

Spare Wife 361

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Is Sean Compromising?

Sean withdrew his gaze and thought, Abigail must be sleeping soundly right now, yes?

At that moment, Cameron walked into the ward. As soon as he was inside, he lowered his head and reported truthfully, "Miss Quinn was at the hospital yesterday afternoon, but she had a conflict with Miss Hagl. Old Mrs. Graham saw them and chased her away. She hasn't been back to the hospital since. Old Mrs. Quinn sent some mushrooms for Old Mr. Graham, but it was delivered by courier. It seems that the courier package got switched."

"Cameron, you don't need to tell me all this. The facts are not important to me," Sean said as he looked at his assistant with a cold and indifferent gaze.

Cameron didn't immediately understand what he meant, and a look of confusion crossed his eyes.

When handling any situation, they were accustomed to finding evidence for Abigail to defend. her, thinking that their efforts would touch her. However, he had always overlooked the most basic rule.

What mattered even if the truth was uncovered?

Abigail didn't care about who discovered the truth. She merely cared about the truth itself.

"Since she says Old Mrs. Quinn is also a victim, then she is," Sean uttered coldly and turned his gaze back to his grandfather.

Whether it was him or his grandfather, their feelings for Abigail were not enough to stop her from completely severing ties with them.

The fact that he didn't care about the truth would undoubtedly be the best outcome for her.

Cameron finally understood what Sean meant.

When there was too much disappointment, one would stop having any expectations.

However, Sean wasn't aware that before Cameron came to the hospital, the latter knew that Abigail also had a sleepless night.

The light in her room was never dimmed throughout the night.

But now, Sean was clearly not listening to anything they had to say. He had already vented his anger at Xavien while abroad, so Cameron figured that if he pushed it further, he might also face the consequences.

As the day gradually brightened, Sean fell asleep by his grandfather's bedside, and it was his grandmother who woke him up.

Upon seeing Sean, his grandmother cried uncontrollably until she was struggling to catch her breath.

"You're finally back! Did you know that your grandfather is being targeted by the Quinns? Do we really need their mushrooms? Do we need their kindness? They clearly have ill intentions! I won't live if your grandfather dies!" Lina hugged Sean and bawled.

"There, there. Grandpa needs to rest. Don't be so loud." Sean patted his grandmother's back to soothe her.

Lina released him and sat on the edge of the hospital bed. Suddenly, she growled, "I won't overlook the actions of the Quinns this time if you spare them for the sake of Abigail!"

"I'll make my own decision on this matter," Sean replied coldly.

Lina stopped pushing him after that, especially since Kelly advised her not to be too dominant in this matter if she wanted to reconcile with Sean.

"If it weren't for the Pearson siblings yesterday, your grandfather might have lost his life. You need to thank them properly. Perhaps invite them for a meal to express your gratitude, got it?" Without mentioning Abigail, Lina started talking about Kelly again..

Sean remained silent for a moment and surprisingly agreed to it. "Okay, I will arrange it."

Lina was quite surprised by how compliant he was today.

"Why are you so obedient this time?" she muttered.

"I neglected you both recently; that's why Grandpa was poisoned. I will move back home, Sean announced.

Lina widened her eyes at him. "Really? You don't blame me?"

"Blame you for what?" Sean asked.

Upon hearing this, she immediately grabbed his hand. "I'm so glad you're willing to come back. Kelly is a nice girl. Get along with her and stop thinking about Abigail. She's not worth it."

"Okay." Sean nodded.

He realized that he shouldn't move out when his grandfather's life hung in the balance.

His grandparents were already in their twilight years, so why would he sulk with them instead of spending more time with them?

It was all because of one woman who wasn't even concerned about them.

Clutching his hands tightly, Lina felt her tears were about to fall again. "This is great!"

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When Abigail received a call from Cameron, she was somewhat surprised.

“Does that mean they won’t pursue this matter involving my grandmother?” she asked.

“Yeah. He said they won’t investigate it anymore. You can rest assured, Miss Quinn, Cameron replied politely..

Abigail suddenly realized the meaning behind Cameron’s words. Due to the delicate situation. between the two families, Sean chose not to look into her grandmother. He also had no intention of verifying whether or not the accusations against her grandmother were true.

“Alright. Please thank Mr. Graham on my behalf, she muttered before hanging up the call.

Despite the good news, she didn’t feel any relief.

She sat quietly with her phone in hand, then took a moment to compose herself.

If Sean had made his stance clear, she would do the same.

However, not dwelling on the past issues with Sean didn’t mean Abigail would forgive Kelly easily.

Even though she hadn’t gone to the hospital to see Colby, she still believed that she should seek justice for him. Moreover, the issue of the messages and phone calls remained unresolved.

Soon, her phone rang again.

Seeing that it was Eric calling, Abigail furrowed her brows involuntarily.

“What’s the matter?” she answered with a cold tone.

She assumed that Eric’s call was likely because she bailed on Runway Capitalis and that he was calling on behalf of Lewis.

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Did Nothing Wrong to Them

“Josh informed me about what you’ve been through, so I’ve brought a few people over with me.” Eric’s voice was filled with reassurance when he spoke.

“It’s not necessary. Sean didn’t pursue it, and I can handle the rest on my own.” Abigail politely declined the offer.

Eric’s voice sounded bitter as he insisted, “You don’t always have to refuse help. If you believe someone did this, I trust you, and I’ll help you investigate.”

“Aren’t you engaged to the Pearsons? Our previous rumors”

“That’s false news. I won’t be marrying into the Pearsons, and there won’t be any more rumors.” Eric’s tone was resolute.

Abigail remained silent for a moment before she said, “Kelly did it, but I can’t find any evidence.”

It seems that Kelly came to Pendorf with the intention of damaging the relationship between the Grahams and the Quinns, but why is she going to such great lengths to pick on you?" Instead of dismissing Abigail's words, Eric continued along with her train of thought.

Kelly claimed to like Sean, giving her a motive to target Abigail.

However, Abigail wasn't sure if Kelly's professed affection for Sean was genuine or a part of her ulterior motives.

