide her with more evidence. After compiling all the messages, she sent them to a professional who could determine the validity of these claims. On the day that she was supposed to head to the recording, she received news from the professional she had hired.

"The first message is legitimate, but the rest are fake: Abigail held onto her phone as she fell deep into thought. I didn't announce anything about the shady things that have been going on, and I remained friendly with Runway Capitalis for the rest of the time. In that case, were the people who sent me the later messages trying to trick me? The message that didn't provide any evidence turned out to be true, yet the ones who

gave evidence turned out to be false. Do they expect me to speak up for them with the use of their evidence? Is Runway Capitalis the one who's directing all of this? Well, regardless of who's behind this, perhaps I should make good use of all these.

After she got onto her flight, she forwarded the false messages to Eric. 'Please send these out to people that you trust. Do it at night. I want all of my screenshots with these people to be leaked.'

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'Alright. Will it cause trouble for you?' Eric replied.

'No. I've already made the necessary arrangements. After texting Eric, Abigail sent another text to Ronaldo. 'I need your help. You're going to like this job, she texted. Ronaldo's reply came with a tone of excitement. I haven't heard from you in so long, Ms. Quinn! What do you need help with? Do you want to have some seafood? I'll get someone to deliver it over by plane. I can send it over in two hours, and I can guarantee that all of it is fresh!

Abigail couldn't help but guffaw after seeing Ronaldo's words. 'I don't think I'll have time for it. Once you've helped me out, and once I'm done with all my matters, I'll bring you out for a meal, Abigail replied.

'Deal!'

After Abigail told Ronaldo the gist of things, she threw her phone aside before getting some peace and rest. Once they arrived at Capitalis, Abigail checked into a hotel that had been pre-arranged. Eric got to her soon after that. "You should stay here since you don't want to stay in the hotel that was prepared by the production team. I come here pretty often. What do you think of the environment?" Eric approached Abigail in a friendly manner when he saw her.

"It's pretty good," she replied. The hotel was uniquely designed like a holiday resort. All the rooms were located on the same floor, and the whole hotel took up a lot of land. There was a pool, a beach, and tons of greenery surrounding them. It made the visitors feel like they were on a beach

vacation.

I'm glad you like it. I've inspected this place, so you're safe here." Eric was a thoughtful man.

"Thank you. Have you arranged everything for tonight?" Abigail gazed at him with twinkling eyes.

"Don't worry, everything has been arranged. I'm just a little concerned about you." There was an anxious look in Eric's eyes as he looked at the woman. Abigail looked out of the window and gazed at the night view for a while before she spoke confidently. "Don't worry. I've prepared a Plan B for myself, lest things go wrong at some point."

Eric couldn't contain the admiration he had for Abigail as he looked at her. Abigail, on the other hand, didn't seem to notice the look in his eyes. "This is a nice place. I'd like to take a stroll, but you can head off to rest first," she uttered. Even though she was busy with work, she often paid close attention to her surroundings in her process of creative work.

"Alright." Eric decided not to bother her. After he left, Abigail pushed the glass door open and walked out into the night. Recently, she initiated multiple interactions with Runway Capitalis' official account. She was extremely pleasant toward them, and it was her goal to make sure that they lowered their guard. Since they had the guts to harm me, now is my time to repay them with a huge surprise. I'm going to show them that even a powerless person like me can make them suffer!

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Let's All Give Up

In the evening, the program's shady dealings that Abigail provided to Eric were posted by a marketing account and quickly gained traction, becoming a trending topic.

The very next morning, she received a call from Tristan.

"What's with the post online?" Tristan asked impatiently, seemingly convinced that she was the one behind it.

"I just woke up. What happened?" Her voice carried a hint of innocence.

Tristan sounded like he was talking with a smile, yet it was laced with a strong sense of threat. "Don't play innocent with me. If you don't provide an explanation regarding the post on Instagram, our collaboration might be in jeopardy."

"Mr. Stuart, you should speak with evidence. Don't pester me without substantial proof. If you don't want to collaborate, make it known on Instagram and compensate me. Just say so. Don't casually throw accusations at me," she responded, her tone carrying a touch of exasperation.

"Have a look yourself," he said, then hung up the phone.

As soon as Abigail logged onto Instagram, she found that the post about the shady dealings had escalated to a boiling point. This also indicated how well Runway Capitalis' ratings were doing.

Seeing the heated discussion, she was quite satisfied, and she immediately messaged Tristan.

'I don't know about the post, but I will look into it. After all, the pictures were leaked from my phone. However, my stand is pretty clear from the screenshots. I'm not taking sides.

