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“As the representative designer of the Powerline Group who is going to participate in the Insight Design Competition, shouldn’t you go with me?” Liam raised an eyebrow and asked her a question in return.

What else could she say? Abigail nodded. “Okay.” Although she agreed, she still felt uneasy. Liam almost found out who she was.

If she didn’t have a guilty conscience, she wouldn’t have to be so scared, Just because she knew everything and Liam knew nothing, she was worried about every single detail.

And afraid something would arouse suspicion from Liam.

She had a resume at the Powerline Group that said she was not married, but she estimated that Liam didn’t see it. It was in the HR department.

“What are you thinking?” Liam looked at her and asked.

Abigail suddenly regained her senses, shaking her head. “Nothing.” “Let’s go,” Liam said.

So Abigail nodded and followed him out.

In the VIP room.

Liam walked in, followed by Abigail.

“Dennis, I’m sorry to keep you waiting.” As soon as Liam walked in, he said with a smile.

“It doesn’t matter. I’m lucky to have Mr. Jones’ coffee here.”

Liam smiled, then looked at Dennis. “This is the designer who is going to participate in the competition. I’ve told you about her.” “Dennis is in charge of the Insight Design Competition held in Italy.” Liam gave a brief introduction.

Hearing this, Abigail looked at the man in front of her. He was a foreign man with a sexy beard. Well, he should be considered a mature foreign man.

Abigail immediately walked over with a stiff smile. “Dennis, hello, I’m Abigail Swift.” Abigail’s smile made others very comfortable. Dennis also reached out to shake her hand. “Miss Swift, you’re very beautiful.”

“Thank you for the compliment.” Abigail showed great confidence.

Abigail won a lot of favor from Dennis for she had two years of abroad experience and was independent.

Looking at Abigail’s expression, Dennis smiled.

“Okay, let’s discuss the schedule and rules of the game,” Liam said.

Actually, with Liam here, Abigail seemed to feel that she didn’t have to worry too much even though she herself didn’t know why.

And they sat there and discussed the matters needing attention during the competition, as well as the rules.

Half an hour later, the discussion was over.

Dennis's appreciation of Abigail rose even higher.

"I didn't expect Miss Swift to have so many ideas though you're still so young."

Abigail smiled. "Since I work for my living, I have to have many ideas." Abigail's words were very sincere, making Dennis feel that she was not that kind of hypocritical woman.

Dennis was very happy.

Liam watched from the side and could tell that Dennis liked Abigail a lot. If that was the case, it would be good for Abigail during the competition.

"Miss Swift, your resume says that you were divorced. I wouldn't believe that Miss Swift had had a marriage if I didn't see it." Dennis looked at Abigail and said.

In an instant, Abigail was stunned.

Liam, who was listening to their talk, was also stunned.

'Divorced?'

'Abigail had divorced?'

He turned his head to look at Abigail in disbelief, his eyes full of doubts.

Dennis's words made Abigail nervous because she could feel the sharp eyes behind her...

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Abigail smiled. "This experience is not good!"

"It's the man that didn't have that luck to have you. If it were me, I would definitely not let you go."
Dennis said with a smile.

"Thank you." Abigail shyly replied, but she felt chilly behind her.

"Always consider yourself as the best," Dennis said.

Abigail nodded. "Yes, I got it!"

"Well, let's call it a day. We'll see you later." Dennis said.

No matter how shocked Liam was, he still had to get up and send Dennis off.

"Well, I look forward to your performance then," Dennis said.

"Trust her." Liam nodded and smiled.

It was just that his smile. Why did it look a little weird?

"Bette, send Dennis off."

The secretary nodded and walked out with Dennis and his team.

At this moment, only Abigail and Liam were left in the conference room.

“Mr. Jones, if there’s nothing else, I’m going back.” With that, Abigail left without looking at him.

But the next second, she didn’t know what was going on, only felt a force pull her back.

She was pressed directly onto the conference desk, her hands on top of it, and her entire body was leaning against the desk.

And Liam rushed to her.

“You...” Abigail looked at him a little unexpectedly.

“You were divorced?” Liam looked at her and asked.

Abigail’s heart was pounding wildly, but she still pretended to be calm.

“So what, Mr. Jones? A divorced woman is not qualified to participate in the competition?” Abigail looked at him and asked.

“Shut up, who is that man?” Liam looked at her and asked.

Just the thought of this woman sleeping with another man... He couldn’t control himself.

Looking at Liam, Abigail frowned. “This has nothing to do with you, Mr. Jones.”

“It’s Jacob?”

“No.” Abigail denied.

How could it be Jacob? It looked like Liam really misunderstood.

“Who is he?”

