

Spare Wife 181

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She Finds Fault with Everything About Me

Joan learned that Sean had taken back the wedding dress designed by L.Moon, so she rushed back from the set in anger.

The maid, upon seeing her furious expression, quickly explained, "Mr. Graham said that you can ask for a wedding dress priced at around 1.5 million."

"Did

you

ask him why he took the wedding dress back?" Joan's facial expression turned grim, and her eyes reflected with overflowing rage.

"I wouldn't dare to ask Mr. Graham about his affairs, the maid replied while retreating to the side and shrinking her neck.

Joan forcefully pushed her aside and entered the dressing room directly.

Upon seeing that the exquisite wedding dress she had set her eyes on was gone, her eyes turned red.

She immediately fell in love with it, but why did Sean want it back?

She sat in the dressing room with a heart full of grievances. Then, she angrily tossed her bag to the ground and blinked her tear-filled eyes.

Could it be because of his wife?

Joan calmed down, and her face darkened. She picked up her bag and took out her phone.

In the bright dressing room, she dialed a number with an expressionless face.

"Sean took back the wedding dress he gave me..." As soon as the call was answered, Joan cried and told the other person. "I dare not call him. He doesn't care about my feelings at all."

"Kingston, can't we have all of his property? You've done so much for him. Why should his wife benefit?" Joan said resentfully.

After she finished venting, the man on the other end of the phone finally spoke. "Do you want to marry him?"

"Yes! Is that not allowed? As long as I marry him, we can have whatever we want. Besides, it's what he owes you!" Joan said with a self-righteous attitude.

Kingston fell silent.

"Kingston... I know he has done a lot for us, but I'm not satisfied... You sacrificed your freedom so that he could inherit the company safely. Without you, how could he be where he is today?" Joan became anxious.

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"Do you really want to marry Sean?" he asked gently.

"I can't make it on my own in the entertainment industry, and he doesn't care about me... I almost died, and I can only feel safe when he's by my side. Kingston, please help your only sister!" Joan pleaded coquettishly.

"I will talk to him, but the matter of marrying him is not that simple. I need to consider it. After all, he hasn't divorced yet." After saying this, he hung up the phone.

Joan held the phone and smiled at the corner of her lips. "I'd like to see who exactly Sean's wife is!"

Abigail sneezed.

She touched her nose and continued drawing on her tablet.

Even though she only had designs for Lexie's dress on hand, she was busier than ever before.

Lexie had been in the entertainment industry for many years, and as an award-winning actress, she naturally had a firm presence. To design for her, Abigail had to create a dress that would not only complement her but also stand out and capture attention.

This dress had cost Lexie 1.5 million.

It was the first time Abigail had received such a high design fee in her career, surpassing the 1.3 million Sean had paid for her personally designed wedding dress.

Even though the production company paid her a substantial amount, there were numerous costumes for all the actors, totaling over a thousand pieces.

Abigail had been working tirelessly for several days at the private embroidery studio, focusing on honing her craft. During that time, she received a call from her assistant.

"Miss Palmer came to the studio, saying she wants to order a wedding dress worth around 1.5 million. She mentioned that Mr. Graham would come to pay. I told her that Alana is not accepting orders until July, but she caused a scene in the studio."

After hearing her assistant's words, Abigail responded calmly. "Tell the security to escort her out."

A hint of disgust appeared in Abigail's eyes when she thought about it being related to Sean again.

The assistant hung up, and Abigail contemplated for a moment before deciding to call Sean.

When Sean received her call, he was about to feel happy, but his enthusiasm was quickly extinguished by her icy tone.

"Can you please control your little lover? She went to the L.Moon studio and caused a scene."

"What?" Sean's voice was filled with confusion.

"You can call her and ask her for yourself. If she keeps throwing her weight around at L.Moon, L.Moon will permanently blacklist her!" Abigail's voice was exceptionally cold.

Upon thinking that it was related to Sean again, Abigail felt a wave of disgust.

Whenever something involved Joan, Abigail's attitude toward him was as cold as a winter's day.

"I'll ask, but you better show a better attitude. It's not like I did it." Sean complained, unhappy about being accused by her.

"What's the difference between whether you did it or not? Without the confidence of you providing her with money, would she dare to show off at L.Moon?" Abigail taunted.

How dare he complain on his own behalf!

"It's

my

fault. I'll talk to her." Sean quickly conceded.

"You're only good at making excuses," Abigail said before hanging up the phone.

In their marriage, he had made excuses countless times, and even though he had sincerely apologized this time, she wouldn't take it seriously.

After receiving the call, Sean was filled with frustration. He threw his phone onto the desk and told Cameron. "She finds fault with everything about me now."

Cameron glanced at Sean in silence, unsure how to comment on the situation.

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hapter 182 Only When There's Good Feelings Will They Quarrel

Sean raised an eyebrow and glanced at him. "Say what you want to say."

Cameron interlocked his hands and placed them on his abdomen while replying cautiously, "Don't you think that you two seem like a married couple?"

Cameron's words instantly extinguished the anger that had been burning inside Sean. Sean tried to control the corners of his mouth, which were about to curl up, and asked Cameron, "Why do you have such thoughts?"

"She seems to be quarreling with you. Don't you think so?" Cameron asked Sean cautiously.

Sean fell into deep thought, but before that, he said to Cameron, "Continue."

"Only when the emotional bond between a couple deepens will they quarrel without reservation. Previously, Mrs. Graham never used to argue with you, probably because she still had some reservations about you," Cameron whispered.

"What you're saying makes sense. She used to be very obedient. Even if she suffered grievances, she wouldn't say a word," Sean mumbled unconsciously.

In his memories, his perception of Abigail had always been that she was very compliant.

He picked up his phone and called Joan.

The call was almost answered as soon as it connected.

Sean frowned. In a bitter voice, he said, "Why do you insist on having L.Moon design your wedding dress? You haven't even apologized to L.Moon, and you expect them to treat you as a customer?"