Perhaps, Kelly intentionally told her about her feelings for Sean as part of a broader plan.

"I don't know, but for now, our family and the Grahams have severed all ties," Abigail stated.

Regardless of Kelly's plans, with her cunning nature, every move and statement she made compelled Abigail to exercise caution.

"Is it the result of Kelly's efforts?" Eric's voice turned colder.

"More or less. Your presence won't be of much use, though. I've tried everything I can think of. and it didn't work." Abigail's voice carried a sense of resignation.

"Josh told me about your phone. I suspect a hacker planted a virus on it. After all, smartphones nowadays are really getting smarter. It's connected to your laptop, electrical appliances, and even your camera. When one area is compromised, it will infect everything else, including your phone, Eric explained softly.

Abigail felt as if he had reminded her of something important and came to a realization.

Her phone, computer, and tablet shared the same system, and even the front-door camera was

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also connected to these three devices.

She had been pondering which device might be compromised but hadn't considered the camera at her front door.

"But I had someone check my phone, and there was no issue." Abigail sighed.

"Some viruses self-destruct after completing their mission. Only highly skilled hackers can trace their tracks." Eric tried to comfort Abigail.

Hearing his words, Abigail felt that catching Kelly red-handed was a nearly impossible task.

"Regardless, it's enough that you've proven your innocence to them. You don't need to worry about the rest. Time will gradually validate your efforts." Eric's voice sounded even gentler now.

Abigail's eyes reddened when she heard his comforting words.

"Thank you," she murmured softly.

"It's nothing. Friends should help each other," Eric replied tenderly.

After hanging up the phone, Abigail couldn't help but let out a sigh.

Since the incident with Colby, no one cared about what she had gone through. They were merely concerned that Colby had an accident, that she didn't rush to save him, and that she hadn't gone to the hospital. While Sean didn't vo10

it out, his actions indicated that he held her responsible.

No one knew how hard she had tried, but she still received blame from everyone.

Eric was the only one who told her that she had done nothing wrong to the Grahams.

The next day, Eric's friend examined all the devices Abigail had used and finally came up with a result-her phone was indeed infected with a virus.

"The virus entered when Old Mrs. Quinn went to deliver a package and scanned the courier. station's QR code for payment."

Abigail was quite surprised by how the virus had entered.

"Then, when you connected to your home Wi-Fi, the virus was planted on your phone through the Wi-Fi connection. This is why your phone was controlled by hackers during your idle time," Eric continued, conveying his friend's explanation.

Abigail drove with narrowed eyes and focused on the road ahead without saying a word.

"But the virus has been destroyed on your phone, so there's no way to prove its existence," Eric

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explained while holding the phone. "My friend said he would check the courier station near your house."

"Okay," Abigail replied.

When they arrived at the hotel, Abigail parked the car in the parking lot. As they got out of the car, they were surprised to see Sean and Kelly getting out of another car.

Kelly noticed Abigail and Eric together and waved her hand at them. "Eric, what brings you here?"

Eric's expression was cold and distant as he nodded. "You said you came here to apologize to Abigail, but you've been sticking to Mr. Graham every day. That's surprising."

Kelly hadn't expected him to confront her all of a sudden and was momentarily at a loss for words.

"Let's go," Abigail quietly urged.

Eric smiled at Abigail and then turned around to walk toward the exit with her.

Sean's gaze somehow swept across Abigail, but to his surprise, she didn't even spare him a glance.

The frustration within him brewed in an instant.

He clenched his hands into fists and then let go, while his gaze turned colder as he watched them. leave.

Cameron quietly observed Sean, and by the look on his boss' face, he knew that he still couldn't let go of Abigail. Back then, even Xavien had smoothed things over for him, fearing that he might get too worked up and cause an irreparable rift with Abigail.

But now, Sean was jealous after watching Abigail together with Eric.

Meanwhile, Sean noticed Cameron staring at him and turned to him. "What are you thinking?"

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Hate That You're So Unresponsive

Cameron was startled and shuddered abruptly, quickly withdrawing his

"I have nothing on my mind."

With a cold expression, Sean averted his gaze and walked away.

gaze.

Kelly tagged behind, her anger boiling inside her upon hearing Eric's words.

She was convinced that Abigail had spoken negatively about her to Eric, which was why he was treating her poorly.

I can't believe that even after pulling Sean out of her life, she has Eric to protect her!

The two groups entered the hotel one after the other.

"We'll make do here tonight, and we'll all go to Capitalis together tomorrow." When Abigail heard that Eric was coming to Pendorf, she took the initiative to book rooms for him and his friends as a gracious host. Both of them had been invited to a show on Runway Capitalis, and traveling together the next day made sense.

"Okay!" Eric agreed.

Kelly and Sean quickly joined them.

With that, the four of them waited for the elevator together.

"Why don't we have a meal first? It's about lunchtime anyway," Eric suddenly suggested to Abigail.

Originally, she was supposed to take him to the guest rooms she had booked, but he wanted to bother Sean.

"Sure, the restaurant on the second floor is quite good," Abigail agreed readily.

When Sean heard that, his hands instinctively went into his pocket, and he gripped his phone involuntarily.

What are Abigail and Eric planning to do together in Capitalis?

When they arrived at the restaurant, both groups of people had tables by the window, with only one table in between them.

When Cameron made an excuse to take a phone call, he reached out to a waiter and reserved the middle table that separated the two groups.

After Abigail took her seat, she informed Eric about the invitation from Runway Capitalis.

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"I don't know why, but I have a bad feeling about Runway Capitalis," Abigail uttered in a low voice.

The way the person in charge spoke on the phone that day reminded Abigail of the uneasiness she felt whenever she thought about it.

Eric, who was busy ordering food with his head down, looked up at her when he heard that comment. "What do you mean?"

Abigail frowned. "I can't quite put it into words, but after interacting with their person in charge, who I think is the show's director, I feel like he's not quite up to the task."

Eric reassured her. "When the time comes, you'll have me and Lewis watching over you. What are you worried about?"

Abigail looked at him. "I've heard that you've never been on these variety shows before. Perhaps if you reject them now, the show won't go on anymore."