'You didn't take sides, but you'd better explain how it got leaked today. Otherwise, my production team will definitely sue you.'

She wasn't in a hurry to respond. Instead, she reached out to the netizens who messaged her.

Two of them had already deactivated their accounts, and one did not respond after Abigail sent the message.

After taking a few screenshots, she posted a clarification on Instagram.

"There is no concrete evidence regarding these shady dealings. I hope everyone can be rational about it. I just started working with Runway Capitalis, and many netizens sent me such messages. I replied to a few, but I never expected the conversations to be leaked. This whole thing is quite bewildering to me, and I've already started an investigation to find out what happened."

Her clarification was visibly perfunctory.

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After she finished her morning routine, Eric came over.

"Tristan wants to see us. What's the plan?" He was still a bit worried. After all, once they were on set, it would be easy for them to deal with Abigail.

"Ask your friend if they can replicate the virus from the previous QR code and create a copy for my phone," she said.

Instantly, his eyes lit up. "That's a good idea. We can use them to track down the created the virus. The forces behind them are much stronger than us."

person who

Abigail nodded. "Since we can't investigate it ourselves, we might as well stir up the waters."

"I'll ask my friend to make the virus even more aggressive. Who knows, it might be useful!" With that, Eric proceeded to send a message.

Before long, the two of them arrived at the workshop where the filming of the variety show took place. As soon as Tristan saw Abigail, he didn't care how many staff members were present and immediately started scolding her. "What's wrong with you? Can you do this or not? If you can't, just quit. Stop being a nuisance every day."

"We are already investigating this matter. Why are you so anxious?" Eric retorted.

The staff members had never seen such a situation and were all nervous.

Immediately, Abigail pulled Eric aside, concerned that there might be hidden cameras. If that were the case, the production team could use the footage against him, affecting his entertainment career.

After all, Tristan was very unhappy with both of them.

“Mr. Stuart, I’ve already clarified on Instagram, and we’re currently investigating the matter. You asked for an explanation today, and it hasn’t been long since then.” Her attitude was icy.

“You can skip today’s recording. Let Eric go ahead with us, and you handle your affairs.” Tristan felt irritated whenever he saw her.

If there hadn’t been behind-the-scenes pressure for him to collaborate with Abigail, she wouldn’t have even qualified to appear on his show, especially considering that “Troubled Times” hadn’t been released yet.

“Someone will handle my affairs. Not recording today would be a waste of my time. Do you think it’s your time that’s being wasted?” she responded indifferently.

Irritated, Tristan kicked a prop on the floor and sneered. “You really think highly of yourself. Be thankful that you get to be here.”

Hearing that, Eric concealed his anger behind a restrained expression.

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The workshop was the production site for the show and was divided into various areas, including areas for weaving, embroidery, handicraft, and sewing.

According to the schedule, Abigail was supposed to discuss topics related to weaving and other crafts in front of the camera, but she had to make it special. After all, Runway Capitalis wasn’t doing this type of program for the first time, and they had discussed fashion-related knowledge extensively.

After Tristan instructed the camera crew to set up, he asked Abigail to get ready.

As the recording began, Abigail walked past the hanging fabrics, preparing to speak. However, Tristan shouted impatiently, “Cut! Where are you looking? The camera is right here! If you don’t know what to do, let Eric teach you how to face the camera today. Whose time do you think you’re wasting?”

This outburst instantly created a tense atmosphere on set.

On the side, Eric contained his anger, making his breathing heavier.

Just then, Abigail turned to Tristan and said, “I’m an amateur. Of course, I’m not camera-savvy. Even if you get Eric to teach me all day, I don’t think I’d be able to learn it all. What’s your other solution, then?”

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Hand Over Your Phone!

Abigail’s disinterested look infuriated Tristan. Meanwhile, Eric couldn’t help but smirk.

“Take two,” Tristan said with frustration, then walked to the side.

Abigail resumed speaking, and Tristan remained silent this time.

During the break, he took his notebook and whispered to the staff.

Eric and Abigail sat on chairs during the break. "This variety show is really frustrating. As he said. that, he opened a bottle of water for her.

"We've just started. She rejected the water he offered. After all, they had to be cautious on the set.

With a smile, he took a sip of water himself before whispering, "Lewis was asked to leave in the middle of filming. Who knows what their intentions are?"

She leaned back in her chair and replied in a hushed tone, "Regardless, we'll meet the enemies head-on."

Since there were not many scenes that Abigail needed to record, filming ended in two hours. Tristan then impatiently asked, "How's the investigation going?"

"Let me check my phone," she replied.

