

Chapter 56

"You're welcome!"

"But Mr. Jones, the good stuff is to be shared. And it's useless to keep it. Why not share it? The whole Design Department can improve." Abigail said with a smile.

But why did Liam always find her smile so unreal?

"You're right. I accept your suggestion." Liam said.

Abigail smiled, stopped talking, and continued to look down at the magazine in front of her.

"Have you eaten yet?" Liam asked immediately.

"I'm asked to work overtime, so I have no time to eat," Abigail said.

'Is she complaining?'

"I told you to work overtime. But I did allow you to eat." Liam retorted.

Abigail thought for a moment. She didn't even raise her head and said, "I forgot."

"Let's go. I'll treat you to dinner." At this moment, Liam said.

'Am I hearing it wrong?'

'Treat me to dinner?'

Abigail thought she was not that brave.

"I have to work overtime." She flatly rejected.

At this time, Liam looked at his watch. It was almost nine o'clock.

"I announce the end of work." Liam said word by word, "Now go eat with me!"

As he was the boss, he had the right to ask the employees to work overtime or stop working.

"Since it's over, I'll go back home." Obviously, Abigail didn't want to go to dinner with Liam at all.

Hearing her repeated rejections, Liam was a little angry. "Abigail, how dare you reject your boss like that? Come to dinner with me. No rejections."

"Are you a fascist?" "Yes! Abigail, "..."

"I'll give you two choices. One, I'll go home with you for dinner, and you'll cook for me. Two, go eat with me."

"Then I choose the latter."

Liam, "..."

So, after giving Abigail a blank look, Liam took the lead and walked out.

Seeing that he was so bossy, Abigail reluctantly put away the materials and followed him out.

Liam stood in the elevator and waited. After Abigail walked over, he walked in.

The elevator slowly closed. Abigail and Liam were in the elevator. They both felt weird and didn't know what to do.

They could only stand there and say nothing.

Liam stood up straight and said nothing.

Finally, the hard time passed, and the elevator was opened. Liam took the lead and walked out. Abigail followed closely behind.

Just as he was about to get in the car, Liam ordered, "Sit in front!"

So Abigail, who had just opened the back door, stopped her movement.

She had no choice but to open the front door and sit in.

Liam pulled on his seat belt. "What do you want to eat?"

"I'm just accompanying you. You can decide." Abigail said faintly.

"Accompanying me?"

When Liam heard this, he raised his eyebrows. The tone of his voice told Abigail that he was thinking too much, so she immediately said.

“A decent man like Mr. Jones shouldn’t think too much.”

“Who said I am decent?” Liam turned to look at her and asked jokingly.

“I can tell.”

“Then let me tell you, I’m not decent at all!” Liam had a threatening tone.

Abigail was no longer a little girl. How could she be so easily frightened like a lamb? “Mr. Jones, you finally admit it. It was just a compliment.” Abigail said with a smile.

Liar, “...”

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Liam looked at Abigail and he suddenly couldn’t help but laugh. He found this woman more and more interesting.

He said no more but started the car and left the parking lot.

Liam didn’t ask Abigail what she wanted to eat. Instead, he drove her directly to a western restaurant.

Nine o’clock was a good time for a date.

When they arrived, there were a lot of people in the restaurant. Since Liam was the VIP here, there was always a table reserved for him.

Abigail didn't say anything. Since it was Liam's treat, all she needed to do was to enjoy it.

"Mr. Jones, this way." Led by the manager, Liam sat in a decent place.

Liam sat there while Abigail sat opposite him.

"Mr. Jones, please wait a second and a waiter will be here to take your order right away." The manager said respectfully.

When she noticed the manager, Abigail was sure that Liam must have been here a lot. He was really forceful.

At this time, the manager walked away trembling, and immediately a waiter came to take their order.

"I'd like two steaks, medium rare, and a bottle of Laffite!" Liam said.

The waiter quickly wrote it down.

Abigail, "..."

It was Laffite but Liam ordered it so casually. He really lived an extravagant life.

The waiter nodded. "Okay, all will be right there!"

"Wait." When the waiter was about to leave, Abigail spoke out.

The waiter immediately stopped. "Yes?"

“The steak I want medium-well!”

When the waiter heard that, he nodded. “Okay, I got it.”

Then he left.

Liam looked at her. “A medium-rare steak is perfect!”

“I can’t bear that bloody food. A medium-well steak is just right for me.” Abigail said.

For some reason, Liam remembered her simple words and said nothing.

At this time, When Abigail looked around, she found that there were all the couples sitting in pairs and having a candlelight dinner.

When she and Liam sat here like this, it seemed that they were dating each other.

