

Spare Wife 531

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They Like Hiding Things From Me, Right?

Upon arriving at Graham International, Abigail immediately exited the car, entered the office building, and called Xavien.

As soon as the receptionist saw Abigail, she let out a squeal and discreetly took out her phone to snap a photo.

‘Wow! Alana is here at our company! She looks even more stunning in person than on-screen. Oh! Our crush! Her outfit is amazing. I really want to ask for an autograph and take a photo with her!’

Her Instagram post featuring Abigail’s photo quickly ignited envy and jealousy among a group of fans. ‘Where do you work? Is your company hiring? Can I still join?’

‘Oh my God! Alana is so tall! Let me shower you with kisses, our crush!’

‘I’m so jealous, I don’t feel like myself anymore!’

While Abigail’s fans continued to leave comments, the receptionist struck up a conversation with her.

“I’m looking for Mr. Summer. I have an appointment with him,” Abigail softly informed, gazing at the blushing young lady.

“Oh! Of course, just sign here. Then, you can take the elevator upstairs. Mr. Summer usually works on the fifth floor,” the receptionist said, inwardly admiring Abigail. Alana’s voice is so melodious. She looks even prettier up close and she smells amazing.

What should I do? I really wanted to ask her for an autograph and take a photo with her!

After signing her name, Abigail turned around and left, leaving a lingering fragrance behind. The receptionist sat down with a disappointed expression, watching Abigail enter the elevator and sighing at how good she smelled.

How can I get her autograph and a photo with her? Damn it! I should have mustered up the courage!

But what if Alana doesn’t like taking photos with fans or signing autographs?

Abigail arrived at the office and while waiting for Xavien, a recently employed assistant eagerly approached her.

“Ms. Alana... Oh, sorry. Ms. Quinn, would you like something to drink?” the assistant asked, biting his lip and looking sheepish.

“A cup of tea would be perfect,” Abigail replied.

If it had been during the day, she would have chosen a cup of instant coffee.

“Sure!” The assistant hurried to the pantry. After contemplating which tea to choose, he finally made. Abigail a cup of jasmine tea.

There were even a few jasmine flower petals floating on top of the tea. Abigail could tell that the assistant had put some thought into it.

"Thank you." She flashed him a smile, making him ecstatic. He then placed a few bags of snacks on the coffee table before reluctantly saying, "Just let me know if you need anything. Mr. Summer will finish his

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meeting soon."

"Okay," Abigail replied with a kind and pleasant demeanor.

Shortly after, Xavien entered with a stack of documents.

Abigail set down her teacup, stood up, and remarked, "You don't look well."

Upon hearing that, Xavien inwardly complained. How can I look well when I was asked to come to the company and handle all these matters right after getting out of bed?

Fortunately, I get to visit the Graham Estate and enjoy the nutritious food that Old Mrs. Quinn makes every day. Thanks to that, I have the strength to endure the never-ending daily tasks. Ordinary people would have fainted from exhaustion.

"Are you here to ask me about Mr. Graham's accident? Xavien put down the documents and asked solemnly.

"Yes. What exactly happened?" Abigail was determined to learn the details of the entire incident.

Xavien sat down and fell into a long silence before saying with slight uncertainty, "Because this matter is quite complicated, I'm not sure what Mr. Graham has in mind."

Upon hearing that, Abigail surmised that it was related to the fraud case. Letting out a sigh, she added, "Forget it since you don't want to talk about it. Sean woke up once today, so you won't have to work so hard in the future."

"It's what I should do. Furthermore, this is precisely what Mr. Graham trained us for-to be able to help him in critical moments," Xavien humbly replied.

"I wonder if this matter has anything to do with Vincent," Abigail mused, resting her chin on her hand. After all, Vincent had intended to traffic Sean to foreign countries before.

In truth, Xavien wasn't sure either. He still couldn't determine whether Luna's kidnapping was connected, to Kelly or Vincent.

"Many things will become clear once Mr. Graham wakes up, Xavien said.

Abigail nodded. She leaned against the couch, took a sip of tea, and warmly reminded, "Remember to get some rest. I'll take my leave now."

Since everything was fine with Sean, Abigail planned to return to Capitalis after having a meal at the Graham Estate.

"Ms. Quinn, how long will you stay this time?" Xavien stood up after her and asked somewhat anxiously.

He hoped that Abigail could stay for a while, especially after hearing that Sean had woken up today. Considering how Mr. Graham immediately woke up after seeing her, I must say-Ms. Quinn is still very helpful in Mr. Graham's recovery.

"I'll leave after dinner. I still have many things to do in Capitalis," Abigail replied. Either way, since Grandma hid the truth from me even when she knew something happened to Sean, it just shows that it's not that important whether I stay or not.

"Okay..." Xavien sounded slightly disappointed, his tone lifeless.

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Abigail left after finishing her tea.

Upon returning to the Graham Estate for dinner, she refused to stay regardless of what Analise said.

"She's definitely upset." Analise stood by the door and spoke to Colby and Cameron, who were beside her.

"Ms. Quinn is upset that we hid this matter from her. She's upset that everyone knows about this matter except her, Cameron explained.

Having worked with Sean for a long time, he had extensive experience in understanding someone's emotions.

A look of realization dawned on Colby's face as he exclaimed, "Ah, I understand now... So, she's upset because of this. Here I am, still under the impression that she refused to stay because my wife is too irritating."

His words left Analise and Cameron speechless.

While aboard the plane back to Capitalis, Abigail pondered over Sean's words when he had just woken up. Was he intending to continue sleeping if I never discovered the truth and never paid him a visit?

What kind of twisted mindset is this? Everyone around me conceals it when something happens to him. Yet, they expect me to uncover these secrets and find him. Do they truly see me as the protagonist in a melodramatic tale, who must overcome obstacles before finally reuniting with the hero in a tearful embrace? And voila! Everyone applauds for the perfect ending! Is that the idea?

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Truly His Right-hand Man

Cameron called Abigail just a few days after her return to Capitalis. "Ms. Quinn, please come and see Mr. Graham. He hasn't woken up even after eating," he said, his voice filled with desperation. He had intended to keep Sean's accident a secret, but unintentionally offended both Abigail and Sean.