"It's a local show, though. I'll just check it out." Of course, he wouldn't admit that he was doing it for her.

Sean was aware that Abigail had a lengthy conversation with Eric, and during that time, the two seemed to be discussing something secretly, leaning in close and whispering to each other until their heads nearly touched.

Losing his appetite, Sean placed his cutlery down and got up to leave.

"Mr. Graham..." Kelly called out to him softly.

"I'm going to the restroom," Sean uttered while suppressing the boiling anger in his chest.

Throughout the meal, Abigail did not pay any attention to Sean's table, and since she was almost finished with her food, she also planned to use the restroom before leaving.

As she reached the restroom, she saw Sean standing in the communal sink area, smoking a cigarette. There was a hint of surprise in her eyes.

When did Sean start smoking?

Within their three years of marriage, she had never once seen him smoking a cigarette or anything equivalent.

Caught off guard, he tried to throw the cigarette in the trash can but realized that it could start a fire, so he quickly extinguished the cigarette under the running tap.

Abigail passed by him as if she hadn't noticed him.

Looking at the extinguished cigarette and the dirty ashes smudging his fingers, Sean let out a self-deprecating chuckle.

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What am I doing? She's not even concerned about me.

Abigail hardly paid any attention to his subsequent actions.

When she exited the restroom and saw him smoking another cigarette, she didn't think much of
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Sean leaned against the sink and watched her.

When Abigail raised her eyes, he suddenly mentioned, "You should be glad that I didn't demand your family take responsibility, right?"

Abigail looked at him and replied, "If you had, we would have taken responsibility. Don't speak as if we enjoy avoiding it."

Sean choked up at her words, and his mood became even more sullen. "What I was trying to say is that although I didn't pursue the matter, you didn't even say a word of thanks? Have I been so nice to your family that you can disregard the basic courtesy of gratitude?"

Abigail felt quite embarrassed by his words.

Sean seemed to imply that she was taking his leniency for granted.

Over the past few days, she had been so focused on finding the truth that she hadn't properly thanked him for not pursuing the matter.

"I'm sorry. I will personally bring you gifts to express my gratitude along with Grandma," she uttered, lowering her head with a tinge of guilt in her voice.

Sean had hoped this would make him feel better, but seeing Abigail apologize in such a manner only worsened his mood considerably.

"Where does your usual cleverness go whenever you try to go against me, Abigail? Are you acting like this because I started talking to you?!" He genuinely resented the way she could remain so dense and unresponsive when he tried to initiate a friendly conversation with her.

Abigail glared at him with a cold and distant look as she questioned, "What more do you want?"

Sean detested the way she looked at him with that gaze.

It was a look filled with indifference toward him, one that he couldn't stand.

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Reflex

Before Sean could even speak, Kelly cut in, "What's going on here?" Her gentle voice dissolved the tension between him and Abigail."

Abigail looked at the man, her eyes cold as she stated, "I'll visit your family with my grandmother. to express our thanks and to apologize. My grandmother has no ill intentions toward your family; she just wanted to share something good she received with her best friend. She's more upset than anyone else about this situation. You never got it right-the one at fault in this case is the person who conspired to kill your grandfather!"

She was about to leave after saying this, but Kelly spoke up. "Are you saying that you and your grandmother bear no responsibility for this? Mr. Graham's grandfather almost lost his life, but you've neither visited him nor offered a word of sympathy. Even now, you're still arguing over who is to blame and who isn't."

Abigail turned to fix the woman with a stern look. "Who are you to butt in here? What does the matter between the Grahams and the Quinns have to do with you?"

Kelly's face turned red one moment and pale the next at the remark. Nevertheless, she put on a helpless demeanor, arguing, "You knew you're the reason for Mr. Graham's intense rivalry with Uncle Vincent, and yet you neglected to take precautions. How can you just send food to someone by mail? Since it's from the same city, why didn't you deliver it yourself? Or perhaps you never cared about them, which is why Old Mr. Graham suffered. Isn't that right?"

Her words struck right at the heart of the issue that had been bothering Sean all along. He clenched his cigarette, appearing indifferent as if this had nothing to do with him, but his breathing became noticeably careful.

Kelly continued to criticize Abigail by saying, "Let's face it-you guys just wanted to save yourselves from trouble. Sending a package won't take much of your or your grandmother's time. Old Mr. Graham is still lying in the hospital, but you never visited him with your grandmother. You say she's upset, but is it too much to ask for her to pay him even a single visit?"

"Do I really need to explain so much to you?" Abigail looked at Kelly with contempt.

At that, Kelly darted a glance at Sean. "I'm asking on behalf of Mr. Graham. He's the one who needs your explanation the most," she replied, a note of sadness in her voice.

"Do you not have a voice, Sean?" Abigail shifted her focus onto the man.

Sean immediately replied, "She took it upon herself to ask on my behalf. Why are you angry me?"

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Abigail let out a sneer. "So, it's just Kelly being presumptuous and arguing with me speciously here, is it?"

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Just when Kelly was about to speak once again, Abigail suddenly raised her hand against her, and the palm of her hand came menacingly close to Kelly's face.

In an instant, Kelly ducked into Sean's arms.

Abigail's expression had ridicule written all over it.

Sean reflexively pushed Kelly away, so panicked that his cigarette dropped from his hand. He explained almost without thinking, "I didn't touch her."

Abigail withdrew her hand and ignored him. Instead, she looked at Kelly, who looked

embarrassed at being pushed away. "Your eloquence won't lead me into your trap. I won't follow your twisted logic. Stop trying to show off your cleverness in front of me!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Eric rushed inside and shielded Abigail behind him. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"I'm fine. Let's go," Abigail muttered, unwilling to engage in any more arguments with Kelly. Any moment spent in her presence made Abigail feel nauseous.

Eric shot a look at Sean and Kelly before turning to leave with her.

Kelly's hands balled into fists behind her back as she watched Eric leave.

Sean's gaze followed Abigail as she left.

behind her back, which was reflected on the mirror-like surface of the obsidian wall. He then withdrew his gaze and stepped out of the room.

