

## Spare Wife 381

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#### Important News

When Gabe woke up, she chose to leave the program.

Now, there were only two people left on Abigail's team.

Tristan refused to assign them any new members, even if Team C had 5 people in total.

As Gabe had left, the treasure changed spots again.

Everyone was fully energized in the afternoon after resting for a whole morning.

That was partially because of what Tristan said. Nowadays, follower counts matter more than anything. If the participants could gain a few hundred thousand fans just by appearing in one show, it meant they could continue to earn an income through their fans.

If they could earn a living by chatting with people over the internet, why would they slave away at work?

Team C found the treasure within an hour.

As the team with the least number of contestants, Abigail and Miranda would have to suffer the greatest punishment available.

However, the punishment would only be announced the next day when they started filming in the morning. No one knew what Tristan had in mind for Abigail and Miranda.

Once filming wrapped up for the day, Abigail walked out of the set with Miranda following close behind, who then called out, "Miss Alana."

Abigail paused and turned to look at Miranda. "What is it?"

"Can I hitch a ride with you? My phone plan expired, so I can't call for a cab," Miranda awkwardly requested.

The crew, who were walking nearby, looked at her with strange looks on their faces.

When filming was ongoing, everyone's phones would be stored together. It was very normal for Miranda to forget to buy a mobile recharge in time.

"Sure. Where do you live?" Abigail asked with a gentle smile.

I live in the university dorms. It's not that far away. Have you heard of Capitalis Fashion. Academy before?" Miranda casually responded.

"Of course. It's a highly respected university. Everyone knows about it," Abigail replied, grabbing Miranda by the hand.

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After they got into the cab, Miranda softly said, "Actually, it's Gabe who wants to talk to you."

Abigail was surprised. "What for?"

"I don't know either. I'm too scared to check my phone too often when we're on set. I feel like there's something wrong with the Wi-Fi they provide us," Miranda replied.

"You're right to be cautious," Abigail replied.

They headed to the campus cafe. When they walked in, they instantly spotted Gabe sitting inside with her head covered in bandages.

"How are you? What did the doctors say?" Abigail asked, her voice muffled due to the face mask she was wearing.

"I'm actually fine. It's just a mild concussion, so it's nothing major." Gabe's nose turned red. "I really didn't want to leave. Mr. Stuart threatened me. While he didn't say what the consequences would be if I didn't leave, I'm still terrified."

Don't be upset over that. Tristan is a powerful man, and you're just a university student. You have to do what he says. Otherwise, there's a high chance he might do something bad to you," Abigail reassured.

Distress and guilt had been warring within Gabe. So, Abigail's words managed to calm her down.

After a beat of silence, she hurriedly pulled out a document folder from her bag and handed it to Abigail. "I joined the show so that I can meet you. My teacher said that if I performed well, you would hire us for L.Moon. P-Please look at my portfolio. I don't want to leave just like that. In order to join the show, I spent 30..."

"Gabe!" Miranda interrupted.

Abigail accepted the folder and calmly asked, "Did you pay the production team 30 thousand just so you could join the show?"

Miranda uneasily explained, "Miss Alana, Mr. Stuart insisted that we had to. Our teacher also said we would only have one chance like this in our lifetimes. If we spend some cash to seize the chance, we will have a bright future ahead of us if we get hired."

Abigail did not open the folder and looked up at Gabe. "Does everyone else have to pay?"

"I don't know. The three of us had to pay 30 thousand each," Gabe honestly replied.

You paid 30 thousand, yet you left just like that. You didn't even protest, did you?" Abigail asked with scorn in her voice.

Gabe's face turned red as she looked down in shame. "I don't have the courage to go against Mr. Stuart. He's a very famous man here. Miranda knows about it as well, but he said 30 thousand was

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only the entrance fee. Once we're in the show, everything else is up to us."

"Your designs are nice. I also have the responsibility to tell you that L.Moon hires university graduates every year. You didn't need to splurge just for a chance to work with me." Abigail found Gabe rather foolish.

Runway Capitalis was a very famous show. Tristan had garnered a lot of fame through the show.

Still, what Gabe said struck a chord in Abigail's mind.

The jaws of Gabe and Miranda dropped as they stared at her in disbelief.

"Alright. I should be going," Abigail said, standing up.

Gabe and Miranda sat in the cafe for a long while. Eventually, Miranda burst out shouting, "What he did was repulsive! We should have looked L.Moon up beforehand. All that money went down the drain."

"I really want to expose Runway Capitalis for cheating us out of our money." Gabe might be timid, but she was also capable of getting angry.

"I heard Leo spent 60 thousand," Miranda abruptly said.

Realization soon struck them. Gabe could not resist voicing her thoughts, exclaiming, "Could it be that the more you pay, the longer you can stay in the show?!"

"Either way, he spent all that money for nothing. Miss Alana would never choose him," Miranda happily said.

Gabe solemnly looked at her and replied, "Miss Alana signed a contract. What if Mr. Stuart forces her to pick Leo?"

Miranda fell silent and started sulking upon hearing that.

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### Displeased the Wrong Person

When Abigail returned to her hotel room, she briefly flipped through Gabe's portfolio.

Gabe had a good eye for colors, but she was not that innovative.

Then, she messaged Damon after placing the folder aside.

'Can you help me look into two people?'

As a local, it should not be hard for him to look into Gabe and Miranda.

'Sure. Who is it? What am I looking for?' he replied.

"The two students on my team, Gabe Grant and Miranda Cooke. They want to join Moon after graduation. Please help me do a background check.

While she wanted two students, her students needed to have absolutely clean backgrounds and families. It would only give her extra trouble if they had ever plagiarized anyone else's designs.

This was a chance for them and one part of her plan against Tristan.

'No problem.

Still, Abigail could not resist messaging back after receiving a reply.

'Since you could dig up that many videos for me, can you help me look into the woman Tristan talked to over the phone? I want to know who she is.

'Okay. I'll look into her for you."

The next morning, when she arrived at the set, Tristan had the production team's bus transport them to somewhere in the wilds.

It never occurred to Abigail that the punishment would be bungee jumping.

She had never tried it out before, but it looked very scary when she watched people pull such a stunt through videos.