Sean almost fainted in anger when he found out that only Abigail had been kept in the dark. Cameron feared that if she didn't visit Sean soon, he would be demoted once Sean fully recovered, while Xavien would be promoted.

"I'm not a doctor. You should call a doctor instead," Abigail replied flatly, sounding completely indifferent.

"Ms. Quinn, I'm sorry for hiding this from you. Please come and see Mr. Graham so that he won't punish me when he wakes up! Just come and see him once, and I'll pray to God every day for your success at work!" Cameron begged. If she were standing before him at that moment, he would beg her on his knees.

Abigail coldly refused, "I'm busy with work. If there's anything, go see a doctor. With that, she hung up the phone.

After the call ended, Cameron looked at a sickly-looking Sean, who was resting in bed and glaring at him. "Cameron, why did I do all of this?" Sean uttered through clenched teeth.

"It was my fault- Cameron apologized ruefully.

"It's okay if you keep everyone in the dark, but why did you tell Old Mrs. Quinn and not Abigail?" chided Sean. If he had the strength, he would have gotten out of bed and kicked this idiot right now. He had risked his life for this, only to wake up and find that his relationship with Abigail had worsened.

"Old Mrs. Quinn didn't hear it from me," muttered Cameron, trying to defend himself.

"Get out! Just seeing your face pisses me off," said Sean in disgust. He closed his eyes, deciding to ignore everyone.

Early the next morning, Abigail finished her breakfast and was planning to go to Fairy Meadow for a meeting when she ran into a humble Cameron just outside her office. "Ms. Quinn, starting from today, I'm your loyal assistant. Just call my name, and I'll be at your service!" he said.

Abigail looked at him and scoffed. "Are you unemployed again?"

"Uh... I have always been your bodyguard, haven't I? I'm back on duty today," said Cameron, trying to please her.

"I think Sean needs you more," Abigail shot back and then walked toward the parking lot.

Cameron couldn't bear it anymore. He clutched her sleeve and began pleading with her mournfully. "I really messed up! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have kept it from you and lied to you. Please forgive me and give me a chance to make up for my mistakes!"

"Since when did you become so shameless, Cameron?" asked Abigail. I remember he used to be quite a formidable character. Why is he acting like this now?

Cameron gently shook her sleeve, saying pitifully, "I only act like this in front of you, Ms. Quinn. In heart, you come first, while Mr. Graham could only come second!"

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Abigail pulled her sleeve out of his grasp, not bothering to pay him any attention.

Cameron let out a yelp and trotted up to her, blinking in a pitiful manner. "Ms. Quinn, I'm broken in body. but firm in spirit, you see. I can't get along with Mr. Graham anymore. Can you please have mercy on me and take me in?"

Abigail was so angry at his pathetic demeanor that she laughed instead. Only Sean could raise such a shameless fellow. Nevertheless, seeing that he only had one eye, she finally relented. "Have you had breakfast?" she asked in a softer tone of voice.

"Of course. As your most reliable assistant, how can I let my trivial affairs get in the way of your important duties?" Cameron replied, behaving like an eager-to-please dog wagging its tail.

Abigail reached out and patted his head. "Good boy. If you ever betray me and hide things from me again, you'll be out. Do you understand?"

"Absolutely!" Cameron kept his head down and let her pat his head.

Abigail felt sympathy for him. After returning from her meeting at Fairy Meadow, she had him drive her to the airport.

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When Abigail returned to the Graham Estate, Analise thought to herself that Cameron really had some up his sleeve. He managed to bring her back in just half a day. No wonder he's been Sean's right- hand man for so many years.

Abigail greeted her and went upstairs.

Sean was resting with his eyes closed. He ignored the sound of the door opening; it wasn't until he heard the click-clack of high heels on the floor that his eyes snapped open to look at Abigail. He appeared emaciated and sickly, but his eyes were sparkling.

"You're awake?" Abigail came to his bedside and lowered her gaze to look at him.

Sean grunted in response and then immediately explained after a moment of silence, "I didn't know anything after I passed out, nor did I think that Cameron would keep it from you alone. I never meant to exclude you."

Abigail nodded in understanding. "I understand. Take care of yourself. Graham International's share price is plummeting now-

"It'll bounce back eventually. Don't even think about letting me go back to work right after I get better," Sean interrupted her. Does she only care about me for the sake of Graham International's share price?

"You're right. You're extraordinarily capable, unlike me, who values what people have worked hard for more than anything else," replied Abigail blandly, recalling what he had once said. He seems so

indifferent to everything I have because he's at the apex of his industry. So, what I can offer to repay him is nothing at all to him.

Sean caught the sarcasm behind her words.

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Send Me To The Afterlife

Feeling both disappointed and angry, Sean expressed his grievances to Abigail as a severely injured patient. "Have you considered how your words can affect the speed of my recovery?" he said.

Abigail crossed her arms and stared at him with a poker face.

Sean's spirits sank, especially since his injuries prevented him from even standing up.

"Why should I care about your feelings? Cameron told me that I am his top priority now, while you come second, retorted Abigail haughtily, showing no concern for Sean's emotional state. "Be careful with your words, or I'll have your former subordinate beat you up

Sean chuckled in anger. "Did he really say that?"

"Why wouldn't he? I pay him 3,000 a month," replied Abigail. Besides, Cameron had lost an eye because of her. Since he couldn't get along with Sean, she would protect him no matter what.

"Well, welt, well. I gave him a talking-to yesterday, and today, he went to seek comfort from you, eh? I didn't know he could be so cheeky," said Sean. Then, feeling a dull ache in his chest, he immediately clutched it and took quick, shallow breaths.

Abigail panicked at once. "Are you okay? Can't you handle a little argument?"

Sean's face turned pale, giving him a petulant appearance. "Do I look okay to you?"

"Then why don't you just stop arguing with me? You'll be fine," replied Abigail.

Sean clutched his chest in pain and said angrily, "I was happy to see you here at first... Gasp! But I was wrong. You're here to send me to the afterlife. I should've kept my eyes closed and driven you guys crazy with worry."

Abigail couldn't help but laugh. "That's impossible. With Graham International being such a huge company, who would manage it if you were gone? Old Mr. Graham lost over ten pounds managing the company for you back then. Before you go to the afterlife, think about your grandparents."

"Shut up, or you'll make me cough up blood," said Sean, leaning back on the bed while clutching his chest. tightly.

