

Spare Wife 480

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Wanted To Know Your Feelings.

At 12.00AM, all of Fairy Meadow's online stores were updated with new products. Some were priced in the thousands, but some were as low as a few dollars. There were many options, with prices ranging from low to high. Those in the hundreds and thousands were, of course, of better quality since the materials for those products weren't cheap in the first place.

The internet went crazy because Fairy Meadow's sale was trending.

'Damn it. I've never imagined that Fairy Meadow would sell clothes in the dollars, and they all look so good! F*ck. The biggest problem now is that I didn't manage to nab them. Who clicked so fast and bought my shirt?'

I'm eyeing the clothes in the hundreds. They're all so pretty. But I don't have money! Is it too late to beg for money now? I also want to wear beautiful clothes.

"Those in the tens are nice too. Did anyone else notice that female clothes have been made. smaller and smaller as the years went by? It's because brands are selling the idea that being. thin and fair is beautiful. But I've taken a look at Fairy Meadow's size chart, and it's normal! Besides, the models they used this time also had different body shapes. They weren't all tall and skinny.

"I noticed that too! It's a blessing for taller girls with bigger frames. It's so hard for me to buy clothes online because they all turn out to be too small. I don't have to worry about that with Fairy Meadow's sizes. This is the good thing with a woman being the brand's owner. Only Alana is this considerate!"

Fairy Meadow was already receiving heaps of good comments online. So, it was hard to imagine how they would be received in stores. Abigail had naturally noticed how hard it was for normal women to buy clothes because of the fair and thin notion that brands were selling. So, she adopted the international standard for women's clothing sizes.

So, she went to sleep peacefully after reading through the happy comments from her consumers. She could finally take a day off the next day after throwing herself into work for more than a month.

However, her phone was blasted by Howard at 10.00AM.

Abigail protested unhappily as she hugged her pillow, "Didn't I say last night that I'm taking today off? Don't call me about work!"

"I can't help it. The cheaper clothes were sold out in seconds last night. The company is considering doing a pre-sale. Do you think L.Moon's factory can help make more?" Howard asked enthusiastically. This was Fairy Meadow's first time blooming again after its downturn.

"We can do the pre-sale. But you have to collect a deposit. Every piece of clothing should

have half the deposit. They're already cheap. We can't lower the deposit anymore to prevent our competitors from tricking us. If that happens, we might end up not selling the clothes at all," Abigail narrowed her eyes as she answered.

"Sure. What you say goes. Also, I've calculated the sales for all the physical and online stores. from last night until now-it has surpassed 7 million." Howard was shaking from the excitement.

"7 million isn't a lot. We can't even pay Fairy Meadow's taxes," Abigail answered.

Howard couldn't help but laugh. "I'm already very grateful, you know. There are still celebrations. We can take this slowly. There's a year left."

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Unfortunately, Abigail didn't have that much time. L.Moon had been oppressed since last. year and was only performing better recently.

"Our philosophy is to serve our customers with sincerity. We have to get better. That way, no one can bully us anymore," she told him quietly.

He hummed in agreement and promptly got to work.

Abigail turned around to watch the sun outside after ending the call.

The smoother things were going for Fairy Meadow and L.Moon, the more she felt that this was due to Sean and Luna. She was a little upset because Luna wasn't here to celebrate this. with her. Then, there was also the fact that Sean compromised and made a marriage alliance. with someone he didn't like for her.

She had once suspected that Sean never loved her. Yet, could everything he was doing now be considered love? If he never felt anything toward her in their three years of marriage, why would he still pay such a price for her after their divorce?

At that moment, Analise entered her room with some food. "Come eat something before you sleep again."

Abigail sat up on her bed and watched her. "Grandma, I have a question."

"Go ahead." Analise placed the bowl on the table and answered her as she sat on the office. chair.

"Sean asked me. If he was a good husband, would our marriage still end up in a mess? What do you think? I've thought about it for a long time but couldn't think of an answer," Abigail asked Analise hoarsely as she grabbed her hair in frustration.

Analise stared at her before saying softly, "Many married couples live their lives in a daze. How many couples get married after being fully prepared? How many men can understand the responsibilities of being a husband?

"You and Sean. You both are too aware of the realities of life. That's probably why both of insist on knowing what your feelings for each other are. That's why things ended the way they did." Analise fiddled with a pen on her table and sighed.

“Abigail, you know that in my generation, we get married when our parents think we’re a good match. We only had the time to slowly get to know one another after marriage. During this period, we learned to tolerate and slowly understand each other. You and Sean didn’t do that.” Analise smiled. “It’s time to let bygones be bygones.”

“I just wanted to know if he took on the responsibilities of being a husband, would we have a different outcome,” Abigail whispered.

“Not necessarily,” she answered solemnly.