"I refuse this punishment," Abigail said to Tristan.

Impatience was painted all over his face. "As I said before, what I say goes in this show. If you don't want to go through the punishment, fine. Your punishment will be waived if your student offers to leave."

Miranda looked around and realized that Eric's team was not around at all.

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She had a bad feeling about this.

They had to have changed the filming locations at the last minute, which meant Eric and the others weren't informed of this matter.

That also meant there was no one who would help Abigail now.

"You were right, Mr. Stuart. It's best not to go overboard so that things would not get awkward. You're a producer and director, not a killer," Abigail blandly stated.

They were on a very tall cliff. One look over the edge had her legs wobbling in fear. How was she meant to jump?

"How am I killing you by asking you to go bungee jumping? This is for the show. I've given you a choice. You have three minutes to make your decision. If you still refuse to go with it, Miranda will be disqualified," Tristan proudly stated.

Miranda looked at Abigail.

Frankly speaking, she could afford to give Miranda 30 thousand in return, but Miranda did not care about the money. Instead, she also cared about the popularity the show could give her.

Nonetheless, it was Abigail who did not want to go through with the punishment. Even if Miranda was willing to suffer through it, she would not dare say a word if Abigail wasn't going to go through with it.

For the first time in Abigail's life, she realized just how low certain people could go.

"W-Why don't I leave?" Miranda stammered. Her face was quite pale.

Tristan ignored Miranda and kept sneering at Abigail as a sinister glint shone in his eyes.

Just as Abigail planned to cave in, Tristan's phone rang.

He pulled it out. When he saw that it was a call from his superior, his annoyance melted away. There was a solemn look on his face as he stepped aside and respectfully answered the phone, saying, "What is it, Mr. Blanc?"

"What are you doing?" the man over the phone said in a cold and emotionless yet raspy voice.

"We're filming the show..." Tristan blubbered.

For years, his boss had never questioned him during filming. Why was Mr. Blanc suddenly asking after his work?

"Someone was hurt on the show yesterday, and you kicked them out. Is that right?" Mr. Blanc coldly demanded.

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Tristan's eyes darted around the area as something malicious flashed in his eyes while he said in a fawning manner, "That's because we're on a tight schedule, Mr. Blanc. If she stays, our schedule will be delayed. I still paid her for her participation. So, it's not against the rules."

"I'm warning you, Tristan. While the show has always been popular and well-received, a lot of scandals have cropped up during your tenure. Even if it's because there were no mishaps that happened at the very start of filming during the past few seasons, the show has now been exposed for corrupt practices and a scandal where you kicked someone off the show just because they were hurt during filming. Just how much of your dirty laundry do you want aired to the masses?" Mr. Blanc's voice turned threatening.

"I cleaned everything up, didn't I?" Despite how respectful Tristan sounded, there was a slight argumentative tone in his voice.

"I never called you prior to this, but here I am now. Surely, you have to know it means you've displeased someone you shouldn't have. Do I need to explicitly warn you before you get it?" Mr. Blanc suddenly roared.

A frightened Tristan shivered and slumped over. "I understand."

The call was abruptly ended by Mr. Blanc.

Tristan stood there and stared at Abigail for a long moment before walking over to her.

"Since you're scared, we'll change to another punishment. Filming will resume tomorrow," he coldly snapped. Then, he promptly turned around and left the area.

Abigail was bewildered.

Meanwhile, Miranda heaved a huge sigh of relief.

On the way back, Tristan's face was twisted into an ugly look.

He slowly rubbed his fingers over his phone before finally sending out a message.

'Investigate the person who let it slip that there was someone hurt during filming.

If Abigail was involved in this leak, he would have a great, big present waiting for her.

Back in the hotel room, Abigail was immediately greeted by a panicking Eric. "What happened to you? Did Tristan do anything to you? I didn't even know you guys went somewhere else. We were all fooled. He told us to arrive at 9.00AM, but you were already gone by then."

She softly shook her head. "I'm fine. Were you behind the leaks?"

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He Likes Abigail

Eric shook his head.

"I honestly didn't dig too deep. I only heard that some of the students had to pay to join the show," he said.

Abigail thought he was the one who called Tristan, resulting in a sudden change of heart. However, it was not him.

Still, she could make an educated guess.

"That's right. Gabe and Miranda had to pay 30 thousand," she said, nodding.

"Leo went to Team C, so he had to have paid more for the show, Eric said, analyzing the matter.

"Perhaps." She cared more about what punishment Tristan had in mind for her team.

It was clear he wanted to teach her a lesson. Even if he failed today, there was still tomorrow.

"Abigail," Eric awkwardly said upon realizing she was not interested in discussing the leaks.

She had been thinking about returning to her room to rest when she noticed the strange tone in his voice. So, she turned to look at him and asked, "What is it?"

"My grandmother wants to talk to you about the birthday outfit. She has been feeling very guilty about it. When she heard you'll be in Capitalis for a show, she demanded I bring you to her," he hesitantly answered with embarrassment on his face.

Of course, he would never tell her that Maisy wanted to meet her because she wanted to know more about the woman he liked.

"That's inappropriate," Abigail swiftly said, denying the request.

"She knows that the engagement is fake," he hurriedly explained.

"Unfortunately, your announcement was public. I don't want any trouble," she honestly stated.

When he heard her response, he slumped over in disappointment. "Okay, but what if she comes. to you instead? We can share a meal in this hotel's restaurant."

She stared at him in shock. "Why is she so insistent on meeting me? She's not that young. How can you let her go around like that?"

"You worry too much. She's very healthy and strong. She might even be fitter than you," he replied with a smile.

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"I'll let you organize the meal then."

Since Maisy was even willing to come to the hotel just to meet Abigail, it would be rude for Abigail to continue rejecting the invitation.

Moreover, Eric had helped her quite a lot. She could not be too blunt in her rejections.

"Okay." He immediately grinned with joy.

Back in her room. Abigail received a message from Damon.

'Gabe Grant and Miranda Cooke were born and raised in Capitalis. Their families are quite well- to-do, but they're just ordinary students with clean backgrounds. They're safe.

So, Abigail sent Gabe a reply to her request after thanking him.

