

Spare Wife 91

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She Might Escape

For the first time, Abigail barged into Sean's bedroom without care. She stood at the doorway, her eyes glistening with tears.

Sean was already displeased with her over the case of Victor. Before she could say anything, he mocked, "You came all the way here crying so I wouldn't send him away?"

Abigail didn't want to argue with him. "Grandma fell. I need to take a break to see her." She was only worried about her grandmother at the moment.

Sean stopped mocking her, and he stood up. "Go out. I'll be there in a moment."

Abigail thought he would threaten her with her work, but it went smoother than she expected.

The night was approaching. Abigail came out of the hotel, pacing around the doorway in a hurry. A moment later, Sean's car slowly came out of the parking lot. When the car stopped before her, Abigail felt her heart calming down a little.

Right after she took the seat beside Sean, he asked, "Do you know what happened to your grandmother?"

Abigail held her phone, her fingers trembling. "Julie said she's in the emergency room. I have no idea what happened to her."

Sean looked at her slender fingers, and he held her hand. "She's not as young as she used to be, and her bones are brittle. Tell her to stay at home at night if possible."

Abigail's fingers were numb from the cold, but the moment he held her hand, slivers of warmth swam into her and encased her chilly heart. She looked at Sean. There was exhaustion in his eyes, and he was staring ahead. The lines on his face were tough.

Perhaps something in her had changed, but Abigail thought he looked a bit softer that night, unlike his usual self. She had a lot to say, yet she could say nothing.

They came to the hospital a while later. Julie had gone into the ward with Analise. Sean took Abigail into the ward. Abigail felt much more relieved seeing that her grandmother was fine. She broke free of Sean's hand and lunged at Analise's bed. She held Analise's hand, and with worry, she asked, "Are you alright, Grandma?"

"Yeah. Just sprained my leg a little. Julie's a worrywart." Analise smiled lovingly.

Sean approached the bed and checked the medical history. It was just a sprain, and her bones were alright. He was relieved as well.

Analise could see that Sean was exhausted, and she waved at him. "Must've gotten in the way of your work, Sean. Sorry I had to trouble you even when you were working."

Sean held Analise's wrinkly hand. For once, he gently said, "It's alright."

Analise looked at him, and with concern, she said, "Look at you. So tired, but you still came all the way here. This is my fault. I'll go back once my leg is healed. You kids go back to work."

"Don't mention it," said Sean.

Abigail went to a corner and summoned Julie over, then she asked how this whole thing happened. Julie said that she was cleaning the kitchen, and Analise insisted on taking the trash out. She fell right after she left the house.

"Thanks. You go home and get some rest. I'll deal with things here." Abigail walked Julie to the door.

Analise had drifted to sleep while she was talking to Sean.

Abigail approached Sean and whispered, "You go home too. I can deal with this alone. She should be discharged tomorrow, and I'm coming back to the set after that."

Sean was exhausted. It took two hours just to drive all the way from the set to the hospital. It was nearly eleven, and he looked at Abigail coolly. "You're telling me to let Cameron drive while he's exhausted too?"

Abigail pursed her lips, but she said nothing. Sean clicked his tongue and held Abigail's hand. "Your grandmother's fine," he said softly, thinking that Abigail was still in shock. "We'll stay at the hospital for the night." Right after that, he called Cameron.

Abigail listened as he told Cameron to arrange a caretaker. She then realized he was trying to cheer her up a while ago.

They shared a bed that night, and Abigail thought things were a little cramped. The caretaker drew the curtains shut, cooping the little bed in a small space.

Abigail was resting her head on Sean's arm. Her heart was in a rut. When she was drifting to sleep, thebbe

Abigail was resting her head on Sean's arm. Her heart was in a rut. When she was drifting to sleep, the phone on the nightstand vibrated, and it rang.

"Your phone!" Abigail urged Sean, worried it might disturb her grandmother, who was right beside them.

Sean was dead tired. He took his phone and tossed it to Abigail.

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It's Raining

"Take the call," Sean said groggily. He took a deep breath, and he still sounded nasal. He was obviously annoyed by the call.

Abigail noticed that it was from Joan. A moment of silence later, she said, "It's from Joan."

Sean's eyes snapped open, and he took the phone before answering the call. "What's wrong?"

"It's raining, Sean. I'm scared," said Joan, her voice breaking up. She sounded like a crying cat.

Abigail looked at Sean.

"I'm not at the hotel," said Sean, not as impatient as he was before.

Oh, so he's going to go to her if he's at the hotel? Annoyed, she stomped Sean's calf.

Sean gasped in pain and looked at Abigail coldly. Abigail blinked innocently.

"You went out?" Joan asked, surprised. She knew Abigail took a leave because her grandmother was hurt, but she didn't know when Abigail would return. That's a coincidence.

"Yes. It's personal. If you're scared, share a room with someone," said Sean patiently.

Abigail turned her back on Sean and slammed her head on his taut arm, and her head buzzed. Sean's arm got numb as well. He looked at Abigail and pulled back his arm, and then he held Abigail by the back of her collar. "It's late. Get some rest." Sean lost interest in talking to Joan. He hung up and tossed his phone aside.

Abigail was trying to pull her collar out of Sean's grasp. Sean held her and turned her around. "What were you doing? Venting your jealousy?"

"Oh, how would I dare?" said Abigail quietly. "It's late, and yet you still took the call. Grandma doesn't sleep deeply. You could've woken her up."