I stepped out Ver, his eyes caught

sight of Kelly's tightly balled fists

Cameron came in from outside and took care of the cigarette butt on the floor.

Coming back to herself, Kelly hurriedly caught up with Sean, but she soon noticed her own reflection on the wall too.

Just then, her thoughts were interrupted by what he said. "Now that I've treated you to dinner, please don't come to the hospital anymore. There's no shortage of people to look after my grandfather."

Kelly shifted her gaze toward him. At once, she asked anxiously, "Did I speak too much just now? I won't interfere anymore."

Sean turned to look at her, his gaze inscrutable as he commented, "No, you spoke quite well. Feel free to speak up more when you have the chance.

Kelly met his gaze. "I know you don't like me meddling in your affairs, but whenever I come to you, it's because I hope you can help me clarify things with Abigail," she mumbled. "My third uncle and I never spoke to each other, so I want her to stop misunderstanding me."

Sean raised an eyebrow upon hearing this. "What makes you think she will believe what I say?"

"You're the one who looked into it. If she accepts your findings, doesn't that mean she trusts you? My brother has been hoping to reconcile with her, so I don't want this misunderstanding to strain their relationship further," Kelly explained, her eyes lowering.

"Ha!" Sean let out a sneer.

She didn't say anything else, knowing that speaking further would only irritate the man. Instead, what she needed to do now was stay obediently by his side.

Sean had Xavien escort Kelly back to the hotel. As he sat in the car, Cameron suddenly said, "Ms. Quinn is going to Capitalis to participate in a variety show. She's going to sign the contract tomorrow, but the TV station--"

"Did I ask you to find out all of this?" Sean cut him off, his expression cold.

Cameron shut up and focused on driving.

There was silence in the car for a moment before Sean spoke again. "I'll be going mountain, climbing with Kevin tomorrow. You keep an eye on Kelly here in Pendorf."

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Something Amiss.

Cameron immediately nodded in response, and he couldn't help but ask, "Are we really not going to find out how Old Mr. Graham got poisoned? I always thought it odd that Old Mrs. Quinn sent mushrooms to Old Mr. Graham. She never gave store-bought items as gifts. It's unlike her."

Sean stared at him coldly without saying a word.

"I-I just had a passing thought about it..." Cameron stammered before he immediately straightened his posture and looked ahead.

"I have my own plans for the poisoning. As for Old Mrs. Quinn, I'll ask her myself when I come back. Sean replied. He had previously assumed that Analise's actions might have something to do with their shared knowledge about Abigail's mysterious past and was a way of burying the hatchet. However, recalling her attempt to deny any involvement in Colby's poisoning by inviting him to dinner, he suddenly felt that Cameron had a point there.

Just then, Cameron added, "I took the time to ask Eric just now. He said Ms. Quinn's phone had been hacked with a self-destructive virus."

Sean pressed his lips together and remained silent for a while. Finally, he said impassively, "Got it." However, these findings didn't matter much to him anymore at the moment. Someone was orchestrating a grand deception to mislead him. If he didn't go along with it, it would be a waste of the person's efforts.

Cameron's doubts were also conveyed to Eric, who followed Abigail back to his hotel room. Just as she was about to leave the room, he asked her in a whisper, "Your grandmother might be hiding something from you. Would you like to come in and talk about it?"

Abigail followed him into the hotel room without saying much.

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Eric got straight to the point without beating around the bush. "It was Cameron who told me that Of course, it wasn't on Sean's orders but based on his own doubts. He said he's well aware of grandmother's attitude toward Sean, so there's no way she'd give something like mushrooms to Old Mr. Graham. Her habit is to give her friends only what isn't available on the market."

Abigail had been so preoccupied with work these past few days, she hadn't noticed this at all. She looked at Eric, asking, "He does have a point there. Our families aren't on good enough terms yet for her to send mushrooms to Old Mr. Graham. After all, there's nothing the Grahams can't buy."

"If you want, I can leave my friend here to look into this. Your grandmother must have her reasons for keeping this from you, so it might not be a good idea to ask her directly." Eric

suggested as he walked over to the couch and sat down.

Abigail didn't respond immediately. Kelly's words had affected her to some extent. Had her

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obsession with work caused her to neglect what she should have taken precautions against, thus leading to the incident?

Eric didn't urge her for a response either.

A moment later, she said, "I'll ask her myself." This was a matter within her family, so she couldn't let outsiders seek answers on her behalf.

After returning home from the hotel, Abigail saw Analise sitting on the couch in a trance. She cleared her throat, upon which Analise snapped back to reality and turned to look at her, asking, "How is Colby?"

"I didn't check on him. I was afraid Old Mrs. Graham might get too agitated and have a heart attack," Abigail replied as she walked toward Analise.

Analise let out a sigh, her face showing guilt. "It's all my fault for being a busybody.

Abigail sat down beside her and held her hand, asking, "Grandma, why did you send the mushrooms? That's unlike you. You've always been well aware of our relationship with the Grahams. Considering your strong-willed and discerning personality, you wouldn't do something like this, right?"

"Colby and I are on good terms, so it's normal for me to send him some mushrooms. What happens in your generation is your own-

"Grandma, what is it that you can't tell me?" Abigail asked with a puzzled expression.

"You won't believe me anyway!" Analise suddenly became angry.

At that point, Abigail grew anxious too. "Old Mr. Graham's life is involved in this, and the culprit. behind this is still out there. If you don't tell me, how am I supposed to find out who poisoned him?"

Analise looked at her, stating firmly, "I haven't lied to you. I don't know who's been talking nonsense in front of you, but I haven't lied to you!"

Abigail felt helpless that her grandmother refused to admit it. After letting out a sigh, she let go of Analise's hand, saying, "I'm going to Capitalis tomorrow. You stay home and don't go anywhere. I'll be back in the evening."

"Alright. I'll make you dinner," Analise said as she stood up.

Abigail's brows furrowed involuntarily as she watched Analise enter the kitchen. Once back in her room, she stared at her laptop screen. She couldn't help but wonder if Colby's phone had also been tampered with. Everything seemed to be shrouded in a fog; she felt like she was being excluded by everyone, unaware of any situation.