"Sean, I don't understand. W-Why did you take back the wedding dress you gave me?" Joan's voice trembled.

Sean's suspicions were confirmed.

Joan's visit to L.Moon seemed to be an attempt to make him call her and question her about the wedding dress.

However, he did owe her an explanation about the wedding dress.

"I have use for that wedding dress. You can request anything worth 1.5 million, except for that wedding dress," he almost unintentionally said in a milder tone.

"But I really like that wedding dress... Is it because Abigail also likes it, so I have to give it to her?"

Joan's voice was filled with sadness.

Sean held his phone and fell into silence for a moment. "No. It's for another reason."

Joan's voice quivered slightly.

"L.Moon won't design a wedding dress for you. You should be clear about this. Find another designer. Even if it costs more than 1.5 million, I'll pay for it," Sean said in a gentler tone to Joan.

"Sean, do you think I'm bothering you a lot now? Because of what happened on the show last time, you seem to like me less and less, don't you?" Joan cried.

"What kind of 'liking' are you referring to?" Sean asked in a calm voice.

Joan hesitated for a moment as if she hadn't expected Sean to care about this question.

She stammered in her response. "You've always been good to me. I thought that was liking. I can't explain it."

"I'm good to you. Does that mean I 'like' you as a person? You should be clear about why I'm good to you." Sean said calmly.

"Sean... Did my brother call you when I was in danger, and you became unhappy..." Joan started to speak hesitantly.

"Why do you think it's someone else's fault?" Sean interrupted her with impatience.

Joan's hand holding the phone trembled, and she couldn't say a word.

"I

still don't understand why you targeted Luna, planted a recording device in her room, and teamed up with others to go after her. She's your idol, after all." Sean's final sentence carried a very clear tone of sarcasm.

His words shook Joan, and tears welled up in her eyes.

"I'm sorry..." She apologized.

Joan thought this matter had been put behind them, but Sean had brought it up again.

"Everyone has moved on from the matter with you and L.Moon's studio, but you chose to trouble them," Sean said indifferently.

He had taken back the wedding dress, and if she wanted to question something, she could have called him directly.

Instead, she went to bother L.Moon, forced him to call her, and acted as if she had been wronged.

"It's my fault for not telling you about the wedding dress beforehand. All I can do is 'compensate you more. Choose a reputable designer, and I'll talk to them. What do you think?" Sean didn't speak too harshly, considering her brother's presence.

"Okay..." Joan still didn't dare to defy Sean.

"In the future, just call me directly if you have any issues. There's no need to go around in circles," Sean said before hanging up the phone.

Cameron retracted his gaze from Sean.

Sean put his phone down and said to Cameron, "Go see if there are any suitable variety shows for her to appear on. Find one and let me know."

He wanted Joan to gain fame as soon as possible so he wouldn't have to worry about her anymore.

After the incident on the set, no production team was willing to accept her, and because of her dirty tactics against L..Moon, everyone avoided her.

A good hand had been ruined by her.

Sean called Joan's brother.

"Hello." The person on the other end of the phone had a hoarse voice.

"What's wrong with your voice?" Sean still expressed concern.

"I didn't sleep well." The man's voice sounded hoarse, making it uncomfortable to listen to.

"I want to talk to you about Joan's situation." Sean decided to get straight to the point without asking further about the voice.

The man remained silent for a long time before asking, "What do you want to talk about? I heard you took back the wedding dress you gave her. Do you know how sad she is?"

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You're Slapping Her Face

"I will compensate her the most for this matter," Sean replied.

"Sean, have you always been like this? You don't understand at all what it feels like when something you love is replaced by something you dislike. You only care about your own feelings and don't care about how others might feel." The man's voice was filled with sarcasm.

"So, are you saying that Joan has always been like this?" Sean questioned him.

"What do you mean?" The man's tone suddenly became displeased.

Sean asked him coldly. "You know very well what I mean. Why hasn't she been willing to apologize to the people she caused trouble with on the show until now?"

"Is that her fault?" The man retorted. "You clearly knew that my sister liked you, but you intentionally flirted with another woman on the show. She posted on Instagram, and you deliberately embarrassed her."

Sean leaned back in his chair and asked him indifferently, "I never said she could flirt with me."

"When my sister opposed your marriage back then, why didn't you consider how she would feel? She's a girl too, and she can have feelings for someone. Is that her fault?" The man questioned sharply.

"Did your sister tell you about her first love?" Sean sneered.

"From what you're saying, you're disavowing her first love, aren't you? You promised me to treat her well just to use her, and once you're done, you can throw her away like trash. Sean, can you justify everything I've done for you?" the man asked with disappointment.

"Don't you know how I treat your sister? Do I need to use her?" Sean countered coldly.

Without Joan, he and Abigail wouldn't have reached this point.

For Joan's future, he never revealed everything, even if Abigail misunderstood him.

"Sean, my sister has told me that she's fallen for you a long time ago. This is all your fault. Aren't you going to take the responsibility?" The man's voice was icy and stubborn.

"Are you suggesting that I promised to take care of her and then made a mistake in taking care of her?" Sean's bitter voice carried a hint of sarcasm.

"Who is responsible for this situation? You know better than I do." The man hung up the phone directly after saying that.

Sean held his phone and squinted at the computer screen.

It seemed like there was no way to resolve this matter amicably.

Sean sent a message to Cameron, who was out on business. "There's no need to find variety shows for her."

When Cameron returned, Sean handed him a card. "Tell Joan that there is 4.5 million in this card. Her affairs are no longer my concern."

"Okay..." Cameron accepted the card without understanding the reason behind it.

Not long after this incident, Abigail received a gossip call from Luna.

"After Joan came and caused us trouble, Sean completely ignored her! How strange is that!" Luna's voice was filled with curiosity.

Abigail was a bit surprised. "How did you know?"

"Kevin told me... Ahem!" Luna said somewhat awkwardly.

