

Chapter 67

Liam smiled at Abigail, "It seems that you are very confident."

"If the competition is spoiled by a lot of underhand tricks, I don't have to pay too much attention to it," Abigail said with absolute certainty.

Hearing this, Liam nodded. "OK, I'll wait and see what you can do."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," Abigail said.

"How about going to dinner together?" Liam changed the subject.

"No, thank you." She didn't want to have dinner with Liam and provoke Olive again.

She remembered what she'd suffered yesterday.

"But you haven't eaten anything yet."

"I ate some of the food that Henry served, so I'm not hungry. I have some inspiration now, so I have to go back to draw the design." Abigail said.

Liam looked into her eyes as if he tried to see if she was telling the truth.

Finally, Liam nodded, drove the car, and sent her back.

On the way down to the neighborhood, Abigail didn't give Liam any chances to get close to her. After reaching the destination, she pushed open the door and went off the car.

“Mr. Jones, be careful on the way,” Abigail said with a smile.

Liam looked at the woman. The more she hid, the more he wanted to get close to her. The more she wanted to get away, the more interested he was.

However, he was not in a hurry to get her right now.

“Okay.” Liam curled his lips and drove away.

Seeing him leave so quickly, Abigail heaved a sigh of relief and went straight upstairs.

After returning home, she put on a comfortable nightgown, washed up briefly, and began to draw designs...

The computer was on, and for some reason, Abigail kept thinking about what Liam said to her today, and about Henry...

Suddenly, a name popped up in her mind...

Alexia.

Abigail put her hand on the computer and opened Google Browser. She couldn't help but type this name...

A lot of news about Alexia was displayed in front of her eyes.

There was also a picture of Alexia. She was a foreign woman. She was slim, beautiful, and capable. Abigail looked through her profile and accidentally found a piece of news.

Her eyes were fixed on the screen of the computer and she flipped through the photos. However, Abigail also found a detail.

At that moment, an idea came to her mind...

To make sure it was true, she searched for a long time. Then she picked up her phone and called Liam.

Liam had just entered his house and saw that it was Abigail's call. He immediately answered it, "Hello."
"Mr. Jones."

"You miss me so soon?"

Abigail ignored his question and said directly, "Did Alexia ever have a son who died in an accident?"
Hearing this, Liam paused for a moment and said, "There seems to be such a thing..."

"Okay! Got it." Before Liam could speak, Abigail hung up.

Liam looked at the phone and frowned slightly, but didn't say anything.

So, in just one night, Abigail drew the rough outline of the design.

Looking at the drawing, Abigail smiled. Although she didn't know if the design would win, it was definitely a meaningful work of art.

She carefully sandwiched the explanation card of this design into the paper. She then took a shower and went to the company.

By coincidence, she met Liam in the elevator.

Seeing Abigail's red eyes, Liam frowned. "What's wrong with you? Didn't you sleep last night?"

"Yes." Abigail nodded. "Is that obvious?"

"Yes, I can tell it from your red eyes," Liam said.

Abigail became silent.

"How's the design going?" Just as Liam asked, the elevator door opened.

Abigail walked out first and said, "Mr. Jones, don't worry. I'll hand in the design as planned." With that, Abigail smiled and turned to walk towards the Design Department.

Liam looked at her back in the elevator, and a smile subconsciously tugged at his lips.

Abigail rarely stayed up late. So her head kept spinning now. It was terrible.

She went down and planned to buy something.

However, at this moment, a figure came in. It was Grace, the maid that served Abigail before. When she saw Abigail, she frowned. She wanted to go up and see her clearly, but Liam was in a hurry to use the documents, so she had to give up.

In the office.

Grace bowed to Liam and said, "Mr. Jones, here you are."

Liam smiled, "I told the driver to get it. You don't have to come here."

"I was afraid he would be careless," Grace said. She was very considerate of Liam.

"I'll have the driver take you back."

Grace nodded. Just as she was about to leave, she suddenly thought of something and said, "By the way, Mr. Jones, do you still have contact with Mrs. Jones?" Grace suddenly asked.

Of course, Liam knew who she was referring to.

"No, what's wrong?" Liam said.

Judging from his expression, she guessed he really didn't know it.

'Was I mistaken?'

Grace shook her head with a smile. "Nothing, I'm leaving now." "OK." Liam didn't think much.

Liam wanted to see her off, but the phone on the desk rang.

Grace then went down the elevator alone.

As soon as she reached the hall, Abigail had just come back from outside. When Grace saw her, she wanted to hurry up to see if she was that woman or not.