You have a good eye for colors, but your designs aren't very innovative. It's fine, though. Apply to L.Moon when the time comes. The innovation and creativity can come later.

After all, she knew she needed to spend a little extra time teaching from the moment she was ready to take in a few students.

Gabe's reply was prompt, and it was clear how thrilled she was.

That afternoon, Eric called for Maisy to arrive at the restaurant.

They would be dining in the only restaurant in the hotel. Nevertheless, everyone who stayed in the hotel was quite high in society.

Thus, when Eric led Maisy into the hotel, they attracted quite a lot of attention.

The duo soon vanished from view as they headed into one of the private rooms that could be booked for a rather hefty sum.

Abigail had been waiting inside for a while.

When Maisy walked into the room to find Abigail standing by the table, she froze for a moment.

"What is it?" Eric softly asked her.

Maisy spent a few long moments examining Abigail before snapping out of her thoughts to exclaim with excited eyes, "She looks just like your Aunt Scarlett."

He glanced at Abigail, who was calmly watching them, and softly replied, "She only looks like Aunt Scarlett. Don't think too hard about it."

"Hello, Madam Walsh," Abigail politely greeted when Maisy eventually sat down.

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Maisy had not looked away from Abigail from the moment she walked in. There was warmth in her gaze as she nodded and said to Abigail, "I'm very sorry for what happened with the gown. I've always wanted a dress designed by you, but I never said anything because I didn't want to trouble you."

After what happened, she was aware that her request would sound like an oppressive demand.

"It's fine," Abigail replied. She had already redesigned the dress and sold it off.

Meanwhile, Eric had been focused on the menu. After he ordered a few dishes, he handed the menu to Abigail with an embarrassed smile. "Order anything you want. Don't hold back."

When Maisy saw the clumsy way Eric was acting, she realized that he had truly fallen in love with Abigail.

After all, she had never seen Eric be so cautious and aware of another person before.

"Okay." Abigail accepted the menu and lowered her head to flip through it..

Deep inside, Maisy sighed. It was a shame that Abigail did not like him. It looked like Eric had a long way to go.

When he looked up to find Maisy watching him and Abigail with a grin on her face, he instantly blushed. "What dishes would you like to order, Grandmother?"

"Order for me. You know what I like," she responded as her face glowed with love.

Eric nodded and focused on the menu while a faint smile lingered on the edges of his lips.

Sean soon heard from Damon about the meal Abigail, Eric, and Maisy enjoyed together.

"Book a flight to Capitalis." Sean could no longer sit still.

Eric was already introducing Abigail to his family.

Did Abigail not understand propriety? Eric's engagement with the Pearsons' daughter had not been finalized yet. So, why was she meeting up with his family?

Sean knew he had no right to criticize Abigail, but the fury building within him just could not be stopped.

Cameron booked a flight for Sean and muttered, "Should I tell Mr. Stewart?"

After all, Kevin had been the one behind the ideas lately.

Sean was rightfully worried Kevin would stop him, so he blankly replied, "No."

## [Chapter 384](#)

### Crippled Drawing Hand

During the meal, Abigail realized that Maisy had never once looked away from her.



Honestly speaking, it was making her feel embarrassed.

"Did you design the dress you're wearing?" Maisy gently asked just as the meal was coming to a close.

"Yes." Abigail nodded.

Her dress was made of a very comfortable fabric in a neutral color and was covered in highly detailed and realistic embroidery. It was a variation of the classic princess line.

A flash of sorrow appeared on Maisy's face. "I should have asked you to sell me the dress no matter what back then. Your designs are beautiful

Abigail did not know if that was just flattery, but she still smiled in response. "Thank you."

"Let me escort you to the car, Grandmother," Eric chimed in.

"Okay," Maisy dotingly said.

It was clear he was afraid Maisy would upset Abigail. It seemed he would be a man who did everything his wife asked in the future.

The moment the two of them left, Abigail let out a loud sigh of relief.

As Eric escorted Maisy out of the hotel, she suddenly asked, "If you like her that much, why did you tell Josh you would be getting engaged to the Pearsons' daughter?"

"The Pearsons have been targeting her because I like her. I don't want to drag her down." Eric could not tell Maisy about what happened with Kelly. After all, Kelly was the daughter the Pearsons searched high and low for. He was certain that Maisy would stand on the Pearsons' side.

"Abigail looks a lot like Scarlett. Do you think the Pearsons have the wrong girl?" Maisy wondered with a frown.

The moment she saw Abigail, she knew Abigail was Scarlett's daughter. There was no need for a paternity test to be done.

"There are a lot of celebrities who look alike, but none of them are related. Eric thought it was a pity as well. It would be nice if Abigail was Scarlett's daughter. That way, there was no need for all this trouble.

"She's a calm and composed young girl who's also quite brilliant. In terms of personality, she's certainly not like Scarlett, Maisy said with a sigh.

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She found it a shame. Why couldn't it be Abigail?

The next morning, Eric's mood soured when he saw Tristan.

When Tristan saw Abigail, he smiled. Today's competition will not be hard. You've gone on parkour shows, right? The parkour track we have for you is rather challenging. So, please be careful."

She nodded with a blank face.

When Miranda heard the punishment was parkour, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Yet, when they arrived at the location, she realized she had celebrated too early.

The parkour equipment was fully inflated obstacles in the past. Unfortunately, all of that had been replaced with equipment covered in silicone rubber.

The material was very soft and hard to balance.

“Don’t worry. For your safety, we’ll even have you suspended on cables. We won’t make it that hard for you to lose your balance,” Tristan calmly stated.

Abigail and Miranda were forced to race each other. The loser would have a bucket of icy water poured over them.

As Abigail stepped on the cylindrical bridge, she suddenly felt her feet slip.

There was oil on the bridge.

Just as she rolled off the bridge, she triggered a switch that caused a wave of icy water to come crashing down on her.

The cables holding her up were also spinning as she fell. When everything stopped, her right arm was stretched out and tightly held up in the air by the cables.

Waves of agony shot up her arm, causing her to shriek in pain.

Eric immediately sensed that something was wrong as he swiftly shouted, “Don’t move the cables!”

