

Spare Wife 551

[Chapter 551](#)

Abigail's Origins

Martha believed that no one had witnessed her actions, but Analise was deeply invested in the growth and prosperity of Quinn Village. This motivated her to ensure the safety of all the tourists visiting the village. She understood that any mishap could hinder the village's progress.

"I rescued Abigail, but due to the lack of oxygen to her brain, she completely forgot about the most traumatic moment of her life and her time with the Pearsons. She genuinely believed that I was her grandmother," Analise explained, gently holding Abigail's hand. "This poor child. My husband and I deliberately kept her past a secret, fearing that it would attract

trouble."

"If Josh hadn't searched for her, we would have left things as they were. Martha, it was you, wasn't it?" Analise suddenly turned to Vincent's wife.

"You're lying! I bet you're accusing me because you and your husband kidnapped the child!" Martha sharply retorted.

"It doesn't matter if you deny it. It's all in the past now. I only wanted to share what I witnessed," Analise replied, unfazed by Martha's refusal to admit her guilt. Martha held no significance to her or Abigail.

At that moment, Sean interjected, "Vincent, I'm surprised that you survived the incident at Golden Triangle."

"What are you implying?" Vincent retorted.

"How dare you, outsiders, defame my son?" Patricia exclaimed.

"Mom, you know me. I've always followed your guidance," Vincent innocently stated, looking at Patricia with pleading eyes.

"Martha Harper, did you commit this act or not?" Lawrence abruptly asked.

"Lawrence, why would I do such a thing? You've witnessed how much I love and cherish her." Martha promptly argued.

His eyes

turned icy cold. "Even now, you refuse to admit it. Do you know what I've been doing for the past few days? I've been investigating your actions! Why have all our previous inquiries yielded no results? It's because the person who lost Abby was one of us! We never suspected anyone within the family, so we always came up empty-handed!"

"Twenty-one years ago, my daughter was only four years old. You managed to deceive her into following you from kindergarten because you bear a striking resemblance to Scarlett," he continued, suppressing his fury throughout.

|||

1/3

Scarlett stared at her twin sister in disbelief.

“On that day, you took advantage of the fact that Scarlett had to discuss a project with the Quinns and used the private jet to bring Abby to Quinn Village, where you pushed her into the sea!” Lawrence declared. Over the past few days, he had meticulously examined Martha and Vincent’s travel records, focusing on the family-owned vehicles from that time.

“Why?” Scarlett exclaimed, her voice filled with disbelief as she looked at Martha. “You’re Abby’s aunt. She adored you! How could you do such a thing?”

“M-Maybe Lawrence is mistaken.” Martha sobbed.

However, Scarlett stepped forward and slapped Martha across the face. “All these years, Lawrence has aged prematurely from the stress of searching for Abby. Year after year, he delved into every case of child abduction he could find. He had to witness the torture and exploitation of those young girls, who were sold to impoverished rural villages and forced to bear children while still being children themselves. Those girls were mistreated and tormented by countless villagers. He lived in constant fear, unable to sleep. Do you think that’s fair to me or to the Pearsons?”

The force of the slap caused Martha to fall to the ground. Her eyes widened as she said, “I’m your younger sister, and you hit me!”

“Abby is my own flesh and blood! You watched us suffer and cry day after day for her! How could you bear to do that? How could you?” Scarlett screamed, grabbing Martha’s hair as if she had lost her sanity.

Martha’s eyes gradually turned cold. “I couldn’t bear to see you living a happy life. I loved Lawrence first. I worked so hard, only for you to steal him away from me. You’re just an accountant. What right do you have?”

Scarlett slapped her once again. “Just because I’m kinder than you! Is that enough justification? Let me make it clear: we are no longer sisters. I’m going to sue you!”

She then pushed Martha away and, with trembling fingers, pulled out her phone to call the police.

“Scarlett!” Patricia barked.

“Do you want me to spare them? No way. If it weren’t for Analise, my daughter would be dead! I will never let them go!” Scarlett shrieked.

Lawrence wrapped his arms around her, silently pressing his lips together.

The truth turned out to be completely different from what Abigail had anticipated.

Sean walked to her side and held her hand.

23

Scarlett, you’ve found your daughter. We need to consider the long-term implications Sean began.

"Mom, what is there to consider? Martha and Vincent want to harm my daughter because they want a marriage alliance with the Davidsons!" Lawrence interrupted.

"Dad's stroke came out of nowhere. Are we sure Vincent had nothing to do with it?" he continued.

The Pearsons were a family in turmoil.

Abigail had no idea what was happening.

"Lawrence, he's your younger brother," Patricia's eyes welled up with tears.

"I'm also his older brother. His wife pushed my daughter into the sea! How dare they?" Lawrence roared, his eyes also filled with anger.

"Vincent, did you know that Martha did this?" Patricia turned to Vincent.

Of course he does, Abigail thought to herself.

[Chapter 552](#)

Vomiting Blood

Vincent stared coldly at Patricia and replied, "Yes, I did."

There was nothing more to be said about it.

Lawrence released Scarlett and loosened his tie before delivering a vicious punch to Vincent.

"You heartless monster! You won't even spare a four-year-old girl! She's your niece! Are you even human? What have I ever done to you, you bastard?" Lawrence then kicked Vincent, causing him to crash to the ground.

As Lawrence reflected on the situation, he realized that Martha and Vincent were the ones who found Kelly. Kelly was also the one who relentlessly targeted Abigail, going to great lengths to harm his own daughter.

Tears streamed down Scarlett's cheeks. "What a cursed family. How did I end up with a sister like you? The one who hurt my daughter is actually my own sister!"

After crying out in anguish, she clutched her chest frantically, struggling to catch her breath. Her face quickly turned pale.

Sean hurried over to support her. As she continued to grip the fabric above her heart, her brows furrowed in pain. "It's my fault. It's all my fault..."

Before she could finish speaking, she expelled a large mouthful of blood.

Lawrence rushed over to embrace her. "Scarlett..."