You're on good terms with him." Abigail continued embroidering without stopping her movements.

"Ughh... That's because he didn't ask for too much in breach of contract fees. It's all part of the business. You know, we have to keep in touch." Luna firmly decided not to tell Abigail that she kept contact with Kevin, mainly for Abigail's sake.

After all, Abigail and Sean had not divorced yet, so when she couldn't find her, she could still ask Kevin for information.

"Mm... Do you know the reason?" Abigail asked in a soft voice.

"I don't know the reason, but it's a good thing for you, isn't it? Sean doesn't want to divorce, and it's complicated with Joan, which is off-putting. He's--"

"Are you suggesting that he's having a change of heart?" Abigail interrupted Luna.

Luna unintentionally became more serious. "Um... I respect all your decisions."

"Although I don't know the reason, I don't think he would easily abandon Joan like that," Abigail said calmly.

Based on her understanding of Sean, she felt that what happened between him and Joan seemed more like a temporary conflict

"Alas... I don't know what's so good about Joan. She's like a haunting spirit," Luna mumbled.

After hanging up the phone, Abigail lowered her gaze to the embroidery pattern she was working on, shook her head, and cleared her mind of all the cluttered thoughts.

In the evening, as she was leaving the embroidery studio, a person blocked her path.

The person wore a duckbill cap and a black mask. He was dressed in casual military green and exuded an unsettling aura.

"Who are you?" Abigail instinctively took a step back.

attire

"I heard you were looking for artisans for your boss, Alana, right?" the man asked Abigail while intentionally keeping his head down, as if afraid of being recognized.

"Yes." Abigail nodded.

She indeed needed artisans to help with some accessories for the clothes she was making, but the man's words didn't put her at ease.

"Come with me. Our boss wants to see you, the man said, then turned to walk away.

Abigail didn't follow him but returned to the embroidery studio instead.

She glanced at the man standing in the shadow under the tree through the glass door.

She couldn't see his expression clearly, but she couldn't shake off the feeling of uneasiness.

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Who Is Sean Graham's Wife?

Abigail sat in the shop and watched the man emerge from the shadows before he slowly walked away. Although she had initially planned to call the police, she chose to watch him for a long time inside the place. She breathed a sigh of relief only after she confirmed that he had left.

That said, she still did not dare to return to her place. What if the man was waiting for her there? She had no idea what his intentions were.

The studio was about to close, and she couldn't stay here indefinitely. So, she took out her phone and decided to report her situation to the police, and patiently waited at the entrance for them to arrive.

"It's best to have an emergency contact so that you can notify someone quickly if anything happens," the police officer, who was escorting her home, advised her.

Abigail quickly agreed and set Luna as her emergency contact.

"We'll inform you once we have the results," the same police officer told her.

"Thank you so much." Abigail said as she nodded gratefully.

Fortunately, there was surveillance footage at the studio's entrance. So, it should be easier to identify the person based on the footage.

After she took a shower, she intended to give Luna a ring and inform her about what had happened earlier. However, when she looked at her phone, she saw that she had received more than a dozen text messages.

She had a bad feeling about this, but she read the messages nonetheless.

'You know who Sean Graham's wife is, right? Send her picture to me, and I will never harass you anymore.'

'Where are you?'

‘Are you serious? Do you think you can evade me for the rest of your life?’

What followed these messages was a series of threats. So, while Abigail was about to reply to the messages, she planned to send his phone number to the police. Unfortunately, she discovered that his number was a virtual number, and it changed each time he sent a message.

“Who are you?” Abigail replied to the last text, to which the other party responded with yet a new line, I don’t mean any harm. Just tell me who Sean Graham’s wife is, and I’ll leave you alone. Otherwise, just you wait. There’s no use in reporting to the police.

Abigail did not understand what was going on. Why would she know who Sean’s wife was? Could the sender be someone associated with Joan?

She held her cell phone and fell into deep thought.

Abigail had initially suspected that Joan was the cause of all her troubles, but after contacting Joan, it was clear that Joan had no knowledge of her being Sean’s wife. So, the medical practitioner who claimed to have the last name of “Palmer” was not connected to Joan whatsoever.

With confusion and fear about who might be trying to harm her, Abigail called Sean, who promptly answered the phone. “Darling,” he said, his tone carrying a hint of relief.

She couldn’t help but wonder why he wasn’t exasperated about their previous encounter. “Someone asked me who your wife is and if you’ve offended someone,” she replied coldly.

He immediately became serious. “I’ll handle this matter. Where are you right now?”

“I’m at an embroidery store in Quisford.”

“Stay where you are, and don’t wander around. Wait for me to come. Got it?” There was a sense of urgency in his voice. Soon, sounds of clothes rustling could be heard at his end.

“Is the situation that grave?” she asked, her voice filled with concern.

Sean’s level of anxiety also caused Abigail to be involuntarily tense as well. “Listen to me.” he reassured her. “No matter what happens, I won’t let you suffer harm.”

Abigail felt there was no need for him to say these words because, after all, he posed the greatest threat to her safety. However, since it came to her own life, Abigail still responded with a simple “okay.”

“Send me your location,” Sean requested.

She replied with an “okay” again and shared her location with Sean after she hung up the phone. Still, did this mean he knew who was behind all of this?

Meanwhile, he was on his way to the airport and decided to call Joan’s brother. Although he repeatedly dialed the number, there was no answer at all.

Out of frustration, he gave Joan a ring, and she answered almost immediately.

“Sean, is there something wrong? You’re calling me at such a late hour,” she said.

Tell your brother that if he dares to harm anyone close to me, I'll sever all ties with him!" Sean warned.

"I don't know what you're talking about. My brother rarely contacts me—"

"Joan, you know well my feelings for you. Your family had better not cross the line!" He concluded coldly, hung up the phone, and tossed the device aside.

Abigail was extremely nervous and unable to sleep at all. When someone knocked on the door, her heart skipped a beat. She approached the door and was about to check who it was through the peephole when she heard Sean's voice from outside.