Abigail was a little embarrassed, but Liam thought the atmosphere was great, and that was what he wanted.

“How’s it going? Do you get anything tonight?” Liam looked at Abigail and asked casually.

“Yes.”

“You have an idea?”

“No.”

Liar, “...”

He realized more and more that this woman was not only interesting but also cunning. She had her own way of saying and doing things.

“It seems that tonight is in vain,” Liam said.

“That’s not necessarily true. Anything you learn will be rewarded one day.” Abigail said calmly.

Liam was about to say something when the waiter came over with a cart. “Mr. Jones, your order is ready.”

As he spoke, he served the dishes on the table.

After he served the two steaks, he opened the bottle of wine and poured the wine into two glasses.

“Mr. Jones, enjoy.” The waiter nodded and left.

At this moment, Abigail and Liam then began to eat.

The service here was so good that it must be very expensive, but Abigail ate peacefully. It was Liam’s treat anyway.

Two years ago, she didn’t take any advantage of Liam. She didn’t expect him to treat her to dinner two years later. When she just thought of this, Abigail found it ridiculous.

Noticing Abigail smiling, Liam looked at her. "What are you thinking?" Abigail regained her composure and smiled. "Nothing!"

Abigail was mysterious to others, like a woman with a story, which made him want to know more about her.

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Little did he know how shocked he would be when he really knew the truth.

"How is it? How does it taste?" Liam looked at her and asked.

Abigail nodded. "Can a steak that cost more than a thousand taste bad?"

"It's good you know it. Remember, you owe me a favor."

"Hmm?" As Abigail ate, she looked up at Liam. "What kind of favor?"

"Do I treat you to dinner for nothing?"

"I'm accompanying you to eat," Abigail said. Liam was too good at blackmailing people now.

"But you've eaten after all," Liam said. He was determined to blackmail her anyway.

Abigail, "..."

Could she put down the knife and fork and leave now?

But she had eaten some, and even if she didn't continue, Liam would still stick to his plan.

It would be better to enjoy this dinner.

Abigail picked up the red wine and took a sip. Liam sat across from her. Somehow, it was comfortable to be with her, and there was a feeling of déjà vu...

Abigail looked back, feeling nervous. Then Abigail said, "Mr. Jones, I'm here to eat with you, and I'm being blackmailed by you. If your girlfriend sees us, she'll probably be mad at me again."

"Are you afraid?" Liam raised his eyebrows and asked.

"Of course," Abigail said quickly. "Who's not afraid of accidents? Besides, I hate being misunderstood by others the most."

Listening to Abigail's words, Liam smiled. He did not see that she was afraid at all. Even the last time she spoke to Olive, she made Olive very angry.

At this moment, Liam cut a steak and said, "Then you will often be bothered by these things in the future."

"Hmm? What do you mean?" Abigail did not get it for a moment.

Liam smiled. "Nothing. Enjoy it."

Since Liam said so, Abigail did not ask anything more. She continued to eat.

There was really a big difference between a superior steak and an inferior steak. Abigail admitted that the meal was not bad.

So the meal was finished in such an atmosphere.

Liam wanted to send Abigail back. Abigail didn't insist. It was not easy to take a taxi at this hour, so she got into Liam's car.

Along the way, neither of them spoke much, but neither of them felt awkward.

Liam looked at her sideways, "What are you thinking?"

"Design."

"You have an idea?"

"No," Abigail said.

"Dennis said that people will resonate with those who have a story, so you can use your story."

"Stories come from love, friendship, family, and life. My life is very plain, my family is very harmonious, and my friends are very good, so I really can't think of any good story."

"What about love?" After listening for all, Liam raised his eyebrows and asked.

Hearing this, Abigail turned to look at him. "Mr. Jones, you did it on purpose. You knew I was divorced."
"What about the story before the divorce? No experience?"

Speaking of this, Abigail was silent for a moment.

"What was your ex-husband like?" Liam asked officially but casually.

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Hearing this, Abigail turned to look at Liam.

'Is he doing it on purpose?'

'If I try to avoid this question, would he consider me too self-conscious?'

After thinking for a second, Abigail said, "He's a scum if you care to know."

"Scum?" Hearing this, Liam frowned. "In what way?"

"Promiscuous, fickle, rampant, unreliable, pretentious..." Abigail blurted out several "charges" against her ex-husband.

Of course, for Liam now, he had already forgotten what he was like in the past. He only knew he was a modest man now.

However, if he found out that Abigail was actually talking about him one day, he would certainly feel more differently.

“Well, you don’t have a good judgment, either,” Liam said.

