

Spare Wife 121

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Taking Drastic Measures

After the livestream was cut off, Sean spoke, "Did it have to come to this?" He was addressing this question to Abigail.

She glanced at the others, and Kevin quickly said, "What are you all waiting for? Get out!" Meanwhile, Luna frowned disapprovingly, but he immediately forced a smile. "Miss Smith, I have some things I'd like to discuss with you privately. This whole incident has caused significant losses for our production team."

She gave a cold snort and carried her luggage before walking out.

The door closed, and Sean's expression turned cold and ruthless. "We're a couple. Why can't we discuss things properly?"

Abigail looked at him coldly and said, "That reminds me. From now on, we're only a couple in front of our grandparents, but in private, we're not. If you insist on defending Joan, we're done!"

"Are you negotiating with me? Let me tell you, L.Moon can't afford to pay the penalty for breach of contract," he said in a cold voice.

She smiled and replied, "Is that so? L.Moon just sold an award-winning piece. Plus, there's a photo of a top actress wearing our premium dress. We've already secured the next collaboration. The other party has already paid 80% of the deposit. Do you think L.Moon can't afford it?"

He clenched his teeth and sneered. "You've planned everything quite well."

"And it's all thanks to you. When our grandparents get better, we can go our separate ways," Abigail said as she turned to leave.

Sean grabbed her wrist and pulled her back. "You've completely disrupted my plans. Do you think I'll let you off so easily?"

"Sean, it was you who used despicable means to force Miss Smith into this program in the first place!" Her voice was icy.

"Was today's performance all your plan?" he questioned her.

She looked at him squarely. "Yes. Since I'm with L.Moon, I naturally have to contribute to our brand. You tried to suppress us by supporting Joan, so did you think I wouldn't retaliate?"

Sean looked at her with deep eyes and said, "I didn't realize you had such capabilities."

"People who can't manage themselves should be prepared to have their dignity torn off and trampled on by others," Abigail said before shaking off his grip and walking away.

She was determined that there would be no reconciliation in this matter. Originally, she had already given Joan an out as a respect for him, but a mistress who knew nothing and relied on her husband's support was causing all sorts of trouble. Did Joan think that Abigail could be trampled upon just because the latter had been holding back?

After Abigail and Luna left, Sean returned to his room and threw the files on the table to the ground. "Bring Joan to me!"

Cameron was so frightened that he quickly ran out and did not dare to delay for a second.

When Joan entered his room, she saw his icy expression, and tears immediately welled in her eyes. She took a step forward and called out softly. "Sean, I was wrong... I just couldn't stand you being so good to her."

"Is that your concern?" His eyes filled with anger.

At that, she was so scared that she could not speak, her throat tightening.

"You said you wanted to enter the entertainment industry, so I found a renowned designer to create clothes for you

and get you onto a TV show. Is this how you repay me?" he asked.

"I was wrong... Sean, I was wrong. I shouldn't have done so much." Joan cried and apologized, fear evident in her eyes.

Still, Sean's gaze was icy as he looked at her for a long time. "You've really crossed the line this time."

She sat on the floor, crying and pleading, "I admit my mistake, Sean. If you don't do it for my sake, do it for my brother's... Give me another chance. This will be the last, I swear!"

"The show will continue, but I don't care who designs for you anymore. Whether you can stand firm in the industry in the future is up to you," Sean expressed before walking out without looking back.

Kevin was waiting outside and asked, "Are you leaving too?"

"It just so happens that there's a lot of work at the company that needs to be handled. I'll head back and take care of it. As for the program, you can arrange it however you want," Sean said and left without another word.

Cameron quickly tidied up the files in the room while Kevin sighed. "In the end, I'm the victim."

Though, at least one thing went well. Sean now knew who Alana was.

In the meantime, the happiest person was undoubtedly Luna, who sat in the car while holding a tablet. "So, it's this effortless to break away from the production team! My goodness! The president of Star Media said he'd come to our studio today. Is this president reliable?"

“Of course, he is. Now, besides finding people we can trust for cooperation, who else can we go
We have to wait for the storm to pass before taking on other projects,” Abigail said, her eyes
displaying amusement. However, her mood was far from relaxed.
to?

“You’re so sleek by making all the preparations in advance. Otherwise, Joan might’ve fooled her way
through again today,” Luna said before letting out a sigh of relief.

Abigail’s eyes were cold. “Forget it. Diamonds are not something we can possess. Sometimes, being too
fixated on something can lead to even greater disappointment.”

By the time she had decided to take drastic measures, she had already come to terms with it.

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Preparations

Back at L.Moon, an assistant immediately approached to help Luna with her luggage, while Abigail
entered her office and gently instructed her assistant, “Remember to grind the coffee beans. We have
guests coming later.”

Luna followed Abigail to the couch, removed her sunglasses, and lay down.

Abigail sat at her desk. “Don’t just lounge around here. Organize your documents and go to the bank to
apply for a loan. Once we’re done with this busy period, we can go on vacation together.”

Luna shot up and ran her fingers through her short hair. She furrowed her brows and said, “He’s so
ruthless toward his wife just for a mistress.” After saying this, she felt uncomfortable in her heart.
Abigail and Sean, a married couple, were pushed to the brink of deception and manipulation due to
Joan’s actions.