"It's me."

When she opened the door, she frowned and complained, "What the hell is wrong with you?"

Before she could say anything more, Sean stepped forward and embraced her. "Did the personally come to meet you?"

She gently shoved him aside. "Let's discuss this inside."

person

Sean had no choice but to release Abigail. After she closed the door behind them, she changed into a pair of flip-flops and said to him, "Today, a man wearing a duckbill cap came to see After I refused to follow him, he texted me, asking who your wife was and whether you knew that

person."

"Is there any surveillance footage?" He couldn't be sure whether it was Joan's brother based on such vague descriptions.

"The police have already requested it," Abigail replied.

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Helping You Get Dressed

Sean sat down on the couch and looked at Abigail standing next to him. "I'll stay here tonight and head over to the police station tomorrow morning. Until this is resolved, you need to stay vigilant."

"Who is it, exactly?" Abigail asked, her eyes cold as she looked down at him from her vantage point.

He held her hand and gently massaged it. "It's someone from my past, but I can't tell you."

She frowned and stared at him for a while before nodding. "I won't ask about that, but let me ask this. Why is it so difficult to locate the doctor from last time?"

"I can't find any traces of him. He did not leave any evidence," he replied truthfully. He had been investigating the matter but could not locate any leads. It was as if the said doctor never existed.

"Can I trust you?" Abigail asked as she looked into his eyes.

Sean tightened his grip on her hand. "Do I need to lie about something like this?"

Abigail moved to sit next to him. The doctor's last name is Palmer. Any thoughts?"

"Are

you suspecting it's related to Joan? I thought the same thing at first. Unfortunately, Joan has never known that you're my wife, which is rather contradictory," he said after he analyzed the situation with Abigail.

This contradiction left her puzzled.

"And this person who came to see you didn't know that you're my wife as well, so it might not be related to the doctor," he continued.

"I haven't offended anyone," Abigail confirmed.

"I'll handle this matter," Sean reassured her. "Focus on your work instead."

She stared into his eyes, genuinely curious about who was trying to locate her. "Sean, you've been keeping a lot from me. I want to know who's behind this."

"I can't tell you the details. I really hope you can understand," he said, reaching out to ruffle her hair.

She turned her head away and looked at him coldly. "If you want to keep it a secret, sure, but you don't expect me to understand."

Sean looked at her in silence for a while and nodded. "Alright, I shouldn't have said that you should understand."

"Since this matter is related to you, please handle it and ensure that it does not interfere with my work," Abigail mentioned, clearly unhappy.

She might have understood his reasons if he had been honest with her. Yet, he chose to keep everything a secret, which was something she couldn't comprehend.

"Have you taken a shower?" Sean asked Abigail.

"I've showered, but I don't have your clothes here. If you want to shower, you'd have to change into something else. I'll use the washing machine to wash your clothes, and you can wear them tomorrow," she told him.

He leaned in a bit closer and gently touched her cheek. "Can I wrap myself in your towel?"

"Sure, I brought two, anyway," Abigail replied, finishing her sentence as she went to grab one of her unused towels.

Sean entered the bathroom first before Abigail handed him the towel and prepared a set of clean clothes.

After he finished the shower, she sat on the bed, playing with her phone. He looked at her and smiled.

"What are you doing?"

"No condom," she replied indifferently, setting her phone aside and slipping under the covers.

He got into bed and gently hugged Abigail.

Her voice was low as she spoke, "It's been a while since you came home..."

She was silenced by the kiss on her earlobe, her body becoming pliant. She held onto the covers, making a sound of agreement without saying anything.

Sean's kisses rained down on her as he mumbled, "I won't let you get pregnant. Don't worry."

"Mmm..." Abigail's voice trembled.

The next morning, she woke up feeling drowsy. She heard someone talking and opened her eyes to find Sean on the balcony, talking on the phone.

"Do you

have to take it this far?" He deliberately lowered his voice.

She looked at his back with a puzzled expression.

"I'll be back by noon today, and you should return too!" he stated firmly.

Abigail immediately closed her eyes, feigning sleep.

Sean ordered breakfast for Abigail and then called her.

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She sat up and glanced at him before saying, "Give me my clothes."

He had thrown her pajamas on the floor the previous night and washed them for her earlier this morning.

"I washed them by hand for you. Shall I head to the hallway to grab your clean clothes?" he asked.

"Yes" Abigail nodded and was wondering who Sean had been talking to on the phone.

Sean retrieved her clothes and deliberately used his fingers to hold the intimate apparel before passing it to her.

Abigail snatched it from him forcefully and glared at him. "Turn around!"

"Do you want me to help you get dressed?" He moved closer to her, his eyes deep and seductive, making her blush and her heart race

She extended her leg out from under the covers and kicked him.

He reached out and held her ankle, gently caressing it with his fingers. "Why are you so irritable as soon as you wake up?"

"If you find me annoying, the door is right there." Abigail sniped as she pulled her leg away.

Sean had a smile playing on his lips, but he still turned his back to her.

She did not know what he was smiling about and furrowed her brow in confusion as she wore her

clothes. "What are you laughing at?"

"Can't I do that?" He glanced at her from the side.

[Chapter 186](#)

Who Is Your Wife?

Abigail unintentionally verbally argued with him and didn't even realize it herself. Cameron had already said before that this was Abigail's way of getting close to Sean. Of course, Sean would not tell Abigail that in the event that she distanced herself from him to avoid these arguments.

During breakfast, Sean suddenly spoke, "I'll be heading to the police station later. If everything goes smoothly, I'll head back directly."

She merely nodded and focused on her meal, and he reached out to pat her head.

"Are

you possessed?" She tilted her head with a mouthful of food and mumbled.

"How am I possessed by patting my own wife?" Sean's tone carried a hint of annoyance.

"Who's your wife?" Abigail retorted as she shifted her body.

