

THE SPARE WIFE

Chapter 16

Abigail woke up in the hospital.

When she opened her eyes, a handsome face loomed way too close...

She was so startled that she quickly shut her eyes and slowly opened them again. It was still the same face, but this time it was clearly smiling. He looked somewhat rakish, with thick eyebrows, almond-shaped eyes, and fair skin that seemed blindingly white. Due to his porcelain fair skin, the two large dark circles under his eyes were particularly conspicuous.

"You're finally awake." Kevin let out a sigh of relief after watching Abigail's amber pupils transition from haziness to clarity. Then, he tilted his head back, looking half-dead as he propped himself up on the hospital bed.

She struggled to sit up halfway on the bed and looked around, only to find Kevin alone in the ward. She couldn't pretend like she wasn't moved by his help when she asked, "You didn't keep vigil the entire time, did you?"

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Then, she seemed to suddenly remember something. Who knows how long I have been unconscious! Someone like Kevin counts money by the second, right? Oh God, how much do I owe him?

So, she blurted, “I don’t have the money to pay for your nursing fees!”

Kevin stared at her dumbfoundedly, unable to find the words to say anything to that strange remark. However, he did notice that this beautiful woman would constantly bring up money every time they met.

“Wait a second, is Sean really going bankrupt? Why are you so stingy?” He smirked, and a shrewd light flickered in the depths of his tea-colored, narrow almond-shaped eyes.

Abigail had no intention of spilling her sob story to gain sympathy from him. Besides, she was afraid that he would turn his back on her if she said she was divorcing Sean.

Still, she owed him a favor that had to be repaid. “I’m sorry you had to go through all that trouble because of me. What would you like to eat? It’s my treat.”

She was about to reach out to find her phone and search for a high-end restaurant nearby.

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“Forget about the food.” Kevin crossed his legs and sat back on the nearby couch. “Why don’t you do me a favor instead?”

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“Tell me and I’ll see what I can do,” Abigail replied with a wary look in her eyes.

He raised an eyebrow slightly at her defensive posture. "It's not a big deal. I just wanted to ask if you could help me talk to Alana. My subordinates almost wore a hole through my floor when you guys left just like that last time. They kept insisting I should do something about it and seek Alana out."

Naturally, Abigail was more than thrilled!

Luna was devastated after they lost the East Joy Talent contract. Who could have thought that the same order would come knocking on their door?

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Nonetheless, Abigail pretended to hesitate as she didn't want to blow her cover.

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Thankfully, Kevin was rather naive as he thought that the strange expression on Abigail's face meant that she was genuinely hesitant. "I know that she has recently become a widow and is indeed in a bad mood. So, there's no need to force it. I'll try again when there's another opportunity."

However, there was no way she was going to let the opportunity which had been served to her on a silver platter slip through her fingers just like that.

So, she immediately replied, "It's alright. It's past the mourning period for Ms. Alana's husband. There is no problem."

Then, she quickly turned around to find her phone and called Luna to inquire about the contract.

Luna truly was the world's best friend as she immediately understood the

situation. Then, she wasted no time rushing to the hospital half an hour later with the contract and some design samples.

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Since they had already discussed this prior to this and Kevin was in a hurry to sign the contract, there was naturally no room for negotiation. Therefore, both parties reached an agreement at the table in the ward in less than ten minutes.

Alas, Kevin had a strange quirk. He had always been very fond of pretty handwriting ever since he was a child.

So, every time he was done with signing a contract, he would habitually flip to the end to look at everyone's signature and compare them.

This time, by coincidence, not only did he take a glance at the signature, but he also skimmed through the design samples. Thus, his keen eyes noticed that the signature below the design was completely different from Luna's handwriting.

So, who exactly is Alana?

Kevin's eyes lit up, and there was a hint of playfulness and curiosity in his gaze as he scrutinized the two women for a while before smiling. "I'll take my

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leave now then, Ms. Alana.”

Abigail nodded, but Luna didn't even budge.

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Kevin cheerfully turned around and left the hospital room as he took note of their reaction or lack thereof.

After Kevin left, Luna practically deflated, causing any feigned composure she had earlier to disappear in the blink of an eye. Her eyes were wide when she asked Abigail, “When did you get involved with Kevin? Did Sean threaten you again?”

Abigail looked puzzled. “Isn't he your brother's friend?”

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