"So that's why you kicked me?" Sean's leg was still hurting.

"That was an accident. I just wanted to stretch my legs." Abigail wouldn't admit to it.

Sean sneered at her. "Do I look gullible to you?"

Just go back to sleep." Abigail closed her eyes.

Sean put his hand on her waist and slid it under her shirt.

Abigail tensed up. She said quietly, "Grandma's right beside us. Are you mad?"

"You said she's been wanting us to have kids. Sean looked at Abigail coolly. "She'll be happy to hear you're pregnant."

Abigail held his hand, and she blushed. "We can't do this."

Sean was pinching her waist. He huddled closer and said imposingly, "So, are you going to pull any tricks next time?"

Abigail was heating up. She struggled and answered, "No. No more."

The bed was small, to begin with, and it creaked when she struggled.

A nurse stood at the doorway. "Be quiet, you guys, even if you are family. The patient is sleeping."

Abigail leaned in Sean's embrace and didn't move an inch. Sean's arms were wrapped around her waist, and he held her gently, pinching her softly. "We'll be quieter."

The nurse closed the door, her face red. Abigail wanted to bite Sean. You can't say that. She smacked his hand away.

Sean said, "You're going at it again?"

"I am not going at anything." Abigail grabbed his hand.

Sean pulled her closer. "Go to sleep. Move anymore and you're falling to the ground."

Abigail leaned her cheek against his chest. She listened to his heartbeat and said nothing more. If it weren't for the fact he's too tired, he'd have gone back to the hotel after Joan called him.

The rain was getting heavier. Abigail was still immersed in her thoughts before she gradually drifted to sleep.

The next morning. Analise wanted to leave the hospital. She didn't have to stay over a little sprain, so Abigail went along with her wish.

Sean came back with breakfast, but Abigail had done the paperwork. Analise was seated on the edge of the bed, and she smiled at Sean. "If you're busy, Sean, you can get to work. I have Abigail with me here."

Sean looked at Analise warmly. "I'm here, so I might as well stay. What would you like for lunch, Analise? I'll whip something up for you."

Abigail looked surprised. She thought Sean would go back to the set after Analise was discharged.

After all, his sweetheart, Joan, was there.

Analise grinned happily, knowing that Sean wanted to have lunch together. "Oh, I can't let you cook. The maid's around. She can cook."

Sean placed the breakfast on the nightstand and unwrapped it. Abigail came to help. When she was going to take the soup, her hand touched Sean's.

Sean pushed her hand away. "Let me do it. It's hot."

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Nagging About Pregnancy

Abigail felt like she was just an extra.

Analise watched the young couple with a pleased smile. "You two aren't getting any younger. When are you going to have a child?" she suddenly asked Abigail and Sean during breakfast."

Abigail knew Sean hated being pressured about having a child, and she didn't want him to misunderstand. She quickly replied, "We're considering it. My health might not be the best, so I haven't conceived yet. We're trying, though."

Sean remained silent, his face tense.

Analise nodded gently. "A woman's chances of conceiving decrease after twenty-eight, and it gets even riskier after thirty. I'll find you a traditional doctor. You should try some herbal remedies."

In reality, Sean's grandmother had already tried all of this.

Every time Sean received medicine, he would discreetly dispose of it and not give it to Abigail.

Abigail nodded and muttered in agreement, but she couldn't help stealing glances at Sean.

After finishing breakfast, Sean drove Abigail and Analise back home.

Julie was already waiting for them at home.

Sean and Abigail helped the elderly woman into her room, with Julie following behind.

"Julie, please take care of my grandmother. I'm going out to buy some medicine for her foot injury, and I'll grab some groceries too." Abigail stood at the doorway, looking a bit anxious at Sean, who had gone out.

"Go ahead," Analise said, still smiling.

Abigail hurried out the door and saw Sean waiting for her at the staircase.

She approached him nervously, aware of how touchy he was about his grandmother's remarks on childbirth.

Ever since her grandmother had mentioned it, Sean had hardly said a word, only occasionally responding.

He was aware he was upset with her grandmother.

"Don't take her words to heart... Old people tend to be naggy... she tried to reassure him.

Sean impatiently cut her off. "Is it her being naggy, or you subtly hinting at something?"

Abigail looked up at Sean, a fleeting trace of pain in her eyes. Quickly, she replied in a cool tone, "Well then, let's go get our divorce papers now."

"Don't pick a fight with me right now," Sean said, his voice tense.

Abigail tightly clenched and then released the hand resting by her side. "Let's go. We should buy groceries first. I also need to get a bottle of medicine."

The medicine Victor had recommended to her was quite effective. Abigail planned to buy a bottle for her grandmother.

Sean joined her to go downstairs.

Once in the car, Sean's tone turned cold. "You should stay here and take care of your grandmother. She has trouble moving around, and she needs you to assist her."

"I'll take care of her, then I'll head back to the show. Don't meddle in my work," Abigail said, her frustration building up inside, her tone less accommodating.

"Abigail..."

"Don't concern yourself with my job. I'll handle things here with my grandmother on my own. If something like this happens again, I won't bother you. Is that clear?" Abigail cut off Sean.

She finished speaking and turned her head to look out of the window.

"You're quite bold, aren't you?" Sean looked at her in mild surprise.

"Stay out of my work," Abigail replied curtly.