To her surprise, she soon realized that Sean wasn't really mad but was merely looking at her with smile

Abigail furrowed her brow and felt that the man seemed to have changed somewhere down the line. If she had acted like this in the past, he would definitely have been upset.

She quietly analyzed Sean's change and couldn't help but think of the scene where he had made that secret phone call in the hallway. He seemed to know everything but refused to say anything.

This gave Abigail reason to suspect that this was related to Joan.

Once they were done with breakfast, Sean dropped her off at the embroidery store. He wanted to hold her hand and say a few words to her. Alas, she simply brushed his hand aside and got out of the car without looking back.

"What are you sulking about now?" he asked Abigail.

Abigail rested her hand on the car window and gazed down at him. "I'm not angry with you. There's no need for that either. Just run along now."

With that, she closed the car door without another word. Sean watched her walk into the embroidery studio, and his tongue couldn't help but touch the inner wall of his mouth. He was finding it increasingly difficult to understand Abigail.

Sean went to the police station to complete some formalities and reconfirm whether the person Taught in the surveillance footage obtained by the police was indeed Joan's brother.

The person in the video was not Joan's brother, but there was something about that person's demeanor that reminded him of him. Sean was almost certain that this person and Joan's brother were acquainted.

The call was answered quickly. "Don't you find this interesting?" he asked the person on the other end of the line.

The man cleared his throat. "Sean Graham, I only have one request. Take care of my sister. I don't understand why you'd want to woo an assistant but can't marry my sister."

"I don't like her. Is that reason enough? Kingston, I don't want to waste time dealing with you. Just present a solution that I can accept," Sean replied.

"You seem to care a lot for your wife. Who is she, really?" Kingston's voice carried an inquisitive tone.

"Kingston Palmer, if you dare to get someone to investigate her privately, I promise everything about Joan will be ruined. You know what she fears the most even better than I do," came Sean's cold reply.

"Come back and meet me," Kingston said before hanging up.

Sean held his phone for a moment before starting the engine.

Meanwhile, Abigail was having a conversation with an elderly craftsman about the materials used in jewelry when her phone kept vibrating.

She took out her phone and saw over a dozen MMS. When she noticed that the elderly craftsman stopped speaking, she quickly shoved her phone back into her bag and asked, "Is this craft difficult?"

"It's quite challenging. The finished piece has to be polished into such small beads, and there's some wastage involved, but I'm willing to give it a try," the old craftsman replied.

"Thank you," Abigail responded with a smile.

After she left the old man's home, she wore a stylish sun hat and took out her phone. She opened her inbox and saw pictures of Sean dining with Joan, which caused her expression to turn cold.

From various angles, Joan looked elated and was clearly blushing throughout the entire meal. unable to hide her affection for Sean.

Abigail had already guessed that those two had temporarily resolved their conflict and thought she had calmly accepted the truth. Strangely, she still felt a bit stuffy inside.

With one matter resolved, Abigail planned to locate a dessert shop to indulge herself and relieve her bad mood.

Alas, her plans went down the drain right then as her phone chose now of all times to ring. When she noticed it was Eric calling her, she was a bit surprised but nonetheless answered the call. Then, she greeted him, "Hey, Eric, long time no see."

It had only been about a month since they last met. Once they left the production team, it became nearly impossible for them to meet again.

"I heard that you're in Ouisford. Is that true?" Eric sounded a bit excited.

Abigail was slightly surprised. "How did you know?"

"Of course, I heard that some fans spotted you. You're quite popular now," he replied warmly.

"I heard

you don't really like to browse Instagram," she responded with a smile.

He was eager as he asked, "That's what Josie told me. By the way, I have a friend who just opened a shop in Ouisford. Would you like to check it out?"

She still had her doubts about Eric, but because she never had the time to understand him as a person. Hence, she did not plan to have too much contact with him.

"Well, I might not have time. I have a lot of things to deal with right now," Abigail replied, illustrating her hesitation.

"You'll miss out if you don't go, though," Eric said, but he was calmer than before.

[Chapter 187](#)

A Familiar Face

Abigail couldn't help but wonder, This is interesting. A shop has actually gotten such high praise from Eric? "Is it really worth a visit?" she asked curiously.

"I recommended it because I believe it can help with your designs. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bothered you with something so trivial, Eric replied warmly.

When she heard his words, she felt a bit apologetic for her initial caution toward his good intentions. "Is it far?" she inquired as she licked her lips.

"Since you're in Ouisford, you should actually take your time and explore. There are many unique shops here. Trust me when I say that you will regret missing out on any of them," he said, with a smile.

At the same time, she received a location pin from him.

"Make sure to check it out; I need to get back to work." With that, he ended the call.

Abigail bought a cup of ice cream and headed to the shop he had recommended. The shop appeared quite ancient, with a wooden sign that read 'Serenity.'

As she strode in, she found various exquisite wooden carvings and ornaments. Nonetheless, it was evident that it was still primarily a tea house.

So, it was with a slight sense of surprise in her heart that she found a place to sit down.

Before long, a young waitress approached her. "Here's the tea menu. Please take a look."

"Thank you." Abigail didn't see anything special about this tea house. It's a tea house with no customers. How did it make enough to survive?

She tried her best to squash her disbelief as she flipped open the tea menu. To her featured a way of making tea from the 18th century.

surprise. it

She ordered a selection of pastries and some English Garden Green Tea. Then, she handed the menu back to the waiter.

After the waitress returned to the kitchen, she glanced at Abigail through the bamboo curtain.

Just then, a tall man walked up to her and took the menu from her hand.

"She really looks like him. Look at her brows and eyes; it's like they were carved from the same mold, the waitress whispered to the man.

The man with a small ponytail at the back of his head, holding the menu, scrutinized Abigail with complicated eyes. "She does resemble him, but we can't disturb her until we have solid evidence."

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"I know." The waitress stuck out her tongue playfully.

Then, the man went to prepare the tea with the menu in hand.