When she took out her phone, she saw messages from Ronaldo and Eric's friends. She then said, "The person who messaged me has been caught. I'll post another Instagram update to clear things. up. However, it was the secretly planted virus on my phone that caused this incident."

"Hand me your phone. I'll have it checked, Tristan immediately demanded.

"My phone has a lot of private data. If something serious happens, how will you take responsibility?" She didn't trust him, and she was surprised by his audacious request.

"Alana, private data can be transferred, but if the phone is the problem, it's a problem for the entire crew. Do you understand?" His tone was anxious.

"Alright." She nodded.

After deleting several important apps and clearing all her important data, she handed her phone to Tristan, who left right after that.

Eric was concerned. "Aren't you worried they might plant a new virus?"

"We have your friend, don't we?" Abigail smiled.

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At her words, he instantly felt reassured. Right. My friend has our backs. There's nothing to worry about.

In the following days, Abigail continued filming as usual, and Tristan mellowed down as well.

After she posted the Instagram update, Runway Capitalis not only gained a surge in popularity, but its stock also rose.

Once the evening shoot ended, Tristan received a phone call, and his expression darkened instantly. He quickly left the set and muttered while suppressing his anger, "She planted a virus. on Abigail's phone?"

The person on the other end answered in the affirmative before hanging up.

Immediately, Tristan dialed another number and yelled furiously. "What's wrong with you? If you want my production team to deal with Abigail, don't do anything behind the scenes. You nearly jeopardized the entire TV station!"

"What's the matter, Mr. Stuart? Why are you so angry?" The woman's voice on the phone was soothing.

"Don't act innocent with me. Did your people plant the virus on Abigail's phone?" He was fuming. Being his arrogant self, he didn't show any respect, even when he was talking to Vincent's wife.

The woman was well aware of the situation. "What's wrong? Why did the virus trouble you?" Her voice was soft. Since Tristan had influential connections, everyone in the high society of Capitalis had to show him some respect.

"The virus went everywhere in her phone, and her conversations with people have been leaked! Let me tell you this-I'm already annoyed that she's on the set. If you keep playing these stupid tricks, don't blame me for breaking the contract halfway through. When that happens, figure out how to pay the cost of breaching the contract on your own," he angrily declared.

The woman remained good-natured, smiling as she comforted him. "I'm afraid you don't know. Abigail well, Mr. Stuart. The virus has been on her phone for a long time. Something happened before this, and she should have deleted it then. Now that you've found it hasn't been deleted, it might be a trap she set up to make us fight with each other."

Instantly, Tristan calmed down. After all, he had clashed with Abigail plenty of times. How could he not know that she wasn't as simple as she appeared on the surface?

Seeing how he remained silent, she continued, "You should be careful. She's not an easy opponent. She had the virus on her phone, and she chose to release negative news about your TV station out of so many things. Don't you find that suspicious?"

He hummed in agreement and promptly hung up.

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Under the cover of night, his face became extremely sinister. He had enjoyed a smooth sailing career at the TV station for so many years, and this was the first time he had encountered someone as tricky as Abigail. How dare she fool me?!

When he returned to the set, he calmly instructed Abigail, "Come with me to get your phone later."

"I'll go with her, Eric spoke up.

Tristan sneered. "What are you trying to indicate, Eric? Do you think I would do something to her?"

"It's not like you've never considered it." Eric was blunt.

"Fine, then come along." Though Tristan hadn't figured out how to deal with Abigail at the moment, he wouldn't let her off easily for challenging him.

He took them to the hotel where he was staying and handed Abigail her phone. "We couldn't find out who did it, but I've removed the virus, so you don't need to worry anymore."

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Facing the Past

Upon coming out of the hotel, Abigail frowned and said, "Tristan's attitude was too good; it doesn't match his character."

"I'll have my friend check your phone." Eric reassured her.

At this moment, she couldn't help but ask, "Do you really believe he didn't find anything? If he didn't, he would be furious, not accepting it so calmly as he did today."

He nodded in agreement but didn't know the reason.

Nonetheless, she decided not to dwell on this matter and returned to the hotel with Eric.

After taking a shower back at the hotel, she slowly contemplated the situation with the TV station and Tristan.

Theoretically speaking, L.Moon hadn't reached a point where such a renowned TV station had to personally request a collaboration. Moreover, Tristan had initially shown a clear disdain for her, showing he didn't have any special affection for her.

People like him had seen many attractive women. He just thought that since she came to him so willingly, he shouldn't let the opportunity go to waste, so he went through with the whole evening banquet charade.

He was furious when Runway Capitalis was hit with negative news, but he remained calm after not finding any evidence. Did he find the person who planted the virus but couldn't deal with it, deciding to let it slide?