"Do as you please," Sean said icily, falling silent.

After lunch, Sean busied himself in the kitchen while Abigail, due to Luna's persistent calls for help, stayed in her room, using her tablet to explain the design details to her.

As soon as she finished sending the drawings to Luna, there was a knock on the door.

Analise pushed the door open and saw Abigail stashing her tablet back into her bag. She looked disapproving. "You're hiding in your room, and you don't even think to help out Sean."

"Alright, I'll go take a look." Abigail zipped up her bag and stood up, heading to the kitchen with her head slightly lowered.

Sean was rolling up his sleeves and stir-frying some vegetables. Julie, seeing Abigail come in, smiled and used it as an excuse to escape. "I'll go keep your grandmother company."

Abigail just gave a small hum in acknowledgment and went to wash the vegetables.

Sean, amidst the haze of cooking fumes, stole a glance at Abigail. "After we eat, I'm heading back to the show. Take some time to consider my suggestion. If you think money is an issue, I'll wire you some."

"If you're leaving, then just leave. No need for the extra commentary," Abigail said, her tone a bit colder.

Sean looked at her for a moment, then suddenly asked, "Do you insist on having a child?"

Abigail didn't understand how his mind worked. She couldn't be bothered to respond.

"Cat got your tongue again?" Sean pressed.

Abigail tossed the vegetables into the sink and lifted her gaze to Sean. "Can you please focus on cooking? I've told you, don't doubt me. If you don't believe, don't start making wild guesses."

"Must we absolutely have a child?" Sean asked again.

Abigail was about to express herself when she noticed smoke rising from the pot. She immediately shouted, "It's burning!"

Sean hurriedly grabbed the pot and tried to salvage it.

A sudden burst of flame shot up toward the exhaust hood.

Abigail swiftly scooped up a basin of clams soaking in water and emptied it all into the pot.

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Full Preparation

Sean knew no matter how strong he was, he couldn't hold a pot that was almost filled with water with one hand. The pot tilted, and the water, clams, and greens fell onto the cooktop. The fire was put out. Sean's shirt, pants, and leather shoes were soiled by the grease and water. Clams and greens fell from the counter, and they clanged when they fell to the ground.

Abigail was holding the basin. She curled up a little as she retreated, staring at Sean in innocence.

and fear. Sean wanted to dunk the pot on her head. He glared at her. "Are you getting back at me?"

Abigail shook her head quickly. "I didn't mean it, I swear."

"You'd better not mean it, Abigail." Sean, for once, got angry, and the veins on his neck throbbed.

"What's wrong?" Julie held Analise, and they came to the kitchen.

Abigail quickly said, "Just a little accident. It's nothing. I'll clean it up."

Sean put the pot down. "I'll order delivery." He lost the mood to cook. In the first place, he only wanted to make something good to make Analise happy, and then this happened.

Noticing his bad mood, Analise shot Abigail a reproachful look. She quickly asked Julie to hold her up and follow Sean quickly. "Are you hurt, Sean? I'm sorry, Abigail's a klutz. She must've troubled you," said Analise carefully. Even though she was an elder, she got scared when she saw Sean looking gloomy.

Sean pulled a tissue and wiped his shirt dry. He looked at Analise and eased up. "I'm alright. We'll just get delivery for lunch, then, Analise."

"Sure. Julie will do it. She's familiar with this." Analise quickly smiled to ease things up.

Sean nodded. He looked at his greasy shirt and pants, and he felt like fainting from the discomfort.

Julie quickly huddled closer to Analise, and they ordered delivery.

Sean wiped the wet patches off his clothes and sniffed around. He then noticed the scent of gas hanging in the air. Sean tossed the tissue and came to the kitchen. Abigail was sweeping the clams and greens away. He quickly went inside and turned off the gas.

“I’m

sorry. I panicked a little when the fire got so high.” Abigail thought she had made a mountain out of a molehill, but at that moment, she was worried Sean might get scalded, so she picked up the basin and doused the fire.

Sean approached her and snatched the broom, and then he cleaned the place up silently. Abigail quickly cleaned the countertop. “We have your clothes in the closet. Why don’t you take a shower?”

“The more you talk, the more I wanna smack you,” said Sean coldly.

Abigail, shut up. They finished cleaning the kitchen, and Sean went into the bathroom to take a bath.

Analise and Julie finished making their order. Analise looked at Abigail, a little resigned. “He’s so nice to you. And you can cook too. What was with the kitchen disaster?”

Abigail said quietly, “Please don’t talk about that anymore, Grandma.” She clutched her hair, looking dejected. A while of chatting later, Abigail heard Sean calling for her, and she stood up. “I’ll be back in a bit.”

Analise waved her down. Abigail came into the room and locked the door. She slowly went to the bathroom and knocked on the door. “What’s wrong?”

“Get me some clothes and a towel,” said Sean matter-of-factly.

Abigail thought he must’ve left all the necessities outside on purpose. She grunted and searched the closet for Sean’s clothes. A while later, she took the clothes and towel and turned around. The first thing she saw was Sean standing behind her, and it shocked her.

“I didn’t hear you at all. I almost had a heart attack!” She glared at him as she tossed the clothes and towel into his hands.

Sean’s hair was wet, and water was trickling down his body. He tossed the clothes back to Abigail. “I am still wet. The clothes are wet too. Get me a new set.”

