

Spare Wife 391

[Chapter 391](#)

The Best Sisterly Bond

Luna stood at the staircase, dialing the number of the CEO of the brand she had been working with for almost two years. Then, she leaned against the handrail and gazed down at the descending steps.

As the call connected, Luna instinctively curled her lips into a smile as she spoke, “Mr. Watt, I got the call you made to our assistant. I just wanted to clarify some things. Is it true that you’ve decided to side with Tristan?”

Erik chuckled. “Miss Smith, we’ve been collaborating for two years. I’ve supported you through your ups and downs. I understand how hard it is for you and your friend to start this business. I’m willing to promote you and provide more opportunities. However, Mr. Stuart’s father-in-law and I have been good friends for many years. I have to do him this favor.”

Disdain flashed across Luna’s face, her tone turning colder. “Alana has contributed countless designs and generated substantial profits for your company. Now, you want her and her best friend to forgive the culprit after her hand is injured? Is this really how the world works?”

“I’m sure we can come to an agreement about what to say on Instagram, and it will blow over soon enough. If Alana feels wronged, I’ll talk to Mr. Stuart and ask him to apologize. Would that work?” Erik maintained his friendly tone..

Luna suddenly raised her voice as she retorted, “Apologize? Her hand is injured, and you think an apology will make up for it? Tristan deliberately hurt her! Even if she’s willing to apologize, I will never allow her to even breathe a word. What kind of person is Tristan? Does he even deserve an apology from Alana? He’s not just been bullying Alana on set once; it’s every day! Erik, if you want to terminate the partnership, then do it. But be sure to have the breach of contract fee ready because L.Moon will never work with your company again! L.Moon only collaborates with conscientious enterprises. The heartless ones can go as far away as possible!”

Erik was taken aback by her barrage of scolding. He was so angry his breath shuddered as he rebuked, “You don’t know what’s good for you!”

After that, he abruptly ended the call.

The termination contract was sent to the company’s inbox in mere minutes.

Luna immediately informed L.Moon’s PR department about this matter.

“Write a PR article; the more sensational, the better. SG Brand is terminating the contract? Fine, let the netizens roast this brand!”

L.Moon was no longer the struggling studio it used to be. Today, they were going to highlight case to teach these brands that abandon their commitments a lesson. This would serve as an example to others

considering terminating contracts. That way, these ruthless businessmen. would think twice before crossing paths with L.Moon.

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Nonetheless, she did her best to restrain her anger as she headed to Abigail's ward.

Josh stood on the staircase landing, watching her leave before slowly trailing behind her.

He didn't know Luna very well, but her words today left a deep impression on him.

Once Luna had been in Abigail's room for a short while, Josh finally knocked on the door.

After a couple of knocks, he pushed open the door and entered the room. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

When Luna noticed that the visitor was Josh, she didn't bother putting up a friendly pretense as she said. "You sure are well-informed, Mr. Pearson."

Josh looked at her, her cool, short blue hair with silver streaks making her look quite edgy. The bold style suited her features very well, and her wild eyebrows made her eyes appear deep and captivating.

"Just checking in," Josh replied.

Luna didn't bother changing any pleasantries with him.

Abigail turned to Josh and said, "Mr. Pearson, there's really no need for you to come personally."

"If there's anything wrong with your hand, please seek specialized treatment. Your right hand is too important," Josh advised..

"It's fine," Abigail replied nonchalantly.

"I'm also keeping tabs on Tristan's case. If you face any difficulties, feel free to let me know," Josh. said, his tone still gentle.

"I don't have any difficulties. The show I've recently taken on is new, and I'd rather take on a lousy program like this than do designs for your sister. So, you needn't worry about me," Abigail retorted, showing no warmth.

Josh didn't take offense at being misunderstood. Instead, he just smiled. "Sometimes, you can be quite childish. Since you don't have a good opinion of me, I won't overstay my welcome. Let me know if you need anything"

He stood up to leave. Yet, before he stepped foot outside the ward, his gaze couldn't help but shift toward Luna.

Luna immediately noticed and demanded, "What's up?"

"Nothing," Josh replied, retracting his gaze before finally leaving.

Luna furrowed her brows. "How strange."

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Abigail couldn't help but chuckle. "Eric will be here later. Let's have dinner together."

"No problem!" Luna's mood immediately brightened as she beamed at Abigail.

That evening, L.Moon Studio posted a blog about terminating the partnership with SG. Then, they didn't hesitate to stir the pot by hinting to their fans that it was SG who initiated the termination. Regardless, they also ended on a good note, saying that they anticipate future collaborations with other companies.

Alana's fans couldn't sit still after hearing such news. So, they rushed to SG's Instagram, unleashing a torrent of scathing comments.

'What's going on? Alana's hand got hurt, and SG immediately terminated the collaboration out of fear that she couldn't create more designs? Seriously, SG, a brand with barely any recognition, shot to fame all thanks to Alana's dazzling designs. Now, they're turning their back on her just like

that?"

'SG, listen up. I bought clothes from your brand because of Alana. No one would ever buy anything you make if it weren't for the fact that she has designed some good work for you. How dare you charge thousands for a piece of clothing with your so-so designs and workmanship?! I won't stop spamming until you apologize!"

A brand without gratitude deserves to go bankrupt. Besides, who would pay thousands for your brand with designs and craftsmanship like yours? We're all here for Alana, not your so-called 'fashion. Seriously, talk about overestimating your worth!"

[Chapter 392](#)

The Puppet Master

In just one hour, SG's official Instagram post had accumulated nearly twenty thousand scathing comments, and their own fans were unable to control the situation. This war of words escalated even further due to SG's misguided defense, with comments surpassing one hundred thousand by midnight. The top comments were all about how to request invoices for every single item. even down to a pair of socks.

Other brands considering contract terminations were now too afraid to broach the subject, having witnessed SG's fate.

Tristan, instead of receiving an apology from Abigail, ended up dragging SC down. He was becoming increasingly restless, his mind troubled by Abigail's words earlier in the day.

In the end, he would frequently whisk out his phone to check Instagram, afraid that more negative news would surface.

Suddenly, Gabe silently posted on Instagram around 1.00AM.

