

THE SPARE WIFE

Chapter 10

Unfortunately, sleep had caught up with Abigail, so she did not hear a thing that came out of Luna's lips.

When she woke up, she realized that Luna hadn't parked the car at the studio and had parked it at a new residential area instead. So, there was a confused look on her face as she stared at Luna playing on her cell phone, asking, "Is there a customer?"

When Luna saw that she was awake, she jingled the keys in her hands. "Yep, I'm bringing you to experience life!"

After Abigail got out of the car, she realized that there was no customer at all. Instead, Luna had secretly bought a cozy three-bedroom apartment that was sufficient for her to live alone.

Then, she said in concern, "Living at the studio is not a long-term solution. You

can't sleep well and it's not safe, either. This apartment is close to the studio, and since you're in the midst of settling your divorce, I'm worried that the jerk

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will take your property. So, I've bought this place under my name for now, but it will be yours once you've regained your freedom."

Abigail clutched the keys in her hands and was at a loss for words.

Luna waved her hand nonchalantly. "Hey, you earned this. You've always refused to accept bonuses from the company, so take it as me returning all the bonuses you rightfully deserve. I'm pinning my hopes on your designs to take me to greater heights!"

Abigail stopped being modest after Luna's words and accepted the keys willingly.

The next morning, she was woken up by a phone call, and when she checked her phone, she was surprised to find thirty-three missed calls.

Thirty-two of them were from Luna while the other one was from Sean.

So, she immediately called Luna and asked, "What's the matter?"

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"Nothing, I just wanted to remind you to take a break. I was worried that the designs couldn't make the deadline, but some customers claimed that the dresses did not meet their requirements and insisted on canceling their

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orders at the cost of forfeiting their deposits. Now, all the finished designs are hanging in the store and our efforts in the past days have been in vain."

A frown appeared on Abigail's face. "The dresses don't fit their requirements?"

The studio had been operating for years, but nothing like this had happened

before. They were a small studio with some minor fame, so it wasn't enough to have a big brand to target them to this extent.

Her grip on the phone tightened, and her fingertips turned white. "Hang on. I'm coming over right now."

After she ended the call, she ordered a ride, rushed to the studio, and replied to Luna's text messages on the way. Suddenly, her Instagram sent a push notification to her of a story update that Joan had just posted.

Abigail had forgotten when she ever started following her and neither could

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she recall why, but she tapped on the notification to check it out.

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'The happiest thing in this world is probably someone turning the world upside-down for you over something small,' Joan captioned with a selfie. The background was the building of East Joy Entertainment, and the lower right corner of the picture was the half-shoulder of a man. The material of the suit he was wearing was of superior quality and the design was fashionable.

This was the suit he was wearing when she met Sean at Kevin's place today.

It seemed that he decided to destroy her studio without any regard for the livelihood of her legal wife just because he couldn't get Alana's designs. What a sc*mbag! With a stroke of determination, she tapped on 'Unfollow' and turned off the screen of her phone in frustration.

Meanwhile, the studio was in a mess. The phones were ringing off their hooks

and Abigail picked up some of the words the assistants in the studio were saying, and mostly were about order cancellation.

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“Did you contact our customers? What did they say?”

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At first, Luna didn't want her to worry, but seeing that there was no end to the order cancellation calls, she couldn't control herself and lost a gasket. “They just gave us all sorts of silly excuses saying that the designs are not suitable.

Finally, I got some information from an old customer. They only mentioned that they were paid to do this and asked whether we offended someone.”

Who else can we offend except Sean Graham? “How much did we lose?”

Abigail asked bluntly.

“These orders are tailored-made dresses according to customers' requirements. I planned to clear the payment with the factory after getting the final payment from the customers. Now that they're not taking the dresses, we won't get the final payment to pay what we owe to the factory.

Adding everything together, we lost about... 2 to 2.8 million...”

2.8 million... He's out to bankrupt us! Abigail thought, utterly furious, and almost couldn't catch her breath. Just when she wanted to say something,

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her phone started ringing. So, she took a quick glance at it and saw that the caller was Sean.

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