

Spare Wife 407

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No One Is Special to Him

"It's feasible. But then again, lots of people are already doing it. I fear others will suspect our motives if we follow in their footsteps. After all, we're currently getting our *sses handed back to us. We will get slandered if those who suppress us use this opportunity to reveal the difficulties we're facing and combine this charity program that you plan to do into their stories." Luna rolled over as she expressed her point of view.

Abigail simply said, "We will process the clothes we collect again then. That way, no one will have an issue with it."

Luna squinted her eyes in thought. After a while, she added, "I will certainly support you in the things you want to do. By the way, why did you go to Westcape Village? And why were you back so soon? You even sent out your location. You got me worried sick."

"Ronaldo had obtained information saying that Kelly was from that village. But now, it seems to be fake information meant to lure me there. Moreover, the village is shady. It was all thanks to a teacher, who is an undercover agent, that I managed to leave the village and return in one piece." Abigail involuntarily sighed after she finished saying that.

"In my opinion, I don't think you should be so passive when dealing with Kelly. I plan to grow my business in Capitalis, and I've been looking at offices recently. So, do you want to move to Capitalis with me?" Luna proposed while gazing at the ceiling.

Her words took Abigail off guard. "Who will manage the business in Pendorf then?"

"Still us. All staff members in our office will follow us to Capitalis, and I'll leave our original office space to the lower-level management." Luna had long planned everything in advance.

"So, what you're saying is that I have to deal with Kelly in Capitalis?" Abigail asked.

Luna hummed and continued, "To put it bluntly, Kelly is too good at acting. It's hard for those in Capitalis to know the whole story of the chaos she's creating in Pendorf. But what if it happens in Capitalis? What if we lure her step by step into our trap? As our ancestors said, "Touch pitch, and you will be defiled."

Abigail couldn't help but find her logic sound as she replied agreeably, "You're right, indeed. I'm just afraid she will stick around Sean and refuse to return to Capitalis."

Luna chuckled after hearing those words. "I'm guessing Sean won't like her."

Abigail fell silent for a while before asking, "How are you so sure?"

Even though she felt she shouldn't dwell on this topic, she still couldn't help but be curious.

Just a hunch Sean gives me a feeling that he isn't the kind of man who would be attracted to just any woman Luna explained After all, Abigail has been with him for three whole years. Even Joan, whom

he once cared for, isn't that special to him, let alone Kelly

Abigail said nothing more, for she felt Luna's words really made sense.

"Rest. We'll continue looking around the exhibition tomorrow." With that, Luna got up and went to the bathroom to shower.

As for Abigail, she called Ronaldo.

He immediately answered.

"Ms. Quinn, you sure are free to give me a ring." Ronaldo's voice sounded as cheerful and relaxed as ever.

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"Someone should have intervened and led you to the information you found. I have checked out the village, but the whole village gave off a really weird vibe," Abigail softly informed him. She was still very grateful to the teacher for reminding her and rescuing her from a pickle.

"Oh, God! Are you okay? Damn! They sure are wily! I can't believe they have released fake information just to deceive me!" Ronaldo's mood instantly took a drastic turn—from worried to fuming.

"I'm fine. Find out what kind of village Westcape Village is exactly. From what I saw today, I think the village seems to be running an illegal operation. By the way, your relatives will probably gain some form of merit if they can get to the bottom of it," Abigail said with a smile.

"Okay. I'll talk to them about this. Still, I am definitely going to put my all just to expose Kelly's identity after this! I can't believe those rats dared to pull the wool over my eyes!" Ronaldo hung up the phone angrily after saying

that.

Abigail shook her head helplessly.

Early the next morning, Abigail and Luna, who rested well, continued looking around the exhibition.

Apart from the brands from yesterday, several new brands joined the exhibition today.

Luna and Abigail, who wore a mask, were looking at clothes in the exhibition area of new brands. Luna couldn't help but start being nitpicky about it as she muttered, "The designs of these clothes are awful.

All of them look similar. Just look at this! The fabric is just ordinary chiffon, yet they're selling it for 599.99. Tsk. Tsk."

"It's all about brand premium. Take the clothes I design for an example. You only dare to charge such a high price for them because of my reputation, no?" Abigail smiled and stated.

Still, she also felt that there was indeed no progress regarding the design of women's apparel. It's not fashionable at all, considering its price.

“Well, the clothes you design are stunning. On the other hand, clothes with this design are simply all over the roadside booths. Are customers nothing but an ATM to them?” Luna muttered.

After that, she turned around and realized the brand’s owner was standing right behind them.

The owner was a young and handsome man. He wasn’t angry even after getting criticized. In fact, he even gave them an awkward smile after Luna noticed his presence.

Meanwhile, Abigail realized something was wrong when she saw Luna pulling her. Hence, she turned her head and looked over. The instant she noticed what was going on, she felt awkward.

“Can I get a discount on this dress?” she asked, holding a white chiffon dress.

The young owner came over, glanced at the price tag, and said, “Actually, you don’t have to force yourself to buy.”

The reason why he said so was that the dress Abigail was holding cost 449.99. He was now too embarrassed to sell it after hearing Luna’s harsh criticisms.

Awkwardness enveloped the three as they stood there.

Luna pulled Abigail and wanted to leave. Before she could exit the exhibition area, the brand’s owner behind her inquired earnestly, “Is the design really that bad?”

“It’s too expensive... As for the design, it’s not entirely bad. After all, women’s apparel is all rather similar,” Luna comforted him

Abigail glanced at her and stated honestly, “It’s not creative enough. Although many women’s apparel on the market share similar designs, the venue you’re currently at is a high-end clothing exhibition. Go around, look at other people’s designs, and you will see how theirs are different from yours.”

Either way, the clothes he’s selling are too average and expensive.

The only advantage is that its brand is still courageously renowned. Nonetheless, that’s merely the effect of an old brand, nothing more. How can a company expect its business to prosper with such a simple design?