While she was still pondering this, her phone vibrated several times.

She picked up her phone and saw that an unknown number had sent her a video message.

She was initially hesitant to click on it, but Abigail recalled that her phone didn't contain much data at the moment, so it wouldn't make much difference even if it carried a virus.

When she opened the first video, she saw Tristan venting angrily, but as it progressed, he suddenly calmed down.

She noticed the time of the recording, which coincided with the moment when Tristan left to answer a phone call during the shoot that day.

After that, she clicked the second video, which only had audio and no visuals. "She planted the virus in Abigail's phone?" The audio then switched to another conversation.

Abigail's heart was pounding after she finished listening to it. She replied to the sender, 'How did you get this? Why are you sending it to me?'

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Yet, the sender didn't respond.

On the other hand, Sean had Xavien destroy the phone after sending the messages.

"You're doing good deeds without leaving a trace now, ch?" Kevin teased, smiling.

Sean's eyes were cold. "Just don't let Tristan find out. Don't bother me with what I do."

Kevin nodded and narrowed his charming eyes slightly. "Abigail has some skills. She actually tried. to use Tristan to help her find the person who planted the virus. It's a shame that they're all part of the same flock. Otherwise, her plan would have been a perfect checkmate."

Abigail first intentionally released negative news about the show and had Ronaldo investigate the person who had sent her the messages, only to discover that the senders were lying. She then had him take the two people to the police station, where they gave statements and filmed a video to clarify things. By doing this, she completely cleared her name..

In the meantime, she also told Tristan that she did not know the screenshots, suggesting that it might be due to a virus. With that, she shifted the blame onto the person who had planted the virus and could use Tristan's extensive resources to investigate. It was a meticulous plan, assuming that Tristan and the person trying to harm her didn't know each other.

Sean pressed his lips together and spoke after a brief silence. "If Tristan realizes this, he will undoubtedly make it difficult for her during the recording."

"Don't worry about that. With Eric there, even if something significant happens, he'll protect her." Kevin said with a smirk.

Hearing that, Sean kicked Kevin's chair, sending him knocking into a nearby wall. Kevin was frustrated. "I'm just telling the truth. What are you? An autocrat? Can't I even tell the truth?"

"Your truth is something I don't want to hear. Shut your mouth." Sean's face was cold.

"I'm your ride-or-die when you need my help, redundant when you don't. Why do I have such a cruel friend?" Kevin clutched his chest, looking mournful.

Sean glared at him. "Look into this program and see if they do have any shady dealings."

Though Kevin snorted, he didn't refuse.

"You know, two people working on the same show can easily develop feelings for each other!" Kevin couldn't help but add after a moment of silence.

Sean looked at him. "Abigail told me that she would choose any man except me."

"Have you given up, then?" Kevin slid his chair closer to Sean.

2/3

I'm not sure." As Sean spoke, he looked at the computer, which reflected his slightly lost expression.

Kevin was surprised that he gave such an answer, considering he was usually confident and strategic.

Three years might be a short time for me, but for Abigail, every moment was tormenting.” Sean slowly explained.

The three years he had neglected were torture for Abigail. When confronted with the pain she had endured in their marriage, he suddenly became at a loss. He knew very well that everything he did was in vain, and it was already too late. When Joan came to him, he still had a chance, but unfortunately, he didn’t cherish it.

Kevin patted his shoulder. “Congratulations, you’ve finally learned to understand the hardship at woman faces in marriage. So, are you going to invest the three years that Abigail spent educating you in love and understanding into another woman, becoming the perfect husband for the latter?”

[Chapter 377](#)

Teaching Her a Lesson

Sean immediately said, “Do you think that’s possible?” Now, he only had Abigail in his heart, and he hadn’t thought about transferring his feelings for Abigail to another woman.

Seeing him express himself so openly, Kevin genuinely smiled. “With your personality, it takes courage for you to own up to your mistakes. It’s a good start that you’re beginning to understand the difficulties she went through. Just do your best to make amends for what you can without expecting results or rewards”

Sean looked at him. “What about my personality?”

“You’ve been in a position of unquestioned authority for so long. I thought you’d never admit you were wrong,” Kevin said, laughing.

Without a word, Sean pressed his lips together. He had never realized that he was that kind of person in front of his friends.

On the other hand, Eric said after the discussion with Abigail, “Since the video is useful for you. just keep it. Besides, the fact that the sender destroyed the number after sending it means they used an online number. If they had other intentions, they wouldn’t have used an online number because if they wanted to hold you accountable, they wouldn’t be able to do so.”

“I’m afraid the video and audio are fake,” she said.