'Since things have come to this point... You can say what you like, but I'm only stating facts. I believe, as someone who was personally kicked out of the show by Tristan himself, it's necessary for me to speak

up about the unfair backstage dealings I witnessed on set. Tristan targeted Miss Alana from the very beginning. On the first day, he verbally abused her, telling her to leave just because Alana wasn't comfortable being in front of the camera. Later, when ordinary reprimands weren't enough to discipline her, he began making last-minute script changes. During high-intensity actions, I fell from the second floor to the first. When Alana insisted on taking me to the hospital, Tristan used my injury as an excuse to kick me off the production crew. I also know for a fact that he even refused to take me to the hospital, much less foot the medical bills... I left the production crew with nothing but immense regret. I even

paid 30 thousand just to join the crew. because he claimed I wouldn't get a chance to join them without forking over any money."

She explained in great detail, even providing hospitalization records and transparently displaying the transactions with the show.

Miranda also shared her experience following Gabe's post.

"Tristan deliberately applied oil on the props Alana used, causing her to fall. He even intentionally poured cleaning water on the prop she fell on to remove the oil, hoping it would flow into the pool and go unnoticed. However, when Alana was taken to the hospital, the doctor examined her eyes and said they were injured by a chemical substance. Thankfully, she had her eyes rinsed in time. It was all intentional on Tristan's part. He despised Alana for not listening to him, resorting to various means to torment her. I even suspect he has a personal grudge against her. He seemed hell-bent on incapacitating Alana's hand. The final punishment segment was clearly designed for Alana. Tristan truly isn't fit to be a director!"

Eric seized the opportunity and did everything in his power to make sure that these two posts. were known to the masses. Soon, the two students' Instagram posts quickly trended

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The next morning at 10.00AM, more people who had previously been on the show came forward. to condemn Tristan.

Simultaneously, the investors who supported Tristan from behind were exposed for engaging in organized gambling and solicitation.

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Abigail received a call from Gabe, her voice filled with satisfaction. "You're brave, speaking up this. You did a lot by taking the first step in the resistance against the unfair treatment others have faced in the past. They'll be very grateful to you."

Gabe's voice quivered with emotion. "Miss Alana, I spoke up for you. I never expected to trend so quickly. It seems that justice prevails after all."

Abigail thought to herself that this girl was truly pure-hearted. She was well aware that Gabe's post trended so quickly because of Eric's influence.

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Nevertheless, she was sincerely praising Gabe, knowing that Gabe, being the first amateur to come forward, was the reason why so many people started rallying against Tristan. Only with her taking the lead would those victims who were still silently enduring find the courage to speak

As long as more people joined, Tristan's ugly deeds would no longer be concealed.

At 1.00PM, Tristan arrived at the hospital.

He wasn't as arrogant as before, and he entered with a subdued tone, asking Abigail, "What do you want in order to stop leaking information?"

Abigail looked at him coldly, devoid of expression. Tristan, there's an audio clip I'd like you to listen to."

Then, she took out her phone and played Damon's audio for him.

It was a conversation between Tristan and a woman!

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After it finished playing, Abigail spoke slowly. "After careful consideration, it seems to me that we didn't really know each other before this collaboration. Yet, you've been targeting me so persistently. It appears someone is pulling your strings behind the scenes, am I right?"

Tristan clenched his teeth tightly, not uttering a word. Does Abigail have a new agenda waiting for me?

[Chapter 393](#)

Unraveling the Threads.

Abigail didn't expect the Pearson Family to be involved yet again.

So, it seemed that Vincent's wife was filling in his shoes after his name was dragged into the mud?

After Tristan said this, he sneered. "I won't lose out no matter which of you, Martha or you, gets arrested!"

Since he was already a condemned man, someone like him would never accept not dragging someone alongside him.

Abigail watched Tristan leave, unable to help but wonder if the Pearson Family was going after her because of Kelly. After all, she had very little contact with Eric before accepting Tristan's invitation. Since Eric had agreed to the marriage with the Pearson Family, she didn't pose a threat to Vincent's family in this situation.

Thus, the issue had to lie with Kelly. However, what made it strange was that Kelly wasn't a part of Vincent's family. It seemed a bit excessive for them to go to such lengths for her.

In retrospect, Kelly was a long-lost heiress who returned to the Pearson Family after so many years. She relentlessly attacked Abigail. Yet, so far, it seemed that the Pearson Family was unaware of Kelly's underhanded actions. Meanwhile, Vincent's family had been secretly backing Kelly.

As Abigail thought back to Ronaldo and Luna's speculations...

Could it be that there's something fishy going on with Kelly's identity? Since Abigail was once the most likely candidate to be the Pearson Family heiress, she would be a threat to Kelly if Kelly truly wasn't the real heiress. If that were the case, it would make sense why she would pull all the stops just to deal with Abigail.

Once Abigail figured this out, she decided to start with unearthing Kelly's true identity.

All the trouble Kelly had caused behind the scenes was entirely due to the support of Vincent's family. If her false identity were exposed to the public, she wouldn't be able to have time to deal with Abigail anymore.

So, Abigail messaged Ronaldo after finally thinking things through.

'How are the pearls selling?'

Ronaldo replied in mere minutes, 'Ms. Quinn, just get straight to the point. Beating around the bush isn't your style.'

Abigail had planned to exchange a few pleasantries before getting to the point. Nonetheless, she couldn't help but feel a little caught off guard after being unceremoniously called out by Ronaldo.

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You once mentioned that Kelly's identity might be suspicious. Can you find out the truth? You know what happened to me in Capitalis. It was orchestrated by Josh's uncle's family. As far as I know, they've been nothing but supportive toward Kelly. I suspect that there's a high chance that Vincent's family and Kelly are somehow biologically related."

Their goals would align only if they were in cahoots.

'Alright, I'll do my best to investigate this matter.'

Once that was done, Abigail asked about the sales of his pearls yet again.

'It's fine, I suppose. After all, the gaming industry and the fashion industry are somewhat separate. Still, it doesn't matter because I know the pearls will sell like hotcakes once the show airs.'

This answer left Abigail a bit disappointed. Ronaldo was clearly running a loss-making business.

She had planned to stay here until the afternoon before returning to Pendorf. However, she unexpectedly received another visitor.

There was a knock on the hospital room door, and before she could speak, it was pushed open.

A woman in a pure white dress walked in.

Abigail looked up at her, and she was momentarily stunned the instant she saw the woman's face.