Miranda was sprawled out on the cylindrical bridge, too scared to move, as she stared at Abigail in horror.

Abigail was suspended in mid-air while her right hand was being wrapped with taut cables.

“Where’s the crew? Her arm’s about to be torn off!” Eric shouted as he rushed in to save Abigail.

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Tristan’s eyes flashed with sinister glee as he stood there and watched for a few long minutes. before eventually calling for someone to get Abigail out of the tangled cables.

30 minutes passed before Abigail was finally rescued. As Eric waded out of the water with her figure in his arms, everyone stared as a long ribbon-like red stripe trailed behind them in the water.

Miranda rushed over with tears in her eyes as she screeched, “Miss Alana!”

The cables had sunk deep into Abigail’s entire right arm, causing injuries that exposed her bloody flesh to the air. Her entire body trembled in pain. Her face was stark white and drenched. No one knew if it was from sweat or the water.

“What on Earth are you people doing? Don’t you know how to properly strap her in?” Tristan intentionally shouted just then.

Eric turned to glare at Tristan with bloodshot eyes as he slowly declared, “Just you wait! I know you did it on purpose!”

Miranda turned to glare at Tristan as well. “Miss Alana has always done her best. I just don’t know why you’re so against her! You definitely did it on purpose. You want to end her career!”

Miranda knew full well just how important a designer’s hands were.

Tristan’s heart had to be made of coal. How could he target Abigail’s right hand?

“Watch your words, girl!” Tristan threatened.

While she was trembling in fear, she still snapped back, “You’re the one who should watch your words! All of us have eyes and know how you like to go after Miss Alana every single day! What right do you have to be so mean? You didn’t have to invite her to the show if you didn’t like her. Why do this to her?”

Eric’s

eyes were red with fury as he continuously reassured Abigail, who could barely speak from the pain, saying, “It’s okay. Everything will be fine. Your arm will be fine.”

By the time the paramedics arrived, Abigail had already fainted.

Eric and Miranda followed them to the hospital.

After they left, Tristan let out a gleeful bark of laughter.

## [Chapter 385](#)

### Your Hands Are Precious

Such was the result of fighting against Tristan. Abigail deserved what was coming to her.

Compared to those he had punished in the past, he had been very kind in only injuring the arm. Abigail used to design her outfits.

If Mr. Blanc had not warned him off, it was highly likely he would have killed her.

Evil thoughts continued to brew in his mind.

When Abigail woke up, her arm no longer hurt.

She looked at Eric and his bloodshot eyes. After a moment of silence, she asked, “Is my arm gone?”

Your arm is fine. Thank goodness we got you to the hospital in time. The cables didn’t cut into your nerves. Oh, it’s a miracle. You’re so kind that even the gods are protecting you,” Miranda chimed in.

“The stitches have turned your arm-into a rather unpleasant-looking mess,” Eric said. His voice was rather nasal, as though he was speaking through tears.

As Abigail's arm was injured by cables twisting around her arm, the stitches made it look like a giant centipede was crawling up her arm.

"Once it's stitched up, it'll heal. Did you check the equipment? The spot I stepped on had grease," Abigail immediately demanded. After all, that was very important evidence.

"There's no use. While I could smell that something was wrong with the water around you, all of that was washed away. The water might have looked like it was aimed at you, but it was all so they could wash away the grease. When Eric spoke to Tristan, he knew Tristan had another card up his sleeves.

"Tristan is an evil man! How can he be so cruel?" Miranda's body quivered in anger.

Just as she said that, the door was slammed open.

Sean was panting hard as he stood in the doorway

Cameron soon arrived. When he spotted Eric and Miranda in the room, he politely said, "Please leave us for a moment. Mr. Graham would like to speak with Ms. Quinn in private."

Eric glanced at Abigail.

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She nodded and gently said, "Go on. I'll be fine."

The fact that she intentionally reassured Eric caused joy to return to his glum face.

When Sean saw that, displeasure was painted all over his face.

When Eric and Miranda left, Sean slammed the door shut.

Abigail unwittingly frowned. "Why are you acting like a madman?"

"I think you're the mad one. Don't you know that Eric is getting married to someone from the Pearsons? How could you meet with his grandmother? Do you want to be bashed even harder on the internet?" His voice was trembling with fury as he clenched his fists.

"Is that all you want to say?" she coldly asked.

He walked over and looked down at her. "While I have no right to say anything, what you did just risked your grandmother's life. What do you think the Pearsons would do to you and your grandmother when they find out you're getting together with Eric once more?"

"If you're only here to talk about nonsense, please leave."

She then loudly hissed.

She had accidentally pulled on her stitches in her anger.

When he saw her pale she went, he immediately sat down and nervously asked, "What happened?"

When she did not answer him, he pulled the blanket away to reveal her bandaged right arm. The blood on her sleeves caused his eyes to grow cold. This happened on set?"

She deliberately turned away to look at the door. "You had someone call Tristan Stuart yesterday, didn't you? Since you're constantly monitoring the place, how do you not know about this?"

Sean had been in such a rush that he did not have time to look at his phone.

When he pulled out his phone, he spotted the videos Damon sent him. Once he was done watching them, his face turned pale.

"Does he have a death wish?" He shot to his feet, intent on taking care of Tristan.

"Thank you for your help yesterday, but I want to take care of Tristan myself," she stated.

"You? Take care of him? Don't you realize just how precious your hands are? Since you know there's something wrong with him, why do you insist on working with him? Is money that important to you?" He truly did not understand her mind.

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"It's my money! Of course, I can't bear to part with it. If you're only here to argue with me, you can leave," she coldly retorted.

She then frowned in discomfort.

His face fell. "It's because Eric is in the show. That's why you're forcing yourself to go through the humiliation."

"That's none of your business," she shot back.

He froze as a bitter feeling swelled in him.

True. It was none of his business. What right did he have to demand answers from her?

"You're taking advantage of the fact that I owe you one because you helped me to boldly restrict my movements and who I associate with. Let me make it clear. Every time you help me, I only feel annoyed and irritated because I do not want to have anything to do with you at all!" She glared at him with frosty eyes.

"Is that the kind of man I am in your eyes?" His hands were clenched into fists by his side.