As the waitress emerged from the kitchen, she told Abigail, "You can take a look at the wooden carvings here. They are available for purchase."

"Alright, thank you," Abigail said, examining the wooden carvings. Some of them were hung on the walls, while others were displayed in glass cabinets. Even though there were several display cabinets available, the tea house didn't feel crowded at all.

At this moment, she came across an exquisite wooden carving. It wasn't exactly a carving: it was a wooden piece of accessory. The craftsmanship was extraordinary, evident from how exquisite it looked. It was a very intricate belt with the smallest wooden bead measuring just barely an inch wide. Yet, the carver had managed to create tiny holes in between. Various colors of wood blended harmoniously, giving it an antique yet somewhat vibrant appearance.

"This belt uses six different types of wood. Most people mistake it for jade due to its shiny texture. However, it's made entirely of wood and even emits a unique fragrance," the waitress approached her and enthusiastically introduced their wares.

Abigail nodded in appreciation. She gazed at the belt for a while before asking, "Is it for sale?"

"Of course, but I have to warn you, it's quite pricey. Since it has been appraised, the price is 30 thousand and not negotiable," the waitress replied.

A dress worth 1.5 million can certainly be a fitting match for this 30 thousand belt. "I'll take it. Can you wrap it up for me?" Abigail asked.

The waitress seemed surprised by her response. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," Abigail replied with a smile.

Soon, tea and pastries were served. Abigail savored her tea while brainstorming design ideas and admiring the wooden carvings.

At this time, she realized why Eric had recommended this shop. It was peaceful, offered excellent tea and pastries, and had attentive service. Most importantly, the aroma of the wooden carvings in the shop calmed her emotions.

Abigail had spent her time designing various details of her clothing pieces, only to realize it was getting dark outside.

As she planned to leave, she noticed a casually dressed man carrying a wooden box approaching her.

When she saw his face, a strange sense of familiarity hit her. Alas, she couldn't quite place where this feeling originated.

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"This is the item you purchased," the man said politely. His attire, much like his demeanor, exuded a relaxed and gentle charm.

After a nod, she took out her phone. "Do you accept Venmo?"

"Yes," he replied, taking out his phone.

Abigail paid for the food and drink and left the shop with the wooden box.

Meanwhile, the waitress and the man saw her off at the door. They only started talking once they were sure she was truly gone.

"Why didn't you ask for her number? I think we should. When we create new pastries, we can invite her to taste them," the waitress suggested to the man.

"We've been over this. We shouldn't disturb her until we have clear evidence. Let's not give her false hope," the man replied, returning to head inside.

The waitress playfully stuck out her tongue at him and decided not to say anything else.

Abigail returned to her rented room, carrying the box. She was immediately greeted by a delightful woody fragrance when she opened it. It was a blend of several sandalwood scents, giving her a subtle yet refreshing feeling. Overall, it was a unique scent. No perfume could possibly compare to the impression left by the scent emanating from this belt.

[Chapter 188](#)

Declining Calls

Abigail sent a message to Eric. Thank you so much. Your suggestion was fantastic. I did find a treasure.

She thought that Lexie would definitely love this belt. Not only was its design unique, but its fragrance was also one of a kind.

“What treasure?’ he quickly replied.

However, she didn’t tell him the details. Instead, she chose to keep the cards close to her heart. “You’ll find out when Lexie walks the red carpet.

‘Well, I have to wait a while for that. Still, consider me hooked.”

She felt increasingly grateful as she read the text. Then, she eventually decided to respond. I’ll treat you to a meal once you’re free.

After she sent this message, she realized that she hadn’t talked to Anthony in a while and owed him a meal as well. So, she switched to Anthony’s chat and immediately sent him a message. “What are you up to? Why haven’t you contacted me? Do I always have to do the heavy lifting. between us?”

He replied to her message within a minute. You’re a busy person now. I heard you’re secretly designing a red carpet gown for Lexie. I didn’t want to disturb you. Where are you now?

When she read his message, she felt touched by the concern of her friends and smiled faintly. I’m working on some embroidery in Ouisford. However, I want to send some gifts to a few friends. Send me your address.

He seemed surprised. ‘It’s not my birthday. Why are you sending me gifts? Oh, I’m not the only one. Who else is receiving your gifts?’

“Do you want it or not? If yes, then send me your address. Of course, she wouldn’t spill just who was on her friend list.

She had a smile on her face as she sent the text and went into the bathroom to wash her face. When she looked at herself in the mirror, the smile on her face disappeared instantly.

She stared at herself in the mirror and suddenly remembered why the shop owner had seemed familiar to her today. It was because she bore a striking resemblance to him.

When she came to this realization, she was beyond stunned.

It was only when a message came through on WhatsApp that she lowered her head and replied to Anthony. Then, she promptly switched to Eric’s chat.

Eric hadn’t replied to her text yet, so she briefly explained to him about her intention to send a gift and asked for his address.

He promptly replied with an address and then asked, ‘Why are you sending gifts all of a sudden?’

To thank you. Also, I have a question for you. Are you familiar with the owner of that tea house?’

‘Not particularly. Why?’

From his words, she couldn’t discern whether his inquiry was genuine or feigned.

“The shop owner looks a lot like me. Didn’t you notice?’

She then noticed that Eric was typing continuously, but no message came through.

As she looked at herself in the mirror again, she reflected on Eric's unusual behavior since they had first met. He has been quite kind to me, but what lies behind his kindness? She ran her fingers through her hair, feeling a bit frustrated.

When she emerged from the bathroom, Eric had finally replied to her message. Fine, you got me. I did recommend that place because I found the resemblance uncanny. It doesn't help the fact that you once mentioned that you only have your grandparents. So, it made me want to inquire about your parents.