She leaned into his arms, still crying. "It's my fault, Lawrence. I-I shouldn't have been so focused on my work. I allowed the witch to harm our Abby... It's my fault..."

Tears continued to roll down her cheeks.

Analise nudged Abigail.

Abigail reluctantly stepped forward to hold Scarlett's hand.

Scarlett looked at her, tears streaming down her face. "Abby, my daughter... I've missed you. I miss you so much that I can't sleep at all. My heart aches with fear. It's my fault. I didn't..... I didn't protect you..."

"The doctor is here," Josh announced.

Scarlett was placed on a stretcher. Even as her body trembled, she held tightly onto Abigail's hand.

|||

13

Abigail accompanied her into the hospital. Meanwhile, Lawrence anxiously said, "Abby's back, Scarlett. You have to stay strong. Don't leave us behind..."

Scarlett was wheeled into the operating theater.

Sean remained by Abigail's side the entire time, not uttering a word.

Patricia's mind went blank. She couldn't comprehend how her family had reached this point.

"Mom..." Lily called out to Martha.

Martha silently wrapped her arms around Lily.

Josh took out his phone to call the police when Patricia suddenly declared, "We will wait for your grandfather to wake up before taking any action. No one is allowed to do anything until then!"

"If you insist on siding with Vincent, I want nothing to do with you. Since you can love and favor your second son, I can choose my daughter over you. I won't forgive Martha and Vincent!" Lawrence's eyes were bloodshot. "They destroyed my family, and now my wife is sick! There will be no peace between us!"

"Abby is back. They also know what they did was wrong..."

"Who said that? If they knew they were wrong, they wouldn't have lied and claimed that Kelly was my sister!" Josh interjected.

"Josh, I'm talking to your father. Shut up!" Patricia snapped.

With anger in his eyes, Josh declared, "Abby is my sister. Our family is united. If you insist on helping my uncle, then we'll see you in court!"

"You rebellious child!" Patricia scolded.

"Abby, you and Analise must be exhausted. Go to the hotel for now. Once your grandfather wakes up, you can visit him if you want. I won't force you to see him." Lawrence was also exhausted.

He was overwhelmed with emotions and no longer wanted to argue with Patricia

Abigail silently pondered for a few moments. I'll wait a little longer

She then turned to Sean "Take Grandma to the hotel room so she can rest

"Aby, do you want me to stay here with you? Analise gently asked, holding Abigail's trembling hands

D

3

"It's fine. You're not like me. You're already exhausted from traveling. Go get some rest first." Abigail smiled in response.

"Sean, stay here and take care of her. Luna can take me to the hotel," Analise said, releasing Abigail's hands.

Abigail didn't object. She simply looked down and pressed her hands together.

Luna and Josh escorted Analise out of the hospital.

so, the

And so,

group waited for news outside the operating theater.

Finally, Cameron arrived. Sean looked at him and instructed, "Get your boss a cup of warm water."

Abigail had lost all warmth in her body.

Sean knew she was scared. She was terrified that Scarlett might not make it. Despite her previous animosity towards Scarlett, once the misunderstanding was cleared, she still considered Scarlett her mother. She might not feel love for her, but it was a fact that Scarlett had gone through a few tough years.

Cameron poured her a cup of warm, honeyed water.

Abigail wrapped her hands around the cup, her trembling intensifying.

"Sean..." she called out helplessly.

Sean quickly took the cup from her and enveloped her in a tight embrace.

Although her face appeared numb, her body had been shaking the entire time.

She didn't understand why this was happening. She had considered many possible outcomes. The worst-case scenario was that her parents didn't want her. Perhaps she was kidnapped when she was young....

However, she never imagined this possibility.

Her own aunt had plotted against her, pushing her into the ocean.

Her parents had suffered for over 20 years, enduring intense agony, while she had forgotten about the scariest moment of her life.

She nestled into his arms, finally unable to hold back the tears streaming down her face.

She didn't know why she was crying. All she knew was that she was in immense pain.

[Chapter 553](#)

Do You Still Like It?

Sobs reverberated through the air.

Abigail softly whimpered and whined like a bullied child.

Sean held her close and patted her back. "It's okay. I'm here."

Her wails came from deep within her soul.

The sight of her tears distressed Lawrence so much that he raised his hands to cover his forehead and face as tears streamed uncontrollably down his cheeks.

He did not know what he had done to make his beloved family members kidnap his precious daughter... They even wanted her dead!

Lynette ran over and hugged Lawrence. "Uncle, Abby is back. It'll be fine. Everything will be okay."

As she said that, she started crying as well.

Scarlett, who was finally wheeled out of the operating theater, was still unconscious.

Abigail and Sean stood up together. Her eyes were red.

"How is she?" Lawrence asked the doctor.

"One of her blood vessels ruptured due to her agitated state. She's fine now," the doctor replied.

Abigail couldn't help but sigh with relief.

Sean tightened his grip around her hand as he gave her a comforting look.

Meanwhile, Lawrence's legs went weak. He nearly collapsed.

Cameron caught him just in time. "Are you okay?"

"She's fine. She's fine..." Lawrence repeated.

Sean could tell that Patricia favored Vincent over Lawrence.

That was why even if Lawrence wanted to punish Vincent, he still had to seek permission from Patricia.

After thinking it through, Sean decided it was best to uncover everything Vincent had ever

1/4

done as soon as possible. Otherwise, the entire family would have to tolerate Vincent's presence.

Two hours later, Scarlett woke

1.

As soon as she woke up, she called for Abigail. "Abby! My daughter..."

Abigail swiftly stepped forward and slid her hand into Scarlett's.

Scarlett gradually calmed down when she felt Abigail's hand in hers. She stared at Abigail for a few long, silent moments before dazedly commenting, "You look so much like me. You're beautiful..."

She then placed Abigail's hand on her chest. "My Abby..."

She couldn't bear to let go of Abigail at all.

Abigail had no choice but to allow herself to be held.

Lawrence sat near them for a while before leaving the room.

When he returned, he had food in his arms.