The same went for the woman; her reaction was even more pronounced. She froze right at the doorway.

Abigail didn't need to think twice to know who she was.

It was Scarlett. Josh had shown Abigail a photo of her.

When Abigail had looked at the photo, she hadn't felt much about the other part. Yet, it was quite a different story when the person was standing right in front of her.

Scarlett had taken good care of herself throughout the years. So, her skin was fair and delicate. When she raised her chin and said nothing, she looked naturally aloof and elegant.

Abigail felt like she was looking in a mirror as she scrutinized the older woman's face.

Of course, she didn't think she possessed Scarlett's elegance.

That woman exuded a natural aura of nobility, the kind that immediately revealed she was at pampered heiress.

Scarlett slowly snapped out of it. She had originally come with some harsh words, but she found it hard to say them upon seeing Abigail's face.

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Even though they weren't blood-related, Abigail's face was endearing.

"Ms. Quinn, you said you don't have time to design a dress for my daughter, but you accepted Tristan's invitation to Capitalis and even injured your hand in the process. If you had agreed to help my daughter with the design, you wouldn't have come here. I'm fairly certain your hand wouldn't be injured. Do you regret it now?" Scarlett was still angry at Abigail's actions.

Abigail looked at her calmly. "I don't regret it. After all, I blew up a group that specifically bullied girls in exchange for injuring one hand. Frankly, it's a good deal."

Scarlett did admire her but still huffed coldly as she retorted, "Ms. Quinn, do you know how many people's interests you've disrupted? There are investors behind this show, and this program has brought them a lot of profit. Do you think you'll have a good outcome after you've severely damaged their interests?"

"I refuse to believe there's no justice in this world," Abigail said indifferently.

Scarlett thought Abigail was truly naive.

In her social stratum, she couldn't see the dark side and thought the world was all sunshine and rainbows.

"I hope you can keep thinking that way." Scarlett's voice carried a trace of undisguised disdain.

After she said her piece, she put on a serious expression and said to Abigail, "I suggest you reconsider your decision to design a dress for my daughter. This is your last chance."

[Chapter 394](#)

Preparations for A Showdown

Abigail calmly looked at her. "What if I don't value this chance?"

"Then, be prepared. You're an enemy of Capitalis' upper circle now. It doesn't matter how deep your relationships are with Josh and Eric. I'm sure our families will never let them offend these people, for your sake," Scarlett stated firmly.

"I understand," Abigail replied calmly.

Scarlett grew a bit angry when she saw that Abigail was utterly unfazed. "Aren't you afraid of what I said?"

"I'll say it again. I refuse to believe there's no justice in this world." Abigail's eyebrows didn't even twitch.

"Ms. Quinn, I want to know why you won't design for Kelly. Is it just because of the previous misunderstanding? Don't you think you're being petty? It was all a misunderstanding, and you holding onto it like this by not accepting Kelly's apology... I really don't know what to do with you." Scarlett couldn't keep up the act any longer. In the end, she resorted to firing questions at Abigail like rapid artillery, appearing a bit frustrated.

At this moment, her aloofness was completely gone and was replaced by nothing but a childish tantrum.

"Mrs. Pearson, who I choose to design for, is my choice. To put it bluntly, I simply don't like Kelly as a person. I don't like her, so I don't want to design anything for her. I don't want her to wear something I designed. If I agree to your request, I'll feel uncomfortable about it," Abigail stated plainly.

Scarlett wanted to say more. Just then, Luna, who had come to pick Abigail up at the airport, opened the door and widened her eyes when she saw Scarlett.

"I'm returning to Pendorf. If there's nothing else you want to say, please go home, Mrs. Pearson." Abigail spoke up, snapping Luna back to reality.

"I hope you don't regret it!" Scarlett said with annoyance before stomping off in a huff.

Luna couldn't help but comment, "Is that Kelly's mother? Why is she acting like a little girl?"

Abigail looked at her, utterly exasperated. You haven't seen her when she's calm. Her demeanor was flawless. Alas, it all falls apart when she gets angry.

The two of them arrived at the airport. Luna took a seat and turned to Abigail beside her, saying, "She really does bear a striking resemblance to you. The impact of seeing her for the first time was... Well, quite something. Do you ever wonder if Kelly might be posing as someone else and you're actually the real deal?"

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"Kelly might be posing, but I'm not the genuine one," Abigail responded with conviction.

Abigail couldn't shake off the bad impression that the Pearson Family had left her with. She was determined to avoid any connection with them.

"So, what did you find out?" Luna inquired with curiosity.

"Tristan let me in on it. It turns out that it's Vincent's wife, Martha, who's pulling the strings from behind the scenes. The way Kelly and the Pearson Family are gunning for me all boils down to Kelly's identity. They see me as a threat no matter if I'm the real deal or not, simply because of how much I resemble Mrs. Pearson," Abigail explained.

"Yeah, it's uncanny. I didn't really think much about it from the pictures, but seeing you two side by side is... Honestly, it's quite shocking, you know? Luna couldn't contain her excitement.

Abigail looked back on the situation and found it equally astonishing.

"Now I understand why Josh and Eric were so convinced you were the missing child of the Pearson Family. If I were them. I'd probably believe it too," Luna mused.

"At the moment, my main concern is the progress of my work," Abigail redirected the conversation.

As her stitches were set to be removed in a week, she wouldn't be able to do much work during that time. Considering the demanding schedule of participating in a show and variety program, she'd already planned for long hours. Now, she was in a pickle.

"I'll help you negotiate with the clients when the time comes." Luna smiled.

"Then, I'll be counting on you," Abigail raised an eyebrow.

Back in Pendorf, Abigail was still worried about Scarlett's words. She briefed Luna and went home.

As soon as she arrived home, Analise came up to ask about her hand.

It seemed that even Analise, who didn't use the internet much, had come to learn about her injured hand.

"How did you know about my injury?" Abigail asked Analise with a smile.

"It's all over the news; how could I not know? I might not be very good with the internet, but I still paid attention," Analise scolded her playfully.

Abigail placed her suitcase by the door and said gently, "It's nothing serious, Grandma. I've been craving your food."

"Alright, I'll make them for you right away."

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It happened to be dinner time.

Abigail hadn't been in her room for long when she received an email.

It was from one of her clients.

