

## Spare Wife 529

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#### The Sudden Visit

Upon arriving at L.Moon and seeing Abigail still seated at her desk, buried under a pile of documents, Luna approached her cautiously, scanning the surroundings.

"If you're free, could you help me with these documents?" Abigail suddenly looked up and asked.

Luna straightened up and stared at her, holding back the words that were on the tip of her tongue.

"Get straight to the point," Abigail closed the document file, leaned back in a boss-like posture, and looked at Luna with her chin raised.

"You've already dealt with the online backlash regarding Sean's affairs, so why are you still working on these matters?" In other words, Abigail should be focusing on Sean's affairs instead of these tasks.

"I can only offer minimal support in condemning the public. The rest is up to him. Whether he lives or dies, it's none of my concern," she replied before picking up another document to read.-

Why should I bother when Cameron is working so hard to keep it from me?

Furthermore, he is Sean's confidant and one of the people Sean trusts the most. It's clear that everything he does is under Sean's instruction.

"But I want to know. After all, I was the foolish one who insisted on getting involved in Kelly's affairs--"

Calmly, Abigail interrupted, "Luna, you're not foolish. The things you did were for my sake. If someone needs to be held accountable, it should be me."

"Friends help each other. Anyway, I'm here to work now. If you don't want to work, that's fine." Luna took a seat next to her, grabbed a document file, and started reading.

Although Abigail appeared to be leisurely reading the document, she was actually contemplating the decline in Graham International's stock price.

Sean could easily turn the situation around by appearing in public at such a critical moment.

Yet, he does nothing.

Luna and Abigail busied themselves with work until it was time to leave.

As the sun began to set, Luna put down the company seal, turned to Abigail, and suggested, "Josh has invited us to join him for dinner. How about you come with me?"

"No, thank you. I don't want to see anyone from the Pearsons for the time being," Abigail replied flatly.

Indeed, I currently intend to make Josh suffer the consequences.

After all, none of this would have happened if Kelly, whom the Pearsons had taken in, hadn't caused all these troubles.

Besides, I know very well what Josh's parents' motives are in trying so hard to get close to me now, but I don't want to pay attention to them.

So, now that Kelly is gone, they suddenly remember my existence?

What do they take me for? A substitute for their lost daughter?

"Oh," Luna responded. She then picked up her phone and texted Josh at a leisurely pace.

Abigail stood up, grabbed her coat from the side, and explained, "I'm not saying that I hate Josh. I'm just tired of his parents' current behavior."

"I understand," Luna said.

With that, Abigail hummed, put on her coat, and left without looking back.

However, instead of asking the driver, to take her to the restaurant, she hailed a cab today.

Cameron was pacing around the first-floor living room when he heard a clicking sound coming from the front door. Confused, he walked over and peered out.

Abigail, walking towards him, startled him. "Damn!"

Abigail was dressed in a deep V-neck sleeveless top, covered by a blazer. She wore suit pants and high heels on the lower half of her body.

Dressed entirely in black, with her short gray hair, she exuded a chic and sassy aura that intimidated Cameron.

Smirking sarcastically, Abigail crossed her arms and asked, "You said you were doing business in Naflington today? Mr. Hopkins, does this place look like Naflington to you?"

Cameron scratched his head and backed away upon hearing that. "Please don't do this to me, Ms. Quinn. I'm scared."

Abigail ignored him and walked towards the stairs.

Although she was here now, Cameron felt powerless and didn't have the nerve to stop her.

Thus, he could only watch helplessly as she made her way steadily towards the second floor.

Forgive me, Mr. Graham, for I can't stop Ms. Quinn. She is the boss since Old Mr. Graham and Old Mrs. Quinn have gone out to buy groceries.

Abigail reached Sean's room. She stood silently for a moment. Eventually, she reached out and grasped the doorknob.

However, she didn't open it right away. Instead, she stood by the door, looked down, and remained silent for a long time before turning it slightly.

The soft click of the door opening was particularly piercing in the quiet villa.

Upon opening the door, Abigail was greeted by the sight of Sean sleeping in a room adorned with plants and flowers, resembling a woodland elf's home.

Sean lay in a black quilt, wearing an oxygen mask, while a machine next to his bed emitted a beeping sound.

Expressionless, Abigail entered the room.

Meanwhile, Cameron followed her silently, his attention fixated on her expression.

Noticing that she appeared calm rather than sad, he thought to himself, Ms. Quinn, how can you be so cold-hearted?

Abigail sat beside the bed and calmly observed Sean. He has lost a lot of weight, and his skin is so pale that it's almost translucent. But looking at the room's decor and his condition, I can't deny that he still possesses a certain charm, even in his illness.

"I thought you were all-powerful," she murmured. Then, she turned to Cameron and requested, "Show me his medical records."

"They are confidential..." Cameron hesitated, fear tingling in his scalp.

Ms. Quinn has changed so much. The commanding aura she exudes now even intimidates me a little.

"Fine. Then, leave and stop staring at me," Abigail said indifferently.

Cameron accepted the order, exited the room, and gently shut the door.

After he departed, Abigail reached out and tightly held Sean's wrist. "You've lost a significant amount of weight. You're practically skin and bones."

The protruding hamate bone on his wrist is even more prominent now.

Evidently, he has been lying here for an extended period, and due to insufficient nutritional intake to support his recovery, he is gradually losing weight.