Since it was her mistake, Abigail searched for another set of clothes. Sean wiped himself dry and covered himself with the towel, then he sat on a chair and watched Abigail search for his clothes in the closet. Eventually, she found a matching set.

Abigail took the clothes over to him, then she held up a dark blue tie, asking, “Do you like this

color? I think it fits this set.”

Sean looked at the smoke–grey suit she got for him, and he nodded. “It’s alright.”

Abigail put it on the bed and gently said, “Get changed. I’ll be going now.”

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I’m Not Wearing, Then

Abigail’s cheeks burned, and her ears got red, but she pretended to be fine. “If you don’t like it, you can come out naked.”

Sean held her wrist and pulled her back to him. Caught by surprise, Abigail fell into his embrace. In her panic, she put her hand on a private part. She got as red as a cooked shrimp, and she struggled to break free of his grasp. “Wear something. It’s broad daylight. What are you trying to do?”

“You remember my size well.” Sean looked at Abigail. He was in a bad mood, but his mood got better after finding out Abigail had his clothes lying around in her house. She reserved a spot for him in her house.

Abigail thought he was talking about something more perverted, and she got so embarrassed she wanted to hide in a hole. Angrily, she looked at Sean. “So, are you wearing it or what?”

“Touch it more. It’ll leave a deeper impression. Makes buying clothes for me easier.” Sean smiled devilishly.

It was Abigail’s first time seeing him acting like that. A moment of stunned silence later, she broke free of his grasp and got up, after which she realized she had also taken off the towel that was

covering Sean. “You perv!” She hurled the towel at Sean.

Even though she’d seen his junk a lot of times, the impact of the sight still made her heart race. Sean stood up.

Amused, he said, “You call me a pervert when you’re the one who took my only piece of clothing away? You’re so unreasonable.”

“I wouldn’t have done that if you hadn’t pulled me. Just get dressed,” said Abigail angrily.

Sean said nothing, Julie then knocked on the door.

“If you’re changed, come back out. Delivery’s here.”

“Sure thing,” said Sean right away.

Julie smiled. She could hear that Sean was happy. Sean got dressed, but instead of leaving, he walked

up to the mirror in the room and checked himself out. The clothes fit him well, and the tie’s color matched enough.

They came out of the room. Analise looked at the dashing Sean, and she grinned. “You look handsome, Sean. I say you youngsters should wear something more pastel-colored. It’ll give you a gentler look.”

Sean loved black suits. The suits with lighter colors were dark blue at most, so he looked cold and uninviting a lot of times. The blue tie evened out his iciness, and the smoke-grey suit made his skin look even more like porcelain.

Sean smiled, but he said nothing. After lunch, he left. Abigail rubbed some salve on Analise’s ankle. She was going to go back to the production team, but Sean’s grandmother, Cornelie, called her and told her to meet her at a clinic. Abigail texted Sean to tell him about it before she went to the clinic.

She saw Cornelie pacing around the entrance the moment she showed up. Cornelie approached her and dragged her into the clinic. “I’ve been asking tons of traditional medicine doctors lately. Finally found an old doctor here. He’s famous.”

Abigail followed her. She felt a little depressed. Over the last three years, she’d taken all kinds of medicines and gone through different kinds of treatments, but Sean didn’t want to have anything to do with her. There was no use in having medicine if her husband didn’t want to do it with her.

She had no idea why, but she didn’t seem to be able to get pregnant. Before this, she thought it’d be great if she could get pregnant, but she changed her mind. She didn’t want to have anything that would bind her to Sean after the divorce, especially not a child.

Cornelie noticed the icy look on Abigail’s face, and she complained, “Look at you, looking so mournful. Of course, no kid’s going to pick you to be its mom.”

Abigail pursed her lips and smiled. “I’m just worried the meds might not work. I don’t want to let you down.”

“We’ll cross that bridge when it comes to it. Just let the doctor give you an acupuncture session. Maybe one of your meridians is blocked.” Cornelie took her to an office and knocked on the door.

A young voice said, “Come in.”

Abigail followed Cornelie in. She saw the doctor. He was in a coat, and he was young. She wondered if Cornelie got scammed.

The man looked gentle, and he was wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He did have the look of a pro.

Cornelie sat Abigail down before the doctor, and she complained, “Dr. Palmer, this is my grandson’s wife. She’s taken tons of meds and treatments, but she still can’t get pregnant.”

A weird feeling welled in Abigail’s heart. Palmer? Joan’s appearance had hurt her love life too much. Every time she heard Palmer, she would feel uneasy.

Dr. Palmer looked at Abigail and nodded at her. “Hi. I’ll check your pulse.”

Abigail didn’t trust this man, but since Cornelie was around, she had to play along, and she nodded.

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Revealing the Truth

After finishing the checkup, Dr. Palmer grinned at Cornelie. “Looks like there’s no major issue with your health. Have you been to the hospital for a checkup?”

Cornelie nodded and motioned for Abigail to speak up.

Abigail, a bit absent-minded, got a nudge from Cornelie and replied in a soft voice, “Yes, I went for a checkup and got an injection, but it didn’t work.”

“Let’s try acupuncture, and I’ll prescribe a few more medicines for you.” Dr. Palmer’s demeanor was gentle.

“Is it really that simple?” Cornelie started to doubt his competence.

Dr. Palmer spoke in a warm tone. “Based on the medical records you provided, there shouldn’t be any major issues with her health. How about having your grandson take a look instead?”