'Miss Alana, I heard about your hand, and I'm deeply sorry. However, the reason I'm sending you this email is to ask, is my dress ready? I hope you can complete the orders in hand as soon as possible. This is crucial for you. Also, I hope you won't take any more orders until this crisis is resolved.

Abigail looked at the email, her brows furrowing.

This client was a notable star in Capitalis with a significant status.

It seemed Scarlett's words weren't empty, and some of the people whose interests were affected by her actions in Capitalis had already started to take action.

Abigail replied to the client..

Thank you for your reminder, Miss Zipp. Your dress is almost finished; it will take another half month. You can come to pick it up in mid-October.

It looked like she needed to prepare for a showdown.

[Chapter 395](#)

Investment Plan

Abigail called Luna.

When Luna picked up, Abigail immediately asked, "Are you asleep?"

"Don't you know my schedule?" Luna laughed, and the sound of the TV came through on her end.

"Have you ever considered finding someone to invest in us and establish a shareholders' meeting?" Abigail asked Luna.

They currently only possessed operational rights, but they were not an official company with shareholders. Abigail and Luna were the sole bosses.

To confront those hidden forces in Capitalis, the way forward for L.Moon could only be by seeking investment, establishing a shareholders' meeting, and then going public.

Luna's voice turned serious. "You mean, L.Moon is going to become an official company and go public?"

"That's the idea, but more so because we might face severe setbacks. Before that happens, we need to find investors and gather enough funds to keep things running smoothly." Abigail couldn't help but worry that they might be targeted, which might potentially lead to a financial crisis.

After all, if the financial chain of the company broke, everything would fall apart.

"I'll handle the investment. Do you have any suggestions?" Luna asked.

"The best candidates are those unafraid of trouble. You can say that we have a chance of facing retaliation from Runway Capitalis. As long as the other party isn't afraid of stirring up trouble and can withstand the pressure, they can become one of our shareholders. Now that they had made it to this point, L.Moon had to start growing early. Furthermore, L.Moon couldn't remain just a studio forever.

Abigail made this decision not solely because of the threat to L.Moon. She was also fueled by Sean's words, which ignited her competitive spirit.

"Alright, no problem," Luna replied.

Abigail fell silent for a moment before saying, "Luna, this decision is partly due to the fact that L.Moon might face prolonged suppression. Personally, I also believe L..Moon needs to finally grow into itself. It can't rely solely on the two of us. We need more people supporting and transforming it into a recognized, legitimate enterprise throughout the continent."

Luna's voice was filled with determination as she said, "Alright, we're in this together!"

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Abigail was overjoyed. Luna had always stood firmly by her side, supporting all her decisions.

After the call ended, Abigail messaged Ronaldo, 'Are you available? I'd like to discuss something with you. Please reply when you're free.

Soon after, Ronaldo called her.

"Good evening, Mr. Fernandez. Have you had dinner?" Abigail greeted him immediately.

"Of course, I have. What do you want to talk about? Ronaldo's cheerful voice came through.

"L.Moon is planning to establish itself as a company, and we'd like to invite you to invest. Abigail got straight to the point.

"How sudden. Is it related to Runway Capitalis?" Ronaldo immediately sensed the reason behind Abigail's decision.

"That's part of it. Another reason is that I think L.Moon should transition into a more corporate structure for better management," Abigail explained seriously to Ronaldo. "But given the greater likelihood of suppression in the near future, we hope to have shareholders to stabilize our funding and share the pressure with us."

Ronaldo couldn't help but sigh as he responded, "Are you really going to secure investment this way? Hearing you speak might scare potential investors away."

"Yes, what about you?" Abigail asked with a smile.

Ronaldo remained silent for a moment before inquiring, "How much of the shares are you offering me?"

"Luna and I will each have a 10% stake. After all, since the inception of L.Moon, we've put a lot of hard work into our brand. Is that too much?" Abigail maintained her cheerful tone.

"Nope. Could you conduct a thorough evaluation of L.Moon's assets? That way, I can consider how much to invest. Just so you know, I don't have more than 2.8 million," Ronaldo said without any pretense.

Of course, investing in L.Moon was sure to yield returns. Nonetheless, this was contingent on L.Moon not being suppressed by other businesses. Nevertheless, Abigail reaching out to him was a form of seeking assistance.

For Ronaldo, the 2.8 million was the equivalent of several years of savings from his private funds.

2.8 million is more than sufficient," Abigail remarked candidly.

Truthfully, she was thinking of investments in the range of a few hundred thousand.

"Alright, as long as you're fine with it," Ronaldo said, his tone becoming more relaxed. Then, he

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quickly turned serious again. "If those from Capitalis start suppressing L.Moon, they could potentially cut off your sources from various aspects, such as the fabric suppliers you've had long-term collaborations with, and the accessory suppliers. You might have the greatest skill in the world, but it would still be difficult to weather that storm."

"That's why, once your funds are in, I'm planning to acquire fabric and accessory processing factories, Abigail stated directly.

Ronaldo was rendered speechless. She's truly quite direct.

"If we can't produce low-end bulk goods, we'll focus on high-end designs. Who knows? We might even establish a brand," Abigail continued, sharing her vision with Ronaldo.

"I might not know much about clothing, but I do understand that producing a garment involves more than just sourcing fabric and accessories," Ronaldo continued to press. Since he hailed from a business background, he was well-versed in various industries, even if he wasn't familiar with the fashion industry.

"Yes, like embroidery. L.Moon has its own studio for that. As for the other things... We can use imported materials," Abigail explained.

Ronaldo felt reassured now that he had the knowledge that she had a clear plan in mind.

He also felt that his worries were perhaps a bit excessive. After all, Tristan, who held significant power, had also been outsmarted by her and was currently in prison.

[Chapter 396](#)

Borrowed Money

After Abigail managed to rope in Ronaldo, she remembered there was another ally whom she regretted she would not be able to cajole. Damon's backing was substantial. Unfortunately, his marriage might cost him his inheritance in the family business.

Within a week, Abigail and Luna managed to secure the support of nearly eight investors. The lowest investment was six hundred thousand, and collectively, they had garnered close to twenty million.

Abigail and Luna believed this was sufficient funding and decided to hold a meeting.

Everyone took their seats, and Abigail had her assistant distribute the prepared contracts.