Abigail pursed her lips. Suddenly, she said, "It's good that you woke up. You'll recover eventually."

"Thank you for restoring my blood circulation by annoying me today," replied Sean with a look of displeasure.

Abigail continued to smile. She asked earnestly, "Do you want me to call the doctor?"

Sean reclined in bed, appearing frail and delicate. "No, there's no need. Come closer for a minute, and I'll tell you what happened to me. Xavien said you wanted to hear it."

Abigail didn't say much and sat down on the edge of his bed.

As soon as she sat down, Sean suddenly took her wrist. "On the day of the video call, I was really scared. that I might die. I regretted impulsively rushing to save Luna at the time," he admitted. He was overcome with grief back then because Xavien looked like he was already dead.

He thought that if he died, Abigail might remember him for a year, forget about him after two years, and

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start a new life after three years. Eric would certainly be there for her when she was at her saddest, slowly entering her heart. The idea that his death would make him the love of her life was merely a self-comforting thought. Time was a cruel eraser that would gradually erase every bit of their shared moments, ultimately leaving nothing behind.

At that moment, he deeply regretted it because he wasn't willing to accept this. He wanted to stay alive and be with Abigail.

After listening to his story, Abigail replied softly, "But you came back, didn't you? Thank you for saving Luna. She was deeply traumatized by that incident; even now, she still can't bear to recall those memories. Whenever she tries, she's overcome with fear."

"I guess I did something good then. Maybe God took pity on me and didn't take me with Him," said Sean.

Abigail looked at him quietly, feeling the coldness of his hand. It was much colder than before, indicating the toll the incident had taken on him. "Did you only start regretting it when you were on the brink of death?" she asked, looking at him intently.

"I was too confident; I thought I wouldn't die. It wasn't that serious at first, but then the mobsters came-" He stopped mid-sentence.

"Go on. I want to hear it," urged Abigail.

Sean thought for a moment and slowly continued, "Luckily, Luna had left beforehand. Later, the mobsters came and started firing indiscriminately. The audience members fell off the stage, and the tiger, the lion, and the bear pounced on them and tore them apart. The screams were endless; it was like a massacre." Looking back now, he realized it wasn't God's mercy on him and Xavien, but the bodyguards who had gone with them. All of them had sacrificed themselves to ensure their safe escape.

As the light in his eyes slowly dimmed, Abigail unconsciously held his hand. "What's the matter?"

Sean replied, "Xavien took more than 100 men with us, but only he and I survived." Only at this moment did painful emotions creep into his heart. He did not remember the faces of every single one of those

people, but they had selflessly shielded him and Xavien from bullets with their own bodies to ensure their safe escape.

Sadness surged within Abigail as she sensed the man's unspeakable grief. She didn't know how to comfort him, considering that more than 100 lives were lost. Furthermore, technically speaking, these lives were sacrificed not for Sean but for Luna.

"It was Vincent. I saw him at the Golden Triangle," Sean suddenly said. He was determined to get even with Vincent for the more than 100 lives lost.

"But Vincent has been in Capitalis all this time. There's evidence to prove it," Abigail said.

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He Is Just Like You

Sean was surprised. Vincent managed to survive, too? Given the situation back then, he thought that Vincent, standing next to the manager of the entertainment venue, would have been unable to escape the indiscriminate gunfire from the mobsters. Apparently, the man was incredibly lucky, and it was evident that he was well-prepared before he went abroad. His eyes turned cold. "Dealing with Vincent will require careful planning."

"Stop thinking about revenge for now. Your top priority is to focus on your recovery," said Abigail. His mind is full of scheming and plotting as soon as he wakes up. How can he recover with such a troubled mind?

Sean reclined in bed and looked at her. "If I really died, would you marry Eric?"

Abigail raised an eyebrow. "Do you think I wouldn't marry him if you didn't?" That's really hitting below the belt, she thought. "Take care of yourself. I need to go back to Capitalis." She wasn't willing to have a relationship conversation with Sean. She was grateful to him for saving Luna and upset by the possibility of him being in danger. However... she adamantly refused to admit that she had feelings for him.

Just as she was about to leave, Sean grabbed her wrist. "Can't you stay with me for just one night?"

Abigail had never stopped working since their divorce. Even though he was now injured, she still chose work over him.

I have a meeting first thing tomorrow morning. If I stay here, I'll have to get up at four in the morning" tomorrow to catch a flight, which would be inconvenient," Abigail calmly explained to him. Now that he's out of danger, I should return to my normal routine. It's exhausting for me to fly back and forth between

two places. Seeing that he remained silent, she added, "I'll always remember your kindness to Luna. If you need anything from me, I won't hesitate to help."

"I don't need anything." The light in Sean's eyes dimmed. "I didn't help Luna with the intention of binding you to me." If he were to use his act of saving Luna to coerce her into being with him, he would appear utterly despicable. Moreover, he hadn't considered it that way at the time; he simply didn't want Abigail to be devastated for losing her best friend.

“Sean, take care of your health first,” Abigail instructed again. Without good health, whatever he said now would be pointless.

Sean didn’t respond; obviously, he was displeased by her actions today. He had expected her to say something nice after he woke up, but she remained as hard-hearted as ever.

As Abigail came out of Sean’s room, Cameron tentatively asked, “How about staying the night?”

“I have a meeting tomorrow morning,” she replied, walking toward the stairs.

Cameron had no choice but to follow her.

Abigail intended to leave after coming downstairs, but Analise stopped her immediately. “Are you heading back to Capitalis again? I’ve told Luna that you’ll be staying here for three days. There’s no need to rush. back

Cameron’s face lit up with delight at her words. Old Mrs. Quinn never fails to step up at critical moments. Thanks to Analise’s swift and decisive actions, even Lina was brought to heel these days. So, he secretly nicknamed her tough shovel lady,’ a moniker that received unanimous praise among the bodyguards.

Abigail couldn’t understand her grandmother’s decision “Grandma, Luna can’t handle everything alone either.”

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“You come with me.” Analise turned and walked toward the kitchen.

Abigail had no choice but to follow her.

Once they were in the kitchen, Analise said under her breath, “Sean almost lost his life for Luna, and so did Xavien. Are you leaving after just a brief visit? Don’t you know what his intentions were when he did this?”