After hearing that, Abigail rolled her eyes at him and didn’t say anything. She didn’t want Liam to notice.

“How is he now?”

“Dead,” Abigail said.

Liam, “... How did he die?”

“By looking for trouble.”

Liam, “...”

Trying to change the subject, Abigail looked at him and asked, “What about your ex-wife?” The two of them now looked like they were opening their heart to each other.

When it came to his ex-wife, Liam frowned and thought, “I can’t really remember.”

When Abigail heard this, her face twitched.

She really didn’t want to talk to this man anymore.

She was silent. Liam thought for a moment and then said, “All I remember is that she’s very old-fashioned and ugly. She wears old-fashioned clothes and a pair of glasses every day. So boring.”

Abigail's expression was calm, but she was already sneering in her heart.

'If it wasn't for that, how would I divorce such a playboy like you?'

"It seems that Mr. Jones judges people by their appearances." Abigail looked at him and said with a smile, but she was mocking him secretly.

Hearing Abigail's words, Liam also knew what she meant. He turned his head and looked at her. "Everyone appreciates beautiful things and people. Besides, even if I don't judge people by their appearances, she's not the woman I like. More importantly, she's really unlively and boring, like a body." This was very important to Liam.

"But the most important thing for her is that she knows how to behave properly."

"Do you think my woman will think of anything else when she's with me?" Liam suddenly gave an evil grin and asked as he looked at her.

Abigail wanted to roll her eyes.

'Liam, where do you get your confidence?'

'Does your mother know that she had raised such a confident son?'

Of course, Abigail would never say it out loud but only put on a false smile.

The car continued moving on the road.

While driving, Liam didn't forget to say, "I didn't expect you to be a woman with a story."

Hearing his words, Abigail smiled. "Don't you think such a woman is more sophisticated? Only a woman who has experienced it knows what she wants and cherishes." Abigail said.

Just as they arrived at the destination, Liam stopped the car.

"Such an experienced woman can't design something with a story!" Liam asked.

Abigail, "..."

"Or, is it because of lack of a relationship?" Liam asked, then slowly moved closer. "Maybe I can help you back in the game..." Looking at Liam getting closer and closer, Abigail could almost hear her heartbeat.

'What is this man trying to do?'

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As he approached, Abigail leaned further back. She almost squeezed herself against the seat back. It was so quiet in the car that they could hear them breathing.

Liam just wanted to tease her at first, but the closer look at her lips dyed red by the wine and her sparkling and alluring eyes played on his heartstrings.

He felt an urge to kiss her...

Abigail gazed at him. 'Holy sh*t! This man is still as flirtatious as before!'

In the next second, Abigail opened the car door and jumped off. "Mr. Jones, thank you for dropping me off. Bye." Failing to get what he wanted, Liam was unhappy, but he could not show it obviously.

But seeing how nervous and flustered Abigail was, he felt relieved a little. "Well, don't you wanna invite me to your house for a cup of tea?"

"Mr. Jones, I'm sorry. I don't drink tea, so I don't have any tea at home. Take care on your way back." Abigail said with a smile, standing outside the car window.

"I'm also OK with coffee."

"I just came back from abroad and my house is in a mess. I don't even know if the water is available, not to mention coffee. I hope you can understand, Mr. Jones." Abigail said with a determined smile.

Apparently, she meant that Liam was not invited. As a smart man, Liam got her point immediately.

Liam smiled, "OK, it's late. I'll go back."

As soon as he finished speaking, Abigail said, "Mr. Jones, drive safe."

Knowing her urge to kick him off hidden behind the calm look on her face, Liam wanted to tear off her disguise.

But he seemed to see no fun of doing that.

He would rather continue like this, which was much more interesting...

He wanted to explore the whole part of this woman bit by bit...

As this thought popped up in his mind, a slight smile touched his lips. Without saying anything more, he drove the car away.

Abigail stood there, watching the back of the car as she clenched her fists.

She took a deep breath and walked towards her house.

Abigail was about to enter the apartment when an angry voice resounded behind her.

"Abigail!"

Hearing the sound, Abigail turned around.

At this moment, Olive came up in a very threatening manner and slapped her face.

Abigail was not in a hurry to strike back. Instead, she looked at her and said, "Are you out of your mind?" Olive planned to wait for Abigail here and talk to her, but she didn't expect to see Liam drive her home.

She recognized Liam's car. Although she didn't see what had happened in the car, she could imagine what they did because they had been inside for so long.

Olive's breast heaved with anger.

"Out of mind? Abigail, isn't Liam the person who drove you home just now?" Olive shouted at her face.

Abigail was stunned. It was indeed Liam who dropped her off.

"So what?" Abigail asked.