“That’s my own business,” Abigail said word by word. Her head was blank. She didn’t expect that Liam knew that eventually.

She wasn’t even prepared.

Liam’s eyes fixed on her. Abigail looked at him back and asked. “Mr. Jones, are you in love with me?”

“What?” Liam was stunned at this and then sneered. “Do you think it’s possible? How could I fall in love with a divorced woman?” That was what infuriated Abigail.

“What’s wrong with being divorced? Mr. Jones, don’t forget that you’re a divorced person too, just like me.” Abigail looked at him and said word by word.

Hearing Abigail’s words, Liam suddenly turned his head. “How do you know?”

Abigail, “...”

Looking into Liam’s eyes, she panicked and tried to calm herself down.

“The whole company knows. I’m not the only one.” Abigail looked at him and said.

Hearing this explanation, Liam thought about it and believed it. Indeed, most people in the company knew that.

But, looking at Abigail, he was very unhappy.

“So, Mr. Jones, don’t act like that. Even if you’re a man, you’re still a divorced man. You don’t have the right to dislike me.” After that, Abigail didn’t want to say anything to him, so she pushed him away and walked out.

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Liam frowned unhappily as he stood behind and watched Abigail strut out.

Although it was the truth, he was still rather irritated.

Irritated indeed.

When Abigail walked out of the conference room, she suddenly breathed a sigh of relief.

If she hadn’t said that, Liam would have continued to ask.

The thing was that Liam didn’t know he was her ex-husband.

But it might be better if he knew, then she didn’t need to be so worried. At this point, Liam still didn’t remember. It seemed that he had really forgotten her.

Thinking of this, Abigail felt a little uncomfortable.

It didn't feel so good, being forgotten.

However, she felt more relaxed, which was best for her.

Therefore, in the next two days, Abigail and Liam never met again. Abigail devoted herself to her work, preparing for the competition while working on Dennis' proposal, rather fulfilling.

She felt easier and more delighted when she didn't need to face Liam.

One day.

At the Swift Group, Jacob's office.

"Mr. Swift, you have a visitor." The secretary looked at him and said.

"Who!"

"Miss Olive Miller." The secretary said.

Hearing this, Jacob frowned and looked at the secretary. "Let her in." The secretary nodded and walked out.

Jacob was still wondering what Olive was doing here. They really didn't know each other very well.

Just as he was thinking, the door was pushed open and Olive came in.

She was wearing a black and white dress, three-inch heels, a Chanel bag in her hand, and her hair was flowing down her back, completely an air of a noble young lady.

In fact, Olive was quite good-looking. After all, she came from a big family, which guaranteed her good look and temperament.

“Mr. Swift.” When Olive saw Jacob, she smiled. Olive was a woman who knew her way around. No matter who she was facing, she could always behave properly.

“Miss Miller, what brought you here?” As he spoke, Jacob pressed the inside line. “Mary, bring in two coffee.” “Yes, Mr. Swift.”

After that, Jacob hung up the phone and looked at Olive. “Miss Miller, please have a seat.”

Olive made herself at home. She sat there with her legs crossed, full of pride and elegance.

“I wonder what Miss Miller wants from me.” Jacob looked at Olive and said. His intuition told him that she was definitely not just stopping by.

“Why? Am I not welcomed here!”

“If so, the secretary wouldn’t tell you I’m available, let alone inviting you in,” Jacob said.

Hearing this, Olive smiled. “Mr. Swift, I can see that your company has been doing well in the past two years.” Jacob nodded. “If Miss Miller has anything to say, just say it. We are too young for beating around the bush.” Hearing what he said, Olive paused. Since he had already said so, she didn’t have to be indirect.

“Since Mr. Swift said so, I will go straight to the point. I came to see you because I have a deal for you.” Olive said.

A deal?

Hearing that, Jacob raised an eyebrow. “I’m all ears.”

He wanted to know what kind of deal she was talking about.

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After thinking about it, Olive got up and walked towards Jacob. “Mr. Swift, since you and Abigail are a couple and you like her so much, why don’t you let her work in your company?”

As soon as Olive spoke, Jacob understood what she meant.

So it was because of Abigail.

Jacob sat in his chair and did not move. He just looked at her. “And then what?”

“It is said that you can get what you want first if you have access to it. You let Abigail stay in the Powerline Group. Don’t you worry? You know, there are a lot of men of talent in the Powerline Group, so she is likely to be pursued by others.” Olive looked at Jacob and said to him. She deliberately made things worse, but she did not say a word about Liam.

Listening to Olive, Jacob sat there with a smile on his face. “Thank you for your kindness, Miss Miller. But I’m not worried.” Hearing Jacob’s words, Olive frowned and then smiled, “Mr. Swift, you are really confident.”