Abigail did not respond but reminded her, “Arrange a meeting with the bank, but don’t sign the loan
contract immediately. If you qualify, tell them you’ll return in a few days to sign the mortgage. I’ll bring
something from home as collateral for you today.”

If Sean was going to target L.Moon because of Joan, they needed enough funds to operate. Once they
weathered this storm and Abigail completed the large project she was working on, they would have
enough to cover it.

“Okay.” Luna nodded. As she walked down to the parking lot wearing sunglasses, she saw a brand- new
Rolls–Royce Phantom pull into another parking space.

While Abigail was preparing in the meeting room, the assistant rushed in excitedly, her face full of
enthusiasm. “Three people have arrived, and the one in charge said his last name is Booker. There’s
also a director named Lewis Francis. Are they our guests?”

“Yes. Please let them in,” Abigail replied.

In a matter of moments, the glass door to the meeting room swung open again. A handsome man in a dark blue suit wearing a gentle smile walked in. He was followed by a slightly chubby middle-aged man, and behind them was a young man in a suit.

"Mr. Booker, long time no see," Abigail greeted Anthony Booker with a smile.

The man smiled while exuding an elegant charm. "Abby, you're still so formal. Just call me Anthony."

The man smiled while exuding an elegant charm. "Abby, you're still so formal. Just call me Anthony."

She smiled politely and gestured for them to sit down. "Please, have a seat." Then, she looked at the kindly man beside Anthony and said, "Nice to meet you, Director Lewis."

The four of them took their seats, and the assistant served each of them a cup of coffee.

After the meeting room door was closed, Abigail took the initiative to speak, "Director Lewis, we're truly sorry to have Mr. Booker trouble you. L.Moon will do its best to cooperate with your requirements and ensure that the costumes for the production team are of the highest quality."

Lewis sipped his coffee, which was at the perfect temperature, and said with a friendly smile, "Mr. Booker personally recommended you, so you must be an excellent designer. Besides, when we came, L.Moon was already trending on social media due to the trending news."

Abigail felt a bit embarrassed about the drama, which was a taboo within their circle. She had anticipated this and had, therefore, reached an agreement with Anthony in advance by using their previous friendship to secure the collaboration.

"You've seen the contract. If there are no issues, we can sign it now and proceed quickly," Anthony said while shifting the topic with a smile. His beautiful canthus, which was cocking-up, was filled with admiration.

She probably doesn't know how much praise is being heaped on her online. The part where she cut the dress was so cool!

An assistant challenging her boss who once protected her; it was like watching a TV drama, where netizens eagerly awaited the development.

During the contract signing, they did not notice that the assistant by the window had secretly taken a photo of Lewis and inadvertently captured Abigail and Anthony in the shot. Then, she sent the photo to her friends on her Facebook and suppressed her excitement as she ran away!

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I Won't Play House With You

After handling the mess in the production team, Kevin took a break and noticed that the assistant working at L.Moon had posted something on her Facebook. He thought it was related to L.Moon's announcements but was surprised to find a photo posted by the assistant when he clicked on it.

With a mischievous grin, he saved the photo to his gallery and quickly messaged Sean. 'I have a valuable picture. Add 1.5 million to the investment amount, and I'll send it to you.

Sean replied with a question mark.

This response irritated Kevin, so he sent a flurry of messages. 'While you two ran off, I had to clean up the mess. How dare you give me a question mark!'

Sean wrote, 'Just send the picture, and we'll discuss the price based on

1. it.

Kevin thought Sean was acting difficult and replied, 'I'll send it later; I have something to attend to.

He wanted to make Sean anxious, but Sean did not follow up.

Meanwhile, the renowned Director Lewis unexpectedly posted on social media in the afternoon, announcing the costume design team for his new drama to be handled by L.Moon Studio.

This decision was reached after discussions between Abigail, Anthony, and Lewis. They took advantage of L.Moon trending on social media and used it to promote their upcoming project. Even the official account of Star Media, which rarely posted, shared the announcement after L.Moon Studio did, and they specifically tagged Alana's Instagram account,

After giving instructions for the upcoming work to Luna, Abigail planned to go home to take care of her grandmother and prepare for her participation in the program. When she left L.Moon

program

Studio, she received a message from Anthony.

'Free tonight?

She pursed her lips, hesitated while looking at the message, and replied, 'Only if it's urgent. Otherwise, I have to look after my grandmother'

After she got in the car, he replied to her message, 'Director Lewis said he wants to discuss some details about the costumes with you. Since this is your first time designing costumes for a drama, he's concerned that there might be difficulties during the production.'"

Since it was work-related, Abigail could not refuse his request. When she returned home, Analise was already waiting by the door. As she exited the elevator, Analise immediately shouted into the house, "Abigail is back!"

Hearing Analise's voice and seeing her standing by the door with eagerness in her eyes, Abigail could not help but feel a warm sensation in her heart. She hurriedly approached her grandmother. "I'm back, Grandma." She grabbed Analise's hand, her eyes filled with joy.

Analise held onto her hand tightly, and her wrinkled face adorned an uncontrollable smile. "Welcome back." She held Abigail's hand as they entered the house together, closing the door and stating, "Sean also returned from his business trip today. I'm planning to prepare a hearty dinner with Julie. You should have a meal with him."

Just then, Abigail looked up and saw Sean sitting on the couch, gently pinching the garlic sprouts in a basket on the coffee table.

