

## Spare Wife 410

### [Chapter 410](#)

#### Showing Up

It was chilly in Capitalis in November. Fortunately, the company had heating, but it was already bleak out there. The biting cold wind stung the face as soon as one stepped outside.

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Abigail and Analise had just arrived at the company early in the morning when they heard Luna's angry voice coming from the office. "We signed our contract several months ago, and now you don't want the stuff anymore?! We've confirmed the wooden logo with you guys before, and now you're saying you can't accept wooden ones. What were you doing before?! Are you guys playing

with us?!"

Abigail patted Analise on the shoulder and then headed toward the office.

Analise hurried to the kitchen.

After entering the office, Abigail sat down on the couch.

Luna glanced at her while placing her hand on her hip. She continued, "You've got the approval documents; now you're saying the follow-up sales order is null and void. Fine, it is null and void, but I have the signed and stamped confirmation document and the WhatsApp chat records. If you want to back out, go ahead, but don't blame me for taking you to court!"

Abigail wasn't sure which company was backing out

"Oh, so even our fabric isn't up to standard? What were you guys doing before? We've already invested over 15 thousand to produce the fabric in bulk, and now you say it's not acceptable? That's

enough! See you in court!" fumed Luna before ending the call abruptly. "The sycophants and schemers behind the scenes are at it again! It's only been less than half a month since things calmed down, has it?" Luna said to Abigail, her voice full of anger.

"Which company is it?" Abigail asked.

Luna was furious. "It's Eni's. What a bunch of "ssholes!"

"It's up to Howard now," Abigail replied.

Luna instantly understood what she meant. She calmed down, saying, "If it's okay with Howard. we can indeed work with him."

Just as they were talking, there was a knock on the office door.

Thinking it was her grandmother bringing in something for them to drink, Abigail said without thinking, "Come in."

The door was pushed open; Kelly and "Scarlett" showed up at the doorway.

Already in a sour mood, Luna's demeanor soured further upon seeing Kelly. Luna rose from her

1/3

seat, her expression a mix of disdain and irritation as she uttered, "You're not welcome here!"

"What's the matter? Are you feeling a bit overwhelmed by the targeting?" Kelly asked with a smug smile.

As Kelly spoke, Abigail suddenly realized the woman beside her wasn't Scarlett. The possibility struck her could this be Martha? Intently, she fixed her gaze on the woman, her lips firmly pressed together, seeking confirmation.

Martha was also staring at her with a gentle smile, but the smile in her attractive eyes was cold with a belligerent glint. "Ms. Quinn, if you find it difficult to run your company, you can beg for mercy," she said.

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Abigail maintained a composed expression as she responded in a measured tone, "Martha, it's important to remember that a counterfeit will always be just that-counterfeit. No matter how skillfully one attempts to hide it, the truth will inevitably come to light. By the way, I have doubts whether Eric has any intentions of marrying your daughter." She understood the necessity of identifying her adversary's vulnerability when dealing with their underhanded tactics, and she was willing to employ similar tactics herself.

Martha couldn't stifle a chuckle at Abigail's remark. "Eric indeed seems somewhat interested in you, but marriage requires approval from both families' elders. You, however, are a woman who has been married once and is seemingly pursuing Eric. Do you genuinely believe you stand a chance with him?"

"It's not for you to decide whether there's a chance or not," Abigail replied indifferently.

Luna couldn't help but sigh. "At your age, engaging in this kind of catfight is really disgusting."

"Trash talk won't get you anywhere," Martha replied, glancing around the office. As she glanced around, she scoffed. "Capitalis is a great place. Everyone wants to be here, but not everyone can establish themselves here."

Kelly looked at Abigail, gloating. "Ms. Quinn, would you like to design my evening dress?" she suggested. "You don't have to design it, though; the one designed by Mr. Copper is pretty good. If you say yes, all this targeting will stop."

"How can a piece of sh\*t like you wear a dress designed by Alana? You're just a low-class woman! Do you really think you're a princess?" Luna mocked contemptuously, her arms crossed.

Kelly looked at her, her lips curling into a smirk. "I've heard that you've had a rough time these years, too, Miss Smith."

Although she phrased it cryptically, Luna immediately understood what she meant.

“I’ve had a rough time indeed. After all, I worked my way up here one step at a time, unlike some wild chicken who can’t transform into a phoenix even if they manage to perch on a branch. One day, they might just fall from the tree and end up with nothing,” said Luna, rolling her eyes.

2/3

Martha was about to speak when the office door was suddenly pushed open.

Analise was holding a bowl of pasta. Just as she was about to speak, she saw Martha, and her countenance changed slightly.

Martha rested her gaze upon her, looking her up and down with eyes like a venomous snake, sending shivers down people’s spines. “This must be Old Mrs. Quinn, I suppose,” she said with a smile.

Abigail blocked her view. “It’s none of your business.”

Martha’s gaze softened. She raised an eyebrow and lifted her chin, looking calm and indifferent. “That’s all I have to say. Ms. Quinn and Miss Smith, you two had better think carefully about the consequences of punching above your weight,” she said before walking toward the door.

Analise walked over to the coffee table with the pasta in hand while still looking at Martha. After the two women left, she asked Abigail, “Is she Mrs. Pearson?”