Though he had already guessed who sent her the video, he didn’t want to reveal it since the person intentionally hid his identity. Moreover, Abigail had no idea who it was at all.

“Maybe this video and audio are just a warning,” he said, resting his chin on his palm. “Regardless of whether you’ll use them in the future, at least these things will make you more cautious about Tristan.”

At her words, she nodded. That makes sense.

The next day, Tristan told everyone that they would temporarily suspend recording for three days, as the production team had decided to change the recording plan, so they all had to wait.

Abigail felt that Tristan was doing this on purpose.

For three days, she had nothing to do on set, but Tristan didn't allow her to stay in the hotel during the day. She had to practice her acting skills at the location rented by the production team.

Three days of high-intensity practice left her feeling exhausted. Indeed, when the pay was high, the job would be both physically and mentally tormenting.

When she left the set, she was about to hail a cab when a car blocked her way. The window rolled down, and she saw the person inside. "Mr. Copper?" Her tightly knitted brow immediately.

1/3

relaxed.

"Get in. I'll take you back to the hotel," Damon said with a gentle expression.

After looking around, Abigail replied, "I think I'd better not. If someone sees us together and takes pictures, it will be a hassle to explain."

He didn't insist and just nodded. "I was the one who sent you the stuff. Don't worry. The situation here is complicated, so I can't tell you directly."

At his words, her face showed a hint of surprise, and after a moment, she said, "Thank you."

"See you, then." He smiled at her and drove away.

She was quite surprised that Damon turned out to be the one helping her secretly.

Back at the hotel, she told Eric about this encounter.

"Now you can rest easy," Eric said with a smile.

Following a hum of agreement, Abigail yawned. "I'm going to take a shower and get some rest. I'm really tired. As she hung up the phone, a slight smile played on her lips.

After the three-day suspension, the recording content had been changed to a gaming competition, making fashion commentary less important.

Abigail listened with a furrowed brow but didn't say anything.

Tristan, holding a new script, said with a smug look, "As mentioned before, several excellent students who are about to graduate will participate in this program. The objective is for you, Alana, to guide them and perhaps give them a chance. It's just that the game segments that were previously part of the show have now become the main focus of filming. I'm sure you must be delighted."

"I'll do as you wish, Mr. Stuart." She shook her head.

Since their program's content was never fixed, she couldn't argue that he was doing something wrong.

Just then, Eric expressed his dissatisfaction. "You've added more game segments, and many of them are physically demanding. Isn't it too difficult for someone like Alana, who hasn't had any training?" There's even a segment involving stunt wire.

"Eric, if you want to suck up to Alana, just say so. Or should I have the production team help you write some stories? Maybe you'll gain fans who ship you two, Tristan said sarcastically, mocking

Eric.

"Mr. Stuart, I only agreed to your plan to save time. If something happens to me, the production.

2/3

team will be responsible." Abigail suddenly spoke up, her voice icy..

Immediately, Tristan's face stiffened, and he said, "What can happen to you? Our production team has never let such things happen. Stop talking if you don't have anything constructive to say!"

With that, the unpleasant conversation ended, and the recording began.

At this point, Abigail had become the leader of three students who were about to graduate. She had to lead them to find the mysterious costumes hidden in the rented location.

The hotel had six floors, but they were not allowed to use elevators. Yet, they only had one hour to search.

During this time, Eric and others would appear in various places to chase them and steal their treasure chest keys. If the keys were stolen, they would be eliminated..

Once the game started, Abigail and the students split up and began their search.

Meanwhile, Tristan sat in the surveillance room, watching Abigail rush to find the hidden treasure chests with a cold smile on his lips. "You dare to fool me? I'll teach you a lesson!"

[Chapter 378](#)

Unreasonable Rules

Abigail climbed to the second floor and entered a room. Just as she wanted to start searching, a person suddenly leaped out of the cabinet beside the door.

Before she could react, she was forcefully pushed aside.

The bulky man grabbed her hand and tried to snatch the key tied to her wrist.

Swiftly, she pushed the person away, but he quickly closed the distance again.

She didn't remember who this actor was, but he was strong and seemed to lack any sense of personal boundaries.

When she turned around, he actually embraced her from behind.

Disgusted, Abigail shouted, "Stop!"

Sorry, Alana. This is how the game is played.” The man paid no attention to her protest, reaching for the key tied to her wrist.

Since her struggle was to no avail, she suddenly stopped and turned to face the man. “If you don’t want your reputation to be tarnished in the edited video, don’t get so close. Even in a game, there’s no need to play like this.”

The man smiled and forcefully grabbed the key from her hand.