The smile in her eyes faded a bit. "I have something to do tonight. You guys go ahead and eat. I'll have dinner with you tomorrow, Grandma."

At that, Analise immediately patted her hand and said disapprovingly, "You've been away on a business trip for so long and separated from Sean for so many days. Yet, you're still busy with something! Can't whatever it is wait until tomorrow? You mustn't go. Have a good meal with him. and talk privately as a couple."

"Grandma, it's important. I must follow the boss' arrangements while I make a living under someone else's control."

Just as Abigail finished speaking, she heard Sean let out a cold snort. Analise's hearing was not sharp, so she did not catch it.

"Well, even if it's important, you should eat before you go. How can you be so fixated on work? Moreover, it's already evening and off-work hours," Analise chattered as she hunched her back and walked into the kitchen. "Julie, let's start cooking now. Let Abigail have a few bites before she goes to work."

Abigail listened to Analise's words and felt a pang of guilt in her heart. Although Analise complained, she still wanted to make Abigail happy.

After placing her bag in her room, Abigail returned to the living room and sat beside Sean to join him in preparing garlic shoots. The man remained silent, and so did the woman. They quietly sat together as each busied themselves.

Analise sensed something was amiss. At that moment, Abigail suddenly realized something and asked Sean, "Did your business trip go smoothly?"

"Didn't I report to you daily?" he replied nonchalantly.

His response left her momentarily speechless. She regretted bringing up the topic as she realized that he was probably planning how to make her apologize for the situation with Joan.

Analise did not want to meddle in the argument between the couple, so she went to the kitchen and considerately closed the door.

Sean remained silent, and Abigail did not say anything either. Finally, he broke the silence as he rubbed his fingers together. "You're pretty fast. Afraid I'll interfere with your plans for L.Moon?"

She replied calmly, "I don't want you to interfere like last time by pressuring others to back out of our contract."

He glanced at her silently.

"I'm going to your house tomorrow," she stated matter-of-factly.

He sneered. "I won't play house with you tomorrow. I've got work."

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I Want to Know Who He Is

Abigail could not be happier. She picked up a garlic shoot and started peeling it slowly, her speech slowing down as well. "Alright. You can focus on your work. I'll go home and visit Grandpa and Grandma for you."

"Why do you sound like you don't care if we have a fallout?" Sean frowned, looking displeased.

She put on an innocent expression. "Really? Wasn't I just trying to cover for both of us?"

He fell silent, his face cold.

When they started cooking, Analise complimented Sean on his skills in cooking fish and asked him to help prepare a dish. She also made Abigail come into the kitchen and assist.

As such, Abigail crouched by the trash can while peeling garlic. The two of them worked as if they were strangers.

Analise and Julie, who had been eavesdropping at the door for a while, had not heard any conversation from the kitchen. They exchanged a glance and slowly sat down on the couch. "They've surely been apart for too long. That's why they're arguing," Julie whispered in a hushed tone.

However, Analise had other thoughts. It's probably because of the child that they're facing criticism.

She let out a soft sigh. "If they had a child, they might not be arguing like this. This can't go on; do you have any suggestions?"

Julie smiled awkwardly. "Young people nowadays are reluctant to have children, and it's inappropriate for us to push them. If we pressure them too much, it might have the opposite effect."

Regarding the affairs of a family, Luna had advised against interfering.

After dinner, both Abigail and Sean served dishes to Analise, but they did not interact with each other. Finally, Analise could not sit still any longer. "Have you two argued? Sean, did Abigail do something wrong? If she did, I'll take it up with her."

He

put down his fork and knife and wore a gentle expression. "We didn't argue. I'm just tired from the business trip, so I don't feel like talking much."

At that, Analise looked at Abigail, who quickly picked up a piece of bean curd and offered it to her while wearing a warm smile. "Where did you get that idea? I even suggested that he stay over tonight." She looked at Sean with a playful expression. "Right?"

"Why weren't you two talking, then?" Analise still found it hard to believe their explanation.

Abigail explained, "I have something to attend to tonight, and I may've neglected him a bit, which is probably why he's upset. After I finish my business, I'll talk to him, okay?"

In Sean's mind, he thought that Abigail was just shifting the blame. His face remained calm as he replied, "I'm not angry. I'll wait for you to come back."

His calm and composed response left Abigail a little puzzled. Is he planning to settle the score later?

She and Luna had left without sorting out the arrangements for the program's follow-up. If Joan failed to make her debut smoothly, Sean would undoubtedly teach her and Luna a lesson.

After dinner, Abigail talked with Analise while they washed the dishes together. She discreetly bid Julie farewell and then left. However, the last thing she expected was to see Anthony and his car at the entrance of her building.

As soon as she stepped out of the elevator, she was surprised to see him leaning against his car.

"How did you find me?"

"I just asked around on Facebook." Anthony stood up straight. He was wearing a brick-red suit with a bright blue tie, which gave him a somewhat flamboyant appearance.

"You could've just told me the address instead of coming here," she said as she approached him.

He smiled and raised an eyebrow. "It's a duty of a senior to pick up a junior. Come on. Get in. Director Lewis is waiting for us."

She had studied design and met him during a competition in college, and he had been keeping an eye on her ever since. At times, he often provided her with guidance on her designs. Afterward, when she started the studio with Luna under the pseudonym Alana, he recognized her immediately based on her design style. Since then, they kept in touch privately.