Cornelie’s face immediately contorted, her expression full of disbelief. “There’s absolutely nothing wrong with my grandson! He’s had regular checkups since he was a child, and we know all the results. There’s no way he could have any problems!”

Dr. Palmer just gave a faint smile.

“Go

get the treatment, and from now on, come in every two weeks. No matter what, we need to make sure you get pregnant!” Cornelie urged Abigail, her tone tinged with disdain.

Under Cornelie’s insistence, Abigail lay on the office examination bed.

As Dr. Palmer prepared to lift Abigail’s clothing, she suddenly placed her hand on his. “Is the acupuncture really necessary? I’m scared of pain.”

“What’s a little pain compared to giving birth later? You won’t be able to stand it then!” Cornelie scolded harshly.

She went on, muttering to herself, “It’s been three years and there’s been no sign of progress. You’re afraid of this and that. I really don’t know why the Grahams took you as a daughter-in-law. Just to cater to your every whim. Three years! Even a speeding bullet would have arrived by now.”

Abigail felt disheartened by her words and could only close her eyes in resignation.

The acupuncture stung a bit, but afterward, she didn’t feel much at all.

She left with fifteen types of medicine.

Later, Cornelie brought Abigail to the car. She gave her a stern warning. “You better take these medicines seriously. If they still don’t work, then get ready for a divorce from Sean!”

Abigail just gave a vague hum of acknowledgment and silently got into the car.

Once they pulled away, Abigail chuckled wryly at herself.

No need for her to push for a divorce. Given my situation with Sean, parting ways is just a matter of time.

Halfway to the hotel, Abigail tossed away all the medicine.

By the time she returned to the set, it was already 8.30PM in the evening.

Stepping out of the cab, Abigail felt a throbbing pain in her lower back and abdomen. She furrowed her brows, panting lightly as she supported her belly.

Could it be that the treatment is actually working?

Abigail moved slightly, and the pain in her abdomen was so intense that her vision darkened, causing her to collapse to the ground.

She took out her phone from her bag, intending to ask Luna to pick her up. Just then, Sean's call came in.

Abigail, sweating profusely from the pain, didn't have the luxury to think too much. She pressed the answer button. "Sean... I'm in pain..."

Sean, who had just finished his work, only noticed her message. He had originally wanted to ask her about the clinic.

"Where are you?" Sean immediately stood up, signaling for Cameron to quickly follow him.

Abigail was now gasping in pain. "At the entrance... of the hotel... It hurts so much, Sean, it hurts so much."

Sean rushed out of the room, trying to reassure Abigail. "I'm coming down right now. It's okay, it's okay."

As he spoke, he turned back to instruct Cameron, "Hurry and have the doctor on set wait in the first-floor guest room!"

When Sean found Abigail, she was in so much pain that she could hardly focus. Her body trembled violently, and her lips were pale.

Sean carried her tightly and rushed into the hotel.

Once in the guest room, he gently placed Abigail on the couch and angrily ordered the doctor, "Hurry, if you can't save her, I'll hold you responsible!"

The head doctor quickly examined Abigail's eyes and noticed her dilated pupils. He immediately

instructed others to start a full-body examination.

Sean paced back and forth for a while, then quickly pulled out his phone to call Cornelie.

As soon as the call connected, Sean stepped outside.

He restrained his anger, his jaw tight, and asked Cornelie, "Have you arrived home, Grandma?"

"Yes, I'm home... How did you know I was out?" Cornelie sounded a bit guilty.

Sean pinched the bridge of his nose. He suppressed his panic and questioned Cornelie, "When Abigail went to the clinic with you today, which doctor did she see? What's the doctor's name, and is he reliable?"

"Oh... About that, he's reliable. The doctor has a great reputation, and many people are waiting in line for him to administer fertility treatments. Abigail is definitely going to conceive this time!"

Cornelie spoke with excitement and anticipation.

Sean's eyes grew slightly red. He spoke with a deep voice. "Grandma, can we talk about the child later? Abigail is in trouble right now. Please give me the name and phone number of that doctor, and tell me the name of the clinic!"

"How is that possible? He's an authoritative traditional medicine practitioner! She's faking it because she can't have children, and she's afraid I'll make you divorce her!" Cornelie staunchly refused to admit that the person she found might be at fault.

"She's on the verge of losing her life, and you're still insisting on her having a child? Give me the contact information of that doctor." Sean's voice grew cold, firm and resolute.

"I think she's just pretending-" Cornelie tried to continue.

But Sean cut her off. "Grandma."

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Everyone Will Be Fine

Cornelie could only shrug and say, "Alright, alright. All I know is the last name is Palmer. I have no idea which Palmer it is. The contact information should be on the packaging of the medicine Abigail brought back. You should go check."

"You took her for acupuncture treatment without even knowing the doctor's name?" Sean's anger flared, and he hung up the phone after speaking.

Turning back to the hotel room, he found Abigail's bag. Aside from a tablet, an identification card,

and keys, there was no sign of any medicine.

Sean's expression turned exceptionally cold.

He sat back down beside Abigail and called Cornelie again.

When Cornelie answered, he calmly asked, "What's the name of the clinic?"

"It's called Great North Clinic. How is she? It's just an acupuncture treatment. Why is she being so delicate?" Cornelie muttered to herself, her words filled with discontent toward Abigail.