Early the next morning, Abigail and Eric flew to Capitalis. After they signed the contract, Lionel

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Capitalia a

Abigail's inner displeasure, reached its peak as she returned to the hotel with Eric. "They never mentioned the party before we signed the contract but now they're saying it was included in the contract. The show's production team is really something else!" she said to Eric as they stood in the elevator lobby waiting for the elevator to arrive.

This TV station has a bad reputation Eric muttered as he handed his phone to her.

Abigail looked at his phone and noticed a private message sent to him by one of his fans. This fan had participated in a show at this TV station and had uncovered a lot of dark secrets, eventually quitting. And now, this fan was burdened with debt-all because of the TV station.

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Glenn, the person in charge of Runway Capitalis, insisted that Abigail stay, saying there was a party to attend in the evening.

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We're Here to Go Mountain Climbing

After reading the fan's story, Abigail involuntarily shifted her gaze toward Eric.

Their eyes met.

Just then, two more people approached them.

Abigail noticed that they were standing very close to her. She raised her eyes and looked over, only to unexpectedly meet Sean's mocking gaze.

Kevin poked his head out from beside the man, his almond-shaped eyes crinkled in a smile. "Ms. Quinn, what were you talking about with Mr. Davidson? You seemed so engrossed in your conversation."

"Nothing. What are you doing here?" Abigail couldn't help feeling that this was too much of a coincidence.

"Can't we come to Capitalis?" Sean asked her in an unfriendly tone.

Abigail moved a couple of steps aside, ignoring him.

Eric put his phone away and looked at Sean, asking, "It's Mr. Stewart whom Ms. Quinn was asking. Why are you so angry, Mr. Graham?"

"It's Ms. Quinn whom I was asking. Why are you in such a hurry to defend her, Mr. Davidson? Seems like you haven't learned your lesson from the trouble you caused last time," Sean replied, before turning his gaze toward the elevator. He raised his chin slightly, displaying an attitude of complete disdain.

Scoffing, Abigail mocked, "It's Mr. Stewart whom I was asking. Mr. Graham, before you blame someone for being nosy, you should take a look at who started it in the first place."

Kevin laughed so hard that his shoulders were trembling. "So, whose fault is it in the end?" he asked her with a playful smile.

Abigail smiled back at him. "What do you think?"

Sean shot a glance at her. "Judging from what you say, it seems that my friend shouldn't have spoken, is it?"

Abigail sensed his hostility toward her. "I haven't said anything. If you insist on thinking that way, I can do nothing about it," she muttered, her expression cold as she turned to look at the elevator as well.

Just then, the elevator stopped on the first floor, and the people inside came out of it.

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Seeing some of them walk out in a hurry, Eric immediately pulled Abigail aside. Sure enough, a man talking on the phone hurriedly walked out and bumped into his shoulder. The impact caused Eric to stagger a few steps back, and Abigail quickly supported him.

Sean's face became sullen when he saw her hand clasp visibly.

arm, and his expression darkened

"Sorry!" The man talking on the phone quickly apologized to Eric before rushing off.

"Are you okay?" Abigail asked with concern when she saw Eric massage his shoulder. Had he not shielded her from the man, she might have been knocked to the ground as she was in high heels, giving Sean a chance to mock her.

"I'm fine, Eric replied as he gave her a gentle smile.

Kevin entered the elevator. Seeing that Sean had yet to enter, he urged, "Come on in."

Sean looked at him with indifference. "What's the hurry?" He entered the elevator only after Abigail and Eric had gone in.

The elevator wasn't spacious, but there was a clear divide between them. Abigail and Eric stood on the left side, whereas Sean and Kevin stood on the right.

"Ms. Quinn, are you here in Capitalis for a potential collaboration?" Kevin asked Abigail with a big smile as he was feeling rather bored at the moment,

"Yeah," she replied. At first, she wanted to ask Kevin what he and Sean were doing here, but considering Sean's present behavior, she decided not to bother.

"Mr. Graham and I are here to go mountain climbing-ouch!" Kevin's reply was cut short when Sean stepped on his foot. He moved away from the man and gave Abigail an embarrassed smile.

"Aren't there mountains to climb in Pendorf?" Eric asked.

"Why do we need your permission to go mountain climbing wherever we want?" Sean asked him back nonchalantly.

Abigail couldn't help but roll her eyes. "Just say whatever you want. Why drag me into this?"

"Ha!" Sean let out another sneer.

The standoff between both sides only ended when they got out of the elevator.

As Eric and Abigail went to their hotel rooms together, Eric muttered quietly, "Mr. Graham really seems to be in a foul mood today."

"Let's not mind him," Abigail muttered, seething with exasperation. "Our immediate concern now is with the production team. If there really are so many dark secrets, can we quit the show now

2/3

before it's too late?"

Eric looked at her solemnly as he commented, "We'll have to pay a hefty penalty for breach of contract, and besides, we don't even know if what that fan said is true or not."

Abigail let out a sigh without saying a word.

Eric continued, "The production team has already announced our collaboration, so it'd be difficult to back out now. This show has a huge fan following; if we quit it prematurely, we'll be accused of throwing our weight around."

"Let's wait and see what happens next, then," Abigail said in resignation.

Eric took out his phone and did some online searching.

Abigail also searched the video platforms she frequented for anything related, but she didn't spot anything negative. "There are no related videos on any video platform either," she said to Eric.

"I've already had my talent agent look into it for me, but it's okay. If there really is an issue, I'll stand by you, Eric announced while looking at her sincerely.

"Thank you, but if there are any issues, I'll handle them myself. I hope you can trust me; I'm not someone incapable of doing anything. It's getting late, so I'm heading back to my room now." And with that, Abigail walked toward the door.

Eric walked her to the door with a satisfied smile that he couldn't suppress. In any case, I'm already very happy to be traveling with her again. No matter what happens on the show, I'll shield her from it. I'll never let her get hurt in the slightest,

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Conflict

Meanwhile, the first thing Kevin did after returning to his hotel room was to kick off his shoes to inspect his foot. "You're really cruel. You've flattened my toes!"