He was talented but had to return home to inherit his family's business after graduation.

Sean turned and returned to Abigail's room. Suppressing his anger, he took out his phone and was about to contact Cameron to investigate the identity of the person she was working with when Kevin suddenly sent him a picture.

He opened it.

As he saw the content of the photo, he narrowed his eyes slightly. After zooming in, he saw the admiration and appreciation in Anthony's eyes as he looked at Abigail, who had a confident smile

as she interacted with Lewis.

Following that, Kevin sent a link to an Instagram post, which Sean clicked as he approached a nearby chair.

The post was about L.Moon Studio collaborating with Lewis on a new drama, and it garnered significant attention. Both Lewis' and L.Moon Studio's Instagram had comments numbering in the tens of thousands. However, what caught Sean's attention was that Star Media had mentioned L.Moon Studio in a separate post and specifically tagged Alana's Instagram account.

Then, he sent a message to Cameron on Instagram with a photo. 'Find out who this man is besides Director Lewis. I want to know his whereabouts immediately.'

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Face–Off

Sitting in the most famous rooftop restaurant in the bustling city of Pendorf, Abigail shared a brief conversation with Lewis about work. However, he quickly became engrossed in discussing the script with someone else and left her feeling somewhat redundant.

Anthony, sitting next to her, held two glasses of wine and handed one to her. "This one is called Passion Coast. Give it a try."

"It seems like Director Lewis doesn't have anything important to discuss with me right now. I think I should go home. If there's any work–related matter, you can talk to me during the day. My grandmother will worry if I don't go back soon," she said as she held the glass and smiled at Anthony.

He checked the diamond–studded watch on his wrist and raised an eyebrow. "It's only 8.30PM. I'll send you home at 9.30PM. How about that?"

She hesitated a bit. "I'm a marri–

"Mr. Booker!" An excited voice interrupted her.

Both turned their heads to see a middle–aged man approaching with a glass of wine, after which Abigail let out a sigh of exasperation.

Anthony leaned back in his chair, his tone somewhat lazy. "Mr. Townsend, you're dining here as well?"

“Yes. I just dropped by and didn’t expect to see you here,” Donovan Townsend said as he looked at Abigail and flashed a more ingratiating smile. “Is this your wife? She’s delicate and beautiful, like a white lily.”

Anthony chuckled and clinked his glass of liquor against Donovan’s glass. “Nah, Mr. Townsend, she’s my junior. Enjoy your meal; my treat for your table.”

Donovan politely accepted the offer and quickly left as though he wanted to give the couple some private space.

Anthony looked at Abigail with uncontained delight in his voice. “Don’t mind them, Abby. These people are just gossipy. Try the Passion Coast. I’m sure you’ll like it.”

Just as she was about to take a sip, a familiar voice sounded behind her. “Mr. Booker, it’s been a long time. How have you been?”

Anthony turned his head and saw a man exuding an icy aura. He smiled warmly. “Mr. Graham, long time no see. I’ve been well.”

Abigail instinctively glanced behind her.

Sean was dressed in a white suit with a black shirt and a gray–blue checkered tie. He stood in the dimly lit open–air restaurant and looked exceptionally outstanding. It was the first time she had seen him in a white suit, and it left her feeling somewhat dazed.

Sensing her gaze, he calmly fixed his eyes on her. “You’re out so late. Are you still socializing?”

Anthony knew Sean had a close relationship with Abigail, but he did not suspect anything beyond that. Sean’s casual question, however, made Anthony squint his eyes involuntarily.

“Yes, I’m socializing. Are you here to socialize as well?” Abigail pretended not to know him well. After all, Sean did not want anyone to know about their marriage, so she did not want to reveal how close they actually were.

“Abby, how about inviting Mr. Graham to join us for a chat? After all, there was some

unpleasantness during the program, and he didn’t hold you accountable for it. You should thank him properly,” Anthony suggested.

Sean’s gaze turned cold, but he maintained his composure. “My relationship with Miss Quinn on the show was extraordinary. Everyone with eyes could see that. Why would you think I would hold her accountable?”

Abigail felt a bit confused by their conversation. What are they doing?

Meanwhile, Lewis could sense the tension between the two powerful men as they lowered their voices.

Anthony nodded with a smile. “Yes. Abby has become more courageous. Just like what Mr. Townsend said earlier, she used to be delicate, like a white lily.”

Sean smiled somewhat inscrutably. "Is that so? If the production team has angered the gentle Miss Quinn, wouldn't it be necessary to apologize to her properly?"

Without giving Abigail a chance to speak, Anthony continued, "Speaking of which, your friend Joan hasn't apologized to Alana and L.Moon yet."

Unable to bear it any longer, Abigail politely told Anthony, "If we're not discussing work tonight, I should head home. My grandmother isn't feeling well, and since I finally wrapped up my work, I want to spend more time with her."

"I'll send you back." He offered immediately.

Sean watched Abigail intently, and she politely declined. "Thank you, but you've been drinking, and it's not suitable for you to drive. I can get a car myself. Anthony, I appreciate everything tonight. Let's have dinner together when we have time. Director Lewis is still here, so it wouldn't be appropriate for you to leave."

Anthony reluctantly agreed. "Alright, Abby. Be careful on your way home. Watch out for perverts."