Sean gave an acknowledging grunt and hung up the phone again.

He held Abigail's hand and noticed it was icy cold.

It was fortunate that there was a traditional medicine practitioner here. After a thorough examination and identifying the problem, the doctor pressed a few acupoints to gradually stabilize

her condition.

"You can't randomly treat acupuncture points on the human body. Doing so could be fatal," the traditional medicine practitioner cautioned as he eased Abigail's pain by applying pressure to her acupoints.

"How is she now?" Sean asked in a subdued tone.

The practitioner replied in a gentle manner, "She's not in any major danger now."

Sean let out a sigh of relief. Abigail's danger had come suddenly, and her recovery was equally abrupt.

When Abigail woke up, she found herself in Sean's room. She was a bit groggy and tried to sit up.

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"Don't move. Lie down," Sean, sitting by the bedside, ordered sternly, keeping an eye on her.

Abigail gently touched her lower abdomen and found that the pain had subsided.

The excruciating pain at the time made her feel like she was experiencing a medical emergency, and it left her consciousness scattered.

"Do you remember what the person looked like? My grandmother said you got some medicine, but where is it?" Sean had already sent someone to inquire, but unfortunately, there were no results.

There was no such doctor with the last name Palmer with a traditional medicine background, and there was no such place as Great North Clinic.

Sean suspected it might be a business rival's doing.

"He looked very refined and wore glasses with gold rims... As for the medicine, I threw it away. If you don't want a child, then I don't want to take it," Abigail replied honestly. Her face was still pale, and her lips lacked color.

Abigail wondered if it had something to do with Joan; after all, they shared the same last name, Palmer.

But if she mentioned it to Sean, he would only think she was making baseless accusations against Joan.

With no evidence and only sharing a last name, how could the other person actually be from Joan's family?

Besides, Joan didn't even know that Abigail was Sean's wife. The suspicion seemed even more unfounded.

"When they suggested acupuncture, didn't you know to refuse? Allowing someone to randomly treat your acupoints like that... I swear, you really don't care about your life!" Sean couldn't help but be angry when he thought about how close she came to losing her life today.

Abigail felt a little aggrieved. "Your grandmother was right there. How could I refuse? She's not in good health, and I didn't want to upset her. You treat my grandmother well, so I comply with your grandmother's wishes. What's wrong with that?"

"If my grandmother suggested you go to the clinic, you could have just refused." Sean's voice was icy.

It was all her fault. It was her fault that she couldn't have children, and it was her fault for not refusing his grandmother!

Abigail was not only physically exhausted but also emotionally drained.

Seeing her about to get out of bed, Sean pushed her back. "Did I say you could get up? Lie back down!"

There were tears in Abigail's eyes, but she made a conscious effort to appear calm. "Sean, I don't want to see your face right now. Is that reason enough?"

"Do you

have no conscience? I saved you, and you're directing your grievances at me?" Sean was on the verge of being annoyed by Abigail's attitude.

Abigail pressed her lips together, saying nothing.

"If you didn't want a child yourself, would you have agreed to acupuncture?" Sean continued to question her, his gaze cold and piercing.

Abigail leaned back against the bed, her eyes devoid of any emotion. "Think what you want."

Sean covered her with the blanket, his tone harsh. "If you ever

go to the

and medication without my consent again, you'll see how I'll deal with you!"

hospital for acupuncture

Abigail snatched the blanket from his hands and covered her head.

Sean stood by the bed, grinding his back teeth.

As soon as he got onto the bed, Abigail kicked his shin.

“Abigail, you’ve really lost it!” Sean pulled back the covers, grabbed her by the collar, and turned her to face him.

Abigail’s eyes were red. She bit down hard on Sean’s wrist as he forced her to face him.

Sean hissed in pain but didn’t pull away.

After Abigail finished biting, she let out a sigh, then rolled over, turning her back to Sean.

[Chapter 98](#)

Never-Ending Saga

The two lay away from each other in silence.

Sean studied the teeth marks on his wrist, his brows knitted in frustration.

Abigail was filled with a multitude of grievances, but she had no outlet. She couldn’t blame

Before marrying Sean, she never imagined marriage would be like this.

There was no love, only bitterness that had to be swallowed deep down.

anyone.

After a few minutes, Sean, thinking Abigail had calmed down, tried to hold her, but he received another kick instead.

Fuming, he turned away from her. “Forget about sharing my bed in the future!”

“Who wants to share? As if I’m dying to,” she retorted coldly.

She just wanted to return to her own room. From now on, she’d avoid any intimate moments with Sean. She didn’t want him suspecting her of scheming to give birth to a Graham child.

During this time together, Sean discovered that Abigail could be quite fiery.

As the night grew darker, Abigail finally closed her eyes, exhausted from a day of running around and enduring acupuncture.

Sean couldn’t sleep. He kept thinking, who could be behind this plot against Abigail?

Abigail’s social circle was small. It shouldn’t have escalated to this even if she’d offended someone.

The only possibility was that someone was aware of his marriage, and they targeted Abigail through his grandmother, who was eager for a child.

His marriage was in secret, so it seemed the perpetrator knew about his hidden marriage.

The whole hotel seemed asleep, with only Joan sitting by the window, occasionally checking her phone.

Just when she was getting a bit impatient, her phone rang.

Joan immediately pressed the answer button. "Hey, what's the deal with you? What's going on?"