As he retreated, he swung the key in his hand and said, “Miss Alana, didn’t you read the game rules? The rules say that in this game, any means are allowed to provide excitement for the audience.

Besides, if you’ve seen the variety shows produced by the production team before, you’d know it’s Mr. Stuart’s style

With that, he was going to leave, but when he turned around, the door swung open. He collided with the door, causing his nose to start bleeding. He dropped the key, crouched down, and covered his nose in pain.

Abigail seized the opportunity to grab the key. When she saw a student at the door, she immediately grabbed her and started running.

After they had run some distance, the student asked in a hushed voice, “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. Let’s go to the sixth floor.” Abigail guessed that the treasure chest might be on the sixth floor.

She figured that if Tristan wanted to play tricks on her, he would put the chest in the highest place. to make it harder for her.

1/3

“Leo George and Gabe Grant have already gone ahead. I’ll go with you,” the student, Miranda Cooke, told her.

Yet, Abigail shook her head. “We should split up.”

Miranda hesitated and said, “But most of them are guys”

“Don’t worry. Just be careful. The key is to participate.” Abigail reassured her.

In fact, the result didn’t matter much. Anyhow, Tristan wouldn’t let her win easily.

After they parted ways, Abigail continued her cautious exploration.

The hotel was quite large, and by the time she reached the third floor, she was already exhausted. She was chased by several people along the way, and she nearly stumbled a few times. Unfortunately, there were cameras everywhere on the set, so she had to do her best.

Otherwise, Tristan could easily edit the footage to show that she couldn’t handle the challenge but still demanded a high salary, which would make it difficult to shake off the labels of little fairy or princess.

When Abigail reached the fourth floor, she realized that there were only 15 minutes left.

"Leo, Gabe, what floor are you on?" she inquired, using her walkie-talkie.

Even after some time, no response came.

Instead, it was Miranda who responded over the walkie-talkie, saying, "I'm on the fourth floor."

Without hesitation, Abigail continued upward.

Just then, the announcement came over the loudspeakers. "Leo has defected, losing one key, and Gabe has mysteriously disappeared. As the teacher, Alana, will you choose to find the missing. Gabe or continue moving forward?"

Abigail muttered a curse under her breath and said to Miranda, "You continue forward. I'll go look for Gabe."

These game rules were clearly unreasonable.

She was seething with anger, but there was nothing she could do.

An hour passed quickly.

Except for the defected Leo, the other two students and Abigail needed to face punishment.

Their punishment was being dropped into the water from a great height. That meant they would be suspended in the air and then released.

2/3

After the punishment, there was a temporary break from the first round of the game.

Drying her face with a towel, Abigail said to Gabe and Miranda beside her, "In the next round, the other team will search for the treasure chest. Since Leo has joined Group C, we won't go easy on them if we encounter them."

"Do you know how Leo defected?" Miranda asked Gabe, who looked innocent and introverted.

"I went into a room with him, but I was controlled. Leo left immediately, and I thought he was going to find the treasure chest, but he defected. My walkie-talkie was turned off, so I couldn't hear what you guys were saying," Gabe explained honestly.

Miranda looked displeased as she dried her hair. She had a somewhat androgynous appearance and appeared quite cool.

"Leo is such a jack ss. We should work together with Miss Alana," she said bitterly.

The program had a rule that, once the recording was over, if the three students performed well, they could be selected by Abigail to become her students, which would provide them with a direct path to employment at L.Moon.

Initially, the three of them had been chosen as representatives of the school and had studied hard just to join L.Moon, but as soon as the show started. Leo abandoned their team.

"It's okay," Abigail reassured Miranda.

After a half-hour break, the recording resumed.

This time, they were the captors, and the group with the most members, Group C, became their target.

When Abigail went alone to find the members of Group C, she unexpectedly encountered Eric.

"The program is quite strange. I didn't even run into your students in the previous round, Eric commented as soon as he saw Abigail.

"Even if you had, it wouldn't have changed anything." She shrugged.

[Chapter 379](#)

Accident

If Eric went easy on Abigail's team, it would lead to criticism from the audience once the show was aired.

The two of them then walked together.

Coincidentally, they ran into Leo on the second floor.

Leo had a very refined appearance, fair skin, and a seemingly gentle demeanor.

When he encountered Eric and Abigail, he ran as fast as he could. However, he was eventually overpowered by the two of them, and they took his key.

After this round, when Abigail was resting, she couldn't help but talk to Tristan. "Don't you think. the rules are unreasonable? How can anyone win under these circumstances?"

"The game is for the audience's entertainment. The more thrilling and intense it is, the more viewers it attracts. What do you know?" He waved his hand dismissively, showing little interest speaking to her.