Finally, unable to repress her curiosity, she walked up.

"Mrs. Jones?" At this moment, a gentle and probing voice sounded behind her.

Abigail turned around, but when she saw the person in front of her, she was stunned.

“Grace?” To be honest, she was surprised to see Grace here.

“It’s really you,” Grace said with a sincere smile.

It had been two years since they saw each other last time. Abigail became more elegant so that Grace didn’t dare to believe the person in front of her was Abigail.

During the years at the Jones Family, Abigail had never forgotten how Grace took care of herself, but at this moment, she smiled, “Grace, Liam and I have been divorced for a long time. You can just call me Abigail.” Abigail said with a smile.

Grace nodded. “Okay, but, didn’t you leave? Why are you here?”

..” Abigail thought of something and looked at Grace. “Grace, it’s a long story. I’ll explain it to you later, but can I ask you to do me a favor now?”

Grace blinked and smiled, “What is it?” “Liam didn’t recognize me. Can you not tell him?”

Hearing this, Grace was a little surprised, but her change was indeed dramatic, so it was reasonable for Liam to fail to recognize her.

“But...” “Grace, please... If he knows it, I’ll get into trouble,” Abigail said coquettishly.

Of course, Grace knew what had happened between them before. After thinking about it for a while, she nodded and said, “Okay, I promise you, but you know, one day he will find out the truth.” Grace kindly reminded her.

“I see. I’ll think about it. Thank you, Grace.” Abigail said with a quick smile.

“What are you talking about?” Just then, a cold voice came from behind.

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Abigail froze for a while and then slowly turned around when she heard the familiar and cold voice.

It was Liam who was walking towards them.

Each of his steps punched her heart.

She had no idea if he had heard what they talked about. At that moment, her palms were sweating. If Liam knew, she would definitely die...

He looked at them with deep-set eyes. “What are you talking about?”

Abigail was so agitated, but she still pretended that nothing had happened and smiled, “Nothing. I happened to meet this lady when I came down to buy something to eat, and she asked me where the toilet was.” Abigail told a lie calmly.

Liam frowned slightly and looked at her. He questioned her again. “Really?”

Abigail nodded affirmatively with a smile on her face. At this moment, she didn't feel sleepy at all, but nervous. She was trying hard to feign calmness.

Then, Liam looked at Grace. "Grace, don't you know where the toilet is?" He asked casually. It wasn't the first time for her to

come here, so how could she not know it?

Grace stood there in a panic. After all, she was worried about keeping that secret from Liam, but since she had promised Abigail, she couldn't tell him.

At last, Grace just smiled awkwardly. "It's been a long time since I came here. So I don't remember it."

Hearing this, Liam just nodded and glanced at them.

The two women couldn't tell from his expression if he believed them or not.

"You know each other?" Liam's eyes were fixed on Abigail's arm which was holding Grace's.

'I have to admit that he is too observant. He can even see such a slightest movement.' Abigail withdrew her arm calmly. "I was helping her just now. I'm leaving now. Bye."

She smiled, then politely nodded to Grace and turned to go to the elevator.

After Abigail left, Grace looked at Liam. "Mr. Jones, my task is done. I'll go back now."

Liam nodded. "The driver is waiting for you at the gate."

"Okay, thanks!" Grace left.

Liam watched Grace's back and then turned to gaze at Abigail's thoughtfully.

When Abigail walked into the elevator, she let out a sigh of relief.

Working at the Powerline Group meant she had to see Liam at any time. She had been worried that he would know the truth at any time, which made her so nervous.

It looked like Liam didn't hear what they said.

Otherwise, he wouldn't let them go.

Thanks to the accident, she was not sleepy at all.

When the elevator opened, Abigail walked straight out.

She didn't have to use what she just bought, so she went straight to the pantry to make a cup of coffee to clear her head and calm herself down.

After having a cup of coffee in the pantry, Abigail made another cup and walked out with it. As soon as she walked out, she met Liam.

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Abigail couldn't help but feel nervous again.

"Mr. Jones." She greeted calmly.

Looking at the coffee in her hand, Liam raised an eyebrow. "Are you sleepy?"

"No, I'm good," Abigail said.

"If you're really sleepy, go back and rest," Liam said.

Hearing this, Abigail was a little surprised but still smiled. "I'm really fine."

"That's good." Liam nodded and went straight to the office without saying anything else.

Watching him leave, Abigail heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed that the matter was settled. Then she went to the Design Department.

Her own design was almost done. So she then helped Jane handle the case about the Ratio Group.

