

Spare Wife 523

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It Was Planned All Along

Even if Abigail was free, Selena refused to let them see her.

Lawrence tugged at Scarlett's sleeve before she could say anything. "Sure, we'll set an appointment. Please inform her of that."

"Wait here." Selena gave them a brief response as she walked back to Abigail's office.

She knocked on the door when she was outside before entering to report. "Abigail, when I told them Old Mrs. Quinn wasn't available, they changed their minds and said they wanted to see you instead. They want to make an appointment, but I don't think you should see them. I bet they want to apologize, but what's the point of it now?"

Abigail nodded and calmly replied, "Sure. Decline their request. Inform them that I won't be available until next year, and we'll see what happens when that time comes."

She wasn't lying about her busy schedule. She would rather complete her work than see the couple.

Selena cheered at the response. She turned on her heels and walked out of the office to inform the Pearsons of Abigail's decision.

After conveying Abigail's message to them, she couldn't help but add, "Mr. Pearson, Madam. Harper—even I, a mere assistant, remember what you had done in L.Moon a month ago. If I were you guys, I wouldn't have the audacity to come here again. Ms. Quinn forgives and forgets, but I hope you won't bother her again."

Lawrence choked on his breath while Scarlett's eyes reddened with emotion.

Their biggest mistake was spoiling Kelly too much to the point of being unreasonable.

If only they had been firmer with her, it wouldn't have led to this.

"I understand. Thanks for reminding us." Lawrence was pale as he said that. Then, he took Scarlett's hand and walked out of the waiting area.

The pair exited the building. He had to stand there for a few minutes to collect himself. It was only then that he felt the warm sunlight on his skin again.

His wife sniffled as she walked toward the car without saying a word.

As soon as she got into the car, she burst into tears. A strong pang of sadness tore her heart apart.

They were ninety-nine percent sure that Abigail was their child, yet they just lacked the

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crucial one percent to prove the theory. Moreover, she now refused to see them after they had wronged her.

Lawrence joined his wife in the car and handed her a tissue.

She sobbed, saying. I'll kill whoever dared to mess with us! How dare they replace our biological daughter with a fake one? Lawrence, I'm losing hope. There's a breakthrough within reach. Yet, we are trapped, always one step away from achieving what we have been working hard for. What have we done to deserve this? Why are all these bad things happening to us?

He felt his throat dry and his eyes prick. He looked down and squeezed her hand as he said. determinedly, "One day, Abigail will change her opinion about us. But first, I need to find out who set up our encounter with Kelly. As soon as I figure out their motives, we'll find out how we lost our daughter."

"It's been twenty years. Is it still possible?" Scarlett looked up hopefully.

"I'll find out the truth, even if it costs me my life," he promised.

Before they met Kelly, they had always thought that their daughter was separated from them due to a pure accident.

Come to think of it, it had been planned all along. It's our fault for letting the culprit get away for twenty years, but I'll fix this.

Since Abigail refused to take the test, he was now obligated to find out whether she was their daughter or not.

They thought Kelly was their long-lost daughter. Who would've thought the painful truth would soon shatter their happiness into small pieces? The stark contrast was too much for both him and Scarlett.

Analise spent time decorating Sean's room. The flowers and greenery made it seem more lively. Even the disinfectant smelled less strong than before.

After that, she went to prepare the pasta in the kitchen.

Once she finished cooking, she called out to the others from the kitchen. "It's time for dinner!"

Cameron was the first to arrive. It smells delicious!

The range hood couldn't even vent out the smell from the kitchen. The aroma traveled through the air and filled every corner of the villa, causing everyone's mouth to water.