Sean looked at him with a cold expression without saying a word.

"Say, you get jealous again and want to make things difficult for her. Why are you so conflicted?" Kevin asked, holding his legs with puzzlement written all over his good-looking face.

Sean sat on the couch, gazing out the window in silence like a melancholic and beautiful young man.

After watching him for a while, Kevin suddenly chuckled.

"Are you insane?" Sean looked at him with a frown.

Kevin couldn't help but laugh in amusement. "You're the one who's insane; you're suffering from lovesickness. I just don't understand. Why her? Only you could come up with the idea of coming all the way to Capitalis to go mountain climbing."

Sean let out a snort. "Do you think I'm really here to go mountain climbing?"

"Of course not. You're here to see if your wife has been stolen from you," Kevin drawled.

Sean grabbed the pillow beside him and threw it at his face. "Just shut up if you can't speak properly!"

Kevin caught the pillow. "Pray tell, what did you come here for?"

"To look into some stuff." Sean muttered.

Kevin moved closer to him. "Is this still about Vincent?"

"Don't ask so many questions; it won't do you any good. Just consider this a leisure trip," said the man.

Kevin curled his lips. "Fine. In that case, can I talk to Ms. Quinn when I'm free?"

Sean nodded in silent agreement. He had nothing to worry about when Kevin was with Abigail, but it was a different story when Abigail was with Eric.

Meanwhile, Abigail took Eric's advice and dressed up a little for the party in the evening. Coming out of her hotel room, she happened to run into Kevin, who had come to ask her to join him for dinner.

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"Are you heading out?" Kevin was surprised to see her carefully styled appearance.

Abigail nodded. "Yeah."

Just then, the door to Eric's hotel room opened; he was staying in the room opposite Abigail's. "Are you ready?" he asked her. Then, seeing Kevin, he questioned, "Mr. Stewart, do you need something from her?"

Kevin wore a charming smile. "Are you two going out together?" Eric was dressed formally in a suit, looking as if he were going on a date.

"Yeah, we have something to do." Eric didn't explain where they were going.

Kevin rubbed his nose, asking, "Can I come along?"

"No, you don't have an invitation," Abigail stated, to which Kevin nodded. "Alright, then."

After the pair left, Kevin immediately called Sean. The moment Sean answered the phone, Kevin said urgently, "What are you still investigating? Ms. Quinn and Eric are going to attend an exclusive party, and I can't tag along because I don't have an invitation." Before Sean could anything, he continued, "You know what happens at such events, don't you?"

"Shut up! You talk too much. Have you figured out what party it is?" Sean asked impassively.

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Why is he pretending to be so calm at a time like this? Kevin grumbled to himself. "I haven't figured it out, but I can stalk them," he commented.

Sean fell silent for a moment before asking. "There are many ways to figure it out. Why do you have to stalk them?"

"Just who do you think I'm doing this for?!" Kevin became angry at once. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have done something like stalking someone else!

“Suit yourself,” Sean said before hanging up the phone, claiming he had something to deal with.

Kevin immediately went after Abigail and Eric.

The production team had arranged for a car to take them to the party. As soon as Kevin rushed out of the hotel, he saw Abigail and Eric get into a car; he noted down the car’s license plate number and immediately went to the side of the road to hail a cab.

Once inside the party venue, Abigail decided to separate from Eric. There were many celebrities. present at the party. After all, they were both in the industry, and if someone gossipy spotted them

together, it would easily lead to misunderstandings. “I’m going to check out the food over there. Just text me if you need anything,” she whispered to Eric at the entrance.

“What’s the matter?” Eric asked her, puzzled.

2/3

“I’d like to hang out on my own,” Abigail said bluntly.

Eric simply grunted in response.

After they went their separate ways, Abigail found a place to sit, planning to sit through the party. and then leave.

Just then, a slender man in a royal blue suit stood in front of her, smiling as he said, “Good evening. Ms. Quinn. I’m an investor from the TV station.”

Abigail stood up and greeted him politely. “Good evening.”

“Why are you sitting here alone? You should join everyone. I heard you haven’t been getting along well with the show’s director. Why not go talk to him?” the man said as he offered his drink to Abigail while putting an arm around her waist.

Abigail felt somewhat disgusted by the man’s advances. Just when she was about to move away, a hand reached out and pushed the man away.

The drink that the man was holding spilled everywhere.

Eric looked at the man with a frown. “Mr. Larson, are you asking Ms. Alana to suck up to Mr. Stuart?”

“Eric, my clothes are all stained with liquor!” Mr. Larson yelled angrily.

In an instant, everyone in the room shifted their attention toward them.

When Sean and Kevin, entered, they saw Eric shielding Abigail behind him and engaging in a heated argument with someone,

Sean’s gaze grew cold instantly.”

“I’ll go check out what’s going on,” Kevin mentioned immediately.

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Facing the Darkness.

Sean stopped him by saying, "They brought this upon themselves. What are you going to do?"

Kevin looked at him and asked with a smile, "Are you sure about this?"

Sean darted an impassive glance at him before letting go of his sleeve.

"Alright, then. I'll check it out first," Kevin commented as he followed Sean.

Meanwhile, Eric was surrounded by several investors. Even Tristan Stuart, the show's director, was annoyed. "The show hasn't even started, and the two of you are already causing trouble," he grumbled. "Alana, your being a no-show has already upset everyone, but instead of drinking with everyone to apologize, you actually spilled Mr. Larson's drink, huh?"

"It was my doing. Why are you blaming it on her? Eric asked with a cold expression.

The amusement on Tristan's shrewd face grew. "Eric, your family doesn't allow you to offend so many people like this to stick up for someone."

Just as Eric was about to make a retort, Abigail suddenly asked, "Mr. Stuart, are you suggesting that I need to apologize to everyone with a drink for each person?"

"Apologizing with a drink would have sufficed earlier, but not now," Tristan replied slowly.

Abigail's expression was cold as she asked with a sardonic smile, "Well then, what should I do now?"

