

THE SPARE WIFE

Chapter 17

“What?”

Luna didn't keep in touch with her family after moving out. If it weren't for the urgent situation and the difficulty in getting someone reliable, she wouldn't have turned to Zachariah for help.

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What she didn't expect was him standing her up after she had, for once in her life, reached out to him.

So, the very annoyed Luna sent a scathing voice message to Zachariah, chewing him out without using even a hint of vulgar language, and promptly blocked him.

Abigail could only stare wide-eyed as Luna yelled at her phone.

Once Luna was done, she shook her short blue hair nonchalantly. “Don't feel bad for me. I was adopted anyway, and our relationship isn't exactly fantastic. If it weren't so urgent and I truly needed the help, I wouldn't have

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bothered to contact him.”

Abigail looked at Luna as the latter complained. Still, she only felt relieved when she saw nothing but frustration in Luna's eyes.

Luna suddenly changed the topic. "By the way, I picked out a few gowns for you this morning. Try them on later."

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"I didn't really see a point in making a big fuss about attending the East Joy Talent's gala since I only got the invitation due to a whim. However, that has changed now that we will be collaborating in the future. A lot is at stake, so we have to make sure we don't embarrass ourselves. There will be many celebrities and socialites attending. It will be a good opportunity for publicity," Luna analyzed the situation seriously.

Abigail thought it over for a moment and nodded in agreement. "Alright, but there aren't many samples left at home. The styles you picked might be from last year's autumn collection. Should I make new ones? It wouldn't be appropriate for us to wear old designs, especially since we're in the fashion industry, right?"

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industry, right?"

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Luna's eyes lit up in glee. "Oh, my God! Really?! I haven't worn the clothes you

designed in... well, ages!"

Abigail's designs were in high demand. So, Luna could never bring herself to

wear the clothes Abigail had designed when she would always end up selling them for a pretty penny.

The moment they started discussing matters regarding fashion design, a confident gleam appeared in Abigail's eyes. It was as though she was a changed person as she reassured Luna, "Don't worry. I will definitely make you shine above all else!"

Luna let out an evil giggle at that.

Oh, no! It will be Abigail who will shine above all else!

Kevin wore oversized black sunglasses as he strode into Sean's office inside Graham International's office building before he carelessly threw himself into
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the chair in front of Sean's desk. Then, he knocked on the desk. "Sean, do you

have your wife's handwriting?"

Sean knew Kevin well; he was the kind of person who didn't believe in looks when it came to picking up girls but loved to judge them based on their handwriting.

When he recalled the intimate scene he witnessed between them under the apartment, Sean felt even more uncomfortable.

They have only met once. Since when were they so close?

As he felt increasingly annoyed, he frowned. "Are you blind? Can't you see I'm busy?"

Kevin raised his hands in surrender. "Geez, alright. You do your thing." He stood up and unabashedly started rummaging through Sean's desk.

Even though Sean didn't say anything, his eyes turned as cold as a thousand-year-old iceberg with a fleeting glint of fire.

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Kevin shuddered as though he could sense the hostility emanating from Sean and immediately ceased his actions. "Just her signature? Can I take a look at just that?"

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Sean reached under the desk and pulled out a stack of papers, tossing them on the table in front of Kevin. "Is this what you're looking for?"

Kevin leaned in to take a look and saw the words 'Divorce Agreement' written in big letters. "Uh... I have no intention to meddle in your affairs; I just want to confirm something," he uttered absentmindedly, flipping through the papers quickly until he found Abigail's signature. His eyes instantly turned serious when they landed on the signature.

It was just as he suspected.

Kevin excitedly took out his phone and took a photo of the signature, completely ignoring the fact that Sean's face had turned completely dark.

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It turned out that Abigail was indeed Alana.

How interesting.

Kevin inhaled deeply and gave Sean a meaningful look the instant he had confirmed his speculation. I wonder if Sean knows.

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"Sean, do you know what Ms. Abigail is doing in L.Moon?" Kevin asked, stroking

his chin.

A cold and sharp voice replied waspishly, "Shouldn't you know better than me?"

Ha! He doesn't know. This is getting really interesting.

As Kevin gazed at the 'widowed' Sean who was oozing a cold aura in front of him, he smiled, showing off his pearly whites. "Ms. Abigail told me today that the mourning period for Alana's husband has already passed."

Sean felt perplexed. "What does that have to do with me?"

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Kevin fell silent for a while before humming, "I believe now that you were forced to marry Abigail in the first place."

Such a big surprise had been right beside Sean for so many years. Yet, he hadn't noticed a thing. Now, Kevin was eagerly anticipating seeing Sean's expression when he found out that Abigail was the elusive Alana he had been searching for.

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Alas, Sean was completely focused on something else. "What's it to you? Are you interested in her?"

Kevin thought that he was just joking, so he casually replied, "Why do you care about these things? You're already divorced."

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