Undeniably, she thought there was some truth in his words.

in

"This game can be cumulative. If you can't win today, you have a chance tomorrow and the day after that until you find the treasure chest. We're not just recording for one day," he added to avoid her causing

and accusing the production team of unfair practices later.

Everyone seemed to accept the explanation.

With two hours of gameplay plus the punishment segment, the recording came to an end.

Coming out of the hotel, Abigail felt sore all over, especially in her legs. She had never climbed so many flights of stairs in her life.

"Where do you think the treasure chest is?" Eric asked her.

After a moment of silence, she said, "I think we can cooperate. I'll go easy on your people, and you go easy on mine. With that, there may be a chance that one of our teams might get the treasure from the chest."

"I think they've probably been doing that already," he told her.

They quickly reached an agreement.

On the third day of recording, neither Abigail nor Eric could cope any longer. Unfortunately, Tristan didn't allow anyone to rest.

1/3

"If we keep resting like this, we won't finish recording in half a week!" Tristan yelled in anger.

"But you need to consider everyone's physical condition. High-intensity games like this can lead to problems. And with a punishment like walking the plank, how can we do that when we're physically exhausted? Are we going to keep walking the plank until it gets dark?" Eric argued with him, appealing to reason.

"That's right! I don't believe anyone will dare to delay walking the plank until it's dark! Eric, if you don't want to record, you can say it in front of the camera, and you'll bear the responsibility. The production team won't waste time on you!" Tristan was shouting at Eric.

Suddenly, Eric grabbed Tristan's collar. "You changed the rules at the last minute, and you expect us to bear the responsibility? There's no such good deal in this world. I'll say it in front of the camera that I quit. I'll release the original recording script and compare it to your new one. You think you're in the right, going back on your words like this?"

Tristan was intimidated by Eric's furious state. He glared at Eric for a moment, then chuckled and said, "You're just concerned about Alana, aren't you? Why don't you say it? If you say it, I'll

let you take a break."

Tristan was undoubtedly the most arrogant director Eric had ever encountered, but of course, he wouldn't say that out loud.

After all, the news of his marriage alliance with the Pearsons was still fresh, and if he went along with Tristan's demands now, he wouldn't know how Abigail would be criticized.

Noticing Eric's silence, Tristan pushed him aside and adjusted his collar. "Once you're on the set, you have to follow my instructions. Or else, I'll still make you leave even if you're the king. Do you understand?"

Eric gritted his teeth.

"Whatever. Let's just keep filming," one of the actors said. She was exhausted, too, but being a minor actress, she couldn't argue with Tristan as Eric did.

As the filming started. Abigail's

group's progress significantly slowed.

They searched the sixth floor, but the mysterious treasure chest remained elusive.

While she was searching rooms on the fourth floor, her walkie-talkie suddenly relayed Miranda's voice.
"Something happened to Gabe!"

"What?" Abigail immediately turned and headed outside.

"Gabe found the treasure chest on top of a shelf by the second-floor staircase. She climbed up to get it, but her legs gave out, and she fell down, rolling to the first floor," Miranda said, rushing downstairs.

2/3

Many people had already gathered by the time they reached the first floor.

Gabe, covered in blood, was lying on the floor.

Abigail quickly rushed to pick her up and told the people nearby, "Quickly call 911."

"We don't have our phones. Mr. Stuart hasn't arrived yet.

"I've already shouted into the camera to call Mr. Stuart over."

Eric's prediction had come true.

By the time Tristan arrived, ten minutes had passed.

"Call an ambulance!" Eric yelled at him.

With an annoyed expression, Tristan stepped aside and let the medical team on the set check Gabe.

After the examination, they said, "There's nothing serious, just some external injuries. She probably collapsed from exhaustion."

"Then you all can continue. Gabe is eliminated. Bandage her up, and when she wakes up, ask her to leave the set," Tristan announced without showing much concern for the participants' well-being.

Suddenly, Abigail stood up. "Do you have no conscience at all? In this situation, you're not sending her to the hospital, and you're just accepting your medical team's word that she's fine?"

"Tristan, if you don't call 911 today, I won't continue recording! Edit the footage as you please. Don't push it too far!" Eric threatened with bloodshot eyes.

[Chapter 380](#)

To the Production Team

The most disheartening part about it all was the way Tristan punished Gabe; he wasted no time. Kicking her out of the cast.

"You can leave if you don't want to continue the shoot, but you'll also be taking your students with you. Everyone will have to pay the penalty as dictated in the contract," he haughtily declared.

Abigail had not planned on continuing with the shoot. Yet, Tristan's declaration meant they were all stuck.