"We booked the hotel and the meals in advance last time, but the production team's budget was wasted because you failed to turn up. The appearance fees for these celebrities are all paid by these big shots. I know your studio is

Small and can't afford the money, so how about this? You stay behind after dinner, and I'll take time talking to you about it," Tristan offered, laughing while holding his drink.

At this point, everyone understood these people's intentions.

It was often said that the entertainment industry was filled with immoral behavior, but this was the first time Abigail had ever been confronted with something so disgusting.

Unable to stand it any longer, Eric snatched Tristan's drink from him and splashed it onto his face. "Do you still have respect for the law?" he growled.

Tristan's expression was gloomy as he produced a handkerchief from his suit pocket and wiped the liquor off his face. Then, he gritted out through clenched teeth, "If you insist on sticking up for Alana, then I can do nothing about it. What are you guys waiting for? Call for security!"

Suddenly, Abigail said, "Mr. Stuart, I've recorded everything you said."

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Everyone fell silent at her words.

She looked at Tristan with contempt and continued. "Are you all considering this evening's party your personal playground? Pray tell, which of you here wants to sleep with me?"

No one uttered a word.

However, Tristan ordered, "What are you guys waiting here for? Find the recording she made!"

Almost immediately, the hotel's staff surrounded Abigail and Eric. As one of the staff members grabbed Abigail's hands and held them behind her back, she looked up at Tristan coldly, saying. "Do you really think the recorded material wasn't uploaded in real time? Even if you destroy the recording I have on hand, there are still copies of it in the cloud. As long as I don't disclose which cloud service I used, you'll never find them!"

"Then, Alana will disappear from the design industry!" Tristan's eyes were full of malice when he spoke.

Eric was restrained by several staff members, but they were relatively polite toward him. After all, the Davidsons were in Capitalis.

Amid the pushing and shoving, the staff member holding onto Abigail was suddenly grabbed by the throat and forcefully thrown aside,

Kevin stepped into the crowd and looked at everyone with a sarcastic smile. "I thought it was some exclusive party, but it turns out that this is a sex party organized by all of you, eh?"

Abigail shifted her gaze toward Sean, who was standing beside her. Truth be told, his presence surprised her.

Sean, who was standing next to her, instantly changed the dynamics of the situation. "How many of you here want to sleep with her?" he asked indifferently while wiping his hands with a handkerchief after throwing the staff member aside. His eyes seemed impassive, but one look from them was enough to fill people with apprehension.

Eric looked at the crowd, his lips pressed together. In reality, he had already called the police.

It was evident that this was specifically aimed at Abigail.

Upon seeing that nobody responded, Sean kicked Tristan directly in the stomach with a murderous look in his eyes. "Is it you?"

"That's enough..." Abigail immediately pulled him back.

Tristan knocked into someone else, causing him to glare at Sean fiercely. "Alana has signed an agreement with our TV station. Mr. Graham, if you don't want this to get to the point where she gets the worst of it, let's meet each other halfway today."

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"That right. We were past yoking in the first placer Larson chimed in Aber all was who had started it If he didn't clarify the nations this moment, he figured Sean might com

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Joking! We'll see if it's a joke when the police arrive" Eric growled, his anger still evident in his eyes as he looked at the crowd. He turned his head and said to Abigail, "Don't worry. Just hand the recording over to the police later. I don't believe they can act lawlessly, even in front of the police."

Tristan's expression darkened. "Eric, it's not nice of you to call the police."

"Nice? Why did it not occur to you whether it was nice when you guys bullied her?!" Eric retorted furiously.

Sean pulled a chair over and sat down. Leaning back in the chair, he looked at the crowd with contempt in his eyes. "Let's wait for the police, then. These people were clearly repeat offenders, rotten individuals associating with other rotten individuals would only keep getting worse and become increasingly arrogant and unscrupulous. Needless to say, this was the case with most of the circles of the wealthy."

3/3

"That's right. We were just joking in the first place! Mr. Larson chimed in. After all, it was him. who had started it. If he didn't clarify the situation at this moment, he figured Sean might come after him."

"Joking? We'll see if it's a joke when the police arrive," Eric growled, his anger still evident in his eyes as he looked at the crowd. He turned his head and said to Abigail, "Don't worry. Just hand the recording over to the police later. I don't believe they can act lawlessly, even in front of the police!"

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Unconditionally Supportive

Kevin gazed at Eric with a thoughtful look in his eyes. Meanwhile, Tristan still didn't show the slightest hint of fear on his face as he commented, "We're bound by a contract, Ms. Alana. I hope you know how to act in front of the police." Sean narrowed his eyes and stared at Tristan for a while before he shifted his gaze to look at Kevin. Kevin noticed the look in Sean's eyes, and he gave a slight nod.

"Alana is just here to participate in the show. She's just doing her job. Do you have to make such a mess out of things?" another portly man uttered with a grin on his face. The man shot the waiter a look, and the waiter immediately turned to walk away. The rest of the staff members pulled their chairs over to where Abigail and Eric were.

Then, the potbellied man smiled and glanced in Abigail's direction. The contract has been signed, Ms. Alana. It won't do you and Eric any good if things get too tense around here. You should consider Eric's position, even if you don't care about how things turn out for yourself. He's working in the entertainment industry, and he's staying in Capitalis. We're dealing with a large family in Capitalis here. Mr. Stuart isn't the sort of person you'd like to disrespect. Even the Davidsons are respectful toward him."

Abigail had a feeling that Tristan was only allowed to act all high and mighty because he had some big guns supporting him. Furthermore, considering how Tristan and his people had approached them in such a direct manner without playing any games, it was evident that Tristan had the power and ability to destroy her people if they wanted to. Abigail shot a glance in Eric's direction.

"You don't have to think about me. You shouldn't sacrifice your dignity for anyone!" Eric announced.

"Do not exist to you guys?" Sean interrupted in an icy tone. Meanwhile, Kevin held onto his phone and texted a bunch of other people to inform them of the situation while also asking them. about their side of things.

"I know what to say when the police get here," Abigail stated in a calm tone. She didn't seem angry at all. Eric wasn't sure what Abigail was about to say, and he felt rather anxious for her. "You don't have to be afraid," he reminded her.