The voice on the other end sounded pleased. "Remember when you told me about that assistant using Sean's wife to one-up you? Well, today, Sean's wife is having a tough time."

Joy immediately lit up Joan's face. "What kind of tough time?"

"I've been digging for days and discovered Sean's wife is infertile. Sean's grandma has been searching for doctors everywhere. So, I took advantage of the situation and got a friend who studies traditional medicine to give her an acupuncture treatment. I bet she's in pain right now and wishing for death." The guy's voice was filled with a vindictive satisfaction.

At this news, Joan softly asked, "Is Sean's wife attractive? Any pictures?"

"No pictures, as his grandma had been hovering around the whole time, so I couldn't get a shot. But don't get too hung up on this. Remember why you're by his side." The guy's tone turned cold. "Joan, I've got your back if you're being wronged. But you've got to step up too."

"Got it. Thank you," Joan cooed sweetly.

After hanging up, Joan stretched her arms with a smile, light dancing in her eyes.

Although she didn't know who Sean's wife was, she couldn't help but feel gleeful at the thought of his wife getting a taste of her own medicine.

The next morning, Abigail discreetly slipped back into her room after making sure no one was watching.

She kept her health issue to herself without letting the set's medical team in on it.

In the morning, Luna was surprised when Abigail knocked on her door. "You're just taking one day off?"

"I only took one day off, and you acted like it's the end of the world. So, I'm coming back," Abigail replied with a grin.

Upon hearing this, Luna gave her a friendly pat on the shoulder. "Oh my, I was just worried we'd be found out. Come in, come in."

Abigail was pulled into the room by Luna.

"So, yesterday, Kevin had a private chat with Damian and Victor. He said all the people involved in the incident would be kicked out of the show. Can you guess what happened?" Luna had a look of eager anticipation on her face.

Abigail raised an eyebrow. "Spill it."

Luna laughed with a hint of mockery. “The people involved started pointing fingers at each other. The person buying the medicine claimed Damian asked him to buy it, while Damian tried to pin the blame on Nina. Of course, Nina vehemently denied everything. Now they’re launching another investigation.”

Abigail wasn’t surprised that Nina was involved. As long as Alana was out of the show, their chances of winning something would be significantly higher.

Seeing Abigail remain silent, Luna added, “Take some time in a few days to go out again. I’ve looked at a few houses, and the pictures the agent sent me seemed quite promising. I just haven’t confirmed which one it is, so you’ll have to go check them out in person.”

“Alright.” Abigail nodded.

Just as Luna was about to continue, Abigail’s phone rang.

She took out her phone and saw it was a call from Cornelie and signaled Luna to keep quiet.

Luna leaned in to sneak a peek at Abigail’s phone and immediately scowled in displeasure.

[Chapter 99](#)

Provocation

As soon as Abigail picked up the phone, she was met with Cornelie’s accusations.

“What on earth happened with you? I went through a lot of trouble to find a traditional medicine practitioner for you, and now, look at what you’ve done! Sean scolded me!” Cornelie’s voice seethed with anger.

“Grandma, Sean saw the situation yesterday. If you think I’m faking it, you can ask him to have the doctor explain it to you,” Abigail responded.

“Don’t give me excuses! I was trying to help you get pregnant. What did you do? You pulled some petty tricks behind my back! If you’re really incapable, just divorce Sean yourself!” Cornelie finished her rant and promptly hung up.

Abigail put down her phone and took a deep breath.

Luna, who had been listening nearby, was furious. Her face turned red, and her neck veins bulged. “What does she mean? She’s blaming you for not being able to have children? Who does she think Sean is? Who would want to have a child for him? Why is she scolding you?”

“I’m not even angry, so why are you?” Abigail calmly comforted Luna.

Luna clenched her teeth and muttered angrily, “The old woman is being completely unreasonable. She doesn’t even understand her own grandson! Dang it!”

Abigail quickly patted Luna’s back. “Calm down. Let’s go have breakfast.”

Luna held Abigail’s hand, still seething with anger, and demanded, “What happened yesterday

when you went out? What does she mean by ‘look at what you’ve done“?”

Abigail sighed. “It’s a bit complicated. Let’s talk about it after breakfast.”

“I’m too angry to eat,” Luna huffed.

In the dining hall, when Abigail saw Joan, she immediately thought of the medicine practitioner with the surname “Palmer” from yesterday.

Uncertain if the two were connected, Abigail sat beside Luna and handed her the cutlery.

Joan spotted Abigail and sweetly inquired, “How’s your leg? What were you up to yesterday?”

Due to Sean, Luna quickly redirected her anger toward Joan. “Are you two very close? Does Abigail have to report everything she does to you?”

The live camera quickly shifted toward them.

Abigail arranged the utensils for Luna and gently said, “Miss Smith, please have breakfast.”

Luna leaned back in her chair, gave a forced smile, glanced at the bewildered Joan, and then lowered her gaze to start eating breakfast.

Joan quickly wore a pitiful expression. She sniffled and said, “Luna, have I offended you?”

Luna acted as if she hadn’t heard and continued eating her breakfast, completely ignoring her.

The atmosphere grew awkward.

In the live chat, the viewers couldn’t help but speak up in support of Joan.

‘Alana is going too far. Treating her own fan like this, and it’s even on a show. She’s way too arrogant!’

‘Has Joan offended her? Or did they have a conflict that we don’t know about?’