Sean cast a faintly mocking glance at him as his lips curved with sarcasm. Me? Pfft.

Meanwhile, Abigail picked up her bag and left. Her graceful figure disappeared down the staircase before Sean turned to his seat. He took out his phone and sent her a message with a dark.

expression. 'Wait for me at the intersection near your home. I'll be down in a while. Abigail, if you don't show up, you know the consequences.'

When she saw his message, she knew he was angry. He could have fun outside, but the woman at home still had to remain pure for him.

[Chapter 126](#)

Don't Speak if You Don't Know How

A discreet Bugatti parked in front of Abigail, and she approached it with a cold expression. He welcomed her with a slit of the door, which she opened and then looked at him. "Aren't you going home?"

"Get in," Sean said impatiently in a chilly tone.

She bent down and got into the car. As soon as she closed the door, he grabbed her wrist. "What are you doing?" She was about to struggle.

His eyes contained a trace of anger as he stared at her. Even without speaking, his presence made her gradually quiet down. Inside the narrow compartment, the streetlights outside illuminated through the windows. The shadows and light on his face created a stark contrast, making his aura even more intimidating.

Abigail's heart tightened slightly. She looked at him as her lips pressed tightly.

Sensing that she was somewhat afraid of him, Sean relaxed his grip. "What were you discussing with them?"

"I don't need to report to you, do I?" She steadied her mind.

He reached out and placed his hand on the back of her neck, his entire palm touching her slender neck. Then, he forced her to lean closer to him. She saw the coldness in his deep eyes, and her body involuntarily trembled. "If I tell you, you'll deal with L.Moon, won't you?"

"If I wish to deal with L.Moon, you won't be able to afford to pay the breach of contract penalty. Understand?" He gripped her neck, his tone subtly exuding a heavy sense of oppression.

"Why are you so angry tonight?" Abigail asked while maintaining her composure. "I had a frank and open dinner with them, and you think I'm cheating on you?"

All of Sean's anger seemed to dissipate as he heard her words. He released her neck and instead pinched her chin. Then, he kissed her lips lightly. "You were drinking Passion Coast. Just the name itself makes people uncomfortable."

She pursed her lips and spoke calmly, "Is it my fault that the drink is named that way?"

His finger traced her chin. "Have you ever thought why Anthony gave you that drink?"

"Aren't you overthinking? We're business partners," she replied with a hint of displeasure.

He sneered. "Calling you 'Abby,' and him thinking of you as a white lily for years. Well... Maybe I'm overthinking it."

Abigail could not stand his sarcastic tone. She shook Sean's hand away and spoke coldly, "I'm not you. Don't use your moral standards to judge me."

"What moral standards of mine?" he immediately asked.

Leaning against the car seat, she looked out the window. "Have you explained the situation with Joan and the bag to the public yet? People are still shipping us as a couple. Handle your affairs. before worrying about mine."

"Me and Joan... like... think." His words were drowned out by the blaring horn outside.

She did not hear clearly, nor did she want to ask again.

The two of them suddenly fell silent, and Sean glanced at Abigail, who was looking out of the window. "Weren't we fine before?" he asked calmly.

Her heart felt a pang of sadness.

"Do you want children so badly? Can't you live without them?" He continued to inquire.

She felt her nose stinging as she turned to glare at him. "Can we stop talking about that? Have a kid, don't have a kid, do whatever you want. Plus, I don't want to bear your child either, presumptuous prick."

Seeing her eyes turning red, Sean immediately said sternly, "You're about to cry after just a few words."

"Stop talking, then. You're so chatty!" Abigail suppressed her pent-up anger. He had initiated this topic, yet he was now criticizing her.

By then, Sean realized that their marriage was indeed in trouble. Abigail did not want to be with him anymore.

He became irritated for no reason when he thought of Anthony. "Stop associating with Anthony."

He became irritated for no reason when he thought of Anthony. "Stop associating with Anthony."

She paid no attention to his words. Look at yourself before criticizing me.

When they returned home, Abigail changed into slippers and headed to the bedroom without looking back. Sean followed her into the room and heard her close and lock the bathroom door.

Just as he finished showering and was about to lie on the bed, she said, "I'll sleep on the couch."

"Do you want your grandma to ask the same questions tomorrow?" he asked impatiently.

Abigail thought he was annoyed with her pretense, so she reluctantly lay down with her back turned to him. As soon as she closed her eyes, an image of him in a white suit standing at the rooftop restaurant appeared in her mind. He radiated an exquisite charm that brought her back to

the innocent infatuation she felt when she first saw him.

Back then, she thought that if she could have this man, just seeing him standing there every day would make her feel incredibly happy. It turned out that humans could get greedy because having him was not enough; she wanted his love.

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by his hand resting on her waist. She reached out and held his hand, her emotions complex. In truth, she was unwilling to let go of the budding affection within her heart.

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The Unwanted One

Sean's lips traced her fair neck, and his hands began to wander. Abigail did not resist him.

Her body was heating up after she was kissed all over. When she looked at him, she asked with a trembling voice, "Why did you wear a white suit today?"

He did not answer her and kissed her lips.

When Abigail woke up the next morning, Sean had already left. She freshened up and headed to the living room, where she found Analise busy. Analise turned to her and asked, "Sean left early and didn't have breakfast. Did you upset him last night?"