"Here's your favorite drink from when you were young. I didn't like to let you drink this before. Do you still like it?" he asked, holding out a carton of milk to Abigail.

Abigail had always loved boxed milk. Analise would buy them for her as well.

"I would like it warm," she gently said.

"Okay. I'll heat it up for you." Lawrence then hurried away to fill up the thermal flask he had just bought with hot water.

Even as he rushed around the room, he still found the time to hand Sean a box of strawberries. "Have something to eat as well.

Thank you," Sean said, accepting the strawberries.

"It's nothing." Lawrence then turned to check if the milk was warm enough.

Scarlett soon fell asleep while still holding onto Abigail's hand.

"Lawrence," Sean suddenly called out while holding a strawberry.

Lawrence looked over from where he was standing near the kettle. "What is it?"

"Would you believe me if I say I saw Vincent at the Golden Triangle?" Sean asked.

“That couple’s hearts are as black as the void. It’s not surprising for them to appear there. You’re trying to say that he must surely own a few illegally acquired assets, right?” Lawrence’s hands trembled in fury as he said that.

“Yes. I estimate that he has been doing this for more than 20 years. I don’t understand, though. Is he that desperate for money?” Sean couldn’t think of any motivation for Vincent to dabble in illegally acquired assets.

“When a person is greedy, wealth or the lack of wealth has nothing to do with their actions,” Lawrence coldly replied.

After saying that, he hurriedly tested the warmth of the carton of milk. Once he was certain it was warm enough, he held it out to Abigail. He had even inserted the straw for her.

Abigail accepted the boxed milk and took a small sip.

Sean found it amusing as he had never seen her drink from milk cartons before. She actually asked Lawrence to warm one up for her.

“I suspect he wants to marry into the Davidsons because he needs connections for laundering,” Sean said.

Lawrence nodded. “That sounds like a reasonable guess. Do you need my help?”

money

“I’m helping you right now.” There was a lazy look in Sean’s eyes. After all, this all started because of a fight between Pearson family members. It was up to Lawrence how far he wanted to take this.

Lawrence gently nodded. Just as he was about to speak, Lynette ran in and whispered, “Grandpa is out. The surgery was a success.”

“I’m going to check on him, Abby. Rest here for now,” Lawrence said to Abigail with a doting and extremely careful voice.

Abigail hummed in response.

After Lawrence left the room, Sean walked over to Abigail with his box of strawberries. He then placed a strawberry on her lips.

“I have hands,” she said.

He raised an eyebrow. “You don’t have any hands free.”

“What do you mean?” She placed her carton of milk down and grabbed the strawberry from him before shoving it into her mouth.

He leaned over to look into her eyes. “What do you think of all this?”

"I don't know." All she felt was confusion.

When the fight was happening, she was overwhelmed by distress. Now that she had calmed down, she didn't feel strongly about the situation.

"It's okay. Sometimes, you just need time. Don't force yourself to accept what's happening. Slowly process it all," he said, patting her hand. "Now, little girl, what other types of milk do you want?"

"I'm not a kid! What's wrong with you?" she unhappily retorted.

[Chapter 554](#)

Is That All?

Sean chuckled softly as he sat down beside Abigail and gazed at Scarlett's sleeping face. He gently spoke, "When I was young, my parents passed away and my grandparents raised me. The year they died, I was struck by a grave illness that affected both my physical and mental health."

Abigail remained silent, gnawing at her straw.

"People say that men don't cry easily, but I couldn't help but sob my heart out every day," he confessed, having already forgotten the trauma of losing his parents.

He believed that he would never recover from the pain, but time proved to be cruel. Gradually, all the pain and sorrow he felt faded away.

She looked at him intently. "What happened next?"

"A month later, I didn't cry as often as before. A year later, I stopped crying altogether. Now, I have almost forgotten the agonizing pain I felt back then. At most, I just miss them," Sean replied, placing a strawberry in his mouth.

"Are

you telling me to cherish the present?" Abigail's eyes sparkled with clarity.

"Abigail." He spoke her name solemnly for the first time.

"Just get to the point. There's no need to be like this," she said, furrowing her brow.

He gently stroked her hair. "I find it strange. You've been away from them for over 20 years, yet time hasn't worn away their love for you. Is it because I am naturally cold-hearted? Is that why time can erode my love for my parents?"

She had no answer for him.

Indeed. Why?

However, she had heard someone compare a parent's love for their children to a one-way stream that rarely flowed in the opposite direction.

The elders she knew often used this analogy to describe the love parents felt for their children.

According to them, a parent's love for their children would always be greater than the children's love for them.

Abigail looked at Scarlett and wondered if that was true.

13

"Don't overthink it. I'm just expressing my confusion," Sean said, standing up.

"I'm not overthinking anything," she calmly stated.

It wasn't long before Lawrence returned.

"Dad's in the ICU, so it'll be a while before he wakes up," he informed Abigail.

She simply nodded.

Lawrence knew that asking her to accept the Pearsons now was too much and too soon, so he didn't say anything more about Old Mr. Pearson's condition.

"You haven't rested at all since you arrived here. Everything at the hospital has been taken care of now. Go rest. I'll have the family driver escort you-"

"I'll just stay in my office," Abigail interrupted him.

The Pearsons were still strangers to her. Moreover, Kelly might have lived in the room she would be assigned to.

"O-Okay." Lawrence felt disappointed.

She ignored him and left the room.

Sean waited for her to walk out the door before muttering to Lawrence, "You've endured over 20 years of agony. A few more days is nothing."

"You're right." Lawrence took a deep breath and suddenly felt uplifted. "She's already back. I have the rest of our lives to make up for our mistakes."

"Except for being overly protective of Kelly, nothing about the circumstances can be blamed on you," Sean stated.

He couldn't forgive Lawrence and Scarlett on Abigail's behalf. However, the pain they felt from being betrayed by the person they trusted the most would be greater than if it were done by anyone else. Still, Sean was satisfied with what the couple had done today.

"I'm glad she has you," Lawrence suddenly commented.