As Ronaldo received the contract, he didn't scrutinize it too closely. He already had a good understanding of the basic terms. So, the meeting was mainly about signing and sealing the deal.

Luna took the lead, announcing, "Take a look at the contracts, and if you have any objections, feel free to raise them now."

Other than Ronaldo, who was familiar with how the two women ran their ship, the other seven were long-term collaborators. Some provided outsourcing services for L.Moon, while others supplied fabrics and materials. They covered nearly every sector in the fashion industry.

"I don't have any objections," The first young shareholder spoke up.

The others quickly voiced their agreement after sensing the lack of concern in his tone.

As everyone was surprisingly cooperative, both Abigail and Luna breathed a sigh of relief.

Luna was about to speak again when she was interrupted by a knock on the door.

The assistant went to open it and was a bit surprised upon seeing the person standing by the door.

"It's Mr. Copper," the assistant turned and reported to Abigail and Luna.

"Have him wait in the conference room for a moment," Abigail instructed.

Just as the assistant was about to convey the message, Damon spoke up. "You can tell them I'm here to invest."

His words were heard by everyone in the meeting room.

Abigail turned to her assistant and nodded.

Damon was escorted in, and he took a seat in one of the chairs arranged by the assistant. He was the first to say, "Why didn't you tell me about the investment?"

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"Mr. Copper, is your business now settled?" Abigail asked, smiling.

Damon, still seated, nodded. "It's more or less taken care of. I've received some help recently. So, it's not as difficult as before."

"Mr. Copper, how much are you planning to invest?" Luna asked, her face carrying a trace of a smile.

"I'm investing seven million. Miss Smith and Ms. Quinn, you both know about my situation. It's not a huge sum, but it's a token of my goodwill," Damon explained as the highest investor.

The others looked a bit embarrassed after hearing the amount he was offering.

"That's not a small amount. It seems we'll have to revise the contract. But... Do you all think that Mr. Copper should be a part of this?" Luna asked, glancing around for opinions.

Ronaldo waved his hand. "I have no objections."

Of course, the more investors, the better. This would give L.Moon more confidence to counteract any moves from others.

One by one, the shareholders welcomed Damon's participation.

Then, Luna arranged for dinner after going through the contract formalities.

Once the dinner concluded, the other shareholders left, leaving only Ronaldo and Damon with Luna and Abigail at L.Moon.

"I didn't expect you to invest so much. Among all the investors, you've certainly contributed the most, Mr. Copper," Abigail expressed her genuine gratitude.

Damon actually wasn't aware of L.Moon's efforts to secure investments. This whole initiative was kept quite secretive. If it weren't for Sean informing him to get his butt over here, he wouldn't have known about L.Moon's discreet endeavors. Regardless, he had a good idea of the reason behind their sudden decision.

Even though he was pretty much excluded from his family business, he was still a prominent figure in Capitalis. During his conversations with friends, there had been several discussions as to how L.Moon might face some challenges from the industry.

"I'm satisfied as long as I can be of help to you." Damon's voice was gentle.

Ronaldo's eyes flickered with a touch of shrewdness. "I heard you don't have executive power now, Mr. Copper. How can you invest so much in L.Moon?"

Of course, the money Damon invested was borrowed from Sean. He understood that Sean wanted to help Abigail, but it wasn't easy to intervene due to the nature of their relationship. Plus, Abigail bringing in shareholders was also an opportunity for him.

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Sean's actions could be seen as a way of conveying his feelings. Of course, they also benefited him.

"Naturally, I borrowed them. It would be a shame to miss such a good opportunity, right? After all, L.Moon's designs are excellent. It doesn't really matter how much you invest in them; it's still going to rake in a profit," Damon replied with a smile, addressing Ronaldo.

Ronaldo withdrew his gaze, feeling somewhat regretful. He thought he should have told his family earlier and invested more.

He fanned himself and said, "Mr. Copper, you're right, but the impact caused by others will definitely be brutal. You have to have strong psychological resilience, especially since you're investing borrowed money."

Luna couldn't help but say, "Mr. Fernandez, you're scaring me. First and foremost, it's us who are in need of strong mental fortitude. Otherwise, we'd be letting down Mr. Copper, who's investing in us with borrowed money."

Abigail chimed in with a smile, "That's right. Your words are making us feel the pressure."

Ronaldo teased, "What's there to be afraid of? You have the board of directors backing you up."

"We truly have you to thank for that," Abigail replied with a cheerful disposition.

Damon couldn't help but wonder if Sean would be jealous when he saw their interaction.

Luna, noticing Damon's continuous focus on Abigail and Ronaldo, couldn't help but pipe up, "Mr. Copper, did you come here today specifically to invest in us? We didn't invite you.... So, how did you know about this?"

Damon snapped back to reality, looking at Luna. "Miss Smith, the industry grapevine can be quite efficient. I assume your push for investments is a response to potential challenges from others, right?"

[Chapter 397](#)

Establishment of LMoon

Luna nodded. She hadn't expected the news to spread so quickly in Capitalis, especially when they deliberately kept everything so hush-hush. Fortunately, their finances were already in place, and everyone had stocked up. Plus, they could always buy from overseas if they couldn't purchase their goods locally.

"So, everyone in Capitalis knows?" Abigail turned to Damon and asked.

"Well, I can't say everyone. You know I'm a bit of a special case because you've helped me. So, my friends tend to pay more attention to what you're doing. That's probably why I might be a bit more well-informed than others," Damon explained to Abigail.

Both Abigail and Luna breathed a sigh of relief.

At the company, Abigail brought Ronaldo and Damon into her office. Luna was too busy with the newly established company and went back to the office after taking some documents.

Abigail prepared coffee for both of them before speaking. "Currently, we shouldn't have to worry about the supply. Plus, there's an international fashion week coming up, and I'd like to participate. There's an international award to be won."

"You're free to decide on which direction you want to take. I won't interfere with any of your decisions. Just continue working as you did before. Ronaldo leaned back in his chair, looking composed. As an outsider in the industry, he didn't dare to give orders to Abigail.

Damon nodded repeatedly. "Yes, that's right. Other shareholders might care, but I don't. You can continue as before."

"Thank you both for your support," Abigail sincerely thanked them.

Ronaldo waved his hand. "Oh, don't mention it. I'll be staying here tonight. Would you join me for dinner?"

