

Spare Wife 402

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You Think I'm Useless

Sean was sitting on the visitor lounge's couch.

Abigail didn't hesitate to serve him some snacks to curb his hunger. "This is all I have, I can call for takeout if you're still hungry."

"That's not necessary." Sean calmly tore open a bag of cookies.

The bag he took was Abigail's favorite, which she sometimes ate until she had an upset stomach.

After he took a bite, he looked at her. "All the investors who had previously profited from Runway Capitalis are banding together to take down L..Moon. You and Luna have only been in this business for a while. Do you think you can outsmart that group of cunning foxes?"

"Did you come here today to belittle my abilities?" Abigail leaned against the couch while calmly glancing at him.

"Of course not." Sean slowly ate a cookie. Obviously, he wasn't used to eating such foods because he would quickly become parched after a few bites.

"You could also invite me to invest in your company. I can easily handle that group of people as an investor protecting my interests." Sean looked into her eyes, speaking earnestly but with a hint of superiority. Since he had excellent capabilities, he naturally wouldn't take those trying to target L.Moon seriously. Once he found them, he could quickly deal with them like crushing ants.

Unfortunately, Abigail didn't like his attitude.

"I know you're very capable, but L.Moon is well-prepared for this situation. Moreover, the strike they launched was quite effective. Besides, we'll learn and grow from our mistakes quicker now that we're in dire straits." Abigail thought about it. If L.Moon and the suppliers under the shareholders could sustain themselves during this turmoil, those who were trying to target them would end up with nothing.

Sean looked at her. "Are you sure about that?"

"There is a solution for every difficulty." Abigail's eyes were filled with determination.

Initially, Sean thought that with L.Moon's harrowing situation, she might accept his suggestion for the sake of L.Moon's future. To his surprise, she was still as stubborn as always.

"You thought I gathered all these investments just to make more money, did you?" Abigail asked him with a smile.

She had thought about it. Half of her one hundred million in capital would be lost because of this situation. So, it was a given that she would face this challenge head-on no matter how difficult it became

lie gazed at Abigail with probing eyes as he asked, "Are you certain you'll gain back all you've lost?"

"I am like my grandmother. We're both down-to-earth. We also firmly believe that we will gain money as long as we take things one step at a time and work hard." Abigail knew very well that she couldn't compete against Sean. She wasn't as talented as him in doing business or as ruthless as him.

What she had was the resilience she inherited from her grandmother.

Sean looked at her for a long while, still deciding to say, "Cameron has already gone to Ansela. The batch of fabric that was stuck in customs will be returned soon. I'll say it again: we were once married. So, you can call me if you have difficulties that you can't solve. I won't hesitate to help you."

Abigail honestly didn't expect he would still interfere with her matters. So, she couldn't help but feel an inexplicable sense of frustration. In the end, her uselessness gave Sean a reason to openly help her resolve these matters and allowed him to condescendingly tell her that he could easily handle all these things that had her feeling overwhelmed.

His actions only made her seem extremely incompetent.

"I won't consider what you've done as something I should be grateful for. You did these things without my permission. I don't need to feel grateful for that." Abigail frowned, completely unmoved by Sean's intentions.

"Do you think I helped you because I want your gratitude? I don't need you to feel grateful." Sean's expression sank.

"But I don't need your help either," Abigail added.

They had already negotiated with their clients. Even though the clients were upset, the orders had been placed. So, there was no use crying over spilled milk. Since she had already found a solution, she didn't need Sean to meddle in this matter.

Sean nodded. "Then, you can consider me presumptuous."

"Your matters are your own. I'm just telling you not to stick your nose in mine. I have my own plans, so don't make it as though L.Moon will fall without your help!" Abigail rebuked.

Abigail, it's fine if you don't want my help, but can you not slander me? I have never thought of you that way." Sean replied coldly.

"You say you've never thought of it but your actions are clearly showing otherwise Abigail spoke somewhat anxiously

Does doing something without it mean I look down on her?

He kept staring at her as she continued huffily, "Whenever you decide to intervene, it's because you think I can't handle it. Do you think that I'm useless? That I have to come to you for help whenever something happens? I'm sure you think I need you to help me and support me from behind. Otherwise, you're certain that I'll fall, right?"

"That's not what I meant," Sean spoke up dispassionately. "You can think however you want. Just take it as though I've meddled in your business!"

He tried to leave after saying so, but Abigail grabbed him by his collar. "That is precisely how you think of me! Why won't you admit it?"

wrong

Just as Sean was about to speak, Kelly barged in from outside and pushed Abigail away. "Is it for someone to help you? How can you be so unreasonable? He did so much because of you. It seems like I was wrong to come here to apologize to you. You clearly have an attitude problem!"

The instant Abigail saw Kelly, she demanded, "Who let you inside my company? Get out!"

If she and Martha hadn't schemed behind her back, L.Moon wouldn't be in this difficult situation today.