"Thank you." Sean's mood brightened. After bidding farewell to Lawrence, he left to catch up with Abigail.

Abigail waited outside the hospital for a long time. When Sean walked out of the hospital doors, she turned to look at him coldly.

|||

"What is it?" he asked as he approached her.

"Your attempt to win favor with them is very obvious," she calmly stated. "You already knew who I was when you agreed to the engagement with the Pearsons, didn't you?"

"Grandma told me your true identity a long time ago, but she didn't tell you because she was afraid of losing you. Secondly, she didn't trust the Pearsons. She was scared that you were pushed into the sea because they didn't want you. Maybe they wanted you dead because you are evidence of some dark secret. So, we buried the truth deep in our hearts," he explained slowly. "Of course, I had my own motives when I agreed to the engagement."

She scoffed coldly and sat in the car. She remained silent, her face frosty.

He sat beside her and looked at her profile. "Don't be angry. I did it because I didn't want to lose you.

"I'm tired." She closed her eyes.

There were so many things that those around her knew while she was kept in the dark.

Did they see her as impulsive and hasty?

Analise would rather trust Sean than her.

They had lived together for years. Even if she accepted the Pearsons as her family, she would. never abandon Analise.

Sean fell silent for a long moment before saying, "Grandma was too scared to tell you anything because she loves you too much. Her love made her cling to you so that no one else could take you away. Since she has chosen to speak up, it means she has also learned to let go. because she loves you."

"I understand." Naturally, she would never blame Analise for that.

Even if Analise didn't trust Abigail, it was only because her love for Abigail was deep enough. to make her overthink.

[Chapter 555](#)

Calling Your Name Again And Again

"She will always be my grandma," Abigail said softly as she gazed out the window. Analise had given her life, so she would forever be her grandmother.

Sean held her hand and said, "She's my grandma too."

Abigail pulled her hand away and said, "Don't think I don't know what you're up to when you pleased him today."

Sean blinked innocently and asked, "Please who?"

"Stop pretending." Abigail wished she could strangle him.

"I was just touched by what he and Madam Harper did. I'm willing to be friends with anyone who stands by your side," Sean said cleverly.

Abigail snorted. "Don't touch me without asking next time. The reason I leaned on you and cried today was because I feel sad, but that doesn't mean I've accepted you!"

"Should I work harder then?" Sean asked.

Abigail didn't answer him.

Back in L.Moon, she took a shower and went to rest. Sean lay on the couch in the office, pondering Abigail's words.

She said she hadn't accepted me yet. Does that mean I can court her now? Sean was thrilled by this thought and hugged the cushion beside him. As he slept with happiness in his heart, he had a dream about himself and Abigail being intimate. When he woke up, Analise was awkwardly covering him with a blanket.

"Old Mrs. Quinn," Sean said in a hoarse voice.

"You'd better not let Abigail see you like this," Analise, an experienced person, was only momentarily embarrassed before she smiled and left.

Sean sighed and covered himself with the cushion. Then, he turned to look at Abigail, who was working at the desk. "When did you wake up?"

"Not too long ago. Take a shower. We're taking Grandma out for dinner," Abigail replied without looking up.

He used to be a workaholic, but now it was Abigail who was a workaholic.

Sean hummed in acknowledgment.

13

Abigail noticed he wasn't moving and looked at him. "Hurry up. Why are you still sitting there?"

"I had a dream." Sean said as he stared at her with his deep gaze as if he was looking into her soul.

Since Abigail was once married to him, she immediately understood the hidden meaning of his words. In that split second, she blushed and lowered her head, pretending to be unaffected. "If you had a dream, then so be it. I know your situation. You don't have to be shy. Hurry up and take a shower."

"In my dream, I kept calling your name repeatedly," Sean continued.

"Shut up!" Abigail raised her voice as her face reddened. She blushed even more, looking cute.

Sean chuckled and stood up as he threw the blanket off. "You're right. There's no need to hide. since you've seen me in all sorts of situations."

Abigail accidentally saw something she shouldn't have and quickly looked away. "Pervert!"

“Only to you,” Sean replied before heading to the bathroom.

Half an hour later, Abigail heard Sean’s voice from the bathroom. “Ms. Quinn, there are no men’s clothes in the bathroom. What should I do? I don’t have anything to wear.”

Abigail took a deep breath as she realized there were no men’s belongings here since no men lived here. Then, she approached the bathroom door and said to Sean, “I’ll have Cameron. buy you some new clothes. Wait a moment.”

“Do

you have any new towels? I feel awkward standing in here,” Sean asked.

Fortunately, she did have some.

Abigail sent a message to Cameron while saying, “Hold on. I’ll bring you a towel.” She found a new towel in the cabinet. Luckily, it was large enough to cover him.

She arrived at the bathroom door and knocked. Sean opened the door without warning, and Abigail accidentally saw his full body, leaving her stunned.

“Since you’ve looked, you have to be responsible for me,” Sean teased her before taking the towel from her and closing the door.

Abigail gritted her teeth and said, “You showed yourself to me. I’m not responsible for anything!” Then, she turned away with a reddened face. As she sat back down in her chair, she took a deep breath, but she still couldn’t help her mind from wandering.

111

2/3

Sean still had a nice body. When they were still married, she often had thoughts about him. Back then, although they didn’t have feelings for each other, the intimacy was indeed top-notch.

“What are you thinking, Ms. Quinn?” Sean’s voice suddenly interrupted Abigail’s thoughts.

She glared at him and retorted, “Why do you care? Also, why did you call me all of a sudden?”

“It just came out naturally when I saw you sitting by the desk,” Sean replied as he sat on the couch with the towel wrapped around him.

Abigail looked at him and glanced at his abs before quickly shifting her gaze away.

Sean couldn’t help but smile at her shy behavior.

He said nothing, and Abigail tried her best to focus on her work. As she gradually calmed down, Sean said, “Ms. Quinn.”