She could not even bother to look at him now. "Why did you run all the way here then? Didn't we say to part on good terms? Why do you keep ruining everything for me?"

He felt like everything he had done was an absolute joke after hearing her words.

Moments later, he said, "I'm here because I don't want you to humiliate your grandmother any further."

She flew into a fit of rage. "Humiliate? Is there something wrong with you?"

After that roar, she screwed her eyes shut in agony.

He certainly had great timing by agitating her just as her arm was injured.

## [Chapter 386](#)

### One Step Too Late

One look at the pain on Abigail's face, and Sean loudly shouted out the door, "Has the doctor not given her any painkillers yet?"

Cameron promptly opened the door and respectfully said, "I'll get a doctor to see her now."

"Get out! Right now!" Abigail screamed at Sean before saying to Cameron, "Don't call for the doctor. Just drag him away! If he's here, the only drug that will work on me is a tranquilizer."

Cameron did not understand what was going on. It had only been a few minutes, so how had Sean angered her again?

Was Sean not here to coax her back to his side?

Sean kept staring as Eric headed back into the room after he was chased out by Abigail. He only turned his scowl away from the door when the door closed behind Eric.

Cameron silently looked at him.

"What?" Sean asked.

"I think you really shouldn't have argued with Ms. Quinn. At such a time, your love will only grow if you choose to show your care for her," Cameron replied before instinctively looking away.

While Sean knew Cameron was right, he had been too panicked back then.

He felt like if he did not say what he wanted to say, Abigail might actually get together with Eric.

"Leave Tristan be for now. Let's see what she wants to do before we make a move," he declared before walking away.

Cameron followed him and asked, "Aren't we staying here?"

"We're going to buy her lunch," Sean replied with an angry huff.

Even if he was angry at Abigail, he would still do anything and everything for her.

Cameron let out a gasp of realization, making him sound rather slow-witted.

With food in hand, Sean and Cameron appeared in Abigail's ward once more. Alas, they opened the door to find she had already started lunch.

The table was covered in a wide variety of dishes that included soup. The feast looked much more appetizing than the food he had carefully picked out.

Eric was sitting by the bed as he held a plate up that Miranda would feed Abigail from.

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While it was a woman feeding Abigail, in Sean's eyes, it was the same as Eric feeding her himself.

His face turned pale with anger once more as the food in his hands felt like they were going to burn a hole in his flesh.

Abigail pretended not to see him, but she still said to Eric, "Just leave the plate on the table. There's no need to bother with holding it up."

"It's fine," Eric warmly replied with a smile in his eyes.

Deep down, Cameron sighed. They were one step too late.

"When do you plan on taking care of Tristan Stuart?" Sean asked, walking over to place the bag of food on the table.

Miranda had heard of Sean before. When she realized he was much more handsome and terrifying in person. To make matters worse for her, he was blocking the doorway; her heart skipped in fear.

Anyone who followed Alana had shipped her with Sean before.

Sean was here in Capitalis and even bought food for Abigail. If the media caught wind of this, there would be a frenzy.

Yet, Abigail did not seem like she cared about Sean.

It appeared to be a one-sided love.

"Mr. Graham, I'll discuss this with the production team first. Please don't worry about it," Abigail calmly said.

As her student was here, she could not embarrass him.

Even if the two of them had just argued before lunch.

Sean looked at her and said, "Okay."

Eric whispered to Abigail, "The soup has cooled. Try some. My grandmother made it herself. You'll love it."

Sean's heart sank as he clenched his hands.

"Okay." Abigail was nearly full.

At that moment, Sean suddenly realized just how out of place he was.

He did not fit into Abigail's social circle.

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"I bought you food. If you're too full for it, just throw it out," he stated, doing his best to restrain his anger as he walked over to sit on a nearby chair.

Abigail had assumed he would leave the room. So, she was surprised to see him sit down.

"Have you eaten lunch yet, Miranda?" Abigail asked.

Miranda immediately tensed up and replied, "I did."

She dared not eat the food Sean had bought.

When Abigail looked at Eric, he smiled. Tve eaten lunch. Why not keep it for dinner? It'll be fine after you heat it up."

It would not do to throw away something Sean bought out of kindness, so Abigail agreed with that plan.

After Eric cleared the table with Miranda, he glanced at Abigail and then at Sean before saying. "I can see there's more for you two to discuss. I'll be going now."

"There's nothing for us to discuss. I'm going to take a nap, Abigail refuted. She was not lying either. She was feeling really exhausted after the painkillers and lunch.

Sean looked at her. "Just rest. I'll be quietly sitting here."

She did not think she could fall asleep while he was in the room.

"I'll be going then?" Eric asked, pointing to the door.

"Okay. Thank your grandmother for me. Her soup was delicious," she said with a smile.

Sean watched them interact with cold eyes and pursed lips as he tensed further.

After Eric and Miranda were gone, he said to Abigail, "Rest. I have work to take care of."

She frowned at him. "Why are you staying here?"

"I will never let you get together with Eric," he frankly declared. He did not want to keep it a secret any longer.

Even if he had to resort to the most dastardly of measures to make her stay by his side, he would never allow her to be anyone else's.

## [Chapter 387](#)

### A Cruel Lesson

Abigail scowled. "I don't need your permission."

"I'm not joking, Abigail. If you don't want to be the Pearsons' target again, stay away from Eric," Sean barked out.

"I'm thankful that you took care of the Pearsons for me, but that does not mean you can stop me from getting close to anyone I like, she coldly retorted with a rebellious light in her eyes.

He looked at her and slowly uttered, "If you're truly thankful, then remember what I just said."

She closed her eyes. "I'm going to take a nap."

He felt like he had been punching a pillow this entire time. When he saw that she had closed her eyes, refusing to talk to him, he had no choice but to return to his work.

She woke up just two hours later.



When she opened her eyes, she was greeted by the sight of Sean standing by the window as his laptop was placed on the wide window sill.

His hands looked particularly beautiful under the sunlight. They looked like works of art.

They danced across the keyboard as though he was playing the piano.

She observed him for a few minutes before looking away.

“What would you like to drink? I have coffee, juice, and smoothies for you. Take your pick. Sean stopped working and turned to coldly look at her.