"I'm not, Eric," Abigail replied.

Eric was the first to explain things once the police arrived. Sean sat by the side, and he only replied to a few questions before he looked in Abigail's direction. "These bosses have a great sense of humor, but I was just a little too sensitive earlier. My friend only made a police report because he was worried that I was getting taken advantage of. It's my fault that things turned out like that. I'm so sorry," Abigail said to the police in a polite tone.

The police couldn't help but lecture her. "You shouldn't fool around with the police like that! We'll have to charge you a penalty of 500 this time, but if this happens again, you'll have to be detained.

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for up to a whole week!" The police were naturally furious since it seemed like Abigail was messing around with them.

"I'm sorry." Abigail apologized once more. Eric was fuming at this point, but he sat in his chair. and bit his lower lip without saying much. Meanwhile, Tristan and the few other higher-ups. exchanged glances with looks of victory on their faces. After the police left, Tristan walked up to Abigail with a grin on his face. "You're a smart woman, Alana. This explains how you managed to build your business up to this point. Well, you can enjoy the food and drinks for the rest of the night. We'll send you guys back to the hotel later. The fine of 500 meant nothing to the higher- ups there.

"A wise person is one who acts according to the situation, right? After all, I only joined this. program to get some money. Since this was all a misunderstanding, everything's fine as long as we've cleared things up," Abigail replied with a smile. Everything laughed along with her.

After the rest of them left, Sean came up to Abigail with a scornful look on his face. "What was that? Did you give in because you were worried that Eric would try to get revenge otherwise?" Sean was annoyed. I could've easily handled that bunch of people for her, but she chose to give in to them. Who does she think I am?

"Yeah. Eric only offended them because of me. I can't just think about my own feelings. I have to consider the consequences he would have to face as well," Abigail explained in a flat tone. Sean felt a heavy sensation weighing on his chest. He had shown up to offer her help, yet it seemed like he only ended up making a fool out of himself. She never even entertained the idea of me helping her...

"Fine." Sean stood up after letting out a cold scoff. Let's go," he said to Kevin. Kevin tagged along behind Sean while letting out an exasperated sigh. After they got out of the hotel, Sean tugged on his tie to loosen it up. "She wants to cut all ties with me."

"I don't understand your relationship with her, Sean, but I think Eric did a pretty good job today." Kevin uttered in a slow and careful tone. Sean turned to stare at the other man. "Eric stood on her side without any hesitation. A man who can protect his woman unconditionally... Isn't that what every woman wants?" Kevin was a playboy himself. He had the ability to keep women around. even after breaking up with them simply because he was extremely sensitive to the needs of women.

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Improving Stubbornness

Sean didn't respond to Kevin's question. "My grandfather used to be a reputable and influential man in Pendorf, you know. No one in Pendorf would have the guts to harm him," Sean said. instead.

Kevin's expression darkened. "Do you think you might've indirectly offended some of the people from Capitalis after upsetting Vincent?"

"I'm not sure, but Vincent did try to sell me overseas, so he might have a supply chain backing. him up. I've probably wrecked the whole supply chain by causing trouble to him." Sean walked out to the balcony after finishing his words.

Kevin couldn't help but shudder at that idea. "Would it be safe for us to keep Ms. Quinn around here, then?"

"Eric's here, so what's there to worry about?" There was a hint of sarcasm in Sean's tone, and Kevin. figured that Sean was still resentful about what happened. Sean's probably mad because Ms. Quinn didn't consider him as part of the plan at all tonight.

Meanwhile, Eric had been furious for the past 30 minutes. "Are you sure you don't want to cat some of this? Wouldn't it be a shame if you came here just to get angry and lose your appetite?" Abigail brought some dessert over to Eric once more.

Eric turned his body away from her. "I'm an actor, and I need to maintain a certain percentage of body fat. I can't eat sweet stuff."

"I don't see you eating any veggies, either," Abigail commented.

"I told you earlier-I don't want you to worry about whether you're troubling me. Why don't you trust me? Do you think I can't protect you? Are you afraid of burdening me? I don't care about that at all. Those

people are sc*mbags, and they deserve to be put behind bars!" Eric glared at Abigail.

"Have you ever considered why they're able to act all cocky around us, Eric?" Abigail asked calmly

"I don't care how cocky they act! I'm sure my parents will do something about it even if I get into trouble. On top of that, I have my fans that I can use as support!" Eric got emotional as he spoke. Deep down, he was angry at how cowardly Abigail seemed, and he was angry at how she couldn't seem to rely on him. She had no choice but to set them free even after they shamed her. Eric felt extremely bad.

"Sean's around, too! Even if you don't like him, you can still take advantage of his influence and power. What's wrong with that?!" Eric didn't even mind if Abigail sought Sean for help. He only had one goal in mind that night, and that was to put those sc*mbags behind bars!

1/3

"He doesn't seem to care about what happened tonight, though," Abigail uttered, convinced that Sean wasn't interested in being a part of the incident. He had dropped by to exchange a few sentences for old times' sake. Perhaps Kevin was the one who told him to come over. Nowadays, it looks like he has really let go of that final bit of male ego that would've made him take action in the past.

Abigail was glad to have done what she did. If Sean turned out to be an unreliable source, and if I ended up getting Eric into trouble, I would feel really guilty. "You should've been firmer about things. If you really- Eric started.

"Eric, even if we made a fuss out of today's incident, they would've just been detained for a few days. That's not the outcome I want." Abigail interrupted the man's words.

"I can't bear to watch them bully you..." Eric lowered his gaze, looking dejected. His entire being seemed deflated. "Are you bothered by the words that they used to shame me? Gangsters like them use words to hurt a woman's pride all the time. They would've succeeded if I had actually felt ashamed. But..... I didn't do anything, so why should I feel ashamed? What's there for me to feel bad for?" Abigail explained gently.

Eric was dumbfounded as he looked at the woman. "I'm not that fragile, you know. I'm not going to start criticizing myself just because they said those things about me. In fact, I intend to plan things out so that I can give them the punishment they deserve. If we simply made a scene tonight, their punishment would be too light," Abigail added with a smile.