Abigail instinctively looked up and saw Sean lying on the couch on his side, looking at her with his beautiful eyes. Her heart began to race, and her face turned red uncontrollably.

"What's the WiFi password here?" Sean's voice seemed intentionally seductive, making it all the more enticing.

[Chapter 556](#)

Sean's Quest For Wifi

Abigail pressed her hand against her racing heart, unable to handle the situation any longer. "Is this the only way you can get attention?" she asked, frustration evident in her voice.

"No, but I need to connect to your company's WiFi," Sean replied casually.

Abigail recited a series of numbers, trying to distract herself from Sean's distracting presence.

He's doing this on purpose, isn't he? Abigail thought, but Sean didn't make any further moves.

Once Sean successfully connected to the WiFi, he glanced at Abigail's flushed ear and smiled knowingly.

Meanwhile, Cameron walked alongside Analise, carrying Sean's clothes. The two of them had finished their meal and were now enjoying the vibrant neon lights of the street.

"I wonder when Mr. Graham will allow me to return," Cameron mumbled, savoring a lamb sausage that Analise held for him.

Analise fed Cameron with her left hand, while holding her own sausage in her right. "My teeth aren't in great shape. It's difficult to chew this sausage."

"Bring it closer, Grandma," Cameron said, stretching his neck towards Analise.

Analise looked at him affectionately and remarked, "You're such a glutton."

Cameron chuckled. "My real grandma passed away a long time ago. When I'm with fortunate to see how everyone admires us."

you,

I feel

Hearing his words, Analise looked at him with sympathy and asked, "Where are your parents?"

"My dad was an alcoholic, a gambler, and abusive. He drove my mom to the point where she couldn't bear it anymore and she tragically took her own life by jumping into a river," Cameron explained calmly.

Analise was taken aback. "I didn't mean to bring up such painful memories."

"Don't worry, Grandma. It's fine. Let me tell you something. After my mom's death, my dad started abusing me. We would have violent fights, using chairs and even kitchen knives. We would attack each other, terrifying the neighbors. At that time, nobody dared to mess with my family," Cameron shared.

Analise handed him the largest skewer and asked softly, "What happened next?"

"One day, while he was drunk, my dad stumbled into a pit in the village and died. I felt relieved when I heard the news," Cameron continued. Then, he sighed. "But less than a month after his death, my uncle's family took over our house. I became homeless and had to go to the city to find work. Unfortunately, nobody wanted to hire me because I was too young."

Analise felt tears welling up in her eyes as she listened. "You've had a difficult life."

Cameron smiled. "Many kids have had it tough. During that time, more than a dozen of us were kidnapped. Some had their legs broken, some had their hands cut off, and others had their eyes burned. Luckily, because my dad used to beat me so much, I learned to fight back, which saved me from losing my limbs."

"Stop, Cameron. I feel so sorry for you," Analise said, her eyes reddening.

"I'm sharing this so you can understand my past," Cameron said with a happy smile. "I envy Ms. Quinn for having such a wonderful grandma like you. If someone had found me back then, would I have been as lucky as her?"

Analise leaned closer and rested her head against his chest. "I can take care of you now. Just follow Abigail, and I'll protect you."

"Alright, Grandma!" Cameron replied, his smile brightening.

The duo continued their stroll, finishing their food as they walked. Analise listened attentively to Cameron's stories, learning about his time in the human trafficking

organization, enduring daily beatings and severe injuries. Yet, he fought relentlessly for his life, which terrified the human traffickers.

They thought I was a tough guy, so they wanted me to work for them. I pretended to submit, but then I reported them to the police and got them all arrested. That's how I ended up joining the military," Cameron explained, a sense of pride in his voice. "Later on, I became a special forces soldier. However, I retired after a few years due to my numerous injuries. Thankfully, Mr. Graham took me in."

Analise felt a deep sadness. After all, Cameron could have turned to a life of crime, but he chose to become a strong and honorable man.

"I'm also your family," Analise said, tears streaming down her face.

However, in that moment, Cameron suddenly said, "Did you find my story touching. Grandma? Seeing Analise's surprise, he burst into laughter. "I made it all up! I was just bored and felt like telling you a story.

"You rascal! How dare you trick me? Analise playfully raised the skewer as if she would hit

[Chapter 557](#)

Call Me Abigail

Cameron returned to Analise's side and took the shopping bags from her. He then exclaimed. in shock, "I almost had to pay for it. Thank God I reacted quickly!"

Analise patted her chest and said, "You and your nonsense. Stop causing trouble, and let's go back!"

The duo walked away.

The girl placed her phone against her chest and lowered her gaze to look at it. Then, she looked longingly at Cameron's figure. She felt a mix of happiness and sadness.

After returning to L.Moon, Analise sat on the couch and told Abigail about the incident while. Sean changed his clothes in Abigail's room. "Cameron was babbling, and he nearly broke someone's phone."

Although Abigail thought Cameron's story might not be entirely false, she didn't say it aloud. She glanced at Cameron before reassuring Analise, "Don't worry. It's not like I can't afford it."

"Do you think having money makes you invincible? Regardless of how much you have, thrift is a virtue!" Analise scolded Abigail sternly.

Abigail could only admit her mistake. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't be so extravagant."

"Oh, I'm getting tired easily now that I'm old. I'm going to bed now. Be safe when you and Sean go out to eat," Analise said as she massaged her shoulder and headed to her room.

"Alright. Rest well, Grandma," Abigail replied as she followed Analise into her room.

Once the door closed, Analise took Abigail's hand and said, "Be good to Cameron. Although he's always joking around and making others happy, he also needs someone to care for him."

I know, Cameron lost an eye for me, so I'll protect him for the rest of my life. He's like a brother to me," Abigail said. She knew Cameron wanted to be understood when he told Analise his past. She felt like Cameron was like a clown who always brought happiness to others while hiding his own sorrows.

"Cameron had a tough life. Hearing him talk about those things breaks my heart." Analise said as tears filled her eyes.