“Smoothie,” she replied.

He grabbed a cup of smoothie from the fridge and handed it to her. “I was serious. Eric Davidson is not an option. He’ll only bring you trouble.”

At that moment, everything Kevin had said to Sean had been thrown to the back of his mind.

She took a bite of the ice-blended drink and did not say a word.

Sean knew there was no point forcing an answer out of her.

Is Kelly still living in your home in Pendorf?” she abruptly asked after long moments of silence.

He nodded. “Grandmother likes her.”

She scoffed in disdain, “Are you bragging about how another woman has gone to fawn and grovel

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to your grandmother just to get with you?”

“That was a fact. I was not bragging,” he calmly answered.

She could not resist rolling her eyes in response.

Soon after she was done with her smoothie, she got up to head to the restroom.

He had been busy working when he noticed she was pulling her blankets back. Still, he promptly stood up and helped her.

“My legs are fine. Go back to your work. If you’re really busy, just return to Pendorf. I’ve made myself clear last time. I don’t want to be disturbed. She pushed his hands away,

“I can go back, but I have one condition. You cannot interact with Eric again,” he declared.

She snorted. “Why should I listen to you?”

He gritted his teeth. “Think of Analise!”

Silence fell. Nonetheless, she slammed the door as she headed into the restroom.

While she knew he was right, she was working with Eric to get rid of Tristan. How could she stay away from him at this time?

Moreover, Sean was also being rather friendly with Kelly. Still, he was hypocritical enough to restrict her from doing something he was doing as well.

As the sun set, Tristan and the crew member in charge of the suspension system arrived at her room.

Although Tristan spotted Sean as soon as he walked in, he did not put his ego away. There was a very superficial tone in his voice as he greeted Sean, "You're here as well, Mr. Graham? Here to take care of Alana?"

The faint smile on his lips spoke of clear derision.

After all, Abigail had Eric defending her, and now, Sean was taking care of her.

To a man who thought of women as playthings, their love triangle was something he looked down upon.

Abigail wondered if Tristan really had a death wish. How could he mock Sean the moment he walked into the room?

"Your pretense of being human is quite good for a beast," Sean blandly stated with even more obvious contempt.

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Tristan's face twisted into an exceedingly ugly look. "Mr. Graham, it's inappropriate to say that just for a woman."

Sean glanced at him with eyes so cold that it sent chills running down his spine.

Regardless, Sean did not stare at him for long. Instead, he turned to the man Tristan brought along. "What's your name?"

"Garrett Olsen," replied the man who walked in with Tristan.

Sean promptly messaged Cameron, telling him to come to the room.

As Tristan and Garrett watched, Sean tilted his chin toward Garrett and said to Cameron, "Investigate him. How much was he paid to pull this stunt?"

Garrett's face turned stark white.

Tristan had not imagined Sean to be that arrogant and bold.

Finally, he had met someone just like him. He was used to walking around Capitalis like the city was his. After all, even the rich and powerful needed to be respectful when talking to him. Who did Sean think he was to blatantly disrespect him?

"What's the meaning of this. Mr. Graham?" Tristan coldly demanded.

"Stop spacing out, Cameron. Can't you see that a dog is barking at me?" Sean abruptly snapped at Cameron, who had been examining Abigail.

That snapped Cameron back to his senses and he promptly strode over to Tristan.

The icy, murderous look on his face and the bloodthirsty aura he radiated from years of working beside Sean caused Tristan's legs to wobble.

"W-What are you doing?" Tristan barked out, stumbling backward. He then looked at Abigail. "What are you doing, Alana? We are partners. If you make an enemy out of me, you will also be dragged down!"

Abigail put a helpless look on her face. "Mr. Stuart, Mr. Graham and I are not that close. He's known for his bad temper. Why did you anger him?"

Tristan was about to shout back when Cameron slapped him across the face.

The slap echoed through the room as Tristan collapsed to the ground, spitting out blood and loose teeth.

That blow successfully caused any color remaining on Garrett's face to disappear.

### [Chapter 388](#)

#### For Your Sake

Abigail just calmly sat there and observed the men during the entire confrontation.

Tristan's head was spinning. The slap had caused his entire head to feel numb.

Sean walked over to Tristan, who was still on the ground, and used the sharp point of his leather shoes to step on Tristan's finger. Just as Tristan was about to scream in pain, Sean said, "Did you know that people who are deemed too noisy would have their tongues cut off?"

Tristan hastily swallowed his screams and started struggling to free himself.

Cameron casually rotated the wrist of the hand he used to slap Tristan as he glared at Tristan like he was a starving wolf itching to pounce on his prey.

"Tell me. What happened with the cable suspension system?"

Sean looked at Garrett.

Garrett's legs had turned to jelly as he parted his mouth to speak but found himself unable to do so for a few long moments.

"I can handle this myself, Sean," Abigail interjected.

"I'm disciplining Tristan because what he did angered me. The suspension system is a secondary issue. Do not think I'm doing this for your sake," Sean retorted, giving her a side-eye.

Meanwhile, Cameron was silently grumbling about how Sean was being stubborn again.

Sean's response made Abigail awkwardly look away,

As Sean looked at Garrett, his dark eyes seemed to be deep wells that would suck the other in before tearing them to pieces.

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Garrett's face was beaded with sweat. When he saw Tristan's stormy glare, he hurriedly looked away. Nonetheless, he did not even dare to look at Sean.

"I'm not a patient man. What just happened to Tristan is just an appetizer. If I get my hands on the evidence, I'll have no issues getting you imprisoned for a decade. Well, I'm a rather vengeful person. Whether or not your family will drown in a harbor somewhere will depend on my mood," Sean slowly declared.

That was the final straw for Garrett.

He frantically fell to his knees with a thud as he blurted, "Tristan told me to do it! He planned on destroying the hand Alana used to draw and write. I didn't mean to do it. He smeared grease on the equipment and even made sure to include a degreaser in the water we used to splash Miss

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Alana! I was only following orders. I really didn't mean to do it!"

"You're going to die, Garrett... Aargh!" However, just as Tristan said that, Sean stomped harder on his hand.

The pain was so bad that he nearly fainted. Eventually, Sean lifted his foot and casually said, "I'm sorry. I just realized I was stepping on your hand."