Abigail immediately agreed. "Of course. You came all this way, and we never got to go out for fun in Eastbay before. Now that you're here, I have to show you around."

"Mr. Copper, care to join us?" Ronaldo smiled at Damon.

Damon shook his head regretfully. "I'm afraid not. I need to spend the evening celebrating my girlfriend's birthday."

Ronaldo felt a tinge of envy.

After Damon left, Abigail took Ronaldo to visit some famous spots in Pendorf.

"It's too hot. Shall we call it a day?"

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Ronaldo fanned himself as they exited the zoo.

He had beads of sweat on his forehead, and his skin was flushed.

Abigail held a small electric fan to her face. "Shall we go our separate ways?"

"Yeah, just let me know when you're ready for dinner later. Right now, I just want to get back to the hotel and enjoy the air conditioning," Ronaldo said weakly.

Even though it was already October, Pendorf and Eastbay were southern cities. Hence, the temperature was still high.

Abigail dropped him off at the hotel and promptly returned to the company.

L..Moon Limited was now officially established, and there was a lot for Abigail and Luna to do.

Even though Abigail's hand hadn't completely healed yet, she could start sketching for the competition.

The international fashion week she mentioned was hosted by the renowned brand "Lulls." The design competition held during this fashion week was considered one of the most prestigious awards in the international fashion industry.

The winner of the Lulls Fashion Design Competition would receive 300 thousand and the highest honor in the fashion industry-the Yggdrasill Golden Award, along with the title of Outstanding Designer.

This Lulls Design Competition was held once every three years.

Abigail had missed it when she was playing housewife. So, there was no way she was going to let this opportunity slip her fingers again.

Among various international fashion design competitions, Abigail only ever participated in those hosted by Lulls.

In other competitions, Oryashian designers rarely received awards due to significant differences in aesthetic preferences between Oryashia and the rest of the world.

However, that wasn't the same for Lulls. Ever since its establishment, Lulls had seen several Oryashian designers win the Yggdrasill Golden Award.

Time passed quickly, and soon, it was already time to clock off. Abigail booked for dinner at Giovanni Restaurant.

Ronaldo had nearly dined here once before but left abruptly due to an unexpected situation. Abigail felt a bit regretful about it.

When Ronaldo arrived at the restaurant's entrance, he raised an eyebrow in surprise. "I

2/3

remember this place... I had an unpleasant experience here last time. I hope I get to enjoy the food this time."

"Don't jinx it," Abigail immediately said. "Are you staying with me here to wait for Miss Smith, or would you like to go up first?"

"Let's go together."

Ronaldo fanned himself and shrugged indifferently

After a while, Luna made an appearance.

"I've brought clients here several times. The food is really good," she said with a smile as she approached Ronaldo.

"I'm looking forward to it," Ronaldo replied with a smile.

Just as the words left his mouth, a car pulled up at the restaurant's entrance, and out came a person whom Abigail found irritating at first sight.

Kelly greeted them when she saw them. "You're having dinner here too?"

Abigail turned to Luna and said, "Let's

The two of them turned around and completely ignored Kelly.

Kelly didn't seem embarrassed. Instead, her gaze landed on Ronaldo.

She looked even better in person than in the media photos and appeared gentle as she smiled at Ronaldo.

Ronaldo was a bit confused, not understanding why she was smiling at him. Nonetheless, he quickly turned and followed Abigail while fanning himself.

A layer of frost appeared on Kelly's face for a brief moment, but her expression quickly turned indifferent.

Just then, Josh also got out of the car. He immediately caught sight of Luna's strikingly blue- highlighted hair.

"Josh, what are you looking at?" Kelly immediately noticed his strange expression.

Josh redirected his gaze. "Looking at Abigail and the others. Who else would I be looking at?"

Kelly made an acknowledging hum and saw Sean's car approaching. So, she immediately put on a smile again.

[Chapter 398](#)

Provoking Sean

Kelly hurried over to Sean after getting out of the car.

"Let's go," she said, beaming with enthusiasm.

Sean gave a nod, keeping his composure.

Josh observed Kelly's overly friendly attitude toward Sean and couldn't help but feel she was straying from her original intentions. Nonetheless, he refrained from saying anything. After all, Sean hadn't objected to Kelly becoming closer to him either."

The three of them entered the restaurant.

Sean immediately spotted Abigail. At the moment, Ronaldo seemed unusually cheerful. He was laughing so much while talking to Abigail that he was practically grinning from ear to ear.

The hands that had been resting at Sean's side clenched slightly, but he quickly withdrew his gaze in indifference.

He took a seat at the table across from Abigail, who saw him and felt that it was quite a coincidence.

Ronaldo waved his hand to get Sean's attention. "Mr. Graham, long time no see."

Sean nodded slightly in response.

Ronaldo noticed that Sean didn't look at Abigail. Moreover, he seemed particularly aloof. Could it be that the two of them have truly ended things?

Even Ronaldo, with his gossip-loving heart, could sense it. Naturally, others also picked up on it.

Kelly was inwardly delighted. Still, she had a facade to maintain.

"Ms. Quinn is here too. Mr. Graham, aren't you going to say hello?"

Sean looked at her calmly and replied, "Why should I say hello?"

Josh cleared his throat, saying, "Let's order."

The conversation was interrupted, and Kelly didn't say much. She was just glad to see Sean's change in attitude as she had successfully achieved her goal. She guessed that after Sean's recent visit to Capitalis, things between him and Abigail had completely fallen apart.

Considering the challenges L.Moon and Abigail would soon face, coupled with Sean's apparent detachment, she was positively gleeful.

1/3

The two sides behaved as if they were complete strangers.

Abigail looked at the menu for a while and asked Ronaldo, "How about trying the abalone?"

"I'm not sure if it's good, but you can go ahead and order it," Ronaldo said, now quite curious. about what was going on between Abigail and Sean. His gossip-loving heart was becoming harder to contain.

"The lobster is also good," Luna chimed in. "There's also the signature duck..."

Luna ordered a series of dishes.

Abigail handed the menu to the waiter.

After the waiter left, Ronaldo lowered his voice and leaned in to ask Abigail, "What's going on between you and Sean?"

Abigail remained calm and asked, "Why do you ask?"

Ronaldo looked at her with a puzzled expression. "He's having dinner with another woman, yet he's so indifferent to you..."