He no longer has to live a hard life now that he's with us Abigail hugged Analise

"Alright Analise said sulkily

Abigail came out of the room and saw Cameron playing a mobile game on the couch. She

111

13

walked over and sat next to him, looking at the game he was playing.

“What’s wrong?” Cameron noticed her and was about to stand up.

Abigail held him back and said, “Work for me from now on. You don’t need to go. Sean. How about I give you a monthly allowance of 15 thousand?”

back to

“Did Old Mrs. Quinn tell you about the story I made up? Don’t tell me you believe it and feel pity for me.”

“Cameron, do you treat me as a boss or a close friend?” Abigail asked him.

Looking at her sharp gaze, Cameron hesitated for a while before replying softly, “I know I don’t deserve it, but being with Old Mrs. Quinn reminds me of my grandma. She also loved making pasta and arancini. It was the happiest time during the few years I spent living with her. She was known as the ‘tough shovel lady.’”

At that moment, Abigail finally understood that the nickname had a special meaning. “My grandma is yours as well. You can call her Grandma.” Abigail smiled at him.

Cameron, sitting on the couch like a big dog, kept his head down for a while before whispering, “I never thought that one day, I would suddenly remember my grandma and miss her so much. I hadn’t thought about her in over a decade. Humans are strange

creatures.”

“It’s not strange at all. After all, she’s the person you loved the most,” Abigail said as she gently patted his head. “Don’t be sad.”

Cameron looked up at her and smiled happily. “Alright. Thanks, Abigail.”

“What’s with the address? Just call me Abigail.” Abigail joked.

“I wouldn’t dare. If Mr. Graham finds out about this, he would be furious,” Cameron said. Despite his words, he felt like the happiest person today. For several years after transitioning from a special forces soldier to an ordinary person, he didn’t know the purpose of living. When he saw someone recruiting bodyguards, a job where one could make a lot of money with their life at risk, he applied for it. He couldn’t find the meaning of life, so he was always ready to sacrifice his life for Sean. That was how he had spent the later part of his life.

“Didn’t you say that I come first while he comes second?” Abigail asked with a smile.

Cameron was taken aback. “Do you really believe that?”

“I’m a naive person,” Abigail replied with a grin.

When Sean walked out of her room, he looked at Cameron with a stern face. “Just say it if you want Abigail to be good to you, rather than playing the sympathy card by revealing your

backstory. You're getting more and more devious."

Cameron chuckled and replied, "Can I follow Abigail for the rest of my life, Sean?"

"At this age, you're not suitable to be with me either. Plus, you've lost one eye. I guess it's time for you to retire and enjoy life," Sean said honestly.

"Watch your words, Sean. Cameron is only in his thirties. Why do you make him sound so old and withered?" Abigail glared at Sean and defended Cameron.

money, but

However, Sean remained stern. "I'm being serious. I'm considering his well-being. Cameron's job is suitable for youngsters who are just starting out and want to earn a lot of they have to risk their lives. He's lucky that he's still alive. His grandma must be watching. over him."

Sean's words deeply touched Cameron.

Most of the time, people were in unfortunate circumstances. However, when happiness arrived, it came like waves crashing on the shore.

[Chapter 558](#)

Let's Be Together, Abigail

Sean approached Cameron and gazed at him. "Congratulations on being relieved of your duties. You are now free and no longer obligated to risk your life for anyone but yourself."

Abigail couldn't help but be moved by Sean's words as well.

For the first time, Cameron felt content that he was fired. He swallowed hard and knelt on one knee. "Thank you, Mr. Graham. I'm honored to have been with you all these years. I've discovered the true meaning of life, and I've learned that life is precious and worth cherishing."

Sean tousled his hair and said, "Indeed, Cameron. You should never have believed that life is meaningless. What you've accomplished is something we can only dream of achieving in a lifetime. Sacrificing yourself to combat human trafficking organizations and safeguarding our homeland's borders... These are all remarkable achievements. Your grandmother would be proud of you."

Cameron lowered his head, tears welling up in his eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Graham."

"Get up," Sean said gently.

Cameron rose to his feet and looked at Abigail, who was deeply touched. "Abigail."

Abigail was momentarily taken aback. Then, she chuckled and said, "Yes, Cameron. I'm going out to have dinner with Mr. Graham. Would you like to join us?"

"Sure. I'm not done having fun yet." Cameron loved going out and exploring. "Xavien isn't as fortunate as me. Clearly, I have boundless wealth and luxury when I'm with Abigail. You're like a treasure, Abigail."

"I appreciate that," Abigail responded with a hint of exasperation.

The three of them strolled down the street. Abigail and Sean had already made a restaurant reservation, and they brought Cameron along to the restaurant.

“Did you have dinner with Grandma?” Abigail inquired, glancing at Sean.

Sean gazed up at the restaurant’s ceiling lights. “These lights resemble raindrops. They’re quite beautiful.”

Taking a deep breath, Abigail replied, “This is a popular restaurant, so the design needs to be eye-catching to attract customers.”

After they were seated, Abigail asked Cameron, “Have you eaten enough with Grandma?”

O

1/3

“I could eat more,” Cameron replied. As a bodyguard, he had a hearty appetite, which contributed to his robust physical condition.

“In that case, feel free to order whatever you want,” Abigail warmly offered.

“Why don’t you ask me? Am I no longer important to you?” Sean couldn’t help but ask.

“Don’t you know if you’re hungry or full?” Abigail retorted. The reason she asked Cameron was that he had already eaten. Since Sean hadn’t eaten yet, she assumed he would be smart enough to place an order himself.

“I’m just feeling jealous,” Sean openly admitted to Abigail.

Feeling the gaze of other diners, Abigail subconsciously adjusted her mask and said, “Shut up, will you? Just order something!”

“Okay, Abigail,” Sean replied.

Abigail rolled her eyes.

As they were halfway through their meal, Cameron excused himself to go to the bathroom. At that moment, Sean leaned closer to Abigail and asked, “Are you satisfied with my physique today?”

Caught off guard, Abigail choked on her food and started coughing violently. She held a tissue over her mouth and kicked Sean under the table, furious at his choice of topic.