Abigail pursed her lips. After a while, she asked Analise. “Do you think we can still be together?”

Her question left Analise speechless.

Leaning against the edge of the kitchen counter, Abigail looked at her, explaining, “I know you still think of him as your grandson-in-law, and you can’t bear to part with him. But I’m young, and I’m not that attached to the past. He helped Luna, and I can repay him for that in various ways, but it doesn’t mean we should remarry.”

“I’m not forcing you into anything, but you need to ask yourself about this. Don’t regret it only when it is too late.” Analise felt that while Sean might not have been worth trusting in the past, he was different now. Since he and Abigail had feelings for each other, they could easily remarry.

Abigail lowered her eyes. She couldn’t help but ask herself if she would really regret it if Sean remarried. It seemed there weren’t any obstacles between them anymore, and his feelings for her were

quite apparent, but did that mean they could be together?

"I used to stubbornly think that you two weren't suitable for each other, but now I think I was wrong. You know, Sean regained consciousness when he smelled the pasta I made. That's when I realized he actually cares a lot about me. He keeps his thoughts to himself, just like you," said Analise while preparing vegetables.

"He does treat you pretty well," agreed Abigail. Sean had never refused anything from Analise. She used to be a peasant, and the food she made was ordinary, but he accepted whatever food she offered him. Most people of his status would have considered her cooking as something only bumpkins would eat.

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Abigail, Save Me

Upon seeing Abigail's unwavering decision, Analise had no choice but to relent. She had already done her best to assist Sean in persuading her granddaughter, but she couldn't push her too hard due to her stubbornness. "Well, the rest is up to the two of them," she thought.

"Grandma, I'm going back to Capitalis," Abigail announced, still unwilling to stay. With so many people taking care of Sean, she had nothing to worry about. Moreover, every moment spent here reminded her of the past when Lina used to criticize and bully her relentlessly. Just the thought of those tormenting days made her feel suffocated.

After Abigail left, Colby couldn't help but sigh. Standing in the doorway, he said to Analise beside him, "This place holds too many unpleasant memories for her. Staying here would only upset her, I suppose."

As soon as Abigail disembarked the plane in Capitalis, she bumped into Eric, who had just returned from work.

"Traveling on business again?" Eric asked, his voice filled with delight upon seeing her. "What kind of fate brings us together at the airport?"

"Nope. I went back to my hometown to check on my grandmother. She has some matters to deal with in Pendorf, and she hasn't returned yet." Abigail explained.

"You haven't had dinner, right? How about we grab a meal together?" Eric suggested. It had been a while since he last saw her, and witnessing the changes in her made him feel emotional. "The girl whose hands used to chap in winter because of her job is now the boss of two companies."

"You're always busy every day, so it's rare for you to come home. You should go home and have dinner with your family," Abigail politely declined.

Eric became annoyed at the mention of this. "I get pressured to get married whenever I go home. It's really irritating, so I try my best to avoid going home. I had no choice this time, or I would still be out of town."

Amusement couldn't help but show on Abigail's face. "Even big celebrities get pressured to get married, huh?"

Eric, who had once pursued her, now interacted with her more like a friend. He knew that no matter how hard he tried, he could never compare to Sean. If it's true that Sean nearly lost his life in the Golden Triangle to save Luna, then what chance do I have against him?" he resignedly thought. "Big celebrities are. human beings, too," he said in resignation.

Abigail continued to smile. "Whose daughter is it?"

Upon hearing this, Eric's expression turned serious with a hint of unhappiness. "No matter whose daughter it is, I'm not going to agree to it. I've decided to enter the film industry and win all the major awards first." He had returned today with the intention of making his stance clear.

"That's nice." Abigail could only respect his choice. What else could she say, anyway?

After they parted ways, Cameron leaned closer to her and asked, "Are there any actresses in the industry who developed feelings for Eric while co-starring with him? I heard that happens a lot among celebrities."

"You're quite gossipy," Abigail replied, giving him a sidelong glance.

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"It would be a waste not to gossip when you see celebrities, Cameron teased. He was pleased that Abigail had rejected Eric. "So what if he won Best Actor on TV? Ms. Quinn still isn't interested in him."

Abigail took Cameron to a restaurant for a nice meal. When she returned to her office, Luna was no longer there; she had probably gone to the Pearson Residence with Josh. The two of them were in the early stages. of their relationship and couldn't bear to be

apart.

Abigail sat down and started working on the tasks at hand. At 8:30 PM, her phone suddenly rang. To her surprise, it was a call from Eric, whom she had just met at the airport earlier.

She answered the phone without much thought. Before she could speak, she heard Eric say, "Save me..."

Abigail frowned and checked her phone again to confirm that it was indeed Eric. "Is this some kind of prank?" she wondered. But before she could ask any more questions, the call was abruptly disconnected.

"Eric comes from a wealthy family; his parents depend on him, not to mention his grandmother. He's just being pressured to get married... Did he have to go so far as to ask for help?" Abigail pondered, licking her lips while clutching her phone. Eventually, she called out to Cameron, "Let's go. We're heading out."

"What's wrong?" Cameron hurriedly caught up to her.

"Quick, find out where Eric is for me. It seems like he's in trouble," Abigail urged.

Cameron was reluctant. "If he's in trouble, why did he turn to you instead of someone close to him? Could it be some kind of scam?"

"Just find out first whether he's in trouble or not," replied Abigail, her expression serious.

Cameron had no choice but to start locating Eric using his phone number. A moment later, he said icily, "He's in a star-rated hotel. Are you sure you want to go?"

"We need to check it out," Abigail insisted. The mention of a hotel made her head throb. "Could it be some melodramatic misunderstanding caused by his family pressuring him into marriage?"

The two of them hurriedly made their way to a hotel named Galaxy Hotel, where Abigail explained that she was here to meet Eric. Just as the receptionist was about to check, the lobby manager approached them with a smile, saying, "There's no one named Eric Davidson here. You might want to try another hotel."

Abigail shot a glance at Cameron.

Cameron grabbed the lobby manager, pressing his fingers hard against the latter's throat. "Which room is he in?"

The lobby manager tried to resist, but Cameron's grip tightened. In an instant, blood started to trickle down the lobby manager's throat.

Trembling with fear, the receptionist quickly checked the room number and then respectfully handed the room key to Abigail.