"I have no relationship with him. Who he has dinner with is none of my concern. Don't jump to conclusions," Abigail replied calmly.

Ronaldo was utterly bewildered. After a moment, he said. "You're not jealous? You had to have married him because you liked him..."

"Stop!" Luna interrupted him.

To her, Sean was pursuing Abigail. Yet, it was clear that he seemed to have given up. Still, she had to admit that if he ended up with Kelly, she would genuinely lose respect for him.

As the meal concluded, Luna went to settle the bill. At Sean's table, Josh also got up to pay.

Abigail browsed her phone while seated, and Ronaldo suddenly spoke up, "Ms. Quinn, can I pursue you? Mr. Copper seems so affectionate with his girlfriend, which makes me quite envious."

"What's gotten into you?" Abigail turned to him, unimpressed. His words lacked any hint of romance.

Ronaldo was deeply wounded. "Why are you so harsh? You've broken my heart."

"Let's go Abigail sensed Sean and Kelly's gaze from the neighboring table. So, she stood up immediately.

Ronaldo was deliberately causing trouble.

2/3

"Ms. Quinn, are you really not going to consider my offer? I have a lot to offer. I'm young, healthy, and wealthy. I own a seafood farm and a variety of pearls. If we're together, all of this will be yours!" Ronaldo continued.

Abigail's lips curled up in amusement. "That does sound quite appealing. I'll give it some thought."

Abigail knew exactly what Ronaldo's intentions were. She playfully bantered with him.

Sean didn't know whether their banter was genuine, but he still found the conversation grating.

Regardless of whether Abigail was only saying those things in jest, he realized that he refused to allow her to establish friendly relations with any man except him.

The two of them stepped into the elevator.

Abigail stopped smiling. "Who are you trying to provoke?"

"Well... I really dislike Kelly. If Sean were to choose Kelly just because he couldn't have you... It's actually rather revolting." Ronaldo said. "She's too calculating. She even smiled at me at the entrance, probably thinking she's so beautiful. She acts like everyone around her is her lapdog."

Abigail couldn't help but chuckle. "But she is actually quite pretty.

"I've seen many beautiful women; she's just passable and overly fake," Ronaldo said dismissively, fanning himself.

"Congratulations on not being swayed by beauty, Abigail said with a smile.

She couldn't help but wonder about Sean. Did he really think Kelly was attractive? Or perhaps his grandmother approved of Kelly, and he was simply following his grandmother's wishes to be with her?

Although she was inadvertently influenced by his presence, she quickly shoved these complex thoughts aside.

[Chapter 399](#)

Problems Arise

"How's the investigation going?" Abigail inquired as they stood outside the restaurant.

As soon as they got down to business, Ronaldo's expression turned serious.

"It's proving to be quite difficult. The simplest approach, in my opinion, would be to conduct a DNA test. Hair from one of the Pearsons is easy to obtain, but not so for Kelly," Ronaldo said in a low voice.

Abigail understood. He hadn't found any leads.

That was more than understandable. If it were that easy to find a lead, the Pearson Family wouldn't be as formidable as they were.

"We can't conduct the DNA test ourselves, considering we're outsiders," Abigail said in a solemn tone.

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If they couldn't find information about Kelly's identity, it also meant she couldn't afford to confront Scarlett.

Scarlett and Kelly were practically working in tandem, forming an impenetrable fortress.

"I'll continue to look into it. Don't worry," Ronaldo added, fearing she'd be too disappointed.

"Alright, just make sure to stay safe."

Vincent's family was ruthless. If they found out Ronaldo was investigating Kelly's identity behind their backs, they would surely target him.

Ronaldo smiled nonchalantly. "Don't worry. I'm not one to be trifled with. Besides, I'm counting on you to help me strike gold."

"Got it. Work hard!" Abigail encouraged.

L.Moon's current returns for Ronaldo were too meager. So, she understood his impatience.

Abigail returned home to prepare for her designs after seeing Ronaldo off at the airport.

At that moment, Luna called with some terrible news.

"Bad news. The batch of fabric that the client sent has been involved in a car accident, and all the fabric was burned." Luna's voice sounded urgent.

"Which batch?" Abigail asked.

"The one from the Dolandian brand LUS, which was shipped at the end of December," Luna said,

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a hint of frustration creeping into her tone. "No wonder they gave us time to seek investment. Turns out, they were also investigating our background. LUS is known for being strict and tight-fisted. The fabric took a month to arrive by sea, and now..."

With the fabric being destroyed, the project timeline would be delayed. Furthermore, since they purchased the burned fabric with the client's money, this meant they had no way to explain this to the client.

"LUS definitely won't take responsibility. It's up to us to resolve this issue. The problem now is that this batch of fabric is very expensive. If we take responsibility, it'll cost us over 15 thousand just for the fabric," Luna continued, sharing the details with Abigail.

"Contact the client and tell them we'll buy fabric through air freight. Otherwise, if the delivery date is delayed, we won't make a penny by the end of the year." Abigail made a quick decision.

Luna nodded. They would have to tough it out, even if they couldn't make a profit.

Accidents like car crashes were inevitable for them.

The only good thing here was that the other party wouldn't take such risks repeatedly. Once they were discovered, they'd face a wrongful death lawsuit. Could they really escape?

That night, Abigail pondered over numerous solutions. They couldn't just sit there and take the hits.

Yet, could they really prove if the car accident was deliberate? Who was targeting L.Moon? Abigail didn't know. She was finding it impossible to fight back against an invisible enemy.

Early the following morning, Abigail and Luna entered the office.

"How did it go with contacting the client last night? Abigail asked right away.

*LUS representatives have always had a bad temper. Of course, they were angry. Still, they backed down after hearing that we would be buying the fabric ourselves. The problem we're facing is that this is a quantity-controlled product. So, it'll take another month for them to produce more. Waiting a month will definitely cause delays." Luna fretted, her lips even starting to blister from anxiety.

Abigail looked at her. "Move all the orders for this brand to the front. It shouldn't affect the timeline as long as we work overtime to make up for it."

"I've considered that, but the problem is we're working on fabrics from several other brands, too. Originally, once the fabric arrived yesterday, we could have started on the samples right away. It would have taken less than a week to get back on track. But now, the workers will have nothing to do for at least a week before the fabric's ready," Luna explained before taking a sip of her coffee.