"No. I'm going to visit his grandparents today. You don't need to prepare lunch for me," Abigail said as she walked toward the kitchen.

Analise nodded. As Abigail walked out of the kitchen holding breakfast, her grandmother added, "I made some pasta for you and Sean. I'll put them in the freezer. If you don't feel like cooking, just reheat them."

Just as Abigail sat at the dining table, she looked at Analise and asked, "Why? Are you going home?"

Analise nodded. "Yes. Living here is too restricting. I'm stuck at home all day and unable to do anything. I'm not used to it."

"After some time, I plan to buy a new house with a yard. You can plant flowers and greens in the yard," Abigail said anxiously.

"Why bother? My roots are in the village, and I can't live in the city," Analise said with a kind smile.

Abigail drank her soup. "Grandma, if you must go back, promise me you'll use the money to treat your diabetes every month. Don't try to save money on it."

"I'm not..." Analise replied in a low voice.

"If you follow your treatment regularly, your eyes won't go blind. The doctor said last time that if you keep this up, you'll lose your eyesight." Abigail expressed her worry and no longer kept it a secret.

At that moment, Analise fell silent.

The morning sun shone on Abigail, casting a gentle golden glow around her. She looked

exceptionally tender. "Grandma, if you promise me, I'll let you return. One day, if your eyesight deteriorates, I gotta return to your town to look after you."

"What nonsense are you on about... I'll get proper treatment, so you don't have to worry. Okay?"

Analise's voice carried a hint of sadness.

At the Graham Estate, Abigail brought some pasta made by Analise. Although she knew Cornelie would not care for them much, she still could not come empty-handed.

When Colby saw her, he put down what he was doing and asked in a friendly tone, "Didn't Sean

come with you?"

"He's even busier after returning from his business trip, so I'm here to help out," Abigail replied before changing her shoes and carrying a beautiful little basket.

When he saw the basket in her hand, he scolded her with a hint of displeasure, "You didn't have to!" Despite his words, he still called out, "Dahlia."

She immediately rushed out of the kitchen.

Abigail walked over to him and uttered softly, "The pasta is made by Grandma, and there's a box of tea, too."

A smile immediately appeared on Colby's face. "Did your grandmother visit you?"

"Yes, but she's leaving tomorrow. She can't stay in the city for long. She gets restless cooped up at home with nothing to do," Abigail said while chatting casually with him.

When they were chattering, Cornelie came downstairs. She was still upset about the last acupuncture incident, so she gave Abigail an annoyed look and said sarcastically, "What are you doing here? If you get hurt again, will you complain to Sean, too?"

"She came to visit you. Can't you appreciate it?" Colby immediately looked displeased.

"Didn't ask her to. I'd rather see my grandson instead!" Cornelie retorted.

Abigail pursed her lips as she felt uncomfortable.

Abigail pursed her lips as she felt uncomfortable.

Seeing her silence, Colby scolded Cornelie, "Do you think she gets to choose whether she can bear a child?"

"Oh, should Sean do it then? If he had the ability, would we even need her? I found a traditional medicine doctor for her. Not only is she infertile, but she even said I brought the doctor to harm her! Fine! Joan can easily do the job instead of her. If she can't bear a child, what's she doing in our family?" Cornelie felt more agitated and started speaking without restraint.

Colby suddenly slapped the coffee table. "Enough! What good is it for Joan to follow Sean without status or identity? I think you're blinded by jealousy and just babbling at this point!"

"Grandpa, Grandma, I didn't come to start an argument. I'll just grab something and leave." Abigail hurriedly stood up before heading upstairs.

The elderly couple used to be very harmonious, but in the two years since Sean got married, their arguments had become more frequent, mainly due to issues related to child-making.

Abigail had only taken a few steps when Cornelie clutched her chest and started moaning in pain.

“Dahlia, call Sean over... My chest hurts...”.

“Call the family doctor.” Colby immediately suppressed his anger and rushed to support her.

Cornelie was still worked up and pushed him away, crying, “You always side with her. With her around, there’s never peace at home!”

“You

go

ahead and take care of your business,” he said with frustration.

Abigail felt deeply upset. With that, she turned around and headed upstairs.

and a

[Chapter 128](#)

Abigail Doesn’t Care

After Abigail returned to her studio from the Graham Estate, she handed over a property deed to Luna before getting busy with her affairs.

Lewis was shooting a meticulous drama set in the period of the Western Roman Empire’s fall, so she needed to gather research materials. Since she did not have ready-made materials, she had to visit relevant academic institutions to consult history professors.

After spending most of the day with the old professor, she obtained plenty of information but still lacked research. Therefore, the professor advised her to go to the library and find more books to study in detail.

As she was leaving the school, she received a call from Sean. The moment she pressed the answer button, she heard his angry tone. “You rushed back and made Grandma ill just to mortgage the house I bought for you? You’re putting work above everything else!”

She immediately asked, “How is she?”

“Do you even care about her? You only care about your studio. Even when she’s experiencing heartache, you left immediately and went to the bank to mortgage the house.” He hung up the phone right after he said that.

Abigail stared at her phone, unable to react for a while.

The house he bought for her was halfway up the hill, and though it had been popular last year, it became deserted this year. The road to the city was long, and the residential area had been half-developed but stalled for a year due to unforeseen circumstances.