Abigail ascended the stairs with the room key in hand, while Cameron shoved the lobby manager away and hurriedly followed her.

The lobby manager stumbled and fell due to the slippery floor. He thundered in exasperation, "Call the security guards! Call the police!"

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Hostility Towards The Pearsons.

Cameron walked ahead while Abigail followed closely behind.

Soon, they arrived at the room. "I'll open the door," Cameron said to her.

Abigail nodded. After Cameron opened the door, she tilted her head to glance into the room.

Cameron instructed her to wait at the door and entered the room himself. When he entered the bedroom and saw Eric lying naked on the bed, he was overwhelmed with embarrassment. Furthermore, the room had a strong odor, indicating that something had happened here.

Eric's face was flushed, his breathing irregular. It seemed that he had been drugged, but... Cameron couldn't tell if it was consensual or not. The room was in complete disarray.

He walked over and covered Eric's body with a blanket. Then, he took out his phone and called Abigail.

Abigail was surprised to receive the call. "Can't I go inside?" She answered the call and asked Cameron, "What's wrong?"

"He's been drugged, and I don't know what to do," replied Cameron. After all, Eric was a big celebrity, so taking him to the hospital was definitely out of the question. Moreover, it was evident that someone had intentionally caused this situation, but Cameron didn't know the motive behind it yet. So, he dared not call an ambulance or let Abigail come in.

"I'll call Josh," said Abigail. She had no intention of going in either. If there was a trap waiting for her in the room, she would have a hard time explaining herself after going in in a situation like this.

Abigail called Josh..

Half an hour later, both the Davidsons and the Pearsons arrived, along with a tearful girl who was pushed out by Martha.

Lawrence and Scarlett's eyes shone with eager anticipation when they saw Abigail.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Quinn. I'm Eric's mother."

Eric's parents seemed cultured and refined, especially Eric's mother. She had short hair and exuded confidence, but she also looked stern.

"Nice to meet you." Still confused about what was happening, Abigail shook hands with her in puzzlement.

Just then, Eric's father said to Martha, "This is a matter within our families, so let's take care of it ourselves."

However, Vincent, who was next to Martha, replied, "You're right. What happened this time is my daughter's fault. We can agree to any demands you have."

Terry Davidson, Eric's father, furrowed his brow.

Abigail was led out of the hotel by Josh.

Lawrence and Scarlett followed them obediently, not daring to say a word.

"They were arranged to meet tonight by our families. It was supposed to be a blind date, but who would've thought that my cousin would actually drug Eric? What's done is done," Josh briefly explained to Abigail,

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Abigail had suspected that this was a trap when she saw Vincent. Now, hearing Josh's explanation, she became even more convinced that the situation was more complicated than it appeared. "So, how are the Davidsons going to deal with this?" she asked Josh impassively.

Josh pondered for a moment before saying. "The Davidsons have strict principles and that cousin of mine... Now that she has done this, she definitely won't let go of this opportunity." In other words, she was determined to marry into the Davidson Family.

Abigail wasn't supposed to get involved in this; after all, this had nothing to do with her. However, with Vincent's involvement, she had to keep an eye out. Sean had lost over 100 of his men, and Luna had nearly lost her life in the Golden Triangle because of this man. Additionally, there were still secrets lurking behind him, so she couldn't let him succeed in forming a marriage alliance with the Davidsons. "No matter how strict their principles are, they can't let someone with bad intentions have their way after doing something like this. Also, just because Eric is a man doesn't mean that he has to bear with it and marry your cousin after being sexually assaulted," she said, looking at Josh with a serious expression.

Josh was surprised by what she said.

"Sexual assault is a crime regardless of the victim's gender," she added.

At this moment, Lawrence said, "You're right. We, the Pearsons, aren't the kind of people who don't know right from wrong. Eric is such a good kid, and yet he got bullied like this by a woman. He shouldn't have to bear with it just because he's male."

Scarlett couldn't help but argue, "But it's Lily who did this."

Abigail darted a glance at her. She retorted, "So, you're shielding her regardless of the harm she caused to her victim just because it's not your child who got sexually assaulted? Madam Harper, are you going to shield a rapist because she's the daughter of your sister?"

Her words were very blunt.

Scarlett felt her chest tighten at Abigail's words. She stared at her in astonishment and opened her mouth to speak, but in the end, she felt powerless to say anything.

Lawrence also sensed the strong prejudice and dislike Abigail held against them from her speech. He held Scarlett's hand and apologized, "It's her fault for saying the wrong thing. Please don't be angry." She is my own daughter... yet she's so hostile to us, to the point where I don't even dare call her by her nickname.

Abigail turned to look at Josh coldly. "That's all I have to say," she said before gesturing for Cameron to leave with her.

After getting in the car, she took the initiative to call Sean. Her personal aversion was nothing compared to the bigger issue at hand.

Sean answered the phone almost instantly. "What's the matter?"

Abigail straightforwardly asked him, "Vincent's daughter drugged and sexually assaulted Eric tonight, and I think the Pearsons and the Davidsons intend to let them marry each other. Do you think this could be Vincent's plan?"

Perhaps because her words were too blunt, Sean broke into a coughing fit in response.

[Chapter 537](#)

Bullied By A Wicked Woman

Abigail was perplexed by his reaction. "Is it really so difficult to accept? Eric is a human being, and he can also be bullied, right? Don't dismiss this as unimportant just because he's a man, okay?"

Sean became serious. "I don't think it's unimportant. It's just that you could have expressed it more delicately."

"I'm being serious!" Abigail snapped.

Sean immediately responded, "Yes, I know. Vincent probably has some shady business dealings. That's my initial guess, especially considering what Eric's parents do. You know very well that if he aligns himself with the Davidsons, if any problems arise, the Davidsons will definitely find a solution for him and his family. Otherwise, they'll be implicated too."

He's really sharp: he understood Vincent's intentions right away, thought Abigail.

"With Eric's parents' current standing, they can't afford any mistakes," Sean continued.

"You're right," Abigail agreed.

Sean continued to explain, "Kelly is one of their people, yet she had her eye on me. I think it's also to create an opportunity for Vincent's daughter to marry into the Davidson Family. If it's only for a slight benefit, insisting on this marriage would come at a high price for them. It must be that they have so much money that they can disregard the law." He enjoyed discussing these matters with her; only then would she listen carefully and take every word he said to heart.