Rubbing his leg with a smile, Sean handed her a glass of water. “Drink some water, Abigail.”

Abigail coughed even more at his remark. Sean patted her back, and Abigail gradually regained her breath. She glared at him with teary eyes and said, “If you do this again, you don’t need to accompany me anymore!”

“Isn’t this how couples are supposed to be? Abigail, I want to experience a romantic relationship with you,” Sean sincerely expressed. He wasn’t someone who typically revealed his feelings, but he was straightforward with Abigail.

Hearing his words, Abigail almost choked again.

"I know you won't accept me that quickly, but I also hope for that too. I want to have a perfect relationship with you. Perfect to the point where you won't regret marrying me every day after we remarry," Sean softly said. When Abigail mentioned regretting marrying him before, it felt like his heart was being torn apart. Therefore, if he had the chance to pursue her again, he was determined to make it perfect.

Sean's words made Abigail blush, and she pushed him away before quickly taking a sip of water.

2/3

Just then, Cameron returned in a panic. He sat down and looked at Abigail and Sean.

"What happened?" Abigail asked him.

"I went to the bathroom and accidentally ruined a girl's clothes. I have no idea how much they cost, but I hope it's not a limited edition piece," Cameron anxiously explained. He had been absent-minded for a moment and spilled a tray of drinks on a girl. She had already added him on WhatsApp and mentioned that she would ask him to pay for the cleaning cost.

"This restaurant isn't extremely high-end, so you should be fine. Besides, you still have us," Abigail reassured him. Even if it was expensive, it would be worth it for the countless favors he had done for her.

Cameron felt disheartened. "This is such an unlucky incident."

"Even after working with me for so long, you're still intimidated by a high-end brand? You're becoming more and more useless," Sean disdainfully remarked.

Cameron asked in a low voice, "It's because you fired me. That's why I'm so anxious."

"Then come back and continue serving me," Sean said with a cold expression. After all, he had disrupted their date night by coming over to interfere with his confession.

[Chapter 559](#)

Love At First Sight

Abigail wasn't having it. "Is it because I can't afford high-end clothing that you're anxious? In the end, my financial ability can't compare to Mr. Graham's, right?" She pretended to be disappointed.

Cameron hurriedly explained, "That's not what I meant!"

"Why are you so flustered then?" Abigail maintained a serious expression. "I'm Alana. If it comes down to it, I can simply make a piece for them that is much more expensive than a high-end outfit. Rest assured. Working for me has more potential than working for Sean."

Her competitive spirit left Sean sighing.

“Okay.” Cameron calmed down. However, he found today to be quite strange since he kept getting into trouble.

As they were chatting, a timid voice sounded. “Hello.”

All three pairs of eyes turned in her direction, and the girl was startled.

Abigail raised her hand and covered the lower half of her face. She was wearing a hoodie and felt that nobody would recognize her.

Cameron immediately asked her, “Have you changed your clothes?”

“Yes,” the girl replied, looking at him with uncontainable joy.

Looking at her reaction, Sean quickly understood the situation and thought Cameron was clueless.

“You don’t need to compensate me. The dress isn’t worth much. Getting it dry-cleaned only costs about thirty dollars,” the girl explained to Cameron. Her voice was soft and delicate.

Cameron sighed in relief and said, “Your dress looks nice. I thought it was an expensive one.”

“It’s not expensive at all. I just came to tell you that you don’t have to worry about it. It’s my fault for spilling the drink and not yours.” The girl spoke softly. Her eyes were filled with admiration for Cameron.

Abigail had figured out the situation by now and immediately said, “Cameron, see how nice she is. Since you guys had already exchanged numbers, you should hang out with her more to make amends for this mishap

“Sure, Cameron replied, still unaware.

1.3

The girl turned to Abigail while blushing. “My name is Isla Stevens. Thank you for your understanding.”

“He should be thanking you for your generosity. Are you dining here?” Abigail smiled at Isla.

Isla nodded. “Yes.”

“He’s Cameron Hopkins,” Abigail introduced Cameron to Isla and pulled a chair for her. “Let’s sit together and chat if you haven’t found a seat yet.”

Isla blushed and sat next to Abigail. She looked into her eyes and said, “You look a bit familiar.”

Abigail discreetly lowered her hand and gave Isla a look at her face before covering it again.

“Oh!” Isla’s eyes widened. “How lucky am I.”

Abigail smiled gently. “Let’s exchange numbers as well.” She quickly took out her phone.

Cameron was puzzled by how quickly girls formed a friendship.

Sean continued to eat, not engaging in the girls’ conversation.

Isla added Abigail on WhatsApp and was overjoyed. “I love your designs. I bou-love every high-end piece you’ve designed!

Her prompt change of direction was quite wise. Abigail knew that her family must be extremely well-off. After all, they were in Capitalis, and the popular restaurant they were dining at was usually only frequented by wealthy people.

“Thank you for your support,” Abigail said and thought Cameron was quite fortunate. After all, Isla appeared graceful and gentle, which meant she was raised with excellent manners. However, Abigail was curious whether Isla’s parents would be put off by Cameron having just one eye.

After finishing their meal, Abigail bid farewell to Isla, who stood in the restaurant and watched as they got into the car. Abigail waved her hand to bid her goodbye again before the car started moving. After Isla was out of sight, Abigail turned her attention to Sean, and they shared an understanding look.

Meanwhile, Cameron was engrossed in playing mobile games, feeling completely relaxed.

“Even though Isla didn’t blame you for the dress, you should still thank her properly on WhatsApp. I have a new clothing design here, and you can help me deliver it to her tomorrow,” Abigail said to Cameron.

Cameron paused his mobile game and looked at Abigail. “Are her clothes expensive? Was she

O

2/3

lying?” He was smart in this kind of aspect.

Abigail assured him. “It’s one of my designs, but that doesn’t matter. She’s one of my fans, and I give away a hundred pieces of new designs each season through Instagram. I’ll give her one this time.” The main reason was that she wanted to create opportunities for Cameron and Isla.