'Did the shop owner lose a child?' She would be rather foolish if she failed to understand the implications behind his words. I'm sorry. I'm definitely not his child. My grandparents told me that I'm their biological granddaughter, and I believe they wouldn't lie to me without a good reason. Maybe there's something they find difficult to talk about, which is why they haven't said anything about my parents. Regardless, I have complete faith in them.

Eric felt particularly dejected upon receiving her message. He had initially wanted to ask her more questions, but her response had extinguished his desire to do so.

Abigail didn't have any interest in prying into other people's family matters. So, she decided to change the topic by mentioning that she would send him the gift.

'Aren't you curious about how that child went missing?' He persisted.

'It's none of my business. Besides, it's inevitable for people to look alike sometimes. If you post his picture on your social media, you'll find that countless others resemble him.

'Okay.

After their conversation concluded, she pushed the matter aside. I certainly wouldn't doubt the words of Grandpa and Grandma. Plus, I remember my early childhood memories very well. How could I possibly

be an abandoned child? Grandpa and Grandma have always treated me well, and I've never lacked familial love. Thus, I have never once felt envious of others for having parents.

During dinner, Sean's phone calls started coming in.

Abigail chose to ignore him as she recalled that he had reconciled with Joan.

Sean called her repeatedly, but she didn't answer any of his calls.

Shortly afterward, he sent her a message on WhatsApp. Answer the phone. There's something important I need to tell you!

She didn't fall for his tactics and didn't open his WhatsApp message either.

Since he failed to reach her, he sent another message. If you don't want me to show up at your door tomorrow morning, answer the phone!!

She glanced at the message but didn't bother to respond.

Luna called her within a few minutes.

The moment she pressed the answer button, she heard Luna's displeasure ringing out on the other end of the line, complaining angrily. That jerk Sean can't reach you. So, he asked me to call you! Did you two have another fight?"

[Chapter 189](#)

I'm Your Husband

Abigail was sipping her soup. Then, she said in an impressively calm tone, "No. By the way, help me ask Kevin for his address. Don't mention that it's me asking. I want to send you guys a little gift.

"Okay..." Luna couldn't understand why she wanted to send a gift to Kevin. Still, it was clear that her relationship with Sean was rather rocky at the moment.

"If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up. It's been a long day." Abigail remained composed and continued to sip her soup, making the sound of drinking audible.

"Okay." Luna felt that she had also hit a dead end. Sean deserves it anyway. He keeps upsetting his wife every few days. He deserves to be ignored.

Abigail packed her luggage and changed to a better hotel that night after finishing her meal. She even went to sleep early.

Meanwhile, Sean was in a foul mood because he had planned to talk to her that night. Yet, she refused to answer any of his calls.

Kevin, who had been called to the bar by Sean, watched him drink with his chin resting on his palm.

"Abigail is ignoring me again. We shared a bed just last night. I can't figure out what's on her mind." At this moment, Sean was still unaware of what he had done. So, he was restraining his anger and confiding in Kevin.

Kevin sighed and replied wearily. "If you don't know, how am I supposed to know?"

"Drive me to the airport later." Sean wanted to find out why Abigail was upset with him.

"She's angry with you. Going to her now will only make her angrier," Kevin pointed out.

"I want to go in person to try to appease her," Sean replied.

Abigail had indeed been cold on the phone. Nonetheless, he knew her well enough to know that she was generally gentle when spoken to face-to-face.

"Have you considered why she is angry?" Kevin asked, looking at him seriously.

Sean furrowed his brows and considered things carefully before saying, "If there's something worth making her angry, it would be related to Joan."

"You didn't reconcile with Joan again, did you?" Kevin raised his voice.

"What do you mean by 'reconcile?' Watch your words," Sean reminded him.

Kevin immediately pounded the table. "Someone probably snitched about it to Abigail. You got back together with Joan because of Abigail, didn't you?"

"I didn't get back together with her," Sean said with a cold expression. Plus, he knew who had informed her about it even without investigating this matter. Although Kingston doesn't know that Abigail is my wife, he sees her as the bridge to contact my wife. So, when I spend time with Joan, he will surely pull out all the stops to ensure that Abigail is in the know. No wonder Abigail is angry with me.

"I know, I know. Is Joan that difficult to deal with?" Kevin couldn't help but feel that Sean was dealing with chewing gum. What kind of influence is lurking behind Joan that makes him so cautious?

"Let's go to the airport." Sean stood up.

As Kevin followed him, he murmured, "Why don't you just tell Abigail the truth? Keeping this misunderstanding going isn't good. She hates Joan from the bottom of her heart. If you don't explain, how would she possibly consider getting back together with you?"

Sean didn't answer him. I'm a man of my word. I won't go back on my word to Kingston.

When he arrived at the hotel where Abigail was staying, he knocked on her door for a long time but received no response.

He couldn't help but frown as he went to the hotel's front desk. Soon, he found out that she had checked out long ago.

Once he was outside the hotel, the anger building up inside him tipped over the metaphorical cauldron. So, he called her but found her phone was turned off. Then, he tried calling her on WhatsApp. Alas, there was still no answer.

He clenched his phone tightly, grinding his teeth. "You're really something. Abigail!"

Abigail's room door was pounded violently at 4.00AM. She was so startled from her sleep that she gripped her blanket in fright. By the time she came to her senses, there was a deep scowl on her face as she regarded the door warily.

"Abigail!" Sean's angry shout echoed faintly outside the door.

As she didn't expect him to find her here, she was momentarily caught off guard. Unfortunately for both of them, her surprise quickly morphed into irritation.

He was about to knock on the door again when the door suddenly swung open with a loud whoosh, making his hand freeze mid-air.

"Why are you causing a scene at this hour?!" She stood by the door, her face filled with anger.

Sean promptly pushed her into the room without saying a word and slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

She barely had a moment to react before he seized her chin and kissed her forcefully. His grip on the back of her head was firm, and he bit her lip with such a violent intensity that she instinctively recoiled from his grip. She winced from the pain and beat his chest, but he held her waist in a tight embrace.