"What do you plan to do, then? I've already passed on this information to you." Abigail also wanted to stand up to Vincent and seek justice for Luna, but the problem was that she had no leverage against him.

Sean replied, "You're the one who has to do this. Tell Eric to sue Vincent's daughter, even if it damages his reputation. If he doesn't do so and goes through with the marriage, the entire Davidson Family will be

ruined."

Abigail wasn't sure if Eric would be willing to do that. He had worked so hard to get to where he was today. Being in the entertainment industry, such a revelation would only harm him.

"You can try talking to him. If he can't handle the pressure, there's nothing we can do. You've done well today," Sean said in a gentle voice.

"Alright, I'll talk to him," replied Abigail. She planned to have Josh ask Eric out and have a conversation with him-provided that Eric could overcome this setback and was willing to meet her.

After ending the call, she texted Josh, asking him to keep an eye on the Davidsons and prevent them from resolving the situation through marriage.

Cameron looked at her, his eyes sparkling. "If I ever get bullied like that by a wicked woman, will you stand. up for me?"

"This is a serious matter. Stop indulging in hypothetical scenarios!" chided Abigail, her expression stern. "I know that. I was just asking," replied Cameron, feeling a little hurt.

"Cameron, think about your fighting skills before you say such things, alright? If something like that really happened to you, I'd suspect you intentionally got yourself into that situation," said Abigail with a serious face while crossing her arms.

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"But what if I encounter a very formidable woman?" Cameron pressed.

Abigail covered her face. "You're quite confident about your looks, aren't you?"

Cameron chuckled. "Well, don't they say different strokes for different folks?"

"Don't worry. If something like that happens to you, as long as you're genuinely wronged, I'll stand on the side of justice," replied Abigail with a sigh. This guy is becoming more and more dramatic.

The discussion about Eric and Lily's situation continued late into the night. However, since Eric was still unconscious, his parents didn't immediately agree to the marriage demand.

"Let's discuss it tomorrow when Eric wakes up," said Jessica Abney, Eric's mother, feeling exhausted. She didn't want to prolong the discussion any further. If it weren't for the good relationship between the elders of both families, she wouldn't have calmly discussed this for so long. Eric was such a well-behaved child, and the way things turned out after his visit home this time broke her heart as a mother,

Terry supported her, his lips pressed together in silence.

"Alright then. You two should go back and rest. We can revisit this when Eric wakes up tomorrow," said Martha with a helpless expression. Then, she lightly smacked Lily twice.

Seeing the couple off at the door, Vincent softly apologized, "It's our fault for not properly raising our child, leading to your son's suffering. However, we'll take responsibility for what happened. We'll prioritize our children's future in all our decisions."

Terry and Jessica wearily nodded and then left.

As soon as they got into the car, they found Josh already sitting inside.

Josh said to them seriously, "Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, I'm here to deliver a message from Ms. Quinn. Don't underestimate this case of drug-facilitated rape just because Eric is male. My parents and I support your pursuit of legal action."

“But what about Eric’s reputation... and your cousin’s? Do we no longer care about them?” Jessica’s face turned pale. In this moment, she felt mentally and physically drained. She felt deeply sorry for Eric, whose future was ruined because of a few words from them.

“Just pass on my message to Eric when he wakes up. Let him make his own decision. And besides, I don’t think this is just a matter of reputation. We now live in a society governed by law, where anyone who commits a crime should face legal consequences. If Lily dares to mistreat someone close to her today, she’ll do it to others tomorrow. It’s only a matter of time before she causes a major disaster, and both our families will suffer the consequences,” said Josh in a serious voice while looking at them.

[Chapter 538](#)

Blood Debt Must Be Repaid

Josh drove them a significant distance before quietly getting out of the car and leaving. Prior to arriving here, he had received a call from Sean, who informed him that Vincent had been spotted in the Golden Triangle.

Josh had always been concerned about Sean, who had narrowly escaped death. Knowing that he was now safe, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Sean knew more than he did. There was no need for much explanation; he understood that Vincent was likely involved in Luna being sent to the Golden Triangle. After all, Sean had previously exposed Vincent’s involvement in human trafficking. Back then, his butler had taken the blame, but now Josh realized that Vincent was far from simple.

He texted Sean, ‘When are you coming to Capitalis?’

Sean replied, ‘Not for now. Vincent is definitely still investigating my situation. As long as I don’t show up, he’ll remain on edge. People tend to make mistakes when they’re anxious. Just keep a close eye on him!’

After replying to his message, Josh unconsciously tightened his grip on the phone. To think such a man exists in my family, and we never knew about it. He didn’t take sides with anyone except for morality. What Lily had done today was simply beyond his understanding, and he believed that a child’s misbehavior was a reflection of their parents’ actions. If there was nothing wrong with Vincent, how could Lily dare to do something like this?

Early the next morning. Abigail was busy working in her office when Eric’s parents unexpectedly arrived. As soon as they entered her office, they bowed deeply to her.

Thank you for arriving in time with one of your men last night. I can’t imagine what the consequences would have been otherwise. Jessica expressed her gratitude to Abigail with teary eyes.

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Abigail gestured for them to sit down and poured water for them herself. “Eric called me, but it was too late when I arrived. It took me some time to locate him. She sat down and looked at them with a gentle expression.

“Eric intends to sue Lily, but we hope you can be a witness. As you know, he comes from a special background. If Lily turns the tables and accuses him, people in the industry who dislike him will definitely spread rumors and slander him. In the end, no one will care about the truth anymore. It’ll only result in him being bullied and ruined.” Jessica looked worried while holding her glass of water. She loved her child deeply, and it was obvious that Eric’s situation had kept her awake all night.

“By the time I arrived, everything had already happened. The hotel’s security footage should have recorded the time of the incident, which can prove that my testimony is useless,” Abigail said with a helpless sigh. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to help, but she also felt powerless to do anything.

Terry remained silent. In his family, decisions were always made by his wife, while he only listened and followed orders.