At noon, they were just about to eat when Olive arrived.

Every time she came, the Design Department would start gossiping.

Of course, she definitely came here to have lunch with Liam.

The whole Design Department knew it.

One needed to pass by the Design Department if he wanted to go to Liam's office, so when Olive walked in, she saw Abigail.

Thinking of what happened that night, she glared at Abigail.

Abigail was extremely speechless. Olive was severely hostile to her, but she just pretended not to see it.

Just as Liam was about to stand up and ask Abigail to have lunch, there was a knock at the door. Then Olive came in.

Liam raised his eyebrows. "Why are you here?"

Olive pouted and leaned over. "Liam, why don't you come to me these days?"

Only then did Liam realize that he hadn't called her recently.

"I'm busy with the competition these days," Liam said indifferently.

"Really?" Olive asked rhetorically. "I thought you had fallen in love with someone else." Hearing this, Liam raised his eyebrows and looked back at her. "Are you complaining to me?"

Afraid that Liam would get angry, Olive quickly said, "I'm afraid of losing you. Let's have lunch together." She said coquettishly as she wrapped her arms around Liam's neck.

At this point, he could only nod in agreement. "Okay." "I've already made a reservation in the restaurant," Olive said with a smile.

Olive helped to pick up his coat, looking like a considerate wife.

Liam put on his coat and walked out with Olive.

When they passed the Design Department, Olive deliberately grabbed Liam's arm and glared at Abigail confidently.

Abigail, who planned to go to lunch with Jane, saw this scene and met Olive's provocative eyes.

Abigail immediately looked away as if she didn't mind it at all.

She was really not interested in Olive's provocation.

However, Olive walked up to her with a smile. "Miss Swift."

Abigail replied with a smile. "Miss Miller."

"How about having lunch with us?" Olive asked.

Abigail smiled. "No, thanks. I'm afraid that I'll feel uncomfortable if I have dinner with you. I've already made an appointment with my colleagues." Abigail smiled and looked at Jane. "Let's go."

Olive's face went gloomy.

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Abigail's words were really annoying, but Liam's lips curled up into an imperceptible smile...

"Ingrate!" Olive mumbled.

She then turned to look at Liam and said coquettishly, "Liam, let's go!"

"Abigail, do you dislike Olive?" Jane asked.

“No.”

“Then why did you refuse her invitation? Aren’t you afraid to offend her?” Jane asked worriedly.

It was known that Olive was the heir of the Miller Group and Liam’s girlfriend.

“Why should I be afraid? Can’t I refuse to eat with her?” Abigail asked.

Besides, it wasn’t an invitation, but just a show-off. Why should Abigail show any respect to such a rude woman? “But, she’s Mr. Jones’ girlfriend. Aren’t you afraid that she’ll make things difficult for you?” Jane asked.

Hearing this, Abigail smiled. “Girlfriend? Mr. Jones has been married and then divorced. He could dump his wife, not to mention a girlfriend. Besides, I will leave the Powerline Group sooner or later, anyway. It’s no big deal.”

Hearing Abigail’s words, Jane was stunned and then couldn’t help laughing.

She had known Abigail for a while, and it wasn’t until today that Jane realized that Abigail was really a buzzkill.

“Abigail, you blow me away.” She said laughably.

“I’m telling the truth,” Abigail said modestly with a smile on her lips. It was admitted that what she said just now really made her feel happy.

Especially in front of Liam.

At the very least, she had to let Olive know that she was not a pushover. In this world of the jungle, she was not a weakling, just disdaining to fight with Olive.

Jane walked into the dining room with Abigail smiling and sat there after ordering the food. "Actually, I feel great when you say that."

"What?" Abigail looked up at Jane after hearing this.

"You don't know, a lot of people in the design department don't like her, but they don't dare to say anything."

Abigail ate and listened to Jane. After hearing this, she expressed willingness to listen respectfully.

"Last time, a female colleague offended her. Olive said many dirty words, which made that colleague cry all day," Jane said.

Hearing this, Abigail raised her eyebrow. "So, aside from being the Miller Group's daughter and Mr. Jones's girlfriend, she's pretty annoying," Jane said.

"Sure enough, annoying people were always like that."

"Yeah, if it wasn't for her background, she really wasn't anything, but it was really great to hear what you said today." Listening to Jane, Abigail smiled.

The two of them were eating when Jane looked at Abigail and said, "Why do I always feel that she's targeting you?"

Ever since Abigail joined the company, Olive seemed to have never lost her temper with anyone else. Every time she saw Abigail, she always looked hideous.