"Talk to the workers. Let them know that after a week's rest, they might have to start working overtime. The more they work, the more they earn. There will be additional overtime pay."

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Abigail suggested.

"Alright," Luna immediately agreed.

This was their only option for now.

The two of them took a short break once they resolved their current problem.

"If accidents like this keep cropping up, won't all the funding we've raised be spent plugging holes?" Luna asked Abigail.

Abigail looked at her. "It's not that simple. This was just an appetizer. The main dish hasn't arrived yet."

Luna, upon hearing this, was filled with remorse. "I shouldn't have complained so soon."

"I didn't mean to blame you. I just wanted to give you a heads-up." Abigail said with a playful smile.

Even though Abigail had warned Luna, she still didn't fully grasp the severity until a week later.

The production line came to a halt, and there was gossip among the workers.

Suddenly, a new set of challenges emerged.

The plastic logo on the clothing hang tags couldn't be produced anymore.

It was an easily overlooked detail. Yet, it had become a major obstacle to the delivery of all clothing.

No factory collaborating with L.Moon dared to supply the plastic for such a minor detail.

Luna made call after call, either facing rejection or being strung along without a definitive answer.

“This is bad. I didn’t know that such a small piece of plastic would turn into our biggest headache,” Luna paced back and forth in the office, her hands on her hips.

Abigail hadn’t anticipated this oversight either.

[Chapter 400](#)

Change of Strategy

Before, Abigail had suggested using overseas suppliers. However, overseas import seemed impractical, especially for an item this small. Those companies probably wouldn’t even take them seriously if they were to request it, thinking that it was a prank call.

“Let’s try contacting foreign processing factories,” Abigail said to Luna.

They were at their wit’s end; they had to try every possible avenue to come up with a workable solution.

“I’ll give it a shot.”

If only they could change the material... Alas, the hangtag was also a brand’s logo. Many consumers had a preconceived notion about the brand, and buying with that trust felt secure. Changing it would make them uneasy.

“There’s a clothing exhibition in Siquaro next week. Let’s attend it together,” Luna said after contacting the foreign clients.

“To find suppliers?” Abigail inquired.

“Yes. I didn’t plan on going, but that was before all this. We didn’t lack subcontractors prior to this. Now, this is looking like our one last resort,” Luna said, a touch of resignation in her voice.

As soon as the call ended, an assistant rushed in from outside, saying, “The fabric scheduled for today is deemed substandard and has been detained by foreign customs!”

The workers were all waiting to start making clothes with this batch of fabric. Now, something like this happened?

“Did they say what the problem is?” Abigail asked the assistant.

“They didn’t say anything. They just wouldn’t let it through. I doubt we’ll ever get this batch back,” the assistant reported.

Luna knew she was likely right. Once foreign customs confiscated something, it was incredibly difficult to resolve, even with a hefty fine. If people were obstructing their business behind the scenes, this batch was almost as good as lost.

Originally, this fabric was supposed to arrive today, and the workers would have a month's worth of work. Now...

Abigail didn't want to give up like this. So, she called Ronaldo.

Soon, Ronaldo answered her call.

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"I need your help with something. Foreign customs have detained our goods. Do you have any way to retrieve them? This is urgent!" Abigail asked Ronaldo.

"Clearly, even if I had the authority, I can't do it..." Ronaldo also felt helpless.

After a brief acknowledgment, Abigail hung up the phone.

This was something Ronaldo couldn't handle. Even if he had the power, it would be too easy to find leverage against him and implicate his family.

Luna also felt dejected after seeing Abigail falling into grave silence.

Abigail dazedly held her phone for a moment before asking Luna, "Do you know how to negotiate with the other party?"

"I do. Do you want to give it a try?" Luna asked gently.

"We have to try, no matter what. We're running out of time," Abigail said urgently.

If they didn't inform the workers today that they had fabric, they would start resigning one after another. This chain reaction would lead to the company's collapse.

Luna quickly gave Abigail a quick run down.

Despite their efforts, the other party refused to release the goods and insisted on a penalty.

Abigail's frown deepened after she ended the call. "This won't work."

"Dang it!" Luna cursed in frustration.

After a moment of contemplation, Abigail said, "I'll give you a design, take it to the sample room, and have them make a sample for me as soon as possible."

She picked up her tablet, printed out a design, and handed it to Luna.

"Do we use the standard children's size chart?" Luna asked.

"Yes. You're smart." Abigail beamed.

After Luna left, Abigail called out to her assistant outside, "Notify the workers to come in for the afternoon shift."

"Alright!" The assistant, not understanding how Abigail planned to solve this, went off excitedly to make the calls.

Abigail took out the inventory of fabric and selected several rolls of fabric that had been stored for many years. She had the warehouse start shipping them.

2/3

After she completed these tasks, Abigail opened TikTok and messaged a teacher from a rural village.

'Hello, I've been following you for a long time. I'm a designer from L.Moon Studio. Winter is coming, and I'd like to send the children a batch of winter clothes. If you're interested, you can contact me.'

She was about to exit the app when the teacher responded.

'Miss Alana, I really like the clothes you design. I'm so happy that you're willing to help the children. What do you need me to do?'

I hope you can visit a few villages and tally up the number of children. It would be best if we can reach a quantity of 2000'

For such impoverished villages, having over a hundred students in one school was already impressive. Achieving over two thousand was extremely challenging.

'2000? That many? I'll let the village secretary know right away. Thank you, Miss Alana!'

After the arrangements were made, Abigail couldn't help but exhale a sigh of relief.

This plan was originally intended for next year, but now, she had no choice but to implement it early.

She had started following this teacher because she found the rural teaching videos interesting. The longer she watched those videos, the more she felt that now that she had the means, she should make some free clothes for the children.

Now, her wish was granted ahead of time.

After all, the workers on the assembly line couldn't afford to be idle. These were the workers trained by L.Moon, and Abigail didn't want a single one of them to quit.

When the children's clothing production started, the teacher Abigail was following sent over the student count.

'Miss Alana, there are a total of 2243 students, of which 800 are children who can't afford to go to school. I hope you can make over 200 more pieces because they also desperately need winter clothes.

'Don't worry. I'll make as many as needed.

Hence, the company's situation temporarily stabilized now that the workers had something to focus on.