He did not know that the house was no longer suitable for living. Temporarily using it as collateral

at the bank was also to consider buying a new place for when Analise came over, making it convenient for her to stay.

However, Abigail did not want to explain any of these to him. She returned home with the materials and saw Analise in the living room, busy ironing clothes on the table. Watching the scene, she felt a warmth in her heart.

"You're early today. Are you hungry? I'll make you some pasta," Analise asked with concern, holding an electric iron.

Abigail shook her head and replied, "I have some work. Let's eat together in the evening. These clothes don't need ironing. You should rest, Grandma."

"You're never at home. If the clothes are left hanging, they'll get damp. They need some sun, so you won't get skin diseases when you wear them," Analise said with a smile, radiating happiness. "I've taken the blankets and quilts out to air them. Next time you need to change them, just do it directly. After I return, you must take good care of yourself and not forget to eat, no matter how busy you are." She continued to fuss.

"I know." At that moment, Abigail felt that the grievances she had suffered from Cornelie and Sean's sides had disappeared instantly.

After she went to her room and closed the door, she became even more determined that she had done the right thing. Only Grandma will love and care for me, and only she will care about the little things in my life. Even if she urged me to get married, she was different from Sean's grandmother. No matter

how much injustice I suffered, I will always be comforted by Grandma. So, since Sean and his grandmother can't become my family who support me emotionally, why should I bother trying to please them? I must work hard for Grandma to cure her illness and buy a good house. When she needs someone to look after her, I can bring her to my side for easy care.

As evening approached, she received a call from Kevin. "What's up?" she asked him calmly while researching.

In a soft voice, he asked, "Abigail, did you fight with Sean? Old Mrs. Graham is in the hospital. Why aren't you taking care of her?"

"How is she?" she asked instinctively.

"She seems fine, but Sean asked me to come over and take a look. Joan is here too, and she's having a great chat with Old Mrs. Graham. You're in trouble." He sounded anxious.

"Oh, is there anything else?" she asked him.

After a moment of hesitation, he asked her seriously, "Old Mrs. Graham said she found a traditional medicine doctor for you out of goodwill. Why didn't you explain the matter about your complaint to Sean?"

"You know, people only believe what they want to believe," she said indifferently, flipping through her materials.

"Alright, then. I'll talk to you later." He immediately understood her difficulties.

Not long after the call ended, Sean returned home. Analise had been peering out the door several times, and when she saw him return, she said with joy, "You're back. Come wash your hands and

[Chapter 129](#)

The Defeated Sean

Sean pressed his lips tightly together, his eyes locked onto Abigail. Impatiently, she looked at him. "If you've run the background check, bring that damn doctor to Grandma, and everything will be resolved."

"Grandma is in the hospital, and you didn't even go to see her. I called you, and it was all in vain," he replied.

As she stood up, she said in a cold voice, "Do you think she'd want to see me? Because of the doctor she found, I almost died. If you don't explain it to her, she will always hold on to the fact that I tattled to you and constantly go against me. Tell me, am I not wronged?" Without giving him a chance to speak, she continued, "You never address the conflicts in our family; you never try to resolve them. When something goes wrong, you blame me. What does it take for her to admit the doctor was the problem? My life?"

"Watch your words." He restrained his anger.

"Think about who started it. She's old, but that doesn't mean I must endure the harm she caused

1. You knew perfectly well regarding my situation, yet you came here to accuse me. Do you have the right?" After finishing her words, she sat down, forcefully opened a book, and continued to read.

Suddenly, he reached out to hold her hand. "Come with me to the hospital to see Grandma. I'll talk to her myself."

"You can go with Joan. I gotta make a living." She shrugged off his hand, showing no compassion whatsoever.

"Abigail-"

"Get out. I don't wanna put up with this. My grandma plans to leave, but I don't want her to. It's perfect timing that this came. She can stay to take care of me. Let me tell you, even if your grandma doesn't consider me family, I have one who genuinely cares about me," she said with teary eyes.

"In that case, I'll go to the hospital with your grandma." He turned and left.

"Are you out of your mind?" At once, Abigail stood up firmly, making the chair slide away from her and stop by the window, spinning.

Sean looked calmly at her. "Are you coming with me or not?"

She bit her lip, then suddenly slammed the pen on the table and turned to the wardrobe to get some clothes.

As they left the room, Analise watched them with caution.

"Grandma, I'm going out with him to take care of some matters. If you get hungry, go ahead and eat. I'll eat when I come back," Abigail told her.

At that, Analise nodded and softly advised, "You need to have a better temper and not always trigger people, understand?"

"I know," Abigail mumbled in response.

After getting into Sean's car, she seemed quite eager to witness the drama at the hospital. Before long, the car stopped at the downtown hospital. As soon as she got out of the car, he held her hand.

"Let's go."

She followed him obediently, her face expressionless.

When they were just a few steps away from Cornelie's ward, Sean suddenly heard Joan's high-pitched laughter. "Mr. Stewart, you're quite the comedian. You even made Grandma laugh."

Cornelie's laughter could also be heard from inside.

When Sean, holding Abigail's hand, appeared at the door, all three of them were stunned. Instantly, Kevin felt pins and needles on his scalp. He quickly put his legs down from where he had them

propped up and jumped up from the corner of the bed. "Why didn't you give me a heads-up before you came, Sean?"