“Is Miss Miller worried for me or for yourself?” At this moment, Jacob suddenly looked at her and asked.

Olive didn’t expect him to ask this question all of a sudden. She was stunned and then said, “What do you mean?” “What do I mean? Miss Miller should know.” Looking at her, Jacob spoke word by word with a smile.

“Since we’re talking about a deal, how can I believe Miss Miller’s ambiguous words?” Jacob said.

Speaking of this, Olive clenched her fists. Everyone said that it seemed very easy to communicate with Jacob. She didn’t think so.

Moreover, Jacob seemed to have a calculating mind.

Since he was so blunt, Olive didn’t care anymore. As long as she could keep Liam by her side, she would do anything.

“I know your company and mine are bidding for the same piece of land. If you can persuade Abigail to leave the Powerline Group, I will ask my father to give the land to you.” Olive looked at Jacob.

Hearing this, Jacob raised an eyebrow. The land she was talking about was exactly what he had always wanted.

But...

“Miss Miller, you still haven’t gotten to the point.” Jacob looked at Olive and said.

Olive frowned. Wasn’t what she said obvious enough?

“Are you worried about Liam?” At this moment, Jacob suddenly said and wore a confident smile.

It seemed that Olive's purpose had long been seen through.

Jacob had already guessed her purpose when she walked in and mentioned Abigail's name.

Olive looked at Jacob, not surprised. "Yes, I did it for Liam, so I offered you this deal."

This offer was really tempting.

Jacob looked at Olive, "How do you know that I can't take that land?"

The Swift Group was not the one that was about to fail a few years ago anymore. Now it was on par with the Miller Group.

"What Mr. Swift meant was that you disagreed with the deal?" Olive looked at him and asked. "Yes, now with your ability, you may get that piece of land. But if the Swift Group also wants it, then I don't know who will get it." Olive said.

"Besides, the person who owns that land is a close friend to my father..." With that said, Olive looked at Jacob. The last sentence was Olive's trump card.

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Jacob sat there, still showing no interest.

“I don’t want to do anything to Abigail. I just want her to leave the Powerline Group. That’s good for you and me, isn’t it?” It was worth the sacrifice Olive made for Liam.

Everyone had to admit that the proposal was impressive.

Jacob had always wanted that piece of land.

However, a few years ago, Abigail had already married Liam for the interest of the Swift Group. Could he make a deal with Olive today at the expense of Abigail again?

Jacob sat there, thinking.

Olive was standing right in front of him, looked at him, and raised a smile.

“Mr. Swift, have you made your decision? You won’t suffer losses in this deal.” Olive continued.

At this moment, Jacob returned to his senses and looked at Olive. “Miss Miller, you’re right. I won’t suffer any losses in this deal

and I also want Abigail to leave the Powerline Group, but I mentioned that to her before and she refused, so I respect her choice.”

“As for the land you are talking about, I will try my best for it. If I can’t get it, then it means it shouldn’t be mine no matter what.” Jacob looked at Olive and said gravely.

Hearing Jacob’s words, Olive frowned. “She refused?”

Jacob lowered his eyes. "The Powerline Group's business is the same with her specialty. She should stay there. I respect her choice."

"Aren't you afraid that she will like someone else?" Olive asked.

Jacob was really stunned for a moment. Would Abigail really fall for Liam? If she would, she would have liked him two years ago.

They were divorced...

But anything was possible in this world.

Before, Liam ignored Abigail, but now, his eyes were focused on Abigail...

Jacob hesitated.

Moreover and more importantly, Abigail was very stubborn. It was not like he could talk her out of it as he liked.

At this moment, Jacob looked at Olive. "Miss Miller, although I really want that piece of land, I respect Abigail's decision more.

Besides, I believe Abigail doesn't and will not like Liam." Jacob said word by word.

Jacob's words obviously meant he rejected her deal.

"You're really not worried at all!"

“What’s the use of worrying? I trust Abigail.” Jacob said seriously.

Hearing this, Olive suddenly sneered. “Looks like Mr. Swift is very confident.” Jacob closed his eyes and smiled.

“Well, I’ll wait to see when you stop being so confident.” As she spoke, Olive stood up and picked up her purse. “In that case, we don’t have to talk anymore. Mr. Swift, excuse me. I have something to do. I’ll go now.” With that, Olive left.

“Miss Miller, you are welcome anytime for a coffee. Mary, escort Miss Miller out!” Jacob said as he sat there.

He didn’t look like he intended to get up at all.

Jacob watched Olive walking out and his face slowly turned gloomy...

Thinking about what she just said, Jacob wondered whether Abigail and Liam’s lives would really be entangled again?