

## Spare Wife 545

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No Advantage In Mate Selection

As Abigail strolled leisurely, she spoke in a casual tone. "Cameron has had a difficult time as well. He lost an eye for me. I would feel guilty if I didn't treat him well."

She relied on Cameron quite a bit and didn't usually burden him with much work. So, his monthly salary of 3,000 was practically a bonus.

Upon hearing her words, Sean glanced at her and asked, "Do you feel remorseful?"

"Of course. He's a handsome young man who needs to get married sooner or later. Without one eye, he'll lose the advantage in choosing a partner." She cared deeply about the eye Cameron had lost. As long as she was around, she would protect him.

"In that case, give him a raise. Xavien makes 300 thousand a month, and Cameron is really envious," Sean couldn't help but suggest. "They risk their lives to work for us, primarily for the sake of earning more money. But of course, over time, emotions also come into play."

"How much do you think is appropriate?" she asked.

"When he was with me, it was 75 thousand a month, equivalent to being at my beck and call 24/7, he answered. Otherwise, those bodyguards wouldn't have risked their lives to save him and Xavien.

I should give him a slightly lower amount so he won't have to risk his life when there's danger," she said in a gentle tone.

He smiled and didn't say anything else.

The two of them soon entered the museum.

There weren't many people in the museum, and everyone spoke in hushed tones, with some taking pictures.

Abigail stopped when she saw a beautiful piece of jewelry and read the description next to it.

At that moment, Sean took out his phone and snapped a picture. When he looked at her, he also took a picture of her.

"It's truly beautiful," she said to him after admiring it.

"Yeah." In fact, he hadn't paid much attention to the exhibit; he was focused on her.

As they continued walking, she saw a gemstone that caught her eye.

There were also glass goblets and various other exquisite artifacts, some of which she photographed, while others she simply admired.

After an hour, they had finished their tour.

When Abigail went to the restroom, she handed her bag to Sean.

Just as she left, her phone rang. He took it out and saw that it was a call from Capitalis with no caller ID. With a cold gaze, he stared at it.

After ringing for more than 20 seconds without being answered, the call came again.

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This time, he pressed the answer button but remained silent.

Maisy was the first to speak. "Where's Eric? Abigail, I was polite to you yesterday, but you didn't want to listen. Let me tell you-

"Who are you?" Sean interrupted her directly. Of course, he knew that this might be Eric's grandmother.

When Maisy heard a man's voice, she was momentarily stunned and then asked, "Who are you? Isn't this Abigail's phone?"

"I'm her assistant. She's on a business trip to Pendorf, and the person you're looking for isn't here. She came alone." He pretended to be polite.

"Oh..." This made Maisy feel quite embarrassed. "You really didn't see Eric with her? I'm talking about that famous star, Eric Davidson."

"No. Since he knows you're looking for him, how could he come to a place as close as Pendorf with Ms. Quinn?" He engaged in conversation with her.

Upon hearing his words, she sighed and said thank you before hanging up.

The moment Sean put down the phone and turned around, he saw Abigail looking at him.

"Call from the Davidson Family?" She didn't blame him for answering her phone.

"Yeah." He nodded.

As she took her bag, her expression turned cold. "Old Mrs. Davidson is really stubborn. Even after what happened to Eric, she's still claiming that the person who drugged him suffered even more. It's ridiculous! If he wasn't drugged in the first place, nothing would have happened."

"You're different from many people. Most of them, when they see a man being seduced by a woman, they'll just gloat and say he's lucky." Sean and Abigail walked away from the museum's restroom area together.

"I judge matters based on their merits, not based on gender," she said in a serious tone.

With a smile, he asked, "Eric must be touched, right?"

"How would I know?" She countered. It was difficult for an outsider to discern Eric's true feelings.

"If-

“Stop.” Immediately, she interrupted him, and under his innocent gaze, she took a deep breath and said, “You won’t experience what happened to Eric. Trust your team of bodyguards, okay?”

Confused, he blinked a few times. “I never even thought about such a thing. Who asked you such a question?”

“Cameron. As you know, he’s quite peculiar,” she said.

Hearing her answer, he silently clenched his fist. Who could do such a thing to someone like Cameron, with his level of combat skills? He’s so melodramatic in front of Abigail.

“I was trying to say that if Eric decides to take this matter to court, do you think Lily will be legally held accountable?” he asked her.

“I’m not sure about that.”

“It seems there’s no clear regulation right now, and there might not be any consequences if they sue.” Sean had also done some research over the past few days and hadn’t found many similar cases.

Frowning, Abigail asked. “So the Pearson Family might escape legal punishment?”

“This is not the only crime they have committed. Since Vincent is collaborating with the underground industry, he must have some illicit money he can’t launder. That’s why they want to involve the Davidson Family. Right now, they’re the ones in a hurry. As long as Eric prolongs the situation and doesn’t get married, it will work in our favor,” he explained slowly,

The truth would eventually come to light; it would just take time. As long as Eric could handle the pressure, there wouldn’t be any issues on Sean’s end.