“However, I have a suspicion,” Abigail continued, taking a sip of water. “Did Lily act of her own accord, or did her parents play a role in it? I heard that both of you hold significant governmental positions in Capitalis. If this was driven by a major dispute over conflicting interests, it wouldn’t be impossible for them to risk harming your son.” She skillfully planted seeds of doubt. They should be sensitive to such matters, so I don’t have to be explicit. They can connect the dots themselves.

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Jessica fell silent, clutching her glass of water tightly, her lips pressed into a thin line. Obviously, if this was an intentional conspiracy, it meant that Vincent and his family had set their sights on their power.

Abigail then dropped a bombshell on them. “Vincent was once involved in a case of human trafficking. It was eventually pinned on his butler, but... it was Sean who got kidnapped. A mere butler wouldn’t have the audacity to do something like that.”

The couple could hardly stay seated.

Jessica put down her glass of water and stood up. “Ms. Quinn, thank you for sincerely informing us about these things. I’ll go home and carefully consider all of this,” she said. With that, she hurriedly left. As she reached the door, her legs gave out, nearly causing her to fall to her knees. She clung to the doorframe and took a deep breath. Then, holding her husband’s arm for support, she managed to make her way out of the office.

Abigail watched them from behind, her expression icy. Does Vincent think that by being well-prepared before sending Luna to the Golden Triangle, no one will be able to touch him or his family? Well, Sean may not be able to do anything, but I can act on his behalf. The Pearsons must pay for the blood debt of over 100 lives lost!

She called Sean, who promptly answered. “I mentioned Vincent’s involvement in human trafficking to Eric’s parents. It won’t alert him, will it?” At this point, she became cautious.

“No, it won’t. At this stage, even if the Davidsons aren’t investigating it, I’ll continue my own investigation,” replied Sean in a gentle voice.

“Take care of yourself. Let me handle him this time,” Abigail said calmly.

After a brief silence, Sean asked her, “Is it for Luna’s sake?”

“And for the sake of those bodyguards who died on foreign soil,” muttered Abigail. All of them were living, breathing human beings, yet they died in a foreign land because of Vincent. Of course, they died for Luna’s sake.

Sean couldn’t argue that no one should be blamed for this. After remaining silent for a long time, he said, “Yeah, it’s for their sake, too.”

Abigail continued, “It’s because they risked their lives that Luna and I could be reunited. If I don’t do something, it’ll weigh on my conscience.” Actually, she also wanted to say that without these bodyguards sacrificing themselves by shielding Sean and Xavien from bullets with their own bodies during their final escape, she wouldn’t have been able to see Sean again. He would have remained forever in the virtual world.

[Chapter 539](#)

Saving Reputation Is More Important Than The Truth

Although she hadn’t considered being with Sean, she didn’t want him to leave either.

Sean felt a pang of disappointment when he heard no mention of himself in her words. “Okay, just go ahead and do it. I’m going to rest for a while,” he replied, his voice tinged with sadness.

Abigail briefly comforted him before hanging up the phone.

The night was cool, and he sat on the windowsill while staring at his phone with a wry smile. It might have been better if I hadn’t come back... Even with all my efforts, I still can’t get her to change her mind.

When Analise came in with some chicken soup and noticed his frustrated expression, she knew he was thinking about his relationship with Abigail. “You’ve already come so far, so why don’t you focus on getting well first? Once you go back to Capitalis, you can stick to her like glue and be as kind to her as possible. I bet she’ll be moved,” she said with a stern expression, placing the chicken soup on the small dining table.

“She might find it annoying,” replied Sean, his voice full of hesitation.

Analise chided, “You’re always afraid of this and that, which is why you haven’t achieved anything so far. Didn’t she divorce you because you never did or said anything, and she felt you weren’t nice to her? Just be straightforward this time. Take it as a second opportunity to pursue her!” She didn’t like his reserved nature. He enjoys the pasta and arancini I make, but he doesn’t want to tell me. He cares about me and my granddaughter, but he keeps his feelings to himself without saying anything. “We’re not mind readers, so how are we supposed to know your feelings?” she said, motioning for him to come over and eat the soup. “You have to finish this today. Get well and go see her as soon as possible.”

Sean felt warmed by her words. Getting off the windowsill, he replied with a smile, “Alright, Old Mrs. Quinn, I’ll listen to you. If I can’t win her back, you have to help me.”

"You're such a good grandson-in-law. Well, I can't bear to let anyone else have you. You belong with Abigail." Analise smiled, her eyes crinkling. After looking around, she had concluded that Sean was still the best choice for her granddaughter.

Smash! Maisy Walsh, Eric's grandmother, slammed the cup she was holding straight onto the floor. "Patricia and I are old friends, and now you want to send her granddaughter to prison just because her son made a mistake? I won't agree to this. Who gave you such a terrible idea? Now, the only way to keep Eric and that mixed-up Lily's reputation intact is for them to get married. Our families are so close to one another. Why insist on dragging this matter to court when it can be solved through marriage?"

Maisy and Patricia were besties; they were as close as biological sisters. Moreover, Patricia's favorite was Vincent, the Pearson Family's second son, whom she held dearer than anything in the world. If they were to send Lily to jail, it would destroy the long-standing friendship between both families.

"Mom, Eric was raped-"

Maisy was furious, though. "Shut up! How can a boy be raped by a girl? Both parties are at fault here. Just get them married now, and it'll do the trick. Why make a scene in court?"

Jessica looked at Terry, who stepped forward and said, "Eric refuses to get married. He also feels aggrieved.

about this."

"What is he feeling aggrieved about? What else can he lose as a boy? Lily doesn't feel aggrieved at all. You are blowing this out of proportion. I care about Eric too, but it doesn't mean he can act all delicate like a

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girl, talking about being raped. Lily's the biggest victim here!" argued Patricia. At this moment, she was firmly against taking the matter to court.

"Mom..." Jessica's eyes welled up with tears. "Just because Eric is a boy doesn't mean that he has to take the blame for this kind of thing. And besides, Vincent is involved in human trafficking. I can't approve of this marriage!"

"What nonsense are you spouting? That case was already closed! What is your intention in bringing this up now? Who instigated you to do this?" questioned Maisy sternly. If Patricia hadn't called me beforehand and warned me that someone was secretly trying to drive a wedge between our families by planting seeds of doubt in the minds of my son and daughter-in-law, I would've been deceived by now!