As Sean walked in, he looked at Joan and spoke coldly, "Who told you to come?"

Abigail stood by the door, a hint of sarcasm on her lips.

Meanwhile, Cornelie put on a stern expression. "Why can't she? I asked her to. What about it?" As she said that, she looked at Abigail. "Why did you bring her here? I feel sick seeing her."

[Chapter 130](#)

See You Around

Sean looked at Cornelie, and after a while, he spoke gently, "Grandma, do you not care about me anymore?"

At his words, she immediately held his hand and looked at him with eyes full of affection. "I watched you grow up. How could I not care about you? I just wanted her to bear a child. Is it not for your good? Now that I'm still here, I can look after the child for you. When my health deteriorates, who will you rely on to raise the child?"

"Can we take it slow about the child matter?" He looked at her with a somewhat indifferent expression.

Hearing that, Abigail glanced at him, not understanding why he refused to have a child. However, she did not dwell on it. Even if he wanted a child now, it was none of her business.

"It's been three years. Isn't that slow enough?" Cornelie glared at him.

"In any case, she can't bear a child alone, so your pressure won't work." He was finally openly discussing the matter.

At that moment, she began to understand that her grandson was unwilling to have a child with Abigail. She looked at Abigail and quickly concluded that she was not favored by him. However, she also understood that he had never married her out of love.

"Let's have a heart-to-heart talk. You're always busy with work and rarely return. I don't have the chance to talk to you," she said gently, her eyes filled with affection.

Since their conversation had come to this point, Abigail turned around sensibly. Before Sean could say anything, he heard the sound of the door closing behind him.

As soon as she stepped out of the hospital room, she saw Kevin and Joan in the bright hospital corridor, one sitting on a chair and the other leaning against the wall.

Joan was filled with doubts, but Kevin was not telling her anything, even when she asked him. When she saw Abigail, she looked at her with curiosity, wondering what Kevin meant when he said they needed to discuss family matters.

On the other hand, Abigail stood by the wall with her arms crossed and lips pressed together, deep in thought about the secret conversation Cornelie would have with Sean. She had a vague idea of what it might be about.

"Abigail, what's your relationship with Sean?" Joan suddenly interrupted her thoughts.

"Have you apologized to L.Moon and Alana?" Abigail responded with a question unrelated to Joan's inquiry.

"Before that, shouldn't L.Moon pay the breach of contract fee to Mr. Stewart and Scan?" Joan retorted confidently as if she were also an investor in the program.

Hearing her response, Abigail could not help but sneer sarcastically, but she chose not to respond further.

“What’s your relationship with Sean?” Joan persisted, refusing to back down. Though she had her deductions, she still hoped to get a definite answer.

Abigail coldly retorted, “Who are you to me? Why should I tell you?”

As Joan looked at her, she put on an ambiguous smile. “I already know, even if you don’t tell me.”

Abigail furrowed her brows slightly.

Seeing they had finished arguing, Kevin could not help but speak up, “Miss Palmer, how about I take you out for a meal? You haven’t had dinner yet, have you?”

“I’m a model. I can’t eat dinner.” Joan did not want to leave. Sean is still in the ward. How can I leave for dinner alone?

After Abigail sat on the side, she took out her phone to check the documents she had collected.

With that, the corridor regained its silence.

In the ward, Cornelie held Sean’s hand and lowered her voice. “I know you’re not satisfied with this marriage. Originally, I thought having a child would be a way for the Quinns to repay us, but now, it feels more like we’re repaying them.”

“The child’s matter has nothing to do with her,” he reiterated.

“Answer me. How do you truly feel about Joan?” She stared at him, treating his words as if they were unheard.

Displeased, he frowned. “Don’t get any funny ideas, Grandma. The thing with Joan is not so simple, and I can’t tell you everything.”

Displeased, he frowned. “Don’t get any funny ideas, Grandma. The thing with Joan is not so simple, and I can’t tell you everything.”

After all, Joan was about to enter the entertainment industry, and if he were to reveal too much to anyone,

it would ruin her chances. What he could do for her was to fulfill her wishes and protect her secrets.

“Why can’t you tell me? Your vague kindness to her will make her fall for you.” Cornelie asked Joan earlier, and it was clear that Joan had an interest in him.

“It’s something she understands herself. There’s no need for me to say more,” he replied. “You haven’t had dinner yet, right? Let me order food from a restaurant and have them deliver it here.”

Since he was unwilling to reveal more, she reluctantly nodded. “I’m staying here tonight, but I’ll be

leaving early tomorrow morning. By the way, your grandpa is too biased toward Abigail.”

“Why can’t you do the same?” he asked instinctively.

At his question, Cornelia instantly felt unhappy. “Why should I? She’s not part of our family.”

“I don’t like how you put it,” he said with a slightly unhappy tone.

Annoyed, she let go of his hand. “If she bears a child, I’ll favor her. It’s been three years, much money has been spent, but where’s the child?”

and so

As the conversation returned to this topic, Sean began to feel an incoming headache. “Let me order some food for you,” he said, taking out his phone from his pocket and intending to have Cameron go to the restaurant personally. After he put down his phone, he looked at her with a slightly gentler expression. “Let’s wait for the food to arrive. I’ll leave after you finish eating, okay?”

Just as he finished speaking, he received a message on his phone.

‘Something came up. I’ll see you around.’