Suddenly, he pivoted her body, pinning her against the door, and pressed himself against her, continuing his assertive ministrations.

As the oxygen in her chest began to diminish, her mind started to feel hazy. Soon, her body grew weak.

At this moment, he finally let go of her and rested his forehead against hers, his nose glistening with sweat.

“Do you still want to hide from me?” he asked in a hoarse voice.

“Do you think you’re worthy of making me do something so cowardly?” She glared at him, her breathing heavy.

“You certainly are easy to find, aren’t you? Do you know how long I’ve been wandering the streets?” His tone was filled with fury.

“Why should I care?” She was even more upset than him at this turn of events.

Suddenly, Sean reached out and grabbed her wrist, kissing her lips again. At this point, her lips were red and almost swollen due to his actions. “Of course, you should care. I’m your husband. You shouldn’t even think about getting rid of me in this lifetime.”

“Sean, you’d better stop testing my patience!” Abigail didn’t hesitate to stomp on his foot as a way to vent her frustrations.

[Chapter 190](#)

I’m Not So Easy to Deal With

Sean winced in pain but didn’t retreat. Instead, he smirked as he stared at Abigail. “How have I gone too far? I took a flight from Pendorf at 9.00PM yesterday to Ouisford just to explain things to you. But when I arrived, you had already checked out without a word. I’ve been searching for you until now. Is asking for a kiss from you too much as compensation?”

In her mind, she couldn’t help but think, Was that just a kiss? It seemed like he wanted to devour me. “Sean, I don’t have anything to say to you.” She raised her gaze to look at him. His eyes were deep, like a cold pool. So, she hastily averted her gaze.

Yet, he raised his hand and gently held her chin. He looked at the faint blush on her face and her eyelashes trembling. “If you have nothing to say, then we won’t talk,” he said softly, kissing her lips again. As he tilted his head, he kissed her slowly, inch by inch. Each action belayed a hint of attentiveness and some imperceptible attempts to please.

“We’re a married couple. Even if you argue with me, I won’t argue back,” he whispered.

Alas, she only looked at him with furrowed brows. “Sean, I want a divorce. I’m not joking.” She was truly tired of the constant feeling of insecurity. She no longer had the energy to worry about the tangled situation between Joan and him..

After she said that, Sean held her face in his hands. "We won't get a divorce. I know you're upset because of Joan. But I swear the title of Mrs. Graham will always be yours." His voice was calm, without any emotional fluctuations.

However, Abigail turned her face away. "I don't want that position, Sean."

"You were the one who wanted to marry me in the first place. Yet, now you're the one who wants a divorce. What do you take me for? Do you think I'm so easy to deal with?" He held her chin firmly, and his eyes suddenly filled with anger.

Her breathing instantly became rapid, and she stared at him intensely. "We've been through this. I'll give you all the time you need to think things through."

"There's no need for that! I'm going to take a shower. Get me a towel." He released her.

She merely leaned against the door and watched him with red-rimmed eyes in response.

"Haven't I been treating you well enough? I'm not the least bit angry even when you refuse to calls and make me search for you high and low. What else do you want from me?" he answer my asked her.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she choked back her sobs.

Sean promptly swallowed any words of reprimand the instant he caught sight of Abigail crying. Instead, he walked over and hugged her, patting her back gently. "I know it's hard for you because of Joan, but I promise you, I really don't like her."

"Can you just let me go?" she said tearfully.

He only tightened his embrace around her as he placed his chin on her shoulder. "No."

When she heard his answer, she reached out, grabbed his clothes, and bit her lip as she tried her best to get her emotions under control.

At this moment, he kissed her neck slowly, moving downward. With that, her body went limp, and she collapsed into his embrace.

"Honey," he said with tenderness in his tone, comforting her.

Still, she whimpered and curled into herself.

After he carried her to the bed, he planted kisses all over her body.

The moment their intimate moment ended, she lay on the bed in a daze as she gasped for breath.

"I'll carry you to the shower." Sean got up and, in the process, lifted her from the bed.

She obediently held onto his neck. She became particularly compliant, allowing him to touch her as they showered.

When she came out of the bathroom, she was completely hapless. Thus, she fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

The next day, she woke up around 10.30AM. Sean's phone call awakened her, and she furrowed her brow when she opened her eyes. The first thing she did was kick Sean beside her.

He took a deep breath and reached out to pinch her face. "Are you hitting me as soon as you wake up?"

On the other end of the phone, Cameron turned silent.

"You couldn't have answered your phone outside?" she said irritably.

"It's already 10.30AM. Yet, you want to keep sleeping?" he asked bemusedly.

She flipped over as she grumbled irritably, "It's none of your business."

He chuckled and told Cameron on the phone, "Just buy whatever."

After that, he tossed his phone aside and flipped over, pinning her down. Once again, his kisses landed on her body. "What do you want to eat for lunch, honey?"

Her eyes turned half-lidded as she enjoyed his kisses. "Anything..."

"Can I savor you, then?" he murmured, his hands starting to wander,

"Go away." She wriggled away in annoyance.

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This made him laugh, and the two of them continued to play fight on the bed until the doorbell rang.

Sean quickly grabbed the blanket and covered himself securely. "It's probably Cameron bringing me some clothes. I don't have anything to wear. Can you help me get it?"

"You can go get it naked. You're both men, after all." Abigail lay on the bed, not moving an inch.

"What if he has a different sexual orientation?" he said.

She couldn't be bothered to respond. So, she closed her eyes in exasperation, leaving him hanging.

"Honey." He kissed her cheek.

She couldn't stand the continuous kisses and sweet nothings. So, she reluctantly got up to help get the clothes.

When she opened the door and saw Cameron, she felt that they were taking things a bit too far. What has the ever-diligent Cameron done wrong?

"Thank you. Sorry for troubling you." She took the bag of clothes from him and thanked him with a polite expression.

"It's not trouble at all, Mrs. Graham. This is my job," he replied respectfully.