Cameron expressed his regret. “I need to be more careful next time.”

“Everyone makes mistakes from time to time. Now that you’re just a regular person, it’s quite normal to encounter such situations,” Sean said calmly.

Cameron felt that Sean was getting more and more considerate of others.

“Have you ever thought about getting married?” Abigail suddenly asked.

Still looking at his phone, Cameron replied, “Who would want someone like me? I don’t have a house, and I’ve spent most of my savings.”

“You’ve been with Sean for so many years, yet you don’t have much money?” Abigail was skeptical.

“He spent it all on online games,” Sean said.

Cameron was a passionate online gamer and even ran a business within the game. He truly enjoyed this pastime.

“I thought it was only young people who would pour tons of money into mobile games, driven by vanity. Cameron, how old are you?” Abigail couldn’t help but scold him.

[Chapter 560](#)

Love Lesson

Cameron huddled up and cautiously said, "I don't have a lot. But... I've saved around 140 million, which is earning interest."

Sean was astonished and blurted out, "You've earned nearly a billion by following me, Yet only have 140 million left? How could you spend so much money so quickly? If Isla is with you, her dowry could be emptied in no time. Even if she has a treasure trove of wealth, it wouldn't be enough to sustain your extravagant spending habits!"

you

Cameron looked at them with a pitiful expression. "I won't spend that much in the future. I also feel regretful about the amount I've spent."

"You need to control your spending somehow," Sean frowned. "And don't try to deceive yourself! Xavien has numerous assets under his name, just like you. He has been working under me for many years. As far as I know, he has only spent around 28 million." Xavien came from an ordinary family, and his parents had spent all their money on him over the years, hoping he would have a successful future. So, Xavien gradually learned how to manage his finances well. He was hardworking and ambitious. When he discovered that Sean wasn't an ordinary person, he took the initiative to learn more skills to be of use to him and earn more money. It also helped that Sean had never caught Xavien slacking off.

"Yes," Cameron replied.

Abigail couldn't help but sigh, "I wanted you to experience love and have fun dating. But even the best girls wouldn't dare to come near you after learning about your spending habits. What if you suddenly feel like buying something and use up all your emergency funds for the family?" She felt like he had picked up too many bad habits from his father.

"Abigail, do you actually want me to get married?" Cameron still longed for love, so he would be more than willing to be with someone if the right woman came into his life.

"You haven't exactly declared to the world that you will never get married, have you? Plus, you're not getting any younger. So, it's only natural that I would start thinking about your single relationship status," Abigail said. Besides, one never knew when Fate would bring them their life partner. Thus, she really wanted Cameron to try falling in love and starting a family.

"Is this what it feels like to have a family?" Cameron chuckled.

Compared to young people who opposed the idea of marriage, Cameron was glad that Abigail cared about his well-being. Since he had no family, he felt content knowing that no one had ever done these things for him.

Abigail gently knocked on his head and said, "Cameron, if you stop spending so much on games..."

"I actually didn't spend that much on games. I donated the money. You've also donated clothes to the mountain village before, right? I found it meaningful, so I've been donating funds for school construction ever since," said Cameron as he scratched his head. He told them he spent it all on games because he didn't want to be accused of having ill intentions.

Abigail was taken aback by his response. Judging from Sean's expression, he was surprised too.

"What do you think of Isla?" Abigail asked him enthusiastically.

Cameron pondered for a moment before bashfully looking at Abigail. "She looks so soft and gentle, like a little rabbit."

"I think she's great. Oh, I really want to set you two up," Abigail said bluntly. It was clear that Isla had a crush on him, which showed that Cameron possessed quite the charm!

"She looks very pretty. I don't think I'm worthy of her." Cameron could tell that she was a local girl from Capitalis. Frankly, he didn't even dare to raise his voice when talking to her.

"Nonsense. As long as you have a good character, that's not an issue!" Abigail stated resolutely.

"You've been with me for years, and your record is good. Why don't you think you're worthy?" Sean leaned back in the car seat and casually inquired.

"Contact her tomorrow, give her the dress, and have dinner with her. If you like her, go on regular dates and get to know her better. If you want to impress her, share the story you told Grandma with her. Girls are usually soft-hearted. Once she learns about your experiences, she's bound to be touched," Abigail said seriously.

Cameron couldn't help but feel a rising anticipation in his heart upon hearing Abigail's encouragement. "She's so beautiful, like a porcelain doll. Would she really like me?"

"Why don't you give it a try?" Abigail was excited.

Sean silently watched her. He wondered, why was she so happy meddling in someone else's love life? When would she turn her attention back to their own love life?

Cameron obediently nodded, clearly agreeing with whatever Abigail suggested.

"For now, give it a try. If it doesn't work out after getting to know each other, then there's no need to force yourself into a commitment like marriage. What's most important is that you like her. Don't rush into marriage just for the sake of it," Sean thoughtfully reminded.

"I understand." Cameron blushed. He didn't expect to enter a serious relationship when coming to Capitalis. Cameron had a little garden in his heart, and flowers were blooming because of his future romance. He thought about Isla and suddenly remembered when her phone was knocked out of her hand. She had looked at him like a startled little rabbit with

|||

O

9/3

her big doe

eyes.

Abigail watched the goofy smile on his face deepen and found it amusing.

She wondered if this was how a clueless guy acted when they were in love.

Abigail returned to L.Moon while Sean and Cameron checked into a nearby hotel. Sean sent a message to Abigail while sitting in the car.

'Have a good night's rest. You should let Cameron handle his relationship himself. After all, not every love at first sight has a happy ending. Plus, he has never been in a relationship. before. So, he could easily fall in love with any beautiful woman. It would be bad if he gets. scammed.

On the other side, Abigail lay on her bed and replied to his message.

This is something he has to learn by himself.

As Sean read Abigail's text, he realized that she was right. Love had always been a concept he struggled to comprehend. However, now that he had personally experienced it, he was gradually beginning to grasp its true meaning.