How Tristan regretted visiting Abigail on this day. He ended up clashing with someone as unpredictable as Sean.

He just did not understand how this had happened. Sean should have known he was not someone he should offend after doing a simple background check on who his backer was.

When Abigail saw that the terrifying scene ended just like that, she knew that Tristan had met his match.

Still, Sean had always been this violent toward those he disliked.

Certain people could not be reasoned with. The only way to get them to stop causing trouble was by beating them up.

Abigail watched Tristan climb to his feet with shivering hands and coldly questioned, "Mr. Stuart, is what Garrett said true?"

Tristan had planned on apologizing to Abigail so that this entire matter could be dismissed without a fuss.

Now, he had to be extremely careful.

He was the one who made the first move to anger Scan. Unfortunately, Sean had forced Garrett into telling the truth. So, there was no easy way to resolve this issue.

“We have a contract. If the rest of the show cannot be filmed because of a scandal, you will not benefit from it, right?” he said with a trembling voice as he did his best to forget about his aching hand.

Disdain was painted all over Abigail’s face.

“To a designer, a pair of perfectly healthy hands are more important than their life. Do you understand you have stepped over the line here?” she blandly asked.

“Garrett slandered me just to protect himself. I don’t think today is a good day to settle this. I’ll get my hand treated before I talk to you another time,” he said, deflecting.

Abigail coldly glared at him. “Mr. Stuart, either you explain everything today, or you’ll be facing the consequences of your actions.”

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Sean calmly watched the entire time.

Meanwhile, Cameron had dug into Garrett’s accounts and contacted the police.

“Alana, let me give you a piece of advice. You should properly consider what I just said. Garrett, apologize to her!” There was no way Tristan would confess.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry, Garrett hurriedly said.

She did not say a word.

She would never accept the apology.

“The apology’s done. Now, we’ll talk about this another day.” Tristan turned to leave while his hand continued to shake.

“Mr. Stuart, I have never thought of actually working with you from the moment you allowed the investors to insult and humiliate me that evening, she abruptly stated.

Tristan whirled around to look at her from the doorway. “What do you mean by that?”

The way she looked at him was the exact same way Sean had looked at Garrett; her eyes were dark yet strangely bright, causing chills to run down the other person’s spine.

Sean looked at Abigail only to see her chuckle. “Good luck, Mr. Stuart.”

Tristan’s face twisted into an unusually ghastly look as his breath came out in heavy pants. While he wanted to curse her out, he could not say a single word because of their audience.

She turned her gaze to Garrett and slowly declared, “I’m a particularly vengeful person. I remember every single person who insulted me on that evening. Now that my arm has been injured, I will be nursing this grudge for a very long time.”

Garrett gulped as terror shone in his eyes.

Cameron knew that his guess was right on the money. He already told Sean that Abigail would not let these men go unscathed. So, it was nice to see his point proven almost immediately. While she looked like a meek lamb, she was as cruel and vicious as Sean.

### [Chapter 389](#)

#### Drawing Boundaries

Garrett did not follow Tristan out of the room because Cameron blocked his path.

“The police will be here soon. I think you’ll be safer in prison than with Tristan,” Cameron stated. coldly.

Garrett was filled with regret over agreeing to help Tristan target Abigail.

Not long after Tristan walked away, he received a call from his boss.

As soon as the call was connected, Mr. Blanc furiously demanded, “Just what happened with Abigail Quinn’s arm? What did I tell you? Do not go overboard on set. If you want to target someone, see what kind of person they are first.”

“I’ll take care of it,” Tristan promised immediately.

Mr. Blanc simply hung up.

Tristan opened up Instagram to find that the video of Abigail’s fall was among the top three trending videos.

He swiftly closed the app and called the company’s public relations department.

“Do you even know how to do your job? Delete that video from Instagram already! When will you even get to it?”

The public relations team was furious as well. “Do you think we’ve been doing nothing? The moment we take it down, someone uploads another copy of it. The people are now complaining about us. The boss said to leave it for now. You’ll be the one to resolve it. Either come up with a public apology or a better solution to pacify the outrage.”

Tristan angrily hung up the call.

When he turned around to find that Garrett had not followed him out of the room, he scowled.

He really should not have visited Abigail today.

Soon, he called the investors he knew, pulling every string he had to get everyone who could potentially affect L.Moon and their business involved.

In the end, he had to teach Abigail a lesson. Otherwise, she might genuinely think she was a miracle worker.

Once the calls were done, he returned to the office.

Meanwhile, Garrett was arrested and taken away for further questioning.

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Sean downloaded the videos from his laptop and forwarded them to Abigail, who stared at him in shock.

She looked at Sean's laptop, which had been turned to have its screen facing her bed sometime during the day.

"I know you and Eric plan on taking Tristan down. Is this enough? If so, don't be with him." Sean said to her.

"I don't particularly need that evidence, she replied

He instinctively frowned.

"If you give it to me, I'll give you something else in return. What do you need? I'll give you anything as long as it's within reason. Do you want money or designs..."

"I don't care if you use the evidence. I don't need money, so anything you can compensate me with is useless, he interrupted coldly.

Cameron was panicking on his behalf. Sean could have asked for her hand or heart in return, but why did he not ask for that?

Abigail knew Sean was telling the truth.

He did not need to hesitate or plan when he wanted to take down Tristan. That was because he had the capability and power to do so.

"Leave it be for now," she said in an aloof voice.

She was literally declaring that she would never take anything from him.

Sean gritted his teeth in anger. "Is it because you'll owe me a favor? Are you that afraid of owing me a favor?"

"Are you looking for a fight again?" she asked, turning to look at him.

"Do you think I want to? Why won't you use perfectly good evidence? Just use your brain for a bit!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Mr. Graham, you know full well why I'm doing this. I'm drawing boundaries," she calmly replied.

Of course, he knew that. Otherwise, she would not have met Maisy.

"Do you think you can draw a line between us just because you want to?" he abruptly asked.

Cameron silently slipped out of the room.

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She huffed and did not speak.

"You're the one who said you love me. You insisted on marrying me. Now, you're the one who's giving up. Is your love that cheaply bought?" Sean asked as his chest puffed up in anger.