‘Alana has a big reputation in the design industry, so it’s normal for her to look down on a model. like Joan, who rose to fame later. But she shouldn’t ignore the fact that Joan has Sean’s support. Could it be that her assistant failed to get close to Sean, so she’s venting her anger on Joan?’

‘We still don’t know why Alana dislikes Joan. Stop speculating! The show’s producers are professionals, right? You’re speculating too much with all this chatter! Joan clearly seems fake. She’s always sobbing and crying! So annoying!’

Luna’s mood was clearly off, and no one dared to provoke her.

After finishing their meal, Abigail returned to her room with Luna.

[Chapter 100](#)

Almost Revealed Everything

Abigail looked at Luna and nodded gently. “You’re right.”

"I think the whole situation is definitely related to Joan. Why else would they use that surname? It's clearly a provocation to you as the rightful wife," Luna continued her analysis.

Abigail remained silent, focusing on her embroidery.

Luna, holding a tablet, was busy with her own tasks. Suddenly, she put the tablet down.

"I just remembered, you went with Old Mrs. Graham yesterday, didn't you?" Luna asked Abigail urgently.

Abigail nodded. "Yes, she took me. She's been trying various folk remedies for my pregnancy."

Luna stared at Abigail intently. "Is there a possibility that Joan had someone approach Old Mrs. Graham and deliberately provoke you using her surname? She may not know you, but as long as it disgusts you, it would've served her purpose."

Abigail pondered for a moment and then nodded. "What you're saying makes sense. If she wanted to upset Sean's rightful wife, she definitely wouldn't approach someone close. After all, if Sean found out, it wouldn't end well."

"If Old Mrs. Graham wasn't constantly finding doctors to induce pregnancy for you, Joan wouldn't have had the opportunity to scheme against you. I bet the entire Grahams are against you!" Luna said with resentment. "Not only that, but if Sean finds out, he'll probably protect that homewrecker Joan!"

Abigail pursed her lips but didn't say anything.

With her head bowed, she quietly embroidered a rose, slowly digesting the bitterness in her heart.

She spoke gently. "Sean and I are really not suitable for each other. His grandmother doesn't believe me, and neither does he. It's clear they don't consider me family."

Luna, upon hearing this, felt a surge of bitterness fill her chest.

"So, I'm not as upset about what she said, because from now on, I have nothing to do with them," Abigail said softly.

She had spent these three years enduring grievances, and she still couldn't wake up. It was her own fault for letting Sean and Joan bully her.

"Yes, we need to look forward," Luna reassured.

After dinner, Kevin called Abigail into Luna's room.

"Victor and Damian both have to leave. It's Mr. Graham's decision," Kevin said with a feigned solemnity, but his eyes occasionally flitted between Abigail and Luna.

Abigail looked at him. "Why isn't Nina leaving?"

“Although Damian tried to frame her, there’s no evidence,” Kevin explained.

“If there’s no evidence, won’t they continue to investigate?” Luna insisted.

Kevin thought to himself that he was giving Luna a bit of leeway because Abigail was Sean’s wife.

He could only chuckle and reply, “There’s nothing to investigate. In a place this small, it’s all just hearsay. There are no surveillance cameras, so how can they investigate?”

“Didn’t they say anyone involved should leave? Why can Nina stay?” Abigail’s tone was cool and composed.

Kevin felt that her attitude had always been like this, but today, it gave him the impression of being interrogated under harsh questioning.

He scratched his head, a bit hesitant. “Nina has a good relationship with Joan’s agent, Sabrina. Joan pleaded with Mr. Graham for Nina’s sake, out of consideration for their agent–client relationship.”

Before Abigail could react, Luna coldly snorted and immediately started mocking, “So if Joan can save her with just a word, why bother investigating anything?”

Abigail looked at Kevin with icy detachment, her eyes devoid of any warmth. “So, with just a word from Joan, Nina gets to stay? And Sean agreed to this?”

“Yes...” Kevin was sweating, his scalp tingling.

“How interesting,” Abigail said, her lips curling with sarcasm. She stood up and calmly told Luna, “I’m going to change to a different place to stay. As I mentioned before, I won’t be taking any more leaves. I’m leaving the show directly, and I’ve already arranged to move.”

stepped forward to stop her “Abigail If you

“How interesting,” Abigail said, her lips curling with sarcasm. She stood up and calmly told Luna,

“I’m going to change to a different place to stay. As I mentioned before, I won’t be taking any more leaves. I’m leaving the show directly, and I’ve already arranged to move.”

Kevin saw the determination on her face and quickly stepped forward to stop her. “Abigail... If you say Victor has nothing to do with you, and you now leave the show, what will Mr. Graham think?

Your actions are just a slap in the face to him.”

Abigail looked at him with a cold smile. “As if he hasn’t done the same to me before, perhaps even more. Let go.”

Kevin quickly released her.

Abigail didn’t even look back; she just opened the door and walked out.

Even in her anger, she didn’t slam the door. She closed it gently.

Luna coolly began packing her things. “Tell me about the penalty for breaching the contract. I’ll pay it before I leave.”

“Uh, no, she’s just an assistant. If she leaves, she leaves. You can stay and continue with the design work. It has nothing to do with you, right? You’re making it sound like she’s Alana, and you’re just an assistant,” Kevin said, suddenly changing his tone and laughing carelessly.

Luna instantly calmed down, narrowly avoiding revealing everything.