Eric was so furious that the vein on his forehead was visibly throbbing.

She hastily stopped him from doing anything.

Miranda and Gabe did not have rich or powerful families. They solely relied on their talents to make it where they were today. How could they afford to pay the production team a few hundred thousand when they did not even get anything out of filming with them?

"In here, what I say goes

Just how popular do you think this variety show will be? Putting aside how much money those who stay to the end will earn, they could, at the very least, shoot to fame overnight to become the next viral sensation. Then, a simple livestream with the fans would earn them thousands. It all depends on whether or not you can push through this!" Tristan sneered as he held his head high.

Everyone fell silent.

Actors would prefer to be paid, but the trainees who did not have any fame of their own would naturally long for the popularity he promised.

"You're not wrong, but Gabe cannot leave. She is my student. As she is now hurt, it's not too much to ask for her to be sent to the hospital to make sure she's fine, right? A human's brain is very fragile. Once the optimal treatment time has passed, the consequences would be life-changing. Can the production team bear the risk of that happening?" Abigail calmly said to him.

He scoffed, "As the contract stated, those who leave for personal reasons will be kicked out. If her body was so weak, why didn't she take a break before continuing? I never said you had to find the treasure today. She's only hurt because she overexerted herself. You only have one student now. If you don't work harder, you'll be disqualified as well.

His hypocrisy infuriated both Abigail and Eric.

They had never met anyone this shameless before.

He had used all the tricks possible to push the blame on them instead.

Eric took a deep breath. For his students' sake, he could not leave.

1/3

Tristan turned to Abigail. "Gabe will have to go. If she leaves in the manner I dictated, she can still get paid."

"We'll wait for her to decide when she wakes up, but she has to be sent to the hospital," she insistently replied.

He then had the crew send Gabe away.

Once they were all back in the communal resting area on the first floor, Miranda sat beside Abigail as her eyes turned red-rimmed.

One look and Abigail knew Miranda was upset over what happened.

She patted Miranda on the shoulder and softly said, "It's fine. We can rest once the filming is done."

To the students who had yet to formally graduate to be working adults, Tristan himself had turned into a great life lesson.

The more powerful a person was, the more they liked to step on innocent and average individuals.

Miranda hummed in acknowledgment.

When Sean saw the video, he nearly charged over to the set.

"Just send the video to Damon," Kevin said to Cameron.

Then, he discreetly shot a glance at the frosty look on Sean's face.

Abigail was being badly tormented by the production team. Tristan wasn't even bothering to put on an act.

It was rare to see someone that arrogant, even for Kevin and Sean.

After Cameron left the room, Kevin said, "We know why Tristan is constantly targeting Abigail. Mrs. Pearson, Vincent's wife, is behind the whole thing. What do you plan to do about her?"

"Vincent's wife is Scarlett Harper's younger sister," Sean said.

He had seen a photo of Vincent's wife before. As she was Scarlett's twin, she looked identical to Scarlett.

When Kevin heard that, he narrowed his eyes. "That woman's a snake and completely unlike her older sister."

2/3

In Kevin's eyes, Scarlett was an innocent moron who was constantly played for a fool by her younger twin and Kelly.

Sean got to his feet. "I need to viciously punish Tristan."

It didn't matter what he was to Abigail. He could not forgive Tristan's behavior toward her.

"I don't think Abigail's as useless as you think. You've done enough," Kevin retorted as he rose to his feet as well.

Sean furrowed his brows at him.

"Think about it. Is Abigail someone who is that easily pushed around? If you go, you might end up ruining her plans," Kevin continued, staring back at Sean.

That made Sean heave a long sigh.

He knew he needed to have faith in Abigail's abilities, but he just could not help himself when he knew she was being bullied.

"Whatever happens, what you've done behind the scenes is enough to allow her to act as she likes. She definitely trusts Damon, so she'll make good use of the videos and audio recordings you sent her," Kevin reassuringly said.

Sean fell silent after hearing Kevin's advice.

In his opinion, Kevin's words were not a reassurance. Instead, it was a blow to his pride..

Damon could stand by her side and help her, but he could not.

Kevin seemed to know what he was thinking as he swiftly continued, "Didn't you say you won't ask for anything in return?"

Sean constantly wanted Abigail to return his feelings, but the more he acted with that desire in mind, the more unlikely it was for him to get what he wanted.

"I know," Sean glumly responded.

"I don't want to nag you, but the more you want her to respond to you, the more disappointed you'll be," Kevin said with a sigh as he patted Sean on the shoulder.

Sean pushed his hand away. "You really are a chatterbox sometimes, However, since you have been dealing a lot as my strategist, I'll let you have this."