"No one instigated me! All I know is that Eric suffered an injustice. What Lily did was drug-facilitated rape! So, is she a victim just because she's a girl? How is she a victim? She's the one causing all of this, and you call her a victim?" Jessica exploded. Eric is now holed up in his room, refusing to eat or drink. Isn't the harm he suffered great enough? He happily went to meet his childhood neighbor, whom he had known for more than ten years, only to end up like this. And yet, he has to bear with it and marry her?

Patricia grabbed a teacup from the coffee table and fiercely flung it at her. "I know you've met with Abigail in private. I don't know what she said to make you believe her so much, but I'll tell you this: we can only proceed with the marriage. Going to court over this is out of the question!"

"Mom, are you simply going to overlook the injustice done to Eric?" Terry couldn't put up with it anymore, either. My son is so outstanding and never caused any trouble, and now he's ended up like this at the hands of a woman! He couldn't swallow his anger.

Patricia argued, "Don't you know about the relationship between the Pearsons and the Davidsons? Even if we don't proceed with the marriage, we can't take this matter to court. And besides, what about our family's reputation? A grown man was raped by a woman. If word gets out about this, who is going to face humiliation? Also, he's in the entertainment industry with several good movie scripts in hand. If this scandal breaks out, his future in the industry will be over. Are you acting recklessly without considering whether he can still appear on TV in the future?" It wasn't that she didn't want to side with Eric. However, considering the Davidson Family's reputation and Eric's hard-earned fame through more than ten years of working hard in the entertainment industry, the Davidsons weren't allowed to make a fuss about this, so they had no choice but to swallow their anger.

[Chapter 540](#)

The Mastermind Behind The Scenes

Abigail was engrossed in her work when she received a call from Eric.

"How are you? Are you alright?" She was genuinely concerned about his well-being.

Eric, being a kind-hearted person, never had any ill intentions towards others. So, this kind of harm was even harder for him to bear.

"My grandmother wants me to marry Lily. Can we meet and talk about it?" he asked in a low, distressed tone.

With a softer voice, she replied, "I'm at the studio."

After they hung up, she asked her assistant to buy some desserts and snacks.

Eric had to maintain his body fat for filming, so he rarely indulged in good food. Today, she wanted him to enjoy a satisfying meal.

Eric arrived at L.Moon, dragging his weary body. The sight of Abigail made his eyes turn red. He choked up, finding it even more difficult to endure.

Having witnessed so much in the entertainment industry, he hoped to stay clean in this circle.

While others compromised for resources due to their lack of background, he didn't have to. He considered himself lucky, but at this moment, he felt pitiful.

His luck disappeared when Lily drugged him and recorded the video..

It turned out that he wasn't lucky; it was just that disaster hadn't struck yet.

“Eric, no matter what decision you make, I’ll always be your friend. Abigail handed him the desserts she had bought.

“I’ve known her for over a decade, and I’ve treated her so well, just like a real sister. Why would she do this to me?” His voice trembled as he spoke. His shoulders shook uncontrollably as he lowered his head.

Sadly, that’s how the human heart works. Sometimes, the closer the relationship, the easier it is to be taken advantage of.

“Eat something sweet; it’ll improve your mood,” Abigail suggested.

As Eric looked at the desserts, he smiled bitterly. “I’ve been dieting, working out, and focusing on my acting, hoping to meet someone exceptional. I never expected to meet someone like Lily.”

After saying that, he picked up the dessert and delicately took a bite with a spoon. Moments later, he whispered, “It’s so sweet and delicious. I can’t even remember the last time I had dessert.”

At that moment, Abigail was sending a message to Sean on her phone, but Eric’s words made her pause. She looked at him and asked, “What does your family think about this matter?”

“My parents don’t agree to this marriage. My grandmother and Old Mrs. Pearson are very close, just like you and Luna. Moreover, Old Mrs. Pearson dotes on Vincent very much. So, we can’t take this matter to court, and I have to get married.” After indulging in some sweets, he felt much better.

His words made her realize that large families were indeed troublesome. Their relationships were

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complicated, and when they faced adversity and someone tried to harm them, they had to consider the feelings of both families.

Abigail texted Sean about Eric’s situation.

Before long, he replied. Then don’t take it to court for now. Don’t get married, no matter what. Just keep dragging it out.”

“What if they have some leverage, and it can’t be dragged out?”

This was her biggest concern. Vincent must have something up his sleeve, or else Eric could easily deny everything.

“Then the Pearson Family will be at a disadvantage. Young people have their pride. If Eric drags it out, they can only endure. It’s unlikely to reach the point where both families’ relationships completely break down,” Sean replied.

She found his words reasonable.

"If you have no other option, just drag it out. Don't sue, and don't agree to the marriage. Make a fuss all day. The Pearson Family's secrets will eventually be uncovered; it's only a matter of time, she advised Eric.

As he looked at her, he asked, "Will you help me investigate?"

"Somebody will because Vincent offended him," she replied.

Although Abigail didn't explicitly mention it, he had already guessed some of the truth. He held the dessert in his hand and hesitated for a moment before asking carefully, "Is Mr. Graham okay?"

He was a kind person, and even though he was currently suffering harm himself, he was concerned that something might have happened to Sean, which would upset Abigail.

"He's not in any life-threatening condition, but he needs to rest. Don't spread the word about this; it's in your best interest," she said as she handed him a bag of chips. "If you don't want to go home, you can stay here. I have an empty room in my studio. It used to be Luna's, but she's currently staying at the Pearson Residence."

Eric nodded. "I never expected that our chance encounter would lead to you becoming a sanctuary in my.

heart."

He didn't want to go back home, and he feared that someone might notice something if he went to the company. So, staying at Abigail's place was the right choice.

"If any rumors arise, we'll just have to endure them." She smiled at him.

Despite the troubles, Eric was grateful that she didn't blame him and instead provided him with solace.

As he enjoyed the dessert, he continued, "I'm lucky to have you as a friend. It's a good thing I didn't relentlessly pursue you in the past, making you dislike me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have a place to go now and wouldn't find comfort in your words."

I'm glad you consider me a friend. It shows that you've also experienced heartache and gained deeper insight." Abigail leaned back on the couch, playfully joking.

He nodded. "Abigail, it would be great if you were a Pearson. We would have had over a decade of friendship."

However, his unintentional remark momentarily froze her smile.