

Spare Wife 541

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Your Grandson Listens To Me

Most of the time, Abigail felt that her involvement with the Pearson Family was on the verge of being discovered.

Naturally, she understood the implications of the Pearsons' current attitude towards her. However, she didn't want to vocalize it or acknowledge it.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to." Eric realized he had said something wrong and quickly apologized.

"It's okay." She shook her head.

After he finished his meal, she had her assistant prepare a bed for him, and he went to sleep.

Just as Abigail was busy with work, a phone call from an unknown number interrupted her.

She answered the call, and before she could speak, she heard the voice of an elderly lady from the other end. "Ms. Quinn, is Eric with you?"

Immediately, her expression turned cold. "Old Mrs. Davidson?"

"So, you remember me. Maisy snorted. "Ms. Quinn, I know you're a good person. A good person shouldn't be causing trouble behind the scenes, right?"

"What trouble? Be clear." Abigail's tone remained unwavering.

"The Pearsons and the Davidsons have been friends for several generations. We, as the elders, will handle Eric's situation. What are your intentions in meddling and encouraging Eric and his parents to sue the Pearsons' daughter?" Maisy didn't hold back.

Regardless of whether Abigail was a good person or not. Maisy couldn't politely discuss such matters with her.

In fact, Abigail understood Maisy's perspective very well. After all, Maisy was from an older generation, and the relationships between the two families, the reputations of both families, and even Eric's own future were all more important than the harm he was enduring.

Moreover, Maisy must certainly feel that Lily was the one at a disadvantage, considering that in her value system, a woman's chastity was more important than anything else.

"I have no ill intentions. As Eric's friend, of course, I stand by his side. I won't consider this crime justified just because he is male," Abigail replied calmly.

At this point, Maisy was getting angry. "The Davidson Family's matters do not need interference from an outsider."

"I'll say it again. Eric is my friend, and I care more about his emotions than about the relationship between your family and the Pearson Family," replied Abigail with a colder tone.

Displeased, Maisy asked, "So, you have decided to interfere?"

"I won't interfere anymore. I've said what needed to be said, and the rest is for your family and the Pearson Family to decide," Abigail responded coldly. Since she had done everything she could, there was no need for further involvement.

Moreover, she had already informed Eric about the strategy of waiting for Sean to investigate Vincent's ulterior motives.

"If that's the case, let Eric come back," Maisy said firmly.

"I'll talk to him about it when he wakes up," Abigail replied.

After the call ended, Abigail let out a sigh of helplessness as she looked at the closed door of the resting room.

She had always envied their wealth and power, having support for everything they did. However, when trouble arose, there would be many considerations. Even if they were wronged, they had to endure it.

When Eric woke up, it was already late in the day. Abigail ordered food, and they had it together. Just as they were about to finish eating, she suddenly said, "I spoke to Ronaldo and suggested that you go to his place for a while."

"Why?" He thought she might be concerned about the media catching them together.

"Your grandmother called me today, and she was quite firm. I told her I would ask you to go back, but whether you go back or not, I'll leave it for you to decide," she answered with a smile.

Upon reflection, he felt it might be a good idea. If he left Capitalis, Maisy wouldn't be able to find him, and there wasn't much the Pearson Family could do. Even if they announced a marriage between the two families, the Pearson Family couldn't do anything if he didn't return.

After sending Eric off, Abigail and Cameron took a flight to Pendorf. It seemed like they would be staying in Pendorf for a while.

"Since we're in Pendorf, how about staying at the Graham Estate?" Cameron suggested.

After some consideration, Abigail shook her head and declined. "We'll visit him, and then I'll go back to my own place. By the way, it's been a while since I visited my company in Pendorf."

He reluctantly agreed, saying, "Okay"

When they arrived at the Graham Estate, they witnessed an argument between Analise and Lina at the entrance.

"Old hag, what do you think you're doing, coming to my house and acting all high and mighty?" Lina had thrown a handful of beans at Analise before fleeing.

Analise, who was watering plants, got hit by the beans. In response, she chased after Lina with the watering can in hand and then poured water over her. "Are you not planning to eat dinner tonight? You've wasted all these beans! Just go hungry tonight!"

“Ah! How dare you pour water on me? I’m going to tell my grandson!” Lina struggled and shouted.

While pressing Lina’s head, Analise continued pouring water over her. “Your grandson listens to me now, you foolish old hag with a scrambled brain!”

At the entrance, Cameron glanced at Abigail, who had a complicated expression. She was uncertain about whether to enter the house or not.

“Let’s go. They’ve been like this for two months now,” he told her.

“Are Old Mr. Graham and Sean not intervening?” she couldn’t help asking.

“Nope. Old Mr. Graham secretly said that Old Mrs. Graham deserves a lesson, and it’s good that Old Mrs. Quinn is keeping her in check,” he replied.

As she was about to say something more, Sean opened a window on the second floor. “Why are you two not coming in?*

Seeing that, Cameron thought that Sean had opened the window at just the right moment, as he was afraid. that Abigail might leave when she saw Lina.