Her brows twitched in an obvious tell that she was seething.

“You said our marriage was a failure. I keep thinking about what you said. I know I was in the wrong. Can we please have a chance to start over?” he asked, staring at her.

Abigail’s fingers trembled from where they were hiding beneath the blanket. Moments later, she said, “I thought you finally understood that I don’t love you anymore. I didn’t think you still didn’t get it. Fine. It’s just like you say: my love is cheap. I don’t care what you think.”

Sean felt a heavy weight on his chest. His lips twitched as if to speak, but in the end, he said nothing and just marched out of the room.

She let out a massive sigh of relief when he left.

She dazedly looked up at the ceiling. Frankly, she might have been willing to hold onto him for a few more years if he had told her all of this before their divorce.

Regardless, now that she was free of the Grahams, she understood just how disgraceful and masochistic it was for a woman to allow her husband’s family to humiliate her just for love.

That was why she refused to return no matter what he said. She refused to live and deferred to the old crone who had hurt her and her grandmother just because of Sean.

Sean did not care for anything she could give him in return. So, she would ensure he would think otherwise in the future.

Now that she thought about it, she had been competing with Sean since the moment she met him.

At first, she wanted him to love her. Now, she wanted to make sure he could never look down on her and underestimate her again.

As her mind slowly wandered back to her body, she let out a self-deprecating chuckle.

She still cared about Sean. Even though she couldn’t accept him into her heart, she was still inadvertently affected by him.

Not long after Sean left, Cameron also walked into the room to retrieve the laptop.”

“Cameron, what do you think of me?” she asked suddenly when she spotted him packing up the laptop and documents.

## [Chapter 390](#)

### Let Me Go

Cameron turned to smile at Abigail. “You’re a good woman, Ms. Quinn. What happened?”

“Since you think I’m good, tell your boss to let me go,” she casually replied.

That made his heart sink.

Did she detest Sean that much?

“He truly cares about you. While he wasn’t considerate of your feelings at first...”



"You saw what happened before. How can you try to persuade me without an ounce of guilt?" she interrupted.

He fell silent. After a moment, he softly said, "I sec."

After he walked out of the room, he headed downstairs to where Sean was waiting.

Sean was leaning against the car. After a few long moments of staring at Cameron, he asked, "Why did you take so long?"

Cameron did not dare look him in the eye as he mumbled, "I helped Ms. Quinn grab something."

"Do you want to resign?" Sean could instantly tell he was lying. "What did she say?"

"Please don't ask, Mr. Graham."

He was afraid of making Sean lose all hope when it came to Abigail.

"Are you not going to say it?" Sean's eyes went cold.

Cameron ducked his head and remained silent.

"I've heard the worst she could ever throw at me," Sean continued.

"She asked me if she was a good person. When I said yes, she told me to ask you to let her go." Cameron finally caved in..

Sean silently opened the car door and got in.

The scandal of Runway Capitalis forced Tristan to post an official statement to all of the show's social media accounts.

"The rumors spreading among the fans regarding Miss Alana's injury have greatly affected the

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show. Please do not spread misinformation and seek actual evidence. Legal action will be taken against those who do otherwise."

The announcement infuriated Alana's fans.

Not long after the announcement was posted, Abigail promptly uploaded a photo of her stitch- covered arm on Instagram.

The silent rebuttal through that one picture had caused an explosion among the fanbase.

Her entire arm was covered in stitches. It looked horrifying as it seemed like a giant centipede was crawling up her arm.

Abigail's fans were on the warpath now.

"This is Alana's dominant hand. Look at those injuries! Tristan Stuart of Runway Capitalis, explain this to us, or we'll report the showrunners for causing harm!"

Rumors among fans? I welcome the production team to sue me. Look at how badly injured. Alana's arm is. The production team did that and still has the nerve to say they'll sue us?"

The production team feels no remorse at all. They only care about their reputation. They're shameless! In the video, Miss Alana was suspended in mid-air! How are we spreading misinformation? Just how evil are you?"

I've loved Runway Capitalis for years. I've watched every season despite all the bad rumors. There was never proof, so I believed in the team. Now, it is a fact that the suspension system injured Alana's arm. It's also a fact that the production team only cares about their reputation. Why should I like this show any longer?"

The fans' comments did not stress Tristan out at all.

After a few minutes of scrolling on his phone, he scoffed the phone to the table.

Abigail would soon come begging like the b\*tch she was.

That was the fantasy he indulged in.

He did not care about the comments online. After all, this was not the first incident. He had plenty of experience with scandals.

The comments turned increasingly hateful.

Abigail was surprised by how composed Tristan was.

As the sky darkened, Luna hurried over from Pendorf.

When she barged into the room, her eyes turned red upon seeing Abigail. "Are you okay? How

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did this happen to your hand?"

Abigail smiled in response. "I'm fine. It's not that bad. I'll recover."

Luna sniffled. "Can you tell me the next time you're invited to a show? What kind of trash is this program?"

"I had no choice," Abigail said with a sigh.

Just as Luna was about to speak, her phone rang.

It was from her L.Moon assistant.

"What is it?" she asked right after answering the call.

"A few of the top executives of our clients have called to demand Abigail properly talk this out with Tristan Stuart so that this may be resolved with both sides coming out smelling like roses. Otherwise, they'll cancel our contracts, the assistant said, absolutely seething.

Luna hummed in acknowledgment. "Got it. Tally up the calls and forward their numbers to me. I'll personally deal with them."

Abigail glanced at Luna and waited for her to end the call before asking. "Did I drag the studio down with me?"

Luna whirled around with a smile on her face. "No way. You're our greatest artist. Who could you even drag down?"

"Tristan has quite a lot of influence on his side," Abigail solemnly stated, looking Luna in the eye.

Luna sat by the bed and ran her fingers through Abigail's hair as she warmly said, "We're not afraid. We're the best of friends. Sisters, even. Since you've decided he's your enemy, then he has to be someone horrible."

Warmth filled Abigail's heart.

Luna ordered a few snacks for her and chatted with her for around 30 minutes before Luna's assistant sent her a message.

"I have to make a few phone calls."